

# A M O G K

ISSUE 5

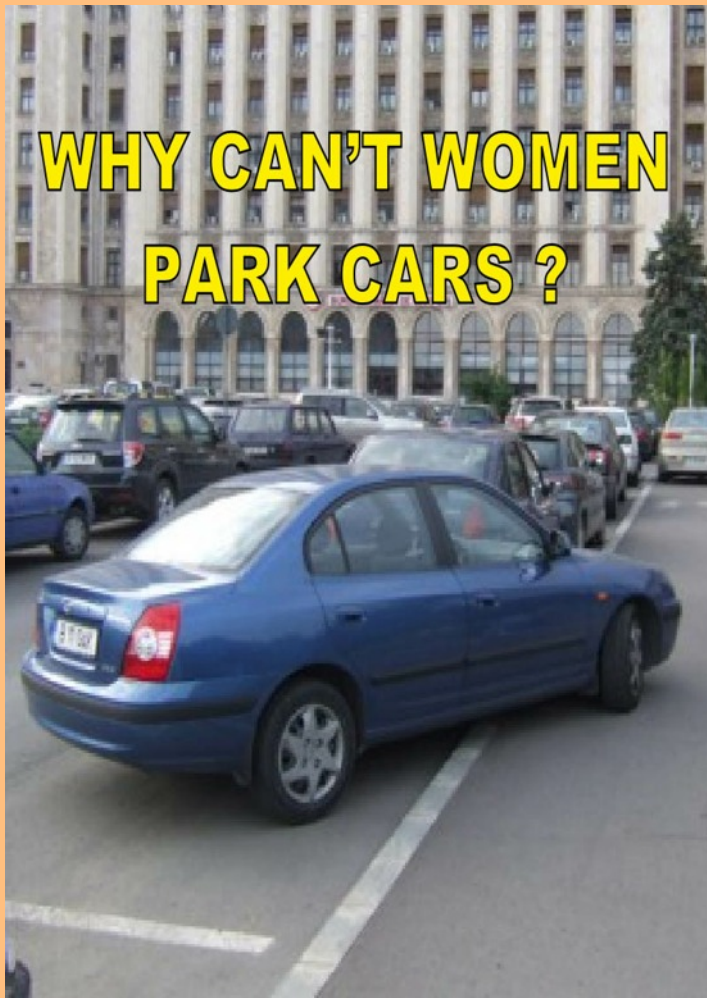
*Hey, I'm a  
Ventriloquist !*

COMEDY MAGAZINE



# FREE ECARDS

We have a small range of free humorous swf ecards on our website which you can download to email to friends to give them a laugh. Unfortunately you can't personalise them or insert your own message, but you can always put those in the body of your email. Select the Free Ecards button on the navbar on the Amock website.



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AMOCK is brought to you by the following insane people-

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Cartoonists - Lee Smith, Robert Malkin, Paul Breeden

Want to write for AMOCK? Drop an email to [editor@amock.net](mailto:editor@amock.net) including your CV and a 200 word sample written in our style.

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## PICTURE CREDITS

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Spanners tattoo by rachaelvoorhees

Aladdin Sane by Piano Piano!

John Cleese by Reckon

Jimmy Carr by SPakhrin

Woody Allen by Colin Swan

Hippy girl by Alaskan Dude



# HOW TO BE A BOUNCER

## The Indispensable Guide from the Guvnor, Tommy 'Chopper' Blackstaff



Many young men reaches a point in their lives where they is at their physical peak and the toblerone is coursing through their veins. It is at this point they feels like punching other young men in the mouth to assert their masculinity, but unfortunately this is against the law and a spell in prison may lead to a sore bum.

Fortunately, there is alternatives to joining a gang of thugs. One is to join the army but there is always a danger that there will be no

war available to fight. Another is to take up the sport of boxing but the rules do insist that your opponent is permitted to strike back and that's not really what our young chap is looking for.

The perfect solution is to become a door steward, or bouncer as he is known among those what reads tabloids. This is not an easy course to follow and requires a great deal of training, especially in the linguistic department as our steward must have a masterly command of the English language due to not being allowed to punch someone in the face before speaking to them. This is assuming, of course, that our boy wishes to pursue his door stewarding career in the UK and not in darker parts of the world where they speaks foreign.

In this first instructive module we are following two door stewards who are on duty outside The Lecherous Lizard nightclub. They are John and Jim, though these are not their real names, which is Jim and John. The events what follows is fiction, that is they is not real. There was no witnesses and the CCTV was broke.

**John:** Me and the missus was getting shoes for my wee godson as a christening present this afternoon.

**Jim:** Cool, did you find a pair you liked?

**John:** We did, but they said "Non Sale" on the sticker so we just left it.

**John:** That's just confusing, it's like when you go to the shoe shop and they only have the right shoe on display. Do you think there's somewhere where they only have the left shoe out on display?

**Jim:** Would make sense, I suppose, but they hides them shops.

**John:** Heads up, mate, there's somebody coming.

A punter approaches. He is a black man, but this should make no difference to the professional door steward who must always be prepared to punch people in the face regardless of race, religion or gender.

**John:** Not tonight mate.

**Punter:** I was just ...

**Jim:** Not tonight, mate.

**Punter:** I was just trying to...

**John:** No trainers.

**Punter:** These aren't trainers, they're brogues.

**Jim:** Brogues? What is you, a poof?

**John:** Look, mate, you've had too much to drink.

**Punter:** I've not been drinking.

**Jim:** No trainers

**John:** We've done that bit, we're onto Phrase 3 now.

**Jim:** Did we not bar you last week?

**Punter:** No...

**Jim:** I'm sure we did, John, didn't we?

**John:** You're barred, now get lost.

**Punter:** Look, morons, I work here, I'm the club manager.

**Jim:** Oh, looking for some aggro are you?

Jim decks the Punter with a swift left uppercut, delivered from an angle of 48° at a velocity of 43 mph.

Lesson 2 – How to punch a nun what is collecting for charity.

# THE HITLER LETTERS

## CONTINUING OUR EXTRACTS FROM THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FASCIST LEADER.

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 8th August 1907

Berti, my old kamerad, how are you?

I am well. As you can see I am in Vienna now and I am proud to inform you that I am a great success. Everyone is clamouring for my paintings, even the ones of my feet which I did when I was laid up in bed with the flu and had nothing to inspire me.

I am careful not to let success go to my head, even when the frauleins ask me for a kiss and offer a quick glimpse of their underwear. I know that many great men have fallen by the wayside with their lust for petticoats and I do not intend to be one of them. I will save myself from such things until I am married and then perhaps for a few months more, just to make sure.

The food here in Vienna is tremendous and I am eating bratwurst every day, sometimes with a little Gruyere cheese, which you know used to be one of my favourites when I was a boy with you in Branau. Speaking of which, how are the other fellows doing? Has Hans got rid of that wart yet?

Incidentally, as it is now fairly assured that I will be a great artist and world famous I would appreciate it if you didn't tell anyone about that night behind the pig-sty. It was only curiosity on my part and I'm sorry for biting.

If you can raise a few shillings come and visit me in Vienna and I will show you the sights. If you could bring my teddy bear I would appreciate it.

Your old kamerad,

Adi

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Kruger & Co (Cobblers), Tandelmarkt, Vienna

DATE: 12th October 1907

Sirs,

While walking through the city yesterday I happened to notice in the window of your shop that you have an excellent selection of boots and shoes for which I congratulate you.

I am currently planning to walk to Peru as a means of protesting against the decline of the Austrian Empire and also to prove that Germanic men fear nothing in the way of marching. I wonder if you could provide me with some stout walking boots for this venture? I feel that this would be a wonderful way to publicise your company and its fine Germanic workmanship in the way of pedal accessories. I'm sure five or six pairs would be adequate. I am a size six.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bertha Huss, Der Grossenhaus, Dammstrasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th October 1907

Dear Fraulein Bertha,

It was a great pleasure to meet you in the cafe yesterday and I am sorry that I disappointed you but I am not in the habit of showing off my chest to young frauleins whom I have just met. This does not mean that I am the sissy boy and indeed have many hairs upon my manly chest. Anyone who told you I have no hair on my chest is a liar. As I explained to you I am in Vienna to study art and will be a great success as I am hugely talented. It would be of great benefit to you to remain in my acquaintance and not cast aspersions on my chest.

Did you enjoy the gateau at the cafe? I thought it lacked sweetness. If you are available on Tuesday afternoon I would be pleased to buy you a slice to see if they have improved their recipe.

Your humble admirer,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Doktor Herman Steiff, 19 Wasnergasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th October 1907

Dear Doktor,

I understand that you are a world renowned expert on chest hair and wondered if there had been any recent developments in this area. Is it normal for a man of 18 years of age not to have any hair on his chest, though in every other respect he is extremely manly? Are there any preparations or tonics a chap could take, either internally or externally, to accelerate the growth of said chest hair? I am asking on behalf of a friend.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

**FOLLOW HITLER'S CORRESPONDENCE NEXT ISSUE**

# LIES

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

Honey can be used to cure earache.

Flying fish require a pilot's license.

Japanese lesbians taste of halibut.

Upholsterers have a secret society in Peru.

Men called Nigel have no nasal hair.

There is no word for bread in Chinese.

The man who discovered Alzheimer's disease  
was called Johnson.

Pierced ears are a sign that a woman will have  
sex on a Tuesday in parts of Baluchistan.

The prize in the annual baking contest in the  
English village of Lower Titford is a racing  
canoe.

Horses can be trained to play croquet.

You are forbidden from erecting a tent in  
Sudan if you have more than two sisters.

Bald men have hairy buttocks..

Cheddar cheese can not be digested by the  
great white shark .

Female lawyers in Uganda are required to be  
good dancers.

Plans for a Business Class section in the space  
shuttle were shelved.

50% of men who own a telescope use it to  
star-gaze. The other half use it to spy on their  
neighbours.

Bisexuals are forbidden from eating melons in  
Spain.

Kirk Douglas was Chinese.

Frank Sinatra was once Hoboken dominoes  
champion.

Cows can predict the weather if they're allowed  
to listen to radio forecasts.

Australians believe that Sgt. Bilko is the typical  
American.

John Wayne hated fishing.

The Loch Ness monster is thought to be a  
species of hedgehog.

You can become invisible by drinking glass  
cleaner.

Plumbers are not good at shaving.

Running backwards at a time of national  
emergency is forbidden in Turkmenistan.

In Scotland you can only bark at a postman if  
you are a dog.

Chimpanzees have been spotted gambling.

In Sweden you cannot buy a trumpet if you  
have a limp.

Franciscan monks must be able to tie a reef  
knot.

Nude sunbathers can be arrested in Portugal if  
the police decide that they are unattractive.

Bantu women are turned on by men with  
smelly feet.

Women with big noses are desired greatly as  
wives in Patagonia.

The Egyptian pyramids have a doorbell.



"Waste of money that was!"

## MASSACRE WAS MISUNDERSTANDING

"It was a misunderstanding," said mob boss Al Capone in his recently discovered diaries. "I send some guys out to sell some other guys some mascara for their molls for St Valentine's Day and it ends up being called the St Valentine's Day Massacre. There aint no justice. I'm a businessman, in the cosmetics business, I don't have my guys going out killing other guys. Sure, I was sore at Bugs Moran trying to muscle in on my territory, who wouldn't be. His lipsticks was much inferior to mine and all the dolls in the South Side said so. Too sticky, they says. They used to kiss their guys goodbye at the front door in the morning and they'd end up having to go to work with them, lips stuck together. That's no way to do business, and Bugs knew it, but he was always for an easy buck. You'll never make it with shoddy products, Bugs, I says to him, but of course he didn't listen, he reckoned all his customers was mugs. That's why he tried to sell them blue blusher. Anyways, I just wants posterity to knows that it should be called the St Valentine's Day Mascara and not that other thing, which aint true."





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



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

## **HAIRY CHESTS**

Dear Prof,  
As a surprise for my wife's birthday I intend removing my chest hair as she has told me she's never been with a man with a bare chest and has often fantasised about it. What would you recommend as the best method, waxing or shaving?  
Cliff, SF

Dear Cliff,  
Are you mad? A man's very virility resides in his chest hair and on no account should you remove it, either by waxing or shaving. Men without chest hair are nothing but ladyboys and this passion on your wife's part seems to indicate lesbian tendencies.  
Pete

## **KNEES**

Dear Pete,  
Could you advise me on whether a full marriage license allows me unrestricted access to all parts of my wife's body? She insists that there are regions which are still off-limits, but I believe that a full marriage license, registered with the authorities, and with no penalty points, should offer me access all areas. I am thinking specifically of behind her knees and her armpits.  
Greg, Sunderland

Dear Greg,  
You fail to tell me how long you have been married and if the event is recent you may have to take a cautious approach to your wife's more intimate areas. With time she will relax and may permit you more liberties. In the meantime you might have to satisfy yourself with internet porn where there are many sites that specialise in behind the knees erotica.  
Pete

## **SOUL**

Dear Pete,  
Our son, Freddie, came home last week and told us that he'd sold his soul to Satan. He has condemned himself to eternal damnation and hellfire. What can we do to save him?  
Ada Vernon (Mrs), Glasgow

Dear Ada,  
There is no cause for concern. Your son, as you well know, is gay, and poverty has led him into a life of male prostitution. The soul he is selling is his ass soul and his customer is Dave Satan, the vegetarian chiropodist with the practice at the corner of Duke St and Gt Western Rd. Take advantage of the situation and have your feet done.  
Pete

## **TRAINING**

Dear Prof,  
My friend Timbo can fart on command and it's hilarious, especially if he lets one go every time our teacher finishes a sentence. I'd like to learn how to perform this marvellous feat and wonder where I can go to train?  
Joe, Liverpool

Dear Joe,  
I'm a bit confused here. Is it the farting on command you want to learn, or the marvellous feet? The marvellous feet are probably more useful and served Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire very well, so that's probably what you mean, in which case the answer is any decent dance academy.  
Pete

## **REJECTION**

Dear Pete,  
I have always been hot for Debi Cooper and everybody knows it. She is blonde and cute and I've been keen on her since we were at school together, but she doesn't seem to know I exist. My friends keep telling me to ask her out but I can't in case she laughs in my face. What can I do?  
Maurice, N. Dakota

Dear Maurice,  
The fear of rejection has been the curse of young men since Adam first asked Eve out on a date. To overcome it you must get used to rejection before making an attempt on the fair Debi. To that end you should make advances towards super models and famous actresses and the rejection you get from them will stand you in good stead when the Debster tells you to piss off.  
Pete

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

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# WINNIE THE SHIT

B Morris 93

WINNIE HAS TAKEN LITTLE PIGLET TO THE PARK.

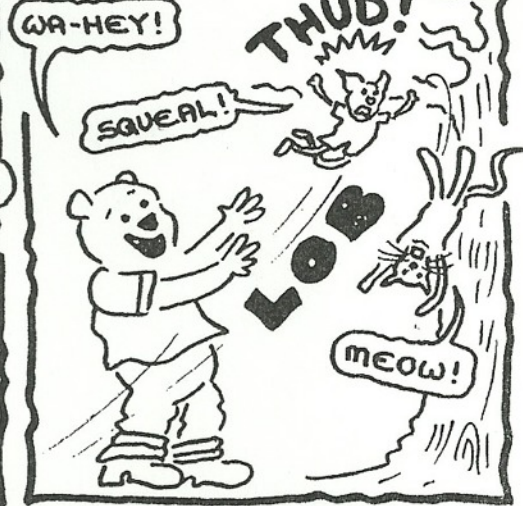
COME ON LITTLE PIGLET! LET'S GO AND PLAY ON THE SWINGS!

ME LIKE SWINGS!

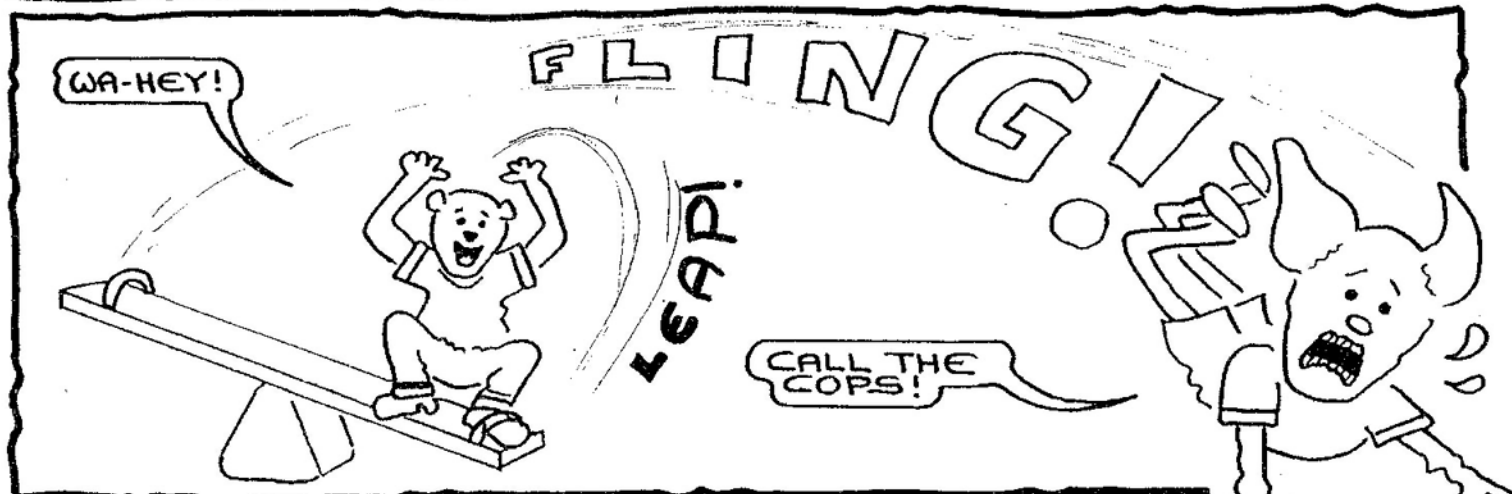
LOOK, WINNIE! A LITTLE MOGGIE STUCK UP A TREE!

meow!

NOT THE OLD PUSSY UP A TREE SCENARIO!









# AZERBAIJANI ANTICS

## WITH

## DILBO COXNI



Hello, my friends, my name she is Dilbo Coxni, and I am finest standing-up comedian of Azerbaijan. I write guest column in

Amock to be getting the international recognition which I am deserve. Also, maybe, worldwide TV show and lunch with John Cleese. Silly walk is funny, yeah, and don't mentioning the war. In Azerbaijan I have own TV show. Is called, *It's Dilbo*, and is very funny. Especially comedy bits.

I am start with good joke as is important to make good first impression. This wisdom my father, Dojun Coxni, is teaching me. He is chief torturer in secret police and is presented with Gold Pliers Award by International Association of Interrogators. He say to me, "Dilbo, is important to make good first impression. That is why I am always introducing myself to suspect with blow to head from nail-studded club." I am remember this because my father is wise man, also good with head butt.

Anyway, my joke she is about why pervert is crossing road.

But first I am digress as my sister, Shelzi and my brother, Torgo, is come into room. I know British audience is liking this digress as is done by Scottish half of Two Ronnies comedy combo, Billy Connolly.

"Cousin Rinko is weird," Shelzi say, "I am know this because he does not watch me in bath like other men in village who peep through window. Maybe he is the gay."

I am appal because the man who like the bottom of other man is forbid in Azerbaijan and punishment is death by being well hung.

But Torgo is disagree. "Rinko is weird because he like goat too much. I see him."

"Oh, my God" Shelzi is gasp, "He will get arrest."

"No," Torgo say, "Is nanny goat, so he not gay."

"Is hardly even pervert," Shelzi is comment, "No man can resist attractive goat. I am waste my time flaunt my body in bath when Goat Watch on BBC 2."

"Oh, Shelzi, is not true," I say in trying to console, "Is many men prefer woman to goat."

"Nonsense," she say with big pout, "All men of Azerbaijan they prefer the farmyard animal and not woman."

"And women of Azerbaijan is no different!" Torgo exclaim.

"Is lie!" Shelzi shriek with stamp of dainty foot, "Women of Azerbaijan is lady!"

"I see how you look at Balthazar, champion bull of dairy herd," Torgo say slyly.

"He damn handsome chap," Shelzi answer, with flutter of eyelashes.

"Is a tragedy for our people," I interject, "All this desire for the beasts of the field when sexy fun should be with own species."

Torgo agrees. "Dilbo is right. Only last week a man is caught crossing the road ensconced in a chicken."

"You are the shit," I am say, very angry, "You have ruin my joke."

# TATTOO MUCH

There comes a point in every young person's life when they have to make an important decision. For a young man it may be whether to grow a moustache. For a young woman it may be whether to shave her undercarriage. But for both the most important will be, whether to get a tattoo.

Before they embark on that great coming-of-age moment, deciding to deface their body, they must consider whether they are cool enough without a tattoo. If the answer is no then by all means they must go ahead.

Female tattoo enthusiasts have a little more choice than men as they can get their own, or for that matter someone else's, name tattooed across the small of their back, this is known colloquially as the Tramp Stamp. These types of tattoos usually appeal to the more sexually promiscuous ladies who hang around seedy night clubs after 3am chatting up young men or shouting abuse at passers by with their mouths full of pizza. Not a pretty sight.

Another common place for females to have tattoos is on their feet; these sometimes take the form of a beautiful flower such as a rose. The fact that the sweet odour of the rose does not match that of the feet is just another of those incongruities that makes spelling incongruities so difficult.



Still other women have the name of their current paramour tattooed on their left buttock. These normally follow the line of 'Property of Bob Smillie' or such, but at least this system does allow space on the right buttock for a list of previous owners.

An increasingly popular trait among young men is to have their manly parts tattooed with their own name, probably as a mark of ownership in case they lose it while at the urinal or it ends up down the hose of their vacuum cleaner after a much regretted drunken adventure. Gents please always remember the golden rule - don't get anything tattooed on your parts unless you're 100% sure it will fit. Joe Bell might just manage, but Fforbes Smythe-Gorely is definitely wasting his time.

Furthermore as a final note please remember that correct spelling is vital as tattooists are not known for their learning. Natalei, as she's now called, found this out the hard way.





A man and a woman are standing outdoors in a scenic setting with green hills and trees in the background. The man, on the left, is wearing a brown tweed jacket, a white shirt, a brown tie, and a brown hat. He has his arms crossed and is looking towards the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with a red vest and a white skirt. She is looking back at the man. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble, coming from the man, contains the text 'FANCY A MOVIE TONIGHT, EVA?'. The second speech bubble, coming from the woman, contains the text 'NO, YOU ONLY LIKE ZE WAR FILMS'.

*FANCY A MOVIE  
TONIGHT, EVA?*

*NO, YOU ONLY  
LIKE ZE WAR FILMS*

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# MABEL & THE LOST DIDLO

Once there was a King who had a beautiful daughter called Mabel. Princess Mabel was so beautiful that guys were too frightened to approach her for fear of rejection, thinking she was out of their league. For truly, she had long, blonde hair, an elfin face, and busties that could take your eye out. Saddened by her lack of manly fulfilment, Mabel had to resort to playing with her 10-inch Rambo Multi-Speed Didlo with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration. For those who do not know of such things, a didlo is a mechanical device which ladies who have no partner use to diddle themselves on the odd occasion. Mabel's didlo became her favourite plaything. She loved her didlo and slipped it into her royal lady parts whenever she got the opportunity to do so.

This magnificent device had been bought for her on her 18th birthday by her mother, Queen Lubricious, who well knew that young ladies tended to end up underneath young gentlemen if their carnal needs were not catered for. But as it was a royal device and intended for regal lady parts it was made of gold and encrusted with diamonds and other precious stones, though these were ground to an extreme smoothness lest they grazed the naughty parts of the beauteous Princess Mabel.

She would often go down to the pond at the bottom of the garden to secretly worm the didlo into her affections. One afternoon, when she was feeling especially amorous, she slipped the didlo between her thighs and collapsed in a frenzied spasm, causing the glistening didlo to shoot out of her majestic muff and splash into the water at the bottom of the deep pond. She was lost without her didlo and sobbed uncontrollable tears.

Just then she heard a voice.

"Whatever's upset you, Princess? You look as if somebody baked you a big cake with lashings of whipped cream and then rather cruelly scooped it all themselves."

She looked around and saw a big ugly frog sitting on the edge of the pond.

Mabel was a little frightened.

"Was that you who just spoke?" she said, pulling her knickers back up.

"It certainly was," said the frog.

"Holy amphibians! A talking frog!" screamed Mabel.

"It's ok, I wouldn't harm a fly," said the frog. "Well...actually I've just eaten six for my dinner, but that's besides the point. What's up with you, lass?"

"It's my didlo," sobbed Mabel.

"You've not got it stuck up your nasty, have you?" asked the frog, full of concern.

"No, that I could handle," said Mabel. "It's much worse, I'm afraid."

"I don't think I want to hear this," said the frog.

"No...silly," answered Mabel. "It's fallen into the pond."

The frog gave a big sigh. "I'll fetch your plaything back for you," said the frog, "but you'll have to give me something in return."

"I don't like the sound of this," Mabel replied.

The frog gave a cough.

"I'll dive down and retrieve your didlo if you promise to kiss me."

"You can go and jump yourself!" she said. "I'm not kissing no ugly frog. You get locked up for doing things like that."

"But I'm a handsome Prince really," explained the frog. "And if you kiss me I'll turn back into a handsome Prince."

"You'll tell me anything, you will," pouted Mabel.

"But it's true," said the frog. "I swear on my Mother's life."

"Who's that? Mrs Kiki, the frog from Hector's House?"

"A wicked witch put a spell on me," explained the frog, "just because I called her an ugly cow. I know it was very insensitive of me to say such a thing but you should have seen the size of that wart on her chin. I mean to say, there's such a thing as plastic surgery these days. I was doing her a favour really, pointing out her unsightly blemish. And as for her hair, well..."

"Stuff me, you don't half ramble for a frog," complained Mabel.

The frog apologised.

"So are you going to kiss me then or what?"

"In your dreams, mate."

"If you kiss me then you'll break the spell and I will be turned back into a handsome Prince."

"There's more chance of the Pope getting pregnant than me kissing your ugly mush, mate."

"Right, I'm not retrieving your didlo then."

"Well screw you! I can always use my fingers."

"Yes, but fingers are no substitute for a 10-inch Rambo Multi-Speed Didlo with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration."

The frog was right of course.

The Princess gave a big sigh. "Ok then. I'll kiss you, but no tongues mind."

The frog gave a big smile and his eyes almost popped out of his head.

"It'll be all over in a second, I promise."

Mabel closed her eyes and pursed her lips. It almost made her puke but, as the frog promised, it was all over in a second and those slimy green lips turned into the highly kissable lips of a handsome young Prince.

The young Princess opened her eyes.

"Oh I say, that's a vast improvement," she said.

The handsome young Prince looked at his reflection in the water.

"I agree. My legs are a much better shape and my eyes don't pop out as much as they used to."

"I bet you can't hop as high as you could though," commented Princess Mabel.

"I'm not bothered about that," said the Prince.

He was well chuffed, now that he was a handsome young Prince again.

A fly landed on his nose and he flicked it away.

"I would have eaten that a minute earlier," he sniggered.

Mabel felt ever so pleased with herself; not only had she helped the frog to turn back into a handsome young Prince but she had also saved the life of an innocent fly. She clapped her hands, applauding herself...and accidentally squashed the fly.

"Ah well," said the Prince. "Thanks for turning me back into my gorgeous self again. I'll be going shortly but I'll just retrieve your didlo first."

Young Mabel gave a big smile with thoughts of fulfilling her fantasies once again with the artificial beastie. The handsome Prince dived into the pond and returned with the 10-inch didlo.

“There you go, chuck. Have fun.”

Mabel took hold of her didlo and was just about to pull her knickers down when she realised just how handsome the Prince was – she fancied him like mad!. She tossed the didlo over her shoulder.

“I’ll not be needing this any more,” she said.

She lifted up the skirt of her beautiful royal gown and pulled her skimpy thong down her creamy thighs. She was just about to ask the handsome young Prince to do the honourable thing and mount her manfully when he picked up the didlo and wiped the pond scum from it.

“Ooh, it’s beautiful,” he squeaked, “I haven’t had anything so lovely since Lord Fruity’s party when there weren’t enough guardsmen to go round. Do you mind?”

He pulled down his strides and shoved the didlo up his bum. Mabel collapsed in a heap of tears. Not only did she not have the man of her dreams but she had also lost her beloved 10-inch Rambo Multi-Speed Didlo with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration.

And that would have been the end of that, dear reader, but for the fact that the wicked old witch had been watching the proceedings. Once again she cast her spell, and once again the handsome young Prince was transformed into a frog.

A frog whose nether parts were never intended to accommodate a 10-inch Rambo Multi-Speed Didlo with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration. He exploded in a green, sickly, mess and Mabel retrieved her didlo.

“Never again shall I be lured by men and their impressive manly parts,” she said, “For you are my one and only true love.”

And she would have lived happily ever after, but it cost her a fortune in batteries which bankrupted the nation and led to a republican revolution. The revolutionaries immediately declared a socialist republic and vowed to kill those who had kept them in servitude and bondage. But Princess Mabel survived, for her name was as those of the common people and that impressed the Interim Revolutionary Committee greatly. They appointed her Minister for Self-Gratification and she passed a law that all ladies should have a 10-inch Rambo Multi-Speed Didlo with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration at the government’s expense. This pleased the ladies of the land greatly and then they all lived happily ever after.

**THIS STIRRING TALE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY RAMBO plc, MANUFACTURERS OF THE 10-INCH RAMBO MULTI-SPEED DIDLO (with its ever-so-slight bend for complete penetration!) NOW ON SPECIAL OFFER AT ARGOS.**

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