



That cushion was the last thing they saw before he sliced open their stomachs. Bob followed the same ritual for five years. He sat on the cushion to rig his line, bait hooks and cast. When his catch was in, he'd grab a fish, show it to the cushion, then gut it. There had to be something in it, for his golden run showed no sign of slowing. Five times winner of the annual West Lakes Fishing Club competition. What gets Bob is that he knows it should've been six on the trot. Fool went and deserted his own luck that last year. Gave in and stuffed the flashy cushion in the fire after the guys at the club started calling him Liberace. The name had stuck, like only the worst nicknames do, leaving Bob little choice but to play along. Now when the ribbing starts he just winks, points to the winners' board and starts whistling a tune; 'hound Dog', 'Satisfaction', it doesn't really matter what it is. But what is interesting is how a newspaper, like the one you're holding now, can make a cushion in a dinghy so involving. If you're an advertiser and you believe that your brand is more interesting than a fishing cushion, why not engage people with newspapers? Imagine the story you could tell.

People gazed in wonder as the snow stopped in mid air and began falling upwards. Blizzards were common in this city, and the weather a favourite topic of conversation, but no one could recall seeing anything like this.


A white quiet descended over the busy streets. In the cafés, waiters preparing for the lunch crowd ceased wiping crumbs off the tables. While in cars, noses were squashed against frosted windows in an effort to see. By the time the alarm sounded – as piercing as a young boy's wail – it was too late. Disaster had befallen this once beautiful city. As the sky began to ebb away, the people realised that this snowstorm would be their last. Then again, it may not have been this dramatic.

But to an imaginative five-year-old boy who's accidentally dropped his favourite snow dome, it could seem that way.

And it's interesting how a newspaper, like the one you're holding now, can make a broken snow dome so involving.

If you're an advertiser and believe that your brand is more interesting than a broken snow dome, why not engage people with newspapers? Imagine the story you could tell.





There's a lady who's sure
all that glimmers is silver
and...

If your dream was to write 'Stairway to Heaven II',
maybe throwing a guitar pick into a fountain would be the way to go.

It'd be a bona fide hit, racing straight to the top of the charts.

Radio would play it in every non-stop-block-of-rock.

You'd have fame, fortune and a TV to toss out your
hotel window. Kids would pin your poster on their bedroom walls.

You'd marry a supermodel, then dump her for an übermodel.

Move to a tax-free haven in the Mediterranean and
spend your days lolling around on a 100-foot yacht while

sipping champagne from your own winery. But all that is
just wishful thinking. Still, it's interesting how a newspaper,

like the one you're holding now, can make a guitar pick in a fountain
so involving. If you're an advertiser and believe that

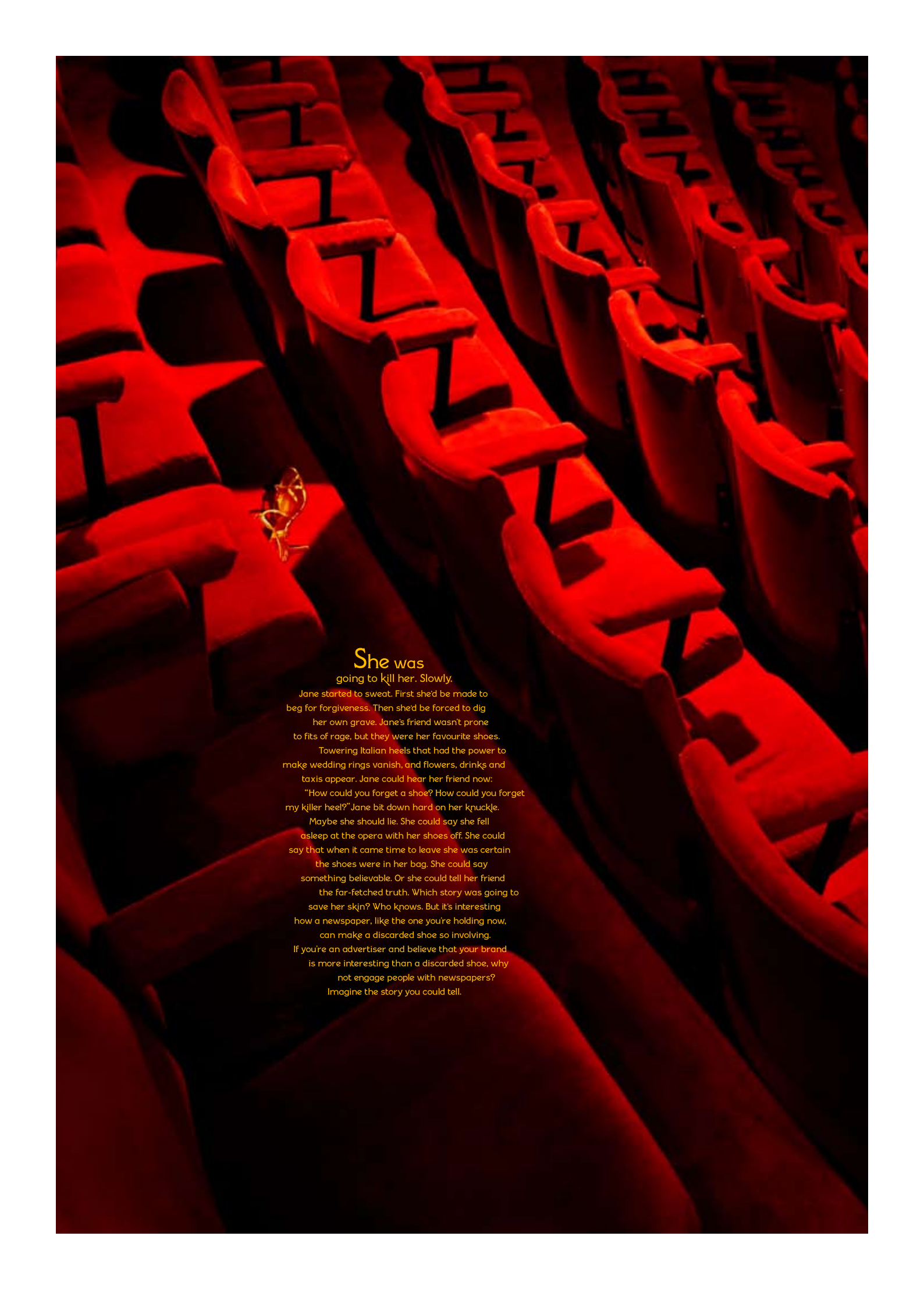
your brand is more interesting than a stray guitar pick, why
not engage people with newspapers?

Imagine the story you could tell.

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Do it, Loretta, he whispered, though he felt like he was screaming. When Greg had first awoken, sometime after dawn, there had been no warning to suggest today would be the day that would claim his scalp. But all of history's most renowned leaders, thinkers, scientists and game show hosts had suffered its wrath, and today was Greg's day. Now, Greg wasn't usually one to buck the system, but on this morning he was in no mood to be messed with. Blame the cold shower he'd endured, or the triple espresso he'd downed, but when he caught that hideous reflection in the sunlit window, it was as good as done. He knew this one wasn't going to go quietly, with a handful of mousse or a hat. "So long," came the voice from behind him. And with that Loretta squeezed the scissors, sending earthwards the ponytail of the man she thought she knew. Greg's bad hair day had finally come to an end. An awful hairdo isn't always this momentous, of course. But it's interesting how a newspaper, like the one you're holding now, can make a severed ponytail so involving. If you're an advertiser and believe that your brand is more interesting than a ponytail, why not engage people with newspapers? Imagine the story you could tell.





She was
going to kill her. Slowly.

Jane started to sweat. First she'd be made to beg for forgiveness. Then she'd be forced to dig her own grave. Jane's friend wasn't prone to fits of rage, but they were her favourite shoes.

Towering Italian heels that had the power to make wedding rings vanish, and flowers, drinks and taxis appear. Jane could hear her friend now:

"How could you forget a shoe? How could you forget my killer heel?" Jane bit down hard on her knuckle.

Maybe she should lie. She could say she fell asleep at the opera with her shoes off. She could say that when it came time to leave she was certain the shoes were in her bag. She could say something believable. Or she could tell her friend the far-fetched truth. Which story was going to save her skin? Who knows. But it's interesting how a newspaper, like the one you're holding now, can make a discarded shoe so involving.

If you're an advertiser and believe that your brand is more interesting than a discarded shoe, why not engage people with newspapers? Imagine the story you could tell.