

On a roll?

These books about life are all over the place. They tell you how you can be happy, how to be a millionaire without selling anything, heck sett eh raaaa! But, most people are still actively involved in slavery and aren't interested in anything but paying those bills with the insufficient wage they make ... which is made all the worse by having to clean their bits of dead skin from round the house, or the mess they leave in the kitchen ... but people love to valet their cars. A typical man wants his car to look good, but doesn't want anyone to see his skid marked underpants on the bedroom floor. Lots of women are the same. One friend of mine said his ex left her soiled knickers laying around the house. He loved going around her place because he got to lay on the floor and roll around with a pair over his head ... his nose was the happiest sense organ in the North West.

When you went to school (that was the waste of time you lived before you got to this shit bit), you had your left brain hemisphere filled with information, stuff for you to learn and regurgitate in an exam. How many years did the system try and force in the times tables? Twelve sixes are seventy two wasn't much use to me then, and it isn't much more use now. I failed at school, but have filled in now with more useful information, info which causes me to be labelled as 'mad'. If I try to give people the info now, they, especially women, complain because it hurts their brain ... no wonder, after having it pummelled at school for so long.

There are lots of books written on this subject, the one of wellbeing, enough to fuddle duddle the best brains, especially in this crazy seeming world where all people want to do is feel good, which makes it pointless making them feel bad with books full of mind exercises, aimed at that poor brain.

By the time you leave stste school, you may feel like someone has been using your brain as a football, so many say 'that's that' and go for a job where thinking isn't necessary. I worked as a bus driver and heard several of the divers speak for the others unofficially and say 'I like this job, I can turn off for eight hours, plus yummy scrummy overtime. I didn't like to hear that because no way did I want to turn off. These drivers in the next breath were saying 'only another 18 years to go and then I finish, with my pension. Then, funnily enough, some of them who had been there for forty years, finished on the Friday and no kidding, were back in a week, kicked out of the hoise by the wife who wasn't keen on tripping over him all the time.

Sometimes, you may wonder what it's all about, why are you here? What's the point? Life's a bitch full of boring bits and a rare ggod bit ... It's a bit pointless, and is a bit shit unless you feel good ... why do you get on a fairground ride other than to feel good, but, nearly everything is designed to make you feel bad.

So, life is about? Ah, but are we talking the concept of life, or physical life?

Well, the scientists have told us regarding life as a concept, 'we don't know', so that's it, it's a mystery, we do not know.

Unless they're lying, OR, they don't want you to know.

Then, to make the boredom less cutting, Drex loo rolls marketing management have a spliff each to come up with ... some wild idea to sell more rolls. All they have managed is the messing up my head trying to figure out their heads. I must be right, because I'm dead sensible.

Longer lasting loo roll?



Ok, I admit defeat, thanks for trashing my brain, what a way to treat a customer. I cannot work out (and I can't help trying) how a toilet roll can last longer because it is, get this (see next picture) stronger. However I can tell you that there is now less pleasure in its use. I found this terrible no-pleasure fact out because I used a length in the usual manner and found that my middle finger didn't go through it and enter my butt to the knuckle. which used to be quite entertaining (because of this usually boring life thing). Imagine, you're wiping your tight bottom and suddenly, your middle finger goes through the sheet and disappears up your sphinky (not to be confused with Minky, which is a whale). There is a nerve there, a lonely nerve which has been practicing cosmic ordering mumbo jumbo (ot jumbo bummo in this case) and is convinced it doesn't work, until now (now it's great!). Now the nerve is in Nerveana and your mind has followed it. It is so good, you somehow manage to wipe the rest of your butt with your left hand (which is a hell of an effort) and, still left handed, pull up the trousers and whatever, and leave that wonderful finger in place. People at work may not notice as you're 'always' (often? Periodically?) scratching your ass; tell them it's actually an Aloe and Buttermilk rash and thats why the scratching has to be constant and directly on the skin. If you botom burp, it makes a squeak, and if you move your finger, you can get a tune.



Sorry, I still don't get it. I though that the only way you could make a roll last longer is to make itlonger? Duuhhhhh. one thousand metres for the price of ten metres, Drex Value!

When the true word gets out and the gossip starts regarding that magical nerve, people start to copy you and they are smiling a lot more (which pisses the management off, for this isn't traditional i.e. people happy at work! That is NOT ON!). The problem is, it's a call centre, and people are ringing the

management to find out why no one is answering (?) when they want to complain bitterly about something or other. Your centre is behind the times by the way and you don't have head sets. Your management complain to the toilet roll manufacturer's management and they all then go for a double management meeting in Dubai, as someone has already booked the meeting rooms in the call centre and the bog roll factory, plus, the coffee machine is broken in each room.

The puppy people listen and steal the idea and, will now be making an Aloe Vera marinated (I know it's marinated, but I like marinated) rubber roll (how many thought that said doll?), which will last very, very much longer ~~pee~~ too. Now we have both Longer lasting 'and' finger friendly'. Won't that be ironic? i.e. we're going to have plastic money soon, which we will use to buy rubber toilet roll?

Then it will be the annual Puppy People's sport's day tug of war championship using stretchy toilet roll as the rope.

PS: The thousand metre roll will have an extra large hole in the middle so the person can actually get into the toilet, as it will have to be left outside the little room. Just think, when you have finished the roll in a few decades time, the cardboard tube will make two new waste paper baskets. What extremely good value.

Games with the new rubber roll.

Bounce the bearing

I thought that if you were to have a sheet of rubber roll stretched out between your hands. Couldn't you then bounce trampoline-like, a steel ball bearing and see how many bounces you could manage? Rubber toilet roll keepy up.

Get back to your armchair

You could tie one end of a five metre strip to the top bannister leg, and the other end to your belt and then see if you can get back to your chair without being dragged all the way back up the stairs. don't pick the evening when the wife is carrying armfuls of Poorcroft vases down to polish them.

Brief moments of happiness in this pointless boring life

The war effort kept a lot of people busy, with a purpose and a mission, it was almost full, meaningful employment. Friends were being made, victories being won, comradeship, dark times and then times of celebration.

There was much celebration in Coventry when they won the FA cup, a euphoria which lasted about two weeks, so I'm told. Most were in a good mood and very friendly, which sounds great, but actually was very dangerous (Coventry people didn't see the Demon arrive as they partied and laughed (and it wasn't even Christmas). The people didn't know how to feel good without something like an FA cup win to help their minds along and ... that Demon sat atop a tall building, and laughed loudly).

So, the whole country is having street parties at the end of the war, many in Coventry when they won the cup ... then things die down, for you can only celebrate a cup win for so long until the next war to be the winner begins ... and then you have to win it again to get the euphoria back (or the disappointment of it all .. just blame the ref, maybe spit on his car if you know which one it is. There aren't many happy faces around the town now, plus, the football team has cleared off to Northampton because of the trouble with the Ricoh Arena (the hospital is heading in the same direction, what will the patients on the packed wards do? Lot of sick people for a small city (I know, I saw, I met ... silly arse here was one of them; there wasn't much laughter, just a lot of nappy changes to men who couldn't move; strokes).

The people who partied after the war are now old or dead (and you're a long time dead, or so the human belief goes). When the war ended and the remaining men come home, widows and mothers then get on with grieving, jealous of those still with husbands and sons and life goes back to normal. Jobs, strikes, governments failing to deliver ... stress depression, work, disappointment, frustration. Not much happiness about now the event is over.

Now there's a massive problem with dementia, Alzheimer's etc. They're looking for a magic pill to cure the nearly one million people with it, some of them war survivors (the aged never die, the young die).

There isn't a pill and there won't be a pill, because the cure has nothing to do with chemicals.

I see people now, some as young as 10, and some between 19 and 25, stoned out of their heads all the time, because no one has shown them how to feel good. I know what they're trying to do i.e. feel good, which they seem to achieve, but physically, it does them damage. So as well as the dementia problem, you have another with millions of kids (we're losing generations, and next time whoever decides to invade won't have much opposition).

One day in the future, all the disappointed people will end up in a lovely house, with nurses maybe even set in amongst trees ... to sit and stare and await their end, when their pained, battered mind will at last be released and it will disperse into nothingness at last ... or will it ?.

People say 'life's what you make it' but, if you don't know how to make it, how can you make it?

Let's start a little story of this life at the end, where lots will no doubt be going. A rest home. That's a place you may go if you're too old to cope on your own and your family don't want you, maybe because your brain is fucked and you're a pain in the ass. Brains don't fuck themselves, it takes a negative mind to do that, massive chronic worry being a great, self-chosen offender energy (that energy has to make itself real somewhere). The trouble is, through their lives, people don't realise what powerful energy they're screwing around with, with sometimes disastrous results, now you know.

Rest homes are beautiful peaceful, quiet places, where the older generation are placed by loving families when home becomes too much for them alone. Rest homes are bursting with love and joy. I know this because I have been in enough as an entertainer. They're great places to entertain because I never had one person leave no matter how bad I was.

Aged people in rest homes live a lot longer than expected because it is so beautiful in the home and the care is so fantastic that they don't want to die, why should they? They have waited eighty years for this quality of life and all it costs them now is their little house and their life savings, and anything else they have laying around (caring nurses are expensive, much to the dismay of the children). Well, you're sat there in your new home, parts of your memory disappearing daily, save for a few terrible anxiety producing thoughts causing little moments of terror in your cruel mind. The nurses see you staring blankly out of the window (you won the best seat in yesterday's bingo game), but what you're doing is visualising scenes from the past and making some up, which cause distress and worry ... although you have dementia to erase all that slowly, AHHHHHH.

The other end of the scale of life is being a baby, 'goo goo ahhhhh!'

Remember when you had a balloon as a baby? You would be playing with it and giggling in the garden, when suddenly it popped. The crossbow bolt then carried on and killed your new, cute, beautiful puppy (may as well keep to the puppy theme). It was your mother ruining your fun, because you ruined hers by being born and trashing her social life (you bastard ... any money, you'd have been a love child). But, dad steps in and saves the day, catching the next bolt when the tip is one inch away from his forehead (his crime? He gave her you).

First of all he buries the puppy, that very night on some old Micmac burial ground land nearby (which is going to be developed into a council housing estate, which is part of a shady breeding programme). He then (after putting the shovel away!) gets a patch of rubber from your dead balloon (the bog roll people

haven't done the rubber toilet roll yet), pulls it over his lips, and then sucks in. The vacuum in his mouth causes a balloon to form (physics) and he then closes his lips and turns the rubber sheet around, therefore enclosing the air in a small balloon. This could then be twisted in the fingers or spiked with a pin, until there was a loud crack-bang. That game is better than the balloon.



You must remember this trick, that if this mini balloon bursts in your mouth due to too many twists, your eyeballs may (will) shoot across the room and the snot from your nostrils will go all down your shirt (or jumper).

Rest home entertainment, as well as being a fantastically kind thing to do for the older generation at the sunset of their life (it's a long sunset, as people this old tend not to die). I discovered that this trick had different results when performed. You see, I would go into the home, which was in a Coventry park in the district of Allesley, in the Dovecotes Rest Home. It was a useful training ground for playing guitar in front of an audience, practice. The audience were put in front of me in wheelchairs, I don't think they knew what was happening i.e. dementia and all that. At the time however, I had never heard of dementia, not that it would have made any difference (memory loss isn't that bad if the memories are awful).

I would play a piece and finish with a wonderful energetic flourish, and it didn't really matter if I cocked the chord up ... who cared? I received no applause though. One day I complained at this sorry fact as I wanted adulation, so the head nurse, an evil woman, a Mrs Tesla an electrician's hobbyist, invented the long prod. It was a sort of a cattle prod that ran the length of the audience front row (there was only a front row). It had a metal 'finger' that touched every shoulder and upon the time of my flourish and following bow, they got a zap, and clapped with as much enthusiasm as they could muster. One week, between quiet, slow pieces, they were almost asleep, but I had a plan. I had remembered the balloon trick my father had taught me, until one day he made a bubble the size of a golf ball and unfortunately, bit it when he sneezed. One of his eyes flew across the room and landed in my mother's tea ... it was still attached to the optic chord (must be something to do with being Polish?). That shocked him, but when my mother picked the eye up, held it very close to her face and yelled abuse at it. That image and noise were too much for him, and that was it.

I got my sheet of burst balloon rubber out and made a bubble about the size of a large gooseberry. I twisted it, and twisted it until there was a loud crack! The nurses picked the three up who had actually fallen after quickly standing up from their chairs, a minor miracle. The undertaker arrived half an hour later. The news got about very quickly and instead of being a figure of hatred, I was offered 10% of any wills I could bring to 'payout' ... by the restorer's children of course. It was a good service, as they then didn't have to pay the massive fees any more so they actually got some of the money the parent had saved for them, quite a bit of it in the house ... better than selling it to pay for care. A friend's mother (and she can't be the only one) worked in a home full to the rafters with elderly people who had done their bit for the country. She said that none of the children ever visited ... well! For heaven's sake, they were out partying with the cash which had been secretly stashed.

A group of entertainers was formed on the strength of this balloon trick who performed in other homes. They couldn't play anything, but who cared, two tambourines and a triangle ... They called themselves The Nice Crispies and were individually named Snap, 'Crack' and Pop. They made a lot of money and a few Undertaker friends, plus others involved in the industry. Another performer was called Who's 'Coffin'. He would cough out tunes by performers such as Bud Flanagan and then do the balloon trick in the interval, using a five thousand watt amplifier and speaker system inspired by Black Sabbath just to up the game. He blew the windows out of a couple of homes, and nurses took to wearing ear muffs. One home's parrot, Arkwright, got stressed at the loud cracks and all his feathers fell out. The residents had a hat making afternoon and used the age tarnished feathers.

Don't think being in a rest home is all bad ...no worse than spending fifty years working jobs you hate. I was doing a concert in a home in Barrow in Furness with a guitarist friend called Graham. It was a free concert, as neither of us had any burst balloon rubber on us, plus Drex had never even got a good market hold as Izal Medicated ruled

Graham was doing a solo, a piece that wasn't really ready for playing to people, but, as we had an audience that didn't give a shit, he went for it. It was called Canarios, a dance from the Canary Islands. Halfway through, Graham was playing some lovely tinny wrong notes, when one of the old dears stood up, shouted something like 'goldfish!' or 'Geronimo!' and fell flat on her face. She was carried off for some electric shock therapy and all I could think of saying was 'told you it wasn't ready for the public Graham.'

But! If you think about it, the dementia had caused that lady to think she was stood on a lovely bridge in Australia or somewhere. The birds were singing, it was lovely and warm, and she was about to bungee jump off the bridge (or the dam) and then be able to touch the water at the bottom (unawares that the 26 foot alligator waited directly below).

In her joyful mind, she as she fell to the carpet, she shouted 'Fuck the kids! I'm going to live! Live! Live! Spend! Spend! Spend!'

May that be a lesson.

The best bit is, as toilet roll become stronger i.e. rubber, to protect the middle finger, Crack Bubble may be played with it. Now that is worth looking forward to, is it not.

You had better make sure you have a snazzy, expensive house, because when your kids wrap you in a blanket at 3am and inject something into your arm which the doctor gave them ... you will probably wake up somewhere, surrounded by people as buggered up as you. One week, with meals and a fantastic entertainer, such as Bob Movenottelips, the rest home ventriloquist, or the group Dead Zeppelin ... will cost just shy of about twenty grand. The bad news is, they used to lock oldies away and just give them a few knockout jabs until the Reaper called, but that was stopped when someone realised 'hey! They have houses worth lots of lovely money!'

You're born. Dependent on what you believe, you grew inside your mother, you get bigger, you get educated (how well depends on your social standing. If you're what's called working class, your education doesn't really matter, as you get told what to lift and where to put it ... etc., you know the story. Working class people think that people with money are happy ... well, stands to reason, working class people with little or no money aren't happy because they have not much money, so people with lots of money must be happy, that's logic isn't it?

Some person then comes along with a book they have written because they want to sell it and get money, it's called Money and, states that it isn't money that makes you miserable, it's the love of money that does that. However, they drink. Then they drink more because they can afford it and working people feel better because they now hate money. Well, they don't really hate money so much as they hate trying to get it. If it wasn't so amusing, it would be quite sad.

Mind you, they still haven't got any money.

The Middle Bit.

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