

CURLYJIMSAM

**THE COMPLETE
MYSPACE BLOG
(ABRIDGED)**

2006 - 2007 EDITION

**EDITED AND WITH A PREFACE
BY THE AUTHOR**

Preface

This will be short. The reason for this is a simple one. I can't be bothered to make it long. Make the preface long, not the reason.

I have been considering the possibility of doing something like this for some time. "Make a book!" people like James Walley keep saying. "Make a book!" So here is that book. Well, sort of.

Basically, this is just a collection of the 'best' (according to my biased judgement at any rate) of my Myspace blog posts. This is by no means all of them. Quite a few have been left out because I didn't consider them good enough, or 'cos I couldn't be bothered, or 'cos they were *nothing more than those stupid quizzes, mwahahaha*. Etc. And it only goes up to the end of 2007, so any posts made after then haven't been included either. But all the best ones have been kept, I think. Well, most of the best ones ... The rest, in case you don't already know, can be found online at www.myspace.com/curlyjimsam - click the blog link at the top of the page.

Some of them have been 'edited' a little, as it says on the cover, but to be honest in 99% of cases this is just to correct spelling errors and stuff. Occasionally I've changed a word or two to make things make more sense; once or twice I've cut out entire sentences! Amazing, I know.

Some of the mid-2007 posts contain references to 'the Incredible(-y) Pointless Blog Challenge', which was basically an incredibly pointless blog challenge. I set myself the task of writing blog posts for each of the however-many-it-is blog categories provided by Myspace. Not all of them are included here, but again I think I've put in most of the best ones.

That will be all for now. Try not to die laughing.

Curlyjimsam, January 2008.

The Blogginator Strikes Back

08/09/06

Yippydidippitydoo! Yet another blog! I am so incredibly incredibly happy I could kill myself.

That would be a cause of celebration for everyone.

Scotland

20/09/06

In a few picture captions, MSN conversations and live TV shows recently, I have made somewhat disparaging remarks about the Scottish country and people, largely centring around calling it/them 'depressing'. I realise now that this was highly insensitive of me. I will not say that Scotland is not depressing, because that is possibly misleading, but I must confess that the implication that Scotland was inferior to other countries was not a good idea. Scotland is a good place, relatively. Far better than, say, France.

Some of my favourite people come or claim to come from Scotland, although I won't comment further on this matter for fear of it becoming embarrassing. Additionally I myself am of significant Scottish ancestry, and debasing the country is thus not only not very nice but also highly hypocritical.

Scotland has other benefits too, like hills, and thistles. I like hills, and thistles are good for prodding people with when they annoy you, like Jenkins. It also has a relatively undense population, which is always a good thing because it means there are less people to interfere in one's evil plans or steal one's cupcakes.

I am awfully awfully sorry for any offence I may have caused.

Baker is Bored

05/10/06

And you must all know by now that BAKER + BORED = BLOG. Well, some of the time, at least. Like now, for instance.

In the complete lack of anything else to write about, I have today decided to write about absolutely nothing. Brilliant subject. A bit like Chemistry.

So. Absolutely nothing. As I said, a brilliant subject. The only problem is, there's very little I can think of to write about it. Absolutely nothing, in fact. Absolutely nothing to write about absolutely nothing. What an extreme coincidence.

(As the slightly less stupid among you will have noticed, I have already written two paragraphs about absolutely nothing, and am about to embark on writing several more. However, for those of you with the brains of an earthworm or Jo Thijssen-Green, I thought I'd better point out that I am, obviously, a dirty liar. For the record, I think all dirty liars should be shot, preferably with a gun.)

That said, I am indeed having quite a bit of trouble thinking up anything else to write about absolutely nothing. It really is the most boring topic, despite what I said earlier. Readers with a longer memory span than that of a jellyfish will remember that I am a dirty liar, assuming they haven't gone for a lunch break between the last paragraph and this one, in which case I may be able to excuse them their lapse. More likely than not however, I won't. People who forget things should be shot too.

Now then, what was I writing about?

I have a niggling suspicion it may have involved Walley, because I seem to write rather a lot about him. No, that's not right, I was writing about absolutely nothing. It makes little difference really, as Walley and absolutely nothing are very similar. And I'd better stop the insults before I get dragged up to the International Court of Justice, which is of course in the Hague and therefore biased towards these Low Countries types. And I might get shot, though with a bit of luck they'd get confused and give me some of their excess marijuana instead.

I really must stop these nationalistic jokes, too. The last time I did something similar I had to make a highly embarrassing public apology. See the entry about Scotland, ignoring the bits about hills and thistles. Replace them with something about vast expanses of flatness and windmills. Ignore the bit about ancestry and favourite people and whatnot to. If that bit turns out to be true I will seriously consider shooting myself. With a gun.

Don't you agree with me that suicidal people are immoral bastards, taking everything from society and then wasting it all that effort with a single bullet? Ought to be hanged, I reckon.

OK, so, absolutely nothing.

That was fun, wasn't it? I'm just trying to remember if there's anything I've forgotten. Now, if we assume absolutely nothing to equal zero, and call the amount I've already written x , then the amount still left to write = $0 - x = -x$. It therefore follows logically that the rest of this entry should consist of everything I've written so far backwards. To be quite honest, however, I can't be bothered.

This, however, leaves me with a very slight dilemma. I have sod all left to write about. One could very well argue that that was the entire point, and one might very well be right. I could simply write drivel. One could very well argue that this is all I've ever done ever, and again there's a good chance that this in fact the case. It's certainly the case in my English coursework, but thankfully the mark schemes seem to pride writing drivel very highly. Quite what the relevance of this to the main topic of the entry is I'm not sure.

Oh, I give up.

Yes, I'm still horribly in love with her.

Everything and Nothing

08/11/06

His Most Excellent and Entirely Ginger Majesty James Walley, King of Belgium, Governor of Hong Kong, *Fidi Defensor*, *Persona Non Grata*, wants me to write a blog article, so I will. I have no particular ideas on any one thing to write about, and hence will write about anything the hell I can think about.

To begin with I will prove that the Universe is made up entirely of nothing:

- Assume everything must be made up of something smaller.
- The smallest and most fundamental particles in existence must therefore be infinitesimally small, i.e. have a size of $1/\infty$ in whatever units you care to use.
- Assuming the Universe to be finite as predicted by Big Bang theory, the complete number of the most fundamental particles in the Universe must also be finite. Since any finite number multiplied by $1/\infty$ is also $1/\infty$, this must be the total size of the Universe. If we do assume the Universe to be infinite, then its total size is $\infty/\infty = 1$. The total size of something of infinite size is infinite, so therefore $1 = \infty$ and $1/\infty = 1$, so $1/\infty = \infty$ and $1/\infty$ is therefore the total size of the Universe regardless.
- If $1/\infty$ is written as $0.000...1$, then $1 - 1/\infty = 0.999...$; however, since $0.999... \times 10 - 0.999... = 1$ and hence $0.999... = 1$, and $1 - 1 = 0$, $1/\infty$ (and therefore the total size of the Universe) must therefore be equal to nothing.
- *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

From this it is also possible to prove that any one (or more) instance of anything in the Universe is equivalent to everything, as:

- As the complete size of the Universe ('everything') is zero, then anything in the Universe must be zero multiplied by the fraction of the Universe it is equal to.
- However, since any number multiplied by zero is also zero, then this must be the total size of any instance of anything. Since $0 = 0$, and zero has previously been proven to be equal to everything, then said instance must also be equal to everything.

By a very strange coincidence, this also fits very nicely with the title of this posting, which would be a very good reason for me to stop, despite what I said earlier. Not entirely, mind you - I will do everything I can to follow this up with further posts. This has the benefits of a) getting this out to the adoring public sooner, and b) splitting topics up to make it easier to find the one you were looking for when you decide (as you undoubtedly will, unless you don't) to come back later.

So, goodbye until very shortly.

**The sixteenth most random blog post anyone has ever made since the
death of King Richard IV**

04/12/06

Twelve incredibly good reasons for me to panic:

1. I have a Maths exam tomorrow.
2. I live in the same town as several ginger people.
3. My calculator has been stolen.
4. I am wanted for mass murder in 67 states of America.
5. The Kaiser Chiefs are coming.
6. I can't remember if I included any future tenses in my French exam.
7. My stapler is broken.
8. North Korea is developing a nuclear missile. Mine hasn't been finished yet.
9. Adolf Hitler is standing right behind me.
10. The house is on fire.
11. Nobody expects der Weihnachtsmann.
12. I will be horribly in love with her.

Aaaarrrrgggghhh!

My Christmas

27/12/06

My Christmas Day was very enjoyable. Unfortunately I didn't have much time to do any of the normal stuff.

I woke up at three o'clock in the morning, sweating badly. I had just had a particularly awful dream about a deranged blond rhinoceros with an Elvis Presley complex and his assistant, Tiny Tim the Terrible.

I lay in bed for a few seconds, panting and hoping to God that the dream was in no sense premonitory or anything. After a while I decided that everything was alright; in any case, it wasn't like I was expecting der Weihnachtsmann or anything.

There was a crash as the door was flung open. My rabbit bodyguard gave a lapine shriek and disappeared through the trans-dimensional portal in the wardrobe. In a flash of red furs and white curls something worse than anything I had ever experienced in my nightmares, worse even than the time I dreamed about soap, appeared in the doorway.

"Nobody expects der Weihnachtsmann!"

Thunder. Lightning. A scream, echoing through the darkness, except it wasn't dark because of the lightning and most of the echoes were somewhat muffled by the thunder. And then - silence.

"Oh," I said. "OK."

"Of course it's OK," said der Weihnachtsmann in an exaggerated German accent, sounding slightly annoyed. "I haff brrought you prresents. Zey arre supposed to be a surprise forr vhen vake up in ze morning. Go back to sleep."

I closed my eyes, and pretended to be asleep whilst I watched der Weihnachtsmann take presents out of a large bag marked "SCHWAGG" and place them inside the stocking I had hung on the back of the door for his benefit. It seemed to be the usual rubbish - chocolate, socks, small-scale plastic explosives ... I got bored of watching and retreated once again into dreams. Slightly nicer ones this time, fortunately.

I was woken again less than three hours earlier by a sizeable explosion. I sat up straight in bed, reaching for the AK-47 on my bedside cabinet and accidentally grabbing hold of the alarm clock instead, and yelled:

"WILSON!"

Wilson was my henchman in charge of explosives. Notice the past tense. I had been woken up the past three nights in a row by his damned experiments going wrong.

"Wilson, what have I told you?" I asked as the man, a lanky fellow with only one eyebrow and just half an arm, entered the room, looking scared. My eyes blazed fire, though in reality this was just a fancy lighting effect.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sir," muttered Wilson, looking at his one remaining foot. His voice had a slight Irish inflection.

"Wilson, what have I told you on every one of the past three nights?"

Wilson looked up, clearly perplexed. "No more failed experiments. No more explosions between twenty-one hundred hours and oh-nine hundred hours, with the possible exceptions of Bonfire Night and New Year's Eve. But I ... I don't understand ... there haven't been any explosions ..."

"Then what is that?" I jabbed a finger at the door, which was in pieces. The stocking, too, had apparently been caught in the blast. Bits of Mars bar and coloured wool were scattered over the floor like cows after an accidental denotation of a nuclear bomb on a dairy farm.

"That's nothing to do with us, sir."

I threw the clock at him. It blew his head off, and bits of brain splattered onto the walls.

At this point I realised what had happened. The explosion had been nothing to do with Wilson at all. One of der Weihnachtmann's explosives in the stocking must have gone off by accident. Or was it an accident? One could never be too sure ...

I picked up one of my hyper-advanced communications devices from the bedside cabinet, entered a number using the rotary dial, and spoke into it:

"Barrington, is that you? Yes, good. Listen - send a unit of the Bavarian Division to the North Pole immediately - tell them to kill everyone they find there - oh, and bring back the Infinite Improbability Drive. Something that allows one to deliver billions of presents to millions of people in under twenty-four hours is bound to be worth having."

I leant back in my pillows. So, it was Christmas. The time of peace and goodwill - yes, well, we wouldn't be having any of that. Great-great-grandfather Ebenezer would hardly approve.

I got out of bed slowly, and pulled on my favourite black suit. Then everything went blue, which is a pretty funny colour for things to go and was hence quite unexpected, and suddenly I found myself standing in a field somewhere, according to a sign on the fence, in the middle of Austria.

(That is, the sign said "IRGENDWO IN DER MITTE VON ÖSTERREICH"; seeing as this means 'somewhere in the middle of Austria', I naturally assumed this was where I was.)

I stood still for a few moments, but once it transpired that, apparently, absolutely nothing was going to happen to me apart from possibly being eaten by the rather large cow which was slowly approaching me from the other side of the field, I said loudly,

"This is absolutely sodding ridiculous!", and was promptly set upon by an army of Austrian pixies.

"Ach nein!" I said, hoping that by speaking German I would persuade the pixies to get off me. It didn't work. "*Gesst mich auf!*" I shouted, "*Geht weg! Ihr seit alle sehr dumm und sehr altmödisch, ja!*"

This served only to make the pixies more angry, and I soon found I was virtually blinded by the small cloud of greenish undersized humanoids swarming around me. "GET - AWAY - FROM - ME!" I yelled, reverting to English in my sheer frustration at my predicament. To my great surprise, there was a yellow flash and the pixies all disappeared. It went quiet: but not for long enough, unfortunately. I found myself staring into the venomous yellow eyes of someone I had not had the poor fortune to come across for some centuries.

"Good morning, Mr. Baker."

"Good morning, Mr. Magister," I replied through clenched teeth. "I suppose it was you who brought me here."

"Oh, of course it was," Magister replied, stroking his goatee. "You must have known that after my - little fall - at the moonbase I would come back for you eventually."

"I thought you were dead." I glanced over Magister's shoulder. Just keep the conversation going, I told myself, just keep it going.

"Oh, but you see," Magister replied. "We evil villains - we have a tendency of returning from even the most final deaths. Even you have managed it on occasion."

"Aye," I returned. "So I have." Keep it going. "So, what have you been doing for all these years?"

"Oh, you know, the usual. Killing innocent people, recruiting henchmen ... much the same as you I expect."

"I suppose you brought me here."

Magister smiled, and shook his head. "Alas, no. That was merely an unfortunate spatial relocation paradox that opened up in the fabric of the universe just as I happened to be passing by this field. I did get rid of the pixies though. I thought I'd rather kill you myself."

"Lots of people have said that, Mr. Magister," I told him. Keep it going, just a few more seconds. "Very few have succeeded."

"Oh dear. Well, I'll have to be the exception."

"I don't think so, Mr. Magister," I said. "You see -" (there was a loud crunching noise, followed by a scream and then a soft chewing) "- if you're not careful you'll be eaten

by the rather large cow that's been approaching us the whole time. If you don't mind, I'll be leaving now. Happy Christmas."

I snapped my fingers, once again everything went blue, and I found myself back at my base. I checked my laser-powered watch; it was already twelve o'clock. Clearly I had slightly miscalculated the temporal return pattern. It wasn't important. There was still plenty of time left in the day.

"That's what you think," said a voice. I started.

"Who's there?" I asked. There was no reply. I decided I was either imagining it or the Norse gods were playing games with me again. I'd have to talk to Odin about it next time I saw him. I straightened my tie, which had been somewhat displaced by the pixie swarm, and set off in the direction of the aircraft hangar number seven, in which the presents I had received from friends, family and the relatives of my favourite hostages were due to have been placed.

"Estimated value?" I asked the nearest guard on duty, as I strode inside.

"Roughly eighteen trillion US dollars sir," he replied.

"Oh dear," I said. "It was nineteen trillion last year. Miss Accrington's parents won't be seeing her for a few more decades, I fear. What sort of things have we got?"

"Oh, the usual, sir."

"Has that instalment of sheep come in from the Faeroes yet?"

"Yes sir."

"And the mints?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. I'll look round properly later. I've got an urgent appointment with the galactic president to go to now. Make sure everything's properly catalogued."

The galactic president is one of the most disgusting creatures I have ever known, but he is handy in a crisis. I didn't have a crisis at the moment, but I was rather hoping he would be able to hand me a small amount of cash and maybe a planet or two in exchange for me not fixing the election results in his chief opponent's favour. I had been unwilling to leave my base on Christmas Day, and so he was especially visiting from his palace on Cygnus Alpha Four, accompanied by a small battalion of the Galactic Guardsmen and the equivalent of the population of several densely inhabited star systems in servants. They had all been housed in a broom cupboard; the president himself was currently in one of the barrooms.

I arrived by teleport and, making sure the nose bungs were firmly in my nostrils so as to keep out his putrid smell, sat down next to him. The president was four feet tall, bright yellow and slightly less ugly than your average Vogon. He secreted a sickly

green fluid that had already covered most of the floor, and was sipping his ginger beer through a strange tubelike organ that protruded by just below his single eye.

My conversation with the president lasted for several uncomfortable hours, until I finally managed to convince him that I was not going to have him assassinated so long as he was good, and I see very little point in going into very much detail. After I had finally shown him the door and watched the GSS *Veronicus* disappear into the distance, I went into Lounge 16A and flopped heavily into one of the giant red deluxe ultra-armchairs that are scattered at intervals across that room's ten thousand square feet of floor space. I realised that I had not eaten anything for several hours - I hadn't had a chance during the ordeals of the morning and anything I had attempted to consume whilst in the presence of the president would doubtless have been vomited back up immediately.

"Ali, come here," I spoke into thin air. There was a blast of greenish star-spangled smoke, and a small dark-skinned gentleman in a fez appeared cross-legged on the carpet.

"Yesh mashter?" said the man, sounding slightly drunk though in actual fact he almost certainly wasn't.

"Are the Turkish turkeys ready for consumption yet, Ali?" I asked.

"Yesh mashter, finesht Turkish turkeysh, ready for conshumption, yesh mashter."

"Good ..." I replied. "Bring me one."

Ali clicked his fingers once and I found that in front of me there now sat a large table, on which sat a plate with a largish turkey thereon. "Thankyou Ali. You may go." There was another blast of smoke, and Ali disappeared. I proceeded to eat the turkey, a rather boring process which I will not bother detailing here.

It was seven o'clock by the time I had finished. This left me with two options - continuing doing stuff so as to give me stuff to write about in the account of the day I would write tomorrow and avoid trailing off into nothing at the end, or do nothing whatsoever and end said account rather weakly. Naturally I chose the second option.

I did very little for a few hours and then went to bed.

The end.

If you really like fish and chips read this

15/01/07

Be honest

If u really like someone right now,

And miss them right at this moment,

And can't get them out of your head,

Then re-post this titled " if you like someone read this"

This will have no effect whatsoever,

But just remember this useful piece of advice:

Nobody cares.

BREAK THIS, AND YOU WILL ACCIDENTALLY

GET MURDERED BY A TRAMP AT MIDNIGHT

Wikipedia Answers All

07/02/07

From http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sport_agility:

*Aside from improving sports performance, why would an individual need to maintain or improve agility? Dodging requires agility, such as **jumping out of the way of an oncoming car** or **avoiding an unexpected hole**. If you ever need to run down a crowded street to catch a bus or **escape an assailant**, agility will help you **avoid knocking yourself out on a utility pole** or **tripping over a dog leash**. [bolding mine]*

Well, thank goodness for that. I mean, I spend so much time walking around in the possible paths of fast-moving motor vehicles and the state of the roads and pavements in this country is just so bad that I might fall down an unexpected hole any second! And so many people hate me I must spend half my life running away from would-be assailants - wouldn't want to accidentally run headlong into any large obstacles or trip over some dog leash that just happens to be lying around! I'd better start taking regular agility-improving exercises right now!

Thirteen Hundred More Words For You Not To Read

01/03/07

Angus R. Hettenstein the Sixty-First was not dead. Yet.

However, nobody cared.

This was originally going to be a post about, in the words of the Venerable Walley, 'the excentricities [sic] of alex pace with his middle name in there for effect if you know it'. At about this point I got bored of writing about this and decided to write about something else instead, but not to tell Walley on account of already having rejected his previous three thousand and seven ideas and having no intention of making him feel bad at all in any way.

This did, however, meet with a slight problem in that I did not actually know what else to cover. Searching my mind for some sort of idea, I eventually settled on something that seems to be in the minds of a lot of people at the moment - the Year Eleven prom.

I bought my prom ticket today. It came from Mr. Shaw's office. It cost twenty pounds. It was number sixty-three. It came with a complementary voting slip for the prom awards. That was what happened. How vastly enjoyable.

Walley tried to buy a prom ticket too, but upon the discovery that his name was not on the list Mr. Shaw was immediately alerted and the offending ginger was promptly dragged away by an elite squad of Magrathean Guards.

The last fifteen words of that sentence are slightly erroneous. You would be well-advised to ignore them.

The paragraphs in this post seem to be turning out to be rather shorter than I would usually like, which is of course a Bad Thing. Short paragraphs generally represent one of two things: a lack of coherent ideas (leading one to repeatedly start new paragraphs as one incoherent idea runs into the next), or else a malfunctioning enter key. In this particular case the sec

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nd possiblity has nothi

ng to d

o with it,

obvio

usly.

Very useful invention, the enter key. Press it, and you can get into any building free of charge. Ask Dom Mellin. He won't understand either.

I was talking / writing / drivelling on about the prom, wasn't I? Yes. Right. OK. Mr. Spock. Will not be coming. Probably. I will be coming however. Oh look. An excess of full stops. How silly of me. Damn. This is going terribly.

I will begin my essay by discussing the prom awards. Sorry, felt a strange aversion to the space bar just then. Like the Romans. They never used space bars either. Is 'Mars Bar' a pun on 'space bar'? Or vice versa? I don't know. This isn't relevant. You probably realised that several decades ago.

It is a widely-held belief that the prom awards exist for no other purpose than fun, games and an enjoyable mug of hot chocolate (which, as you know is the first prize in each category). This is a lie. The prom awards exist solely as a result of an initiative by Shaw & Shaw Ltd., Glasgow, to help government secret agencies in identifying future targets for assassination, with the odd utterly extraneous category thrown in so people don't get suspicious. I am therefore taking great care in arranging my own results in voting for people whose existence could threaten me in future (*), but being equally careful in not putting people in categories that obviously don't fit them - insert insulting/sarcastic reference to some insignificant person here.

*** DISCLAIMER: Please note that any references to me wishing anybody's deaths are COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY DONE FOR THE PURPOSES OF HUMOUR AND THE GENERAL MAINTENANCE OF MY IMAGE as a general complete psycho, and should not in any case be taken literally, or else I may consider subjecting you to some COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY NON-FATAL torture. This claim has retroactive effect to at least April 2005, with minor exceptions which were a bad idea. Thankyou.**

Yes. Well. Um.

A number of people have made references to voting for me for the 'clever clogs' award, which is not only rather misleading (I do not wear clogs, nor are they clever) but also rather disconcerting, seeing as I have insider information that the winners of this award, plus the runners-up for good measure, are due to be drowned by the CIA in the summer of 2016 during what will be billed as a catastrophic rowing accident some three hundred miles off the coast of East Anglia. At this point I will doubtless begin to wonder if it would have been a good idea to learn to swim.

As I am rapidly becoming bored and thus increasingly likely to make a reckless throwaway comment involving certain females whom I happen to rather like, I will now move onto a second aspect of Ye Olde Promme - people-avec-que-on-est-allering. This area probably has a rather heightened chance of the Aforementioned Reckless Throwaway Comments (I'll apologise now for the Slightly Random Capitalisation just there - maybe next time I should attempt to encode some sort of hidden message for bored readers), but what the heck on legs. Sorry. Yes.

Currently I am not going with anyone to the prom. Please note that by that I do not mean I will be totally alone due a masked gunman happening to kill every other

member of Year Eleven during the nearest possible assembly that means that I am the only person who actually ends up turning up, but that ... yes, well, you know what I mean. A quick calculation reveals that ... hang on ...

$$\begin{aligned} & (1/5 \times 1/2) \times (1/5 \times 1/3) \times (1/50 \times 1/2) \times (1/50 \times 1/2) \\ &= 1/10 \times 1/15 \times 1/100 \times 1/100 \\ &= 1/1500000 \end{aligned}$$

... that the chances of my getting a prom date are roughly one in one and a half million. I have a feeling that something might've gone slightly wrong there ... I think I was supposed to add the brackets together rather than multiply them. That's ... um ... 18.6%. That's not particularly good. Oh well.

Anyone who can work out what the figures in the first line refer to will be immediately promoted to the position of my chief assistant and get a nice shiny gold medal to go with it. Well, a tin foil metal at any rate.

This is getting silly. I've now been writing for several hours and achieved very little of material interest whatsoever, and Walley is probably almost dead from the anticipation. So I will wrap this up with one final section, and then maybe add in some completely irrelevant drivel, and then you can read it. Well, you've been reading it already from your point of view, but from my point of view ...

Transport. One of the problems with the prom is getting to it. I do not know how I am getting there, and for various reasons I'd rather not make any firm decisions at this point ... I'd like to fly, but unfortunately I can't. I'd also like to go on a horse, but I neither have a horse nor can I ride one. I suppose I could go to Skegness or something and steal a donkey ... A teleport would be good, but that might be a waste of energy ...

Damn, I've forgotten the section on what to wear ... oh well, forget it. I did say only one more section, after all. I intend to wear the most outlandish clothes I can get away with. This probably reduces my chances of getting a date to one in seventy-four billion or thereabouts.

I'll spare the Mr. Shaw jokes for some other time as well. Get excited.

Apologies for any ridiculous spelling errors etc. I didn't want to keep Walley waiting any longer, so I haven't bothered to check it properly. Actually, I never bother to check anything properly ever. Oh well.

Have a nice day.

Why I won't be coming to school ever again

30/05/07

I have decided to give up with GCSEs and revising and forge my own certificate of exam-passership-whatsit.

I think it is very convincing.

OFFICIAL PEACE OF PAPER FROM THE EXAM BOREDS

Candidate Name: BAKER, JAMES
Candidate Number: 2006
Centre Number: 30230
UCI: 302300042006M

YOU WINS
SIX GCSEs

I have restricted the number to six in case anyone gets suspicious.

Exclusive! Page leaked from today's Maths exam!

04/06/07

I have been reliably informed that the following page will feature on the higher and intermediate tier Maths papers later today.

7

5 Complete the square.



6 Why is sunbathing wrong? Use trigonometry in your answer.

cos it's a sin to tan

For
Examiner's
Use

I'm also looking forward to the quadratic seqs on page 12.

And the answer to question 3b is 42.

Good luck!

My street

06/06/07

My street has been invaded by a squadron of vans marked *e.on*, from which several units of men in fluorescent jackets have been deployed and proceeded to dig up the road and listen to the football.

Apparently they are mending a fuse. I personally think they are a group of undercover alien hunters who are looking for a mysterious alien artefact hidden under the street.

Half an hour ago they managed to knock out our power supply. It's come back now, which means I can continue to revise German and other fun things.

The men appear to have forgotten they have a digger because one of them is now digging up the road with a spade.

The Great Number Conundrum Solved

20/06/07

Vaguely observant people will have noticed that in English the name of the number one is written *one* and pronounced 'won', whereas the name of the number two is written *two* and pronounced 'too'.

Slightly more observant people will have noticed that this means the name of the number one contains a 'w' sound in speech but no letter *w* in writing, whereas for the name of the number two the opposite is true: a *w* is found in writing but no 'w' sound is found in the word.

Using my extensive knowledge of historical linguistics, I therefore conclude that the name of the number one was originally written *wone*, and that of the number two was originally written *to*. The *w* got transferred from the one to the other (or, more accurately, the *wone* to the *to*) in an unfortunate accident involving a monk, a quill pen and a thirteenth-century book teaching people how to count.

This is quite obviously true, but anyone who can provide three valid reasons arguing the opposite will win a free coffee mat.

A Commiseration on Toothbrushes

23/06/07

A while ago (early May, I seem to recall), I received a new toothbrush. As is traditional in our household, it was purchased by my mother. However, unlike previous toothbrushes, this one displayed a tendency the likes of which I have not encountered before. It started to fall apart almost as soon as I began to use it. Gradually, one-by-one, the bristles started to fall out, until after about two weeks only about two-thirds of them were still left.

As I prefer my toothbrushes to remain intact for as long as possible, I went to Boots to choose a new one, the first time I have ever done such a thing myself. The range on offer was quite remarkable, although bog-standard toothbrushes did seem to be in rather short supply. Deciding that it was not worth reading every single label in order to enlighten myself as to the manifold benefits of each individual brush - 'superenhanced scrubbing action', 'hyperimproved grip technology', and so forth - I instead chose largely at random a reasonably normal looking model styled 'Reach' and with a twenty-degree bend in the middle of the handle apparently meant to somehow improve my brushing experience.

When I first used my new Reach toothbrush that evening, I was pleased to discover that it didn't immediately start to fall apart. Indeed, it managed to stay in an intact state for several days afterwards. Then things went downhill. Once again, one-by-one, the bristles started to fall out. Not at quite the same alarming rate as the previous brush, but falling out nonetheless. At the time of writing, four of the ten bristle collectives (or whatever they're called) have fallen out on the far right side of the brush, plus a further couple on the far left. As far as I can tell, all of the bristles in the middle have remained in place.

I find this quite frankly disgusting. Never before have I had a toothbrush that has shown even the slightest inclination towards disintegration, certainly not one under about two-and-a-half months old. The fact that I have now had two toothbrushes in a row which have begun to disintegrate in a matter of weeks is clearly indicative of an impending national or possibly global toothbrush crisis. If I can be bothered (which I probably won't be), I will most certainly write a letter to our new Prime Minister Mr. Brown at the earliest opportunity asking his government to take measures to prevent this as soon as possible. The toothbrush companies clearly care more about profits and fancy brand names than actual good quality products, and only an increase in the stringency of the laws regarding toothbrush production can help to reverse this downward trend in values.

Speaking of fancy brand names, I remember another time I went to Boots. I wasn't buying a toothbrush at the time, but I did inadvertently pass by the shelf on which the *electric* toothbrushes are displayed. Except 'electric' toothbrush apparently doesn't have enough marketing value or whatever it's called, so the battery-powered varieties of toothbrush apparently tend instead to be styled 'sonic' toothbrushes by their manufacturers, like some sort of misplaced *Doctor Who* merchandising or the product of choice of a blue computer-generated hedgehog. Sonic? I.e. like 'of or relating to audible sounds', if I may quote Wikipedia? Oh, look, that toothbrush makes noise when you use it; I simply have to have it! What's it do, knock away stray pieces of

food and malicious bacteria with high-frequency sound waves? Are sonic toothbrushes classified by how loud they are, I wonder? Brand-new: the Sonic 10,000 (yes, they really do have names like that) AA-powered Ultragrip Mega-Oscillobrush - be the envy of everyone without a three-mile radius of your bathroom with a toothbrush capable of producing up to 150 decibels of pure sonic energy! Lowd & Oisy Rotary Toothbrushes Ltd. are not responsible for any deafness your toothbrush may cause.

Absolutely sodding ridiculous.

What my computer tells me about cars

25/06/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Automotive'

'Automotive' means 'cars'. I know very little about cars, so this post will probably be rather short. This a good thing for two reasons: 1) I have less to write; 2) all two of you have less to read.

A Google Desktop search of my computer reveals 741 files containing the word 'car', excluding those from my web history. The first of these occurrences of the word is in an account of a memory involving someone rather close to me. The second is used in an example in a rough outline file of a language I'm making up. The third is part of the unfinished short story Grassman, adapted from the film script. The fourth is my Chemistry revision from the Year 10 exams; it tells me that petrol is used as car fuel. The fifth is an early draft of another story. The sixth and seventh tell me that German for 'car' is *Auto*. The eighth is in a history of Jamesland. The ninth and tenth are in French, where *car* happens to mean 'because'.

From this, we can conclude the following about cars:

- They appear rather frequently in daily life, both in fiction and reality.
- They run off petrol.
- They are also found in Germany.
- They are not found in France, allowing the word to be used to mean something else entirely.
- They have keys and can be stolen from (not mentioned in the above sample, but rather prominent when my English modern poetry coursework starts to appear later in the search).

Isn't that all just so frightfully interesting?

Fashion with Walley

01/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Fashion, Style, Shopping'

Hello, and welcome to Fashion with Walley, your guide to looking stylish with everyone's favourite ginger. Walley is currently incapacitated after an accident with a punk rocker and a bass guitar, so I will be writing this week's instalment; however, I will be attempting to keep to the high quality of fashion advice you are used to from Ginger Jim. As you may be aware, Fashion with Walley was set up in June 2007 after Jim complained about being inadequately featured in the 'Dreams and the Supernatural' posting in the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge, and it was decided that he should be given a more central role in posts at least in the immediate future.

So, this week's fashion tips:



Orange is the in colour this summer, so make sure you have some somewhere on your clothes. Be it the tiniest orange stripe on your tie or the complete orange outfit, this particular tone is an absolute must. Oh, and whatever you do, don't forget the ginger hair.



Orange top hats are very popular with the ladies. They can be purchased relatively cheaply from any good clothing store. For added effect, get yourself a hat with stripes in a contrasting colour, e.g. black.



Glasses are also a must-have accessory. Not only will they help you see better, they will also help other people to notice *you*. Two birds with one stone, you might say.



Nothing is cooler than Myspace and geek culture references. If you can fit a trendy slogan onto a T-shirt, you'll gain the respect and attention of all your peers. Personalised T-shirts can be ordered off the Internet or from high-street shops in most towns and cities.



You don't need a lap dog or a trophy wife, but you do want a large stuffed toy animal, preferably a bird, to carry around. Penguins are preferred, but if you'd like to be a little more original a semi-phallic glove puppet can help to assert your masculinity. Remember to include some orange!



Hooded tops make you look mysterious, and help to assert rebellion against authority. They also have a practical use if you want to mug old ladies or take over the Galaxy.



If you go outside in bad weather, you might want to take a cheap-looking plastic raincoat. Regatta are renowned the world over for their high quality production of such garments.



As we near the end of this week's column, remember that the ginger fashion can be extended to objects other than clothes. Fences are a popular choice for an orange makeover.

Continued ...



And finally - the best place to hang out and show off your ginger is as high up as possible - on the roof! Don't fall off, and look out for malignant low-flying clouds!

Fashion with Walley will return next week. Until then, remember - the future's bright: the future's ginger!

Snakes and Ladders

03/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Games'

PIPE VICTOR IN KYRGYZSTAN

Reported by David Agnew, Bishkek

Veteran Snakes and Ladders player Dwayne Pipe won the game's hard-fought forty-second World Cup competition in Kyrgyzstan yesterday. Pipe, a Canadian, beat his German opponent Zoltan Pfeffer by seven games to two in the final in the Arena of Glory and Hope and Peace and Lots of Other Good Stuff.

However it was Pfeffer, the favourite, who looked like he was going to dominate the match from the start, displaying excellent wrist action whilst skilfully throwing three sixes in his first three turns whilst cunningly forcing Pipe to be swallowed up by the first Snake he came across. This effectively sealed Pfeffer's victory in the first game, giving him a strong psychological advantage over Pipe.

His opponent was not deterred by this, however, coming back to decisively win the next two games by 17 and 23 squares respectively. Pipe now leading by two games to one, the fourth was very close, but Pfeffer was unable to keep his resolve long enough and lost out at the crucial moment, landing on a Snake on square 98 and giving Pipe an easy hop onto the final square.

Pfeffer's mistake was to cost him more than the one game, however; many argue it was largely responsible for him losing the entire match. Distracted by his past failure, the German made several foolish errors in the fifth and sixth games, even allowing his opponent easy access to a Ladder that advanced his opponent by 25 squares early on in the latter. He started to make a comeback in the seventh game, however, with another close endgame that nevertheless resulted in Pipe winning out by a single square in the home straight.

Pipe now needed only one more game to win the match, but managed to total a combined dice score of just 85 in 49 throws, giving Pfeffer an easy win despite landing on two 10-square Ladders. This bad form turned out to be only temporary, as the Canadian sealed his victory with a stunning win in the final game in just twelve turns.

"Dwayne Pipe has now climbed to even greater heights in the game than he'd managed previously," said the President of the World Snakes and Ladders Association as he awarded the victor with his trophy, the third Pipe has won in his years playing the game. Zoltan Pfeffer was less happy, however. A leading pundit said of his performance: "Pfeffer's performance was worthy of a man recovering from a bad bite by a venomous animal. He seemed to tie himself up in knots. Pipe just seemed to squeeze all his usually excellent dicing skill out of him."

The next World Cup will be played in two years' time in Honduras.

Idiots

05/07/07

Apparently the following slightly random message which recently appeared while I was browsing Myspace is a 'bright idea':

Delete some goof from your friend list. Delete Now. (That last sentence was originally a link to some ultimate deletion page or something, but nobody cares.)

Given that 99% of Myspace users appear to think that the purpose of the site is to get as many friends as possible, whichever member of the Myspace staff who thought that people might actually pay any attention to such advice is clearly an idiot. Could they not concentrate on something possibly more worthwhile, like ensuring the servers don't cease to function at regular intervals?

Additionally, given that the guy who purportedly runs the site has approximately 188,313,541 friends at the time of writing - more than the population of any country in the world but four - and is showing no intention of deleting any of them, one detects a slight tinge of hypocrisy.

Oh well.

My Favourite Celebrity

07/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Movies, TV, Celebrities'

My intention is to use this post to talk about my favourite celebrity. This is made difficult by the fact that I don't have a favourite celebrity.

Observant readers of my profile / very bored people / stalkers will notice that my 'Heroes' section lists as my heroes Boo Radley, Mr. Bean, and John Lenin. I would write about one of these great men, but unfortunately all the information I can find on them appears to be written by complete lunatics who claim such blasphemies as 'Boo Radley is a fictional character in *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee', 'Mr. Bean is a fictional character portrayed by Rowan Atkinson' and 'Did you mean John Lennon?' For this reason I have decided to abandon taking this post in this direction.

After some thought (as much as 5.63 seconds), I come to the conclusion that I don't actually have a favourite celebrity and hence any attempts to write about said person would probably end in failure. Not doing things because they will probably end in failure is not something I generally view as a very good outlook on life (no, life was last time, wasn't it ... ?), so I will press on with the description regardless.

Presenting: an essay on the fame of that most celebrated celebrity, Mr. N.O. One (alias N.O. Body).

N.O. One has to be one of the most recognised celebrities alive or dead, receiving over 360 million Google hits for his two names combined. This combines with such so-called 'celebrities' as David Beckham (2.7 million), Paris Hilton (58.5 million), the Pope (43 million), Robin Hood (2.6 million), the Prime Minister Gordon Brown (11.4 million), James Baker (1.4 million) and Oswald Mosley (0.13 million). You heard it hear first: N.O. One is more important than James Baker! Indeed, he is mentioned on more pages on the Internet than all of these celebrities combined. He is clearly a very important figure, beating even God (346 million hits).

Actually, those figures are fairly interesting in their own right. I could spent quite a while comparing the popularity-according-to-Google of various celebrities if I felt like it, which to be quite honest I don't and probably never will. But - how does Paris Hilton get more hits than the Pope - or, to be more accurate, all of the Popes there have ever been combined? The Popes have started wars, been the target of assassination attempts, changed the course of history with mere words, died - an awful lot more than Paris Hilton, anyway. (I personally hold the current Pope in a level of high regard, as I played him in our Year 10 'you are a celebrity on a plane and it is going to crash soon and you are all going to die - except for the one lucky bugger who manages to persuade everyone else that he/she/it deserves the only parachute!'. Unlike everyone else, Bob Geldof was not my second choice. Anyway ...)

Here are some things La Interneta tells me about N.O. One / N.O. Body:

- When N.O. One knows your pain, you can go to Suicidal.com for further guidance.

- N.O. Body is in charge of a company called N.O. Body's Business.
- N.O. One's listening.
- N.O. Body knows the trouble I've seen.
- N.O. One lives for ever.
- N.O. Body died when Clinton lied. (Yes, I realise these last two are mildly contradictory!)
- N.O. One is to blame for anorexia.
- N.O. Body's waterproof.
- Trust N.O. One.
- N.O. Body's perfect.
- On Mars, N.O. One can hear you scream.
- N.O. Body needs to know.
- N.O. One uses Linux.
- N.O. Body cares.
- I have come to the conclusion that I like N.O. One, at least for the most part. And I think it would be a fair bet that N.O. One likes me. I feel privileged.

The writer now jumps up and down and does something roughly pertaining to a happy dance, accidentally hitting the 'Post' button in the process.

MYSPACE IS RUN BY ALIENS - THE PROOF!!!

12/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Myspace'

Myspace bosses today denied claims that the popular social networking site is, in fact, part of a grand scheme by an alien lifeform to seize control of planet Earth.

"This is an utterly ridiculous accusation," said a spokesman, making a valiant effort to hide his tentacles and speaking through a hi-tech Xwäsatsákölhe!inō-to-English translation device.

Those making the accusation, however, stood by their claims.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Myspace is more than meets the eye," said Andrew F. Hodgkins IV, of Baltimore, Maryland. "Just look at the profile of 'Tom', said to be in charge of Myspace. There is a wealth of hidden information hidden on that page."

Tom, according to Hodgkins and his associates, is actually an alien from the planet Qhýsatsákölhe!èn, whose real name is actually T'omèxéñho Gäroãghÿ m D'etsakx Kuritsiló Nody. His 'interests' section on the site is claimed by Hodgkins to be highly revealing: "He lists, among other things, language, culture, the history of Communism, travel, finding new food and building alternate communities. Clearly he is an expert on our planet's language and culture, and comes from a Communist-style state in another galaxy which is intent on coming all the way here with a mind to deplete Earth's natural food resources and set up a new society. He is evil, make no mistake about that."

Kuritsiló Nody lists amongst his favourite films titles such as the science-fiction classics *Blade Runner* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*, reinforcing Hodgkins' claim that he is actually an alien. Steven Spielberg, director of *E.T.*, is listed amongst his favourite directors. Friedrich Nietzsche, whose philosophies were employed by the Nazi Party in a previous attempt to take over the planet, is listed amongst his 'heroes'.

Although 'Tom' is world-famous and revered by millions in his position as head of Myspace, his relationship status is nevertheless set to 'single': perhaps girls tend to be a bit put off on the discovery that his biology is not quite what they were expecting? He lists his occupation as 'President, MySpace': "President?" asks Hodgkins. "Sounds like a power-mad megalomaniac to me. From another planet, of course."

But perhaps the most obvious indicator of Kuritsiló Nody's true identity is the one that is in full view every day to millions of Myspace users: his userpic. "Just look at that whiteboard behind him," says Hodgkins, "and try to convince me that those scribblings are some sort of meaningful correspondence in any language found on this planet." The 'scribblings' are in fact a mixture of random English words in an attempt to look genuine and fragments of Xwäsatsákölhe!inō text. A coded Xwäsatsákölhe!inō message can also be read by taking only the capital letters in 'Tom's' 'about me' section: ITISBFAQIIEFAMS is actually the Xwäsatsákölhe!inō word *itis'èbèfaqi-iéfa-mès*, or 'be afraid, inferior beings'. Another clue in Kuritsiló

Nody's photo album is the picture of a man dressed up similarly to Superman, who is of course actually an alien from the planet Krypton.

Myspace currently has almost 200 million users, something that no other similar website even comes close to. Why? Again, Andy Hodgkins has the answer: "We have positively determined that the alien lifeforms in charge of Myspace are employing subliminal messages to addict users and persuade them to get their friends to join up. The more users the aliens can control by the time the invasion comes, the better."

But Myspace users and the general public should not be too frightened about this invasion. Last time contact was made with the Qhýsatsákõlhelènian mothership, according to an insider who is actually an agent with MI6, the message sent back was that an 'unexpected error' had occurred. Although details of the error were forwarded to members of the ship's technical group, it is suspected that it will be some time before it is fixed. Errors like this are apparently frequent in Qhýsatsákõlhelènian technology, and many commentators feel that if the aliens ever do manage to arrive on Earth in full force, there's a good chance that their weapons will simply cease to function.

The Communist Party's Night Out

19/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Parties and Nightlife'

Here is my most recent blog post. At least, it is my most recent blog post at the time of writing. If, say, in three years time I have written 223.3 more blog posts this will no longer be my most recent blog post, and this entirely paragraph will serve no function whatsoever.

The theme of this blog post is 'Parties and Nightlife'. More explicitly, it will be about the Communist Party's midnight excursion to visit a local friendly tramp who lives under a bridge.

The scene: Moscow, winter, 1922. It is very cold. It usually is in Moscow in winter.

The Communist Party are meeting at the Communist Party Headquarters, this being a particularly imaginative location for Communist Party meetings.

Vladimir 'Vlad the Lad' Lenin: I propose that we go for a walk.

Leon Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Joseph 'Communist Joe' Stalin: *(in a thick Georgian accent, because he is Georgian, and thick)* I think that is an excellent proposition.

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Vlad the Lad: Be quiet. Nobody cares about you.

Communist Joe: I agree completely.

*Trotsky adjusts his glasses. The Communist Party members stand up, and put on thick coats over their suits, except for **Communist Joe**, who puts on a thick dressing gown over his pyjamas. The thickness of the coats and dressing gown is inversely proportional to how thick each of the Communist Party members are. The thinnest coat is worn by **Yuri Thickov**, and is made entirely of a single sheet of newspaper.*

Vlad the Lad: I propose that we now go outside.

Communist Joe: I think that is an excellent proposition.

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Vlad the Lad: I thought I told you to be quiet.

Communist Joe does not reply.

Vlad the Lad: I am talking to you!

Communist Joe: Sorry, Your Leninship. It is completely and utterly my fault. I did not realise that you wished me to speak. You are, of course, correct in your statement that you told me to be quiet, as you are always correct in all matters, and if you so wish I can -

Vlad the Lad: Be quiet!

Trotsky adjusts his glasses. The members of the Communist Party leave the building through a convenient door.

Thickov: Oh no, I am freezing to death!

He freezes to death. This is because it is very cold, and because his coat is very thin. The two Communist Party members next to him pick up his dead body and run off to put it on display for all time.

Communist Joe: I propose we hold the funeral the day before the day we tell Trotsky we're holding it.

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Vlad the Lad: Be quiet!

The men - they are all men, because although in Communism everyone is equal women don't count, along with former aristocrats, nasty peasants, Germans, cows and people the Kremlin don't like - continue to walk onwards.

Ivan Observantev: It is rather dark, is it not?

Vlad the Lad: You are correct. That is why we are taking this walk now. There are confidential matters I wish to attend to, and I do not wish anyone to see.

*As he says this, a **random civilian** walks past, and catches sight of the Communist Party members.*

Random Civilian: That is odd; they look like Communist Party members. I wonder what they are doing outside on a night like this.

*Immediately **five secret policemen** jump out from behind the nearest building and drag off the **random civilian** to be shot.*

Secret Policeman 1: You

Secret Policeman 2: are

Secret Policeman 3: coming

Secret Policeman 4: with

Secret Policeman 5: us!

Random Civilian: Oh dearie me!

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Vlad the Lad: Oh look, we have arrived at our destination.

Sergei Statingtheobviousovich: That was rather quick.

Vlad the Lad: Yes. I did consider a longer journey, but that would have been boring for the audience.

Communist Joe: Are you sure it isn't boring for the audience anyway, Your Great Leninness?

Vlad the Lad: Be quiet!

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Vlad the Lad: Here we are.

*They have arrived at a bridge over the River Moskva, which is the river which flows through Moscow. Underneath the bridge, though obviously not in the river itself but merely on the bank, sits a **tramp**. He doesn't have a name, because the Tsar took it away from him to feed his soldiers in the war.*

Nameless Tramp: I speakee not the Russian.

Petr Pissoff: What did he say?

Vlad the Lad: I have no idea. But it is important that we speak with him.

Communist Joe: Why, O Perfect Leader?

Vlad the Lad: I do not know.

Communist Joe: But I thought that you knew everything.

Vlad the Lad: The Communist God told me to do it.

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Communist Joe: I was not aware that there was a Communist God.

Vlad the Lad: There are doubtless many things of which you are not aware. Also, you have a funny moustache.

Communist Joe: I am sorry, Your Incredibility. Would you like me to edit it off using Photoshop? I am very good at that sort of thing, you know.

Vlad the Lad: No. Be quiet.

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Tramp: I no speakee the Russian. I see this that man is having of a bald. He musts being Lenin. I no speakee the Russian.

Petr Pissoff: What did he say?

Vlad the Lad: I have no idea. But being bald is fashionable!

Trotsky adjusts his glasses.

Tramp: I no speakee the Russian. Please you to be going away now, I want that I am sleeping! I no speakee the Russian.

Petr Pissoff: What did he say?

Vlad the Lad: I have no idea. (*To the tramp:*) Sorry to disturb your rest. We are going now.

They leave.

Communist Joe: That seemed slightly pointless, O Supreme Ruler of the Communist World. Would you like me to lick your boots to make up for it?

Vlad the Lad: Be quiet!

Trotsky adjusts his glasses. The end.

The Tale of Albert, the Flying Snail

20/07/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Pets and Animals'

Once upon a time underneath a very comfortable rock at the bottom of the garden of a big house lived a small snail called Albert.

One day Albert decided to come out from underneath his rock to look for cabbages to eat. So he unrolled himself out of his shell and set off in the direction of the cabbage patch.

As Albert was crossing the lawn - which was like a jungle for him, because he wasn't very big and because the grass hadn't been cut for a few weeks as the old man who lived in the big house was very lazy and so it was quite long - he saw all his creepy-crawly friends. There was Alexander the Woodlouse, and William the Caterpillar, and George the Beetle, and Charlotte the Ladybird. Albert said "Hallo!" to each of them as he passed, and they all said "Hallo!" back. However, Albert did not say "Hallo!" to Leopold the Earwig when he passed him near the rhododendron bush, because Albert was scared of Leopold the Earwig and his big scary pincers.

As Albert was passing by the greenhouse, he saw another snail coming in the opposite direction. This snail was called Victoria. Albert was in love with Victoria, but she never even seemed to notice him and didn't even turn her eyestalks to look at him when they passed each other. Albert was too embarrassed to say "Hallo!" to Victoria. As he passed by her, a bird flew past and Victoria looked up at it. Albert wished he could fly like the bird and then maybe Victoria would look at him. But when Victoria had gone the bird flew down and tried to eat Albert, and he had to run away as fast as he could, which wasn't very fast because snails are very slow animals as they have no legs and have to crawl along on their fronts. Albert could not run fast enough to get away from the bird so he hid in his shell and the bird, which was a very stupid bird, thought he had turned into a rock and gave up trying to eat him. When Albert was sure that the bird had gone, he came out of his shell and continued on his journey to the cabbage patch.

When Albert arrived at the cabbage patch he found lots of big, juicy, succulent cabbages there which he could eat. Albert went up to the biggest, juiciest, most succulent cabbage and started to eat. But even though the cabbage was big and juicy and succulent Albert did not enjoy it as much as normal, because he was thinking about Victoria and this made him depressed.

"Victoria will never love me," thought Albert, "I may as well pour salt on myself and die."

But as Albert was thinking this he heard a voice from behind him. "Oy!" said the voice. "Leave those cabbages alone!" Albert turned around to see Leopold the Earwig coming up behind him. It had been Leopold who had been shouting.

Albert was almost as frightened as he had been when the bird tried to eat him. "What do you mean?" he said nervously to Leopold.

"I mean stop eating the cabbages!" Leopold replied.

"They're not your cabbages!" said Albert angrily. "I can eat them if I want!"

"The old man who lives in the big house is employing me to keep snails and slugs and other scum away from the cabbages, because he is too lazy to do it himself," said Leopold the Earwig. "He said he would give me as much earwig food as I want in return for me stopping his cabbages from being eaten."

Albert was very scared to hear this, because he liked eating cabbages very much but did not think he could fight Leopold to stop him from preventing him from eating them in return for earwig food from the man who lived in the big house. He didn't say anything.

"Also," said Leopold the Earwig, "last week I went to visit a wizard and he performed a spell on me to turn me into a magical earwig. So you have to do what I want or I will turn you into a frog."

Albert was even more scared to hear that Leopold was now a magical earwig. Albert liked being a snail, and did not want to be turned into a frog.

"I am sorry for eating the cabbages," said Albert. "Please let me go now."

"All right," said Leopold the Magical Earwig. "But if I catch you eating the old man's cabbages again I will turn you into a frog."

Albert turned away sadly and slowly started the journey home. "Things are just getting worse and worse," thought Albert. "First Victoria doesn't love me and now I will never be able to eat the old man's cabbages again, because Leopold the Magical Earwig will turn me into a frog."

On his way home Albert passed all his creepy-crawly friends again. He saw Alexander the Woodlouse, and William the Caterpillar, and George the Beetle, and Charlotte the Ladybird. But this time Albert did not say "Hallo!" to any of them, because he was too sad about Victoria and about the cabbages.

When Albert arrived home at his rock he went underneath it and stayed there all day. The next morning he came out and tried to find some food other than cabbages, but all he could find was a breadcrumb that the old man who lived in the big house had dropped the week before when he had had a picnic in the garden. The day after that Albert couldn't find any food at all, and by the day after that he was very hungry.

"I will have to go back to the cabbage patch," thought Albert, "even if Leopold the Magical Earwig will turn me into a frog, otherwise I will starve to death. Hopefully I will be able to hide from Leopold and I won't get turned into a frog."

So Albert set off in the direction of the cabbage patch again. He was very thin now, because he had not eaten properly for so long. But this was a good thing, because it meant that it was harder for Leopold the Magical Earwig to see him. When Albert arrived at the cabbage patch, Leopold wasn't there at all. Albert went to the nearest

cabbage and started eating. It felt very good to eat properly again after so long, almost as good as a dream he had had once about getting married to Victoria.

But just as Albert had nearly finished the cabbage, by which time he wasn't thin anymore and was in fact very fat because it was a big cabbage, Leopold the Magical Earwig appeared from inside the greenhouse. Albert had not seen him because, although the walls of the greenhouse were made of glass and were see-through, Leopold had been hiding behind a tomato plant.

"I told you not to eat the old man's cabbages!" said Leopold the Magical Earwig angrily. "Now I will turn you into a frog!"

Leopold the Magical Earwig raised up his pincers. Albert was very frightened and tried to hide inside his shell, but he was too slow. There was a flash of yellow light which was so bright Albert had to close his eyes on top of their stalks.

After a few seconds Albert opened his eyes again. Leopold was still standing in front of him, but he looked shocked. Albert looked at himself with his eyestalks. He didn't look like a frog. In fact, he still looked exactly like a snail, except -

"It hasn't worked!" said Leopold the Magical Earwig angrily, and turned to storm away. Albert looked at himself again, just to make sure. There was no doubting it. Leopold's spell had gone wrong. Albert had not turned into a frog. Instead, he had grown a pair of wings, just below his shell. He could fly!

Albert the Flying Snail flapped his wings and took off from the ground. He could move much faster now he didn't have to crawl along on his front, but instead could fly through the air. It felt brilliant to be able to fly! Albert swooped and glided and soared through the air. Then he dived down on Leopold the Magical Earwig and picked him up in his mouth and flew over to the water butt. Albert released Leopold from his mouth and Leopold fell down and landed in the water butt.

"Help me!" said Leopold the Magical Earwig. "I can't swim!"

Then Albert flew away. He was glad that Leopold the Magical Earwig was going to drown in the water butt because he couldn't swim, because Leopold had stopped him eating the old man's cabbages and tried to turn him into a frog.

Albert the Flying Snail swooped and glided and soared some more. He saw all of his creepy-crawly friends down on the grass below. It didn't look like a jungle any more from this high up! "Hallo!" he shouted to all of his friends, and they all shouted "Hallo!" back. All of the other creepy-crawlies were very impressed at Albert's new wings.

After a while Albert grew tired, so he landed in a tree. Further up the branch was a bird. Albert looked more closely at it. It was the same bird that had tried to eat him a few days before! Albert watched the bird. It was looking at something on the ground, next to the compost heap. Albert extended his eyestalks for a closer look. The thing on the ground was Victoria! The bird was going to try and eat her!

Just as Albert realised this, the bird took off from the branch and flew towards Victoria next to the compost heap. Albert knew that he had to save Victoria from being eaten by the bird. He was not scared of it anymore, because now he could fly as well! He jumped off the branch and flew after the bird. He saw Victoria trying to get away on the ground, but she was not fast enough. The bird was going to catch up with her, and eat her!

"Hide in your shell, Victoria!" shouted Albert the Flying Snail. Victoria turned around and saw him flying behind the bird, and she did what Albert told her to do. Albert thought that Victoria would be safe from the bird inside her shell.

But the bird had learned its lesson from when Albert had hidden inside his shell to get away from it. It did not think Victoria was a rock; it realised that she was only hiding inside her shell and it could still peck her out from inside it!

Albert was horrified to see that the bird was still going to try and eat Victoria! He flapped his wings as hard as he could, and sped up towards the bird. He headbutted the bird in midair just as it was about to peck Victoria from her shell. The bird gave a squawk and was thrown headfirst into the compost heap. Its head got stuck in the compost and it couldn't get it out, and it couldn't breathe. Albert was very happy to see that he had saved Victoria and killed the bird. He landed next to Victoria in her shell and said, "It's all right, Victoria. The bird has got stuck in the compost heap and it can't breathe. You can come out of your shell now."

Victoria stuck her head out of the shell, and said, "Oh, Albert!" Then she stuck the whole of the body out of her shell and kissed Albert on the mouth. Albert was very happy so he kissed her back. "I love you, Albert!" said Victoria. "You saved my life from that bird which tried to eat me! I am sorry I never paid any attention to you before."

The next day Albert and Victoria got married by William the Caterpillar, who had now turned into William the Butterfly after going into a cocoon and coming out after he had transformed. "We can both fly now!" said William the Butterfly. But Victoria did not stop loving Albert, because although both William and Albert could fly now, only Albert had saved her life from the bird which had tried to eat her.

Then Victoria and Albert the Flying Snail went to live under the very comfortable rock at the bottom of the garden which had been Albert's home, but was now home to both of them! Victoria and Albert had lots of children, who were all flying snails as well, and their names were Edward and Alice and Alfred and Helena and Louise and Arthur and Beatrice. And Victoria and Albert and Edward and Alice and Alfred and Helena and Louise and Arthur and Beatrice used to go down every day to the cabbage patch to eat the old man's cabbages, and they didn't worry about being turned into frogs by Leopold the Magical Earwig because Albert the Flying Snail had drowned him in the water butt. And they all lived happily ever after, except for Leopold the Magical Earwig and the bird that had tried to eat Albert and then Victoria, because they were dead.

The end.

Bad Luck

21/07/07

Here is today's random musing (before anyone says that I do not give a random musing each day and thus this particular random musing is in no way particular to today, here is a helpful hint: don't): Is the bad luck I keep gaining from not reposting all these chain bulletin thingummywhatsits cumulative or not? That is, if one bulletin promises me 653 years bad luck if I don't repost and another promises me 212.4 years, and I don't repost either, do I get $653+212.4$ =aratherlargenumber years of bad luck or is it restricted to the first 653?

Because if the bad luck is cumulative and hence adds itself up, it will almost certainly extend to cover my entire lifetime, and if it isn't and doesn't then it will only last until I'm 47 or whatever the longest bad-luck-period was. This is a big difference, you know.

It's a long time till I'm 47 ...

Love

29/08/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Romance and Relationships'

Here is my blog post on love.

Interesting fact no. 1: the word 'love' is an anagram of the word 'vole'. Voles are small mammals. Interesting fact no. 2: the male prairie vole is completely faithful to a single female throughout its lifetime. Voles are symbolic of love in approximately 0.00% of cultures around the world.



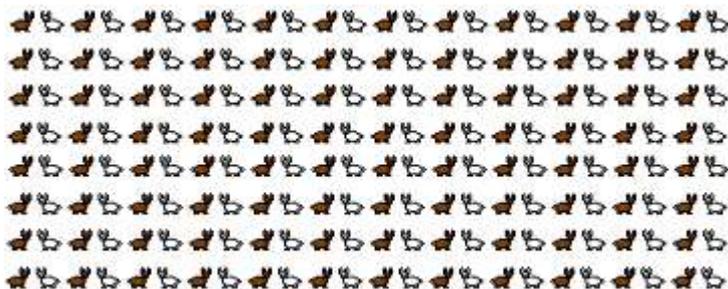
This is Benedick. Benedick knows all about love. Here is what he has to say about it:

*"This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, **for I will be horribly in love with her.** I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."*

You didn't have to read all that, by the way. If you did, however, it will probably be of great benefit to you in future life.



These are a couple of rabbits. Rabbits are very interested in love. These two rabbits have been in love for some time, and a few months ago they decided to start a family. Here it is:



Here are a tree and a flower:



Both the tree and the flower are hopelessly in love with their local sun. Here he is:



Both the tree and the flower are convinced that the sun can provide them with everything they need, and both will do anything they can to get to the sun before the other one. This is called a 'love triangle', or 'competition for light'. The sun, however, is not particularly interested in either of them.

Quote from the tree: *"Sometimes he looks at me, it's like I'm on fire, every part of me burning."*

Quote from the flower: *"A lot of the time I feel like he's ignoring me, and it makes me I feel like I'm starting to wilt."*

Quote from the sun: *"Stuff like this just proves how hot I am."*

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an advertisement.

Relationship troubles? Feel like you're living a half-life?

Try

CARBON DATING

A solution to all your problems no matter how old you are.

Carbon is one of the country's premium dating services. You might feel that your love-life has been slowly decaying over the years, but our carefully targeted, prize-winning service will look right into the very atoms of your existence to determine which partner is the best for you. Carbon will make your love burn like coals or shine like diamonds. A free Carbon pencil is also provided to all our customers. Try us out online at www.carbondating.co.uk or tune into RadioCarbon to hear more. Just remember: Carbon is the basis of any happy life.

And now a return to the blog:



This is Vladimir. Vladimir is in love with the Revolution. He would give his life to see it succeed. This is love in its greatest form. Vladimir is also secretly in love with Leon, with whom he spends several happy evenings after Politburo meetings. However, he detests Joseph, who once walked in on one of those evenings.



This is Ringo. Ringo is bulletproof. It has been proven, however, that he is not Cupid's-arrow-proof, and indeed he is believed to have been struck by such arrows on several occasions.

Here is part of a song Ringo wrote to a girl he was in love with:

*We would be so happy you and me
No one there to tell us what to do
I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus' garden with you.*

Shortly after this song was released, the girl left Ringo and never spoke to him ever again, although she did once try to assassinate him and summarily failed. Rumours that she ran off with the octopus are unfounded.

This is Boo. He is hiding, which explains why you can't see him. Boo has never had much success with relationships, possibly due to an accident with a pair of scissors in his youth.



This is a Dalek. One would expect not many people to love Daleks, on account of their liking for killing people. However, "I love Daleks" receives no less than forty hits on Google and there used to be a band called Dalek I Love You. I have a song on my hard drive about a man who is in love with a Dalek, but I can't work out where I got it from. Here is an excerpt of the lyrics:

*I remember our first night together
As he glided across the floor
I won't tell you what happened afterwards but
Now I know what the plunger is for.*

To close today's blog post, here is a heart, an ancient symbol of love going back to the time when some cavemen didn't pay attention in Biology lessons:



The James Baker School of Tennis

29/08/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'School, College, Greek'

Hello, and welcome to your first assembly at the James Baker School of Tennis. I am your Headmaster. You will refer to me as 'Master', however. Alternatively you can call me 'the Head'. If you've got any problems in your first few days at the school, don't hesitate to contact me for help - use your Head, that's my motto. Not in a disgusting way, though.

Now, here at the James Baker School of Tennis our main subject is, of course, tennis. All of you are here because you have won an exclusive scholarship on account of your already impressive tennis playing abilities. Our aim is to increase these skills so that, hopefully, we will finally be able to have a British winner at Wimbledon for the first time since foreigners were allowed to compete. Of course, it's possible that you didn't win a scholarship at all, but were admitted to the school by your snobbish upper-middle-class parents who absolutely *had* to get little Johnny the best education possible to make up for the fact that he is naturally as useless as a very useless thing. In this case you will be made fun of by all the other students and kicked when the teachers are pretending not to be looking. Welcome to the real world.

Now, all the teachers here at the James Baker School of Tennis are of course at your service, hahahahaha. However, we've made a few special rules that we'd like you to follow to make sure that everyone is as happy as possible:

- Students are not to make a racket in class.
- If you could all try as hard as possible in all your lessons, that would be ace.
- Love is not permitted between students. You are all expected to remain singles.
- Otherwise, we will let - hahaha - you do whatever you like.
- If you are court breaking the rules, you will be severely punished, so don't do it.

Hahahahaha. The best thing to do is always to *follow* the rules, and then we'll all get along fine. If that isn't enough to persuade you, remember that last year no less than sixteen students met unfortunate deaths after stepping out of line. Here's another clue to what I'm getting at: all these deaths mysteriously occurred in my office, which is normally a perfectly safe place. Scared yet? Just remember: if I kill you, it's your own fault. Hahahahaha.

Of course, we don't only teach tennis, and we try to give you a rounded education besides. Many students' favourite subject is Maths: remember $15+15=30$, but $30+15=40$. It's simple! We also teach such diverse subjects as English, French, Art, Biology, and - what was that? Don't tell me those sixth-formers have smashed - hahaha - a window again! What the deuce do they think they're playing at?! Miss Williams, go and tell them to report to my office!

Where was I ... ah, yes, after the first term, you will all be divided into sets - hahahaha - in all your subjects to help fine-tune your education for your own personal needs. Don't be put off if you get put in a lower set than you would like - remember, it's all for your own good. You'll get taught exactly the same thing, just in a way that's better for your own personal needs. What I mean is, if you're thick the teachers'll talk more slowly. How simply marvellous.

Another wonderful feature of this wonderful school is our school dinners, which are served every day from twelve till one, estimated queuing time seventy minutes. Now, you may find that some of the foods on offer at the moment may not quite match - hahaha - up to what you want you're expected, but if you want to rally for some changes I'm sure the dinner ladies would be quite game. Hahahaha.

Now, you're all still quite young in comparison to some of our students, some of whom have been here quite some time - especially Old Bill, who has been here for over ninety years and for some reason refused to ever leave. Oh well, ignore him. He's a nice enough fellow. Be careful, though: some of our older students *aren't* quite so nice - if they ask you to hold their balls for them, I advise you to turn them down at all costs. Preferably just run away. They do like their little jokes you know; it seems some of them just cannot be serious. Hahahaha.

Well, I think that's just about all I need to tell you, other than good luck, have fun and you'd better bloody well do the best you can you little buggers because I'm not slogging away sitting in my office day-after-day doing pointless administration for only a hundred grand a year if we don't do well in the league tables. Have a nice day!

Bakerball

29/08/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Sports'

I have decided to invent a new sport. It will be called Bakerball.

The Bakerball pitch can be anywhere between half a mile and ten miles long. At each end of the pitch is a Bakery. The Fédération Internationale de Bakerball (FIB) prefers Greggs Bakeries, but any of a large number of recognised bakery chains are acceptable.

The ball used in Bakerball is in fact not a ball, but is in actuality a perfect cube, with a small leather strap with which it may be carried. This cube is to be coloured white, although high-visibility yellow-and-pink balls may be used in bad weather.

The aim of Bakerball is for the players to manoeuvre the ball into the opposing team's Bakery. If this is managed successfully the attacking team will win one gingerbread man. If the attacking team manages to get the ball into the other team's Oven, located in the Bakery, they will win one Swiss roll. One Swiss roll is equal to three gingerbread men.

At the start of the game the teams shall toss a jam doughnut to decide who gets to begin play. The side that wins the toss shall take the ball from a point midway between the two Bakeries and be allowed to play it in any way they wish. To compensate, there shall be 29 players on the side which loses the toss but only 17 on the side that loses. However, both sides will be allowed nine substitutes, and once a team has one ten gingerbread men, it may exchange these for one actual ginger person. The players shall be painted blue and be expected to play completing naked apart from a dressing gown in their team colours and a Viking helmet.

Players may play the ball with any part of the body other than the buttocks. Illegal plays of the ball will be punishable with one chocolate éclair be granted to the other team. One chocolate éclair is equal to two Swiss rolls. Chocolate eclairs shall also be awarded for attempted murder, pickpocketing and attempts to visit strip clubs by the players.

The game shall be officiated by a Referee and three Umpires. Each Umpire shall be in charge of decisions regarding the rules in his portion of the playing area. Each of these three portions shall be known as an Empire: the British Empire (the largest), the French Empire and the Andorran Empire (the smallest). If an Umpire is unsure about the correct decision, he shall consult the Referee for guidance. There shall also be a Fifth Official, whose job it is to drink tea and eat the jam doughnut following the toss.

Players may be declared Out if they are tagged by a member of the opposition whilst sitting down on a park bench or tying their shoelaces. Each team shall be given sixteen park benches which it may place anywhere in the playing area before play begins. After play begins, park benches may not be moved.

Once all the members of a single team are Out the game shall come to a close. However, play shall last for not longer than six weeks. Every three days the players

shall be allowed breaks of not more than twenty-three minutes and forty-seven seconds. In the case of injury or death, extra time may be added by the Referee.

The bounds of the playing area are to be marked out with a Green Fence. If the ball goes over the Green Fence, it shall be declared Dead and the player that threw it over shall be shot for murder. He shall not, however, be declared Out. Play shall then continue with a new ball, which shall be given to the opposing team to that which caused it to leave play. A similar process shall occur after all stoppages, right down to the detail of the offending player being shot. All shootings shall be the responsibility of the Umpire in whose Empire the ball becomes dead.

In the middle of the playing area shall be a large swimming pool. This swimming pool will be inhabited by killer goldfish. Any player who attempts to play the ball whilst any part of his body is in the swimming pool, whether it is attached to the rest of his body or not, shall be declared Offside. And then shot.

The winners are whichever team manages to eat the most fish and chips.

Lenin returns!

16/10/07

Part of the Incredible(-y Pointless) Blog Challenge - category 'Travel and Places'

My Myspace calendar reliably informs me that on *October 21st* - that is *in five days time* - that is *this Sunday* - visitors to Lenin's Mausoleum in Moscow will be able to witness His Vladimiration's *Second Resurrection*, followed not long after by Joseph V. Stalin's *Second Death*! So visit Moscow this weekend! Or alternatively, don't, it just seemed like a good way of fitting an otherwise completely irrelevant post into the Incredible Blog Challenge by pretending it's got something to do with 'Travel & Places' when obviously it hasn't really ...

I'm so excited about this I'm using lots of *superfluous* italics and generally being utterly stupid about it. That's excitement about Lenin coming back by the way, not the Incredible Blog Challenge. *Nobody* gets excited about the Incredible Blog Challenge.

LENIN'S SECOND RESURRECTION!!! Hope they show it on TV.

Also, I have decided that 'vladimiration' is the world's ninety-sixth best word ever and am hereby copyrighting it and trademarking it and patenting it and registering it in the 'Big List Of Words You Must Not Use Or You Will Be Sued', and so on and so forth. And 'superfluous' is a pretty cool word too, but unfortunately I didn't come up with that so I can't do any of that stuff, but hey ...

And whatcha mean, when was Lenin's *First* Resurrection?

One day till Lenin's resurrection!

20/10/07

Only one day left till Our Master Vladimir's second return! And then Stalin Satanspawn's second death at Our Master's hands. I'm getting really excited about this.

And in case you were wondering exactly why ol' Vlad is so angry at Stalin, here is a picture from the summer of 1917:



Lenin: Admit it, we're lost.

Stalin: No, no, we're not. I know exactly where we are!

Lenin: I think we're lost. Put the map down on this convenient tree stump.

Stalin: Fine! There you go.

Lenin: OK, so where are we?

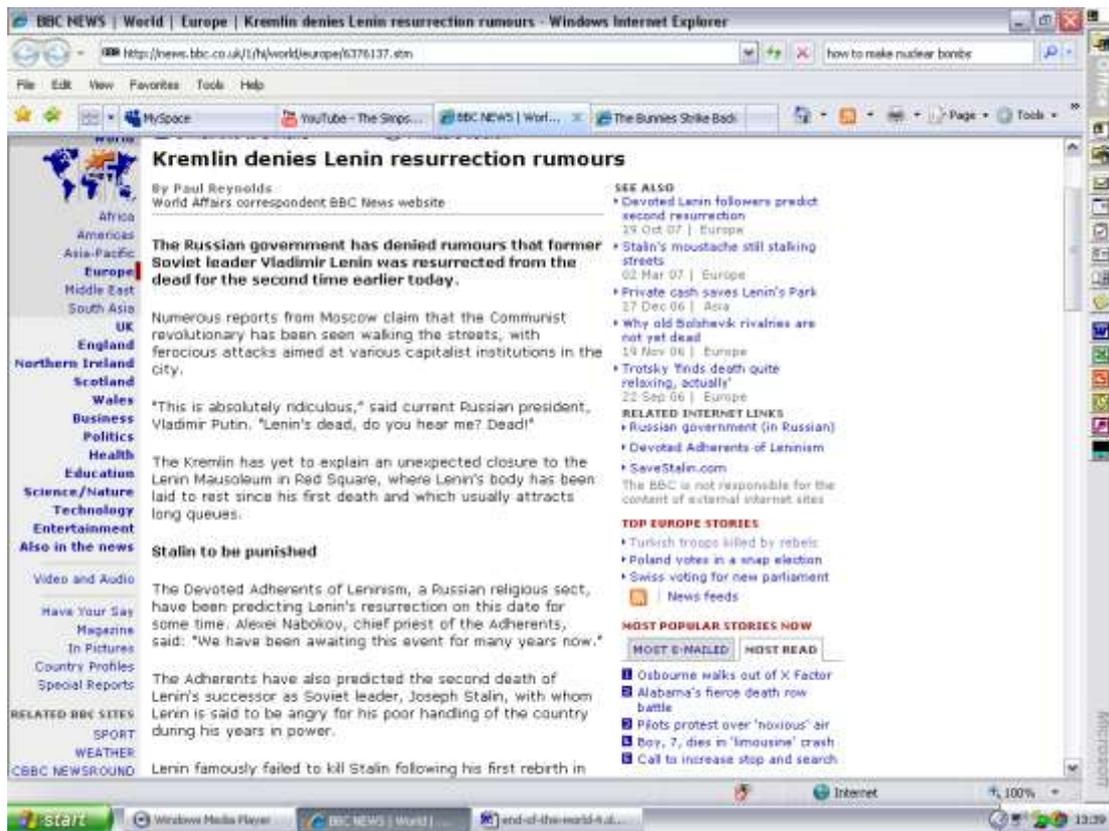
Stalin: Well ... um ... we're about ... er ... somewhere here ... let me see ... about here?

Lenin: We're not supposed to be about here, you most eminent mediocrity! We're supposed to be going to Petrograd! And you've gone and got us lost in the middle of nowhere! You and your moustache'll pay for this, boy, you mark my words.

Not long left now ...

He's back ... but the Kremlin won't admit it!

21/10/07



This is fantastic, isn't it?

My One Wish

16/10/07

I have decided that if I could have one wish it would be to be mystically reincarnated in a body identical to my previous one for a short period after my death so that I could attend my own funeral.

I am not quite sure what exactly I'd do there, but I've thought of a number of possibilities:

- Run in from the back shouting "I'M ALIVE!"
- Run in from the back shouting "I OBJECT!"
- Swap my dead body with my living one and do either of the previous two things from inside the coffin.
- Swap my dead body with my living one and do a zombie walk out of the coffin and up the aisle.
- At a cremation only: swap my dead body with my living one and shortly before the burning is about to begin, call the fire brigade on a strategically-placed mobile phone.
- At a burial only: swap my dead body with my living one, wait until I'm properly underground, then shout "Let me out!" and bang on the lid of the coffin. For an alternative effect do this some time after the funeral when an innocent passer-by is walking through the churchyard.
- Sit down next to the person who thought they knew me better than anyone and say: "I was so sad to learn that my long-lost identical twin brother had died."
- Sit at the back and hum *Another One Bites the Dust* through the entire service.
- In disguise, make snide comments to the person sitting next to me about what a horrible person I was. As soon as they agree, rip off the false beard and announce, "It's me!"
- Complain about the quality of the coffin.
- Complain about the quality of the flowers.
- Complain about the quality of the mourners.
- Arrange for everyone else to go to the wrong place so that, apart from the priest, I am the only person there.
- As an optional extra to attending the funeral, attend the reading of my will so that I can help to iron out any confusion or disappointment.
- Dress up as an angel and 'fly' through the church by means of a complex pulley system.
- Dress up as a ghost and walk around going "Wooo!"
- Swap my dead body with my living one, and while the coffin is in the hearse climb out and say, "Drive faster, you fools! Can't you see they're following us?"
- Have a horse-drawn hearse. Ride one of the horses.
- Attend the funeral dressed in the most brightly coloured clothes I can find.
- Arrive early and crawl around between the seats attempting to untie people's shoes.
- Make sure my gravestone is marked with the most ridiculous message possible (of course, I could do this anyway, but I couldn't be sure that nefarious relatives wouldn't try to change it). Something like 'HELLO, I'M DEAD' or 'DIG HERE'.

- Sit at the back and giggle.
- Give a speech about what a great life I had.
- Say to the person next to me: "Depressing things, funerals." Optionally add: "Especially your own."
- Dress up as the Grim Reaper and come to collect the body.
- At a burial only: swap my dead body with my living one, and once the coffin has been lowered into the grave, shout "I thought it was supposed to be six feet! This is only five foot eleven inches!"
- Go up to random people in the congregation and say: "I heard a rumour that it's your turn next."
- At a burial only: after everyone has left, dig up the body and walk around town holding it. See how long it is before I get arrested. See what the police's reaction is.
- Just go and watch, and not say anything. That'll prove how much they actually like me.
- Walk in halfway through, and have a heart attack in the middle of the aisle.

(THIS IS NOT)
THE END