



APOCALYPSE

-- INFORMATION --
Keep this somewhere safe

ISSUE 8

IDENTITY

COMMON Tom
it's way too late

HYDRO Tom
Mickey. Love.

DISCO Roy
Up the auntie

V Paul
Nonsense!

Contributions
DR JOHN
ALEC
DAVE HOLLOWAY
HERR SCHMIDT

LOCATION

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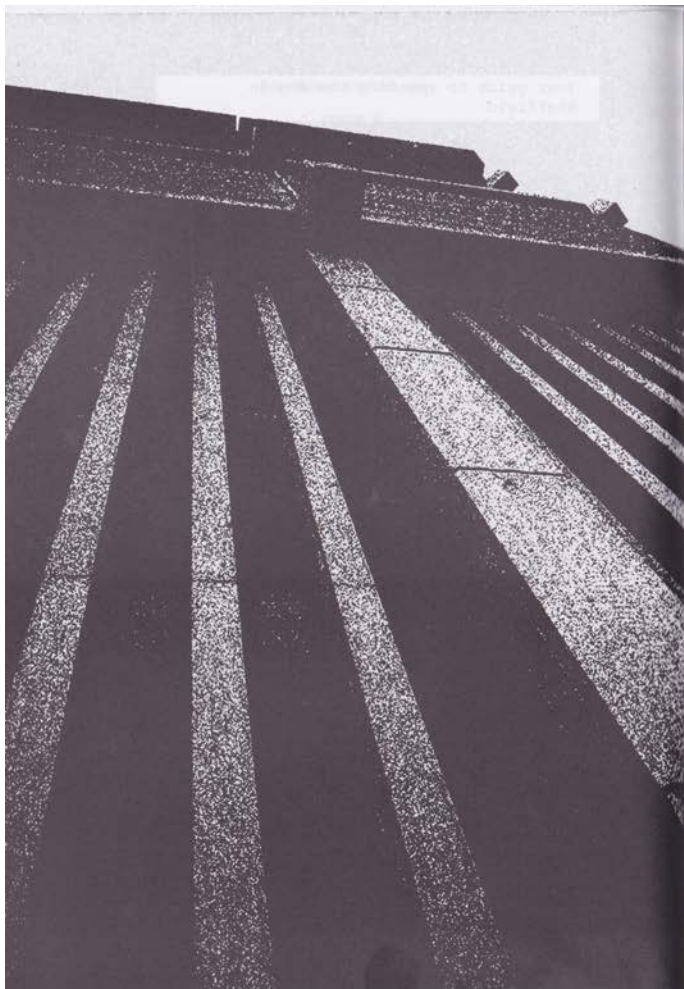
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The best city in the world

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Your guide to spending the end in
Sheffield



Sheffield is a city waiting for the end.

Ever since I got here, I realised this city isn't quite the same as all the others. Of course, there are other reasons for this: the greenery, the love, the music, all that. But the one thing that stands out when you first look up is this: Sheffield looks like it's been designed to survive the end of the world.

Everything resembles a bunker. Park Hill looks like it could withstand a four year siege with automatic weapons. The ex-town hall extension was built to shield the bureaucrats within from mortars. The spouts on the top of the Pop Centre will come to life to defend Sheffield with laser fire, should the need arise. Even the music is apocalyptic. There's a siren opposite Virgin that goes off to mark 10 o'clock. Most of the records that have come out of Sheffield sound like that siren, too. Techno and pop that sound like the noise computers make when you drown them. This city has something disastrous in its heart.

They've tried before, of course. First off, it was biblical judgement. That graceful spire above the station is a monument to the 400 people that died in the cholera, all buried in a mass grave, including the Master Cutler. Plague doesn't care if you're posh or not. The Sheffield Flood in 1864 is pretty reminiscent of recent events: the Dale Dyke Dam burst, the Loxley Valley was swept away, and every bridge up to Lady's Bridge in town was destroyed. The flood killed 250 people, many of whom were trapped in the upper stories of their homes.

Then it was Death From Above. The blitz in December 1941 brought two nights of carpet bombing which pretty much destroyed the city centre, and made certain that whenever Sheffield played monopoly in the future, 2nd prize in the beauty contest would be a sick joke. Afterwards, the Planning Department had a little apocalypse of their own to make people live little happy safe fascist lives away from cars and danger. The war destroyed the Moor, the markets, West Bar. The planners put a motorway through the city at Charter Row and Eyre Street.

But still the end didn't come. Cold War Sheffield was a fearful place to be. The steel, the M1, the world famous pop bands made Sheffield a number one target. The council declared it a nuclear free city, but I don't think the Soviet Union recognised their municipal authority. And the bomb did end up falling on Sheffield in a film called *Threads*. You have to see it. See page CCCC

Today it's an apocalyptic city again, because they're knocking everything down. Sweeping away the concrete and the old factories and the modernism, anything they can get their hands on. And in its place, they're building shit: bland, mediocre shit, in an attempt to make Sheffield look like Coventry, Leicester, Hull, Wolverhampton. Like some sort of Model European City that doesn't exit anywhere.

They've tried to get rid of Sheffield before. We just hope they don't succeed this time.

No surrender.

APOCALYPSE

Post-civilization fun for kids from 8 to 80!

SHITBAG! It's all kicked off. Best crack on, starting here



HALLAMSHIRE HOSPITAL
If you're super-badly injured, a nice starting point would be the walk-in centre at the Hallamshire. Plus points to this include a selection of medical supplies and laughing gas. However, it's not all rosy. If your legs have been melted off in a nuclear attack, a walk-in centre isn't much help. You're better off just dying. Plus, the ambulances will be busy dealing with Councillor Paul 'I'm a twat' Scriven and his cronies. Not you.

TESCO MILLHOUSES
The biggest supermarket in the world. Remember, once money is meaningless, there's no such thing as stealing. But also remember, you won't need that champagne or those David Gray cds. If they run out of spuds, the biggest Sainsbury in Europe is just over the railway. The first rule of looting is: Take What You Need.

BOLE HILL PARK
If you can get here, you're standing a good chance. The cities are going to be dead for a long while, and once they start to live again you know it's all going to be run by some mad zealots chopping people's hands off and forbidding sex between mutants. Much better to just keep walking. Live in the forests and eat mushrooms.

CHARTER ROW POWER STATION
Once the bombs have stopped falling or the waters have stopped rising, it's going to be rather quiet in our city. Of course, this power station is built to withstand hell, and its low humming will be the only thing in the air. Good if you want to steal power, say for a fridge or your kidney machine. Bad for drawing zombies.

THE SKI VILLAGE
Now this bad boy is an unlikely saviour. But think about it. You're on a hill = vantage point and good defensive position. Tick. There's a bar to raid = crisps and drinks to keep you going till the Government come to your rescue. It's a bit like Sarajevo in reverse. They were quite clearly fucked because they were in the bottom of the valley and got gunned down from above. Note to self, get on a fucking hill. Do the math.

MEADOWHALL
— the obvious skybase. Something along the lines of *Dawn of the Dead*. Just kind of knock around the malls, rollerskating, exploring, perhaps a touch of thieving. Minus points for Sainsbury's closing. I.e. lack of food. This only leaves *M & S* as a starting point for fodder. Have you seen those adverts? It could be worse. Keep the perimeter secure. Rule any other survivors with an iron fist. Just hope there's no second wave.

MOORFOOT
Three times the size underground than overground, the floor of Moorfoot's basement is actually magma. Good for heating and barbecuing rats. Plus look at it: what conventional weapon could destroy it? Meanwhile the rest of the Moorfoot area makes an ideal base for pre-apocalypse training.

WINTER GARDENS
Good place to watch, but I don't think the glass will resist the blast. Plus if it's biological you have to think about mutating triffid plants.

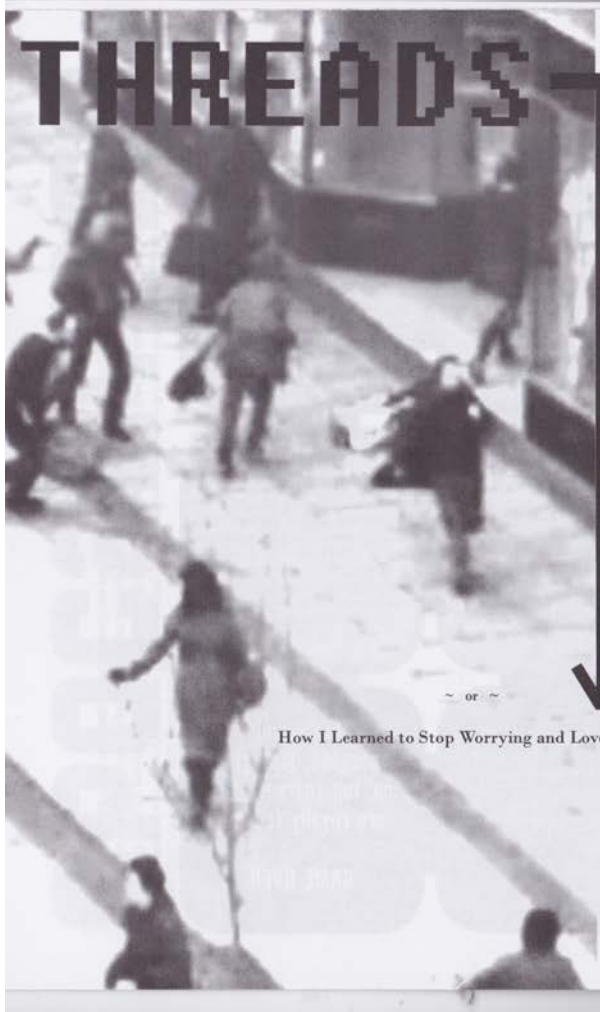
NEEPSEND FACTORIES
It's getting desperate, the police you thought were here to save you are trying to eat your flesh. Fucking pigs. Jump through the window of one of these old factories, back into the gate (near dog pound) screaming and firing off rounds.

SHEFFIELD AIRPORT
Don't even bother. The run way is too short for conventional planes and therefore those Hercules troop planes are going to head straight for Finningley. Damn! Sheffield piped to the post once more! The only reason to aim for the airport is if you're important enough to be picked up by Chinook. So that's Sir Bobi Kerslake and his pet iguana. Everyone else can get the fucking tram.

On second thoughts, just give up, top yourself. You are royally fucked.
GAME OVER

RIGHT, you're in Sheffield when the apocalypse comes. The bells are ringing. It's your basic Game Over situation. But wait, it isn't so bad. Try and look on the bright side. At least you'll have some good places to hide / regroup with the other victims. You'd be fucked in Leeds, there's only shops there, which only leaves looting as a plus point, and survival is dependent on your ability to dig out handbags. Wandering round the deserted city it's easy to get disheartened. Yeah yeah, all your family have been killed. Get over it. You're badly injured, bothered? And yes, there's no food left and there's little hope of rescue. But where should you go? You never know your luck.

THREADS



How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Sheffield

"In an urban society, everything connects. Each person's needs are fed by the skills of many others. Our lives are woven together in a fabric. But the connections that make society strong also make it vulnerable."

In 1984, when *Threads* was made, I was 7. I didn't see it on TV and knew nothing of the effect it had on the grown-up generation until many years later, but as I grew older and started looking for movies that were off the Hollywood radar, it began to permeate my life more and more.

It started with rumours of 'a crazy film where Britain is destroyed by nuclear war' and grew to become a lost classic, mysteriously only screened once and never released.

I moved to Sheffield and discovered that this film I had heard so much of was a local institution. Famed was the footage of the egg boxes being destroyed, infamous was the Moor blinded by a white light – legendary was Park Hill collapsing... Sheffieldians were proud of their city's destruction.

This was the time before bittorrents and DVD re-releases. You wanted a movie then, you hunted second hand shops, market stalls and the private ads. When I finally saw the film, it was much more than I ever thought it would be. Far from the guilty gleeful enjoyment of seeing my adopted city destroyed, I was treated to a horrific depiction of what disagreement on a global scale could produce. It is a life changing film and it has stayed with me ever since.

"The time has now come to make everything ready for you and your family in case an air attack happens. This does not mean that war is about to come, but there is a risk of it, and we must all be prepared."

Here's the history: *Threads* was a feature-length BBC drama made in 1984 and is a documentary style account of the events preceding and during a nuclear holocaust and the eventual long run effects of nuclear war on civilization. Set in Sheffield, it features multiple narrative strands, documentary footage, animation, fiction and a relentlessly truthful depiction of the results of war on the mass populous. At the time it was groundbreaking, today it's prophetic.

It is an extraordinary piece of work, a film that paints a picture of a chain of events that are almost impossible to comprehend. It chills you to your soul, not by a calculated manipulation of your emotions, but by the presentation of factual certainty. It's the most effective anti-war film I have ever seen and should be mandatory viewing for school children. Put that alongside *When the Wind Blows* and we'll raise a generation of peaceniks.

"If anyone dies while you are kept in your fallout room, move the body to another room in the house. Label the body with name and address, and cover it as tightly as possible in polythene, paper, sheets or blankets."

Incidentally, *Threads* was directed by a fellow named Mick Jackson who later went on to direct *LA Story* and the Whitney Houston car crash that is *The Bodyguard*. Odd.

Dave Holloway is part of the Media Lounge
www.medlo.net

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FASHION FALL-OUT

The end of the world is so nigh





**RAC
HEL
WEA
RS:**

Shoes from
Sakis (looted),
vest H&M
(looted), jeans
charity shop,
SARS mask
model's own

DRESS TO IMPRESS FOR THE END OF EVERYTHING

Do you want to be model at GO? Do you have a face like a smacked arse and no shame? Hair like a footballer? Do you just after the three minutes of fame that being in some tawdry local mag will bring you? Email us. go.sheffield@gmail.com

**TOM
WEA
RS:**

Tom wears
shirt by
primark. Tie
from dad.
trousers
from tramp.
shoes from
gutter



STUDENTS

Social chaos on *London Road* as a thousand new students move in. All of a sudden there are people round here in the day time that don't look really really ill.

THE RED AND WHITE WIZARDS

ROUGH DISKO

Extra special power love vibes to *Rough Disko*, making this noise boom. On October 7th they are one year old, and are doing another one at their new venue, *Under the Boardwalk*. Bozz playing records like *Prince making love* + them lot off their boxes = acid. It's going to be killer like *Seal* never knew.

AUTUMN

It's sunny, it smells nice. I can walk places without getting a dab on.

SPECIAL INTIMATE VENUES

Though I feel like I'm dancing in the middle of some sort of style supplement (*Underground Clubbing is HOT*) you really can't beat old social clubs with cool staircases, and old factories that smell like iron.

PORTABLE SOUNDS

e.g. random selection springing *Cabaret Voltaire* on me while wandering through the deadlands of *Meadowwell* and making me laugh like a nutcake - it's still 1980, it still is, IT IS and the *World Student Games* is an impossible dream.

RONY ON RADIO SHEFF

No, it's dead good and Rony's the only communist with a beard allowed to run a phone-in in the entire world (apart from Cuba of course, where it's compulsory). Public service broadcasting at its best, apart from the music.

YO

PHLEGM

New Sheffield art comic that's so good it blows your brain out of your eyes. Featuring harrowing cartoons about mental illness and *No Win No Fee* adverts with goats who've fallen over badly placed branches and claimed £1000. Winner. Buy it from *Rare and Racy*. Plus the graffiti is the best marketing Sheffield has ever seen.

SHARROWVALE ROAD STREET PIANO

Some cunning hippy has left a piano on the street so that we accidentally express ourselves and then throw off the shackles of the system. And they had the foresight to cover it in a tarpaulin. Hippies with brains.

SQUIRRELS IN THE BOTANICALS

They're everywhere. They're intelligent. There's one using a pay-phone, smoking a pipe, looking at you from over the top of a newspaper. They're going to take over in about a week.

THE UNI HEALTH SERVICE SELLING CALPOL OFF CHEAP

That stuff is like fruity party juice. I'm getting a cold just thinking about it.

LATE SEASON TOMATO BLIGHT

I blame myself.

PROGRESS

We went to photograph some decaying factories up the River Don, because we're dead arty. But some fucker had knocked them down in the meantime. How humiliating.

NONNA'S

Cushions outside on the exclusive luxury terrace. See and be seen see and be seen see and be seen, yeah natch yeah see and be seen luxury yeah natch see and

BRITAIN'S CHEAPEST SMACK

A wave of heroin tourists descends on Sheffield from Eastern Europe.

FRESHERS

Too much. Too young. All the life skills of baby mice. Many will die of starvation, unable to understand why food does not appear when they turn *Home and Away* on, like it does at home. Got your poster? It's alright I'm not going to hit you.

NO

IT'S STILL 1980

BED

They've knocked *Bed* down. The best nightclub in Sheffield, the best space for dancing in Yorkshire. Yeah everyone was bang off it on pills, but they were no harm to no-one. Oh, and it was only a hundred years old. Goodbye Sheffield's architectural heritage. Hasn't anybody in charge of this city got any fucking shame?

STASIS

Some shit thrash band above us who've been playing a cack handed version of *Havana Affair* by *The Ramones* for about a year. Where's this leading, chaps?

POST-INDUSTRIAL WORKING ENVIRONMENTS

The reality of post-industrial working environments is this: all the lights have gone out, the front door doesn't work, and when it rains they have to put old doors down over the puddles like rafts.

PRE-POST-INDUSTRIAL WORKING ENVIRONMENTS

The reality is this: somewhere in the building there is said to be a small window; some claim to have seen through it; they tell tales of seeing another factory over yonder and in it a window framing the sagged face of a defeated man



BEARPIT MANIFESTO

by Alec

NEW IDEAS 1

Sheffield has a surplus of theatre companies. They stalk the streets, hoping to sweet-talk cafes and pubs into clearing away the tables from a corner near the back and hosting the world premiere of their hard-hitting new one-act. But the hard truth is that there just aren't enough empty corners to go around.

Sheffield Uni students have the converted church next to the West End pub on Glossop Road for their shows, and Third Angel puts on its shows in the Crucible Studio, but everyone else can hope for nothing but cafes until August, when they have a chance to blow several thousand pounds on taking a show to Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, in the shady eastern reaches of the botanical gardens, the Bear Pit abides – emptied of bears since the nineteenth century, when Parliament outlawed non-posh blood sports.

It is said that Britain's theatre began in the bear-pits. The time has come to bring it back: unlike cafes, Sheffield's bear pit was actually built for spectators. And everyone can bring their own booze. It will be like Open-air Shakespeare, only more compact and claustrophobic.

Don't wait for the Arts Council or the National Trust or the RSPCA to fund this, it's time for the kids to rise up and descend into the pit unaided.

Dedicate the inaugural performance to the bears of yesteryear.

Alec lives above New Roots, 'volunteer-run purveyor of whole foods and enemy of tyranny. It's like living above an ethically-minded Aldays.'

FOR GLASS USE ONLY

SO YO, PIMP MY CAB!

a Dr Jon prescription

Claudi A Br...

DAYS REMAINING
ORIG. DATE
REASON

EyeCare
Dr. Claudio
1900 Cantrell
Springfield, IL
(541) 726-5095 FAX

NEW IDEAS 2

Way back in the hot and sticky summer of '04, at the west end of West Street, running late for a rendezvous, I stuck my hand out, as you do, to grab a cab. What pulled up was large and low, sleek and silver, with a slidey-side-door. You Can't Hurry Love blared out. (Supremes, not Collins.) Damn well can, love, I thought; need to, n'all.

The young driver turned down the sound and asked where to. 'The Rutland', I intoned. He nodded, smiled, and cranked the sisters back up again. Cruising through town with Motown oop t' max; reight good, that. Almost there, he slams on the brakes, turns down the ladies, and says, 'shit, mate, forgot all about the meter'. We came to an arrangement. I have never seen that silver soul taxi again, but it got me thinking ...

We need to celebrate this city of sound, this musical metropolis. But music's not a medium that lends itself to museums and the like. Hence the folly of the Nationally Unpopular Centre for Former Music. Gigs, clubs, radio, even festivals can't quite do it, because they're the very things being celebrated. No, we need a living, breathing, exciting innovation of a celebration – a national talking point, something for everyone.

And the winner might be: musicabs. For cabbies that want it, a great big stereo with separate volume controls in front and back, both ranging from zero to eleven, soundproofing and an interrupt intercom between the two, and the driver chooses the music. Perhaps even vet them to get a range of tastes. Just imagine: cabbieing it with Brahms and Liszt, or big band Dixieland, or KHLA and HiEM, or Asha and Lata, or Atlantic and Stax, or Coleman and Coltrane, or Run DMC, or Elvis, or Upsetters, or Blondie, or Hendrix, and so on, and so forth. Day and night.

Most should look just like other cabs. Pot luck, see. But for publicity, a few lucky ones to get funky paint jobs, big fat wheels and exhaust pipes, spoilers, furry animal-print seat covers, and such like. Whole thing would be very cheap compared with many council schemes. It would increase cab business all round, which'll keep the currently grumbling cabbies happy. It would celebrate our musical home. It would improve all our lives. And it would generally funk up this town. Bo Sheffol Yeah.

THE END

IS IN SIGHT



by
Herr
Schmidt

Lets get serious for a moment,

Revelations of St John the Devine. The heavy end of the bible, in which knowledge of the future is 'REVEALED' to John. In particular the last battle, wherein the age old forces of good (you and me) and evil (them) are pitted against each other in the Day of Judgement. Tricky.

What happens next?

There's a conflict in every human heart between the **rational** and the **irrational**, between Good and Evil. And **remember**, good does not always triumph. Sometimes the Dark Side overcomes what Lincoln called 'the better angels of our nature'. Every man has got a breaking point. You and I have, and so do the Sheffield planning officers. They have reached theirs, and very obviously, they have gone **insane**. If we get it right we sacrifice a cow in Tinsley. If they get it right, we go mad somewhere near Conisbrough smothered in Napalm.

AND BACK TO THE MISSION...

So. It's approaching. I mean you don't know it yet, but it is, and by the way, it's going to be the greatest day of your life. The **Apocalypse**, the Armageddon, the catastrophe, the final battle, the showdown between good and evil, the total annihilation, it's upon us. In a roundabout way I suggest trying the river Don.

Clearly by this point you've gone mad, unstuck in time, **backwards** then **forwards**, you'll see it back to front. Make sure you enjoy it.

The End. Stumbling backwards down a hill you breathe out dry ice, billowing smoke, **fighting your lungs**. Hidden through smoke, you spot a unique 12th century circular buttressed keep. A saviour, world-renowned. Shit its Conisborough castle, full of Buddha's. A **haven**? More like an **asylum**. Casualties, men down, POW's pass, heading upstream. Splashing and drifting. Pop. Pushbikes, mopeds and shopping trolleys bash your Bridlington dingy and pshhhhh, you're in. Now all **ALONE**, just you and your thoughts, think 28 days later without the vampires.

This isn't so bad. Keep oaring and singing. 'This is the end, beautiful friend, this is the end, my only friend, the end' or **maybe** 'When I was a child, running in the night, afraid of what might be, hiding in the dark, hiding in the street, and of what was following me...'

Man O-Ver-Board. Port-side. Only Francis Ford Coppola, Dennis Hopper & Marlon Brando could survive this, of that I am certain. Of what I'm not certain is how they fell out, you'd think that with all that experience those brothers could save themselves. **Upstream** or **downstream**? Bang BANG bang. Brutes throwing bottles from Attercliffe lock. Ooh nice fig trees on that five weirs walk. **Note to self**. When its all over, take a walk.

Marlon's doing all the work here. Slickly gliding in reverse towards Sheaf Quay, breaking the waves, sweet. Get in now and lets do one. Dennis, Francis and Marlon. Spotted. No barges. Just dingy boats. Fucking pikey style, Bridlington Velo 280s. Weekenders, without the ice cream.

Gather whom you can. **Take command** of a barge at the wharf. Head down to what will hopefully be flattened first, the Hilton. Loot Oxfam for what you'll need. A 45 of 'The end' by The Doors, Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse 5*, a copy of *Apocalypse now* and a battered old box (preferably Hitachi). You think. The start.

Bam. If that made you lose the plot like it did me then get ready for a **man down situation**.

We **know** the apocalypse is coming, is there nothing we can do to prevent it? We all **know** what ignorance brings; we all **know** the outcome of Armageddon. Still, we always pull the trigger, we always have, and guess what, we always will. Isn't it bizarre, all we need is a little mutual agreement to push things forward; but we are incapable of concerted action, even on our own behalf. If only we were.... IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD DO...

Ever wondered why the end is in sight? The man is clear in his mind but his soul is mad.



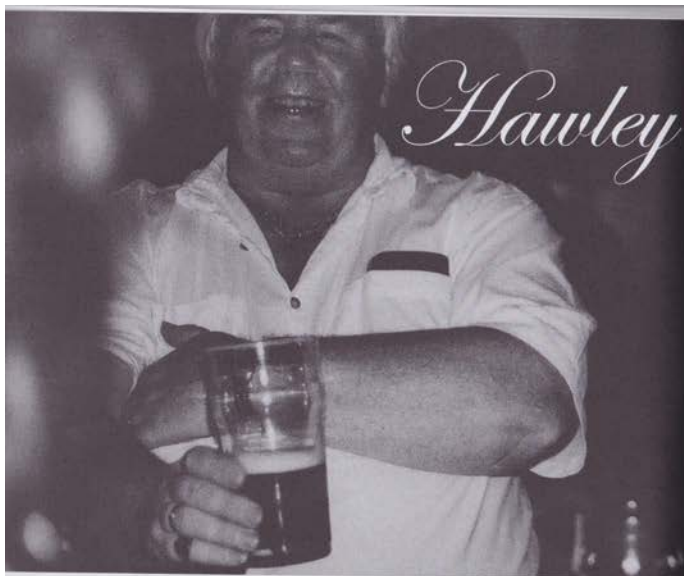
65 DAYS LATER

And so it goes. The end is here. We've fucked it all up, and it's over. England is over. Sheffield is over. But the death-throes are going to go on for a while yet. The apocalypse was a bullet to society's stomach rather than one to its head. Now it's slow collapse, looting, mob law, fires on waste lands. Fights over the last of the petrol, tobacco and Special Brew.

Who will soundtrack the descent? Who deserves to be the music on the nation's ipods as the batteries run down for the final time? The answer was made round here. The answer is *The Fall of Math* by 65 Days of Static.

Angry, beautiful and widescreen, this is sample-laden bombast, post-rock with crashing walls of guitars and drums that sweep you with them. With this in your ears you can crawl through Meadowhall's air vents with dignity. You can throw Molotov cocktails from the top of T.J. Hughes onto the marauding gangs below with the knowledge that really it was always going to be this way. And yet you can hold onto a shard of hope, hold so tight that it cuts you. Buried deep in the music somewhere, you know there's a whisper that perhaps this isn't the end. That perhaps there are others out there who carry themselves in the same way, and that perhaps you might be able to escape this burning town and find them. If only the batteries hold out.

text Roy Disco photo Andy Brown



Interview with Richard Hawley and us lot, 22nd August 2005.
Words: Tom Common.
Picture: Andy Brown
This isn't a picture of Hawley, obviously.

'My sense of place is always Sheffield. I've been round the world eight or nine times. I just couldn't wait to get home'

Richard Hawley is proper Sheffield. We wanted to talk to him because we'd heard he loves this city. We love this city. So we thought it would be good to share our hobby and interest over a pint, like bird watchers or a model railway club.

But we also wanted to meet him because he'd have a different perspective to us. We're a bunch of kids who love Sheffield because it's different to all those other shit holes. He's been here all his life, seen it change, and who knows why it's a good city. Pretty much the first thing he says about the city sums this perspective up: 'It's a part of who I am, and it's why I stayed.'

He loves talking about the city and it's a pleasure to listen. His memories of growing up in the city are super vivid. He talks about the scale of Sheffield as an industrial city. Memories such as walking between his Dad and his Granddad down the road outside Firth Brown's; there was

no point getting a bus, because there were that many blokes walking out of the steelworks to go home'. Or the conditions he grew up in. 'I remember going to Darnall in the East End, they'd be burning bones at the end of the city, and you couldn't leave your house because the smell was so bad.'

Hawley sees Sheffield as a musical city as much as an industrial one. That the city has always thrown mavericks up, and this is as true in music as in steel. 'There's something about it that's connected to the little mesters. You just get on with it on your own. In the past, with Clock DVA or Pulp, they didn't have any connection with anything else that was happening anywhere in the world'. He thinks the sheer amount of music is a product of 'disgruntledness, a light bitterness' with the state of the city. 'The best music never comes from nice places. There's nothing to make you angry, nothing to piss you off'.

He also describes Sheffield as a 'rough city'. From the gang wars in the twenties which earned Sheffield the nickname of Little Chicago, and which Hawley tells us led to the first ever Flying Squads to respond, to football hooliganism in the 80s. 'I once saw a kid put a pint pot over this other kid's face upside down in the Hallamshire and stomp on his face. One of the worst things I've ever seen'. Now though, he thinks it's worse, that running the gauntlet of the city centre on a weekend evening is harrowing. 'Sheffield has always been rough, but I think there's a sense of dignity gone, that people en masse are not afraid to make a complete cock of themselves on a Saturday.'

This lack of dignity spurs him to begin to talk about negative changes he's seen in the city. He laments the move from a nation of producers to 'a nation of fat consumers'. 'We used to produce steel, coal, shipping, and it's all gone, an where

are we now?' He finds call centres in Attercliffe in the place of old steel yards depressing. 'My main beef about our cities is that you have mining museums and shipping museums and steel museums, magna and all that, I just can't imagine in ten, or twenty years time them having a call centre museum. Of course, I've done everything in my power to avoid doing a day's work.'

This beef extends to homogenisation too. One of Hawley's big issues is individuality, that 'it's difficult to hold onto yourself'. Whether that's holding onto your individuality in the music industry, with stylists and record labels trying to change you, or holding onto your individuality by not wearing an American baseball cap. He talks about how youth culture used to be 'polarised', skinheads and mods, rockers and teds, and the fights that used to ensue. That 'it used to be important who you were.'

GAME OVER

YOU CAN'T WIN
A NUCLEAR
WAR