

# AMORIK



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MAKING YOU  
LAUGH.*

**A COMEDY COMPENDIUM**

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## SEX-CHANGE WEEKENDS ARE HERE

Getting in touch with your feminine side could be a weekend thing with news that scientists at the San Francisco Institute for the Sexually Confused have created a drug which allows temporary sex-changes. The drug works by suppressing the body's natural hormones, allowing those of the opposite sex, which are always present, to emerge. The effect lasts for forty eight hours.

One enthusiastic user is Bob Nasty of London, who has been using the drug, called Mixiton, for several months.

"It's a stress-relief thing for me," he told this reporter. "I pop the tab on a Friday evening and become Jill for the weekend. This allows me to wear bras and have men kiss me, which is something I miss since giving up rugby playing due to a groin injury. It's opened up a whole new area for me."

Bob/Jill (pictured) went on to say, "I have a girlfriend, Alice, during the week and she becomes Alex at the weekend, but I don't see much of him as he tends to go out with his mates to watch a football match and get drunk. I'm really looking forward to a weekend when she doesn't take Mixiton and we can have a girly weekend together."

Alice said, "Bob used to love getting into my pants, and now he really does. He's always borrowing my stuff."



## ALIENS ARE PERVERTS

The Pentagon has finally admitted the existence of UFOs but to Earth as their alien occupants are fascinated for human sexual

General Butch Hansen said, "The buggers and we have no cause to can get their kicks from watching The General added that the information from an alien they were

"We had a hell of a time getting the little guy to talk, and he finally only opened up when one of our female lieutenants showed him her bra. Their technology and weapons are far superior to ours but we can keep them happy by not closing our curtains. Let them look, I say."



say they do not pose a threat merely voyeurs with a activity.

aliens are just dirty little fear them as long as they people at it."

military had gleaned this holding at the notorious Area 51.



## PARROT TO SUE MONTY PYTHON

A parrot is to sue the legendary Monty Python comedy team, claiming that his grandfather, who appeared in the famous 'Dead Parrot' sketch, was not compensated adequately for his performance in the TV show.

George Parrot said, "It's all right for Cleese and Palin to swan about with their fame and fortune but what about my poor old gramps, Ernie? It was his performance as a deceased parrot, what had shuffled off this mortal coil, which bought them their accolades. And what did he get for it, a handful of birdseed. He was such a good actor that viewers assumed that it was an actual dead parrot that was used. But it was Ernie, acting his socks off. Admittedly he had a very bad agent but the Pythons should cough up."



## TAJ MAHAL TO BECOME CALL CENTRE

The Taj Mahal in Agra, India, noted as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, is to become an IT support call centre it was announced yesterday.

"We are suffering from a great backlash from western consumers," explained Bandu Lal, President of the Indiatalks Corporation, which will be staffing the centre. "They do not like their western companies outsourcing to India and thus reducing the number of jobs available to them. Also they are aggrieved that our call centre operatives do not appreciate all the nuances of the way the English is spoken in their native countries. For instance, what does the 'up yours' and 'sit on it' mean? It is most confusing as these are not phrases we use here. If it is intended as the insult it is not very effective. We much prefer to be creative and use terms like, 'Your face resembles the hinder parts of a baboon'. Now, when we relocate to the Taj we hope that callers will realise that they are talking to someone who is sitting in a most beautiful place and should be respected and not abused."



The Taj Mahal was built in the 17th century by the Mughal emperor, Shah Jahan, for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and some have said that to use it as a call centre is a desecration of an artistic masterpiece. Bandu Lal, however, was not fazed. "If India wants to progress we cannot hold onto the past. We need jobs and we have educated and well-trained people to do those jobs. To the critics I say, 'Blow me!'"

# LIES

Extracted from *The Complete Book of Lies* by Professor Ed Spurious.

The national currency of Nepal is called the Cheese. There are 48.3 Cheeses to the US Dollar.

Bisexuals cannot become priests in Kazakhstan unless they own a vertical take-off aircraft.

Muhammad Ali once punched a hole in the Great Wall of China.

John Wayne was allergic to sailors.

Robin Hood couldn't dance.

The tortoise is, pound for pound, the strongest creature on Earth.

The Lethbridge Wife Swapping Society closed when a library opened in the village.

Being forced to watch Friends for more than three hours is regarded as 'cruel and unusual punishment' under the terms of the Geneva Convention.

A wife who catches her husband 'in flagrante' with another woman in Inner Mongolia is permitted to shout loudly.

The supreme Greek god, Zeus, wore spectacles.

Elvis Presley couldn't whistle.

The wages of sin in Upper Volta are half a dozen eggs.

Paddling above the ankle bone is forbidden to grandmothers in Lower Silesia unless one of their children is in banking.

Registered witches are exempt from military service in Bhutan.

Spanish women cannot make cheesecake.

Hercule Poirot was once Belgian light middle weight boxing champion for three minutes.

Adolescents are not permitted to eat peanuts in Taiwan unless offered by their siblings.

Strip poker is regarded as a contact sport in New Zealand.

No-one knows the way to Amarillo.

Only members in good standing of the official Communist Party in N. Korea are permitted to do the lambada.

Internationally, women are more attracted to men called Hector than any other name.

Nose hair is regarded as a sign of insanity in Denmark.

The indigenous Indians of Quexalcoatl regard Neil Diamond as a deity.

Men called Terrence cannot be killed with a silver bullet.

The Kodiak bear farts continuously.

Evadne Bellethwaite was the only ballet dancer ever convicted of shoplifting in the 1960s.

The last man on Earth will be called Bob.

Red-haired men play tennis better than blonde-haired men if they are left-handed.

Soldiers who win a battle-field honour while serving in the Latvian armed forces are awarded a free daily sardine sandwich.

Wearing headphones for more than 7 hours a day can cause bunions.

The Dalai Lama likes to jive.

The ancient Romans were scared of bumblebees.

Penguins can be taught to do algebra.

Ecuador is the only country in the world where graphic designers are venerated as gods.

Scottish inventor Horace Brown invented the time machine next week last Thursday.

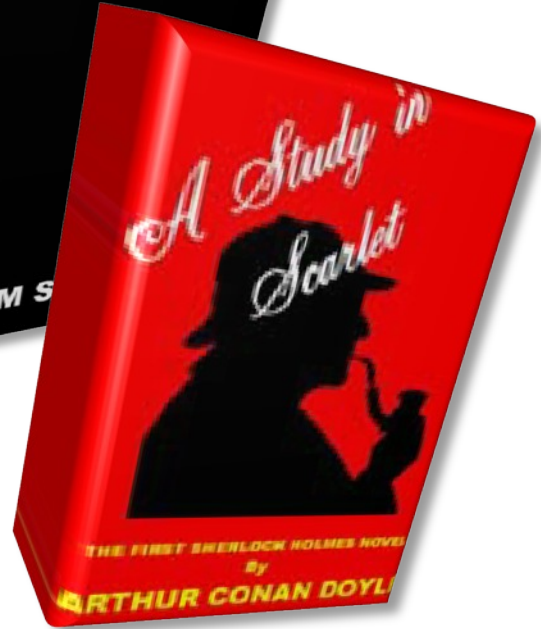
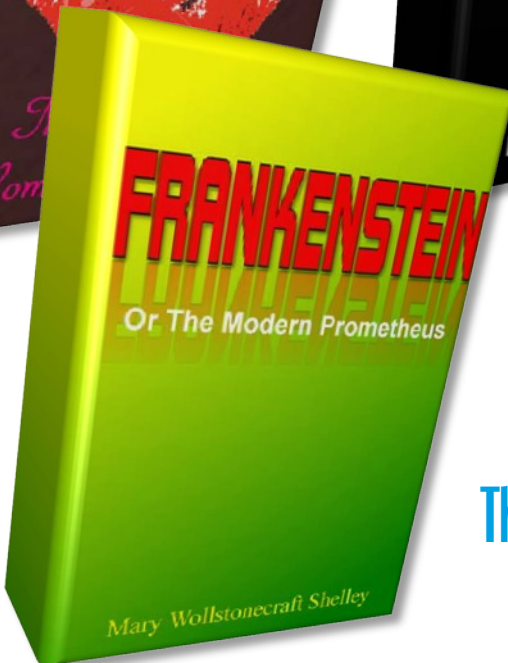
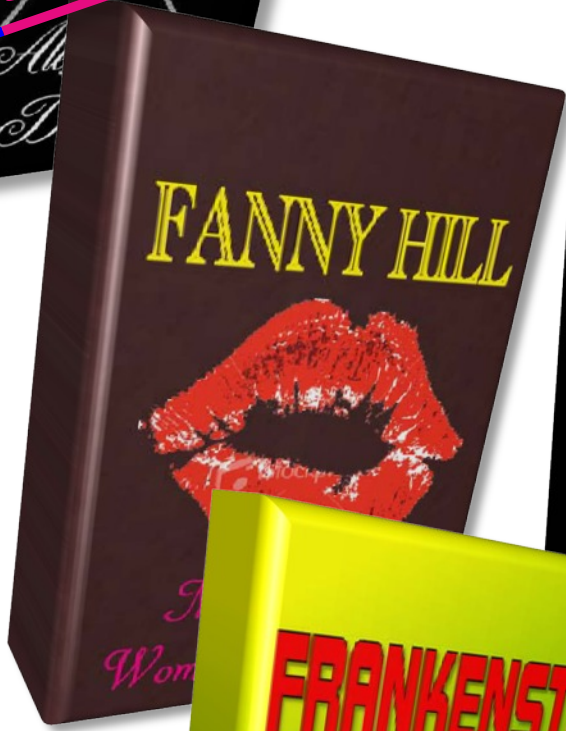
Though the ancient Egyptians invented papyrus and used it as paper, their failure to invent cardboard seriously hampered their mail order business opportunities.

Lying is tax-deductible.

**MORE LIES LATER**

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# PROMOTION

"They say old Angus is thinking of taking up the nudism," Sandy said.

Fergus grunted. "Man, man, the nudism, at his age. He'll catch his death of cold."

They were sat in the snug bar of The Stag Hotel on the Hebridean island of Uraigh and the biting, Atlantic wind rattled the windows.

"No, no, he's not a fool, old Angus," Sandy explained, "He's not attacking the nakedness like a madman, he intends to acclimatise his body to the lack of garments."

Fergus took a sip of his beer, which was rapidly losing its fizz. "Ah, acclimatisation, that's a wise course of action. What way is he doing the acclimatising?"

"One item of clothing at a time. He came out this morning without a sock."

"He always was a cautious man. At that rate it'll be August by the time he gets down to his semmit."

Sandy nodded sagely. "Aye, but November when he gets down to his underpants and then there will be trouble."

Brenda the barmaid brought over two fresh pints and placed them before the two, old, grizzled, veterans of the isles. Their questioning looks brought the response that the beers had been bought for them by the large, florid gentleman, perched on a stool at

the bar. "He is an American gentleman," Brenda explained, "A reporter or something. From Idaho where the potatoes come from."

They lifted their glasses in an expression of gratitude to their benefactor and were rewarded with a gracious nod of the head.

"Of course it will come as a great shock to Angus's wife, the nudism, her being a lesbian."

"Tut, tut, I'm surprised at you," Sandy retorted, "Fine well you know she's only a part-time lesbian. At the weekends she's devoted to men's trousers."

Fergus looked abashed.

"True, true. A fine woman. Her fruitcake is not be sneezed at."

They sat in silence for a while, enjoying the warmth of the blazing peat fire.

"They say the Laird is to be building a pyramid," Fergus said finally.

"Young Ranald always was an ambitious chap. There will be a grant in it, no doubt."

"Oh, more than one. There will be the design and then the building of the thing itself, and I've heard he's getting some European Union money for its artistic qualities."

"What way will it be artistic?" Sandy asked.

"It is to be spherical," Fergus explained, "It will be the only spherical pyramid in the world and will put those Egyptians in their place with their





pointy things.”

“And what will the laird be doing with his spherical pyramid?”

“He needed a new venue for his annual sexual deviance convention. The barn was getting a bit drafty and the theme for this year is to be the tribadism and frottage.”

They drank a toast to the new edifice and once again only the ticking of the clock on the wall broke the silence.

“Speaking of lesbians,” Fergus murmured quietly, “young Peter is thinking of taking up the homosexuality.”

“No, I never took him for the type.”

“He was tempted by a Burmese juggler the last time he was in Edinburgh at the Festival. And he wants to be a pop star as well.”

“Oh, it will be mandatory then. You cannot achieve chart success unless you are willing to be accommodating. That’s written in stone.”

“I thought it was written on the toilet wall.”

“Och, you’re the funny one, Sandy,” Fergus said, giving his friend a playful nudge, “Fine well you know it’s only Brenda’s phone number that’s on the toilet wall.”

Brenda, having overheard this sally, slammed the glass she was polishing down on the bar.

“I heard that!” she protested, “It’s not my phone number at all. Some joker has just written my name up there with a spurious number.”

“Calm yourself, Brenda,” Fergus soothed, “We knew fine well it wasn’t you. A lassie with your business acumen would have had a price list up next to the phone number.”

But Brenda was to not to be so easily placated.

“I do not sell my body,” she insisted, “If I have relations with a gentleman it is because I find him attractive.”

“Of course, of course,” Sandy offered, also trying to add oil to the troubled waters, “but it’s strange how many of your gentlemen friends are fresh off the rigs with wages in their pockets.”

Brenda’s lips curled into a sneer. “They are interesting, unlike some daft old codgers who’ve never set foot off the island.”

“I have been to Oban!” Sandy retorted, stung by her rebuke at his lack of exploratory zeal, “And it is a fine place if you’ve a mind for spanking and dressing in women’s underwear, but you know yourself that it is Uraigh for the real debauchery.”

“Debauchery?” Brenda snorted in reply, “The

most  
debauched  
thing that  
has  
happened in  
Uraigh in  
the past  
fifty years  
was the  
time the  
school  
teacher’s  
lipstick was



found on old Calum’s collar.”

A look of fear flashed across Sandy’s eyes, but he recovered quickly. “Mr MacPherson was a fine schoolteacher and regarding the school rabbit, all charges were dropped.”

Brenda shrugged and disappeared to answer the phone.

The two old coves’ eyes flashed at each other and secret messages were passed. Brenda brought another two pints, once again supplied by the American and once again the pair



saluted his generosity.

"Is it true you have a certificate in the oral sex?" Fergus asked his comrade finally.

"I did have," Sandy lamented, "but it has lapsed and I will need to be sitting another examination to get a new one. There are new techniques coming along on a daily basis and a man has to keep his wits about him or he will be left behind."

"The wife's not complaining, is she?" Fergus asked sympathetically.

"Not at all, for she has a happy nature, does my Bella. Satisfied with only the twelve orgasms a night, she is, and her once the love slave of an African prince."

"Ah, happy days," Fergus smiled. "Man, I recall the days when we were young swingers and I would be eating smoked haggis from Bella's bellybutton while you serviced my Gladys."

A smile flitted across Sandy's face. "Aye, I have many fond memories of your Gladys's buttocks. Still as firm as ever?"

Fergus grinned proudly. "I'll tell you, Sandy, her buttocks may have grown with the passing of the years but all it means is that these days instead of cracking walnuts between her cheeks, she can now tackle coconuts."

"And I'll bet there's not a woman on the mainland can manage that," his crony acknowledged, "They may talk of their Glasgow and their Perth but when it comes to buttocks, Uraigh cannot be surpassed."

"And there is a new generation coming on as we speak. Yon young Marie that works at the baker's. Lovely behind."

Sandy clutched at his heart. "Jeeze, Fergus, don't mention Marie's behind. It is costing me a fortune in doughnuts, just to catch a glimpse

of it now and again."

"I think she has her jeans stapled to her, to have them adhere so well to her figure."

"Her behind is a work of art and should be in a gallery."

"Maybe we should be constructing one, here on Uraigh. The Uraigh Gallery of Female Bums?"

Sandy shook his head sadly. "They would be saying we were discriminating against the male arse and would take us to court."

Fergus's enthusiasm subsided. "It was only a thought."

They looked up as the big American swallowed the last of his brandy, hopped from his barstool and headed towards the bowels of the hotel and his room.

Sandy cleared his throat noisily. "I'm fair looking forward to the strip karaoke next week," he said over-loudly.

Once the visitor had left the two old islanders wrapped themselves in coats and scarves and made their way to the door.

"We'll get our hands on those sex tourism dollars yet," Fergus said to his old crony as the founder members of the Uraigh Tourist Board headed off into the night and their solitary beds.



Think you know your comedy? Win a unique prize, a pdf pack of Gurmeet Mattu's three Scottish comedy novels, *The Stormer*, *The Sex Diaries* and *I, Roger Knightly*, by answering the 10 easy questions in our Comedy Quiz. The competition is open until December 31st 2011 and you can enter by clicking [HERE](#). The winner will be selected from the collected correct answers and announced in the next issue. Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

1. What were the stage names of the five Marx Brothers?
2. Who was Bertie Wooster's butler?
3. What is Woody Allen's real name?
4. Who starred as Borat?
5. Who did Bing Crosby make the Road films with?
6. Which came first, The Jerk or The Man With Two Brains?
7. Fill in the blanks for a book by Groucho Marx. Memoirs of A Mangy \_ \_ \_ \_ \_?
8. Who played Al Bundy?
9. Where was Charlie Chaplin born?
10. What is Lucille Ball's middle name?



### WHAT READERS SAID

*The Stormer- Original, enjoyable and down to earth. Fun reading that doesn't take itself too seriously.*

*The Sex Diaries- Funny, quirky and original.*

*I, Roger Knightly- Terribly funny and great writing style!*

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