

Michael on Self Blow Jobs

I've nearly snapped my spinal column many a time trying to suck my own hassle. Every so often I'll lay on my bed with my underbelts around my ankles and then do a sudden backwards roll as a way of gaining momentum. My knees are beside my head and my cock hangs agonisingly closely to my mouth. I can feel the warmth of him radiating onto my face, and the smell of heated flesh fills my nostrils as I'm craning my neck forward and flicking out my tongue, desperately trying to get a lick of my trouble. I've once managed to sneak a quick lick of my bull-tip, but sadly, I couldn't get a decent amount of contact, because it stops you breathing, and you have to relent for a while in order to rest. I'm telling you, I've tried so hard to fold myself in half that I've looked like a human stapler, and I've almost collapsed my own lungs as a result of the tremendous pressure I've placed upon my chest cavity. It's all about flexibility, though. Never ever give up after the first try, because initially you're all stiff and un-stretched, which makes it very difficult to get your grill anywhere near your cock. Do some star jumps and a few stretches if need be in order to loosen your vertebrae and make them much more flexible. There's been times when I've almost been in tears as a result of frustration and temper because I've gotten so close to necking my own panic, only to fail at the very last second. My throbbing cock has been literally millimeters away from my pursed lips, and I've even grabbed hold of the base and tried to stretch it towards my mouth, but I get a sharp pain near my pubic bone so I have to stop.

After failing in my attempts to orally pleasure myself I've seriously considered sponking in my own face just to see what it feels like. I've lay there with my pulsating penis just centimeters from my nose and actually thought closely about webbing my own cock drink all over my own timepiece. The only thing that has prevented me from doing it so far is the terrible feelings I'd undoubtedly experience as soon as I'd done it. I'd be absolutely disgusted with myself, lying there naked with my stone cold rubbish blown all over my muzzy and eyebrows. Actually, I'd also be extremely scared of being caught in the act by somebody. Knowing me, I'd empty the contents of my scrogg all over my face and then my back would go into spasm and completely seize up. Can you imagine trying to explain your way out of it? There is absolutely nothing you could possibly say to explain yourself. I'd have to shout my mum to help me and then just tell her the truth and hope for the best. "Listen mum, I'm so sorry. Stop panicking, I'm alright. I stupidly tried to suck my own terror but failed miserably, so I thought I'd trolley my own bollock grease all over my crankshaft, and then my fúcking back packed in. Do me a favour, run downstairs and get the deep heat from the cupboard and give my spine a quick spray. Oh, and while you're there, could you get me the flannel to wipe this freezing cold cock junk off my kite? Thanks mum, you're a fúcking star". I'd have to pack my bags and leave home forever. I'd never be able to look any of my family members in the eye again.

Michael on Knights18.

QUOTE(Knights @ Jan 15 2008, 10:02 PM)

QUOTE

Anyone going on Millionaire soon and want me as a Geography phone a friend? /QUOTE

Chris Tarrant: "Hello Peter, it's Chris Tarrant on Who Wants to be a Millionaire here.....hold on, I think your kettle's boiled there because there's an intolerably high pitched screeching noise down the line"

Knights: "Sorry Chris, I was just so happy to hear your voice, and, to be quite honest, receive an actual phone call"

Chris Tarrant: "We've got Yolanda here, a girl you apparently once brushed past in the student union on karaoke night. She's doing quite well at the moment and she's currently on £16,000. With your help we'd like to get her up to £32,000. The next voice you hear will be Yolanda's. Good luck!"

Yolanda; "Hi sweaty, heavily balding schitzo. What country shares a border with both Saudi Arabia and Oman? Is it A) Sudan 🤪 Iran C) Iraq or D) Yemen?.....15 seconds left.

Knights: "It's Pisa, without a shadow of a doubt."

Yolanda: "That isn't one of the options. Sudan, Iran, Iraq or Yemen?"

Knights: "I'm not 100% certain, but I'm going to say Cheshire, and if that's wrong then go with Reading"

Chris Tarrant: "He's gone, Yolanda. What a thoroughly odd fucking specimen that lad was"

On Barrett joining the Buzzies:

Hello sarge, what's happening, lad?"

"Morning detective, give me a rundown of what's happened here"

"Arrrrrr I dunno yer know. There's been fúckin' murder here, lad. It looks like some rockhead has tried to rob this fella's ken, but he's been pyarly nicked and had his head stoved, lad. Know what I mean, though? If yer screwing people's drums, then you deserve to get kettled don't yer? One less smackhead on the street though, innit?"

"What?"

"Look sarge, some smok tooter has been devoe'd because he was bouncing people's kens, lad. Know what I mean, though? Imagine if yer ma was in bed and some little scagrat burst through her front door an started rifling through her gear. Yer would fold him, wouldn't yer? Fúckin' cheeky cúnts, lad. I've just belled the fo-fo, and they're gonna come and put the tent up and all that bóllocks"

"You've called who?"

"The fo-fo, lad. The lads from forensics. They're gonna come down in a bit and sort all the clever shít out. Am gonna go and ask a few questions in the boozers and see if I can get a touch off someone. Looks like he was creased with a machete or suttin, but I can't find any tools around. He's had his platelets emptied onto the canvas and he's been chopped up lad, but there's no sign of the weapon yet"

"Well ok detective, you keep up the good work, and please keep me informed as best you can"

"Sound. If you need to get hold of me, give me a ring on me graft phone"

"What?"

"In a bit, lad"

"LONGY! Pass us that powder lad, am gonna have a little scout for prints and that. See Fergie's goal on saturday? Fúckin' stormer weren't it, lad?"

On the film Scum:

I remember watching 'Scum' on channel 4 when I was about 12. I was lying there on the living room floor, enjoying the tough guys swearing profusely, acting rough and ready and generally being hardknocks in a borstal. I was engrossed, loving the whole violent experience, having never seen anything quite like it before. I was surprisingly shocked when that fella got his coconut cracked open with a green in a sports sock. It made me really think how easy it would be for someone to put you in intensive care when you're in the Legion having a couple of frames with your grandad. I was thinking "if any twát takes their sock off in here then I'm out that door like a fúckin bullet".

However, my point is that I was enjoying the whole film and it was refreshing to see something so brutal and hard hitting. Then I saw some pale, nervous guy doing a bit of weeding in the greenhouse. I thought "arr that's nice isn't it? He's getting back to nature, it seems like he's trying to put his troubled teenage years behind him and finally mature into a responsible adult". After a while a couple of his friends came in to see how he was doing, to give him a hand with his gardening, real good friends of his they were. Or at least I thought they were his friends.

What happened next is the single most traumatising experience of my entire life to date. Forget about my nans and grandads dying, forget about illness and disease and war, they pale into insignificance compared to this scene. Here's this guy just going about his business when all of a sudden he is pinned to the work surface and gets his slacks dragged to his ankles. Then some horrible, yellow toothed hillbilly with rapist style sideburns pulls down his terrifying bib and brace apparel and reaches into his ballstranglers. What does he pull out from his little white cotton briefs you're asking. what surprise does he bring out? His flacid cóck is the answer. I was lay there with a sudden expression of confusion. I had no idea what was going on, it was all a bit strange at the time. Then his sticks his scrawny cóck right up the poor lads ársehole and gives him some proper fastarse. He wellies the lads bum absolutely everywhere and then does a sponk face to let us know he's finished his deed. He withdraws his disgusting, sexual predator like penis from the guys bum and pulls his dungarees back up. I was mortified, horrified, stupified. My throat was dry with fear and I

was absolutely afraid.

As if this wasn't enough for the poor rape victim, some other beast decided to get in on the action. He also bummed the little nerd senseless and took away his dignity. Stripped him of his honour, his pride, his anal virginity. They were a righ couple of mean bástards I'm telling you. Why couldn't they just put him in intensive care like Ray Winstone would have done? Why couldn't they talk it out? Why couldn't they just be friends? These are the questions I was asking my exposed 12 year old brain at the time. And where the fúck was "the daddy" eh? That poor lad got is colon smashed to fúck by two penis's and the so called "daddy" was somking a bifter in his cell or something. I was dying for Ray to burst in with a lead pipe or some other great weapon and cave their heads right in. But he didn't. The lad got savaged by two pasty white, hairy teenagers in a greenhouse and nobody was there to help him.

Guess who I hate the most though? It's not the two arlarses that did the pillaging, nor is it Ray Winstone for shirking his duties. It isn't even the little weak bástard that allowed these shít heels to invade his body. No, it's none of them horrors. It's that cúnt of a borstal officer that turned his back on the whole thing, just turned a blind eye to greenhouse rape (Elvis had a song about it I think). He was supposed to be there to help out, to keep them safe from harm, but he abandoned the poor lad and let it happen. The system failed. I was devastated.

I felt physically sick that night and couldn't get that scene out of my mind for weeks and weeks. I was sincerely mortified. I couldn't even eat anything I was so upset.

Next time on 'Michael's childhood tortures' we have two young babysitters being leathered in a clapped out Cortina in the motion picture 'Rita, Sue and Bob Too'.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

When I was a kid I used to love "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" and so I'd watch it about 5 times a week on our massive Grundig tele, which, at the time, was state of the art technology and at the forefront of televisual advancement. It was one of them big bulky ones in a wooden casing that you see as the major prize on repeats of "Blankety Blank" on Challenge TV. I'd sit crossed legged on the living room floor in my Flintstones bib and brace and stare longingly at the convex screen, dreaming of one day being as lucky as little Charlie Scuzzbucket. The kid had hair like a shattered bread crate, and wore clobber that a scarecrow would feel a cúnt in, but still, I envied the fictitious little vermin so much. I'd take the tape out of it's massive plastic case and slide it into a tape deck that popped up from the top of the recorder, before settling down to enter a world of pure imagination. My mouth would water as the opening credits rolled, my young eyes witnessing the mass production of fantastic and miraculous confectionary, that I would later realise was just a manual conveyor belt with a few of them shítty teacake marshmallows that you get from Home & Bargain. The sweets in the film seemed so much more exotic and exciting than the ones I was used to and I was consumed by jealousy, despising the five góbshités that wormed their way into Wonka's paradise. I was under the impression that Wonka's chocolate was something special and so I was traumatised when I finally discovered that it was just a few Wagon Wheels wrapped in some different packaging. We had about 9 packets of them in the fridge at the time and they were fúcking disgusting. They tasted like the decaying underlay of the living room carpet, but my mum would still buy them every week without fail, even though nobody ever touched the fúcking things. I'd say; "Look mum, do yourself a favour and stop buying them Wagon Wheels, alright? They're horrible!" But, as she was unpacking the shopping the next day, out would come a long packet of fúcking Wagon Wheels. It was

like Mary Poppins' handbag as she unfurled a twenty-foot long packet of the cúnts from an eighteen-inch Farmfoods carrier bag. Yes, I did say Farmfoods. I was Liverpool's answer to Charlie Bucket. I used to have to take my P.E kit to school in an inside out Farmfoods carrier bag, but you could still blatantly see the stigmatised logos. As clear as day they were. You'd have thought I'd have accepted our poor social standing with dignity, but no, I was ashamed, and so tried to hide the fact with ineffectual tactics, such as the reversal of translucent carrier bags, and coating my Reebok Pump trabs with about four inches of shoe whitener to make them look new. I used to pray that it wouldn't rain while I was in school, because a heavy downpour would strip the whitener clean off my wheels, meaning I'd leave a trail of blotchy footprints in my wake. You could say I was the contemporary Charlie Bucket, carrying the inherited torch of the social deadbeats.

One of the first scenes I remember from the film is "The Candy Man" song in the sweetshop, where some oily haired oddball is belting out these woefully saccharine lyrics about a reclusive confectioner, and mincing about with a gang of kids; all of whom are bedecked in some of the most abysmal 1970's get-up you are ever likely to see. Out of absolutely nowhere this fúcking heretic in a bowtie opens his neck and just bursts into song, and one of the lines goes; 'The Candy Man can 'cause he mixes it with love and makes the world taste good'. Now, is it just me, or do the words 'mixes it with love' evoke some really ugly and sinister mental images? Hearing that line as an adolescent made my blood run cold, and the words sent an icy cold shiver down the curvature of my spine, as the diabolical images made their very unwelcome appearance behind my eyes. There, as clear as day in my minds eye, was a vision of Willy Wonka, stark bóllóck naked in the cooking room, and tightly gripping the base of his cóck as he frantically stirred a pan of melted Bourneville with his eight inches of hardened panic. His cóck had the same dimensions as a long can of Insette hair lacquer, and he was just standing there, whisking a pan of milk chocolate with his chaos as though it was the most natural thing in the world. He had a look on his face that said; "that's right, I'm churning chocolate with my carnage, what's your fúcking issue here?" He howled demonically with laughter as he mixed it with love, and then trolleyed his scrogg right into the mix, firing out a couple of cóck snacks directly into his special recipe. He wasn't remotely interested in basic food hygiene or health and safety regulations. He just uncorked his cóck and hurtled a couple of sachets of stagnant sterri right into his magical formula. It's supposed to be a song about spreading love to kids and the promotion of happy thoughts, but, all's I got as a 12 year old were ghoulish apparitions of Skip Donohue from "Stir Crazy" emptying his bootbag all over the snozzberry wallpaper, and violently hiccupping his cóck drink all over the giant novelty lollipops.

In fact, the entire film appears to be laced with songs that contain highly suggestive and somewhat provocative lyrics. For instance, upon entry into 'the chocolate room', which was the most extravagant room in the entire factory, Willy Wonka sings; "Cúm with me and you'll be in a world of pure imagination". Again, maybe it's just me, but can you honestly tell me that this line does not at least nod towards the concept of group masturbation and group ejaculation? He's basically saying; "partake in my sordid wánk fantasy kids, and let's all web our motion muck in unison. And, if you're up for it, we'll bukake Beauregarde". It wouldn't surprise me if the lyricist of these songs, Leslie Bircusse, was in fact a paedophile. As well as all the controversial songs in this film he also wrote titles such as "We Don't Wanna Grow Up" and "When You're Alone" for another well known children's film called "Hook". The circumstantial evidence is mounting here, don't you think? I think he intended his works to be deliberately ambiguous so he could refute any potential accusations of indecency, and so he could then twist it around and blame our perverted minds for the interpretation. I think he must have grown a bit nervous in 1978, though, when he penned the anxiously titled "Can You Read My Mind" for "Superman". Yes, I can actually, mate, so stop thinking about fúcking kids, you despicable monster. Some paedophiles actually try to justify their actions by attempting to place their desires and urges into some sort of context

via a perversely twisted logic. They'll say something like; "You may have an addiction and that addiction may well be chocolate. It just so happens that my addiction is children. I'm addicted to children. We both have addictions, only to different things. We're fundamentally the same, so what exactly is the difference between you and I?" I'll tell you what the difference is shall I? I don't go around fúcking innocent Dairy Milks up the ársé and destroying their childhood innocence in the process. Just stop shágging kids, you fúcking animal.

If you're not already convinced that the lyrics are extremely questionable then here's another example for your consideration. When Veruca Salt is singing her showpiece song she utters the words; "give it to me now" on four separate occasions. Once I could forgive, but four times? That's just begging to be ravaged in my opinion. I wouldn't have blamed Charlie and Mike Teevee if they'd have steamed in and took her up on her desperate offer. If a girl your own age is singing "give it to me now" at the top of her voice, what are you supposed to do; stand there like an idiot, or get lung deep in fánny wax and then blast your velocity vinegar into her timepiece? I know which option I'd pursue, and it heavily involves my salty boom juice. As if the dubious lyrics weren't enough; what area of the factory does she choose to express these words? That's right, in the goose room. She sings "give it to me now" in the goosing room. There isn't a jury on Earth that would convict a man that had chosen to ignore his inhibitions and go right through that brazen whóré. In fact, exhibit A of the defence team's case would be the following lines from the song; "I want the works, I want the whole works! / Presents and prizes and sweets and surprises in all shapes and sizes." If that's not pleading for a massive gáng-báng then I don't know what is. The judge would bang his gavel and declare "not guilty" within minutes. Incidentally, did you know that Roy Kinnear, the fat cúnt that played 'Henry Salt', died when he was flung headfirst from a horse during the filming of "The Return of the Musketeers" in 1989, shattering his pelvis on impact, and bled to death as a result? A man like that had absolutely no business riding around on such an animal, so in a way, I'm glad he went over the handlebars and permanently winded himself. Roy Kinnear, the expired Musketeer.

During the "Candy Man" song the shopkeeper starts scaling ladders and throwing sweets all over the place as the kids go berserk, foaming at the mouth because he's flinging out half a dozen Fox's Glacier Mints. Ask yourself this question and then think very carefully before you answer. If you had to choose the kid from that sweetshop that was most likely to mature into a homicidal maniac, or the one most likely to deflate his nan's thought tank with a claw hammer; which one would it be? My answer would be the little sociopathic cúnt that's sitting on a stool at the counter, filling his greedy lungs with a double helping of homemade apple crumble while there is fúcking pandemonium all around him. There's about 50 kids crammed into the shop, off their fúcking clocks on sugar and pure adrenalin, and this freckle faced vermin is sitting there in the eye of the storm, chowing down on a pastry based dessert. There has to be something mentally wrong with any kid that can sit calmly while some clown is showering the masses with trowelfuls of dusty mint imperials, let alone sit and eat what is effectively the pudding that followed your school dinner. Near the end of the scene the children begin taking liberties and start to help themselves to whatever they want; it's a free for all and everybody takes advantage of the unusual situation. Then, the camera pans slowly across the shop to reveal Charlie fúcking Bucket, standing gloomily outside the shop window with a heavy heart and a longing stare. Instead of wallowing in self pity and embracing the role of victim, why doesn't he just go inside and stuff his slacks full of Black Jacks? It's all free you little prick. You've got no excuse this time, so stop trying to bring everyone else down with your pathetic little sob story, you morbid little Catweasle. In fact, I think Bill, the candy shop owner, must be running his business at a loss because he hardly ever seems to charge anybody for anything. In hindsight, the film is a load of unrealistic búllshít, but as a kid I thought the whole plot and the scenes were entirely plausible. After seeing this particular scene and witnessing the unbridled joy on the kid's

faces as cóckswípe doled out the free pear drops, I excitedly and expectantly went to Barry's sweetshop by ours, and secretly hoped that the 'Candy Man' scene would be magically recreated. Upon entry, some fat cúnt who I presumed was Barry violently screeched; "take your bike outside, you little príck!" What a bad fúcking arlarse. Barry wasn't wearing a novelty bowtie, singing songs or giving out free treats at all; he was handing out dream shattering diatribes and wrecking my fúcking life. I was totally and utterly shell-shocked, and stood there motionless for about 20 seconds, tears welling up in my eyes as my bottom lip started doing impressions of Cerebral Palsy. I'd sailed into the shop on my bike, standing on one pedal with both feet like a postman, full of optimism and high on life, but within seconds I was in ruins, reversing my 'Airwolf' bike dejectedly out of the narrow doorway. Stringfellow Hawke would have been ashamed that I was using a bike that he'd endorsed, so I never used any of the special effects buttons on the handlebar soundboard for the rest of the day, as a sign of respect to the charismatic helicopter pilot. How naïve could I possibly have been? Thinking about it now, there is just no conceivable way on this Earth that Barry, a fat miserable twát from Breck Road, was ever going to crack out the melodies and give away half of the stock that he'd just bought from Parfett's wholesalers. The fat, soulless cúnt.

This film had a profound effect on my formative years, and was once even the source of my hallucinations as a ten year old, when I was suddenly struck down by a bout of septic tonsillitis. I was lying in bed with a very high temperature and a fever; when all of a sudden Willy Wonka appears in the corner of my bedroom with a watertight roll your own hanging out of his grill. There he was, kneeling next to a chocolate river with his crushed velvet slacks around his ankles, his big purple hat placed on the floor besides my Hummel footy boots, and he was wrecking the fúcking cóck off himself. Initially, I was dumbfounded and merely stared at him in silence; but then, the reality of the situation hit me and I started to scream hysterically, before burying my head beneath the covers in the desperate hope that he would leave of his own accord. I was hyperventilating and really struggling to retain consciousness, but Wonka didn't give a fúck about me, choosing instead to shout out the depraved descriptions of what he was doing to himself, and what he planned to do in the very near future. As the tears streamed down my petrified cheeks I could hear him over by the wardrobe, moaning and groaning with pleasure and screaming at me; "Michael, come and look at uncle Wonka! Uncle Wonka's cóck has got the whooping cough mate, and he's going to crash his tepid rubbish all over your face, you little shíthouse. I'm going to bend an Oompah Loompah over your chest of drawers and bum him dead fast, and then, I'm going to empty my stubbly carrier bag all over your pajama top." I was really frightened but I couldn't take it any more, so I dug deep inside and summoned up all the courage I could muster and dived out of the bed in a fit of violent temper. I grabbed my sister's plastic hockey stick and shrieked; "I'm going to fúcking kill you, Wonka". I charged ferociously across the room towards him and he stopped wánking immediately. His complexion paled and he turned instinctively to evade my wrath, but, unluckily for him he had his underbelters nestling around his ankles and he couldn't quite manage to escape, falling flat on his face near the skirting board. He lay cowering and whimpering on the floor with his hands covering his face as I lifted the hockey stick up high over my head with both hands gripped tightly around the handle. "I'll teach you to wánk in my fúcking bedroom, you dirty little cúnt" I screamed, and then rained down blow after blow upon the base of his spinal column as he curled up tightly into the foetal position. He was pitifully begging for his life, offering me all the chocolate I could eat and golden tickets for my whole Sunday league footy team, but I wasn't interested; I wanted Wonka dead. I must have hit him about 200 times before he finally stopped his pitiful and cowardly squirming. His cóck was very soft now. He looked so peaceful, lying there in a pool of his own blood with a face like a bowl of scouse. Then, in a flash, the whole disturbing scene just vanished from before my eyes. I came to my senses to find myself standing in the corner of the room in my Garfield boxies, sweating profusely and wielding the remnants of a shattered junior hockey stick. One of my

little sister's dolls lay obliterated on the threadbare carpet and my mum was standing in the doorway with a look of absolute disbelief on her face. She couldn't work out why I was screaming; "you dirty little cúnt" at the top of my voice and bladdering my sisters doll all over the place at one o'clock in the morning. I later got the feeling that she'd considered having me sectioned in Stoddart House, the psychiatric unit in Fazakerley Hospital, under the mental health act.

Doctor: "OK madam, what can we do for you today?"

My mum: "Lad, I'd like to have this fúcking headcase sectioned, please"

Doctor: "Excuse me? You are aware that we cannot possibly accommodate a ten year old child at this unit aren't you? You really should be speaking to a child psychologist at Alder Hey Hospital about your concerns. But, out of curiosity, what exactly is the problem?"

My mum: "He thought Willy Wonka was fast-handing one out at the foot of his bunk bed. You've definitely got brain damage if you think the affable Gene Wilder is in your bedroom trying to greb his cóck sleet all over you. I really don't feel comfortable having him in the house if he thinks 'The Candy Man' himself is wrenching one out into his wardrobe. It's psychotic"

Doctor: "Nurse! Nurse! Strap this freaky little bástárd to the bed and give him 500mg of Morphine before he kills the fúcking lot of us. I'm taking no chances with these demented little weirdo's, they'll carve you up if you show them your back"

My mum: "Exactly, lad. He's on top"

Remember Charlie's grandparents, the four decrepit old bellenders that were confined to that disgusting double bed for about twenty years? I can only begin to imagine what it must have smelled like underneath that decaying and festering yellow blanket. The putrid stench must have imitated the inside of a two manner tent and would have smashed poor Charlie's fod off when he came home from a hard days graft, with his little brown satchel wrapped around his unimpressive, malnourished frame. He probably opened the rickety door as slowly as possible, knowing all too well that he was about to have his clock bingoed off by an indescribable and most unholy aroma, just like your typical scruffs house, whereby you get a warm waft of chip grease thrown at your nostrils upon entry. Imagine that bed on hot summer nights. Just imagine lying toe to toe with Grandpa Joe when the heat is sweltering at night. Little George, the spin-eyed góbshite is sitting there with his bold rimmed bins and his sidies cello-taped to the side of his drum as a result of the heatwave, and Georgina's fánny smelling like a warmed up salmon paste Vol-au-Vont. I couldn't handle it if someone tried to hand me a bowl of steaming hot cabbage water while I was lying in bed on a scorchingly hot summer afternoon, staring directly at some cóck-eyed cripple and sitting next to a wooden toothed pensioner with bedsores and a haircut like Jesus Christ's manger. They only had two small rooms in their diminutive wooden shack, so Charlie and his mum must have had to sit and eat their morale sapping gruel whilst breathing in the otiose fumes of those four shameless deadbeats. If it wasn't enough that Charlie and his mum had no money and no prospects, they had to come home from a hard days slog to run around after those four freeloadng cúnts. Imagine coming in from work and seeing the four of them sitting in bed in the living room. It would only have been a matter of time before I tipped up the bed and booted Grandma Josephine all over the floor as a result of an emotional combustion. What self-respecting person could spend their days in bed while their grandson was out delivering the Merseymart until all hours of the night just to maintain their existence? Do the honourable thing and fúcking kill yourselves, you lousy burdens. Stop ruining your poor grandson's life and just cancel your direct debit with God Almighty. They

just sat in bed twenty-four hours a day and expected to be fed, washed and entertained. What were the chances that all four of them would end up bed-ridden? What a coincidence that a whole generation of that family couldn't walk three feet to put a fucking pizza in the oven. You're telling me that not a single one of them could drag themselves out of that pit and go for a leccy card? It's just plain fucking laziness if you ask me. They can pretend to be nice grandparents all they like, with their transparent attempts at humility followed by an overcompensation of false compassion, but I can see right through all that amateur bóllócks. They just want a free ride and poor little Charlie is going to pay through the nose for it, and, the sad thing is, the little góbshíte will do it without complaint, because he thinks he's doing a noble deed for his loved ones. Wake up Charlie; they're taking the fucking piss out of you! There's absolutely fuck all wrong with them. You're running around the estate, making a cúnt of yourself for about ninety pence a week and they're tucked up in bed in the living room, laughing their fucking bollywashers off at you. Open your eyes, you stupid little prick. You're working for a pittance and then Grandpa Joe is slotting half of it into the ársé bin of his Lee Coopers to buy a tin of shág, that he'll immediately transform into a twenty deck of roll your own cancer candles. The whole Bucket tribe goes berserk when he brings home a Warburton's thick sliced loaf, and his mum even makes a cúnt of herself by saying; "we'll have a real banquet", but good old Joe doesn't give a fuck about a decent meal for his impoverished family as long as he gets his 50-gram wallet of Golden Virginia. Good humoured old Joe will sit up in bed at night, spark up a wafer thin splinter and blow his worries up into the sky, while his withering brethren are slipping in and out of consciousness as a result of violent hunger pangs. Old Josephine is doubled up in agony with stomach cramps and George is hallucinating as a result of starvation and dehydration, but Joe, the fucking human Koala bear, is banging out nauseating smoke rings that Georgina makes a desperate grab for, thinking they're nourishing doughnuts. I bet as soon as Charlie fucked off to school they all filed out of bed and had a game of three and in with a size four Mitre Delta. Grandma Georgina probably pulled out a pair of Sondico goalie gloves from under her pillow and started tipping George's violent half vaulters over the makeshift crossbar. I couldn't have stayed in that bed for twenty years with three other pensioners, though. Imagine sitting there in the morning, eating your tepid bowl of cabbage water, while old Josephine is forcing out a pebble of shít into a hankie. As soon as I saw her face contort or got the faintest whiff of fresh human faeces, I'd have rolled sideways out of the bed and straight onto the stone cold floor, where I'd have lay whimpering in the foetal position until Mrs. Bucket came home and scooped me up.

There appears to be no mention whatsoever of Charlie's father throughout the entire film, so I'd like to think that his arl fella took the easy way out and killed himself, because he blamed his only son Charlie for his own poor quality of life. I like entertaining the idea that he strung himself up one night because he realized his job was futile if he couldn't at least go for a sociable pint after work. And who could honestly blame him? If I had the choice between familial incarceration and asphyxiation, I'd choose the ligature every time. However, it's much more probable that the audience will assume he died of natural causes or has simply abandoned his family and left them to fend for themselves. Charlie's arl fella, Graeme Bucket, probably realised that he was trapped in a squalid hovel with his disenchanting wife and his disconsolate and parasitic elders, and so loaded up his Sergio Tacchini rucksack with what little food stuffs they had and deserted the whole gang of bloodsucking stinkrags before they pulled him too deeply into their detestable little realm. Late one night he crept quietly into Charlie's bedroom, looked over his son as he lay peacefully sleeping, and then clenched his fist dead hard and held it against his son's nose, his entire body shaking with violent temper as he did so. It made him sick to his fucking stomach to think about the prospect of spending his days taking care of four old age wheezebags and a young kid that had hair like a shattered bus stop window, so he bailed out of their lives without so much as a backwards glance. I think the audience was supposed to feel more sympathetic towards Charlie as a result of him being from a single parent

family, but it's extremely hard to sympathise with a kid that's got a haircut like a Lego soldier's helmet.

They didn't have a decent tele to watch, and it was very unlikely that one of them was going to get off their árse and walk down to the video shop for a DVD, so the only pleasurable option that was available to them was to belt out a couple of lethargic wánks at night. I reckon the little old fella with the bins, Grandpa George, used to just sit there wánking all day long under the double quilt. At about two in the morning little spool eyed George would probably wake up his wife Georgina and whisper; "Listen love, I know you look like the old ghost from the library in Ghostbusters but can you do me a quick favour, please? Would you suck the stringy cóck drink out of my bóllócks? I'm bored shítless here and I am absolutely dying to shatter my pepper all over your photo negative teeth, so what do you say, can I burst my bang butter all over your mudguard?". There must have been times when he just sat there all day long with a cóck as hard as granite and thought; "I can't wait for these pricks to fall asleep so I can belt out a neat one into my headsock". The day must have dragged on and on, just waiting for them each to nod off so he could have a very slow, steady wánk; barely moving his hand in an attempt to not awaken anybody. Just as he was throwing his cóck chewy into a neckerchief somebody would stir and quietly enquire; "George, what are you doing, there?" and he'd just lay face down in silence, ballooning his wreck into the bedsheet. He desperately wanted to answer the question, but physically couldn't, as he was intermittently pulsing his gruck all over the varicose veins on the inside of his left leg.

To be fair, though, the four archaic árseholés must have been inundated with boredom, and so I could perhaps understand if they'd at least considered the concept of sexual experimentation, and maybe broached the subject of swapping partners for the night to engage in a sordid session of sexagenarian swinging. And, who could blame them? They're debilitated and depressed, and are all willing and consenting adults, so there's no real problem. Except morally. I don't think the notion is as improbable as you might like to think it is. Just consider this scenario before you totally dismiss the idea. It's a cold Tuesday night, they've got nothing worth living for and their options are severely limited to what they can do within the confines of their loathsome doss pit. Charlie's asleep in bed wearing the illuminous Trespass coat that he got from the school grant, his ma is boiling Slugworth's Bermuda's in the washhouse, and any sort of distraction or escape from the hunger cramps is a blessing as far as they're concerned. They arrive somewhat logically at the lurid conclusion of acting awfully with each others partners, and set about filling the room with the rancid stink of senior citizen intercourse. The next thing you know, they're in the throes of passion, and Josephine has got George's half pumped density rammed up the inside of her bone dry spinach glove, which happens to be horrendously hirsute, covered with wiry pubes that are whiter than 'Mark Sloane's' muzzy in "Diagnosis Murder". Meanwhile, over on the other side of the bed, Georgina is creaking on all fours, her árseholé exposed to the elements and resembling the grungy neck of a half empty bottle of brown sauce, as Grandpa Joe smears his bullhead with his own foul smelling saliva and prepares to tear it up. His tóssér looks like a waffle, but once he maneuvers it inside her powdery anus, he gives her fourty five seconds of ferocious fastarsing intensity before withdrawing his magnitude and spraying his prick pellets all over the back of her legs. He leaves her rectum hiccupping and gasping for breath as she weakly croaks; "whoa there, mellow out a bit lad or you'll have me in a nappy. My shít will be flopping into a Pampers if you don't chill your fúcking pips". They both collapse with exhaustion and begin a downward spiral into unconsciousness, remaining alert just about long enough to faintly witness George's legs turning to astro belts as he opens his veiny valve and bladders his grok gas all over little Josephine's wrinkly chopping board. Three minutes after commencement they're all tangled in a heap, covered in fetid pensioners spud juice and disgusted with themselves for what has just happened. There's nothing like a face full of cock snacks to bring you back to your

senses.

Charlie Bucket is famed for the exceptional practical jokes he used to play on his family and would often be seen telling them that he'd won a golden ticket, only to shatter their cries of elation seconds later when he'd reveal that he was just fúcking about to avert his mind from the deprivation. Perhaps his most famous caper was the time that he steamed into the shack and declared; "I'm fed up of cabbage water, it's not enough" and they all recoiled in horror at his unexpected and unprovoked outburst. Of course, he was playing the classic 'lull everybody into a false sense of disappointment and then wham, you pull out a dry crusty loaf' trick. He wasn't being malicious or cruel with his pretence of discontentment and he wasn't really ungrateful; he just liked to brighten the place up with a rare injection of humour. But hang on a fúcking minute, let's analyse their reaction to Charlie's false outpouring of disapproval. He made a muted complaint about a communal bowl of cabbage water not being enough to eat and they all gasped for breath in total disgust. Give the poor lad a fúcking break, eh? He had every right to tell them that he was sick to the back teeth of eating that paltry hippy juice. I can't believe they were even shocked at his objection to be perfectly honest. They should have responded with overwhelming agreement and said; "yeah, fair enough Charlie; it's a fúcking nightmare isn't it? But hey, what are you going to do when your grandpa Joe is pretending he can't even walk?" That was the best day of their lives when he pulled that loaf out of his paperbag with his filthy bare hands, and then his mum had the cheek to sing the patronising ballad "Cheer up Charlie" when his patience finally expired and he momentarily blew his top. He got a knitted red scarf and a Wagon Wheel for his birthday, had no mates to speak of and lived in a dilapidated garden shed, yet his mum was singing lines like 'just be glad you're you' down the road after him. I'll tell you what Mrs. Bucket, why don't you stick your idealistic and sentimental horseshit up your fúcking arsehole? Don't you dare tell him to be happy when there isn't a person on the planet that would swap places with him. There were starving kids in Ethiopia filling Diadora shoeboxes with rice and teabags to send to him at Christmas because they felt so sorry for him. In fact, there was even a special segment on "Granada Reports" where Gordon Burns was interviewing AIDS riddled teenagers in the heart of Africa and asked them how they managed to stay so positive knowing that their death was imminent. A lad of about fourteen, covered in cutaneous lesions, said; "there's always somebody worse off than yourself isn't there, lad? I could be Charlie Bucket and have to wear a navy blue bomber jacket and be forced to shit in an empty ice cream tub. I thank God every day for these small mercies".

To be fair though, Charlie did encourage a lot of the criticism and brought much of the misery upon himself. Perhaps the best example of this is when they're in Mr. Turkentine's classroom learning percentages and Charlie admits that he's only eaten two Wonka bars during the frantic scramble for golden tickets. Why the fúck didn't the stupid bástárd lie? Why did he run the risk of complete ridicule amongst his peers? His feeble excuse was; "Oh, I don't care very much for chocolate". Absolute bóllócks, lad; remember when you swallowed that scumdiddlyumptious bar as though you were a reptile? The only thing you don't care very much for is chewing, so stop embarrassing yourself and your family with these hideous excuses. We all saw you staring forlornly through the sweet shop window when you were skint, and we were all to later witness you going berserk when let loose in the chocolate factory, so fúcking pack in lying, Why didn't he just go for the middle ground and say, "Erm, I've eaten about 80 or 90 bars, lad. I know it's not enough to win the battle of the classroom, but it's also not the worst total either. Hopefully, I'll be left alone as a result of the reasonable amount I've consumed."? He should have been doing his utmost to divert people's attention from his extremely poor social standing, not soliciting for insults and derision. The golden rule in school, no matter what, is to do whatever it takes to not look like a scruff. He fúckéd the job right up.

Charlie's luck changed drastically when he spied a ten bob disc down a filthy grid in the street. He was walking alongside a long row of luxury cars that were parked outside the sweet shop for some reason, when suddenly, there it was, a shiny silver coin lying on its back in the drain. He went fucking ballistic. You could see the almost uncontrollable excitement raging in his eyes as he got down on his hands and knees and maneuvered his arm down there as though it was a metal coat hanger. It's a good job he was a scroff, because had he been well nourished, there's no way on Earth he'd have squeezed his grimy digits through the gap in the steel grill. I bet it was the only time in his entire life that he was happy to be a meff. I bet you're wondering what he did with his new found wealth. Did he buy some much needed food for his famished family members? Did he pay an urgent utility bill, or purchase some vital medication for his ailing relatives? Maybe he put it into a high interest savings account for the future? Did he fuck. He went straight into Bill's sweet shop, bought himself a scrumdiddlyumptious bar and pushed it down his tide-marked neck like a parasitic little lizard. All of his problems just drifted away as he ingested a three foot long bar of chocolate, filling his selfish guts with ill-gotten confectionery without a moments thought for anybody else. As he's crow-barring the chocolate down his guilt free gullet, Bill says; "hey, hey, hey take it easy. You'll get a stomach ache if you swallow it like that". How embarrassing is that? The only thing that comes close to that amount of shame is when your arl fella would roar at you and tell you to "calm down" when you were showing off in front of people as a kid. One minute you were running around frantically in your polyester Lotto tracky, sweating heavily from your sidies with excitement, and the next you're holding back the tears and lashing out with temper as a result of the embarrassment. There is nothing to bring you down quicker than your dad shouting at you in front of his mates; completely shattering your enthusiasm and self confidence. Scrufts are fucking clueless and they have no idea whatsoever how to function in normal society. I mean, if I was known on our estate to be a bad tramp that had dirty and badly hung net curtains in our front window, then I'd go out of my way not to exacerbate that reputation. The last thing I would do is stand in the middle of the Co-Op and almost make myself baulk because I was eating too quickly. I'd have played it nice and cool, slid the chocolate into my pocket and walked out of the shop calmly, as though it was a regular occurrence for me. It's like when I'm browsing for clothes in an expensive designer outlet and I look at the price tag. If it says "£950" for a pair of kecks then I don't adopt a facial expression that communicates disgust thereby letting the pretentious shop assistant know that I'm out of my depth. No, instead, I nod my head as though it's a very reasonable figure, but then move gradually towards the exit in a composed manner. Inside I'm gutted, because I really liked the slacks, but I'm not going to give the pompous slág the satisfaction by displaying a look of disappointment, especially when she's only earning £14,000 a year before tax, but thinks she's a fucking socialite. Charlie goes some way to redeeming himself when he has a pang of conscience and goes back to the counter to buy a Wonka bar for his Grandpa Joe, but he has a fucking good think about it before he does. He finally decided that he would share his good fortune, and, despite throwing it away on unnecessary treats, at least his heart was in the right place. That is until he hears that there is still one golden ticket to be found. It turned out that the last winner was a fraud, and, as a result, the final golden ticket was still in circulation. Charlie fucked his Grandpa Joe right off and shredded the wrapper with his polluted finger nails, revealing the last remaining voucher, and therefore an escape from his dull and futile existence. Again, as a scruff, he demonstrates his inability to function in typical society, and gives it full beans as he sprints through the streets, waving his golden ticket above his thatched roof haircut in ecstasy, before bursting into the shack in triumph.

I always wondered why Charlie didn't choose his mum to accompany him to the chocolate factory. She worked triple shifts in a manky wash-house stirring Mizuno tracky bottoms in a bath with a fuck off wooden fork; pandered to the needs of four self styled cripples when she wearily returned home, and received no thanks or praise for her selfless attitude. The least Charlie could have done was given his fatigued mother a day off from her tiring and

mundane routine, but no, he decided to invite a debilitated, gutless old shítbag with a muzzie like a pasting brush. Charlie storms into the shack and waves his golden ticket in the air, screaming excitedly with his embarrassing adolescent voice, and Joe's legs suddenly come back to life. Grandpa Joe hadn't set foot out of bed for twenty years, but as soon as he got wind of Charlie's golden ticket he was out of that bed like a speeding fúcking bullet. His incapacity handed in its P45 and stormed out of his body, before he rifled through a picnic hamper for his dilapidated de-mob suit blazer and went waltzing around the room in a state of elated bliss. However, he doesn't jump up and immediately go ballistic; oh no, he puts on a whole performance for the benefit of the watching family. If he springs out of bed in an instant then he'll blow the façade that he's carefully manufactured, and explode the myth of his paralysis, so he nosedives into a session of diabolical amateur dramatics in an attempt to preserve his integrity. He peels back the corroded covers with his shaky hands and gingerly gets to his feet, before collapsing back down onto the bed as if simply too weak to stand. Then, he pretends to summon up some strength to attempt a few blag faints, grabbing hold of things in order to steady himself, and therefore adding a certain sense of authenticity. But, after thirty seconds or so he's off storming around the bed, smashing into walls, singing songs and dancing a jig. He'll get his ársé out of bed for a fúcking golden ticket, but when anybody mentioned a labouring job in Widnes he could barely retain consciousness. If he'd have had that type of motivation twenty years ago, maybe they wouldn't be living in the appalling conditions they are. Unbelievably, the first line of his song is; "I never thought my life would be anything but catastrophe". Well, what the fúck did he really expect when he was packed into a bed like a sardine in a tin and wouldn't even generate enough strength to go for a shít? He's like your typical sponging cúnt that claims disability or invalidity benefit, with their selective memory regarding their supposed condition. If there's a charity night in the British Legion, they're there, sanding the dance floor with their brown bulky based brogues, hurling shapes and tearing it up to 'Dance the Night Away' by 'The Mavericks'; getting swizzled on pints of bitter mix and double rum and cokes. However, if you happen to mention that the bathroom tiles need grouting then they're laid up in bed with a ruptured vertebrae. That's not the only example of his fraudulent and deceitful nature, though. Six of them were living in a shed and eating stagnant water for breakfast, dinner and tea, and Joe was secretly ring-fencing a few quid to squander on confectionary. Charlie's mum never had a meg to her name, and he's buying Double Decker's, while old Georgina is wheezing into a sick bag and carrying a generous helping of angina around in a Morrison's carrier bag. Why didn't he put the money towards some medicine or get the family a decent hot meal? Instead, he bought a Wonka bar in the vain hope that they would win a golden ticket, and then, didn't even let Charlie open the fúcking thing. He steamed right in and had his dreams shattered, which is probably the very least he deserved. He also sings the words "I'VE got a golden ticket" while parading around the slum with his unnecessary walking stick. Who's got a golden ticket, Joe? Who's got a golden ticket, eh? That's right, its Charlie's you bellend, now get back into bed you tít or I'll volley the wind out of your bony little chest, lad.

There's a scene in the film where they all get onto a boat on the chocolate river to travel to the cooking room and Wonka acts in a psychotic manner for the duration of the journey. There are all sorts of strange lights flashing in the tunnel, abnormal noises are piercing the air, and Gene Wilder looks spooned out of his casket as he chants a bizarre rhyme for no apparent reason. Everybody's ársé falls out of them, thinking this absolute lunatic shut-in is going to do something stupid. Henry Salt finally summons up a bit of courage and shouts; "Wonka, this has gone far enough!" and manages to bring him to his senses. I always imagined that my arl fella would have been a bit more vocal had he been trapped on that barge of badness. He's not afraid to shout the odds in public and so he'd have undoubtedly made a cúnt of me by screaming at the top of his lungs "Look, stop acting like a príck, Wonka, and stop the fúcking boat! You're doing your utmost to ruin what promised to be a very enjoyable day out for the kids. Act your age, stop showing off and take us to wherever

it is we're going before I fúcking lamp you! I've taken the day off work to be here, so give your fúcking head a wobble lad and pack in being a gobshite". Wonka wouldn't want to lose face in front of his guests, though, so they would have no doubt ended up squaring up to each other and doing a bit of forehead tug-of-war before being dragged apart, as I sat in silence near the bough, shaking like a leaf. It would have been like Elland Road in 1993 all over again. Only this time, it would have been a man with a cane and a top hat on the end of the abuse, rather than some fat scruffy half breed with an ear-ring and a Penn Sport tracky wrapped around his odious frame.

There have been lots of wild theories surrounding the character of Mr. Willy Wonka over the years, and many have suggested that he was in fact a paedophile, locked away in self imposed exile inside his own deranged fantasy world. I suppose certain parallels can be drawn between Roald Dahl's quirky character living in the chocolate factory and Michael Jackson living at 'Neverland'. Both are weird, eccentric, reclusive millionaires that distorted their sense of reality and displayed a labyrinth of peculiar and somewhat unsettling behavioural patterns. Oh, and they both sang songs and fúckéd children up the ársé. I think that's why he employs the Oompa Loompas to be honest with you. They're small and innocent looking, just like children, but if he wants to bum them then he escapes the journey of guilt on somewhat of a technicality. Aesthetically, he's got what he desires in the form of tiny bodies, and morally, he's covered his spineless back, because foreign dwarves are fair game. There's somewhat of a stigma attached to the act of bumming children, but when it comes to the raping of immigrant midgets it's fúcking open season. There was a rumour going round our estate when I was younger about how Wonka would punish the poor Oompa Loompas should they ever step out of line. There was one, by the name of Gavin, that was pushing a wheelbarrow of castor sugar up a chocolate embankment when the wheel hit a rock, resulting in the barrow tipping over and spilling the contents all over the floor. His ársé fell out of him and he was a bag of nerves thinking of what was going to happen to him. And rightly so. When Wonka discovered what had happened, he winded him by kneeing him in the solar plexus and then pushed his little face into the dirt. He then dragged his undies down and sodomised him. That's why they all walk funny, because Wonka bums them when they're naughty. Speaking of midgets, have you ever shaken one of their hands? They have a very weird feel to them, and one not dissimilar to the hand of a Cerebral Palsy sufferer. I'm not having a go at them, but a lad that suffered from it once introduced himself to me and offered his hand. I shook it and was extremely disturbed to discover that it felt like a rubber washing up glove filled with broken biscuits. I recoiled in horror, thinking that his hand was smashed to bits; but it wasn't, it was just a bog standard claw. They say you learn something new every day, and I certainly did on that occasion. I learned that Cerebrals have hands that are like jelly fish.

Willy Wonka kindly invited these people inside his beloved factory, exposed them to the wonders of his craft, and even gave them an everlasting gobstopper as a souvenir of their once in a lifetime opportunity. This generosity and kindness of spirit wasn't enough for that deceitful, manipulative and conniving old cúnt Grandpa Joe, though. No, not by a long shot. His avaricious and rapacious lust wasn't satisfied and so he decided to take advantage of Wonka's hospitality, taking a dirty little mouthful of fizzy lifting drink in spite of the kind hosts request to refrain from tasting it. The koala bear looking bástard grabbed Wonka's benevolence by the throat and choked it out, before callously stamping all over its haircut. Not only did he backdoor Wonka, but he corrupted poor Charlie too, practically forcing the poor kid to fill his guts with the knock off lemmo. Charlie can't really use Judas Joe's coercion as a viable excuse for his theft, though. He was old enough to know that he was doing wrong, and so he had no acceptable defence for siphoning a snifter of Schofield's American Cream Soda down his wretched little neck-hole. There are some basic morals for any watching children to absorb throughout the film and each of the lessons are manifested in the form of a precautionary tale, whereby a characters vice eventually leads to their

downfall. Such educational messages include the dangers of watching too much television, the perils of being selfish, and the hazards of consuming too much junk food. In this respect, Charlie is no different to any of the other kids. His transgression was one of theft and deceit, and he disobeyed Wonka just like the rest of them. I agreed wholeheartedly with Wonka when he flipped his wig near the end of the film and went ballistic, telling Charlie that he gets nothing as a result of his misconduct. In my eyes he was the worst of all five kids because he did it behind Wonka's back. I was ecstatic that the little scruff was getting fúck all and wanted his entire family to die of malnutrition as an indirect result of Grandpa Joe's misdemeanour, but, the sniveling little góbshite gave the everlasting gobstopper back, and therefore earned himself a reprieve. I'll tell you what, If Gene Wilder screamed right in my face in front of my grandad; shouting so fiercely that his frizzy comb-over did a sit-up; I'd have ransacked his office. He thought he was mad having half of a desk and half of a clock on the wall, but if he made a cúnt out of me in front of my grandad like that I'd have spiralled his thinking cap into unconsciousness. Grandpa Joe calls Wonka an "inhuman monster" when he tells Charlie that he's getting nothing as a result of his rule breaking. Joe goes off his fúcking rocker when it dawns on him that he's not getting any chocolate to eat in his stinking bed. "You cheat, you swindler. How can you build up a little boys hopes and then smash all his dreams to pieces?" Charlie isn't even ársed about it. Joe is fúcking livid and is making idle threats and threatens to break Wonka's jaw in half if he doesn't cough up with at least a box of Spira's. Then, Charlie gives Wonka the everlasting gobstopper and therefore passes the loyalty test. Where the fúck does Joe's anger disappear to? Like a sociopath, his mood quickly changes direction and his contempt transmogrifies into contentedness. One minute he's tearing open sachets of violence and throwing it about all over the factory, and then, his hostility just dissolves in an instant once it dawns on him that he'll be living a life of luxury courtesy of Charlie's honesty. Once he realizes that Charlie has just won the whole stinking family their meal ticket he's all sweetness and light. He's out for everything he can get, the selfish, conniving, and deceitful old muzzy faced bellend. Twelve hours previously Grandpa Joe was bedridden and was the epitome of weakness, but all of a sudden he's in a suit from Burton's offering a confectioner a straightener. It just doesn't sit right with me. If I'd have directed this film then I'd have made sure that the last line was Wonka screaming; "you get nothing. Good day, sir".

On The Pull

This post is strictly for adults only, so any kids reading this should stop it right NOW. Are you f*****g listening to me? f**k off home you little bin lids and stop reading this f*****g thread, go to f*****g bed you little annoying wanlers. Right, now that the children have gone we can get down to the story. It's a naughty story and is quite graphic, so any gay queers or butch feminists with stale skinheads and dungarees should also leave the thread at this point. Go on f**k off you do gooders, I don't want private messages complaining about the shocking language and degrading subject matter involved, so it would be better if you just bailed out at this point in time. Right, that just leaves us dirty, filthy minded and depraved lads to experience this little tale of sex and wild debauchery. I hope you enjoy.

This is a little story about a lovely girl I once met while out in town on the sniff. She liked me a lot and really fancied me, and I could just about stomach her grid, so we got on like a house on fire. I chatted to her, had a laugh with her and then I took her home in a taxi and panelled her fat, stinking pussy lips until the sun came up. It was a crazy but reasonably enjoyable night of fuckmaking (brilliant for her but distinctly average for me I'm afraid, cos I'm a f*****g excellent gooser. It's my job to satisfy the ladies with my over sized meat wand and exhilarate their vaginal pathway with my handiwork). This is a night that she will brag to all her mates about, that she'll think about all the time and fondly remember for the rest of her worthless life. For me it was just another night on the nest, another notch on my

leather Kickers belt and one that will be condemned to the annals of oblivion for ever more. I don't remember girls like this, I move onto my next victim without so much as a glance over my cold shoulder, and I feel no remorse for my actions, because I'm a 21st century male with a great big love tool. I live for shagmaking, I'm a love them and leave them kind of guy and I quite simply enjoy pongy pussy's. I also adore the disgusting brown area around ugly girl's arses, the area that can for a split second look like a shit smear to the untrained eye. I enjoy inhaling the intoxicating aromas of the nether world, that distinct smell of fanny juice with a tint of yellow piss. I'm also partial to putting a big, sloppy spammy on a fat bird's left skin bap, while stroking the dimples of her fat cellulite arse cheeks.

It all started on a cold Saturday night in November while out having a bevvvy with my mates. We had a few drinks and then just staggered from bar to bar in search of some filthy slag ends to satisfy our youthful appetite for depraved sexual intercourse. I tried all the chat up lines in the book but none of them worked even slightly. All the young respectable women were wise to our pathetic advances and snubbed us in favour of handsome dorks with a bit of dough and a stupid funky haircut. All too often I'm overlooked in favour of these complete gasbags who are little pretty boys with ridiculous hip clobber, fashionable stubble and sun bed tans. I'm f*****g sick to death of some student looking bell-whiff taking all the ladies, so I did something about it, I made a stand. I decided that I wasn't gonna be nice to the girls anymore as this gets you nowhere. I concluded that I shall treat them for what they are, rancid little shag fuckers who crave some meaty cock action. I then went off to a nightclub at about 12 o'clock to test my new technique and hopefully reap the rewards for being an absolute prick. I entered, and before I even had a drink in my hand I bounced over to the first little stunner I saw and said "Hello you cockwhore, would you like me to curl my little sex stick firmly and repeatedly up your tuna tube?" Amazingly she told me to f**k off or she'd get the bouncers to demolish my face with their kneecaps. I was as shocked with the response as you are, believe me. How could the slimy sexbag turn down that generous offer? It was as though she didn't want to be treated like that (she was quite a good actor, really convincing). The new method was obviously having a few teething problems but I wasn't gonna let this put me off. I got a drink and waited a few minutes before I spotted my next target shaking her little tight arse on the dance floor. I confidently approached her and got her attention by slapping her left bum cheek. She spun around shocked and I shouted down her lughole "Would you enjoy it much if I inserted my robust and virile sex flump into your haddock smelling sex crevice?" She laughed uncomfortably and turned away. I patted her on the shoulder and said "what's the matter? Don't you want me to crush your guts with some brutal, bollock deep penile penetration?" She went to the toilet and never came back. The f*****g beautiful little skunk pussy t**t. It was useless, they were all pretending to be nice girls, and they were acting as though my questions offended their delicate nature. I could see right through them, I knew they were all filthy slut tarts, but they were putting on an act in front of other people. If only I could get one of the girls on her own with nobody else around, I knew I could pull one of them. Seeing as though the good looking girls were pretending not to like me I decided to lower my standards and go for a fat plumper with ginger hair and pale white skin. I spotted the perfect specimen standing alone, wolfing an extra large kebab outside the burger bar. I strolled over to her and said in a whimsical fashion "slow down you fat ugly cnút, you've got all night to force food down your disgusting gullet, you ginger headed scruff monkey" She became quite defensive and put her hand protectively in front of her grub and snarled at me angrily. I reassured her that I didn't want to deprive her of her much needed scan and that I merely wanted to "lick her hairy salmon paste smelling skin folds and pleasure her bile inducing clitoris" She relaxed her guard and even almost offered me a bite. She was well up for it and she wasn't shy in admitting it. "Do you wanna shag me?" she enquired, "if it's not too much f*****g hassle" I retorted. She smiled (with half of a chicken lodged in her furry yellow gnashers) and gave me a little wink. I said "get your chunky fat arse in that f*****g taxi right now or I'll bladder you all over the

street without a moment's hesitation". She knew I wasn't kidding and shifted her morbid gut like her kebab depended on it. I knew it; they love being treated like animals. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was the smelliest, ugliest, fattest, mongiest looking bird in the whole world, it was my charm and honesty that won her over. She was sick of cheesy, cringe worthy chat up lines, and was finally relieved to meet someone who told it like it was, who treated her for what she was worth, who spoke poetically to her as though she was a fat piece of f*****g dogshit. I was in and I sloped off from my mates on the sly and turned my phone off quickly. We got in the taxi and left the shameless, drunken pricks of Liverpool to fight and argue amongst themselves. I looked out of the back window and saw them all fade into the distance; disappear into a haze of obscurity, all sadly destined to drown in the gloomy ocean of oblivion. There was only one thing on my sordid little mind, I was gonna pollute this fat c***s birth canal with my disease ridden flesh column. She was gonna get fed a good meal of sponk and chips, and she was gonna f*****g enjoy it as well, the smelly, grease ball, grok faced, mong kited, bellneck cnút. Oh yes, she was gonna f*****g enjoy it alright, the cock hungry excuse for a human being.

The journey home was quite an eventful one. She polished off her kebab in no time at all, screwed up the paper into a little ball and headed it out of the taxi window. She then turned to me and spluttered "I'm off me f*****g cake yer know lad, I've had five Gary's and I'm rotten drunk as well kidder. I'm dead mad me yer know lad, all me mates say I'm f*****g crazy like yer know". I said "I'm really impressed with your golden personality you weird looking heffa, your dad must be so proud of you and your oddly shaped body. Now can you please stop breathing in my direction because your breath smells like raw shite and its making my stomach want to throw vomit all over your ginger muzzy, you gozzy looking shit heel". I think she got the message because shut her fat slobbering mouth for a few minutes, and looked slightly offended by my brutally honest remarks. We sat in silence (worryingly watching the fare meter going up and up by the seconds). Then suddenly I hear a long and very loud noise, a kind of rumbling type sound. I turned to her and she had a big wonky smile on her kipper, her jaw chewing the skin off the inside of her mouth (one of the bonuses of 5 tablets). She said "I've just farted lad and it f*****g stinks". I couldn't believe what I was hearing. This slob had absolutely no shame whatsoever and started wafting her putrid, boiled egg smelling gas towards my baulking nostrils. My nose couldn't believe what it was smelling. My nose was f*****g traumatised and was thinking about going to the doctors for a panel note. My eyes started watering and I saw the taxi driver discreetly winding his window down to let this beefcakes putrid fart escape into the night air. She said "Lad, that was a hot one, it burned my arsehole on the way out". The taxi driver looked in his rear-view mirror in disgust, hardly able to believe that there was actually a human being so repulsive, so stomach churning as the flabby beast sitting beside me. I wanted to f*****g smash her nose across her ugly head with a sweet left jab. I wanted to get her in a headlock and choke the smelly breath from her fat windpipe, if only to stop the slurred words from coming out of her burger hole. I said "that immoral fart has knocked my stomach sick. It has smashed my f*****g head in. You make my bile want to climb out of my gut and spill onto the floor, you subhuman, dirty necked piece of horse shit", she just laughed as though it was perfectly normal behaviour. I started to question my sanity, wondering whether or not I was in a normal frame of mind. How could I be taking this ginger bullneck back to the home of my parents? The place where my family will be soundly sleeping in their warm and comfortable beds? After some contemplation I decided that I couldn't do it. I couldn't take this lard arse back to my house; I couldn't let her be in the same place as my mum and dad (it wouldn't be fair. Plus she would probably wake them up with her insensitively gruff voice or with a loud, boiled egg smelling fart). I forcefully growled "we're going back to yours you blimp. I'm not taking your belly to within 300 yards of my house, you annoying quegg. Don't even bother protesting or I'll punch you full force in the belly button and make you spew up on the floor, you gormless wanler". She nodded in agreement and then burped (which smelled of corned beef mixed with a small amount of

sulphur). I gave the driver the new address (after she'd mumbled it to me) and he took us straight there (the long way around).

We pulled up outside her house in the middle of a scumbag looking street. She paid the fare of £22.75 with her hard earned Giro money and we stepped out onto the street (I wasn't paying a score in order to bumfuck some scruffy shitehawk. I'd have gone down Netherfield Rd if I wanted to pay to abuse an ugly, bent nosed scag fiend. f**k that, she was paying for the privilege of pulling a young, handsome gooser, with 7 inches of pandemonium tucked inside his slacks). Her house was revolting, with dirty net curtains hanging loosely in the wooden framed windows, a garden full of overgrown weeds and rubbish, and a brown front door which was in desperate need of a good varnishing. One of the windows in the door was boarded up (no doubt from some sort of domestic disturbance that scruffs are always involved in) and the garden fence was leaning heavily to one side. I asked "is there anybody in?" to which she replied "only my mum and dad lad, my two brothers are in jug for screwing people's kens. They're innocent yer know, the bizzies proper set them up lad". I said "f*****g get into the slum before anybody sees us together, I've got a moderate reputation to uphold and being seen with you will demolish it forever". She put the key into the hole and turned it, quietly opening the door with her scabby, flaky hands. The smell of warm grease smashed me in the face like a baseball bat, knocking my head back sharply and deeply offending my sense of smell. I could hardly breathe as we walked into the 'living' room and sat down on the old musty smelling brown couch, which was collapsed in the middle (no doubt where she sat to eat her teas). She offered me a drink but I told her to bang her beverage up her f*****g arse and to stop stalling the inevitable pounding session. She then said "let's go upstairs yer little killer and make passionate love to each other". I said "you can kid yourself all you want, thinking it's gonna be love making, but I'm just going to give you insane pain with my long blue vein. I'm going to hammer your battered hymen into submission and make your hairy log flume beg for its f*****g stinking little life". I then grabbed her by her fluffy, tatty hair piece and shouted "get up them f*****g stairs right now you smelly dooshbag, I'm going to f*****g cripple your vagina with my warm erection you deadbeat. I'm gonna cave the walls of your uterus in and make you beg for mercy, you beak sniffing, tablet munching stink bomb. Get up them f*****g stairs NOW, you baggy arseholed beaver or I'll bend my cock up your winking brown eye without any Vaseline or spit" She wobbled up the stairs immediately and ran straight into the bedroom, switching on the light as she went.

The fat redhead sat on the edge of the bed with her hands on her chubby knees. She seemed to be sobering up a bit now and was more mellow and less of an annoying, loud mouthed wanler as she was before (although still stomach turningly nauseating). I sat down next to her and put my hand on her thigh and gently rubbed it up and down. It was all soft, squishy and wobbly like a fat, pale flesh coloured jelly. My belly starting doing forward rolls and cartwheels and I could feel the contents of my stomach waiting to come up my windpipe and spew all over her threadbare cord carpet. At that moment I just wanted to go home and go to sleep, to forget about the whole night and just act like it never happened. I was about to do just that when all of a sudden my penis shouted "you're a little homo and you fancy boys bums. If you don't shag this fat tank then you're deffo a quegg, you're deffo a filthy little quilt". I couldn't have my manhood called into question like that, especially not by a little nob like him, so I stayed. Believe me, when your cock speaks you have to f*****g listen to him, there is no disobeying the little Caucasian pepperami. I was thinking with the wrong head. I thought "if I'm gonna do this at all then I'm gonna do it f*****g properly, I'm going to go hell for f*****g leather on this bitch's arse", and regrettably I did. I spared no expense whatsoever and lost all my loosely maintained inhibitions, pumping that pregnant pussy like there was no twattin tomorrow.

I made my move, leaning over and putting my hand on her shoulder. She turned her

meathead towards me and leaned her fat face into mine, bringing her lips into contact with my own. She started to what can only be described as "neck the f*****g face off me", not giving me a chance to breathe as she covered half my head with her slimy noise hole. Her tongue rolled around and around in my mouth in a clockwise direction and I could feel all the veins and lumps in her dry and smelly tongue. I could taste her halitosis breath as we necked like f*****g wools in a theme park, trying to hold my own breath so as to lessen the effect of the dense smog passing from her grid into mine. Her eyes were closed and she was loving it, mine were wide open looking at her ginger eyebrows close up, trying desperately not to pyeng down her gullet. Her mouth was starting to slide half way across my mush, almost soaking my ear with her vinegar smelling saliva (that smell that you get when you lick your hand and smell it). I wanted to stop kissing her so badly that I pretended to cough just to break it up. I pushed her down onto her back and leaned over her like a smutty rapist, breathing heavily and looking into her fat eyes. I'd had enough of the childish necking and so made a grab for her chubbers. I put my hand up her top and slipped it inside her sports bra, grabbing a handful of saggy man boob. Fat birds always disappoint me because I expect them to have massive tagues that are in proportion to their morbid gut, but they are always just little pointy things that sit off on their hairy chests. Their belly sticks out more than their floppers for fucks sake. They were just little lumps of dough that had those big horrible red nipples, a few pubes around the little circle of tit pimples, and lots of blue varacous veins. I couldn't believe it. The only positive thing I expect from a fatty is for her to have big giant whoppers, but no, she couldn't even do that right. She had to have little devious, deceitful and very misleading vinegar títs. It's f*****g false advertising in my opinion. If they're fat then they give out the impression that their love bags are also fat (and it's only logical to think this as a man), but they're not, they're just little saggy beanbags that look like fat pecs. I started to massage her little jam doughnuts in an anti clockwise direction, tweaking the nipples with my thumb and forefinger every so often to add a bit of variety. She started to breath heavier and gave out little moans and groans of excited pleasure (I thought it was her stomach rumbling at first), but I said "why the f**k are you acting like you're enjoying me rubbing your water balloons? You know that it does f**k all and that you get no pleasure from it whatsoever, so f*****g pack it in you carrot topped gasbag". I pulled her top off over her giant head, stretching the neck hole as I did so. She just lay there like a sack of King Eddie's spuds, looking at me observantly, wondering what the f**k I was going to do next. I closed my eyes and went in for the tit sucking routine. I lowered my head towards her witch tit and put the red nipple in my mouth, darting my tongue in and out quickly to make it interesting. Her funbag tasted like Paxo stuffing and I could feel one of her brownish nipple hairs tickling my upper lip. She didn't really seem to be enjoying it very much so I decided to jib it, seeing as though it gives the man absolutely no pleasure whatsoever anyway. What's the point of foreplay anyway? Foreplay is a f*****g selfish idea anyway, designed to excite the woman and make her feel good etc, while the man works his bollocks off to please her. Where is the benefit of foreplay to the man? Because getting your cock sucked is definitely not foreplay, that's the main f*****g event as far as I'm concerned. Girls kissing my neck and rubbing my chest is of no interest to me, I just want them to suck the white gear out of my ballsack, or create an air tight cavity by squeezing my hotrod up their sweaty quim. Foreplay was probably an idea dreamed up by feminist lesbians with pierced eyebrows, in order to heighten the woman's enjoyment with a direct correlation to decreasing the man's. Its equal rights gone mad, political correctness gone berserk and women getting too big for their own f*****g boots. I say f**k the woman's orgasm, who gives a f**k? Let them worry about that themselves, why should we worry about something that has no discernable benefits for ourselves? If they want an orgasm they can flick the runner bean when we've gone to sleep, the f*****g thoughtless and selfish, insensitive bastards. But seeing as though I was gonna do the job properly I decided that I give her a little bit of oral pleasure. I was gonna kiss the rotten sardine, lick the prawn cocktail starter and eat out at the Red Lobster for dinner. Mmmm, skanky smelling pissfish for breakfast, there's nothing better than a ginger pube

butty as a good snack is there?

I pulled her green Kappa tracky bottoms and her skiddy knickers down to her flabby ankles and then had a bit of trouble getting them off over her leather Chelsea boots, but I managed it in the end. I held my breath and went in for the kill; moistening my lips as I went, in order to then moisten her bacon fries looking lips soon after. She stunk of cockles and her dirty clit looked like a cockle as well, a small brown black budgie claw that was pungent and abysmal. It was hidden beneath a 70's style porno bush that looked like a ginger Brillo pad, all wiry like fishing wire. It looked like a cheap scouring pad glued onto her vaggie, a rusted wire mesh creation that was sickening and obscene. Up close it looked a bit like Gordon Strachan with a beard, no teeth and overpowering crab stick breath, but it wasn't quirky and funny at all, just dismal. I licked her lips for a good 15 minutes, sliding my tensed up tongue up her hollow hole and nibbling on her clitoris like it was a little ginger peanut. It was an oval opening of repellent odours, a gummy mouth with f*****g terrible hairy breath. My jaw started hurting and my lips had gone numb from repeating the same monotonous motions over and over for a quarter of an hour. I thought I'd never eat shellfish again after this, but I was wrong, I love to plate filthy fanny's too much to give it up for good, it was just a knee jerk reaction. She was moaning with ecstasy as I necked the f*****g box off her, screaming with delight and scratching my head with her dirty fingernails. Her pubes were tickling my nose and almost making me sneeze, but I carried on like a real trooper. Around the actual opening of her tube it was quite stubbly, like a five o'clock shadow or a teenager's scruffy, undeveloped muzzy (this is where she had gotten the clippers out for a bit of a number nought skinhead I think). I was still fully clothed while doing this, so it must have seemed a bit strange for her to be lying there stark bollock naked and me still with my hat, coat and gloves on, but f**k what she thought, I hated her f*****g guts.

I got very bored of eating out her stinking, sewer smelling sex crack, so I thought it was time for my turn. She had been given enough pleasure for now, so it was my time to feel jubilant, my time for a bit of oral pleasure. I pulled down my kecks, grabbed hold of my fat love piece and said romantically "eat that fleshy cock; eat it all hungrily you dirty horror bag. Force it down your gullet you cock eating whore faced scrubber. Slobber all over it and suck the f*****g root off me now". She duly obliged and gobbled my cock like it was a giant liver sausage; she thought it was breakfast come early for her fat, white obese stomach. She sucked and munched on my penile erection for about ten minutes and then suddenly stopped, looked up at me with her gozzy eye and whispered "talk dirty to me, treat me like a filthy dog in the street lad". I wasn't gonna pass up this golden opportunity to dole out a little bit more abuse to the overweight retard, so I looked at her straight in the eyes and roared "smoke my penis as though it's a big fat Cuban cigar, take a big pull, suck him dry you cocksucking filth monger. Lick the cheese off his bulbous head and polish the tip, tell me you enjoy it or I'll pick you up over my head and throw you violently at the wall". I think she meant something more along the lines of calling her a "naughty girl" or a "a filthy bitch", but f**k it, she got what she deserved, what she was f*****g worth. "Spit your saliva on my balls and suck it off so it feels quite lovely. Swallow my whole chicken drumstick and give yourself a pube muzzy, smell my pubic area in the process you f*****g slutty gobbler", I was starting to enjoy myself at last, coming into my element at just the right time. Getting your banana sucked is a pleasurable experience no matter who it is doing it (except another man of course, or your ma), but I just couldn't get past the fact that I was getting deep throat off an ugly Paul Scholes look-alike (but with shorter hair and a hairier plum sack). I decided to get her to do something unusual, so I made an innocent request. I asked "Can you please now lick the area in between my scrogg and my arsehole; I like to call it my barse. Lick it with your tongue and sniff my sweaty meatballs in the process. I'm not hating this experience at the moment, but don't spoil it by not doing as I f*****g tell you to. Neck my f*****g arsehole or I'll beat you up badly, I'll really beat on you, you fat selfish

gashead". She did as she was told and gave my underside a bit of a spammy. It was enjoyable for about 20 seconds until I heard the slopping noises of her fat, smelly mouth. I rammed it back into her windpipe instead. My shaft almost went completely limp biscuit a couple of times during the gobble and I had to take it out of her mouth and smack her on the forehead with it a few times just to bring him back to life. He was falling asleep with the boredom and needed something with a bit more action to wake him up properly. He needed to get himself some sexual penetration to sort his head out, and he needed it f*****g fast.

I whipped off the rest of my clobber to reveal my unbelievable body to the cock fiend, my rippling six pack and perfect pecs were a sight to behold, and she was gonna get some hot thrusting shagfucking from me, she was a very lucky yet hideous looking nobend. I grabbed her flabby wide hips with both hands and pulled her towards my penis pillar. I parted her chubby bacon rashers and slowly fed her the whole length of my erratic erection, adding a little brute force at the end just to ram the big fella home. She was gonna get some crazy coitus, some chaotic copulation to remember me by that was for sure. She looked a little nervous so I told her to "just close your eyes and imagine it's your arl fella smashing your ma's pork scratching all over the bedroom. You'll enjoy it more that way, I promise you". She seemed shocked by the suggestion but never actually said anything to me, so I assumed she didn't mind the disturbing advice. I continued to plough my anorexic Cumberland deep into her hairy furrow, ramming it up her warm and slimy penis receptacle with a thug like force. She looked to be in a bit of pain but it wasn't her who nearly snapped her banjo when the cock slipped out and then missed the hole on the way back in was it? It wasn't her who nearly snapped her flesh bat in f*****g half was it? No it f*****g wasn't. She had one of them red and sore looking fanny's, like all ginger slags probably have. A beaver that looked like it had been punched all over the place during some domestic violence. But I quite liked it in the end. It made my penis feel enriched and special. He was enjoying his time on the nest and was hungry for some more.

I wanted to change position now, to make her lazy bulk do some of the work, so I told her to get her flumpy arse on top (but not to crush me with her stoutly frame). I told the baggy boxed bastard to "ride my warm erection, ride his big head and make him feel decent. Make him want to spit sticky white gear out the top of his weird shaped bullhead you slobby mess". She sat astride my tower of sexual pleasuredom and loved it immensely, squealing like a fat pig and dripping sloppy pussy juice all over my love plums. She was just a big sweaty, copper topped dickhead giving my berserk sex bone some proper welly. My delirious d**k was having the time of his little life, giving it the bifters for England; he was a little star in his own right. My demented, dildo shaped appendage was on cruise control, pounding away at the loose, greasy lips of a disgusting lard arsed bellwhiff. The slapping noises were getting louder, her fat cheeks spanking my upper thighs with excitement. Her foul, stench ridden plughole (lubricated with fish oil love grease) was swallowing my pecker hungrily, like it was an all you can eat buffet. I was just lying there with my eyes closed, desperately trying to picture someone who was even remotely attractive to my tastes. I was just trying to keep the little fella hard, making sure he got what he came for. My mind was already at home tucked up in bed, but the love carrot was just trying to get the job finished, so he could return home to join me. She started to rock back and forth, attempting to be sexy but failing miserably. Her fat, wrinkled and overweight midriff was wobbling from side to side hypnotically, almost brainwashing my senses. It would have been beautiful if it wasn't the most revolting sight on planet earth. My green stomach bile was getting ready for a day trip; it was ready to go sight seeing around her bedroom floor. I suddenly baulked and was ready to spew some vomit all over her disappointing tagues, my eyes heavily watering, blurring my vision (which could only be a f*****g good thing). I pushed her flaccid and out of condition body backwards onto the foot of the bed. I needed a break from this hell, I needed to compose myself and gather my faltering senses. I went to the repellent bathroom to swill my face and have a little bit of

sick into the shit stained bog. I seriously considered walking straight out of the house and going home to just have a wank, but something kept me there, some unusual force wouldn't let me leave (it was her, the fat t**t holding my hand like a f*****g clamp, she wouldn't leave me alone or let me out of her sight). I was trapped, I would have to go back in and finish my work, my punishment for being horny in the first place.

I had to just remain focused and block her face from my mind. There was only one way to get rid of her disfigured face, and that was to shag her right up the f*****g arse, roughly and violently from behind. I followed her back into the bedroom (trying not to look at her pasty looking legs or flabby, hairy back). She grabbed my hand and started to gently pull me onto the bed to continue our depressing intercourse. I said "what the f**k are you doing you hefty mong? Get your corpulent arse bent over the edge of that bed because I'm going to defile your dirty plop hole for a while". She looked reluctant, but my clenched fist and serious looking stare put paid to any hesitation, and she lay face forward on the bed (with her knees on the floor). If I was gonna spew my load that night, I was gonna do it as a result of having my d**k up her anal pipe work. I grabbed two handfuls of pale, greyish arse flesh and pulled it to either side of her chocolate coloured sheriffs' badge. I saw that insulting brown area that surrounds the arsehole of unsightly birds, the rusty looking discolouration that can sometimes make your eyes feel deeply offended. She had ginger arse hairs all around her forbidden hole and I just imagined them to smell like shite, filthy arse fluff with dried on shite. It made me feel sick but I continued anyway. I was worried that her chunky arse would be too fat for me to get my hotrod all the way in, for me to slip her the full benefit of an inverted shit, the full pleasure of my loony length. I needn't have been concerned; it slid up there like a treat, a big fat meat treat. I continued with the dirty talk and hinted "guide my penis pipe into your tight shit funnel; put it all inside your body, slot it right up the large intestine you scruffy bastard". She did the reach behind and grabbed hold of the pork lunacy, and shoved it right up her stinkin sphincter, moaning with pain as it went up dryly. I was walloping the small hole that had disgusting shit breath and no teeth, a goofy arse tube with halitosis. Why is it that girls arse holes really appeal to you when you're horned up and dying for a shag, but when you've finished it's just a tight hose that skanky woman poo is squeezed out of? Anyway, I was banging frantically at the old dirt track, I started doing it rough like a rape scene from a film (short hard thrusts that make their heads move dead fast up and down, and makes their ring piece feel abused). I shouted angrily "Who's gonna help you now eh? Who's gonna help get this beast of a cock out of your turd tunnel? Nobody that's the f*****g answer. Push back hard so it makes some squishy noises you wanler, push back so it goes in dead far up. I enjoy the way your arse makes my sex piece feel exuberant, he feels privileged and thanks your anus for its hospitality". My little dynamo d**k was the bane of her pain, and I was relishing the bum fun I was dishing out to the fat welt. She said that her knees were starting to hurt, so I sighed and ordered her to "bend over the dressing table please, cos I'm going to do a run up and hammer my little hard-on right up your fluffy shit door. Spread them wide darling and prepare for some rectal rape sensations". I f*****g wellied the arse off her and had her screaming with pleasure/pain (I didn't care), and was rhythmically telling her to "shut your scran pipe" as I smashed each violent stroke home. I was coming very close to the money shot and so pulled my cock out of her plop chute and told her to turn onto her back. I roared "do you mind if I spray some white gunk all over your bushy pubes? It's only from my scrogg; it'll be sound as a pound love. You'll have rock hard pyabs for a bit but it'll be well worth the effort you disgustingly smelly trampoline". She stayed silent so I just exploded my walnut bag all over her retarded stomach folds and all over her ginger Brillo pad. As soon as the white gear came out of my tightened ball sack I felt depressed and dirty.

She lay there with drying love sponk all over her naked mess of a body, with a big satisfied smile on her face. I sat there with my head in my hands nearly crying at what I'd done. How

could I have gone through with this? Why did I even consider it at all? At that moment in time I wouldn't have cared if I never got to scrag another bird in my entire life, I just wanted to be happy again. I felt filthy and just wanted to jump in the shower and wash the whole experience away, to rid my flesh of this blobby, overweight, under-conditioned excuse for a human being. She started talking to me again. Oh God how I wished she wouldn't bore me and angry me with her pointless drivel. I wanted her to go away, to leave me in peace with my suicidal tendencies and psychotic thoughts. I just stood up, put on my clothes and said "I'm going home now. Don't even speak to me you annoying gobshite, just stay where you are and shut the f**k up. I'm leaving right now and never coming back to this miserable, wretched shit hole for as long as I 'live', so take one last look at the lad you aren't even close to being good enough for". She started crying pitiful tears onto her beef burger funbags in an attempt to make me feel guilty. I told her to "lose some weight and have a bit of f*****g pride, you smelly, hairy grease ball". I walked out of the bedroom and slammed the door as I did so. I got a taxi home and cried myself to sleep with depression. I woke up the next day with a stonking big rod on and thought "If that beast was lying next to me now I'd shag the living daylight out of her". How quickly my desires had changed. I'd f*****g shag anything at any time; it's just the way I am. I'll regret it for a few hours, but the morning brings new optimism and new found happiness.

On voluntary work with the handicapped...

I have a real phobia of mongs that dates back to when I was 16 years old and doing voluntary youth work for the city council. I expected to be taking a gang of kids for a game of footy, or at the worst, playing rounders or something for a couple of hours. Nothing could have possibly prepared me for my first day at work. I walked up to a big community hall in a quiet little part of Childwall and opened the double doors in front of me. It was like fúcking Mongstock. There they were, all wailing and screaming, like banshee's that suffered from mild Down Syndrome. It was like a big box of mông allsorts, with ones in wheelchairs, ones on reigns, ones that couldn't control the volume of their voices, and ones with hair like crash helmets. It was like the house at the end of "Thriller", and it even had some fat, baldy girl in a weathered waistcoat and tomato soup pouring out of her grill, just like in the video. I was petrified of every single one of them. Even the 12 year old ones could smash the air right out of your chest cavity if you even so much as looked at them in a funny way. I was about 7 stone 4 in my Berghaus Mera-Peak and they would have torn me limb from limb had I upset their cabbaged brains by doing something completely unacceptable, like picking up one of their fúcking glitter pens without asking.

Half of them were around my age and they all had muzzies and teeth like banana Mojos. I felt like Jack Nicholson in One Flew Over the Cuckoos Nest only it wasn't funny, it was my worst fúcking nightmare. Before I had even introduced myself to the other workers some rubber gobbled cúnt came over and tried to rip the coat off my back. Apparently you had to let him hang your coat up or he got annoyed, but how the fúck was I supposed to know that? The back of my hamstrings tingled, my stomach turned, and I went white as a result of unbridled fear. I had barely walked through the door and some little ape looking twát that had a voice like the big goon from Popeye had already traumatised me, meaning I was on edge for the rest of the day. I simply cannot relax around mongs, because there is always the possibility of unprovoked violence and terror, and if they get you in a headlock you're well and truly fúcked. Believe me, I've been throttled by a bulky mông with no muscle definition and it's virtually impossible to get them off. My mate was peppering him with seriously heavy body shots in a vain attempt to stop the madness, but he just gripped tighter and tighter until I almost lost consciousness. I've been in a couple of scary places before, but none that can even compare to being clamped under the sweaty armpit of Warren from Theres Something About Mary. I've never panicked so much in my entire life, as I wriggled and squirmed, trying heroically to overcome this cúnts mông strength. Finally

he just gave up and let me go, before walking across the road to drop kick an Iceland shopping trolley and then boot the wing mirror off some fellas parked car. He was a complete lunatic and could have easily killed me. I saw the same prick a few months later in town, walking around with a Superman cape on over his coat. I steered well clear of him in case he thought he had special powers and started trying to fire lazars out of his vacant eyes, or trying to freeze puddles with his handicapped breath. There was a rumour that his mum had to give him a wánk every morning in order to calm him down and get rid of the tension. I pictured him sitting there with his Garfield boxies around his shapeless ankles while his mum was on her knees, giving his fat móng cóck a severe thrashing, before he emptied his diseased garbage into a piece of bunched up bog roll and clapped his hands in ecstasy. There is always an uneasy atmosphere when Im around móngs and Im just sitting there waiting for them to go ballistic and annihilate somebody like a rag doll. They fúcking terrify me.

One time I had to go to Sayers and get loads of pasties and sausage rolls for their dinner. I was getting served at the counter when one of the móngs came in unattended. The arsé fell out of me, because we were in an uncontrolled environment and the fella that normally batters them off was back at the community hall. I tried desperately not to make eye contact and just hoped to God that she wouldn't recognise me, what with her being mentally redundant and all. Not a fúcking chance. She spotted me almost immediately and stormed over with a big grin on her clock. She must have been eating fizzy cola bottles or something because she was al hyper-active and was jumping around everywhere. There was absolutely nothing stopping her from smashing me through the cake counter, and I knew it. I think she could sense the fear because she started fúcking about with me, slapping me on the back of the head and laughing, and then trying to pull my Lee Coopers down. It was the longest five minutes of my entire life, and a few of the customers were watching at this point. I was stranded. I was up móng creek without a claw hammer. The girl in question wasn't a fully-fledged móng if I'm honest. She was one of these big dozy cúnts with severe behavioural problems and learning difficulties, and was virtually impossible to control. She was about five feet ten and 14 stone 9, and sported a cracking Le Coq Sportif tracky and wore a lovely set of Fila trims on her size 11 feet. She had hair like Darth Vaders helmet and a set of meathooks that would have shattered your forehead if she'd have illogically decided to spin a couple of overhands in your direction. I had visions of her picking me up and aggressively slamming me against a wall, or throwing me head first onto one of the tables like in a Western film. Just as the woman put my order on the counter, this brainless mong tapped me on the shoulder to get my attention. I turned around and gave an uneasy smile and thought, Im nearly there. Once Im outside I can outrun the cúnt and get back to the relative safety of the Mencap psychopaths. Ive never been more wrong in my life. She punched me in the chest with an absolutely sickening right-hander, winding me emphatically and sending me reeling. I couldnt breathe but my survival instincts kicked in, and I jumped over the Sayers counter while everyone just stood and watched. My lips were pursed and I was trying furiously to force tiny bits of air out of my lungs, that had been collapsed by some nob that had a head like a burst Mitre Tactic. She stood there waiting for me to come back out because she was going to finish me off, but the manager let me use the back door to evade her. Can you believe it? A mong that wasnt immediately remorseful. She wasnt like Lenny from Of Mice and Men, she was cold and calculated. I lay in bed at night for months afterwards, thinking of things I should have done to her. I wish I could have blasted the side of her face off with a double barrel shotgun. I go for a fúcking sausage roll and end up gettingwinded by some fat monster. Society is fúcked

On the muslim only Alton Towers Day...

Ragheads, as every human knows, are renowned for their dull personalities and stifling of fun and happiness. There'll be 100 sandrats on the Nemesis in silence with deadpan

expressions, while some mush with a beard incites racial hatred as he goes upside down on the corkscrew. I do see your concerns to be honest though, mate. Abu Hamza is going to be recruiting for terrorist cells while on the Ripsaw, and, with no white bástards around, he'll be free to organise atrocities against the country's rightful inhabitants. I think it's a disgrace to be honest. They're advertising it as a funday, but behind the facade of fun and the veneer of cheerfulness, they'll be plotting the downfall of the infidels.

On Norweigan Cow's mate stealing his bird...

For fúcks sake.

Your first priority is to fúcking anihilate your mate for taking the píss out of you. You're lying in bed, listening to the poignant lyrics of Lionel Richie and crying your eyes out like a soft cúnt, while your mate is locking his panic up the love of your life's saltbox. Next time you see him you should steal in from the side and devastate the side of his face with a steering lock, leaving him for dead in the middle of the street. They're laughing at you. She's jamming his 6 inch girth into her esophagus and sliding her index finger up her copper smelling snitch, while you're looking at old photo's and moaning to strangers on the Internet. Do you realise that he goes up to her room, flops his entertainment onto the front of his undies and then beats off right next to her face as she ridicules you about your appearance? He's got a hassle pipe the size of a can of Arrid and he kettles her all over her box room before he cóck coughs his Tippex all over her grill. They're fúcking roaring with laughter at you. Kill the both of them.

Once she's been packed to the rafters with cóck she comes back to you for some conversation and comfort. But guess what? Sexual thirst is quenched but temporarily, and once her clit gets itchy she'll be back to your mate, reversing onto his trumpet. You need to break this cycle if you want to keep the last drop of dignity that you possess. Next time you see her, just pin her to your council house work top and erupt your fúck crumbs all over her timepiece, and then sling her out without her Ugg boots. Tell her if she ever takes the píss out of you again that you'll go through her ma's front door with a ballie on.

On falling asleep on the couch whilst ill:

When I was about 17 I had tonsilitis, so I was lying on the couch in just my boxies, trying to reduce my temperature. I fell asleep for a couple of hours only to be awoken by loud voices in the living room. Our Debbie and Karen, my mums sisters, were stood in the middle of the living room talking absolute shíte as usual. I rolled over, weary eyed and stretched my arms up over my head and yawned. I stood up to let them sit down and my cóck, as hard as granite, came tearing through the slit in my underbelters. I just spun around and faced the wall, nearly knocking my arl fella's cup of tea off the coffee table as I did so. Everybody pretended like nothing unusual had happened, but I know for a fact that they got an eyeful of my solid tosser. To this day I've never slept on the couch since.

Michael's first kiss:

My first ever kiss was with someone I stole from a mate. Well, if you call practically begging someone to "neck you" stealing.

I was thirteen and my mates had been calling me a fridge for months on end, so I went out on a limb, and began haranguing this freckle headed night panic for some action.

After a couple of hours of pleading she finally conceded, kissing me angrily with the sole intention of shutting me up.

As soon as our lips locked I realised that her breath smelled like one of those filthy yellow throat pips that you sometimes cough up onto the back of someone's fleece when

celebrating and Everton goal, and her tongue was bumpy, not unlike the texture of a little golf ball chewy.

It was a most unpleasant experience and for weeks later I was genuinely concerned that, perhaps, girls were not quite for me.

Afterwards, she described me to her mate as; "the ugliest and most annoying nobhead" she'd ever met, which was a blow, understandably, to my already delicate confidence.

The fucking cheek of it.

Some slág that looked like Charlie Chuck was decimating my reputation after subjecting me to such an ordeal.

On using the wrong shitters:

A couple of years ago I was in The Setter & Vine near Broadway for the first time and after a couple of drinks I asked my mate where the toilet was. He pointed me in the direction of a non-descript looking door that was in desperate need of a good varnishing and so I pushed it open and went inside for a piss. Upon entering I noticed that there were no urinals on the wall and only two cubicles, which I thought, fleetingly, was a little bit strange. I walked into the one stall that was vacant, lifted the seat up with my foot and expelled the warm contents of my bladder via my big, fat, floppy tosser. There was a societal monster in the adjoining trap, oblivious to common decency and with a flagrant disregard for social convention, loudly powering out a shíte with accompanying farts that resonated profoundly in the porcelain bowl. I raised the neck-hole of my top over my nose and mouth to prevent further inhalation of the malevolent, abhorrent and repugnant odour that was emanating from this contemptible cúnts sludge tank and made my way to the sink to wash my hands. As I was drying my digits under the electronic hand dryer I heard the lock on the cubicle door open and I instinctively glanced to my left to cast eyes upon the fetid demon that was responsible for such terrible behaviour. I'll readily admit that I was not in the least bit expecting to see the petite brunette with tolerable títs that was stood beside me. I was confused for a second or two and then I rapidly realised what had transpired. The little metal bin used for discarding soiled sanitary towels that was sitting in the corner suddenly zoomed to the forefront of my consciousness and my face filled with blood, doing its best impersonation of the pink themed décor. She screamed; "what the fucking are you doing in here, you fucking pervert?" I'd lost all composure at this point and the only reply I could muster was; "I'm having a piss, you stupid slág". In hindsight, that was a dreadful mistake to make as she lunged toward me without hesitation, throwing haphazard haymakers and slapdash swings in the direction of my chest, windpipe and lips. I spun on my heels and made a dart for the exit, receiving thunderous thuds to my back that sounded like a snare drum as I went, and all the while thinking; "Oh my God, she hasn't washed her fucking hands". I came tearing out of the shíthouse at the speed of sound, mowing into the occupants of the packed boozier en route as this loud-mouthed lunatic was in hot pursuit. In the end I managed to escape the premises and jogged down Queens Drive where I flagged a taxi to take me home. It was the first time I'd ever been attacked by a woman and thinking back I probably should have lamped the teeth out of her jawbone and left her on grime-ridden tiled floor to recollect her senses. My mate later informed me that I had been barred indefinitely and that some soft cúnt with a side-part and Eastern European looking trainees had threatened to kill me should I ever return. I think the moral of the story is don't listen to a woman having a shít or she will f***** batter you.

On Martial Arts...

I did Ju-Jitsu for about 5 years but lost interest following an embarrassing encounter. I tried to put my martial arts training into practice in a real life situation and got my entire body flung against the side of a metal wheelie bin in front of about fifteen people. A Lad threw a revolting punch at my face, which I expertly blocked with my arm, almost shattering both

my radius and ulna. I grabbed his arm, spun my body 180 degrees in a flash, and tried to perform an off-shoulder throw on him. He must have weighed about 14 stone because he didn't move a single inch. He locked his docile tentacles around my chest in a bear hug hold, squeezed the enjoyment right out of my chest before picking me up and smashing me into the bin. I just lay there, face down in disgrace as everyone laughed. It's fine in the gym when you're battering weedy little móngs with self-esteem issues, but on the streets you'll more than likely get the oxygen webbed out of your chest cavity and end up looking like a bit of a tít

On getting beat up by lids...

Admittedly it didn't quite work the last time I used it as a form of defence, seeing as though I ended up getting the back of my head punched off by a seven-strong gang of kidder lizards in Anfield. I went into a shop called the Minkel near the Clarence pub to get a pint of milk, some eggs and a paper but on my way out an unnecessarily aggressive, ársehole-fringed teenager squared right up to me and screeched; "what did yer say abar me mar, lar?" directly at my face as his six mates formed a cretinous crescent behind him to thwart any ideas of escape I may have courted. "Oh fúck, here we go!" I thought. "I've been selected as tonight's díckhead for them to batter for no apparent reason". Resigned to my fate and knowing they were going to rip the Berghaus fleece off my back regardless of my answer I replied, almost inaudibly; "that she was an ugly cúnt and stinks of shíte". The first punch was thrown. The contents of my sad little carrier bag were spilled onto the pavement as I hugged my knees tightly and curled up into a ball as they made light work of what can only be described as 'booting my whole body in'. I'd say they were all no more than sixteen or seventeen years old, except one, whom I estimate was about twenty-three. He was one of these big dopey looking, brain-damaged lunatics with a thin, translucent muzzie that always seem to hang around with a load of younger kids, but my word could he kick. I could feel constant little stamps and weak powered shots to my legs and arms but every so often this lanky fúcking grok would thunder a volley right up my arse and make my brain vibrate. "Shouldn't this cúnt be at home with his kids? Why is he behaving like Tong-Po smashing that concrete pillar with his bare shin in Kickboxer? When is he ever going to refrain from caning bone-crushing blows into my shoulder blades and coccyx?" were some of the thoughts racing through my mind. After what seemed like three quarters of an hour they finally stopped and left me semi-conscious on the ground next to my now scrambled eggs. Due to the adrenalin surging through my system I wasn't in any pain at all and for some unexplainable reason got gingerly to my feet and shouted after them; "is that it, you gang of fúcking farts?" Nope. Turns out that it wasn't. They turned on their heels and charged towards me at the speed of sound. I tried to run but staggered all over the place and fell onto the bonnet of a Vauxhall Corsa as they, once again, attempted to collapse my internal organs via the method of booting. I'd had enough at this point but they weren't going to stop until they knew I'd really suffered, so I gave them the signals they were quite obviously looking for. My empty carrier bag blew past in the early evening breeze and I grabbed hold of it, filled it up with my self-pride, self-dignity and self-worth and began bellowing "Help! Help! Help! Help!" at the top of my burning lungs. I shouted it that many times that the word lost all meaning. And then my consciousness lost all functionality. I woke up in a bus-stop with massive lips, a skull full of coggies and the taste of blood in my mouth. Thirty seconds later the 17C turned up and I jumped on it straight to Fazakerley hospital for a quick check up.

Trying to be a smartarse is probably not a good way of dealing with attackers

On hypnotism...

My mate was hypnotised on stage a few years ago and said it genuinely worked. He said he felt a great urge to do the things the hypnotist was telling him to do but that he was completely aware he was being made a fool of.

At one point the hypnotist said; "when I click my fingers you're going to choose a vegetable and scream at the top of your voice that you are this particular vegetable"

He clicked his fingers and my mate started screaming; "I'M A TOMATO! I'M A TOMATO! I'M A f***** TOMATO!"

I sat there, deadpan, thinking; "that's a fruit, you stupid fucking bastard".

On UV pens...

I was in a hotel in London last year and there was a yellow highlighter pen on the bedside table along with some other stationary. For some reason I decided to pick it up and write EFC on the back of my hand with it, seeing as though I was just about to get a shower anyway and would obviously wash it off. However, when attempting to scribble the letters it became clear that the marker had run out. Instead of lashing it straight in the bin I began drawing invisible circles and various other symbols all over my arms because I quite liked the way the cool nib felt against my skin. I progressed to drawing an invisible muzzy, sideburns and glasses on my face before eventually growing bored and abandoning the activity. I got ready and went out for a meal and a few drinks. A couple of hours later I strolled into a dark nightclub with my girlfriend, who immediately said; "what the bloody hell is that on your face?" I thought I had some sauce or something around my mouth and began wiping my lips. She said: "no, you've got ink all over your face. Where has that come from? Quick, go to the toilet and wash it off". I rushed to the bog and looked at myself in the mirror. I'd drawn all over my kite with a UV pen and must have looked like an absolute headcase bouncing across the dance floor with illuminous, self-penned bins and a misshaped tache. I felt like a complete and utter fucking bellend and had to get off.

The Job centre.

If sitting in a job centre at 11.30am on a Tuesday morning doesn't motivate you to find work then nothing will. Slumped despondently on an orange plastic chair that has been bolted to the floor in case some rollie smoking lay-about with a head like a car battery decides to open a packet of violence and share it with the 60 year old security guard that stands on the front desk. Surrounded by the absolute residue of our society that are waiting impatiently for their meagre handouts, most of which will be subsequently squandered on tacky shite from Littlewoods catalogue on the 40 weeks payment option. Endless streams of loud mouthed bangwhores in Firebird trackies and off white Reebok Classic, accompanied by two young kids that are already displaying behaviours and the rotten attitudes of their brainless no hoper of a father that drives around in his 07 plate Audi (complete with biff badges that enable him some great parking opportunities), fizzing out ten bags of pyar potent pollen to an assortment of misfits and various other mentally incapable gobshites. Men in their fifties carrying a newspaper in the arse barrel of their knee-worn dungarees, a little blue betting shop pen tucked neatly behind their ear, and a pungent odour of stale ale and bifter smoke that is hugging the collar of their green Regatta fleece. Fat, opinionated women with teeth like alphabet spaghetti and grey hair roots that come so far down their haircut it looks like they're wearing a bandana. To be sat

in the same room as these people should really makes you take stock of your life and encourage you to do something worthwhile.

Describing Wayne Rooney's cousins 'modelling' career:

Teeth like a leccy tin opener, hair like a fly fisherman's streamers, and legs like that disgusting gala pie. The only message it sends out to young girls is; "get your malnourished Creme Egg out at some no-mark's party and before you know it you'll be modelling bills with pictures of that slag Minnie the Mooch on them"

on fake injury claims

A couple of years ago a gang of scag-lizards that live near me hatched the ingenious plan of staging a minor traffic accident in order to then make fraudulent whiplash and other injury claims. The idea was that a load of them would be sitting on the top deck of a bus at a given time whilst a nominated individual smashed a car into the side of it, causing substantial damage to the tramp carriage but minimal human harm. The braindead, septic scrag-end that was chosen to do the dirty work was an emaciated, skeletal looking reptile with a gang of browning teeth, do-it-yourself sideburns and a maroon Sprayway coat, tied so tightly at the waist that he looked like an hourglass shaped egg timer. He robbed a second generation SEAT Ibiza in the early afternoon, squeezed a Moped crash helmet over his uninhabited skull and hurtled headlong into the arse end of the 14C at about 40mph. He then unfastened his seatbelt, trembled out of the decimated vehicle and made a limp getaway through the winding streets of a nearby council estate. Five minutes later his band of diseased degenerates, minus frontal lobes, passed the scene of the accident, on the 14A. The daft looking bástard had messed up the logistics and smashed into the wrong fúcking bus. There were red faced alchies, píss-soaked pensioners and shrill-voiced school kids sitting there in the wreckage, wondering why the fúck some complete loon in a bike helmet had just careered into the emergency exit without attempting to brake, and then run off into the mid-afternoon sun.

on writing to jummy saville as a kid

I once wrote to Jimmy Saville and asked him could he please, please fix it so that me and my cousin could appear on the children's game show 'Fun House'. Well get this; Jimmy 'Mr. Charity' Saville never even responded to my letter, the fúcking straw headed, gozzy eyed cúnt. There he is, sitting there in the finest Hummell shell suit trackies and Reebok Pump trabs that money can buy, smoking massive Cuban cigars with his jewellery laden right gripper, while I'm sitting in my stinking council house with hope in my heart. The heartless, worthless old shít heel never even dignified my letter with a response, the tacky, creased faced old písshead. You'd have thought that he'd at least send a standard, templated letter with a fake signature at the bottom, but no, Jim didn't give a fúck about me, or the fact that the lino in our back kitchen was peeling away. I just wanted a temporary escape from my unforgiving existence, a little time away from eating Bensons crisp from Home & Bargain in Broadway. How could he do that to a young hopeful kid? How could he be so ignorant and so cold hearted?

You're alright grabbing all the glory with your skinny, veiny, egotistical meat hooks when the camera's are there mate, when there are people to impress, but what about behind the scenes, eh? What about me, the poor little scruff from Walton, sitting there in my Turtles pyjamas every morning at the front door, only to be greeted with gas bills and final notices? What about me Jim you superficial, phony, mullet headed old cúnt? Jim'll Fix It? Will he fúck. Jim won't do a fúcking thing, except shatter your little heart into a billion pieces. Can you fix my broken heart, Sir Jimmy? Can you? It'll take more than one of your copper plated medals on a ribbon for me to forgive you, mate. All's I wanted to do was run through the

Fun House maze like a demented, corpy house dwelling meff, collecting the tokens from the ball pool and the climbing frame. You couldn't even do that could you?

What angers me most is that Sir Jimmy Saville picked some sycophantic, obsequious little twát that wanted to get his mum a limousine for the day and to get her hair done in some fancy beauty salon. What weird little cúnt wants to ask Jimmy for something like that? Stop being a creeping little ársehole and do what all normal kids do and ask for something for yourself. I wanted to go berserk on the go-karts at the end of the programme, that's all. Was that too much to fúcking ask? As each week passed, my hatred of Jimmy grew; smouldering fury building inside, bursting to escape in a violent rage upon Jimmy's decrepit skull weave. I was about 9 years old and I wanted Sir Jimmy Saville dead. I wanted him to wheeze his last polluted, corrupted breath in a rundown bedsit in the South East of England, fragile and alone as he faced his painful end. I wanted him to keel over and gasp for air as he clutched his bare chest, before finally falling face down upon my unopened letter, realisation and regret in his fading eyes. You broke my heart Jim and you crushed my youthful spirit. You are a sadistic, brutal old cúnt and you'll get what's coming to you. I wished ill will upon 'The Duchess' too and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I wanted him to hurt as badly as I had done. I never watched 'Fun House' with the same excited gaze again. Jimmy fúcking Saville had ruined one of the only shining lights in my dark and dank little world, and I actually began to resent Pat Sharpe and the twins that I'd eventually beat off over. Jim was, and still is, a complete and utter gobshíte and I hope he finally gets exposed for being the weird, creepy little paeodophile that he obviously is. You'll get yours Jim, don't you fúcking worry about that. Who's going to look after 'The Duchess' when you're in 23-hour lock up in Lancaster Farm? Who's going to help you when you're getting your clockface dented in by a gang of moustachioed teenagers whenever they feel the urge? Nobody, that's the answer. You'll feel all alone in the world and you'll have nobody to turn to, just like me when I was 9 years old.

"Now then, now then what have we got here?" It's cancer of the lymph node Jim and it's terminal. So long you grudge holding fúckbag. Smoke a cigar for me in hell, you rotten, silk wigged old douche bag.

on flying

A couple of years ago, not long after take-off, I fell asleep in an aisle seat on board a Boeing 757. After what seemed like seconds I was awoken by a nightmarish and almost deafening bang. Instantly, I assumed terrorists had set off a homemade nail bomb and I began plotting, instinctively, how to save myself at the expense of all others. I was covered in debris and the aroma of death had enveloped my olfactory senses. My throbbing heart had made its way quickly up my windpipe and my complexion had rapidly paled before I had the chance to compose myself and realise what was happening. It transpired that the packet of Steak & Onion Walkers I had on the tray in front of me had exploded due to the pressure in the cabin, and I was slouched in my chair with savoury tasting crisps all over my jacket and haircut. I almost fúcking dissolved with embarrassment.

Student looking bellends

I'm getting sick to f***** death of these student looking bellends with ear-rings, sunbed tans and ridiculous f***** streaks in their hair. They pay about £60 to get their hair styled by some fat little puff that rubs his bóllock bag all over their neck as he gets to work with the straighteners. They come out of the salon looking like they've brushed their wig with a fúcking thunderking. They stand in over-priced bars with hundreds of other dullards, drinking vodka redbull and Bacardi Breezers while looking at themselves in the mirror for half the night. Some of them even wear suit jackets, faded jeans and pointy shoes while

thinking they're some sort of big-shot for splashing out thirty big ones on an embarrassing bottle of Moët in a window cleaners bucket. "Yeah, you're such a funster, shelling out thirty sheets on a bottle of champagne and wearing a studded belt and a leather jacket. Here's an idea for you. Try buying the f***** round of drinks that you're supposed to, which actually costs more, and stop trying to take the glory and attempting to impress the leather faced goats with the scruffy hair extensions and plasma tits". If I ever decide that I'd like to kill myself, I'm going to take hundreds of these preening, prancing little gobshites with me. I'll set a fucking nail bomb off in the middle of the dancefloor. Sick to f***** death of them.

Paedophile

"Are you a paedophile? Do you enjoy abusing young boys?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I'm led to believe, and I actually have evidence that....hang on, did you just say yes? On camera?"

"I will fúck your children and then write about it in one of my novels"

"Fair play to you, mate. You have a passion and you're not ashamed to admit it. Hats off to you"

"I will do unspeakable things to all your pre-pubescent relatives. I will actually molester them and enjoy it. I'll make them wish they'd never been born, and then I'll make them wish they were dead."

"Yeah alright, take it easy, mate. I admired your brutal honesty, but don't get cocky or I'll fucking kill you"

"Sound. I got a bit carried away, there. I'll just gently caress their young bodies etcetera. How's that for you?"

"I'm not overly thrilled with it, but it's a step in the right direction"

Fortune tellers

How the fúck can some fat, middle-aged, scruffy cúnt gypo-woman from Wavertree or somewhere see into your future? People that genuinely believe they can predict your impending doom, or envision your forthcoming success, need to be sectioned under the Mental Health Act. Just think about it for a second. 'Numinous Nora' or 'Mystical Margy' from a mid-terrace in Tower Hill can forsee your future about as well as they can look after their own children, or refrain from funnelling litre bottles of vodka down their bright red alchy faces. The whole thing is a load of complete and utter nonsense. I can possibly understand people going to a medium or a spiritualist for a bit of a laugh, but anybody that takes it seriously needs to get their brain in order.

Some Parasitic Pinhead wrote:

QUOTE

Ooooooo! Be very weary over the next few months Mrs. Cotteridge as something really, really terrible could happen involving your second-hand dialysis machine and your unsafe breathing apparatus. The spirits are telling me that your looming battle with senile dementia could be the cause of a medication mix up, resulting in your chest packing in. Please, pick a card with a terrifying picture on it from the deck.....Oh dear! You seem to have picked

the card we like to call 'the incredibly vulnerable and physically weak old woman that will do anything for a bit of company and a bit of reassurance about her final years'. But don't worry, that's a good sign. For me. You, on the other hand, should cleanse yourself of all material possessions in order to save your soul. Except your shitty ornaments. Nobody honestly gives a fúck about them, and even Lucifer himself feels depressed when he enters your musky smelling living room in the dead of night. The devil himself closes his eyes, pinches the top of his nose with his hoof and shakes his head. Your house and it's dreary atmosphere really make him feel low about himself. You might want to look into that, love.

/QUOTE

They need to stop scaring the shít out of people's nan's, the fúcking bellends. If one of them told my mum that some terrible things were about to happen to her loved ones I'd capsize her fúcking face for her. Fear-pedalling, scare-mongering shítbags that prey on the weak of mind. Burn the fúcking lot of them

Most awkward joke

"Oh, who gives a fúck about your boring disease, you baldy little cúnt? You're reading newspapers, gambling on horses, listening to George Jones and wearing a flat cap. Everybody's thinking it and now I'm saying it. Stop acting like your grandad, you miserable, sulking, depressing little góbshite. And, don't think your illness will make me feel guilty because you've been getting away with it for too long. Stop using it as an excuse for having no personailty, you old before your time cúnt."

On a romantic meal

People in Liverpool really shouldn't attempt things like this. It's depressing to imagine some cerebrally redundant Yahoo expending a sizeable chunk of his Jobseekers Allowance on fresh produce and ingredients from the Spar and cheap bottles of plonk from Dial-a-Crate. And for what? To entertain some classless shrew with a voice like a braking steam train, screeching inarticulate sentences about Ugly Betty and fake-bake tan in a frequency that only canines can hear. Whipping up his speciality, Crocky Cacciatore, in a brown, tide-marked Pyrex dish that his ma received as a wedding present 23 years ago. Christmas candles standing pathetically in egg cups on a paste-stained decorating table, and ignited with the burning tip of his last Lambert and Butler melanoma maypole, as Scouse House Classics Volume II blasts out from his tinny sounding mobile phone speaker, that he's blue-tacked to the wall. His arl fella, sitting next door in the living room, smoking a twenty deck of rollies and filling the lower floor of the council house with the warm, repugnant air from inside his foul smelling gut. The very idea of a romantic meal on a Liverpool council estate is completely absurd.

hemisphere's wrote:

QUOTE

i'm only in the job a few weeks, and she keeps asking me personnal stuff, like what i done at the weekends/QUOTE

Fúcking hell, she sounds like a regular psychopath.

Girl Just Trying to be Polite wrote:
QUOTE
Hiya, did you have a good weekend? /QUOTE

hemisphere's wrote:
QUOTE
This is moving far too quickly for me. You have a boyfriend and he wouldn't be best pleased if he found out. We have to work together and sexual intercourse could only complicate things. Have you really thought this through? Because I know I haven't. What do you say, how about we slow things down a little bit, eh? I mean, where would we even go without people finding out? What form of birth control do you use? I'm not entirely comfortable with this. What would I even say to your parents? /QUOTE

Girl With Furrowed Brows wrote:
QUOTE
Calm yourself down, Topgun. I'll be over here, making idle small-talk with somebody else. It was nice to meet you, mate /QUOTE

Bluegirl_x wrote:
QUOTE
I don't have a dad, so it's alright /QUOTE

That's probably why you go out scrummaging around for pasty looking cocks. You're trying to fill the void in your life that was created by the absence of a father figure, but forcing teenagers skinny sponk strings down your foul smelling gullet and encouraging them to cross their fingers and shove them up your slop bucket (aka the Crocky Corkscrew) isn't going to fill that hole, love. If a lad has a muzzie that looks like someone has flung a fist-full of sawdust into a bowl of custard and a concave shaped chest, then he's probably not the ideal candidate to be instilling in you some of life's important lessons. He'll manipulate you, blow his diseased gust up your arse and then continue to work his way through the ever growing pool of poisonous, immoral, hateful looking gutterballs that populate this city. You'll feel attractive and loved in the short-term, but wait until you're 30 years old with a stomach like carrier bag full of lukewarm horseshit and your skin has the complexion of a basketball. You'll be weeping onto your economy priced dildo.

Cha Cha

Status: Looking for a guide ...
Status: Connected to guide: HeatherH
HeatherH: Welcome to ChaCha!
You: What's happening Heather, lad?
HeatherH: Hi how can I help you today?
You: Just looking for some pollen you know, lad
HeatherH: You want information on pollen?
You: No, I've already got the intel, I just want some decent pollen. I want pyar potent pollen, so don't dare be palming me off with some shabitty gak, do you hear me?

HeatherH: Can you be more detailed?

You: Swerve it, I'll knock at Zango's later and get an ounce on strap.

HeatherH: Can I help with anything else today?

You: Ee ar, I'm not being funny or anything, but did your ma get finger binged by Gragger outside the Farmfoods in Broady. That's what I got told.

HeatherH: Would you like me to make a search for you at all?

You: What are you chatting, lad? You're pyar giving it the big verbal aren't you?

HeatherH: Your not making much sense so I'll transfer you to another guide if that's ok

You: Who the fuck are you talking to; I'll cave your bastarding tagues in in a minute, lad.

Status: Looking for a guide ...

Status: Connected to guide: NashQ

NashQ: Welcome to ChaCha!

NashQ: Hello

You: What's happening Nash, lad

NashQ: Hello how can I help?

You: I really need a pump

NashQ: What kind of pump?

You: A loud one

NashQ: I'm sorry, What do you mean by a pump, Can you be more specific?

You: Not without being puerile, no.

NashQ: How do you mean?

You: I hold my tiddle when I trump in case wee comes out

NashQ: Would you like me to transfer you to someone else?

You: Nah it's alright, I've just pyar eggied, lad.

NashQ: thanks and have a great day!

NashQ: Thank you for using ChaCha!

Fire At Glasgow Airport

Asian 1 wrote:

QUOTE

Right, I've finalised the plan. We'll set the Jeep on fire and just drive it straight into the airport terminal.

Asian 2 wrote:

QUOTE

Hang on a second, let me make sure I'm hearing this correctly. You want us to set our car on fire and drive it into the airport terminal? Why would we want to do that?

Asian 1 wrote:

QUOTE

Why do you always have to question things? For once in your life can you stop picking holes in everything and just support me? You always try to talk me out of doing the things that I want to. It's almost like you don't want me to be happy.

Asian 2 wrote:

QUOTE

I'm just saying, if you're going to carry out a terrorist attack then why not do something a bit more worthwhile? And something that doesn't have me sitting in the passenger seat of

an incinerating Cherokee? It just seems a bit futile, that's all. I mean, why not hijack a plane, seeing as though we're already going to be at the airport? Does that not make more sense to you? We could even set off a car bomb or something. We don't have to actually be in the car is all's I'm saying; we can just watch it from a safe distance. I just don't see the need to be sitting in a burning car. It's pointless, mate.

Asian 1 wrote:

QUOTE

Yeah, well, I'm not changing it now!

Asian 2 wrote:

QUOTE

But we'll both die horrible deaths, and for what? To cause some minor structural damage and slightly injure a few holidaymakers. I just think we can aim higher, that's all's I'm saying. We're smarter than this, we can wreak devastation across the world if we put our minds to it. Come on what do you say?

Asian 1 wrote:

QUOTE

Oh you do whatever you fucking want then. I'm setting our car on fire and I'm driving it straight into the fucking airport. You're a shithouse, always making excuses and looking for a way out. I'm doing it with or without you.

Asian 2 wrote:

QUOTE

Fine, get in the car. I'll never hear the fucking last of it if I don't. Why you need me to go with you I don't know.

Asian 1 wrote:

QUOTE

Buckle up, sunshine. We're doing this.

What good is Yozzer Hughes doing himself, there? The soft bastard was getting his muzzie punched in and he just wouldn't pack in. Personally, I'd have issued a statement right there in the ring. I'd have said; "do me a favour please, mate. Can you stop punching me full force in the eyebrow bones, in the lips and on the side of my neck? It's honestly fucking hurting me. My trophy wife and teenaged daughter are in the crowd, and seeing as though I gave it full beans before the first bell, squashing my nose into yours, I can't really back down now, can I? I'm still standing up in defiance, but my consciousness is on it's lazzies, so have a word with yourself and stop making a cunt out of me in front of my loved ones. Just end the fight by not punching my cheekbones and eyesockets anymore. I'm not asking for much, really. Just stop bouncing sickening blows across the delicate skull that protects my brain. Cheers"

"Spuggy, what do you reckon; shall we take this young lads mobile off him and then dance all over his fucking skull for a bit? I know you'll have your reservations about the whole idea but if you're worried about the potential punishment you needn't be, because New Labour's stance on violent crime is really, really questionable. Latest statistics show that the perpetrators of violent crime are subjected to the most lenient of sentences, and that our Government, on a totally unrelated point, are responsible for the influx of immigrants that are draining the country of its resources, while much more deserving parasites are being somewhat overlooked. If the Conservatives were in power then I'd be reluctant to carry out this completely unprovoked attack on this teenager, but they're not, so let's take advantage of the situation. You grab the phone and I'll cave his cheekbones in, once I've whipped him up of course. Three cheers for Gordon Brown! Hip hip....."

Sinead O'Connor, Whinging: "Tell me baby where did I go wrong?"

"Look, can I be honest with you here? All's I'm going to say is that getting a skinhead wasn't the most sensible decision you've ever made. Let's just leave it at that, eh?"

Mischief Night - Halloween

I was on the bus earlier and it was like a fucking shooting gallery. Every ten seconds there would be a deafening thud as a grade B egg would collapse on the window next to my face. I felt like an absolute arsehole, sitting there on an illuminated bus in the inner-city darkness like a simpleton, whilst a gang of tracksuited non-substances shattered clotted chicken foetus's all about the exterior of the poverty wagon. I even witnessed what appeared to be two generations of the same diseased gene pool firing Thunderking's at the oncoming traffic, laughing hysterically and exposing the decaying, reptilian teeth that resembled chewed blackcurrant Fruitella's. I was about three stops from home when a vapour of our society decided to elevate the situation and screwball half of a house brick through one of the windows at the speed of fucking sound. Everybody screamed as the glass exploded into a million pieces and set up camp in some pensioners tightly knit perm. The driver put his foot down and decided he wasn't making anymore stops until we had escaped the danger zone. I'm sitting there on a punctured bus, the freezing cold October wind streaming through the lower deck as the passengers rally round and offer support to those seemingly in shock. Some half arsed bravado made an overdue appearance in the form of an ageing pisshead, sporting a woeful pair of shiny kecks and a faded maroon leather jacket that I suspected was actually made of PVC, and he screeched obscenities between the ridiculously long pulls on his nauseating rollie. The driver finally stopped the bus about three quarters of a mile past my destination and I had to trudge back through the depths of hell to get home. Absolute fucking bellends.

People are too quick to blame nobhead behaviour on bullshit psychological problems nowadays. "Oh, leave him alone, he's got a mental condition. It's not his fault" Having Dyspraxia means your arse goes when someone asks you to complete a jigsaw, or that you make a cunt of yourself during gymnastics in school. It doesn't force you to bookend your sentences with the word 'lad', send pictures of your five inch aggravation to young girls, run through town at the speed of sound with your hands in your kecks pockets, like a Riverdance performer, or crowd surf in a begrimed boozer while some mope records it on his

Samsung. No, these are the symptoms of another little illness that's known in medical circles as BOAT, or being a Bit of a Tit. It's very simple. The lad is a bona fide plant pot.

MICHAEL ON PAINTBALLING

I went a few years back and it was shite. I was advised by a mate to "wrap us well, because they don't give you any protective clothing or anything to wear when you get there". I thought it was pretty sound advice and so dug into the lower reaches of my wardrobe, rifled through a back catalogue of fashion masterstrokes and selected a pair of thermal Long Johns and a lime green Adidas Torsion jumper to wear beneath my contemporary garb. My efforts were in vain. Just as we were about to enter the field of combat I dropped my little plazzy bag of paint balls onto the foliage. As I bent down to pick them up somebody shot me at point blank range on the top of my delicate skull. Time slowed. I froze before falling forwards onto the earth with a spherical cartridge worth of pink water-based paint shattered across the pinnacle of my haircut. The only thing I could hear was what sounded like a telephone dial tone in the centre of my head as my consciousness called it a day. A couple of seconds later I awoke, my eyes re-focused and I lay prostrate on the ground, staring confusedly at the Marshall's dilapidated Avia trabs. The sounds of the world gradually began to re-enter my awareness and I could hear a solitary voice of concern amongst howls of laughter. A lump. No, a f***** coggie is what it was, appeared almost instantaneously, and once I'd dusted myself off I had to run around a freezing cold woodland for the next hour like a retarded unicorn in a Berghaus Mera Peak. The same lad that decorated my cranium then went on to shoot a wandering goat in the ribcage, sending it bleating into a shallow pond. So, if you do decide to go paintballing remember to wear a hardhat and keep your wits about you at all times. Otherwise, you'll end up making an absolute show of yourself.