

THE CONCISE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

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INTRODUCTION

Imagine it if you will: The concise history of the world, starting at Day One and continuing to a week next Wednesday, with nothing omitted and even less included. All of history—and MORE.

This book is the result of fifteen years intense research by a team of dedicated historians, which did not include me. All profits will go to a Swiss bank account and be squandered at my discretion.

All characters and events herein are real, and any resemblance to fictional situations and/or persons is strictly coincidental.

SECTION ONE: IN THE BEGINNING

For this beginning we will begin at the start of the start:

DAY ONE

Day one of the world was rather quiet, and nothing much came to pass.

DAY TWO

Day Two was much the same until around ten a.m, when suddenly nothing happened.

DAY THREE

Once again inactivity was everywhere, but by now it was happening all the time.

DAY FUMFTEEN

It began to be windy.

DAY NOCKERTY-NINE

The wind stopped.

N.B This kind of thing went on for two and a half eons, and so we will now move to a more eventful period in Earth's history.

LET THERE BE LIFE

Over twenty-seven zillion years ago, things were moving along nicely. Life on Earth was just about to breathe its first metaphorical breath, and quite soon all kinds of stretchy and squincey looking things would be out in search of erotic pleasures. Most life forms, at that time, bore a bizarre resemblance to reheated pigs vomit; and of course most of it was in fact dead. Life being dead, during those early days, was not an exception, but, in general, the rule.

How living life began is a secret told by me to a wise and aged Buddhist priest, and I would now like to spell it to all of you:

Mr Blob met Mrs Blob, they liked each other, and started making little Blobs.

And that was that was that. Life had come into being.

The world was still a pretty nasty place, most of it being barren, over-heated and completely unnecessary, but life, at least, was starting to make a living.

The blob people entered into fierce competition with the more evolved and incredibly ugly sloppy things, who had a peculiar liking for country music. Squashy-looking lumps began to proliferate in a most obscene manner. Quinceys began to squoggle, and squoggle's to quince, and by lunchtime the only thing not totally confused was a dead-looking thing with pink spots.

Swamps were the favourite living places, but, as the world prospered, things gradually got worse.

"I don't know," began one slimy life form to another.

"It seems the better things become, the worse they get."

"You are absolutely wrong," answered the other. "I agree with you incompletely."

"I was saying to the wife just the other day: "Wife," I said, "things are going from bad to badder. Take this swamp," I said. "This swamp is going to the protozowa's. Ever since that Indian family of Omiba moved in, things have been slowly going downhill.""

"You are a bigot, a snob, a foul-mouthed fool and a lousy Cricket player!" said the disgruntled companion.

"Humbug!" objected the supercilious bucket of sludge. "I bat very well. Anyway, I say: let's get the riff raff out of this neighbourhood once and forever." At that moment a cute-looking female slosh pot came slithering by, and the two snot-covered creatures began to erastocate—all over the place. They began to throb in an exceedingly naughty way, and leapt upon the female slime with abandon. It was this mating, I might add, that brought about the beginnings of the Human Sapien.

Some of you may be wondering, by now, precisely where Mr. and Mrs Blob, the very first life forms on the planet, actually came from in the first place. The answer is really quite simple and can be found on the last page of this book.

FURTHER PROGRESS

By the year Quintedly I Poo, nature was looking rather more like Darwin's best friend said it should. There were all kinds of eating activities going on, with horrible-looking things gobbling up other horrible-looking things, and it was around that time when the first burp was uttered. The battle of the strongest and fittest had truly begun.

At this point man was beginning to appear on the scene, though he was still in a developmental stage. This meant that not only was he rather hairy and not very pleasant to look at, but still quite loose at the edges. Woman began to develop too, though she was pointedly different, and man was most glad of this. To begin with, there had not been much to distinguish one from the other, and many a misunderstanding took place on those dark, moonless nights. Men jiggled with other men, and things often got completely out of hand, foot and elbow.

Several eons later, most of the slimy life forms had evolved into mushy monstrosities, and there was nothing anyone could do about it. Mankind was kind of less hairy, though still not the type of thing you'd want to take home and introduce to your mother.

Homo Cretinus needed shelter from the harsh realities and dangers of prehistoric life, and a number of dwelling places became popular amongst the lower class section of the populace. These included caves, mango trees, semi-detached holes in the ground, and up the arse holes of large mammoth's. The latter did in fact have the advantage of mobility, though few people knew the word, and so this factor

was largely overlooked.

All in all, things were progressively progressing, until one day, some fool invented religion, which turned out to be completely loose at the edges.

THE BIRTH, DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF RELIGION

Cavemen people were still going about their obscure business in a way that was increasingly obscure. Living forms no longer resembled bowls of regurgitated Porridge, though some still acted as if they did.

The year Spanteen Nifty-Noo was perhaps the most important week of that period. A slight man named Patti Cal Joke began the enormous task of manufacturing fake animal bones, which, when constructed into a skeletal form, resembled weird and wonderful imaginary beasts he called "Dinosaurs". These he buried in carefully selected sites with the intention of inducing the process of fossilization, and there by causing immense confusion in centuries to come. His most complex creation was the seventeen footed Tyrannosaurus Sex, but unfortunately Pat was killed just before its completion. He was eaten by a Brontosaurus.

Most normal people became very much preoccupied with a new fad known as religion. Objects of Divine stature were as diverse as diversity itself, ranging from oddly-shaped rock formations, to formally odd rocky shapes. Virgins were sacrificed to Tree Gods, trees to Virgin Gods. The newly-evolved Warthog was believed to be the multiple reincarnation of a long lost deity who resembled—from a distance at least—a large bowl of luke-warm porridge. Close-up he was more like a strip of Canadian bacon. K. Waddington 15

Followers of this Divine Being formed a small sect at first, but their numbers were growing. Early morning worship began to be a common sight, though it was often practiced in the late afternoon. People prayed to Rhubarb, Broccoli,

Sandpaper and Steam. Mustard, Custard, Egg rolls and Cream.
Just about everything was given heavenly status by someone.
It was all rather confusing until....

SECTION TWO:

THE HISTORY OF HISTORY

First century A.D (after decimalization).

Prehistoric time gradually lost the "p", the "r", and finally the "e". Real time had begun. Gone were the semi-humanoid fleabags, with their ill-fitting clothes and bad table manners. Evolution had taken care of ugly life, with the exception of the the Poodle, which continued to be very loose at the edges.

It was the year One. It was Christmas Eve, though hardly anyone knew it.

The hamlet of Bethlehem lay silent and sleeping. This was all very well, but it did tend to snore so. The local Inne was filled to capacity, the rooms occupied by farm animals avoiding the crowds of people in the stable, who seemed to be waiting for something to happen. Suddenly there was a loud and frantic banging on the door. It was the phantom knocker. The pot-bellied Inne keeper climbed from bed, strapped on his reinforced jock-strap, and made his heavy-footed way downstairs.

"Who's there?" he called, turning the nob, and shivering with pleasure as the resulting spasm of erotic delight made its way to his feet. The Inne keeper gave his nob a further twist, and the door swung open. Of course by as the resulting spasm of erotic delight made its way to his feet. The Inne keeper gave his nob a further twist, and the door swung open. By then the phantom knocker was well away, and the human lard factory, as he was known in the village, slammed shut that hinged frame with a good degree of disgruntled annoyance, consoling himself with further nob manipulations. Just as he reached his bed, which was filled to the brim with the fluid form of his over sized wife, there came another knock knock knocking.

"Son of a bitch," said he, the actual son of an actual bitch, and off he went, back down the stairs. Guess what? No one there again. The Phantom was really doing his stuff. The wobbly man at last settled himself in bed, displacing twelve litres of his spouse as he did so. It was just then that Mary, the well-known part-time virgin, and Joseph, the skilled car painter, arrived, and began themselves to frap on the solid pine door, which was hollow and made of oak.

"Not this fucking time," said the weighted owner, and promptly fell asleep. And so it was that he missed his great chance to participate in The Bible. Meanwhile, Joseph continued his hand-bashing. This annoyed all the occupants of the Inne, who were, if you remember, farm animals, until finally a donkey named Fred could take it no longer, got himself out of bed, and went to answer—and possibly even question—the door.

"Are you the Inne keeper?" queried the dim-witted Joseph.

"Yes," lied the donkey.

The humble donkey, forever to be remembered as the one who turned away Mary, the mother of God, and Joseph, the not quite father of the incestuous illegitimate Son of Himself. Himself being Jesus, not Joseph. Got it?

"Do you have a room?" Mary begged, as the story goes.

"Yes," said the donkey, Fred.

"Can we have it? I'm going to have a baby," she said.

"No," answered the Donkey.

"Why not?"

"It's mine. I'm sleeping there."

"But you look like a donkey to me," Joseph determined.

"Can't you sleep in the stable?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's full of smelly people." Fred said kindly.

"Do you think there's space for us?" Mary dared hope against hope.

"Are you smelly?"

"Yes."

"How smelly?" The donkey was quite particular.

"Very smelly. We haven't washed since last year, and I just broke water. It's all running down my leg."

"Very well, follow me." The donkey led Mary and Joseph to the stable, and on the way they noticed a bright star directly above.

"What's that?" one of them asked.

"Oh that?" the donkey said looking up. "There's a fireworks display going on in the next village. That's one of those new long lasting kind they're trying out."

"Oh," said Joseph.

And so the smelly two settled down. Mary smoked a cigarette, and then proceeded to give birth. Just then some people began to arrive. Amongst them: three wise men who just happened to be kings, or three kings masquerading as wise men; two dubious shepherds, tired of the joys of bestiality, and seeking other thrills; a drummer boy, providing the other thrills.

"Who are you?" Joseph demanded.

"Three wise men bearing gifts."

"Listen matey, the only one doing any bearing around here is my wife. Be off with you all."

"But we bring good tidings."

"I don't care how good your tidings are. You could have the biggest and best tidings in Israel for all I care. Out with you."

"But we bring Frankincense and mirth."

"Well give Frank his money back, and keep your jokes to yourself."

"My good fellow," said the wisest of the wise men, revealing his English Public School education. "My good fellow, you seem not to comprehend the importance of this birth. Do you not realise that the son of our Lord is to be

born?"

"The son of who?" Joseph turned to the heaving and frothing form of his lady wife. "Mary, have you been fooling around behind my back? This fellow here says the baby is not mine."

"Tis true, dear husband," she replied between contractions.

"Then who? Who dared to remove your clothes, slowly, unlacing your blouse and pulling up your skirts? Who had the audacity to juggle with your highly jugglable breasts, and tweak those greatly tweekable nipples? Which fellow had the gall to place his head between those young firm thighs and nibble your overly-ripe tomato? Tell me the name of he who presumes to masticate that which only I should masticate, and lubricate those places only I should actually know of, let alone be able to squeeze into. Tell me, which scoundrel is responsible?" To which Mary replied:

"God."

"Oh, that's alright then," said he. By this time the shepherds were feeling totally flustered, and began to fondle one another's staffs, which were long and stiff. "But why Mary?" Joseph pleaded.

"And HOW?" the shepherds wanted to know.

"Well, you see, one evening I was sitting at home watching "Coronation Street", when there was a knock at the door thing. You were out at the pub, dear husband, drinking fermented cow snot with your farmer friends, and so I was a little afraid to answer it. The Phantom door knocker was said to be in the neighbourhood, you see. Anyway, the knock knock knocking persisted, and I at last decided to respond. Walking to the door-type structure I began to tap away in kind, answering each knock with an identical one of my own. It turned out to be rather good fun, but my curiosity finally got the better of me. I took hold of the nob, which I must confess gave me quite a thrill, and pulled open the door. My eyes fell upon the form of a tall and mysterious man, who wore the darkness like a robe—which was a good job, for he

was otherwise naked.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am the Lord God," he told me, with a Scottish accent.

"A Scottish accent?" wondered the incredulous Joseph.

"Yes. Anyway, I said, "Then please, I bid thee enter." God settled himself down in the easy chair.."

"My easy chair?" Joseph asked, feeling a surge of anger begin to welt up inside.

"Yes, my dear."

"The nerve. That's the bloody limit that is. Okay, so he screwed around with you, I can accept that. But letting him sit in my easy chair! That's more than a man can take. He has gone beyond the limits of hospitality. You'll be telling me next that He wore my slippers!" Joseph shuddered involuntarily at the thought.

"Anyway," Mary continued. "He put on your slippers and began to tell me that I was the chosen one. I would give birth to his Son, the Saviour. And even if we had to screw every day for a month of Sundays, then so be it. As you can imagine," she said, between contractions, "I was quite agog. And so we began to fornicate, and he was really very good at it. God knows the strangest of positions, and can do quite incredible things with a banana and a bowl of rice pudding. Every evening he would come—sometimes more than once."

"And all the time I was in the pub thinking you were practicing your juggling."

"But I was, dear. God made me juggle all over the place. Time passed, and then one day I realised I was pregnant. The Son of our Lord God was growing inside me. The strange thing is, even when he knew I was with child, he still came round every evening, and we'd do wild things on the kitchen table. I never knew God was like that."

"I never knew he had a Scottish accent," Joseph said.

All in all a splendid time was had by every-one present.

Mary, enjoying all the attention she was receiving, drew

out the giving birth bit as long as she possibly could, and it was a full twelve days before Jesus' head popped out, and another three before the rest of him was ejected. All of a sudden the first miracle occurred, for K.

Jesus spoke. Turning to his mother he said:

"Why did it take so much God damn time?" To which she replied:

"Because the clock's broken."

It was that kind of birth.

Jesus had arrived, thereby providing a handy swear word for people of future generations. It was a wonderful moment for everyone. Meanwhile, hidden in the corner, a kilted gentleman smiled a self satisfied and slightly mischievous smile to himself.

THE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE...OH NO, HE'S ALIVE AGAIN

"I have sinned," declared Judas, the columniator. "I have condemned an innocent man to death. And now I must do that which I must do."

"And what is that?" The priests and Jewish leaders asked.

"Go to the toilet. I'm dying for a piss." Toilets had yet to be invented, and so Judas met with some degree of difficulty.

Much later, feeling great remorse, Judas hung himself from a six foot tree. This however did not have the desired results, for Judas was seven feet tall. Being dim witted, the fellow tried again from the same tree and succeeded only of making a fool of himself, for a crowd had gathered to watch. Reluctant to continue the show further, he decided instead to pretend he was dead, and actually spent the rest of his life that way.

Meanwhile, somewhere else, yet another crowd began to congregate—and this one was full of people. The day was warm, and those gathered perspired to a ridiculous and unpleasant degree. That nauseous stench of humanity was made considerably worse by the presence of the governor, who stood before them in an upright position. Two men in bondage were brought out by twelve sexually obsessed guards, who were also in bondage, and set before the governor.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I bid ye welcome," he called out in a baritone voice that was not his.

"Good for you!" cried the crowd. And, "Stick it up your arse, you big fat hairy mongrel!"

"We have here," and he pointed at the two prisoners with something specifically designed for that purpose, "two men. One bad, and the other bad. Firstly the criminal Barabbas." The crowd roared with pleasure as Barabbas took a bow. "And beside him," a hush fell over the multitudes like a blanket of fresh snow. "Beside him, Jesus, King of the Jews."

Everyone began to boo and hiss and throw over ripe fruit. Some of it was still good, and the governor began to munch away. "Which of these two shall I release?" he asked, following the prophesy word for word, even if it made no sense to him in the slightest. The crowd shouted back their reply, "Barrabbbas," they called, most of them being illiterate.

"Then what shall I do with Jesus—your messiah?" he added with sarcasm.

"Crucify him," cried the crowd. Or, "Stick him up your arse, you big fat hairy mongrel."

"Why?" The governor, who was called Pilate because he once ate a pile, asked.

"Because we've got nothing better to do." It was a slow time in Israel. Between the cricket and football seasons, most people were at a loss for things to do on a Saturday afternoon.

"But what has he done?" Pilate didn't want to know, and neither did the crowd for they began to chant, "Crucify! Crucify!" It was all rather dramatic. The governor saw a riot was about to start. "On your marks, get set," he said, but then changed his mind. "Bring me a bowl of water," he said, and it was done. He washed his hands in the water saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this man. The responsibility is yours." This made him feel better, and he had clean hands to boot. Barabbas was released, and Jesus taken by the guards to be crucified. On the way to Calvary, where the dastardly deed was to take place, a slight detour was proposed, which led them to the armoury, where Jesus was raped, sodomized, buggered and manicured—all at the same time. When it was all over, a crown of roses was placed on the head of Christ: the authorities believed adamantly that a condemned man should at least smell good.

With that done the procession continued on its way. Jesus knew exactly what was to happen to him—or at least had a damn

good idea, and he was resigned to the fact. The Roman guards, however, would not accept his resignation. On they went towards the place of his execution.

At length (4'3") they arrived at a small bump, which passed as a hill in poverty stricken Israel. Three wooden crosses stood erect, casting their shadows of doom upon the guards.

"We have a surprise for you," began one of the guards, turning to look Jesus firmly in the kneecap. "Before we kill you, we shall have a party in your honour."

"But what's the surprise?" Jesus questioned.

"You're not invited!" And every one laughed.

The party got going, and unfortunately nobody could catch it and bring it back, which did in effect put a dampener on the general merriment. Most of the crowd had arrived at the hill by then, and the chanting recommenced.

"Crucify! Crucify! Crucify!" They did it pretty well too, and filled in an empty space which would have looked like this:

But didn't.

"Do you have a last request?" The governor asked. And here, for your reading pleasure, I offer a variety of answers which Jesus could have, and possibly did say.

- 1) "Yes, let me live."
- 2) "I want to see my lawyer."
- 3) "Thou art a fool amongst men."
- 4) "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And:
- 5) "Stick it up your arse you big fat hairy mongrel."

Standing, in a sitting position, the governor called, "The moment has come. We must crucify Jesus this very minute. Bring him forward, and the two thieves who shall die on either side of him."

"Thieves? What thieves?" The head guard was puzzled.

"The thieves. Look, there are three crosses. We're supposed to have a couple of thieves to keep him company."

"We have none," the guard replied.

"How about adulterers?" and turning to the crowd he called, "Are there any adulterers amongst you?" The sea of heads grew silent. "Oh dear, well do any of you have unpaid parking tickets at home?" Once more not a murmur was made. "Litterbugs. Which of you ever threw toffee paper in the street?" And at this two children raised their hands. "Guards! bring those criminals forward," the governor bellowed, and began to immediately wash his hands once again. The children were brought and set beside Jesus.

"Nail them all to the crosses." The governor commanded, and a good deal of dilly-dallying began. Several moments passed, until the top guard made towards the governor in a reluctant and self-effacing manner.

"What's the problem now?"

"We've forgotten the hammer."

"Then we shall chop off your head and use it." And it was done.

For the benefit of those readers with a delicate

disposition the execution scene will not be depicted in unnecessary detail. Suffice to say that the nails used were rusty and slightly bent, as was the guard's head being used to knock them in. It was a hard job, but a labour of love, and after much shouting and swearing it was done. Pinned to the cross and suffering more than your average degree of pain, Jesus cried, "An aspirin! An aspirin! My kingdom for an aspirin!" He did, of course, mean the kingdom of heaven, but nobody wanted it.

Three days after the excruciating death of our saviour, he was resurrected. His reincarnation came in the form of a chicken, and as he spoke with the disciples he began to unwittingly lay chocolate eggs. And so the Easter tradition had begun.

THE MONK

Sometime after creation.

In the Northern province of Ragottini, basking in the harsh Italian sunlight, stands the Abbey of St Hubert. Isolated by isolation, the monks go about their work with an obsessive passion, and frequent coffee breaks. The mountain landscape, cultivated by generations of bumpy peasants, is likewise bumpy, and tends to be all up hill—at least half the time.

Within the secretive walls of St Hubert, things, frequently, go bump in the night. Most of the strangely-clad monks are practicing homosexuals, and some are very good at it. Beneath their black semen soiled robes they wear naughty little panties and fishnet stockings. Other than that they are naked. St Hubert in a den of iniquity. One day, as does happen, a monk named Fredrico Banatelli Panatello Dos Vernachelli, or Harry to his friends, was walking down a wooded path, which led to another wooded path.

"Such a splendid path of woodiness," thought Harry to himself, and several other people. The route meandered its way down the mountain side towards the river which was, at that time, positively rivering. Harry saw that it was good. From Abbey to river was a twenty minute walk, by bus, and so Harry was quite happy to arrive.

Now at this time, God had only just been invented, and as a consequence the monks were none too sure of what, exactly, they were supposed to do. Homosexual obsessions were fun, but it seemed to Harry that something was lacking. That elusive do-dar that would separate man from the green sludge growing in a stagnant swamp somewhere in Brazil. Harry rolled himself a cigarette of cow dung, and prayed tobacco would soon be discovered. Sitting beside the watery thing, he tried to picture God smoking animal droppings, but without success. He was a singularly unimaginative monk, suffering from a lack of

brains and an abundance of in-growing toe nails. Harry, by the way, was blissfully unaware that, quite soon, he would turn the fate of all mankind upon its head, and two thousand years of killing and bigotry would follow.

It came to pass, one fine day, that by sheer serendipity Harry managed to invent the Xerox machine. Unfortunately electricity was still another 1700 years away, and so he was forced to create the very first Ever Ready battery as well. This came as quite a shock to his fellow monks, who thought it a new type of macaroni, and promptly tried to eat it. Harry, as a result of his good luck, along with gratuitous offerings of sexual favours to the King Monk, was sent off to Jerusalem, where, it was said, things sometimes happened. We join the story now in mid-sentence, somewhere in Jerusalem.

"...to get to the other side," said Harry, and every one almost laughed.

"Now to matters of a more serious nature," began one of the four men wearing a false red nose. "Since the death of our Saviour."

"Halleluiah," chanted one and all.

"..an endeavour of unequalled topness has been begun. At this very moment, seventeen and a half monks are busy at work, writing out the words—and guttural noises—of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Halleluiah!" chanted one and all.

"It is thus that his message of international communism, sexual promiscuity and fun! fun! fun! shall travel through out the lands." The monk speaking took a pause for breath. In it went. Out it came.

"Before I go on, perhaps someone would care to have wild unbridled sex with me?" Harry, forever the willing plaything of his superiors, quickly removed his trousers. In it went. Out it came.

When all was done, the monks there gathered lit up cigarettes of donkey droppings, and thought fondly of the day

when tobacco would be invented.

"As I was saying, today is a historic day. With the able assistance of Monk Harry, the imaginings of our lord.."

"Halleluiah!" said one and all.

". . . will spread like fire to the five corners of the world. His jokes will be the world's jokes. His little stories will be the world's little stories. His verbal virtuosity will be shared, and wondered at, by every man woman and hairy thing. Gentlemen," the chief monk looked at each of his comrades in turn. "I give you a toast: to fun."

"Fun," they cheered, and swigged at their Bacardi, which, unbeknownst to all present, had been secretly laced with Pepsi Cola. Religion, in those by-gone days, was something to laugh about. Jesus had been one of the funniest guys around, and his stories of fish and bread feeding thousands had everyone in stitches. Humble shepherds would spend a week's salary to see one of His shows. Jesus, in the process, made a pretty penny, but that is beside the point. It was a fun time to be alive, plagues and famine notwithstanding.

"And now," continued the monk, "we turn our attention to the new man amongst us. Monk Harry. Let's have a hand for Monk Harry." Every one began to clap like there was no tomorrow, which was quite appropriate, for you see, all but Harry would be killed by a run-away camel later that evening. "Give us a few words, good fellow." Harry complied. He gave them six words in all. They were:

"Cat."

"Handsome."

"Squander."

"Fornicate."

"Stoop," and,

"Gigglegagglegoo." Harry, as you see, was more than generous with his vocabulary.

"Harry," went on the monkish monk, "with unquestionable assistance from our lord.."

"Sockittoya!" cried one and all.

"has invented the . . . the . . . what was it now?"

"Xerox machine," Harry proclaimed.

"The self same. With this . . . this . . . what was it?"

"Xerox machine."

"Absolutely. With this...this thingy-majig, we shall mass produce the book of our Lord.."

"Didyadoya!" cried one and all.

". . . a thousand fold. Nay, a million fold. No, no, I give you a trillion fold!" And they all drank to that. And with it they would all make a penny or too, but that was beside the point.

"Now, the question is: what shall we call the book?"

"How about "The book?"" suggested one of those there gathered.

"No, no. It doesn't have enough pazazz! We need something to catch the eye."

"Perhaps "Libel,"" Harry suggested. "After all, it will be full of lies."

"Perfect!" they all exclaimed. "Bloody perfect!" And so, "Libel" it was. Due to a printing error this later became "Bible."

And so the first step had been made, and no one knew with what terrible results mankind would later tumble.

The work began. The dedicated monks finally completed the handwritten chapters of "The Libel," where after Harry began supervising the typing out of each and every word. The typewriter, incidentally, had recently been invented by a red Indian Englishman answering to the name of Chief Little Horse Jerimia Smith. It was a long and laborious task, and so long laborious monks were used, uniquely. Some of Jesus' jokes were found unsuitable, and by the third draft only the most subtle remained. "The Libel," in its final form, had become somewhat pretentious, but it was all still pretty damn funny, as long as it wasn't taken too seriously. There was a danger

though of people taking Jesus literally, thinking perhaps he meant all that he said. Some thing had to be done about it. A joke was a joke, unless it was believed. Harry met with the top monk to discuss this very thing.

"It seems to me some people, upon reading "The Libel," might actually wind up thinking there is a God."

"God forbid," commented he in control.

"My sentiments exactly. Clearly only the most foolish could mistake it for the truth, but I do feel some step should be taken to prevent even that."

"Absolutely," said the other.

"I have an idea," Harry said, and he told the one that he was not, all about it.

The task was done. The typing pool had been busy splashing about, and the entire book was complete. Harry made haste to his chief typist, a charming fellow who favoured French lingerie and green sequined dresses with splits up the side, front, and back. Said person was just in the middle of writing the title page when Harry came blundering in, and it was at that moment that his finger slipped and the letter "B" was punched instead of the "L". The next thing his fingers knew was that one of them pressed the "l" before the "e", which was the same as pressing the "e" after the "l". Understand? In those days all letters looked pretty much alike, and so the error was forever overlooked. Meanwhile, Harry was busy uttering utterances, pointing at things with his finger and stroking the top typist somewhere below the waist.

"Could you please leave my ankles alone, please," the writing person complained. Harry, civilised sex maniac that he was, did not take offence. He did though walk off with a gate and three unplanted Tulip bulbs.

"Now then," Harry began, "I have something to show you."

"Not now! not now! I have too much work to do," spluttered the type cast person.

"No, you Mr understand," contradicted the overly sexist Harry. "That to which I refer is in fact work."

"Oh."

"Look at this," and Harry, who was now temporarily reduced to a person lacking in the important capital letter "H", took out a sheet of paper from his snakeskin brief-case and handed it to his snake skinned chum.

"This must be typed up immediately. I want to begin making the Xerox copies of "The Libel" as soon as possible, but we need to include this first." The typist looked over the paper.

"I'll do it now, it should only take a moment," was said, and he began to clack away on the wooden typewriter:

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During all this, Harry smoked a cigarette of camel droppings, dreaming of the day when tobacco would be imported from strange far off places. That done, he made off to the photocopying room where he began to photocopy—all over the place. Now this is where the big bit comes in: within said place a rather cute assistant made final preparations. He was a handsome fellow wearing a see-through blouse and turtleneck trousers, and this had obvious frothy results on Harry. He

began to give the young chap the eye, followed by the knee and the kidney bone, but all to no avail. Poor old Harry became very flustered, and as the photocopying began the new page was completely forgotten. It was omitted with a completeness bordering on the absolute. On went the day, and the mistake remained noticeably unnoticed.

And so it came to pass that 50,000 copies were made, and sent off to the heathens of England, who promptly began burning them in place of firewood. For the first time the holy light was beheld on that fair isle, and more than a few ankle pieces were warmed by its glow. A further 10, 000 were issued to the Israeli population, 3,000 to the Italians, and 27 to the Arabs.

Meanwhile, back in Jerusalem, Harry at last noticed the first page was missing. In fear of an ignominious and scandalous end, he decided the page should be permanently excluded, there by preserving an air of correctness. And so, on went the production of "The Bible", in its original form, minus page one.

As time passed, time passed. People came and went, in that order, and the world began to Foggle to a degree previously unseen. "The Bible" was read, and countless millions believed what they read, and read what they believed, and then they knew that, for the love of God, they must kill funny-looking people from other places, who were not altogether in agreement with the Jesus stories, and often found them quite funny.

And so it went on, and on it goes, and really it shall never end.

There is in fact a postscript to this tale. One day, some years after another day, Harry sat down to his first cigarette made from 100% pure tobacco, imported from the Pigeon Islands exclusively for the homosexual monks. Silently he puffed, one eyebrow raised in a frown of questionable reticence. A look of profound dissatisfaction came over his

face. Soon, only the filter remained—and he proceeded to smoke that too!

Harry was later seen following a herd of camels, clutching a shovel, in hopeful and eager expectation.

SECTION THREE:

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN UMPIRE

The Roman Umpire was the man whose job it was to see that fair play was maintained between two apposing armies. His rise in importance followed closely that of the Roman Community, which spread all over the world like a herd of locusts.

During the early years Roman soldiers were not quite sure with whom they were supposed to fight, and so, in order to feel they were at least doing something, they set about killing one another. They were really a very strange lot:

1st Roman Soldier: What's wrong with you, Jack?

2nd Roman Soldier: I don't know. I've got a headache, my nose is blocked, and I keep sneezing. I think I could have a cold.

1st Roman Soldier: Well if you ask me it sounds like a broken leg.

2nd Roman soldier: Really? How does a broken leg sound?

1st Roman Soldier: Like this, (and he promptly snapped Jack's left shin).

As you can see, they were a violent bunch. In fact the only time they were not violent was when they were dead, which turned out to be quite often.

The armies of the Empire were a well disciplined if slightly unorthodox group. One reason for their success was the policy of invading by night, when the enemy slept. For lengthy invasion a few select soldiers would sneak into the prospective country, under the cover of darkness, and reset all the alarm clocks, thereby giving the Romans several extra hours to complete their manoeuvres. This was known as the "Tick Tock, Dickery Dock" plan.

A Mr. Hocus Pocus, named after his father, Strikus Nottus, was the very last of the Roman Umpires, and the apex

of his career came with the invasion of England. It was the ultimate test of his abilities to maintain law, order, and good sportsmanship on the battlefield. Keeping the fighting clean proved almost impossible though, since the terrain in England was extremely muddy at that time.

The savage-like barbarians of England refused all requests to be conquered quietly. During one week Hocus suffered four nervous break-downs, and repair jobs were very very expensive.

"Shall we ever overcome these damnable islanders?" He asked himself one day, and the peculiar thing is, he got a reply.

"No, never," it said.

The encampment was just outside the hamlet of Dover, and apart from the Sealink ferries crossing back and forth over the channel, all was quite. It was a dark overcast day, even the white cliffs were grey. The sky threatened rain, and soon it began to spit down from the clouds. The noise of it beating upon Hocus' tent was like that of a dozen snare drums playing out of time. Then, suddenly, the General Markus Correctus came through the entrance playing a dozen snare drums out of time.

"This damn country. Will the rain never stop?"

"I think not," Hocus replied. "I was to umpire an extremely important battle this very afternoon, but I fear rain will stop play."

"We should abandon the whole campaign, if you ask me."

"I'm not."

"Oh."

"Tell me, Markus: Were you drowned at birth or do you just look like that?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes sir."

"Excellent. Now be a good fellow and commit suicide."

"But I don't know how."

"Then I'll show you," and taking a sword he stabbed Markus through the lung." With his last breath Markus said, "But that wasn't suicide—that was murder."

"Oh, so it was," the Umpire murmured. "I do feel such a fool." Meanwhile, Markus Correctus was dead.

The pressure became too much for Hocus, and he began to think he was a well bred Alsatian dog. Many of the troops agreed, and complimented him on the glossiness of his coat. The decline of the Roman Umpire had begun. Many a day he could be seen playing with the soldiers: they would throw sticks and he would retrieve them. They began to teach him tricks: "Sit," they would say, and he would promptly chase his tail. "Chase your tail," they would say, and he would sit. Most of the men considered the training a mild success.

Meanwhile:

Meanwhile, back in Rome, the decline there had also begun: Knock knock.

"There's someone at the door, darling."

"Yes I'll go see, darling," and he went.

"Who are you?" A strange man with pipes was what he found.

"I'm the plumber. Who are you?"

"I'm Odoacer the Last, son of one of Attiler's ministers—though which one I am unsure—and Emperor of Rome."

"Howdy-doody."

"Howdy-doody. Come on in." In they went. "This is my wife, Cleopatra."

"Howdy-doody."

"Howdy-doody." At that moment another member of the female persuasion entered.

"And this is my mistress, Milidia."

"Howdy-doody."

"Howdy-doody." At that moment another person of the fairer sex entered.

"And this is my mistress' mistress, Easy-Lil."

"Howdy-doody."

"Howdy-doody."

"Now what does a plumber want in the home of the Emperor of Rome?"

"I've come to plumb."

"Then go ahead."

"I'm shy. Can you all turn away?"

"No."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it." The plumber began to do his stuff, tut-tutting as he worked.

"I don't know, the plumbing in this town is going from bad to worse. Every day I'm called out, and every day I see the same old problem."

"What is it?" The Emperor asked.

"The system is being completely over loaded. It can't take the strain. There is just too much shit in this town."

"My sentiments exactly."

"Emperor, things are more serious than you think. Why, between you and me, I believe disaster is just around the corner. The breakdown of the sewage system could cause the ultimate downfall of our great empire."

Those fateful words echoed through the halls of the Emperor's palace, and within one week the plumber's prophecy was realised. As excrement began to pour into the streets, like a wave of destructive larva, the emperor knew the end was imminent.

"I think it's time to abdicate," he was heard to say.

It has previously been believed that the Roman Empire came to an end in 476, but as this small detail would ruin the format of this book, we have decided to accord with the theory professed by the cleaning lady of the world-renowned Historian Inma Opinion, which states simply: The Roman Empire ended a long time ago.

Meanwhile, back in England, the Roman Umpire began biting everyone that came near him. He was an Alsatian gone to the

dogs. With regret the commanding officer had no choice but to order that he be put down.

SECTION FOUR:

WISDOM FROM THE THIRD CENTURY A.D (After Demoralization)

Socrates, the well-known dead Greek philosopher, imparted a great many words of wisdom during his short life time. He actually lived to the age of one hundred and two, but was only four feet tall. Scattering his thoughts like seeds in a field, he barely noticed the infertility of the soil, until, one day, he was run over by an oxen pulling a plough. Further, it is not widely known that the great great great great great great great grandson of his second cousin, Sockit-to-ya-knees, born in 264, was also a profound thinker. His wife was called Miniopidopimus, but Sockit-to-ya-knees had trouble saying it, and even less success remembering it, and so simply referred to her as, "the old bag." This was really very appropriate, for she looked like an over-stuffed suitcase.

"Can't you try to take care of your appearance," he complained one day. "Brush your hair or something."

"Don't be silly," she said, and not with out reason: Miniopidopimus was bald.

The two lived together in married headlock for most of their adult lives. They had seven children, but only spoke to three of them, and so things were not too bad.

Sockit-to-ya-knees was employed, during several short months, as a pyromaniac, but was finally fired from that.

He devoted much of his time to thinking about thinking, and thought it a waste of time.

All that remains of his genius inspirations are a few baddly spelled proverbs and personal ponderings, written on the backs of Cornflake packets. They do though offer a good insight into the mental state of the third century:

Do unto others-
and run for it.

If God is love,
and love is God:
What is contraception?
Too many cooks-
have dirty fingernails.
Don't count your chickens,
just send them to school and they'll learn to count
themselves.
Two heads are better than one-
at least for kinky sex.
Love is like a compost heap-
no matter what you put into it,
it always turns bad.
Look both ways before you cross,
and put a finger up your bum before you jump.
Since the human body is 98% water,
great caution should be employed when going to the toilet,
or you may just piss yourself away.
Life is not really worth living,
I only do it because it's slightly preferable
to being dead.

SECTION FIVE:

WHAT KING ARTHUR DID TO THE FIFTH CENTURY—AND WHY

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Actually it was square, but none of them had the courage to tell him, and he was too dumb to ask.

Is a word a word if it is unspoken?

Is a sound a sound if it goes unheard?

Is a sin a sin if it's juicy and done with the wife of your best friend? These are all questions King Arthur never asked himself, and so will remain unresolved for perhaps the rest of this week.

King Arthur was not generally considered the best man for the job, but he had a bigger stick than everyone else, and so they left him to it. He would spend most of his time pottering around.

One day, Arthur decided to leave his castle and go into town, never having realised that the castle was in town. Outside was humid, and in the garden of the semi detached castle next door, a fish party was taking place. It sounded like every one was having fun, and King Arthur could not understand why he had not been invited.

As he made his way over the drawbridge, which was very clever of him since it was in the upright position at the time, he heard the sound of the fish flopping about on the grass to his left. Right, just to his left.

The King was still wearing his pyjamas, and he drew curious glances—in a sketch pad—as he walked down the street.

It was a long walk, mainly because he took very short steps, and two years passed before he arrived in the old streets of central Camelot—and by then they were very very old. He went into a shoppe—and bought it. He was that rich. All the excitement of buying was too much for poor old King Arthur, who promptly sat himself down beside a wooden tree

and fell asleep.

It was a new page before he woke up, and when he did the first thing Arthur noticed was that his eyes were open. He was feeling somewhat peckish, in fact he was positively starving, and made off to a near-by tavern, where he was served a hot wench and a cold meat pie. The place was filled with nights, and so it was pretty dark in there, but the King didn't mind. To tell the truth he never noticed. An incredibly fat foreigner occupied three of the tables close to the King.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked in perfect broken English.

"No," Arthur replied in shattered French, where upon the chap took out a box of matches and set fire to his head. He certainly did smoke, King Arthur remarked.

"He does that every day," the waiter offered, when all that remained was a pile of ashes.

"Well, some people certainly are strange," said the King. At which point he climbed onto the table and began to perform a rhythmically complex belly dance.

King Arthur returned to the streets of Camelot, which were filled with one's and two's of people, finally arriving at his favourite park. Actually, it was not a real park. Indeed it was not even his favourite. He noticed a bird in a near-by tree, picking its nose. "That's strange," he thought. "I've never seen a tree pick its nose before." Sitting down he felt his eyes being pulled towards a young female, who caught his attention. He threw a ball and she caught that too.

"Achooo," he sneezed.

"Achooo," she sneezed. She had caught his cold as well. She was breathtakingly beautiful, either that or she was wearing a mask.

"Are you wearing a mask?" Arthur asked her.

"Yes," she confessed.

"Then as King of the Castle, I command thee to remove it." The woman removed it, and what he saw left him gasping in

disbelief.

"Are you wearing another mask?"

"Yes, but I'll only take this one off if you remove yours as well."

"Mine?" shock horror.

"Yes."

"But I never remove mine in public. Seldom even in private." The girls charm though, and the sword she held at his throat, brought about a change of mind. The two removed their masks, and sat staring at each other, feeling completely naked.

"Where are you from, wench?"

"Nottingham," she lied.

"Really?"

"No, not really," she truthed.

"Oh."

"Where are you from, Kingy."

"I'm not from Nottingham too."

"Nice."

"Nice."

"What are you doing in this pretend park?"

"I'm pretending to have a good time."

"Oh. Are you here alone?"

"No, I'm with you."

"Mmmm, that's true. But if I go away?"

"Then I'll be alone."

"I'd better hang around then." Who was saying what, by then, I have no idea, but what followed was a nervous silence, which was said by nobody. "What can I say to this beautiful damsel?" the King wondered. His mind began to race—and it won too!

"Do you work?" Arthur broke the ice, which was beginning to melt anyway.

"No. Do you?"

"No. I'm the King, remember?"

"Oh yes yes" she said without punctuation.

"Do you dance?"

"Yes."

"Me too, though not of my own free will. Do you eat cheese?"

"Yes."

"Me too. We seem to have a lot in common. But tell me, do you dissect living animals with blunt knives and then eat their innards?"

"No."

"Me neither," the king lied quickly. The wench opened up a basket at her side and offered Arthur some food, which he accepted kindly and stuffed into his mouth like a pig.

"Don't be such a pig," she scolded.

"I'm not a pig," he snorted, and began to wallow in the mud.

There followed another brief spot of silence, mainly because no one spoke. "Can I tell you a secret?" Arthur finally began.

"Yes."

"You promise not to tell?"

"Yes."

"You promise not to listen?"

"Yes."

"Very well. The fact is I was married to three different women."

"So? That's nothing."

"On the same day!" he pointed out.

"Don't you know it's rude to point?"

"No."

"Well it is," she said firmly. "Anyway, why do you tell me this?"

"Because I wish to ask your hand in marriage."

"What about the rest of me?"

"Oh, I'll take that too."

"In that case I accept."

"When shall it be, dear?"

"Shall we say tomorrow?"

"Good idea."

"Tomorrow," they both said. King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were married that very afternoon, which was very clever of them, for it was already evening.

Several years later it was discovered that the King had actually married a well-warted toad, and it was all part of Merlin's plot to take over the Kingdom. Such was life in the fifth century.

King Arthur, who once said to Queen Guinevere, "I could easily fall in love with you—but then I could fall in love with a shoe," spent most of his life hanging around on street corners, and lounging in parks. Of course, he always wore his crown, or at least had a servant wear it for him, and that made all the difference. During his lifetime, however, he did enact several important laws, which changed the face of England significantly:-

King Arthur proclaimed, during the summer of 455, that there should be at least one hole in the ground for every twelve citizens of that fair Isle. Digging got underway almost at once, and some of the holes excavated, (especially in the North, where people really know how to work) were quite big. It is for this reason that England is such a hilly place these days.

The great Bubble Shortage of 476 took the entire nation by surprise. Black market prices for bubbles reach existentialistic heights of absurdity, and riots broke out up and down the nation. King Arthur, despite himself, saved the day by decreeing that only authorised persons be permitted to blow bubbles, and then only if cement had first been added to the solution, that bubbles become more permanent.

King Arthur declared, on the 12th of September, 449, that Taxes were a scourge on all mankind, but that he'd collect them anyway.

The ultimate achievement came just after Arthur's third twenty-ninth birthday, when he announced that all Englishmen and dogs were officially superior to the rest of the world, and that everyone should act accordingly. This they did, and indeed are still doing.

WHAT KING ARTHUR DIDN'T DO TO THE FIFTH CENTURY—AND WHY

Here is a list of some of the things King Arthur didn't do to the fifth century A.D (after decomposition).

- 1) Flush it down the toilet.
- 2) Declare it a draw, and send everyone home.
- 3) Participate in the conception of his second child.
- 4) Anything constructive.
- 6) Anything destructive.
- 7) Anything instructive.
- 8) Anything.

SECTION SIX:

THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Christoph Columbo knew from a very early age that one day he would become a great sea faring explorer. It all began with him playing with his rubber dingy in the bath, you see.

Christoph was no fool, or so he told himself, and deduced, one day, that the world was round, like a ball.

On the 16th of May, 1234, he set out aboard the H.M.S Foolhardy with a crew of thirteen.

"The world is round!!!!" he cried as they reached the horizon—and promptly fell of the edge.

All lives were lost, and to this day have never been found.

SECTION SEVEN:

THE MONUMENTAL EVENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver burned to the ground. Mr. Weaver, who was taking a bath at the time, was poached to death; his wife, asleep in bed, was grilled splendidly; the couples twelve children, whilst trying to escape the blazing inferno, tripped one and all down the steps and broke their necks.

Rex, the family dog, escaped with only a mild headache due to slight smoke inhalation.

SECTION EIGHT:

THE GREAT UNEVENT OF THE 1865s

Mr. Harrold Flange, of 56 Skidbeck Lane, Ilford, forgot his key when he left for work one bitter winter's morning. All ended well though because, due to yet another oversight: the door was never locked.

SECTION NINE:

THE 20TH CENTURY

In this section we will look closely at the present day day. The 20th century is suitable for mature readers only, and we accept no responsibility for any thing whatsoever. The following pages contain the intimate accounts of several intimate accountants who describe, in their own words and finger paintings, all kinds of naughtyness activities. These people, who were selected at random by a broken computer, were asked, with words of no fixed spelling, to write short essays describing everyday living activities practiced in their everyday living. By this means we shall perhaps learn something of the complexities of life in this technological and overly numbered era.

SUBJECT #1: ALAN RAMSBOTTEM
ACCOUNTANT AND AMATEUR HUMAN BEING.

My life is really very interesting, at least that's what I tell everybody. I do all kinds of stuff. It's fun. Me I like to find a girl and take her home and make her all nude and then take pictures.

Some people might say, "He's a dirty devil," but I never do. I take showers. I just say, "Take off your clothes" and then I get my camera out. I get it out right there in front of the girl. I'm not even shy. It's a big camera too.

There are other things I like to do as well. I like to find a man and make him nude and spank his bare bum with a ping pong bat. It's a good game that there ping pong game.

When it's the weekend, I don't be an accountant no more. I dress up and be a nun who wants to have some fun. I go into town and I say, "Hello sailor," to everyone. Sometimes I get lucky, and my ship comes in.

sometimes be more trouble than it's worth. Like now for instance. Having decided to write this article of short words and long sentences, for the undisclosed sum of \$350, I am left now with the problem of deciding what exactly I should say, and in which language to say it. With such a wealth of past experiences to draw from, of excitement and fun living, of accounting and other related number twistings, it is difficult to single out a single incident of interest in any singular kind of way. And so, rather than discussing my well documented world travels, conversations with Greek gods, affiliation to the Balloon Tester's Union, or even my recent close encounter of the 4th kind—it sees you, but you don't see it! Rather than getting into all that kind of hogwash I thought, instead, let's write about something that did not actually, as it were, happen. Something that happened, and yet did not. Good idea? Glad you agree. Let us then find a day so dull, that nothing occurred, on a regular basis. A major task. Popular fun-loving accountant guy that I am, more often than not folks are calling me up and begging, begging I say, imploring me to spend some time with them, and do their Tax Returns. Nevertheless, it seems Sunday 23rd of November, in the year of our hoard 1986, was such a day of non events. All kinds of things simply were not happening that day. We shall then begin our exploration of all that is dull and tedious, venturing into the uncharted wastes of boredom, seeking out the relative thrills of nose picking.

Sunday the 23rd, I remember it well. It came, if I am not mistaken, sometime after Saturday the 22nd, but how much time I have no idea. It began at 9 a.m. I awoke in my usual uncooperative manner, and forced myself bodily out of bed. I was in no mood to leave the warmth and security of its covers, and managed to put up a good fight. Alas, it was not good enough, and I lost. There I stood, clothed in my nudity, chilled by the chill. I dressed myself quickly with clobber of varying shape and blue colour, and headed into the living

room. A friend had slept over and his embryonic body lay curled up on the couch. It would be such a shame to wake him, I thought, seeing how snug he looked; how peaceful and helpless.

"Hey Fred," I yelled, throwing a bucket of icy water over his prostrate form.

"What the fuck?....." he began, but a custard pie in the mush soon shut him up. And so the morning got under way, over way, and anyway. I brushed my teeth, and all that kind of hogwash.

"I'm gonna make some coffee," I heard Fred say in a horse voice, his mouth half-full of straw. Fred making coffee. Ha! And when I say, "Ha!" I mean "Ha!" I do do do. This could mean one of two things: either he would cause an explosion due to extreme steam build up, or would serve me with some limp-looking sludge in a coffee cup.

Finally I finished looking at my lovely self in the bathroom mirror, and went into the living room. I noticed, on the table, a cup of limp looking sludge, and took a sip.

"What the hell you doin' man?!" Fred cried out.

"Drinking some coffee," I told him.

"That's not coffee you damn fool. That's limp looking sludge! The coffee's in the kitchen!"

And so it was that the day went on its way, coming, at one point, quite close to tomorrow. Fred concluded his work in my music room and bid me farewell. The sale though finally went to a Mrs Ecclescock, of 21 Gasworks Way, Clapham, who bid two cheerio's and a toodle-pip.

Alone then, I myself set to work on some music I was writing. I love music, by the way. Music hates me, but I love it none the less. When I am not doing number counting my fingers are busy on the piano, hitting wrong notes, and missing some of them completely. I am not a good shot on the keyboard. Hilda, my daughter since birth, went upstairs to

beg food from the neighbours. I can't bear children myself. I like them, but I just can't bear them. I leave that kind of thing to my wife, who on this particular day was participating in a Miss Lumberjack competition in Toronto. She actually came in second place. A tree came in first.

The highlight of the day was a trip to the launderette to wash dirty smelly clothes. I shoved my kid into the final rinse cycle, telling her it would save her the bother of taking a shower later. For the first time in my own history of visiting places of wash, I began flirting with someone there. It was, thankfully, a member of the opposite sex, at least opposite to me. English was her second language, and she listened to me fluently. I packed away my clothes and we went home and made mad passionate love. I don't normally fornicate with clothes, but I was feeling somewhat desperate.

The evening arrived. I knew it was evening because a man on the T.V said so.

"Good evening," he had said. I hadn't realised it was good, but took his word for it. They don't employ any old dumby to say stuff on T.V now, do they? With my daughter tucked away in bed, and soundly gagged, I lay back to watch a few hours of cultural vision, the tele kind. Which is to say, a kind of culture, the vision tele.

And so the day was done. Well done, in fact.

Next morning I awoke my child and removed her manacles.

"How'd you sleep?" I asked, a simple enough question.

"With my eyes closed and my mouth wide open," she told me. A lot of hogwash, really.

SUBJECT #3: ALAN RAMSBOTTIM

ACCOUNTANT AND WEEKEND LINGERIE SALESPERSON.

The selling of lingerie is a very serious business, and I never laugh when I'm doing it—or wearing it for that matter.

If one laughs too much, potential clients tend to over look the erotic value of pink panties and tight fitting shoelaces.

Being a fully circumcised accountant has proven most helpful in this weekend labour of love, allowing me to count knicker elastic and other such twangy items with a good deal of accuracy.

A question I am often asked is, unfortunately, one I never answer. One I do respond to though is: "Do you ever get lucky with the women who purchase lingerie?" In all truth, a state I usually avoid like the plague, almost never. Never is of course an exceedingly short time, which means I'm constantly hopping in and out of bed with at least somebody.

Life is really rather gay, don't you think? At least that's what my bum chum always says. The world is like a giant chocolate cake. He says that too, and he usually eats what he says. And let me tell you, when he eats me, I have all kinds of things to say. Man, woman, horse, dog, caterpillar: I don't care one way or the other, though the other is more my way. So long as my sex partner dresses in frilly things, or is himself frilly, I just know I will have a good time. That's really the reason I got into the lingerie business—that and the money, of course.

It has been suggested that all accountants are obsessed with sex, (and I must admit it was an accountant who suggested it), though nothing could be further from the truth, with the small exception of a lie. We just like it that's all. We want sex and we will do anything to get it. We think of it all day long, and when we're not thinking of it, it's because we're doing it. We dream of sex at night, and we talk about sex in the day. But obsessed? Never!

There was a time when I found myself aroused by a variety of inanimate objects: Tubular piping and bulbous furniture for example. This worried me a little, though it worried my lover even more. You see, I was romantically involved with a hide-away ironing board at the time.

All that kind of stuff is over with now though. These days I only screw around with things that are actually breathing, or at least that died recently, but are still moderately warm.

And so there you have it. Three accounts from three accountants, and what a splendid introduction to the 20th century they made. Incidentally, for those of you thinking subject number two was the only one with any semblance of normality, I would add that in recent days he left his wife and child, and now spends much of his time naked, beneath, on top of, or inside fat people.

THE 20TH CENTURY CONTINUED

Since this particular era is complicated in the extreme, being frequently misunderstood by dead people of previous centuries, perhaps the most effective way—or at least cheapest—of communicating some truth of its nature and essence is by the inclusion of the following selection of particularly pertinent newspaper reports which will, collectively, give good indication of whatever it is we are talking about.

Man Mugged

In Leeds, England, a Mr John Smith was mugged as he collected a Social Security check from his post box, by a masked man who pulled down his trousers. The question police are asking is, who's trousers did he pull down? Mr Smith refused to comment.

(United Press Syndication)

THE PHANTOM ERASER

The Phantom Eraser strikes again. Last night, in the quiet village of Dotherinton, inhabitants found themselves under the attack of The Phantom Eraser. This morning it seems as many as twenty-seven words were wiped out during the course of this dastardly crime.

WHEN WILL IT END? The Sun demands. What next?

Hardest hit are fictional characters in novels. Last week the word "belt" was erased from a sentence referring to The Sherlock Holmes. This resulted in the dropping of the poor fellow's trousers. And in a public place too.

THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN DEMAND SOME THING BE DONE! Our Men in Blue should act, and without further delay.

(The Sun)

GOD IS DEAD

Shock waves are still being felt throughout the entire Catholic world since the announcement yesterday, by Vatican officials, that God is dead, and that the Pope, who has known of this for the last three years, is an alcoholic and practicing necropheliac. It is also reported that young and desirable nuns were often invited over to his private quarters and invited to fondle his private quarters. On occasion they were asked to "play dead," which they did with apparent eagerness.

The deadness of God, his lack of being, non-existantness, inert condition, reluctance to exist, absence of animation, and the resultant reduction of elasticity, may not however signal the end of the Catholic Church. A desperate search is now underway for a suitable replacement, and the spectrum of possibilities is indeed wide: Large stone phallic symbols, fields of corn, people over seven feet tall, people under three feet tall, black cats, the number thirteen, broken mirrors, and putting the chicken before the egg are all being considered.

Meanwhile, Pope John Paul, guilt-ridden and unwashed, has decided on suicide as the way out, if in a slightly unorthodox manner: He has offered his body for scientific research, with the condition that it not be used to prove

Darwin was right after all.

Amen.

(London Times)

FLOOD WARNING

Flood warnings have been issued for the bottom 3/4 of the world. Severe rain storms and unusually high tides are

expected to reach 6.2 on the dampness scale in the following countries:

Brazil
Chile
Bolivia
Brazil
Argentina
Brazil
New Zealand
Old Zealand
Thailand
North Korea
South Korea
East Korea
Teaching Korea
Brazil
Hong Kong
Brazil and Brazil.

Brazilian Minister of Wet Stuff, Micheli Pasterelli, advises that drinking water be stored in porous containers, and that bathing costumes be worn beneath clothing at all times, until the emergency is over.

Argentinean Captain of civil defence and death squad supervisor, who wishes to remain anonymous, said, "The situation is well in hand, or my name's not Ricardo Cortadillo." Meanwhile, Pope John Paul the Second said a large ark, under construction in the Vatican workshop, was near completion.

U.N rescue services are standing by for further development, and should the worst come to the worst a special committee will discuss the possibility of discussion regarding the formation of a mediation team to oversee the selection of a 12 member arbitration panel which will select

personnel to select personnel who in turn will decide whether or not such an arrangement was needed in the first place, and if so how delegation of power will be accomplished in order to render emergency operations most efficient and reduce confusion.

(The Guardian)

DYSLEXIA—A COMMON PROBLEM

Dyslexia is a problem many people must face on a daily basis, affecting all aspects of their lives. Its cause, a malfunction of the brain, is still only partly understood, and researchers think they may never arrive at a complete understanding of its nature. Next we give an in depth report on Dyslexia, and why so many people have trouble spelling it. Our first subject will be the dyslexic child, and how the special teacher leads with his acute and dedicated help. Finally we all should ask what the rich parent can do if his child suffers from this disease. Can money cure it? How much will it cost? Is it tax deductible? And should the high schools simply pretend reading is bad for the eyes, thereby avoiding the problem all together.

(Maclean's magazine).

BILL 107

The minister of education announced the passage of Bill 107 this week, which will take effect as of 1, 4, 87. This law affects all Adult Education students in the province, and states:

"GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, (SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, DROP-OUT DROP-IN CENTRES ETC) MAY NOW BE USED, DURING WORKING HOURS, FOR PURPOSES OF WILD UNBRIDLED SEX, UNRESTRAINED DRINKING OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES, AND WILLFULSENSELESS DESTRUCTION OF

OTHERPEOPLE'S PROPERTY."

Administrators foresee no great change.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL (LOUDLY):

QUEBEC 8532 669.

(Gazette, Montreal)

POST OFFICE DANGEROUS GOODS WARNING

Do not post any of the following items/materials:

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RADIOACTIVE

LONG THIN STRING WITHOUT ENDS

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UNPOPULAR NOVELS

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PARTIALLY DIGESTED FOOD STUFFS

DEAD BODIES

LIVE BODIES

ANY BODIES BODIES

MILK PRODUCTS

BY-PRODUCTS

SEMI-NUDE BELLY DANCERS

URANGUTANG DROPPINGS

PROFESSIONAL WHEEL HURLERS

SLIGHTY TWISTED HAIRY THINGS

NOISY NOISES

SILENT SILENCES

STUPENDOUS STIPULATIONS

ERRUPTING VOLCANOES

EXTRA TERRESTRIAL LIFEFORMS

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES

FAMINE

Michael JACKSON LOOK-ALIKES

CONTINENTAL FAULT ZONES

COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

COMMUNIST IMPROPAGANDER
SLIMEY THINGS
SCROTCH SQUEEZERS
FLIM-FLAMS
ZEBRA STRIPES
UNTESTED ROOF RODS
RUSTED SPRINGS
DUCK BILLED PLATYPUS
FLEA RIDDEN HAIRY PUSS
OVERSTRETCHED STAMP COLLECTORS
RENOVATED RHINO
POWDERED KANGAROO PIECES
GREEN SPHERES WITH THOSE TWIDDLY BITS ON EITHER
SIDE
ENAMMELLED OYSTERS
REPUGNANT CHEESE FROM EUROPEAN COUNTRIES
LEVEL HEADED PANEL BEATERS
DISTORTED SPAGHETTI
CUPS
SPOONS
URNS CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF WELL LOVED USED CAR SALESMEN
TABLES LACKING THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF LEGS
PARTIALLY INFLATED BALLOONS
SQUINKLE TEASERS
THE LETTER "H"
NEOLITHIC WHIM-WHAMS
ZOOZLE ENHANCERS
SUSERVIENT ASSASINS
UNREGISTERED KNICK-KNACKS
ORIGAMI FLAPPING BIRDS
BIMPLES
PAPER CLIPS
EMPTY SPACES
TOE NAIL CLIPPERS
DAMP BASEMENTS

HIDIOUS GOGGLES WITH HAIR CURLING ATTATCHMENTS
LONG LISTS

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This newspaper notice has been paid for by members of the R.S.P.C.P (Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Postmen).

BILL 282

Bill 282 was finally passed in the National Assembly yesterday. Considered by many to be overly liberal, it states:

"As of 1,4,87 all laws in the province of Quebec and Indonesia will cease to exist."

Unfortunately this includes Bill 282 itself, and so things will remain as before.

(Le Soleil, Quebec).

Bus Pass Cost To Increase

Minister of Transport, Monsieur Pate de Foie, announced today that government subsidy for the "Laissez -Passer," (Bus Pass) Programme will cease. Monsieur Foie points to a recent study carried out by the University of Paris as evidence that continued funding would be detrimental to the health and well-being of entire nation. The study found that since Bus Passes became generally affordable, walking has virtually ceased in all the wobbly bits of France; i.e. everywhere. Adults now take fewer than seventeen steps per day, and even those are short ones. Lethargy is rampant, idleness the universal norm. This laziness, the study says, has resulted

in a degradation of fitness levels which has, in turn, brought about a decline in the commuter birth rate. People, it seems, just can't be bothered to do it any more. This profound inactivity is also thought to be the cause of numerous related health problems, such as water on the knee, in-growing toe nails, posterial fatigue, reduction of lung and nostril capacity, hardening of the ear lobes, and secondary floppyitus. On occasion the lack of bodily movement now prevalent has resulted in death. (M. Dogeared, of Lille, over taxed himself crossing the street last week. Fearing a heart attack he sat himself down in the middle of the road in order to relax and smoke a cigarette, where upon a sixteen ton truck came along and squashed him to bits).

Without subsidy the monthly rate for a municipal Bus Pass will be in the region of nine hundred sixty seven thousand francs. In addition to that a special Transport Tax will provide additional incentive to walk, bringing the total cost to one thousand three hundred forty-five million francs. Senior citizens, who it was found would most benefit from walking several miles a day, will require a special and additional pass costing five zillion francs per month.

Reaction to this plan has been mostly positive, though the passage of Bill 122 last week is thought to be in some way responsible. Bill 122 provides a maximum penalty of "death or worse" for any public manifestation of disagreement with Government plans, programmes or ponderings. Bus drivers though are showing signs of worry. Pierre Pilcharde, driver with the Paris Transport Department since 1967 told us, "Our pay check is bound to go down, tempers will go up, and eyebrows will probably go round and round. You see, since last December drivers have been working on a new bonus pay plan. I have here a list of the activities which merit these bonus payments: Insulting, spitting at, or in any way annoying passengers; driving by a crowded stop during a major downpour with force nine winds; refusing to allow someone on

because the photo on the ten year old pass doesn't look much like he or she is now; trapping elderly people in the door when they try to get off; any means of making people wish they had never been born.

Since our basic salary is only ninety-two thousand gadillion a year we really need those extra francs. ." Despite this, Pierre says he favours the plan, and he really loves the government.

And so it seems that the sound of walking marching feet will soon reverberate throughout the country. Talk of good health and fitness shall be heard. And, if you listen real carefully, you might just notice the click clack of one legged war veterans walking beside their two legged counterparts—just for the hell of it!

(Rutier).

A RELIC FROM THE STONE AGE

Words from the dark past, by Nancy Newsprint.

Has life really changed since those dark prehistoric days of our beginnings? Perhaps not so much as we think:

Recently Tom Scratchwick, an archaeologist from the University of Scunthorpe, made what has been described as the most important stone age find of all time, or at least since this morning. Working at the Clapham High Street excavation, Mr Scratchwick came upon what a first appeared to be the Saturday edition of "The Sun" newspaper, but later turned out to be the oldest known manuscript yet found. Of particular interest to archaeologists is the presence of the "page three girl", who appears to be wearing nothing more and nothing less. Carbon dating suggests the manuscripts origin to be the early Palaeolithic period, and remarkably, even at that early date, Benny Hill is still found in the T.V listings.

The document's discovery has sent shock waves through out

the archaeological and anthropological world, and the papers authenticity has become a serious point of contention. The centre of the controversy seems to be frequent references to Margaret Thatcher, which appear on several different pages. Mr Scratchwick says they infer to a Margaret Thatcher, and not the Margaret Thatcher. Strangest of all, the scantily-clad "page three girl" bears more than a passing resemblance to Queen Elizabeth II.

The debate goes on, and perhaps the truth of "The Clapham High Street Papers", as they have come to be known, will never be completely revealed.

Below, by kind permission of Mr Scratchwick, we reprint a short excerpt of the original untranslated text.

UG UGG

Ug ug ug ug uggg. Uuugg ugh hugg ug, ugggg uggggs ugi ugi ug. Ug ug ug ugfb ugfb, ug! Ug ug? Ugg ugg ug? Ug!

Ugg ug ug, Margaret Thatcher? Ug ug ug!!! Ug uuuug uggggg! Ugi ugi ug. Ugg ugg ugggggg, shove it up her ugg.

(Daily Mirror).

THE 20TH CENTURY CONTINUED CONTINUED

Next we have all kinds of stuff.

THE ATOM

The splitting of the atom, in 1941, was perhaps the noisiest achievement of the 20th century, and without question the wettest. Wettest because Mr. Robert Oppenheimer, the atom smasher himself, stood in a bucket of lukewarm water during the entire event. (Under doctor's recommendations, of course).

The smashing of the atom is well documented, though one aspect of the occurrence has since been overlooked: shortly before zero hour the condemned atom gave a brief interview to an unemployed writer from the "National Inquirer", a well respected American newspaper which had, the previous week, astounded the nation with revelations pertaining to the Queen of England, President Roosevelt and certain cucumber manoeuvres.

We now reprint an edited, summarised, paraphrased, censored, and greatly distorted version of that interview.

Q. With only a few short hours remaining, perhaps you could share with us precisely how you view the prospect of having your head bashed in.

ATOM. How I view it? I'd rather not look.

Q. Are you worried at all that this may affect your chances of a successful career in the Rubber Appliance Industry, which I know you were planning on.

ATOM. Rubber is indeed my first love, and the destruction of my being may prove a setback, but as the great Rubber Baron of Mesopotamia once said, "Down I may fall, destitute shall I be, but with God by my side, and a rubber hose up my bum, I most certainly will bounce back. Bounce back."

Q. Of course. Now a question many people are asking, or at

least thinking about the possibility of perhaps one day maybe, if they have nothing better to do, not certainly but nearly likely asking is, "Why you?" Of all the dozens and dozens of atoms there must be in the world, why condemn you to this fate worse than fate?

ATOM. I really am as much in the dark as everyone else about this. I have no idea and I am shocked by the inhuman treatment I have since received. Why I was singled out for this dastardly deed I have not an inkling.

Q. Could it perhaps have something to do with the fact that you were found guilty of avoiding atom type work for over 43 years, and actually almost brought about the destruction of the entire planet during that time?

ATOM. Well, yes, but they were all very short years.

Q. How so?

ATOM. I spent most of them on my knees.

Q. Tell me Mr Atom, do you believe in God?

ATOM. No, but he believes in me.

Q. I don't want to take up too much of your time remaining, but I do have one further question..

ATOM. Further than what?

Q. Further than far. Before you are smashed to smithereens, do you plan on having your Last Rights read to you.

ATOM. Well I'd like it, but I'm sure they'll get them wrong.

Q. So am I. Thank you so much for the interview.

ATOM. My displeasure.

ONE SMALL STEP FOR A MAN, ONE SMALL STEP FOR A MAN

Before the 20th century got underway, the nearest man came to stepping foot on the Moon was a leisurely walk on the beach at Bridlington. Though no small achievement, this was still some distance from lunar success.

It is generally believed that Neil Weakarm, an American shepherd posing as an astronaut, was the first human to plant his big toe on that barren satellite, though this, not surprisingly, is untrue. The Irishman Paddy O'Really, in 1963, setting out to discover Australia, took a left turn at an inappropriate moment, and inadvertently found himself somewhere else. That somewhere else was, of course, the Moon.

The absence of lunar life, noted by the Americans some six years later, was in fact due to Paddy's earlier visit: Finding a great number of bi-ped type creatures there, and presuming they were kangaroos, he set about slaughtering the lot of them, there by preserving the British tradition of killing everything that doesn't drink tea. It worked. Within two weeks of his arrival only three of the beasties remained, which he decided to take home as pets. Who is the pet of whom though is somewhat obscure, for they stroke him, throw sticks for him to retrieve, and play with him daily, once a week.

Paddy had taken a deep breath just before touch down, but with several weeks of haphazard activity already activised, the lack of oxygen was beginning to effect his brain, if in a slightly unorthodox manner: He became more intelligent! Paddy knew it was time to leave, but was not sure how to do it. The landing had been rather bumpy, resulting in a puncture to the front tire of his ten speed Italian made bicycle. What to be done? The obvious answer was to walk, walk, walk, but the dim witted Irish fellow was not the best of thinkers, and had run nearly half way home before he realised the error of his ways. Paddy was so dumb he was once arrested for trying to catch a bus—with a net. He was so dumb he thought a Short Hand Stenographer was a deformed office worker. He was so dumb he once returned a necktie to the shop because it was too tight. He was so dumb he thought an orthodontist was a tooth surgeon who wrote novels. He was so dumb he thought a handicap was a hat you could keep in your pocket.

"Where de hell have you bin?" his big mouth wife was heard

to cry, by half the people in Dublin. This was more amazing than it seems: Paddy and spouse lived in Cork. "Where de hell have you bin?" she repeated, helping the text to flow properly. "Your dinner's bin in de oven fer three weeks now."

"Oh," Paddy offered an embarrassed smile, which his wife at once refused, and went over to the stove. He found the oven empty, void of dinner, lacking in food stuffs, without nutrient material, derelict of aliment, deserted of that which can be eaten, unfull of fare, deprived of victuals, not with grub.

"I thought you said supper was in the oven?"

"It was," said the breasted one.

"Well where is it now?"

"In the cat."

"Oh."

"Where've you bin, anyway."

"Australia."

"Where's that?"

"I'm not sure." And he wasn't.

"Terrible weather for the time of the day."

"Yes."

And so there you have it, the first man to place a size eleven boot on the Moon—without even knowing it.

SECTION TEN

Read section nine all over again.

WRAP-UP

To conclude this section on the 20th century, and indeed the whole book, we reprint, by kind permission of the printer, an interview with the Right Horrible Margaret Thatcher, who unfortunately had a severe throat infection at the time, and was unable to speak.

Q. Prime Minister, how would you answer those back bench critics of yours, who complain of an iron fisted handling of the conservative caucus?

P.M:

Q. I see. Do you feel that these accusations are in any way justified, and should those members making them be hung for treason?

P.M:

Q. A question many of us are asking these days is weather you intend to run in the next general election, or will a well-paced walk suffice?

P.M:

Q. Well I'm happy to hear it. Now tell me Mrs. Thatcher, how many times have you been in the cabinet, is it dark there and who were you with?

P.M:

Q. Quite so. To change the subject a little, does the title, "Metallic woman", with which you have been labelled by the tabloid press, upset you at all?

P.M:

Q. Well there we have it. Thank you so much for the interview, I'm sure we've all learned a lot; I know I have. And I do hope your voice comes back soon.

P.M:

67a Stocklewick Ave',
Battersea,
England.