

Utta Drivel Free

UTTA DRIVEL FREE



Alan Pinkett

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Also by Alan Pinkett

Utta Drivel

Utta Drivel Too

Foreword

Utta Drivel Free is a comic novel that follows the life of Wilfric and his friends Boothroyd and Utta Drivel.

Wilfric is 1600-odd years-old, a longevity that can make for some interesting takes on history. Meeting up with walking disaster Boothroyd and the wonderfully eccentric patriot Utta Drivel leads to much laughter.

Their sparkling conversations cover many interesting ideas. Will health & safety men stop once they've got us to put handrails on the White Cliffs of Dover? Are 10 commandments enough to cover 7 deadly sins? Why were typists ever needed – you wouldn't get a monk to do your handwriting for you, after all...

They meet a member of a centuries-old homosexual family, they adventure in Cuba & Istanbul and go skiing - their Annual Plummeting Holiday.

But laid-back entrepreneur Wilfric has managed to make enemies in mystical Glastonbury after setting up a business there. This upset the Glastonbury Underworld and they took out a contract on him. The friends' lives become interspersed with attacks from two incompetent New Age hippies - Loco Chanel, a militant aromatherapist, and her mad partner, Ossie the Osteopath..

An audaciously satirical work in which the author's wit will make you laugh out loud.

Chapter 1

“I’m never going to drink again.”

One of the biggest lies known to man...

“About as much chance as Lord Lucan riding to a nanny’s rescue on Shergar,” replied Boothroyd.

“A boxer wearing glasses...” added Wilfric.

“A gritter lorry in the Sahara...”

“Oh alright then...” laughed Utta, “you’ve persuaded me.”

“You gave in rather easily!”

“Well, we are on our way to a pub...”

Arriving, they passed between the wooden garden tables at the front. The one-piece ones with the table on top of an A-frame and the seats on cantilevered extensions off the A-crosspiece.

Utta pointed at one and said: “You know, these table tennis tables are useless. Great view for the spectators, but once they put their elbows on the table, you’re finished.”

“Twit!”

A man was coming out of the building, from the shape of him a heavy drinker.

Wider than a beer barrel...

Followed by his equally-large girlfriend.

Wider than a cakeshop door...

The friends stood aside to allow the waddle-past.

Their route free, they entered Wilfric’s traditional old local, The Low Oak Beams.

“We really are great ones for our heritage, aren’t we...” said Utta, looking around after they’d settled at a table with their drinks. “Especially timber-framed buildings. We even built a timber-framed car at one stage – the Morris Minor Estate.”

“We still do timber cars. You could order a *Morgan* car tomorrow, h’if you wanted...” replied Boothroyd.

“Are they really still made of wood?”

“Yes. Not sure I’d want one, though... H’I bet those old wooden cartwheels don’t half give a rough ride!”

“I believe it is just the bodywork that is made of wood,” laughed Wilfric.

“And they have since advanced to wheels with tyres and spokes!”

“Ooh... health and safety haven’t caught up with them yet, then... You can get your scarf caught in spokes.”

“Do an Isadora.”

“Get Duncan’d.”

“We can’t need health and safety men for much longer though, can we?” asked Utta. “They must have almost finished their work by now... Surely they’ll leave us alone once they’ve got us to put handrails on top of the White Cliffs of Dover!”

“Yes!”

Utta Drivel had been born and bred in Britain, but his unusual name was the result of his Czech grandfather, Vaclav Drivel, having married a German woman called Uta.

They had settled in Germany and raised a family there. Leaving home for the first time, their son had met Utta’s future mother in England. She had moved there from Germany after an accident of evolution left her with a sense of humour.

He had been strongly attracted to her by her mystifying ability to make people laugh just using words. It seemed so sophisticated compared to the German stand-up comedians touring audiences with their feather tickling-sticks.

And strongly attracted by her breasts, of course...

Like twin zeppelins emerging from a hangar.

Junkers! Gott in himmel! LuftWAAF...

Lot of men marry for breasts...

The clash of a sense of humour and a man to whom it was a mystery had resulted in an eccentric son – possibly the perfect adaptation to Britain. An eccentricity that often showed itself in Utta’s sudden enthusiasms that could lead the friends off on all sorts of missions.

“You know, I bought some clothes recently and I was standing at the till paying for them...” said Wilfric. “There was another customer to my left and a supervisor had been called over to talk to her. The customer continued to try to explain what the problem was and kept saying “ladies’ jogging bottoms”.

I didn’t think much about it at first, but as it went on...

“Ladies’ jogging bottoms...”

“..... ladies jogging bottoms”.

I started getting images of shapely young ladies jogging past...

“Ladies’ jogging bottoms...”

“..... ladies jogging bottoms”.

Until I was standing there nearly fainting with fantasy!”

“H’aah, yes...” sighed Boothroyd, obviously fully signed-up to the fantasy.

“I read in a Sunday paper colour supplement that my local Sainsbury’s was a pick-up place for single people...” added Utta. “I was amazed - I’ve been shopping there for years and I’ve never even seen a fluttered eyelash! Must happen in a part I don’t go to. Presumably there are men lurking in the tampon aisle...”

“Tampons, yeah...” Boothroyd obviously now fully in a world of his own...

“You know, I went to collect my new glasses from the optician the other day... “ replied Wilfric. “A pretty blonde girl with a lovely figure asked me to sit opposite her at a desk. She had the most beautiful eyes and asked me to look into them as she adjusted the frames. I can’t say how impressed I was with the professional way she held the desk down.”

“A Helen of Troy, eh... The face that launched a thousand ships.”

“Yes, she could have started the Boat Race with her boat race!”

“Wouldn’t have affected me, h’of course...” said Boothroyd airily.

“Blondes don’t launch my boat so much. I prefer brunettes. Which is great, since the vast majority of women around the world are brunette!”

“Right! You’d never go near a blonde, then...”

“Well... Suppose I’d still never say no to a girl who turned h’up at my bedroom door one night with her knickers on her head.”

“Seems to happen less and less the further you get from your teens...”

“”Yeah... Those younger girls just don’t appreciate the hours of female ecstasy we have under our belts!”

Chapter 2

“Amazing how roles have changed since the hunter/gatherer society, though... “ observed Utta. “Women are now the hunters, men the gatherers. Women out hunting at the shops, men gathering in front of the football!”

“Us Neanderthal men, h’eh...”

“Must have been strange back then, too... Having all that body hair...” “ replied Utta, who despite having ancestors from Germany’s Neander Valley, felt himself quite civilised.

What with the separate eyebrows and all...

“Yeah, it’s h’odd the way we’ve lost most of our body hair...” “

“And even go bald.”

“H’I wonder if they went bald...” “

“Probably not I’d imagine – you don’t see many bald monkeys.”

“True...” “ agreed Wilfric. “But I must say that although very pleased to still have all my hair, I sometimes wish my damned chin would go bald!”

“Yes! Mind you, we haven’t all lost most of our body hair. Do you remember that big bloke that used to drink at the pub by the pond?”

“*The Duck Blasters?*”

“Yes, that’s the one.”

“H’aah... you mean the youngest of the infamous O’Really brothers?” added Boothroyd.

“Yes him. What was his name?”

“Big Willy O’Really.”

“Of course, how could I forget! God, he was hairy... Like a cross between a grizzly bear and an orang-utan.”

“H’a yeti.”

“Exactly... and a yeti who’d taken the art of tongue-lolling to a peak.”

“Usually sat by the Ladies dribbling...” “

“Quietly, hands between his legs, twiddling his thumbs...” “

“Definitely a waist-down sort h’of man.”

“Bit of a genital-waver too, by all accounts...” “

“He didn’t appear to be h’able to communicate, either... But someone I know said he was renowned for his Morse code blink and had been known in the Sea Cadets as Old Semaphore Ears.”

“Right... So whatever happened to Big Willy O’Really?”

“Last h’I heard, he was *Head of Wellingtons* at a sheep-shagging commune in Wales...”

“Eh!”

“Yes, not exactly the sort of answer I was expecting, either...” “

“Commune must have needed h’a village idiot!”

“Essential in the world of the fantasy commune! But was he not a little on

the violent side?”

“He always seemed quite docile to me, but yes, he did have h’one conviction. They said at the trial that he had been over-influenced by some particularly bad violence in an American film...”

“American films, eh... Probably a Western where the hero took the traditional cowboy approach and as a master of the marshal arts, shot any oriental bastard that got in his way!”

“Yes!”

“Americans, though... Don’t you just love ‘em... They claim they’re not imperialists, but they’ll invade just about anywhere.”

“H’even small countries like Haiti, Panama and Grenada.”

“Yes, it’s always amazed me quite how easily America is ruffled. Particularly by the countries rustling around its testicles. They were also worried by Cuba and Nicaragua...”

“Have you h’ever noticed that in the American army fatigues are something you wear, whereas in the British army fatigues are a punishment?”

“I’ve worn clothes like that!”

“Me too!” laughed Wilfric. “You know, they mentioned the *7th Parachute Regiment of the Royal Horse Artillery* on the news the other day... And I was sitting there thinking: what-the-hell-size parachutes do they use?”

“The fools! For the mountainous terrain where the army’s been fighting recently, you need donkeys!”

“Mm... Not quite the same ring, though... *The Donkey Parachute Regiment.*”

“That would be quite ironic, too... An army fighting religious fundamentalists on a form of transport Jesus was supposed to have chosen for entering Jerusalem to show he was humble!”

“I’ve never understood where religious nutters get their money... Surely h’even the most bonkers of religions doesn’t send round the collection plate for weapons and explosives?”

“Yeah... Who’d fund a mentalist!”

Boothroyd had been born in the East End of London and despite a distinct lack of family encouragement, had done quite well for himself.

No-one else they knew ‘ad got theirselves ta grammer school.

‘Ackney Grammar had taught him to stop dropping his aitches, but unfortunately it had gathered momentum from there. So his idea of proper speaking involved adding an “h” to half the letters h’in the h’alphabet.

But that hadn’t stopped him passing his exams. And he had gone on to find himself suddenly being very proudly, and very very loudly, proclaimed as the first member of his family ever to get a degree.

Becoming educated had helped him to think, but it hadn’t helped his lifetime habit of occasionally stopping thinking entirely. He remained a walking disaster.

Scrape after scrape, accident after accident, injury after injury ...
Fortunately, he'd recently married a nurse.
By the name of H'Anna ...

Chapter 3

“Did you realise it was World Toilet Day yesterday?”

“H’of course, I’d been thinking of sending you a card!”

“Suppose I walked into that one!” laughed Utta.

“So how did you celebrate h’ it?”

“Got the toilet rolls out and had some *Andrex* puppies around...”

“I just watched the Toilethon on TV. *Bowels in Need... Puddlesey the Bear...*”

“The Americans invented the telethon – I wonder if they hold a Johnathon?”

“Yes! Maybe...”

“So who on earth organises a World Toilet Day, pray?” asked Wilfric, somewhat bemusedly.

“The World Toilet Organisation, of course...”

“We need someone to organise the world’s toilets!”

“Well... More promote, by the sound of it... It’s an NGO “committed to improving toilet and sanitation conditions worldwide”, apparently... They even have a World Toilet College!”

“Of course they do, silly me!”

“H’anyway... this conversation has somewhat advanced my need to go to the Gents,” interrupted Boothroyd, uncrossing what had become increasingly testicle-crushing legs. “Excuse meee...”

Fine sprint on the man...

“You know, I was wondering the other day why our days are called what they are...” said Utta, turning to Wilfric. “Was a *Mon* day a bit of a *Me*-day after a sociable weekend in France?”

“Followed by an evening in being a good *Tues*!”

“Nothing quite like a good mid-week *Wednes*, either...”

“Struggling a little over mid-week, then...”

“Yes, just a tad! But then, with the weekend approaching, the time comes to build up a good *Thurs*.”

“Fish on *Fri* day, of course...”

“Ready for the bacchanalia of a *Satur* day night out!”

“Relax in the deckchair on *Sun* day though, obviously...”

“Not in the weather of the last few weeks, though...”

“We are British, dear boy... Where’s your stiff upper lip?”

“Bloody frozen!”

“Not that bad... A bit bracing, but the sun was shining...”

“Yeah... But that got me a little worried about getting tanned goose-pimples... An Impressionist tan.”

“OK... I admit it’s murkyed over a bit at times...”

“Murkyed over a bit! There’s been a really nasty nip in the air...”

“Damned kamikaze ... “

“Now that is h’one celebration of World Toilet Day... “ exclaimed Boothroyd, returning from the Gents. “Handel’s Water Music from the speakers, laurel garlands around the urinals... “

“Right... “

“So what have you been talking about while I’ve been away wavin’ m’willy?”

“Toilet jokes stopped as soon as you left, of course... “

“I move my lips straight to schtum!”

“Am I now your second-best friend?”

“Yes!”

“Then we discussed the days of the week... ”

“And the weather, of course... “

“Not h’ exactly a bundle of laughs, the way you describe the conversation!”

“It’s the way we tell ‘em. We call ourselves the *Two Wits*... Twits for short!”

“Fair enough, the weather’s been laughable enough recently... “

“God’s ‘avin’ a laugh.”

“Unlike some of his devotees down here... “ replied Utta, with some feeling. “You know, I had a religious bloke come into the bookshop a while ago with a real “*Why does it always rain on me?*” look on his face. I cracked a cheery welcoming joke to try to make him feel at home and was met with a completely stony face. Pinch-mouthed little bugger. I hate religious people who seem to think that laughing is a sin.”

“He wasn’t after a joke book, then?”

“Wouldn’t have understood the concept... No, he wanted a book on the Ten Commandments vs. the seven deadly sins. I managed to find something suitable on the system and ordered it for him. I looked at it when it came in and was surprised to find that even 10 commandments aren’t enough to cover 7 deadly sins.

It took two of them to cover lust: “*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife*” and “*Thou shalt not commit adultery*”.

One dealt with greed: “*Thou shalt not steal*”.

And “*Thou shalt have no other gods but me*” part-covered envy, but only God’s.

The others aren’t addressed, so I assume the rest of us can just get on and enjoy wrath, sloth, pride, gluttony and a bit of envy!”

“I’m angry h’at your laziness. You seem to have no pride – you just sit there scoffing that scrumptious doughnut... “ That sort of thing?”

“That’ll do it!”

“That leaves a few commandments left h’over... So which of them aren’t against deadly sins?”

“Well, I reckon that leaves a minimum of 6 that don’t cover them. So go on... *make yourself graven images, take the name of the Lord God in vain and forget the Sabbath. Dishonour your parents, bear false witness against your neighbour and kill people!*”

“Lead me unto temptation!” laughed Wilfric.

Wilfric felt he could say almost anything to his friends, but there was one thing he didn’t like to reveal... That he was more than 1600 years old.

He had been born before the Romans left Britain in 410AD and someone had spiked his drinks at their farewell piss-up.

He had managed to stagger back to his rose-covered cottage deep in the woods, but then weirdly hadn’t woken up until the year 1000.

After a rather lonely month hacking his way out through the brambles, he’d rejoined the human race. Been pleasurably reminded that he rather liked humans...

He had quietly slotted in and then been surprised to find his life continuing and continuing, right through to the present. Centuries of happy existence...

But if he could only find out what they spiked his drinks with and bottle it...

Chapter 4

“Oh no, not another blow job!”

It was another infestation of prostitutes.

“Hello, Big Boy.”

“Crawl my kerb, baby...”

“Come into my doorway...”

Suspenders to the left of him, suspenders to the right of him... into the valley of fishnets...

“My, my, Totem Pole...”

“What can I do for you, Heap Big Swollen Willy...”

“Your Erectness?”

Wilfric wondered whether to get the Infestation Officer in again, but then remembered how totally the man’s attention had been distracted last time.

He’d have to deal with this himself.

“Would you be so kind as to remove your lips from my manhood, Madam...”

”

He awoke with a start.

“What the...”

Oh, right...”

It never ceased to amaze him how dirty his dreams could be.

Perhaps it was all those years asleep...

Chapter 5

Still a little over-stimulated by his dream, he lay for a minute or two groggily lusting at the net curtain petticoat showing beneath his bedroom curtains.

But this was no time for soft furnishings eroticism...

It was time to get up.

He threw aside his duvet, ever grateful for its wondrous power to keep him warm across a whole range of temperatures. So important to have the right number of Togs when you've no togs on...

So different from his earlier life sleeping beneath animal furs, sheepskins and woollen blankets. Constantly having to adjust the number of layers to maintain a comfortable temperature.

Until that wonderful day when he first tried a duvet soon after they were introduced into Britain...

He swung his legs around and sat up on the edge of the bed. He rubbed his eyes a few times, glimpsing his toes occasionally in between.

Long toes, long enough to play the piano. Pianist's toes.

Perhaps he should take lessons. Pianist's toes like those...

Then he sleepily realised that no Yellow Pages would ever carry an entry for *Toe Piano Teachers*...

Real life vaguely looming in the distance, he suddenly felt ready to start the day. He went to the bathroom, then unsteadily down the stairs to the kitchen. He put the kettle on and looked dozily out at the garden as he waited for it to boil.

A male blackbird hop-hopped stage left. Stopped. Looked.

His lighter-coloured female partner hop-hopped stage-right. Stopped. Looked.

"Anything there, hen?"

Almost like man and wife...

Just without the white dress, the ceremony, the 3-layer wedding cake on the birdtable.

The kettle clicked off decisively. He poured the water to make the coffee and went to the fridge to get the milk. He found himself bathed in light as he opened the door.

Aah... the morning fridge welcoming...

He stood at the back door cupping his mug, looking out at the garden again. Looking at next door's big old bay tree waving majestically in the wind, its upper branches catching the early morning sun.

Wavy shiny leaves... glossy glimpses...

Suddenly noticing him, the female blackbird flew off down the garden in a straight line away from him. She landed on the branch of a sapling, the first time he'd seen a bird perched there.

A sapling obviously come of age, soon to be blooded by its first bird dropping...

His coffee finished, it was time to clean his teeth and run cold steel down his throat with now-almost-steady hands. A shave successfully achieved with the loss of little more than a small blood donation.

“Mm... perhaps a little more to drink last night than I thought... “

Ablutions complete, he looked around at the bathroom he was still pleased with more than a year after it had been installed. At the curved glass shower screen at the wide end of the P-shaped bath, at the sink tap he'd just wiped back to shininess. At the shiny plug.

“You only have to ask, bathroom company... More than ready to put in a plug for sinks,” he smiled to himself.

As he was drinking his second coffee back downstairs, he decided what he'd have for breakfast... Yes, eggs, that would do it. Just the ticket...

Boil them? Fry them? Scramble them? They all sounded a bit violent in his delicate state...

What about gently poached eggs, then...

Poaching sounded appealingly rural too. Like scrumping... As if it included procuring them as well. Desperate peasants raiding his lordship's hen house at night to feed their starving families. Egg poachers...

Poached it was, then...

So much more exciting...

The eggs underway, he grabbed a knife to trim the ends off the slices of bread, puzzled as ever that the manufacturer of his toaster hadn't designed it to take a normal slice of sliced bread. Surely that should be the absolute first design criteria, the size of the thing you're going to toast?

People don't design a car, then wonder if people can fit in it.

The knife grabbed, without realising it he closed the kitchen draw with his bollocks.

Well... a flick of his hips ... no actual direct bollock contact.

So unhygienic...

The toast underway too, he put his washing in the machine and set it going. It started its cycle, water shushing in... first preparatory swish-swash...

The build-up to the real washing action.

Bish Bosch - take that clothes...

Breakfast over, he decided to do a few odd jobs around the house. Relaxedly potter around doing a bit of this, a bit of that. It was the only way it worked for him - spontaneously, rather than set aside a specific time for chores.

None of this: "Ladies and Gentleman, it's chortime! There's no business like chore-business, there's no business I know..."

A little bit here, a little bit there... That was his way.

A bit of dusting on the windowsill, dusting away dead flies. Flies undone...

A bit of dusting on the sideboard around the sheets of sponge on which his hi-fi speakers sat to prevent the worst of the music vibrations affecting the whole house – a useful tip he'd picked up from a friend years previously.

Briefly thrilling to brandishing a feather duster for the first time in months, he accidentally knocked a small ornament off the mantelpiece. It fell, but he couldn't see it anywhere on the floor around him. He got down on his hands and knees and peered further afield. It never ceased to amaze him the distance things travelled when you dropped them. It was almost as if they scuttled off to hide amongst the furniture legs while he counted to ten.

He found it just as he heard the postman making several attempts to get the post through the letterbox.

It suddenly occurred to him that never having posted anything through his own letterbox, he didn't have a clue how stiff or difficult it was to use.

He opened the mail and checked through it. A bill... People trying to sell him something... A bill... Bill people trying to sell him something...

Where is that rubbish bin...

Catching a glimpse of sunshine outside, he decided it was time to mow the lawn. Of all the things that needed doing in the garden, mowing always gave the maximum effect with the least effort.

He walked down the path. Past the tool shed where the tools were kept. Past the water shed where the hose and watering cans were kept.

To the mower kennel where he kept *The Beast*. The three-blade turbo.

The finest name in lawnmowers, *The Wilkinson Sward*.

Grass didn't stand a chance...

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