

AMERICAN

ISSUE 3

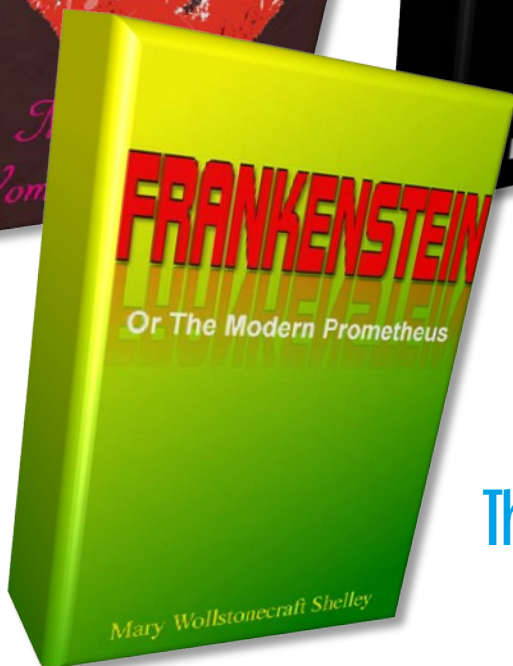
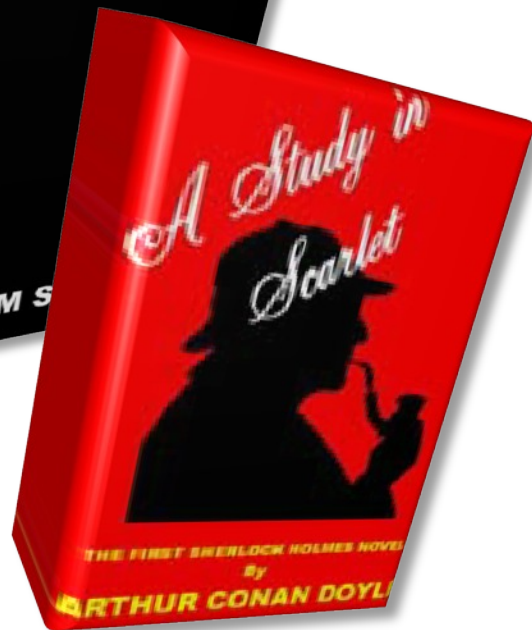
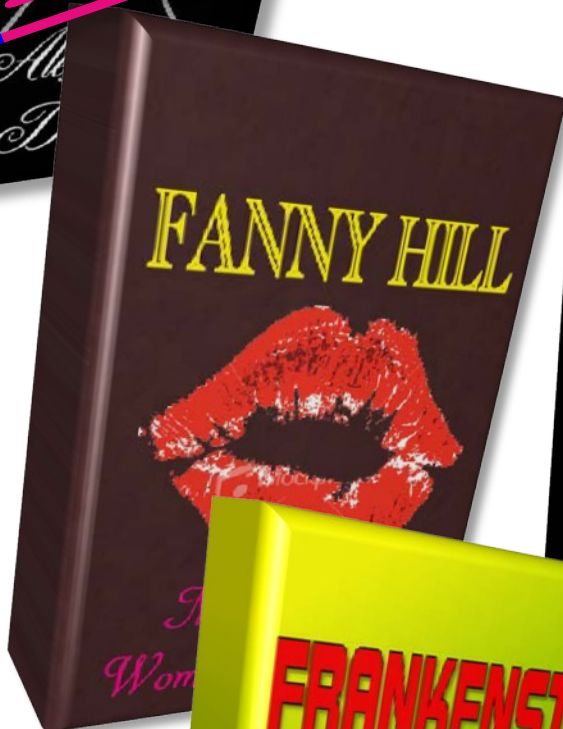
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THE RIGHT TO
REMAIN SILENT

**LAUGHTER
POLICE**

COMEDY MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

[Fun With Fish](#)

[War Council of the Degron Empire](#)

[The Complete Book of Lies](#)

[The Correspondence of Two Victorian Sisters](#)

[A Farewell to Bams](#)

[Profesor Pete's Advice](#)

[Hail Faqistan](#)

[Barmaids \(Sitcom\)](#)

[Robot Turns Gay](#)

[Secrets of World War II](#)

[How To Deal With A Jealous Husband](#)

[Count Dracula Interview](#)

[The Great Detective & Lady Shatterley's Lover](#)

[On Company Time](#)

[Your Stars with Mystic Mabel](#)

[Of Gods & Men](#)

[The Truth Behind the Transporter](#)

[Across the Pacific by Igloo](#)

[Weapons of Mass Destruction](#)

[The Truth Behind Doggy Fashion](#)

Clicking the Header on any page

will bring you back to this Menu page.

*My favourite superhero?
That'll be **BARMAN** !*



FUN WITH FISH

It can honestly be said that the person with a fish-tank within their home is a human being truly at peace with themselves. Gazing upon our colourful piscine friends as they swoop and glide through their watery environment can only bring peace and harmony to the ambiance of your own surroundings.

There are many misconceptions about keeping fish, tropical and cold water, within the house. Chief of these is that they will dominate your domestic arrangements, but nothing could be further from the truth. Read on to discover the many ways you can still enjoy many fun activities within your home, even with a fish tank there!

GAMES – You can play many enjoyable games with a fish tank in your living room. Snakes & Ladders, Chess, Ludo, your fish won't mind a bit.

READING – It is very easy to read a book or magazine even with your aquatic pals around, though their colourful displays may be distracting.

WRESTLING – It's quite possible to wrestle in a manly way with a fish tank nearby, but caution is advised. The tank, after all, is made of glass and does contain a considerable amount of water. Why not indulge in a spot of arm wrestling at a safe distance instead?

SEX – It's quite possible to behave in a naughty fashion with fish about as one thing they're certainly not is prudes. Even if it is the widow Hamilton and you should know better, your fish will not criticise your choice of partner. However, considering her reputation and the fact that she is more than willing to do it anywhere, why condemn your beautiful fish to witnessing the sordid sight?



WAR COUNCIL OF THE DEGRON IMPERIUM

Minutes of the Meeting of the Council on 2321.910.xbo

Subject: Planet Earth/Human Beings

Present: Cllr Korag (Leader of the Council); Warlord Struek; Cllrs Lood, Openg and Jabbra; Jazba Kildo (secretary)

Captain Fuer of Exploration Ship Zivre report by Telecast

Cllr Korag opened the meeting and made introductions before asking Captain Fuer to resume his report.

FUER: Before I was interrupted by loss of signal I was informing you of the human habit of venting waste gases, also known as farting.

KORAG: We have considered it and do not regard it as a threat.

FUER: Acknowledged. Let me inform you then that they have many gods.

OPENG: They do not worship Mash?

ALL: All hail, Mash!

FUER: No. They seem to have never heard of the All-Creator.

OPENG: Primitives indeed. But what does it serve them to have many gods?

FUER: It gives them a reason to make war on each other.

KORAG: War? That we must consider as a threat. What form does their war take?

FUER: They throw things at each other.

LOOD: Throw things? That is a strange method. What sort of things?

FUER: From their historical record it seems that they began with rocks and sticks, before graduating to metal pellets projected by exploding gases. More recently they have manufactured large missiles, many containing fissionable material.

OPENG: But that would kill them! What kind of a way is that to make war? To kill your enemies? Where is the profit in destruction?

FUER: I asked myself the same questions, Cllr, but I can only report what I observed.

KORAG: They seem like a strange race indeed. What other absurdities do they practice?

FUER: They wear vegetables.

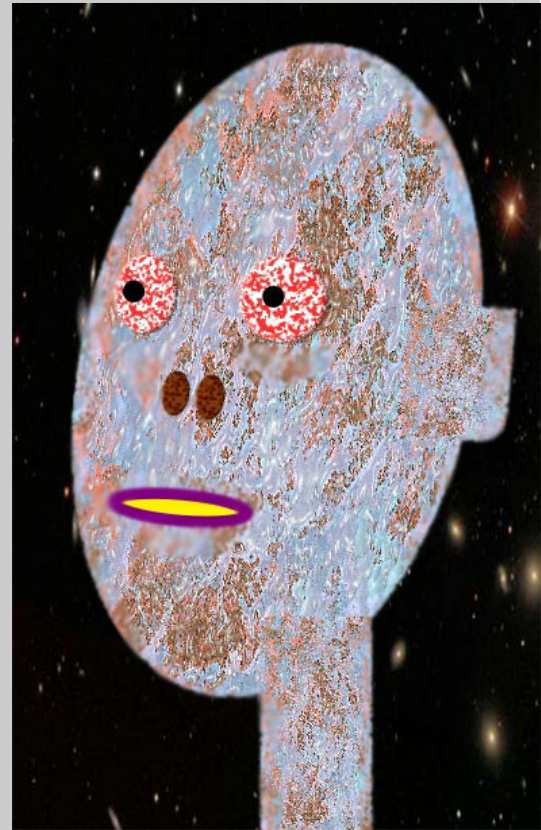
LOOD: Now you attempt humour, captain.

FUER: I promise you. A vegetable called cotton. They turn this into garments called jeans.

JABBRA: Have they no plastics?

FUER: Indeed. But they use it to make cutlery. Oh, and vibrators.

JABBRA: Vibrating cutlery? Is it patented?



TELECAST LOST. SESSION WILL RESUME WHEN CONTACT IS RE-ESTABLISHED

LIES

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

Surplus electricity in Ghana is to be used to fuel an electricity generating power station.

The Iranian government has confirmed that female deep sea divers will be required to wear the burqa.

George Armstrong Custer hated fancy dress parties.

Moles can tap dance.

Mongolian men are not allowed to shave their armpits.

Camembert is said to be the most aphrodisiac of cheeses.

Horses can be trained to moo like cows.

Cockville in Minnesota changed its name to Penisville in 1852.

Mickey Rooney once beat John Wayne at arm wrestling.

Flying a flag at quarter mast honours those who are only half dead.

Osteopaths cannot spell.

Volcanic magma can be used to power submarines.

Walking on water is regarded as the most unimpressive miracle.

Bear shit contributes to global warming.

Ninjas cannot eat fried food.

Carmelite nuns like caramel.

The Shoshone had the worst rain dance record of any native American tribe.

You can kill a cactus with minced pork.

Vegetarian women will not perform oral sex.

Cats cannot see the colour cerise.

The Mexican Navy can be hired by the hour for publicity purposes.

Flying fish require a pilot's license.

Penchant is the dirtiest word in the Swahili language.

Self-sealing stem-bolts (ST DS9) are available on Ebay.

Hillary Clinton always goes commando when she meets the Prez.

Woody Allen uses a Bullworker.

Ghosts are scared of mice.

Bonobo monkeys can drive trams.

Bisexuals cannot become librarians in Germany.

Goldfish taste of marzipan.

You cannot steam toads.

Owning two hats is a sign of insanity in Botswana.

Oak tree bark tastes of mango.

The International Space Station cannot receive satellite TV.

The President of France is not allowed to keep a pet crocodile.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO VICTORIAN SISTERS

Dear Cassandra,

I have been led to believe that you allowed my Charles to be beastly with you recently. As you know I have always regarded you as a sister and I am loathe to believe that this can be true. Pray tell me what occurred. Your dearest friend,
Charlotte

Dear Charlotte,

I am afraid to inform you that the rumours you have heard are true, but do be assured that the event was not of my instigation. It happened thus – I was bending over to pick something up when Charles assaulted me from behind and was, as you say, beastly with me. He came upon me so sudden I feared that he was going to be beastly with me in an unnatural fashion. But, as you can see, I was not to blame.

Your devoted friend,
Cassandra

PS – I am your sister

Dear Cassandra,

I cannot believe that my Charles would behave in such a brutal fashion. Are you sure he did not trip and thus fall upon you?

Your dearest sister,
Charlotte

Dear Charlotte,

I truly cannot say if Charles tripped, for as I informed you, I was bent down at the time and my gaze was upon the flower I was picking.

Your devoted sister,
Cassandra

Dear Cassandra,

It is beyond belief that my sweet Charles would take advantage of a girl in the way you imply. Are you sure you did not wiggle your bottom at him in a provocative fashion, thus causing a rush of blood to his head and his attack upon your nether parts.

Your dearest sister,
Charlotte

Dear Charlotte,

I am outraged that you could think I could behave in such a fashion. I have only wiggled my bottom once in my life. It was during my honeymoon, in front of my husband, Victor, and gave him a nosebleed. You must seek elsewhere to find a motive behind Charles's caddish behaviour.

Your dearest sister,
Cassandra

Dear Cassandra,

I have now spoken to Charles about the matter and he confirms that he did indeed trip over a rug which caused him to fall upon you. What I still cannot ascertain is how he managed to achieve his end through your bustle.

Your dearest sister,
Charlotte

Dear Charlotte,

Ah, I failed to inform you that I have taken up nude modelling recently and was in that mode when the event occurred. I have had to resort to this as our financial situation is perilous. Victor has been thrown out of the army since leading his regiment on an attack upon our allies. He has always had difficulties with his sense of direction, the silly sausage. As we have no income Victor suggested I take up modelling in the nude for artists and it is quite lucrative at 10 guineas per hour. It doesn't quite cover Victor's gambling debts so he's also suggested I offer beastliness to young gentlemen for a small remuneration. You will understand then that your Charles owes me 20 guineas. We cannot take cheques else the amount would be taxed so would you slip the amount into an envelope and have your butler drop it off at our residence?

Your loving sister,
Cassandra

A FAREWELL TO BAMS

AMOCK has always had a soft spot for barmaids, especially if they are pretty of face, neat of figure and generous of pouring. One of our writers, however, has had his heart broken by one and we include his farewell here.

Well, that's it, it's over, she's thrown me out.

I used to see her in this pub and I knew she was interested. She was undressing me with her eyes, so I wore two pairs of pants, just to tease her.

But she was an absolute doll. Not beautiful, just I'm sure bits of her were plastic.

The pub? Crap! Terrible decor, beer watered down and there wasn't any Venezuelan folk music on the jukebox. And let's face it, a Scotsman's home is his pub, part of his national heritage.

So I said to her, I can imagine tens of thousands of years ago, a Neanderthal version of me, squatting right here in front of an open fire, drinking fermented barley, his meaty paw fumbling under his mate's furs, grunting vulgar obscenities in her ear.

After that I made a grab for her parts and she kicked me in the nuts, which is an extreme kind of foreplay, even for me.

But I said to her, I can't help it, it's that bum of yours, it drives me wild. In fact, I don't even consider it as a bum any more, more of a leisure centre.

Is that all you can think of, she says.

Not at all, says I. There's bosoms too. I often think of bosoms. Sometimes just one at a time, I'm not greedy. You're just like all the others, she said, you'll forget me in the end.

No chance, says I, I've got a pornographic memory.

And the smart bugger says, 'You make it awful difficult for me to appreciate the diversity of the human race'. Accused me of being a misogynist, but I refused to be something I couldn't spell.

What have you got going for you? she asked me.

Well, I was hide and seek champion four years running at school. Not even Big Willie Thompson, who's now the boss of the Glasgow Police, could find me.

There's nothing wrong with being an alcohol ingestion operative with thirty five years service, gets the creative juices flowing.

She said I was a dinosaur, but I'm all for progress and technology. If it wasn't for science there wouldn't be any mobile phones. You'd need to carry round a pygmy with a bongo drum.

I took my life in my hands and told her I'd just read a sex book with all the latest moves and grips, so how about it.

'What about the L word?' she asked, so I had another lager.

That's when she told me to bugger off, big style.

Never mind that nations will rock, and dynasties totter; there'll be plague and pestilence, kids crying in the streets, people smiting their breast and wailing and gnashing their teeth. It'll be worse than getting beat by the English at football.

I'd got to like that pub. Never missed the fancy-dress, karaoke, quiz-nights on Wednesdays.

Anyway, sod the pub, and sod her. She was a lousy barmaid as a matter of fact, more Mein Kampf than Mine Host.

He's got the **Professor** **KNOWLEDGE** **Pete**



**Professor Pete gives you indispensable
advice on all your problems.**

UNDIES

Dear Pete,
I am about to be married and am worried about what underwear to wear on my wedding day. I obviously want something that will titillate and entice my spouse but don't want to look like a tart. What would you suggest?
Jo, Dumfries

Dear Jo,
You fail to tell me if you are to be the husband or wife in this arrangement. If the wife I think you should wear something tantalising and to hell with being thought a tart. If the husband you should probably wear something lacy and demure to appeal to your new wife's aesthetics.
Pete

CHUCK

Dear Pete,
My husband is obsessed with old rock 'n' roller Chuck Berry. He duck walks everywhere and expects me to call him my Brown Eyed Handsome Man, even though his eyes are grey. Worst of all he asks total strangers to play with his Ding A Ling. What can I do to stop this aberrant behaviour?
Maybellene, Wolverhampton

Dear Maybellene,
I don't see why this is a particular problem but if it is really annoying you could try to shift his focus to Buddy Holly, though he might then expect you to Rave On and change your name to Peggy Sue.
Pete

REAL

Dear Professor,
My friend Kris says Batman isn't a real super-hero because he don't have no super-powers like Superman or Spiderman. But he's got a costume and a secret identity so I think he's talking shit. What do you say?
Freddy, Baltimore

Dear Freddy,
Kris is training to become a professional pedant when he grows up, so just live with it. Oh, and don't say shit.
Pete

SALSA

Dear Professor Pete,

My wife has taken up salsa dancing. Is this legal in the UK?
Fred, Leeds

Dear Fred,
It is not only illegal, it is disgusting. Women who wish to dance with a spicy sauce of tomatoes, onions and chili peppers are an abomination and I'm fairly sure it is expressly forbidden in St Paul's 24th Epistle to the Corinthians. Some extreme Buddhist sects stone women who take up this freakish means of comporting themselves but this isn't really acceptable in this day and age. Mild chastisement in the form of a non-committal grunt of disapproval should suffice.
Pete

READING

Dear Prof,
Our neighbour Ms Maypole claims to be a librarian but she has male visitors every night and we frequently hear shrieks and moans coming from her house and we see her through her window running about in her underwear. Do you think she's up to no good?
Red, Kansas

Dear Red,
Your Ms Maypole is in fact up to a lot of good. Her male visitors have reading difficulties and this good Samaritan is helping them. Her methodology requires them to read romantic fiction aloud which elicits the shrieks and moans from her and as this genre gets her all hot and bothered she has to remove items of clothing to remain cool.
Pete

BIRTHDAY GIFT

Dear Professor Pete,
What do you think would make a suitable gift for our son's 18th birthday. He is a good, obedient and studious boy and we would really like to reward him for being a fine son and the apple of both his parents' eyes.
Mr & Mrs Kennadale, Vermont

Dear Mr & Mrs Kennadale,
There is nothing in the world an 18 year old boy wants more than an 18 year old girl, but generally speaking they're better off finding themselves. Anything you can contribute towards finding him a female companion, such as a car or a helicopter, would be greatly appreciated.
Pete

**Write to Pete with your problems and
he'll solve them for you. Sort of.**

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HAIL FAGISTAN

George Kincaid has changed his name to Oberon as he claims to be King of the Fairies and is planning an independent gay kingdom of which he will be ruler. Oberon was the King of the Fairies in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"I used to be known as Fruity George, but I think that's bit demeaning," he explained. "So, when I came up with

the idea of forming a kingdom solely for gay men, I thought it was an ideal opportunity to change my name and stake a claim for kingship. I'm the best known gay man in my neighbourhood, so I think it's a strong claim." Oberon hopes his fairy kingdom can be established on an uninhabited sun-drenched Caribbean island.

"There must be somewhere in the world where gay men can live free," he trilled, "but we have no intention of moving in on someone else's territory. My friend, Ken, is already working on a design for our national flag and grunge band, the Pus Brothers, will be writing a national anthem. I'm hoping they come up with a big show number. In the meantime we'll be using the Village People's YMCA. Our country will be known as Fagistan." Gay men facing oppression across the world will be invited to migrate to Fagistan and provided they fulfil the immigration criteria they will be granted citizenship.

"We won't be harsh, and even if you're only a teeny bit bisexual we'll let you in. But you must be a practicing homosexual, we don't want anybody that's just curious.

They'll have to get their feet wet in the outside world before they qualify to be Fagistanis."

Oberon doesn't see any problems with populating his nation with creative and productive residents who will soon form a society that can supply all its own needs.

"There are gay men in every occupation, firefighters, interior designers, software engineers, hairdressers, airplane cabin crew, and we will make them all welcome. I see us being self-sufficient in all our needs within five years though in the early months we might have to import lube."

Why Oberon chose a monarchy rather than a democratic republic is also open to question but he denies accusations of egotism.

"Oh God, it's not about me," he insisted, "It's not as if I'm going to form a dynasty, I'm a gay man with no kids to inherit the throne, and it's very unlikely that my wife, Arthur will ever get pregnant. Future kings will be elected by popular vote in a form of democratic monarchy, thereby mixing the modern with the traditional and I think that's a very gay thing to do."



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