



TWO BEAT NEWBIE

HARRY WHITEWOLF

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This book is dedicated to
Peace, Love, Joy and Compassion.

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RAZZLE DAZZLE.

Razzle dazzle razzmatazz,

We're back in the saddle of that old jazz.

Friday night frying out on the lash,

Whipped into action in the flick of a flash.

Tipping our ash as we tighten our throats,

Tripping on mashed up holy solar boats,

Into the unknown of spontaneous prose,

Where razzmatazz dazzle will tingle your toes.

Where juicy jazz clashes will play and collide.

Where mad loopy reels will wheel and reside.

Brighten up space with wildwood words.

Enlighten your face with the halves of a third.

Be like a bird and be like true spirit.

You are not you. There's no need to fear it.

Festering beneath the mad merry dance,
Live the sad choices and voices of chance,
So let's rule our roosts with one more chicken
fight,
As we reach out and dazzle in razzmatazz light.
In spite of everything, we will always love.
We are moon diamonds in the drugged rugged
rough.
So stretch out your arms until you can touch
Venus,
Where maybe you'll find monks drunken on
screamers.
Be the daydreamers that are dreaming the day.
Be the masterful potters forming the clay.
Don't forget now. Fetch your foghorns.
Scream and shout. Don't cough and yawn.

Raise the alarm because new ways are coming;

'Cos that good old beat keeps drummit
drumming,

With ravishing and rollicking rollercoaster rides
of rhythmic rhyme,

Slipping sometimes, into the Ts and Cs of the
sublime,

Because these words are yours, but first they are
mine.

Climb up to the unmade sea bed that's unkind.

Take the saddle off the dashing bobby dazzler
young damn dancing dudes,

And jerk off to jazz smash 'cos it's so good to be
nude and renewed.

Who knows what. What?

What, what, what? Forgot.

Fizzling drizzle sparkling with razzle dazzle
razzmatazz rain,

Back in the slick slack saddle of non-stick spic
and span jazz again.

Friday night fizz flying with a dizzy dazzling crash

Shipped into reaction in the flick of a thick flash.

Razzle dazzle.

Jingle jazzle.

Rizzle dizzle.

Jangle jizzle.

Whisper whistle.

Don't dismiss all.

Razzle dazzle razzmatazz,

We're back in the saddle of that old jazz.

100 CHANNELS OF CRAP.

Damn it, I don't wanna watch Van Damme,
In some Hollywood hijack sham.
I don't wanna watch Storage Hunters UK,
Or Kim Kardashian on damn holiday.
I don't wanna watch the top hundred sitcoms,
Or films about teenagers at their shit proms.
I don't wanna watch all those damn soaps.
Or Joey Essex and other such dopes.
I don't wanna watch damn C List stars,
Surviving the jungle and bearing their arse.
I don't wanna watch the fucking X Factor,
Or reality shows about chicken egg packers,
Benefits cheats, office workers and chavs,
Or adverts for ASDA, Daz and satnavs,

Menthol mints, Mars, and Gaviscon,

Or rom-coms with Jennifer Aniston.

Television. Ain't it great?

Your show is starting. Don't be late.

SURVIVAL.

A homeless man sits on a kerb.

He's alone and quite disturbed,

And watching dozens of pigeons being fed.

He's not allowed to kill them for food though, so
instead

He'll beg for coins to buy cheap Chicken
McNuggets.

That homeless man shivers in the night,

Because he's not allowed to make fire.

That homeless man goes without a home,

Because he can't build his own,

Because every damn bit of land, sea and air is
owned.

Modern society and progress.

Gee, aren't you so damn proud of the human race?

Look at what we once had and what we've put in its place.

Make no mistake. It's a disgrace.

FAKEBOOK.

Make fake friends and share your pics.

Update your status for an online fix.

Give a thumbs up for another hit.

Like and unlike and all of that shit.

Whatever you do, do not be honest.

Join the popularity contest.

Fuck off you Facebook and Twitter twats.

Antisocial media is where it's at.

WHO KNOWS HOW?

Who knows how?

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

Do you know how?

The politicians don't know how.

The army generals don't know how.

The big bankers don't know how.

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

How, how, how?

If we want it we can do it.

Bow wow wow,

Step out of the dog shit.

Who knows how?

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

Who knows how?

Who knows how?

The politicians don't know how.

The army generals don't know how.

The big bankers don't know how.

Does anybody know how?

Does anybody know how?

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

Do you know how?

Who knows how?

Somebody's gotta know how!

GIMME MEDICATION.

Fifties throwbacks pop *Prozac*.

Am-drammers tip down *Amitriptyline*.

The taxman's hooked on *Edronax*.

And mummy's on *Mirtazapine*.

Lawyers like *Lithium*,

While listenin'

To Led Zeppelin

On *Dibenzipin*.

Anna's on *Anafronil*.

Tony's on *Tofranil* still.

Victor loves his *Victoril*.

Ludwig hates his *Ludiomil*.

Crispin sure likes his *Zispin*.

Tommy feels top and max

When he's had his *Desoxyn*.

And Max takes *Topamax*.

Valerie's addicted to *Valium*.

Zack needs *Zimovane* to sleep.

Vlad's boxed out on *Valdoxan*.

And Kevin buys *Ketamine* on the cheap.

SHORT AND LONG DIVISION.

Me and my neighbour hated each other.

Our street hated the next street, so me and my neighbour would then stick together.

Our borough hated the next borough, so our street and the next one would then stick together.

Our county hated the next county, so our boroughs would then stick together.

Our country hated another country, so our counties would then stick together.

Our continent hated another continent, so our continent's countries would then stick together.

Me and my neighbour hated each other.

Me and my neighbour hated each other.

Me and my neighbour hated each other, our street hated the next street, our borough hated the next borough, our county hated the next

county, our country hated another country and
our continent hated another continent.

Me and my neighbour stuck together.

Me and my neighbour stuck together.

Me and my neighbour stuck together, our street
and the next stuck together, our borough and
the next stuck together, our county and the next
stuck together, our country and another stuck
together and our continent and another stuck
together.

Unite and be at peace.

Easy.

BILDERBERGERS AND FRIES.

Bilderbergers and fries.

Builders of secret planned lies.

Wielders of New World agendas.

Bilderbergers on power benders.

Walking on gilded splendour splinters.

Chalking up their private winners.

Bilderberg serves to disturb.

Bilderberg should smoke some herb.

Bilderbergers don't need to beg.

Bilderbergers are on the edge.

Digest the lies of Bilderbergers and fries.

Open your eyes to the New World's disguise.

Bilderbergers, you silly buggers.

The robbers who will always mug us.

Those Bilderbergers make me ill,
So keep your fries and bargain bills.
Bilderbergers will always lie.
Oh, Bilderbergers and fucking fries.

THE BITTER JUG AND THE JITTERBUG.

Why do you drink from the damn bitter jug?

Why won't you big up the old jitterbug?

Stop being smug;

Being a mug,

A stupid damn thug,

On some goddamn drug.

Jitter in flitters with the jitterbug bug.

The bitter jug jitterbug jamming the glug

Of the liquid white light that's kept in the jug.

Jig and jam like Jagger and Jim.

Empty the jugs of drugged up sin.

Be the outsider that's locked up within.
Be loud and wide and shake your damn thing.
Swing it with Sammy. Dazzle like Dean.
Flashes of jazz'll know what I mean.
So swagger in jaded jazz daggers,
Rock 'n' roll it through all your last staggers.
Do the twisted mashed potato.
Wish to be like jazzed up Plato.
Get down in the ghetto. Get high up on truth.
Come on, let's let go and roll up with the
smooth.
Groove it and grind it and grab it as well.
Choose jitterbug beats to complete the big swell.
Bitter jug babies are brewing within.
Jitterbug gravy is stirring a din.
Bitter jug jitterbug bugs are bamboozled.
Jitterbug bitter jug jugs are damn googled.

Think you've got a biter? Well, reel in the line,
To draw back in another damn random rhyme,
Talking 'bout our jittery g-g-generation.

Come on you cool kooks, it's the new
celebration,

Not of X or Y or other brand estimations,
But the new, true, let's-have-a-hoot generation!

So, jig up a jam and do the damn jitterbug.

And forget the damn taste of the damn bitter
jug.

Jig it and jam it like Jimi or Jim

Jitterbug jazz it with Janis Joplin.

Jolt it and jig it and jut out the jams.

Jitterbug boogie with poetry slams.

Jam it and jerk it in generous jitters.

Scam it and ham it in hen party pittas.

Pluck it and fuck it. Jazz up the jam.

Choose jitterbug boogies just 'cos you can.

FUCK YOU GCHQ.

They know who I am.

They read my emails.

They see all my comments

And online green tales.

They know all my numbers.

They know all my names.

Satellites spy on me

And drones do the same.

They know my shopping habits

And they know my online trends.

They watch me on my webcam.

Delete swear words that offend.

They know everything about me.

Ain't the internet so great?

Ain't the digital age amazing?

They know me and my mates.

GCHQ,

GCHQ,

And others too,

Fuck off. Fuck you.

THE FAME GAME.

I wonder what it's like to go viral

And get loads of emoji smiles.

I wonder what fame must feel like

To those imprisoned celebrity types.

Can't go out. Always get mobbed.

Buy a blood diamond somebody's robbed.

Don't you want to go where no one knows your name?

What do you aspire to? The glamour and the fame?

Sorry, I'll try to feign interest but,

I don't care about the size of your butt,

Or how big a cut you're gutsily taking,

Or how many millions you might be making.

Yawn, yawn, yawn, it's all such a bore.

A living wage is all *we're* asking for.

ONLINE COMMENTS.

Point of view. Point of view.

Roll up, have your point of view.

Post your comments. Have your say.

Your viewpoint matters, by the way.

Post misspelt, ill-thought comments quick,

As you download illegal torrent picks.

Point of view. Point of view. Point of view.

Roll up do, and see what's new.

You've gotta have your point of view.

Know what others are tweeting and bleating too.

Roll up, state your point of view,

As you smoke a joint or two,

But don't stop to have a little drink;

The world's waiting to know what you think.

So engage with a nameless anybody,
In arguments about, say, Bill Oddie,
Or debate Holly Willoughby's new dress,
And blame UFOS for the EU mess.
Slam Guardian readers for their leftie news.
Get hardons at seeing hefty breasty boobs.
But remember to still state your point of view.
Point of view. Point of view. Point of view.
Come, tell us what you think, please do.
You know it's true, they're all waiting for you,
To comment with your point of view.
Roll up, roll up, have your say.
State your point of view away.
Everyone must have their say!
Have your point of view today.

DESPERATION ZOO.

Down in Desperation Zoo,

Punk kids with pink hair sniff some glue.

Drunks'll be drowning in dry drink,

And junkies will barely sigh or blink,

Down in Desperation Zoo.

Skunk smokers too,

And helluva hullabaloo

Hot hootenanny panhandlers.

Geezers who tease us and damn us.

In desolation's Desperation Zoo.

B&H smoking drunks
Are buying cheap baccy
From Ronnie's mate John,
In the back of a taxi.
Always borrowing
And paying back.
Always in debt.
In the red and black.
Drink and smoke
Just to get through.
Have a laugh.
Don't show the blue.
Can only afford
Tesco cheap pizza;
Ruin your health
And pay those tax cheaters.

Can only get a
Career at Tesco.
But minimum wage
Doesn't pay, so let's go
Back on the Dole,
'Cos a living wage
Is impossible
In this day and age.
We pay 'em their profits
'Cos we can't afford to
Not buy the cheapest
When an offer's on view.
Down in Desperation Zoo.

In Desperation Zoo,
Kid pedlars are selling porn poo.
Dickheads are sniffing swift speed.
Sick fucks are prowling the streets.
Down in devastation's Desperation Zoo.

THE NEWTOPIA NEWBIES.

Who are we? We're Newtopian Newbies.

Our wealth's not made up of blue rubies.

Our world's not made up of YouTubies.

Our world's good and our world's groovy.

There are no booby traps laid down by cheats,

Working for super top secret elites.

There is only love. There's only compassion.

We put our good will into firm action.

There are no distractions from damn Google ads,

And there is no such thing as being had.

There's only room for Lennon and Luther King,

Gandhi, Mandela, Dalai Lama thinking.

We're the Newtopia Newbies.

We see new hope and ooze peace.

We are the Newtopia Newbies.

Don't be so fucking choosy.

It's not about sides and segregation.

It's about life and celebration.

Who the hell on Earth doesn't want that?

Well they can keep feeding up their fat cats.

But down here, we're bored of fake distractions.

Down here, we're putting good will into actions.

"Down here is our time!" is the Goonie reaction.

So let's never stop until we have satisfaction.

We are the Newtopia Newbies.

We do not wear those blue rubies.

We are waiting to take over the world,

So let the downward spiral uncurl,

And be the Newtopian Newbies with me.

Be the beat of your heart that can be free.

Be nothing but good and kind and happy.

Stop being a baby pooing your nappy;

Shit scared the reality couldn't ever be.

Fuck that crap and be a Newtopian Newbie.

Be a Newtopian Newbie.

Be a Newtopian Newbie.

Be a Newtopian Newbie with me.

CONSPIRACIES ARE CRAZY. RIGHT?

Don't harp on about HAARP

And their weather modification.

Keep schtum about Area 51,

And their UFO creations.

Be quiet about ISIS

Being created in the west.

Forget about Nazi war criminals,

Finding refuge in US,

Or Osama working for the CIA,

Before he was a terrorist.

There's no such thing as New World Order,

Though secret plans have aired this.

“They must have greased the brakes,”
The Queen said of Diana’s car crash.
Be quiet about it. On your way.
Don’t mention the tunnel’s light flash.
And don’t look into secret wealth,
Acquired by the royals,
Or the thirteen family bloodlines,
Who like to bathe in oil.
Ignore illegality of the Iraq war,
And go about your business please.
Learn to turn the other cheek.
‘Cos it’s crazy to talk of conspiracies.

BOLLOCKS TO MOLOCH.

There are no Bohemians at the Grove,
Only Behemoth and Moloch worshippers.
So overthrow those secret treasure troves,
Like Bohemians grooving to Wurlitzers.
Moloch. Bollocks.
Gog and Magog.
Google is watching
With one eye through the fog.
Presidents, bankers, celebrities-
To Bohemian Grove they all go.
They dress up in dark hooded robes,
Once a year, for a sacrifice show.

Members of the Skull and Bones,
Will say it's all Frat play.
But beware of Bohemian Grovers,
Who worship Baphomet's way.

GET YOUR HOT ROCKS OFF. NOT.

No hot rocks no more.

No harsh hash on the market.

No cheap soap bar blocks.

Now skunk s(m)ells the target.

No plastic to pick out.

No browning of fingers.

No holes in jumpers,

From hot burning blimmers.

No soap bar no more.

Just a soap box to stand on.

No hot rocks no more.

No hashish to drag on.

No soap bar highs.

No soap box lies.

No coping device.

No soap boxed eyes.

No hot rocks no more.

No hash without tag.

No cheap soapy bars.

Smoking's such a drag.

On soap boxes on soap bars.

Hoping for highs in lows.

No hot rocks to head bang to.

But boxed on soap bar prose.

YAWN PORN.

Play porno on your PC.

Flick through quick fucks on phones.

See peephole shows on TV,

For fake orgasm groans.

Download porn on laptops.

Upload big tits on Tablets.

Get it up with Dropbox

Pics of Cadbury's Rabbits.

Pick up your popcorn. Play porno.

Prick up your ears and pick up your pricks.

Watch teenagers shagging, or no-

Watch MILF filth and fourteen inch dicks.

You could view cream-pie cartoons,
Or demon vampires sucking.
Relax but climax too soon,
Whilst leering at lesbians fucking.
Put on your porno and pull up a seat.
Sex: the first place bestseller.
Tug on your tool and be discrete.
Watch a porn star ride some fella.
Pick at your popcorn, whilst picking a vid.
Such a selection of sex for consumers.
Sit up and get your dick up for a bit.
Search for naked celebrity mooners.
Sex sells. Sex sells. Excels.
Selling sex all of the time.
Watch as she blow job exhales.
Posters put sex in our minds.

Pop-ups put porn in our loins.

Movies place tits in plain view.

Watch as the weather girl points.

Sex Lines are set up to screw. You.

Popular porn.

Yawn, yawn, yawn.

So much corn.

Still get the horn.

Still play the pawn.

Morn glories born;

Lighthouses forewarn.

Pop popcorn and porn.

Play porno on your PC.
Flick through thick dicks on phones.
Find filthy thrusts on TV,
By girls with student loans.
Upload downloaded porn pics.
Lap up lap dancers on laptops.
Like guys licking deep throat tricks.
Watch strangers shagging at bus stops.
Go down. Get it up.
Give head and go at it.
Watch glory hole sups
By cougars on tablets.
Give it and grind it.
Jerk off and jitter.
Clitoris: find it.
Come, come, cum hither.

Popcorn and porn.

Sex sells. It's the best.

Porno and popcorn.

Sex sells us success.

Push it like Peppa.

Popcorn and porn.

Think bigger and better.

Oh, porno popcorn.

Pick up your popcorn. Play porno.

Pop up your penis in prose.

Dick's up. Let's sup on some porn ho.

Porn is the thorn of the rose.

Sex selling. Sex selling. So silly.

The pusher man's peddling his porn.

Download tits and dicks willy-nilly.

Crass words and pics make me yawn.

Play porno. Pick up your popcorn,

For glory hole entertainment.

Get your prick up on pop-up porn.

Get your fix of sado enslavement.

Into the world of wicked lust we're born.

Sex sells is the spell which blows the horn.

Get a cheap thrill to fix life's big yawn.

Pick up your popcorn and put on your porn.

WHAT A BACKWARDS WORLD IT IS.

.si ti dlrow sdrawkcab a tah**W**

.ssip s'gnihtyrevE .tihs s'gnihtyrevE

.si ti dlrow sdrawkcab a tahW

I MUST BE A VAMPIRE.

I must be a vampire,
'Cos I stay up until dawn,
Drinking unblessed Christ's blood,
Until a yawn is born.
Some might call it insomnia,
But maybe I am a vampire.
I feel at peace in the lone, dark night,
When I can meditate on my fire.
Surely I must be a vampire,
Because I truly know that
If I tried really hard to not try,
I could turn into a bat.

I must be a vampire,

'Cos I know I live in a coffin.

Surely I must be a vampire,

'Cos I've been immortal from the offing.

A BAG IS FOR LIFE, NOT JUST FOR CHRISTMAS.

I bet you feel so proud, don'tcha?

I bet you feel so good and eco-wise,

When you go to the supermarket,

Carrying your Bag For Life.

I bet you feel so pleased, don'tcha?

Yeah man, you're doing your bit.

Now let us see, what we

Have got on the shopping list,

To put in the plastic-free

Eco-proud Bag For Life.

Let's see, first we have

Plastic wrapped salad chives.

What else? Plenty
Of other veg,
All wrapped in plastic.
Need some bread,
Wrapped in plastic.
Pick some HP Sauce,
In a plastic bottle.
And chocolates of course,
Each one wrapped in plastic.
Need some meats.
Clingfilmed in plastic.
Get some cheese,
Wrapped in plastic.
Need some full fat milk;
In a plastic bottle.
Buy a cheap C.D of Acker Bilk,

Wrapped in un-openable plastic.

Buy toilet tissue wrapped in plastic.

Fizzy drinks in bottled plastic.

Should you buy a new T.V? Don't be so damn drastic.

What else?

Frozen crinkled chips,

Wrapped in plastics.

Don't forget dips,

Potted in plastic,

And cereal too,

Wrapped in plastic,

Hidden by bright cardboard's view.

Pick up a new lead

And a lightbulb, a plug,

Rubber gloves,

A cleaning brush,

A toy for the kids,

A pouch of tobacco.

Some microwave meals,

Bin liners and tacos.

Put it all in your Bag For Life.

Go on, feel good about yourself.

I bet you feel eco-proud, don'tcha?

Wrapped in plastic upon the shelf.

SIC (SIC).

Sick (sick) (sic).

Sic (sik) (sic).

Sik (sic) (sick) (sic).

😊 2.



PRIDE OF THE BRITISH LIONS.*

Love your German royal family.

And love your loyal korma curry.

Buy your after-pub shish kebabs pissed,

Because you're so proud to be British.

Thanks America for the tobaccos.

Geezers love pizzas and chipolatas.

Cheers to Raleigh for the chip shop chips.

Tea in china's our national drink, it is.

We'll ignore Roman, Nordic and Anglo-Saxon
genes,

But we love foreigners in our football teams.

Eat your bananas, guavas, mangoes, avocado
pears and spaghetti.

Like Middle-East-Christian parables, Elgin
Marbles and Kaspersky.

"But we don't want these 'ere foreigner types.

We're proud to be British. All white. All right?"
(What shite.)

* Inspired by the Billy Bragg song:

England, Half English.

JEHOVALLAH.

Sometimes I'm the Holy Ghost, or the Son and the Father.

Sometimes I'm Allah. Other times I'd rather

Be known by Vishnu or Buddha, Jehovah.

Or Athena, Aphrodite, a supernova.

I am Mithras, Zeus and Osiris.

Quetzalcoatl is inside us.

I'm even Pan and a faun piper.

I'm a faux leather sofa. A soiled diaper.

I'm Apollo, Poseidon and Henry the Eighth.

I'm Isis, I'm Apis, Alexander the Great.

I'm millions of gods, because God's in all things.

But above all, look inside you- find: God is loving.

THE SIX O’CLOCK NEWS.

This is the BBC six o’clock news.

Here are the headlines:

Couple get amazing 70% off four nights in Dubai.

People amazed at real reason behind slow PCs.

Blues Brothers 3, starring Adam Sandler and Seth Rogen, to be filmed soon, according to Hollywood insiders.

Last year’s X Factor winner blames Simon Cowell for poor sales.

Woman in Salford finds five incredible benefits of solar panels.

Why don’t more people know about this health insurance policy? Find out later.

Acne treatment tips.

We have an exclusive report on what happened to the cast of Flight of the Navigator,

And we'll have all the latest on New York's priciest apartment.

In other news:

Newlyweds increase their credit rating.

Your PC seems to be running slow. Fix it now.

Twenty five things you can do with old shoes.

Labrador puppy performs cute tricks.

UFO over Norwich caught on camera.

Brilliant ways to protect your nest egg.

Pre-order 3000 Watt Leaf Blower, Vacuum and Shredder.

Lloyds share offer.

ASDA vouchers giveaway.

Michael Jackson's ghost haunts man's toilet.

Face of Jesus appears on jam tart.

Nick Grimshaw complains his trousers don't fit.

Adorable footage of two kittens you'll want to see.

UK dads without insurance are in for a surprise.

Which one of Mc-Spice-That-Direction's got a new tattoo? Find out later.

Clever mum's storytelling secrets for bedtime success.

Introvert or extrovert? Which one are you?

Twenty meals under four hundred calories just right for you.

The dos and don'ts of massage.

Summer season fashion tips.

Is peeing in swimming pools O.K.?

Get cashback just by switching your bank account.

And World War III "could be over by next year" says U.S official.

TRIDENTITY.

Change the ident

Of Trident

To no send;

To non-existence, my friend.

We don't want no bomb.

We're double negative upon

That one.

We don't want no bomb.

We don't want no nukes.

We don't want no lords and dukes,

Or drab London suits.

Or silhouette sinful fruits.

We don't want no Trident.

Be sure, / have no pride in

Trident, the Devil's fork.

Take your side before they pop the cork,

And blow us up into smithereens.

We don't want nukes. Rebuke those means.

We don't want no bomb.

We don't want no bombs.

Dismantle the Devil's prongs.

We don't want no bomb.

Nuclear weapons are so wrong.

Don't be an asshole. Sing along

With the song to scrap Trident.

Let peace be our new ident. Our intent.

We don't want no bomb.

Sing along. Sing along.

We don't want no bomb.

We don't want the bomb.

Tridentity is so wrong.

We don't want no bomb.

We don't want the bomb.

MY UTOPIA.

In my utopia...

In my utopia...

In my utopia...

In my utopia, taxes (or let's call it: 'kitty money' to clarify its function) are spent on clean energy for all, and...

In my utopia, everyone has plenty of food.

In my utopia, everyone has clean water.

In my utopia, everyone is adequately housed.

In my utopia, everyone has the best healthcare there is.

In my utopia, everyone has someone who will listen to them.

In my utopia, everyone has someone to encourage them.

In my utopia, everyone has someone to teach them.

In my utopia, everyone can have the best massage or psychotherapy or acupuncture or whatever, whenever they want it.

In my utopia, everyone helps their neighbour.

In my utopia, we stop building roads.

In my utopia, we re-plant the ancient woodland.

In my utopia, wildlife returns and we remember how to interact with all sentient beings.

In my utopia, there are no big companies to overfish, oversell, over-steal resources, overkill, and make wars over nothing and make nothing into profits and wars into profits.

In my utopia, there's no racism.

In my utopia, there's no bigotry.

In my utopia, there's no hatred.

In my utopia, we get to have the career we want. (You'll be amazed at how many opt for a simple honest-day's-work).

In my utopia, we buy original works of art from individuals, not copies from department stores.

In my utopia, we buy chairs and tables from local carpenters, not from department stores.

In my utopia, we buy our clothes from tailors and seamstresses, not from department stores.

In my utopia, we buy books by Indie authors and fuck who Richard and Judy like to tell us who to read.

In my utopia, Fair Trade means fair trade for all, otherwise it's Unfair Trade.

In my utopia, we don't worship Justin Bieber.

In my utopia, the air is fresh.

In my utopia, the sky is blue.

In my utopia, the oceans are clean.

In my utopia, there is no landfill. (Why not send that into space rather than sending probes looking to colonise Mars? – I say, as the world leaders scratch their heads and ask: “But *where* can we put all this rubbish?”)

In my utopia...

In my utopia...

In my utopia...

Actions first begin in thoughts, so be mindful of dystopian movies and books, and buying into the modern media culture con of looking at the near future and seeing only fucking Armageddon. Don't make it happen by thinking it into being. Fuck dystopian Armageddon.

Here's a new suggestion:

Focus on your utopia instead.

Focus on your utopia instead.

All you've got to do is believe.

Is my utopia so hard to achieve?

The answer is no.

Do we have enough resources to do it

If we redistributed

The wealth

And changed the system?

You bet your lily ass we have.

We just need to change our priorities.

Don't you see?

Is my utopia so hard to achieve?

The answer is no.

Is my utopia so hard to achieve?

The answer is no.

If your utopia is mine,

Everything will be fine.

I'll even let Justin Bieber slide,

If it will get you on side.

Is my utopia so hard to achieve?

The answer is no.

Is our utopia easy to make if we all really had the will?

The answer is yes.

The answer is yes.

My friend, the answer is yes.

DIG IT ALL DIGITAL.

Dig it all.

Digital.

Dig it all.

Digital.

Tales are tall.

Dig and delve.

Taurus bull.

Virtual shelves.

Virtual.

Virtue. All.

Virtual.

Virtue. All.

Search all the sites,
For pics and kicks.
Beseech the bites,
Of vampires' kiss.
Virtual digital HD.
Virtue. All. Dig it all. Heady.
Hash tags at the ready.
Smash and grabs are steady.
Kruger cut it like Freddy.
Pot balls like Fast Eddie.
Potholes and plot holes.
Arseholes and old souls.
Dig it all.
Digital.
Dig it all.

ALL THE PRESIDENTS ARE RELATED.

All the U.S. presidents are related*.

Direct descendants of King John.

All the presidents are related.

Something funny's going on.

And did you know David Cameron

Is a cousin of the Queen?

And what does Liz's friendship with

Paedophile Jimmy Sa-Vile mean?

They shared Christmas dinner

Several times, at her private

Residence; unheard of

For her other favourites.

And what about Prince Andrew's
Best mate, paedo Epstein?
Or the thirteen bloodline families,
Who rule with moves clandestine?
All the presidents are related.
The power's been in the same hands,
Of the secret families for aeons,
So bury your heads in the sand.
All the presidents are related.
These are facts that you should know.
All the presidents are related.
And we don't give a toss. Oh no.

* All the presidents but one to be exact.

WHISTLEBLOW!

Blow your whistles for truth.

Go! You knowers. Let's move!

How many of you have been threatened?

It's time to let fear become deadened.

Get together to blow your whistles.

Parade the streets to no dismissals.

Blow your whistles hard and loud.

Spread the word to hearing crowds.

Go! You knowers. There are plenty of you.

Whistle together. It's way overdue.

Don't play to a tune or go along for a song.

Just blow your whistles damn loud and long.

Go on, blow your whistles for truth.

Go! You knowers. Let's move! Let's move!

LITTLE RED WORM.

The red worm turns.

The red snake writhes.

Those who know are

Maybe really alive.

The little red worm

Which you do not see

Is the greatest secret

I can tell thee.

And I found the worm, it didn't find me.

RUDE VIEW.

A Amazon pulled my review,

'Cos some of the words were too rude.

Up popped a pop-up of nude

Teenagers blowing some dude.

F*** you, you c***s, f*** you.

NEWSPEAK, DOUBLESPEAK, PROPAGANDA NEWSPEAK.

Friendly Fire = Friendly.

Anarchism = Violence.

Peace Keepers = Peace.

Democracy = Equality.

Capitalism = Democracy.

Capitalism = The Only Sensible World There Is.

Democracy = Capitalism.

Anti-Capitalism = Communism.

Socialism = A Bit Like Communism.

Vote Boycotting = You Don't Know How Lucky
You Are To Have The Vote.

Not Backing Your Soldiers 100% = Suspicious.

Islam = Terrorism.

Terrorism = Middle East.

Allah and Jehovah = Not The Same God.

Christianity = Good.

Islam = Bad.

Minimum Wage = Fairness.

Public Money Spent On War = Security.

Classified = For Your Own Safety.

The News = Absolute Truth.

Television = The Real World.

The Internet = The Real World.

Video Games= The Real World.

Nigel Farage = Nice Bloke Who Must Be One Of Us Because He Drinks And Smokes.

David Cameron = Oh He Must Be Alright, He's Called Dave.

Russell Brand = Don't Take His Views Seriously.

Jeremy Clarkson = It's Very Important That You Should Always Know About Jeremy Clarkson.

Advertisements = Things You Should Have, Need
And Deserve.

Latest Models = Things You Need Because Other
People Don't Have Them Yet.

Meat = Not Animal.

Meat = Animal.

Humanity = The Greatest.

Career = Life.

Money = Life.

Life = The Human World.

Sex = Nothing Is As Important As Sex.

Love = Rom-com Happy Ending.

Drugs = Bad.

Prescribed Drugs = Good.

Another Country = Not As Good As Our Country.

The System = Serving You.

Building New Builds = There's A Housing Crisis.

Building New Roads = Getting Somewhere Quicker Is More Important Than Nature And The Environment.

Charity = Once A Year Telethons.

Grace = Will And Grace.

The National Lottery = It Could Be You.

Washing Powder = This One Is Definitely Better Than The One We Had Last Year And The Year Before That And...

Toilet Tissue = Much More Important Than You Think.

Conspiracy Theorist = A Nutty, Gaga, Lala, Kook, Cuckoo, Screwed Up, Boozed Up, Mashed Up, Mad As A Brush, Bonkers, Conkers, What A Plonker, Crazy Person.

1984 = Fiction.

THE RHUBARB TREE.

Who's he? Who's he?

He's from that movie.

He's hot. He's hot.

I like him a lot.

Who's she? Who's she? Who's she?

A model, mate. Must be a newbie.

She's *muy muy caliente*.

She would be more than plenty.

Have you heard about him? Have you heard about her?

Seen the slags in the mags, oligarchs, Olly Murs?

Fashion tips. National treasure.

Latest scandals. The latest weather.

Latest tale 'bout your mate Trevor.

Whinge with a joke. Be serious never.

Smoke your e-fags and down your cheap cider.

Watch twats on panel shows and reruns of Minder.

Who's she? Who's he? Who's she?

Gee, I wanna be in the movies.

Where's that? What's this? What are they saying?

Who's Pat? Want chips? What's that song what's playing?

Why is she wearing that awful dress? Who's co-starring with Johnny Depp?

Always talk about bad sex. Chat about the jolly web.

What are you having for dinner? Are you really gonna wear that?

What diet plan are you on now dear? Do you think I'm looking too fat?

Who's that? Who's he? Who's she?

Gossip grabs The Rhubarb Tree.

Who's she? Who's he? What movie's he in?

Give quips from Lost with cue card grins.

Quote TV adverts with a smile attack,

As you remember the song for Shake n' Vac.

Regurgitate last night's telly again.

Coronation Street. Two and a Half Men.

Who do you think's gonna win Big Brother?

I prefer those Britain's Got Talent fuckers.

Who's in Strictly?

D'you wanna bickie?

D'you wanna ciggie?

Who the hell's Vicky?

These doughnuts are sticky.

Remember Tricky Dicky?

I'm gonna take a sickie.

That bloke's a right thickie.

Are you taking the fucking mickey?

Ian Dury's words could kill a Wiki

Article written in Billericay.

Do you like Vic Reeves, Steve?

Um, I liked Dizzy he did with The Stuffies.

What about Metal Mickey and Mickey Mouse?

I don't know the first and I hate the last.

Hey Mickey You're So Fine?

Ah, a classic of its time.

Whaddaya think of Donald Duck?

Hey, without an 'a', a duck would quck.

Mate, this movie really sucks.

Jeez, mate, it was just my luck.

Who's on the front cover of Vogue?

Hi, how ya doing? So g-

reat to see you. Really great.

What's his name? Who's his mate?

Who's he? Who's she? Who's that?

Is he from that movie with the talking cat?

Who's that? Who's she? Who's he?

Gossip blossoms on The Rhubarb Tree.

POSTMAN POT.

(A.K.A LETHAL LEGAL HIGHS.)

Puff, blow and poppers,

Uppers, downers, pills.

Synthetic weed for no need,

Only cheap clown thrills.

Postmen are posting

Legal drugs through

Letterboxes, so

You don't have to

Ever go out.

Stay in. Skin up.

Snort up your shindigs

In your tin cup.

Wheeze on your whizz

And ride on a high.

The postman delivers

Your online buy.

Open it, pop it,

Puff it and pout.

Synthetic highs

Can scream and shout.

Damn legal plastic

Watering-can weed,

Called: *Herbal Haze*.

It's a nasty breed.

Not like pot,

But not dissimilar.

Uglier though.

Stronger. Unfamiliar.

Cheaper
Than weed.
Stronger
Indeed.
Buy all sorts
Of new legal drugs
To help you with
Your nervous shrugs.
You can buy *Chalk*
And *Chang* and bongos,
And probably also
Cheech and Chongs.
Nose *China White*
And *Charlie Sheen*.
Goddamn *Dutchy*
Impersonates green.

All you snorters
And all you tokers,
You can buy *Gogaine*,
Hooter and *Focus*,
Sextacy, *K-Pax*,
Vortex for cheap.
You can smoke *Poke*,
Schniff or *Black Sheep*.
Bullet and *Spice*
And *Synthacaine*.
No more is it *Old Spice*
And mock champagne.
Legal drugs are uglier
Than black market ones.
So put down your pills,
Your poppers and blunts,

And call for proper legislation

And proper health care.

There's only one lot of criminals

I can see around here.

The postman

Delivers drugs.

That kinda

Bugs

Me.

So please,

Legalise weed.

Decriminalise drugs,

And aid all those addicts

Who are sick; not criminal thugs.

And, hell, if everyone had to vote frankly on
whether they'd ever smoked pot,

You probably wouldn't be surprised to see

It would easily be not just a lot,

But the majority.

You dumb

Asses.

The spliff

Passes.

Let's look at root

Causes of probs.

Maybe it's poverty

Which makes us rob.

Maybe it's worthlessness

That turns us to escape.

Maybe our society needs

To be whipped into shape.

So help the addicts
And agree with the leisure.
Legalise weed
And others. Be clever.
Stop all this cut H
And lethal Meth shit.
Stop all legal highs
Which are cheaper to fit
The poverty life
Below the line,
Where drugged up people
Say it's fine.
Do you see how evil
The legal stuff is?
Please make weed legal
And stop all of this.

Puff on your pipes
And chill the hell out!
A new world is waiting;
Of that I've no doubt.
Poppers and uppers.
Downers and pills.
Hooters and hoppers
And clown verse and chills.
Thrilling and thumping
On plastic pot speed.
Killing the life
'Cos you're not in the lead.
Distant drums beat,
So legalise weed,
And ban legal drugs
Of that evil eyed greed.

Damn you Postman Pot,
With no black and white cat.
Not like back in ol' Greendale,
With good ol' Postman Pat.

LETHAL LEGAL HIGHS EPILOGUE.

(A.K.A. SOMETIMES SOMA.)

We know how much harm drugs can do.

We know drugs can help sometimes too.

Sometimes they can be fun. It's true.

Sometimes they'll fuck and up-screw you.

But it's about you and the hows and whys,

And if it's for fun or nerves or vice;

Whether it suits you or whether you're an
addict.

So let's get away from old thinking habits.

Let's help each other. Go on my son, 'ave it.

DIGITAL HUSTLE.

Get yourself online.

Buy bull from Amazon.

Upload your shit on Facebook

And Screw-You-Tube-Dot-Com.

Search on Goog-Fool-All

And Y not be Yahooodwinked.

Be hustled by Yawn-Porn-Dot-Com.

Inter-threat Sexplorer makes you think.

Get on Piss-Taking-Self-Interest-Dot-Com.

Shit yourself on Twatter.

And buy your books on Obey-Dot-Com.

'Cos the Digital World is all that matters.

Distraction and dick action is all that matters.

RIGHT ON BRIGHTON.

Just outta uni.

I was a real Real World Fresher.

Where could this featherweight newbie

Of this new century, go for his pleasure?

Hmm. Needed a new home.

Went down to Brighton where everyone's green
and stoned.

On my own.

Alone.

Down to Brighton where everyone's gay.

Down to Brighton, where hippies are O.K.

The lights on in Brighton, where people have
their say.

The big band bang boom and the tie-dye bop,
smelly basement rooms and late night bus stops.

Hip hop, chip shops, wearing flip flops, feeling tip top, never stop. Opt for late night clubs kicking comedic blubs and poetry slams and funk soul jams. Get a veggie burger from Grubbs.

**

Downing lager, by the beach, down in Brighton. Right on Brighton. Got the sights on. Got the lights on. Locked the highs on. Nice one. Hopping the highlights of hot sagas that race through my mind. Drinking mad hop lagers for the sake of fake rhymes, when the spell of Real Ale was always more my thing. Leaving Brighton's seaside to one side, I'm thinking 'bout wannabe Kurts, crusties, yurts, King Kurt T-shirts, shirkers, dread heads, head-shrinkers, burks, chav bling and youthful stride things. Living it up in strobe dubbed shake lighting. First high flying years in Brighton, right on, crazy Brighton, high with the lights on, quick like lightning, were a blast and fast and now past, but cast a fishing line from my mind back to the chats and the squats and the girls I had the hots for and the dim, dingy dealers' pungent poky smoky flats, and Concorde 2 gigs, Komedia comics, cigs and all that. After

work gorge at The Dorset and George, fall to the floors. Any takers for Basketmakers? And all the other lovely-jubbly bubbling pubs in the Lanes and all the subs. The entertaining drinks and grub. Getting high on doorsteps. Grooving up cool clubs.

**

See Arthouse World flicks at Duke of York's. Tea at the caf, stirred with plastic forks. Get your copy of SchNEWS. Go to private views. Hear the beat of small bar blues. Hen party Valkyries. Art galleries. And geezers on good salaries, listening to Valerie, before it was Winehouse actually. And dub. Boy, down in Brighton, right on Brighton, the shakes were sure hot. Remember making it young, uncaring and alive, the guys and high fives, and the girls never got. The whirls, the mods, moody blues and bad moods. And self-proclaimed gods. Quirks, smirks and jerks. Jammers and jitters. Pints of bitter and carpet fitters. The protesters, anarchists, activists, the revellers, the Levellers, The Level, the lefties, the arties, house parties, the Commies, eco-friendlies, the cafs, the gift of the gabs, Alan's

friend Babs, Albion fans, albinos, fake tans, trans-genders on benders, drag queens on the scene, hang about at Tragic Roundabout and Eighties Matchbox concert bouts. The smokers, the jokers, midnight tokers, anti-voters and Attila The Stockbroker.

**

You'll find more truth seekers there. Down in Blighty's Brighton blimey seaside air. Right on Brighton. Nice one. Always a party. Everyone's arty. Everyone's vegan. Hm, fucking squawking, squealing, black bin bag ripping seagulls. Arseholes. Anyway, Brighton. Brighton. Right on Brighton. Nice one. Vegetarians, Vespas, hipsters, queens, has-beens, times good, Infinity Foods, Brighton rock and riots. Quiet. Smoke some weed, in our flat, playing board games and all that, with tunes and deep chat, people passing through, all knowing where it's at. Chilling or standing up on our feet, dancing to The Streets, or some ska beats or Undertones, Stevie Wonder and The Ramones and Stones, and Bentley Rhythm Ace and Small Faces in haze. Smokes with The Strokes. Always broke. Not too

much coke. The twirls and jokes, the girls and blokes who like boys to be girls who do boys in Blurred plagiarised quotes of rude boy shenanigans. Sing along again, high on hash with Johnny Cash, The Clash and Ash. De La Soul, maybe Ben Folds, and The Las, playing along with guitars. Billy Bragg. Arab Strap. Put on Dolly Parton, Frank Black, Jack White, Al Green, Patti Smith, Portishead, Grateful Dead, Hunky Dory, Gorky 5, Mogwai, The Pharcyde, The Hives, Derek and Clive, and Lee Scratch Perry, or watching the telly, filling our bellies with munchies, slow Brighton paced, can't be arsed, watch Spaced, our flat adorned with post-student knickknacks and tatt you think you're always gonna want to keep. Wrong. Back to the clubs and the pubs and the dub and the rub and rub-a-dub and rubber gloves and push and shoves and bars and ha-has and hoo-has. Brighton. Brighton. Right on. Yurt makers and yogis and Dolies and homeopaths and marches and artists and buskers and smugglers and jugglers and hustlers, down by the bright Brighton seaside.

**

Take a stroll on the pier. Smell some gear in the air. There's a homeless man. Just there. Now here're the festivals, Fat Boy on the beach, Pride in the park, passing joints in side streets, down in Brighton, right on Brighton. Seems so sweet. Those first fond years, the beers, the cheers, the chat, the bric-a-brac, the Snoopers Paradise fix, the politics, the lunatics, freethinkers, tinkers, smokers and in-jokers; 'cos you know it's Hove actually.

**

Cursed heavy hangovers cured like ham by noon snakebite hair of the dog. Cut to the night. Coming up drug. Getting around. Coming down. Buggery bollocks. Hug a tree. Free. Curling smoke. Always a joke. The dog's bollocks. Top dogs. Peace frogs. Top Cat in the doghouse chat. Drinking down at Hector's House. A wee dram. Am-dram plays above the pubs. Arches clubs. Archie's bullshit and pitbull dogs. Full-of-shit prog-rocker dealers' green door knockers, goddamn DJ gobshites and whities. Go down to

the seafront at night-time in slippers and nighties. Alrighty.

**

Fist bumping mates popping round. Getting around, getting down in Kemp Town, with unkempt beds. Ashtrays surround. Getting high. Hello. Goodbye. Going out. Raucous and roaring in ferocious and precocious shouts. Round about. Down 'ere, down there. Got an allotment under the stairs. Score a quick henry from Benny's mate Claire. Rock stars and porn stars and born stars and writers and freedom fighters and cigarette lighters and the famous and nameless. Know-it-alls. Poets. Cools. And activists and actors, sculptors, producers, models, musicians, guitarists, Nick Cave, Paul McCartney, the bloke from The Fast Show (before he was the bloke from Harry Potter, but after he was the bloke from that advert who said, "We wanna be *together*." What? You think I'm losing the non-UK and under thirty audience here? Who cares? I know what pants and sloppy joes are, don't I? – the question is rhetorical, so let's get back on topic, y'all.), Chris Eubank and

his damn big dumb truck, the crusties, the skankers, the wankers, the skaters, the seekers, the shakers, Hare Krishnas and skins. Magpie bin men. The chancers, the dancers, the bouncers, half-ouncers, the anarchists, the taking the piss, the mates in a band, the parks, the punks, the drunks, junkies, joggers and rockers, the lazy, the crazy, the can't be arsed, the mods and the mads and the off of their rockers. Try it on with a girl down the dark beach. Smashed up on mushrooms and head pumping beats. Walk back in late streets on two too tired feet. Whoosh! The West Pier is on fire. Best bang our drums then and get a bit higher, and take in the heat in laidback back seats.

**

Ashtrays overflowing with after-party cig butts. Freebutt gig band geezers eating banging All Day Breakfasts at the All Night Diner Dime Bar, smoking big cigars amongst ha-has, cha-chas, minds charred, strumming guitars and maybe sitars and drumming on tables on Mars, down in Brighton. Brighton. Right on Brighton. When the music was loud, as were the words of proud

opinions, but it was also all bullshit. 'Cos we love Brit cynicism. Down in hopping, bopping Brighton, right on Brighton, don't be frightened, it's more or less dangerous with the lights on, down in Brighton, right on Brighton. High times and nice times in right on Brighton. Right on, Brighton. Nice one.

GOOGLING GOO 2GLING.

Googling Lady Gaga gargling Radio Ga Ga.

Tinder tits get your radar. Right minger. Ha-ha.

Play Alan Partridge saying, "A-ha!"

Or hot Morten Harket chasing a car,

And prose about flags for old papas.

Search Smurfs gangbangng Smurfette's arse.

Play a radio goo goo mix in Electric Six gay bars.

Watch Kylie and Jason hiccup from way back
when Neighbours.

Let's Google Wha Wha, Emu and Eno

And Chico singing a song by Nico.

Watch Latinos in black chinos.

Mix Martinis in slacks and speedos.

Watch knobs wearing crocs, or just watch the box.

Be Beastie Boy ill, not sic chicken pocks.

Nee-naw go fire engines in repeated seesaw sound.

Knee gnaw to get higher up search engines and be found.

Buy some treasured bling.

Try bum size measuring.

Suggestions on Bing.

What flavour's your thing?

Ask Jeeves and buy Worcester Sauce.

Search for Anne of Cleves and wondrous St. Pauls.

Get to it on Google. Google Google.

Full of goo holes. Get a gooful.

Don't be a goofball buying golf balls online,

Or a screwball lying as you snort on a line.

Go-go-gadget, let's 'ave it and grab it on Google.
Anything you want. Hacky sacks. Apple strudel.
And then right on cue call,
Like the white light of a cue ball,
You'll
Fool
Around on goo porn goo.
Read some lies and think they're true.
Search for Lady Gaga and Babar too,
Duetting Too Shy by Kajagoogoo.
Laugh ha-ha to Mork's gag, "Nanoo, nanoo".
Learn how to make Morph from poo and
bamboo.
Sail with a dwarf in a cartoon canoe.
Showdowns at high noon with lampoons of
Baloo.

See quick clips and YouTube quips.

Look up clits. Dispute all blips.

Google all. Google all.

Google's all. Google all.

Ain't life wiki-beautiful?

Googling poodles and noodles and bugles and
blue balls and bluebells, legal loop holes,
caboodles and car boot sales on Google.

Googling oodles of new fools and ewe wools and
droog drone lols and cute coot calls and poop
holes and group goals and duped pulls and glue
gulls on Google.

Google all. Google all.

Google's all. Google all.

Ain't life wiki-beautiful?

BACKWARDS WAGES.

Many times I've been paid

The minimum wage,

For doing a job I hate.

And odd times, I would do

A job I loved. It's true.

They'd pay me shitloads too.

Somehow that doesn't seem right.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the time. Now is the hour.

Sweeten your beats and usurp the sour.

Take back the power. Put down your arms.

Topple the towers. Reset your alarms.

Wake up and shake up.

Come on, let's make up.

Come on, let's take up compassion.

Set a new beat. Make it happen.

Now is the rhyme and now is the hour.

Wake up to new times and take back the power.

JOY OF THE MODERN WORLD.

We haven't yet received payment for this account.

Not responding.

Please wait.

Windows needs to shut down.

You are offline.

Your balance is low.

Your computer is slow.

We're sorry, but you are unable to withdraw funds at this time.

We're sorry, but we are unable to process your request at this time.

Username not recognised.

Invalid password.

You have not been successful on this occasion.

Balance unavailable.

No signal.

No smoking.

Firewall is not protected.

This site uses cookies.

Inbox (1).

Spam (32).

Penalty fee.

Maximum fee.

Warning.

No connection.

Learn more.

Do you trust this website?

Security.

Threat.

Unable to process.

Check the publisher's security certificate.

Please try again.

Incorrect pin.

You have one more attempt.

Restart browser.

Forgotten password.

What is your mother's maiden name?

What's the name of your first pet?

Where were you born?

No results found.

0 results.

Weather warning.

Credit rating.

Unsubscribe.

Alert.

High risk.

Prove you're not a robot.

Your search for Keith Chegwin returned 137,000 results.

Buy Keith Chegwin here.

Download Keith Chegwin here.

Unable to upload.

Unable to download.

Processing.

Buffering.

Delay.

Quit.

Can't restore last session.

Tick to acknowledge.

1 programme is stopping Windows from shutting down.

Ignore problem.

Fix.

Don't fix.

You are overdrawn.

Your credit cards have been withdrawn from use.

A block has been placed on your debit card.

Contact the bank's fraud department.

Terms and conditions.

Corrupted files.

Unable to save.

Maximum size.

Cannot read.

Please read our new terms and conditions.

Sign here.

If you agree to our terms and conditions.

Printer is not connected.

Install Google toolbar.

Mark as read.

Device not recognised.

Please insert.

Would you like to install.

Not connected.

Unable to connect.

Unable to install.

Virus alert.

Choose add-ons.

New rules about lending.

Ask me later.

Postpone.

We haven't received your mortgage payments.

Your gas payment is overdue.

Please pay.

Thank you for waiting.

Your call is important.

You are next in the queue.

Please hold.

Press number one for.

Press number two for.

Press number three for.

Press number four for.

Your call is important to us.

We are sorry for the inconvenience.

Thank you for shopping with.

Please leave feedback.

No skating.

No ball games.

Keep off the grass.

No fires.

No entry.

Danger.

Highly flammable.

You are placed in a queue.

Did you know you can find us online at.

If you do not pay in the next seven days.

Your electricity payment is overdue.

Can't display.

Install updates.

Choose default.

Update.

Upload.

Download.

Final demand.

OK.

Cancel.

You have gone over your overdraft limit.

Keep calm and carry on.

Keep calm and carry on.

Keep calm and carry on.

Keep calm and carry on.

Keep calm and carry on.

Keep calm and carry on.

Stay updated.

Join us.

Yes.

No.

Direct Debit charge.

New overdraft limit.

Your water payment is now due.

Failed M.O.T.

Your building insurance is now due.

Your contents insurance is now due.

Your car insurance is.

Go back.

Refresh.

Protection plan.

APV.

Policy.

Police siren.

Car alarm.

Monthly payment plan.

If this is correct, press 1.

Please press the star key.

If this is correct, press the hash key.

You pressed the star key. Goodbye.

We are very busy at the moment.

Your council tax payment has not been received.

Payment required in full.

No hoods.

No hats.

No trainers.

No shorts.

Over 18.

Over 21.

Do you look under 25?

It is prohibited to sell.

Shoplifters will be prosecuted.

We reserve the right.

No parking.

Cashier number 2 please.

Cashier number 9 please.

Sexually explicit.

Scenes may cause some viewers to.

Offensive language.

Nudity.

Violence.

Adults only.

Side effects.

Harmful if swallowed.

Your TalkTalk payment is now due.

We have no record of a TV license at this address.

Tax.

You must keep up your monthly payments.

3 examples of proof of address.

Background check.

New law.

Inland Revenue.

Cheques not accepted.

Postage and packing.

Press 5 to speak to a customer advisor.

Cashier number 7 please.

Your monthly instalment has not been received.

For garden waste, press 4.

For parking penalties, press 6.

All our lines are currently busy.

Your last session closed unexpectedly.

Restore default.

Full scan.

Quick scan.

Vulnerability scan.

Protection.

Anti-virus.

Please wait behind the line.

Queue here.

Keep behind the line.

Do not cross the line.

Stay away from the platform edge.

Keep everything away from the doors.

Store baggage overhead.

CCTV is installed for your security.

This service has been cancelled.

Your debit card has been cancelled.

Unable to log on.

In case of emergency.

Baggage allowance.

Your National Insurance payment is now due.

No funds available.

Behind schedule.

No service.

Your battery is running low.

Take our survey.

Motorway queues.

[Click here.](#)

Send report.

Don't send report.

Quarantine.

View activity.

View purchases.

Daily alcohol limits.

Calories.

GM.

Cannot connect.

Debug script.

Call support.

Your electricity supply will be stopped on.

You have not paid your parking penalty.

Thank you for holding.

Thank you for your patience.

For general customer enquiries, press 9.

You can use our automated payment service by.

For debit card payments, press 2.

Please take a minute to leave a customer comment.

For all other enquiries, press 8.

Press the star key.

Press the star key.

Press the star key.

You entered.

If this is correct.

Please call us on.

19 minutes (10%) remaining.

Did you pass through 3D Secure?

This payment has not been received.

To kill yourself, press the star key.

TOGETHER.

I want to help change the world for the better.

Why don't you?

Thank you for reading.

Please take a moment to review this book on
Amazon.

(“Damn it Whitewolf, you hypocrite- you’ve just
shot yourself in the foot!”)



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