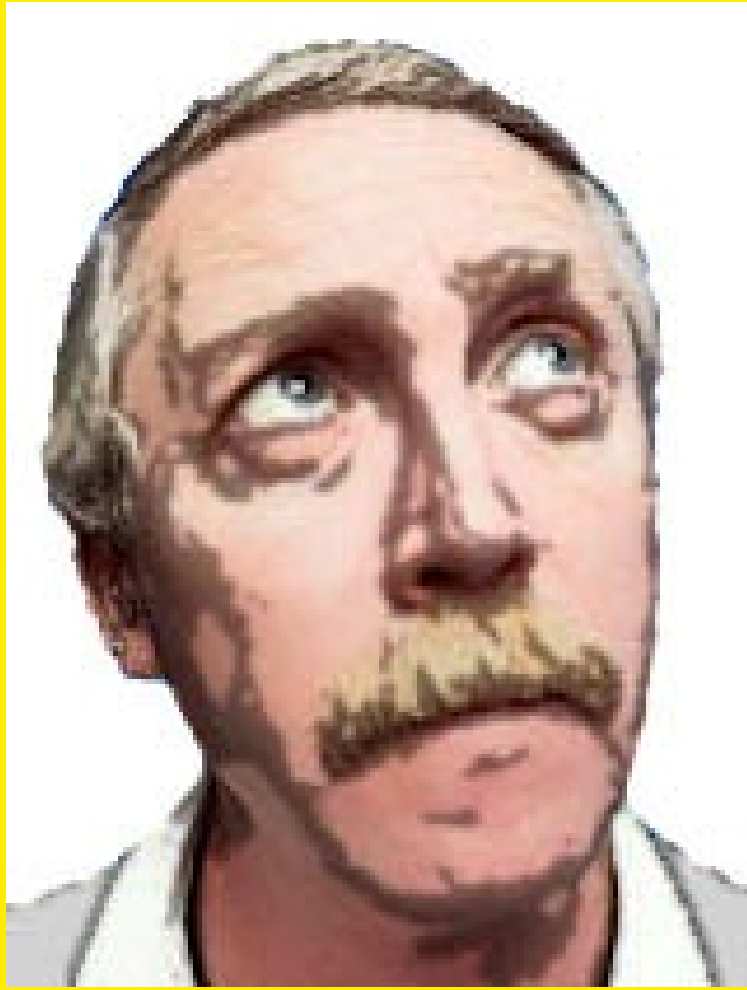


WILLIE'S WISDOM



**ESSENTIAL ADVICE FROM
THE SCOTTISH SAGE.**

Hello there, ladies and gentlemens, I am Willie McWisdom, generally known as The Scottish Sage. I have a lifetime of ancient Caledonian lore and knowledge to pass on to you, so that you may live a fruitful and productive life. Everything here is taken from the advice columns on my website, where many poor unfortunates like yourself who don't have the sense to tie your own shoelaces, come to seek guidance and wisdom. Some of the content is wee bit naughty but I make no apologies for people are aye likely to be a wee bit naughty if they're not watched carefully. But before we proceed with that I think it's only apt that you learn a wee bit about me and where I live, the small Highland village of Bendoon, on the banks of Loch Ness in Bonny Scotland. First of, here is me -



A bonny lad, I'm sure you'll agree. And here I am with my current wife, Sadie beside Loch Ness.



She's quite the looker too, I'm sure you'll agree. You'll note too that she is considerable younger than myself, but she tells me she was always drawn to the more mature gentleman, for which I am very grateful.

Below are the other ladies who have done me the honour of being my wives.



Celeste



Miranda



Jasmine



Petal



Sally

And here are a couple of photographs of my hometown.



Bendoon High Street



My local pub, The Horny Goat.

Man, you're fair getting the education here. Next up is an interview I did recently with SAGE Magazine, the prestigious trade journal for people in the advisory, counselling and doing sage stuff professions and is used with their kind permission.



THE INTERVIEW

SAGE: Willie, are you actually Scottish?

Willie: I was born and bred on the banks of Loch Ness, and still live there, making a meagre living frightening tourists.

SAGE: How did you become involved in the advice business?

Willie: Ah, there lies a tale. A few friends and I had come down to the bonny banks of Loch Lomond, looking for girls, as young men do. Now, one of my friends was Sandy MacAllan, a fine, big, braw, lad but awful shy with the lassies. All the rest of us would be dancing and kissing with the girlies, for the maids of Loch Lomond were ever keen on high jinks, and poor Sandy would be sitting all by himself, nursing his beer and looking miserable. So I took it on myself to have a wee chat with him about his lack of success with the womenfolk. Seems he didn't have a clue on how to approach a lassie, and I advised him to hitch his kilt a little above the knee every now and then, for he had a braw pair of knees, and that this would drive the girls into a frenzy and they wouldn't be able to resist him.

SAGE: And did this methodology work?

Willie: Sandy MacAllan has been married eight times and always to women called Morag. He had a kind of fetish for the name. There was not a Morag for twenty miles was safe when Sandy MacAllan was in the mood and had his kilt hitched above his knee. Mind you, you might say that it was not Sandy himself who approached me for advice, but I who forced my wisdom on him. But I knew from that moment that my destiny was to be a sage.

SAGE: But surely you didn't have the life experience to offer advice at that young age?

Willie: Ah, that's where you're wrong. I might not have had the life experience, but I had the intuition.

SAGE: You mean intuition?

Willie: No, intuition. Once I'm into something I see the solution as sure as it was Ben Nevis right in front of me. It's a thing you're born with, the intuition. I tried to teach it to a chap once but he ended up with a sprained neck with the concentration.

SAGE: You offer advice on just about every facet of the human condition. Is there anything you don't know?

Willie: Chinese car washing practices are a mystery to me. They might be the same as those in the rest of the world, but I have no knowledge of them and so I admit my ignorance.

SAGE: And that's all?

Willie: God, you'll be wanting me to admit that I'm a total ignoramus! No, Chinese car washing practices is the limits of my ignorance. Well, that and the capital of Uruguay.

SAGE: Have you ever considered taking your advice onto radio or TV?

Willie: Willie's Wisdom started as a small weekly column in the *Bendoo Times*. It was offered to national newspapers, but they rejected it, because they said I wasn't sophisticated enough for city dwellers. So, I thought to myself, a pox on them and their media cronies in radio and TV, and took the column directly to the internet, where I can help people from across the world.

SAGE: Yet your column appears to show the influence of a certain Gurmeet Mattu.

Willie: Mr Mattu is a fine gentleman and my literary advisor. He sorts out my spelling and comes round to do the windows on a Wednesday afternoon.

SAGE: And you really think your life as a Scottish villager qualifies you to give advice to someone in, say, New Zealand?

Willie: Of course, of course, because as the bard, Robbie Burns, said, 'For aw that, an' aw that, it's comin' yet, for aw that, that man to man, the world over, will brothers be, for all that'. That's a fine creed to live by, to stretch out your hand to your fellow man and give them the benefit of your intuition. The lad concerned about acne in S. Africa is no different to his brother in Sweden.

SAGE: And the cure for acne is?

Willie: Tomato soup and yoghurt, applied on alternate days.

SAGE: Thank you very much for your time, Willie, I'm sure your readers will have greatly appreciated learning a little about you. I'll take that whisky now, if I may.

And so, on with the show, as they say, all the advice you'll ever need, no matter what is ailing you.

HEIGHT

Dear Willie,

I have a small problem I was hoping you might be able to help me with. The thing is I have recently started going out with a very nice girl, but the thing is she's six foot two inches tall while I'm only five three and I'm afraid of heights.

Yours,

Tom, Wyoming

Dear Tommy,

I can't see how that's a 'wee' problem. Seems to me that's eleven inches of a problem you've got there. You could try lying about your height but I reckon she'd see through that one. Also with your vertigo you'd be a danger climbing a stepladder to give her a kiss, what with nosebleeds and all that, so the best I can suggest is to check out if she's got a shorter sister more suitable to your requirements.

Willie

HAREM PANTS

Dear Willie,

I wonder if you could give me some fashion advice. Do you think purple, satin, pumps would go with cerise, velvet, harem pants. The boys in the shipyard are always on at me about this.

Big George, Belfast



Dear George,

I'm not surprised your pals are criticising ye. Have ye considered the health and safety implications of wearing harem pants to your work. A cerise velvet boiler suit would be perfectly acceptable.

Willie

NON-STICK

Dear Willie,

My husband won't allow me to buy non-stick pots for our kitchen as he says they make the food taste 'funny'. This of course leads to extra work for me in scouring our pans. Can you convince him that these modern marvels do not affect the flavour of food.

Jill, Darwin

Dear Jill,

I'm afraid I can't agree with you on this one. As you know this non-stick carry-on was pioneered by the space race, but what is not generally known is that yon NASA guys got it wrong. What they were supposed to invent was non-stick food! Imagine what a boon that would have been. You read it here first.

Willie

MAGIC

Dear Willie,

We have been married for twelve years and the magic has gone out of our relationship. Can you suggest anything to re-ignite the spark?

Yours,

Ricky, Inverness



Dear Ricky,

What you must understand is that the marital shenanigans is constantly evolving. What kept your granny and grandpa happy just won't do for the modern couple. What I would suggest is that you get down to the library and get yourself one o' those manual things with all the latest grips and holds. That should do the trick.

Willie

NUDIST

Dear Willie,

My wife and I both recently retired and without the social pressures we previously had on us we have decided to become nudists. However we are unsure as to how we should proceed.

Does one merely divest oneself of one's clothing and continue living normally?

Sven, Stockholm

Dear Sven,

I think it's marvellous that you have decided not to spend your twilight years vegetating, but have opted for fresh air and healthy living. I would suggest ye try and find some kind of club to get information on how to live stark naked. But do remember that Sweden is a generally cold country and ye shouldn't forget to slip on a warm coat and a scarf.

Willie

SKIVVY

Dear Willie,

At school the headmaster treats me like a slave. He has me sweeping floors and mopping up people's messes. I have to wash windows and carry things about all over the place and at break time I have to patrol the playground to make sure the kids aren't messing about.

Walter, Bordeaux

Dear Walter,

That's because you're the janitor, ya halfwit.

Willie

DANCING

Dear Willie,

I have had my eye on this girl in my class at school for some time. Now the school dance is coming up and I think I should make some kind of move. But the thing is I don't know what to do. It's not that I'm shy or anything, but I just don't know how to let her know I'm interested.

Doug, Donacster



Dear Doug,

The answer, young man, is vigorous dancing. All wummin like to be vigorously danced, some of them more than once. The animal kingdom is full of males displaying to their mates by vigorous dancing and a school dance is the ideal place to show off your talents. And remember the secret is in the vigorous, no' the dancing.

Willie

ECCENTRIC

Dear Willie,

My husband has recently taken to wearing a Viking helmet and hopping to work. He claims this is in the fine tradition of British eccentricity, but I have my doubts.

Linda, Edinburgh

Dear Linda,

Being eccentric is a very English kind of thing. As a Scotsman your husband is actually a bampot.

Willie

SCHEDULE

Dear Willie,

My hubby is always complaining that I never give him anything decent to eat. I have a regular schedule, you see. Pizza on Monday, pot roast on Tuesday you get the idea. Anyway, his lordship always wants what's on the menu the day before it's due, which just isn't convenient, what with my judo lessons. Any suggestions would be welcome.

Lucy, Santa Fe

Dear Lucy,

Excuse me for going off on a wee bit of a tangent here, but I assume you know the difference between astrology and astronomy? Well, the same thing applies in the kitchen. Forget your gastronomy and study gastrology so you'll know what he wants for his dinner tomorrow.

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