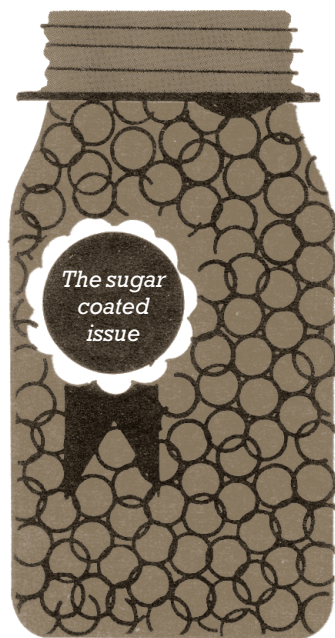




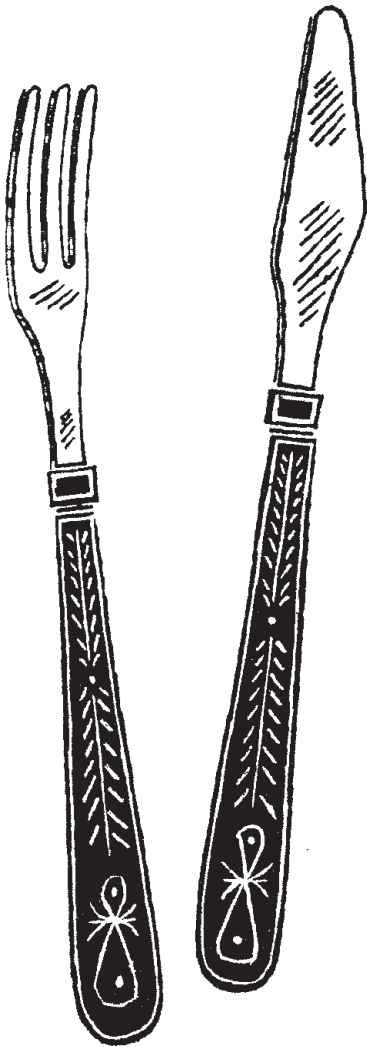
Haven't you heard?

- **Bullet**
- **Points**
- **Are**
- **Back**



95% f*ck free

**Is breakfast
the new lunch?**



Hello there, sorry we're late, you must be starving, pull up a pew, today's special is KB2, sugar coated for your pleasure. Bon appetite.

It's been tasty fun, sugar good; our dream machine for talking back. We've been absolutely reassured by all the quality women, contributors, party people, conversationalists, sexy beasts, randoms, and all round capital Yesses we've met along the way. You're out there, getting the job done, having a good time and being excellent people, and we're here for you.

We're here to get your back against the rest of them, the THOSE out there who strive to get you down. We get to stand up and shout PIPE DOWN at the crap magazines you know and loathe.

We took everything we heard on board and we like a challenge, so we challenge you to find a single fuck, bitch or cunt in this edition. We stand by the anger though, we have always been angry and we intend to stay angry until we have kids, then we expect to be tired. We will, however, endeavour to be polite.

Finally, welcome back, hello, how's it going?
Let's hear it for you.

Marie Berry





KB Contents

- 2 ounces of this weeks questions deepfried in sex, leave until cool, add a tsp of kisses & a whole problem page.
- Mix with dinner dates & pour over part two of Mooncup review.
- Bake in adverts until lightly amused & sprinkle with STRES.
- Serve with star signs, new potatoes & plenty of sauce.

and us...





Adverts

Fortunately for this section, advertising executives continue to get paid insane amounts of money to come up with loads of tosh for us to mock for your reading pleasure, here are a few of our most hated...

Walkers just won't give up will they? I've got no beef with Gary Linekar, he's a nice guy, he tipped me three quid for two cappuccinos once, but the ads are incessant. Yo Walkers, your work here is done, we love it, we will always eat crisps and it's late, shop's closed, back off.

Apparently 'When you've read First magazine, you'll have more to discuss.'
... Pass.



Oh and yo,
LaCoste dude,
still not over
you...

There's a new deodorant with 'Mood enhancing fragrances'. Mood enhancing? Look out, next they'll be selling it in Hippie Heaven alongside the guarana gum and 'room deodoriser'.

Dove presents the latest thing to wear on the underground – perfect underarms. KB presents the latest thing to wear on the underground – a gas mask and your ipod.

Nutrigrain, besides the fact that the ads are rubbish, we don't need a healthy alternative to cake, just eat cake, cake is good, I hate cake substitutes, they're not as good as cake and they are blatantly just cake.

The one for toilet roll with added lotion, even little enlightened me finds that massively embarrassing, really though. And why are they all women? Don't men use toilet paper?

Anyway it gave my mum Thrush, which was a conversation I could have done without, so thanks for nothing.

Sheila's Wheels. It's so baffling that even the conversation we had trying to ascertain the thinking behind it was baffling and closed with a unanimous and disdainful shrug.

'One in five women let down by their sanitary towels'
...Pass.
Dammit what's happening to me?

Scented Tampax.
Scented?
Does anyone think this is a good idea? Anyone? If you do, could you please email info@knockback.co.uk and shed some light on it for us because we've drawn a horrified blank.

1 in 5 women
let down
by their
sanitary
towels

Question of the Week...

Melanie Sykes, having recovered from the miracle of inheriting eyes, has discovered the amazing key to hydration. A glass of water. You're a bit special aren't you Mel.

Finally, it's worth mentioning that they released Coke Zero to cater for men who thought buying Diet was too 'girly'. Then they came up with the advert that goes...

Imagine...

'Girlfriends without the five year plan.'

Yo, our plan for the next five years is to avoid going out with preppy goons, so consider yourself off the hook.

'Holidays, without having to go home.'

Definition of holiday.

'Work mates without work.'

Work's the best place for 'em.

'Bras without the fiddling.'

Amateur.

'Phones without the dodgy ring tones.' Ok that's sort of fair enough but it's not funny and it's not clever and you get paid an awful lot to come up with stuff that is.

TV without the shonky adverts?

Doncha wish ya magazine was hot like me?

Doncha wish ya magazine was free like me?

Doncha?

Doncha?

Is anyone actually allergic to nuts?

Seriously though, scented Tampax?

Babies, are they really a good idea?

Those mates that just disappear, where do they go?

What would you do?





Courtesy

Kiss

by Bella Pepper

Make it part of your stride,
approach confidently,
tip your head, touch her
shoulder and kiss her
once on her left cheek.

The first time you meet, when you enter the pub, when you approach her from across the street or the first time you see her since you got her drunk and took her home (especially then). Take the initiative. A courtesy kiss is not overstepping the mark, make it part of your stride, approach confidently, tip your head, touch her shoulder and kiss her once on her left cheek. If she's the continental type, or a bit media, she'll expect you to kiss her twice, start with the left and go straight for the right. Don't wait for confirmation because that's when things get messy. Pull back, look into her eyes and ask her how she is.

The courtesy kiss is your responsibility and it exists to make your life easier, it pops the pressure of first contact, introduces tactility and gives you both the opportunity to get a nose-full of that gorgeous scent you're wearing. Hell, get the courtesy kiss right and an actual kiss is less of a reach. Do it.



The bit between them are
here and you can hear;
a great opportunity to pose.

¿Bored or hungry?

I'm very definitely bored. But am I actually hungry, or is eating just more interesting than being bored? Let's ask that pack of Jaffa Cakes.



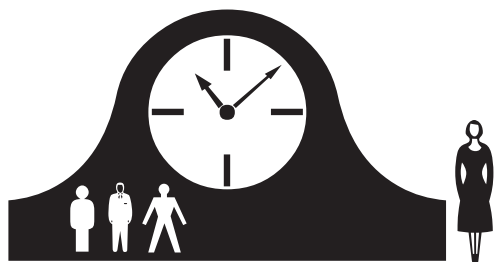
*Why we don't
wanna be... DJs*

- ⊕ Everyone's a DJ
- ⊕ He is (so he says)
- ⊕ His mate is too
- ⊕ His ex-girlfriend was
(she was pretty good)
- ⊕ Vinyl's heavy
- ⊕ Everyone's one already
- ⊕ All of them.



Speed Dating

Surely sexy girls go for free?



No. And damn, the men should have paid more. I had jotted down some crisis/emergency (Stranger. Date. 3 minutes. Fuck) questions. But I was too stunned by the crisis at hand to call on them. Bar one: "When was the last time you made a mountain out of a molehill Jon?"

"When I was about nine years old in my Gran's garden, and you?"

Jesus... "Everyday. Apart from today." He didn't get it, of course, and I couldn't forgive him for it. He was wearing the most offensive aftershave (see: Issue 1 "spray and walk, spray and walk, just twice and in that order").

Poor Simone, my (literally) too cool for school single friend agreed to come along, knowing that it was going to be terrible. "If they are all wearing glasses I'm walking straight out" she warns, over an apprehensive glass of wine, in a nice pub full of fit men.

We make our way there, to the fluorescently lit basement of a pizza restaurant and get greeted by a horsey-woman (who blatantly met her man over the internet) enthusiastically giving out badges and scorecards. If there were ever a time for a fat line of cocaine girls, this would be it. Unfortunately, it being near Christmas and the ticket costing £20 and all...

There are rows of tables with numbered places and bowls of greasy crisps and rank peanuts. Which of course, I demolished. I'd drunk far too much already and had been on a diet all weekend, determined to fit into my skinny jeans by the next time they're fashionable. Myself and Simone were separated by tables, which was probably the polite thing to do. Speed dating is embarrassing. Even for the most mouthy hard faced women. Trust me.

As you watch everyone come in, you check out the women because they are your three-minute competition, and you try to check out the men without being too obvious, because you are there to date them. All of them. And you left your glasses at home in case you met the man of your dreams.

Dating starts promptly at 7.30pm, following a speech from horsey-woman explaining the rules. Scorecards have three options: 'yes', 'no' and 'friend' and room for two word comments, in tiny handwriting. The women stay in the same seats all night, a bell rings after three minutes and the men move to their left (it might have been far less chaotic at move time had it been the women that moved). Oh, and as Christmas is coming, there are crackers for us to pull as and when we like. I pulled all the crackers in sight.



#2 had white scum
all over his lips,
and it's not like
he'd been talking
for hours and had
dehydration as an
excuse... like #24.

There was nothing inside except for some god awful jokes.

To make single life for the hot chick a bit tragic, six (out of thirty) of the men didn't turn up, so there were times when us girls were dateless, which gave us time to compare scorecards. Halfway through Simone's scorecard is written 'I can't take this anymore' and she is not a drama queen like me.

Gary#14

Simone: Loser

CJ: OMG no. Still lives with M&D

The first guy I saw I put 'Lovely, but gay'. The fourth guy was the campest man in Brighton, and (as I look over my card) the tenth guy has got the comment 'Gay. Surely'. As for the others, most were geeks who lived in Worthing. #18 had flaky skin, very white hair and awful aftershave. He was way over the age limit (34).

By about a hundred years. #2 had white scum all over his lips, and it's not like he'd been talking for hours and had dehydration as an excuse... like #24. There was one though, #17, who made three minutes seem like three minutes and not three days. We got on as famously as two folks can under the circumstances and we had a laugh. A genuine one. He announced straight away that he lied about his age (42) and immediately we started slagging everything off, in a 'We are superior' kind of way. At the ding dong of the bell we'd given each other our first (and last) ticks of the evening.

At 10.30, dating was over. We were exhausted and horrified and drunk. The girl next to me began a lil' chit chat and I realised that it was her offensive perfume which had been putting me off the off-putable all evening. Ew...

The next day you input all your answers online, then you wait for your results. By then I had decided that although #17 was a funny rich pilot, forty-two was too old. Three minutes isn't long enough to trust one lonely yes tick. I put him down as 'friend'. Everyone else got a big fat 'No'. I heard from #17 straight away, he got twelve yes ticks. He asked me out. I declined. He asked me out. I declined. He said 'well fine. I have eleven other ticks to tend to now. Get in touch if you change your mind' (Issue 28).

At the end of the night they tell you that if you haven't met anyone you like then you can 'come again for free'. I think I'll stick to coming for free on my jacks, thanks.

www.speeddater.co.uk



KB reviews...

The Cinnamon Club

Too posh for poppadoms?

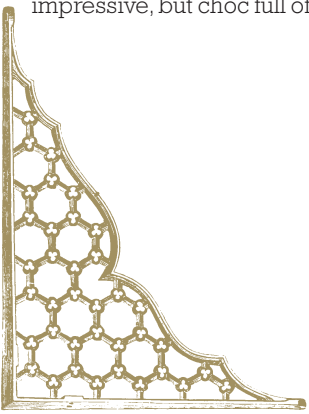
by Marie Berry



Once in a while, CJ Malone and I get the urge to act like grown ups. Today we've got CJ's paycheque burning a hole in our appetites and a shared love of curry to celebrate, so we decide to have a bash at **The Cinnamon Club**. An upmarket curry house with a good reputation just about fits the bill (more on the bill later).

It used to be the Old Westminster Library and they've retained a lot of the original features (books). The Maitre De girl takes our coats and guides us to a pre-dinner seat in the bar, I order my first ever vodka martini (the first of many) with two olives, stirred. CJ opts for a rose petal and lychee martini, which tastes like a cool glass of pre-Loréal Body Shop bath oil.

Post cocktails and overtly perky, we make our way to dinner, the restaurant area is impressive, but choc full of suits who are not.



Our table's a bit wobbly and we're way too close to the ad execs on the next table "He's just NOT playing the game daaaaarling, and if you can't stand the fire..." but the lighting is good and the staff are friendly as we order the beer I've been looking forward to since lunch.

They brought us a delicious potato thing 'Compliments of the chef'.

Got to love compliments you can eat.

We go for chargrilled king prawns with yellow chillies and dill to share, because paycheque or no, a tenner for a starter is a bit steep.

There are only three, but they're big, and they're good. They come with a drizzle of mango... is that chutney? It's probably sauce, I don't reckon you can drizzle chutney, either way CJ says she'll never forget those prawns.

The guy who takes our order is FRIENDLY, and hangs around while we debate our main courses, he asks if we're in the industry, (what industry?) The two finalists are chargrilled red snapper fillet with Goan curry sauce and tamarind rice for me (I grew up in Harlesden so snapper and I go way back, and my old flatmate was from Goa so I know my sauce on this one).

The waiter has taken to lurking suspiciously around our table staring unabashed at CJ's tits. Fair game, she's got lovely tits, but this isn't Pizza Hut on a Saturday night dickhead.



CJ opts for seared breast of Gressingham duck (A unique breed of duck renowned by top chefs for its succulent meat and fantastic gamey flavour, Issue 28) with sesame tamarind sauce. Sounds like a winner to me. While we sit in anticipation I have a look around and industry guy makes unrequited small talk with CJ. Service with a (slightly lecherous) smile.

The snapper is good, a bit too salty, and not really curry as I understand it, it was sauce with some fish on it. The rice is ok, but ex-flatmate did it better. CJ's duck is uber meaty but still manages to be a bit flavourless. We both prefer mine (ha).

The lack of poppadoms is bad. Instead they have stuff like wild mushrooms, black lentils or a selection of breads (£6). Weak. On the whole, the meal is pretty shabby for a curry house, and that's a damn shame at £50 a head.

We stuck to beer throughout despite the best efforts of industry guy to get us drinking wine. He, by this point, has taken to lurking suspiciously around our table staring unabashed at CJ's tits. Fair game, she's got lovely tits, but this isn't Pizza Hut on a Saturday night dickhead (see: Stuffed Crust, Issue 28).

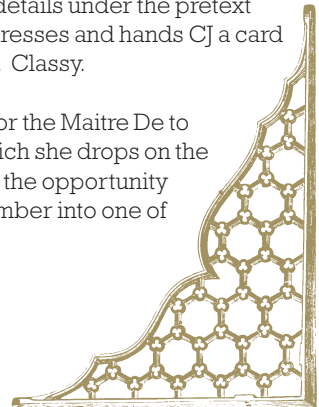
The main course leaves our mouths burning and there's room for desert, but nothing we can agree to share so we opt for coffee and complimentary petit fours.

I'm thrilled because truth be told, I've never had a petit four, and I don't know what they are. The coffee is ok and the petit fours look like a selection of candy's, they are a bizarre array of textures and colours. We place bets on which ones we'll like (none of them).

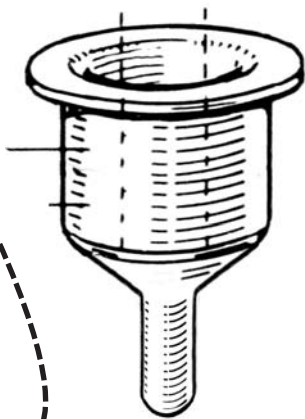
We ask for the bill and industry guy is back in the blink of an eye, what did we think? I tell him I thought it was mediocre and you can get a better curry on Brick Lane for a fiver, he doesn't seem to hear a word I (my tits) say, so when CJ explains that we weren't overly impressed he shrugs and says he wouldn't know, he doesn't eat curry. Right. He recommends some other over priced restaurants in central London, writes down some details under the pretext of giving us the addresses and hands CJ a card with his number on. Classy.

Laughing, we wait for the Maitre De to bring our coats, which she drops on the floor, this affords CJ the opportunity to slip that guy's number into one of the menus.

Ha.










Mooncup... Continued



Hello there, and welcome to part two of the epic adventure that is my Mooncup and I. This time it's (a little too) personal.



After round one which I could pass off as research, I didn't use my cup again for three months. You have to boil it in an open pan of water for five minutes between periods, I still live with a boy and when I'm home alone I tend to be dancing to Blondie or crying, and how do you explain to the guy you live with what's bubbling away in his beans pan? Eventually though, knowing this article was overdue and encouraged by the fact that:

-  The boy cleaned the bathroom
-  I don't have Tampax
-  I can't afford Tampax
-  I hate Tampax
-  I haven't got a choice
-  You're all counting on me
-  I'm a bit hammered (free bar wooo)

I decide it's time to give my silicone friend another chance.

This time I've read the instructions. The initial shove up there isn't as difficult with practise, it's always going to be a bit messy, watch your nails, but you don't have to go as far as you do with non-applicator tampons - a home run for your fingers (Issue 28).

Once up there you do a little adjusting, pushing and squirming about, I've found that if you can feel it when you stand up, it might leak. When the cup is sitting comfortably, I give myself a mental hi-five and get the hell on with my day. It's low maintenance until I have to empty it.

To get it out you have to push with your diaphragm, break the vacuum by pressing the side of the cup, grab the tab and tug the blighter out (Instructions, we salute you), this is best practised at home for the first sessions, when you can accidentally drop it in the toilet and no-one can hear you scream, where you can let one go (pushing with your diaphragm makes you poo, EMBARRASSING.com) where you can flush twice, wash it out and have a good wipe round, checking for drips. It's not as easy when you're at work, where the tiny toilets face each other and the sinks often block (see: I honestly don't know, Issue 28).

There's a potential splatter factor when you wipe around the cup; your pants, your arm, your thighs and the seat are all in the firing line, the door and your shoes are low risk, but keep an eye out. I got a spot on my t-shirt - a bad day for me and my cup.

I still own a twelve deck of tampons, for those days when I'm not sure if I'm due on, or if I'm pregnant, or if I'm just going mad, and for the last day or so of my period, when a mini tampon will do. The cup doesn't provide fair indication of where in your cycle you are, make sure you trust your calendar and not what the contents of the cup tells you (see: It was war, Issue 28).

Despite the ups and downs, my Mooncup and I have made friends, I'm a convert. I was confident enough to take it to the Isle of Wight festival (committed right? RIGHT?). Well no, not really, my tent was practically ensuite (whose idea WAS that?) in a small section for staff. It was no Glastonbury (watch this space).

I was on the tail end of my cycle, so only had to deal with it three times in three days, we had soap and wet wipes and the toilets had ethanol hand-wash, so I felt clean enough. Once you're well practised you can let your diaphragm do most of the work to push it out, meaning it's almost hands free.

If you get lucky, you can just about get past second base with a Mooncup, you can have a fiddle with third without having to worry about a piece of string hanging out of you. I don't miss that string in the slightest (see: Is that supposed to be a joke? Issue 28).

When an old friend of mine finds out it's round 2 she's going to be gutted that she vacuumed it to her face (sorry Stacey).

Now when I use tampons they feel harsh and unnatural and wrong, and when friends ask me covertly for a tampon in the pub, I answer Mooncup darling, MoooooncuP. I don't have to worry about access to tampons, or about disposing of them discreetly, I never have to ask some woman for two 20ps.

Essentially, the Mooncup is more comfortable, less wasteful, and more grown up, which is what we should be aiming for. This is me, **Hilary Hazard**, *Queen of cups*, giving Mooncup the thumbs up.

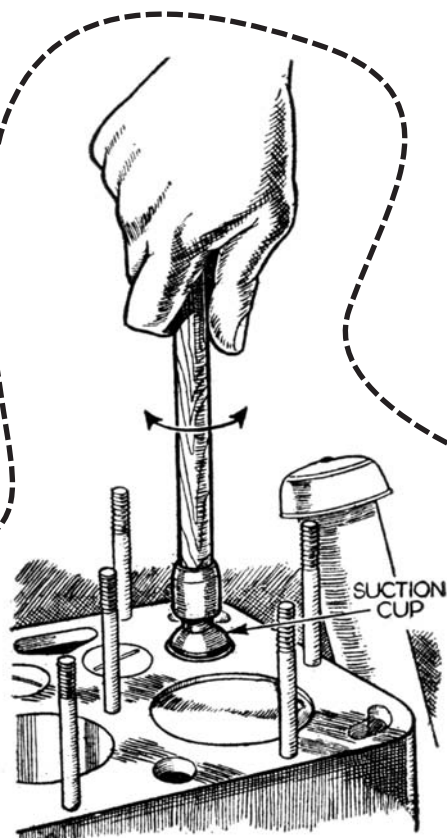


FIG. 39. SUCTION-TYPE
VALVE HOLDER

Give Everybody Eats

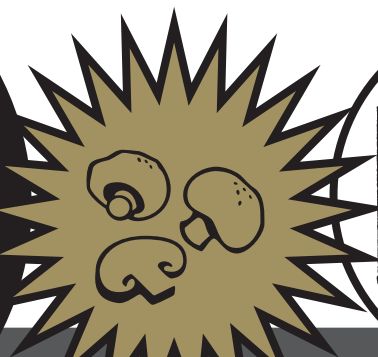
This issue is dedicated to food, because we love it, and as far as we're concerned, you love it too. We gave some outsiders the opportunity to give us their perspectives on the joy that is eating, and here's what they came up with.

Remember flavours? You must do, they started to dim out around eight years ago when you realised that a pint and packet of fags were the most the fun you could have with your clothes on, before your tongue switched roles from taste sensor to furry-thing-in-mouth. Then you hit your twenties and someone started making noise about food again. Probably the original dough boy Jamie Oliver, or your new roomies at uni. Now you're stuck with no taste buds, a disposable income, and not a bloody clue. Suddenly houmous rocks up on every snack list in town (it's only been waiting 2000 years). Next thing it's chillies and garlic and dinner parties and woohooohoo. Ready salted and the bland gang just won't cut the mustard. And I mean **MUSTARD**. You're European now. No better, you're a foody.
by C. Deliss.

Chocolate cake from the Cheerful Chili in Otley. A guy bought a slice to our house when I was at uni, he gave me a bite and it's like this...

On a scale of one to ten, where One is liquid chocolate and Ten is the cakiest cake you've ever met, this was exactly, **EXACTLY** in the middle, it calls itself a cake, but is it chocolate or is it cake? I don't know. It's the best bite of both that I've ever had.

I'm getting driving lessons so I can go there and fill a van with this cake.
by Sadie Cinnamon.



**EAT
OR DIE**

If I ever fool heartedly order another **French Onion Soup** I'm gonna ram the nearest spoon up my nose and twist it. That way, every time I see the dirty sod on a menu I'll feel a sharp pain in my nostril and react like a bovine to an electric fence. Doesn't taste as good as it smells, you retard, how hard is that to remember? Carrot and coriander, doesn't sound like a good night in but it's a darn sight more satisfying than a bowl of burnt shallots swimming in their own vomit.

by C. Deliss.

Rich, Creamy & Satisfying: **Profiterole Porn**
Cue skeletal girl with ruby-red lips biting profiterole and making eyes at camera.

Food is porn is food in the eyes of the modern advertiser. We're all hungry hungry hungry. Chocolate is there to comfort you in your lonely hours, cream makes you feel good inside, profiteroles put you at ease and promise you that it won't hurt. They're the cheap thrill that hits spots you never knew existed. Fuller, creamier, richer...a fantasy you can swallow.

by Pepsi Cola Addict

NEW



Why we don't
wanna be...

Girlfriends

- ☪ Men are more interesting without them
- ☪ So are we
- ☪ Got important things to think about
- ☪ Too many fish in the sea
- ☪ He keeps saying no.

Dinner Dates Food

by Bella Pepper

I used to have a morbid fear of eating in front of people. It was as if eating were in the same vein as masturbating or taking a piss in front of your potential partner...

I was ashamed to eat, it was debased, animal, unattractive in the extreme. I would wait until I was alone and cram as much into my face as I could manage and when he returned, go back to delicately dissecting my food and spreading it around my plate like a kid who asked for more and can't eat it all. I was quite thin. I grew up.

I used to have a sandwich before I went to dinner with a man. If I was nervous (I usually am) I could barely swallow and for a long time I thought that it was sexy to pretend I ate like a sparrow.

One night my brother came home from a successful first date, he said he had particularly enjoyed taking her for dinner because she had confidently announced before they took their seats that she was absolutely starving. My brother raised a cynical eyebrow at her, girls don't do hungry. When he finished his 'steak and chips with a fried egg' story, I was aghast. What was this chick up to? Shamelessly flaunting the rules I felt obliged to adhere to. 'What do you mean? How is that sexy?' He said she had taken all the pressure off the act of eating, that her unabashed munch down meant that for the first time he had left the restaurant totally full.

He said girls normally eat like sparrows which meant that he had to take the same approach and sacrifice eating to conversation, eye contact and wine. (He didn't know what she had worn except that her yellow lacy bra strap was showing).

With my public fear of eating already in decline, my tack on dinner dates changed. Sod the sandwich at home I said, he's paying and I'm going to eat my moneys worth.

Having established that eating can be sexy I tried to refine what is hot, tasty and socially acceptable on a dinner date.

My first attempt was overzealous. I ordered tomato soup to start. The slurping had comedy value but it was to my horror (just before we left the restaurant) that I realised it had left a sore looking orange/red stain at the corners of my mouth.

To follow I ordered a seafood salad, seafood is a controversial choice, some cruder boys don't eat fish and I know a lot of people (my date included) who think prawns are sick and wrong (his words). When it arrived it was a mass of complicated lettuce in oil. OK I'm hungry and I'm testing a point, but lettuce is trouble.



If he's posh don't gobble, if he's not don't pronounce your meal in French, if he wants to take you to Nando's don't have dinner with him.

Anything that leaves a residue around your mouth is out. Mouths are important on dates anywhere, you want to keep your lipstick on and your top clean.

Crudités has obvious phallic, finger licking potential, my favourite is asparagus wrapped in parma ham, everything you want in a starter, not too vegetarian, not too girly, watch the butter down your chin ladies, keep it clean until desert. Leave the soup to the elderly, barbeque sauce get out my face (keep spare ribs for post-coital carnivorous fun). Food on skewers is good if you've mastered a technique that doesn't involve baring your teeth.

It varies a lot, like everything, depends on the man, on the lighting, the tone of conversation, what you're wearing, what you fancy, what he fancies and all the rest of it. Bolognese is an outright no, we've already covered staining, and spaghetti, like salad, is trouble and you know it. If you're going for the pasta your best bet is penne or something without the dangle factor. You can, if you're determined and confident with a fork, go for carbonara and have the creamy residue make him think of cum. Nice.

Despite their phallic appeal I steer clear of sausages, the act of cutting them makes me blush.

Anything too big for your mouth that doesn't warrant a knife and fork can be problematic. I went on a date in a trendy diner where my date cut his cheese burger in half. It was a good way to deal with it, but I thought it was a bit weak.

Although a decent cheese burger is a good call, you want to be sure this is a guy who likes girls who drink pints. Leave anything with mouthful of gristle potential to the boys. Don't go for the most expensive thing on the menu (unless you've already decided he's getting KB'd, in which case, knock yourself out love).

Everything is date specific. If you're on a date with a vegetarian, calorie counting Calvin Klein model (bully for you), steer clear of the otherwise successful steak and chips and opt for salmon with green beans. If he's posh don't gobble, if he's not, don't pronounce your meal in French, if he's an idiot, don't stay for coffee (Issue 28).



STRs

Sexually Transmitted Regrets

He asked me why I was so vague, I fumbled some answer but deep down I'm thinking 'because the barriers that I let down after 7 Red Stripes and 4 champagne cocktails have come smashing back into place, and they've brought re-enforcements, just in-case I thought I'd got away with it.' **You know the one...**

You wake up and you're vaguely aware of where you are (you paid for the cab), you recognise the boy with his back to you but why oh why is HE lying next to you? Your eyes adjust to the impending gloom, a heartfelt groan and a glance around the room confirm that, despite the rubbers on the floor, you've caught something, an STR.

It's that feeling, that you've let yourself and more importantly, your body down. Beer goggles? Beer knickers.

STRs are not the ones you've fancied for ages, not the ones who ask you more than once if you're sure, who use condoms, who care if you cum, play you their favourite tune and make you a cup of tea in the morning when they want you to stay. No, not them. It's the one's who sleep with their back to you, who, rather than use a condom, pull out at the last minute and dump their load on your side of the bed.





Like STD's, STR's have symptoms, cures and side effects, their names are easy to remember (they're in your phone book), the side-effects are social and they are normally self-diagnosed.

Who don't talk about what happened the next day, rather make small talk and avoid eye contact as they hurry you out of their bed, house, area, address book, life.

At the bus stop you know you're to blame, you're too old to claim he took advantage and apparently, you're too young to know better.

Like STDs, STRs have symptoms, cures and side-effects, their names are easy to remember (they're in your phone book), the side-effects are social and they are normally self-diagnosed, although occasionally it takes a qualified mate to spot the problems you failed to.

Lucky for those of you who need it, KB is on hand to point and laugh at all your ill-gotten STRs.

Symphilis

He's old, he's soft, he's like a bag of warm sweets, you do it out of sympathy, you will definitely not have an orgasm, and the image of his gratitude laced cum-face will haunt you for at least five years. Prevention is better than cure; before you get naked ask yourself, would you introduce this guy to your ex? (see: He's Not With Me, Issue 28).

The Clap

It's not easy to catch The Clap, but you'll know when you have. He's devilishly handsome, buys you drinks all night and stares deep into your eyes. You are the only girl in the room/club/world, he's a capital Yes and you can't wait to wrap yourself around him. The symptoms are easy to recover from because although you know he will NEVER call you, he's probably gone home to his perfect ten girlfriend and he was so fit you still think you deserve a round of applause.

The symptoms are easy to recover from because although you know he will NEVER call you, he's probably gone home to his perfect ten girlfriend and he was so fit you still think you deserve a round of applause.



Gone.or.here.

You wake up, and think 'phew, glad I didn't bring that massive chump home last night' and then you roll over into the wet patch he left before he crept out of your house (taking a couple of DVD's and your last spliff on the way).
Woops.

Sistitus

Your sibling's opportunistic mate, he's lost his virginity, you've lost a little bit of the respect your little sis had for you.

TheRush

After a weekend at the champagne you end up in bed with that guy who fell into a meat pie on his way in (see: Steak, or Kidney? Issue 28). The quicker you leave the building, the less you will have to remember FOREVER.

Blabber infection

Very contagious and often incurable. You tell everyone you know because it was too funny not to, and three months later you realise how absolutely horrendous it sounds and are mortified when someone uses it against you.

If you've caught an STR, there is little you can do past talking it through and waiting it out. It's true what they say about laughter and time and healing, trust us on that.

There are precautions you can take to prevent exposure to infection, 'don't drink as much', and 'don't shag around' are 99% effective. If that sounds unrealistic The Pill can completely destroy your libido, rendering it almost ironic as a contraceptive. Hairy legs and bikini lines might help, but only if you're very vain, or very hairy. If it's past the point of no return (i.e. his place) see if he's got a big skunk spliff you can smoke, if correctly administered, your heightened inhibitions will step up on your behalf, or the room will come to your rescue by spinning uncontrollably, causing you to puke in his lap.

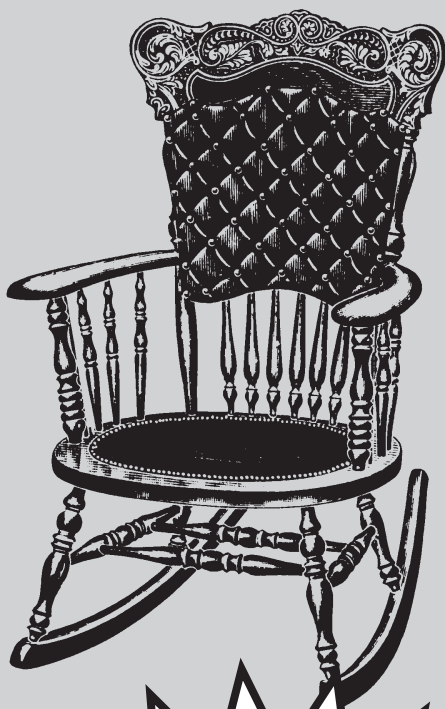


When Rock Chick sent us a new vibrator to review and Marie Berry refused to mix business and pleasure, Stacey Bacon stepped up to the plate.

This is no ordinary vibrator, it's not shaped like a cock. It's designed to stimulate your g spot and your clitoris at the same time, no hands. It's shaped like a wonky 'V', curved at one end to hit your spot, with something that looks like a cobra's head at the other to stimulate the clit. It has a very cool, vibrating bullet thing that you stick in the external end. According to the website you can either sit on the edge of a bed or chair and rock, or else use your hand to manoeuvre the instrument (making it sound like your driving test).

I'm intrigued. It looks like fun and it's good to see they've designed it from a woman's perspective – not everyone wants to shove a cock shaped bit of rubber up them. I put on some lube (comes free), ram it in and start bucking like a bronco.

Rocking on the edge of the chair, as if I am in fact, humping the chair. This feels familiar, it takes me back to my childhood.

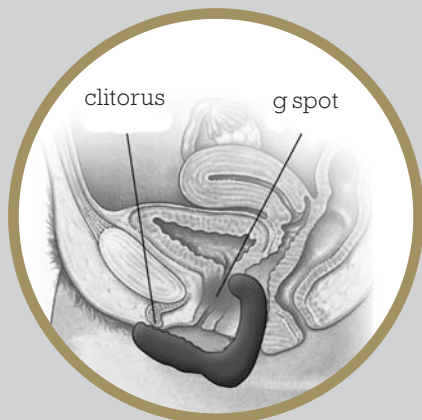
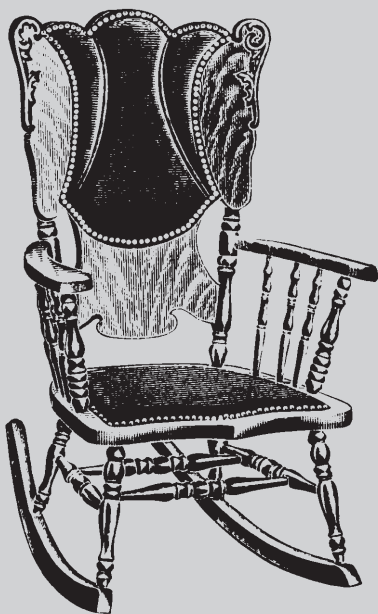


After using it again I think it's grown on me. I don't carry it around in my handbag or anything, but since writing this I have killed the battery.

It's taking a while to get into it. A couple of times I feel like I'm getting there but don't. It's a bit like hard work. I just fancied a quick tommy tank and here I am really concentrating. I don't think there'll be any gushing today (one for you Dandicat). I get there in the end but it's a bit of a struggle. I won't be rushing out to buy one of these. Then again I don't need to, I get to keep it.

Since it's free and I can call it research, I persevere.

It's not that easy getting the thing up there. I'd recommend buying some more lube if you're planning on using it regularly. The hooked end can make it a little painful unless you've got a fanny like a clown's pocket. It would be better with variable speed, I like a little more control, so if you're after a quickie to alleviate a bit of tension, you could stick it on the fast speed, blast one off and get on with your day. But if you want to do some fantasising, you could stick it on the slow speed and take your time. The vibrator itself isn't that strong, but it's enough to get the job done.



The good bit

If you want to use your hands for something else, you can just leave it up there and do your rocking. That way you could be milking your boyfriend or girlfriend at the same time. It's relatively boyfriend friendly, it's shape is distinctly unthreatening.

After using it again I think it's grown on me. I don't carry it around in my handbag or anything, but since writing his I have killed the battery. It's got a tiny battery.

Other uses

You could try shoving the hooked end up your arse during sex and placing the vibrating bit on your boyfriend's balls. Haven't tried this yet but it might work. Or you could use it normally whilst he takes you up the rear. This way you both get the stimulation from the vibrations. Alternatively, tie him up, bend him over and... (Issue 28).

RRP £39.99

www.rock-chick.com



We at KB would like to give a warm welcome to a new addition to the fold, **Cornelia Dainty**. Cornelia is here to solve some of the mysteries surrounding our sexual behaviour, its intricacies, complexities and subtleties, and to help us all on our quest for answers and orgasms.

Dear Cornelia, what is Third Base?

My girlfriend says she loves it but she won't touch my cock. I thought Third was a hand-job?

This American 'Base' business can be very confusing for us Brits. We're all pretty sure that First Base is kissing but after that it tends to go a bit blurry. Let me clear things up.

First Base = Kissing, with tongues, you can hold hands if you want to.

Second Base = Stroking and touching body parts, including boobs under the top and groin, over pants.

Third Base = Touching naked flesh and some rhythmic movement. Includes a hand job.

Fourth Base/Home Run = Full intercourse and oral.

As far as I am concerned if your girlfriend won't touch your cock she is not reaching Third Base, she is hovering around Second, and unless she is a 13 year old, dump her.

Dear Cornelia, Third Base is my favourite, I love it. Am I immature?

It is not immature to linger around the sexy, teasing, touching that goes on before full-blown sex. When you're a virgin Third Base is your whole world, and what a wonderful world it is.

Once the threshold of intercourse has been crossed, Third is relegated to that horrible term "foreplay".

Remember that intake of breath as you revealed your breasts for the first time and let him brush his hands over your nipples? The glory days, when a hand wedged down the front of your jeans wasn't silly and awkward but the height of illicit, adult pleasure?

Remember the thrill of dry humping?

I think we should all pretend to be virgins for a while and go back to the wide-eyed enchantment of how naughty it all felt.

My advice is you go girl, keep holding back; Third Base is ace.

N.B If you are the girlfriend who won't touch the cock you're not even at Third. Get a grip.

If you have any notes or queries for Miss Dainty, or want to have a bit of an argue about Third Base, email:

CorneliaD@KnockBack.co.uk



Are you looking for answers?

Here are some for you to choose from...

You're out shopping and you're let down by your sanitary towel. Do you...

- ☐ A Have a Mooncup in your pocket
- ☐ B Sniff around for some Tampax
- ☐ C Break down and cry
- ☐ D All of the above

Which of these best describes you?

- ☐ A High maintenance, low budget
- ☐ B Low maintenance, high interest
- ☐ C The most popular girl in the world
- ☐ D Ferociously well-adjusted

If you were a meal, would you be...

- ☐ A A healthy milkshake for breakfast
- ☐ B A healthy milkshake for lunch
- ☐ C A proper dinner
- ☐ D A spare rib

What's your favoured approach when choosing a partner?

- ☐ A Eeny
- ☐ B Meany
- ☐ C Miny
- ☐ D Mo

If you were a Betty which Betty would you be?

- ☐ A Betty Crocker
- ☐ B Betty Boop
- ☐ C Bettie Page
- ☐ D Betty Boothroyd

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Mostly (A)s, (B)s, (C)s or (D)s? You need...

*a massive wow*TM

www.omg.com

The views expressed by William Liability Eden, The Future Mayor of London, AKA Sugarplum Visionary, AKA The Ship's Monkey, are not necessarily shared by KB or it's staff.

Hey Pretty Ladies, welcome to the world of queer advice via me – Problem Page. It might be crude, hard-hitting and seem mean, but I ain't suffered the loves and lusts of men for years to hide the truth from you. I don't mean to sound bitter, cold, or callous, but I am, so that's how it comes out. **I'm on the inside – so you don't have to be.**

I'm addicted to Myspace, I can't stop checking my page, it started affecting my work so I tried to quit and I found myself with withdrawal. To cope with it I print out pages in the dead of night, and talk bollocks at them. What's that all about?

Tuck yourself up tight, screw the print-ups into a little ball and eat them. No hope for you sweet-one, you're gonna meet the Alpha-geek of your dreams.


I'm tired.

Yeah so am I poppet, tired of ladies who have it all, moaning about it. Tired of sassy women with all their limbs complaining.

Tired of you darling, very tired of hair product advertisements, tired of the endless variety of toothbrushes, tired of ladies who grow up in liberal western societies and are educated, well fed and intelligent who lack a single ironic brain cell. We're all tired of you, so grow up, get up, take a handful of pro-plus and get out there and live.



*Eric Page.
Agony, uncle.*



I wrote an article where I called loads of people rapists, and now no one will shag me for fear I'll rip out their tiny egos and make pretty pictures with them.

Drug 'em and Fuck 'em, works for me. It's not like you worry about anyone's feelings is it?

I used to be 17, and now I'm 54, what's happening to me?

You are counting darlink, it's a nasty habit that can creep up on a woman when she's not looking. Try not to think about it and relish shagging men half your age, you can't do that when you're 17 can you?

My boyfriend of seven years says he doesn't want a serious relationship.



Capricorn

You will experience a temporarily heightened sense of self-importance after deciding not to snort any coke this evening.

Pisces



Your degree will finally be put to good use this week when an emergency situation is averted by your urgent yet considered rebuttal of prevailing thought in the field of western cultural hermeticism and its influence on artistic imagery.

Aquarius



You know, if you're going on a hot date tonight, you should consider losing the padded bra.

Aries



Your marked inability to make decisions in sandwich shops will unexpectedly get you laid.

Libra



Out of Office Auto Reply: I am away until Monday of next week, and will reply on my return. Any urgent predictions should be forwarded to my colleague, Leo.

Thanks and best wishes, Libra.



Gemini

Your reluctance to 'make the first move' will cost you dearly in your quest for new jeans.



Cancer



Your defences are low and you face the risk of falling into a web that an ex-lover has spun for you.

Guard against this by consuming your own body weight in protein-rich grubs, curling into a defensive ball and sleeping emotionlessly for a month.

Leo



You will experience embarrassment on the dance floor after being unable to decide whether to get up or get down.



Virgo

Your life's work will be complete when you finally discover that some girls are indeed bigger than others.



Taurus

How could you forget me?
I never stopped loving you.

Sagittarius

Hey! What are you doing?
Get back here! Hey!
You can't just... ah forget it.



Scorpio



People will start asking you not to head-butt them in the knee like a goat.

Thanks to the boys from **No Quarter** for offering us their predictions for this issue, because it made our lives easier.



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Be warned, she probably means it.

Anything interesting, important or entertaining
MarieBerry@KnockBack.co.uk



PayBack
Donations at **www.KnockBack.co.uk**

Yeah we found one fuck and we thought 'fuck it',
then we found another one and we thought 'fuck it twice.'



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read me . love me . pass me on