

The Bollocks People Tell You

Great Life Swindle Series

by

Laura Tong

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smashwords edition

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Also by Laura Tong

The Great Success Swindle

The Great Motivation Swindle

More Bollocks People Tell You

Buggering Around Travel Series:

The Dog's Rollocks

Wild Dogs And Nutters

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*Thank you for respecting the hard work
of this author.*

*

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Your Free Gift

As a way of recognizing your awesome decision to purchase this book, in the same white heat of creativity that resulted in *The Great Motivation Swindle* book we present *The Great Life Swindle* book.

Getting to that Great Life that you always dreamed of isn't easy for most people. In *The Great Life Swindle* book you'll find ways to recognize the swindle, remove yourself from it and reverse it in key areas like success, motivation, happiness, relationships and work .

This full on ebook will give you kick-ass strategies to defeat the swindlers and grab back that Great Life you've always dreamed of.

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Preface

Frankly Frank says...

Just thinking about all those so called 'experts' – life coaches, gurus, swamis, TV cooks, politicians, celebrity authors and faceless nobodies – desperate, to ram their knob head opinions down my throat makes me want to spew. There is no area of life left without some grubby little tapeworm smearing its unwanted and nauseating opinion into it.

The bastards cheerfully inform us if we don't measure up to some impossibly tedious ideal encapsulated in some bullshit celebrity 'save the plankton' type book or Government 'fuck responsibly' type pamphlet our miserable existences are an insult to mankind's eternal struggle to distinguish itself from the primordial slime it came from. The only real certainty is that the world would be a better place if all these self-styled 'experts' shoved their endless opinions up their respective arses.

However, as this is unlikely to happen, without a nationwide campaign involving much bloodshed, glide instead into a chaise longue with a glass of Chardonnay and a coarse cut Brussels pate or slump into a easy chair with a bottle of Newcastle Brown and a battered saveloy, and rest assured that many 'experts' were harmed in the making of this book.

*



*

Here then is the fervently awaited definitive, all-encompassing anthology of...

The Bollocks People Tell You

or

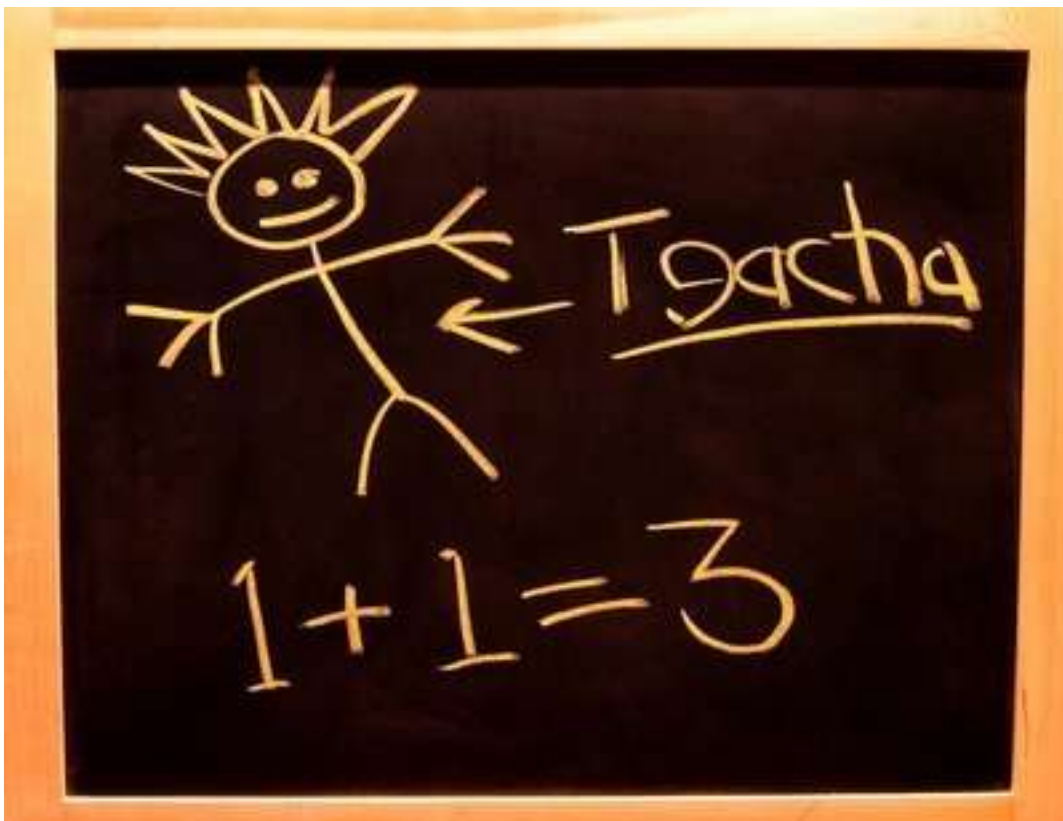
Are You Fucked in The Head?

The Bollocks People Tell You...

Education, Education, Education

Always a hot subject, but can you make the grade in this week's lesson? ~

*



"Concentrate Peters! Memorising this equation could be the key to your financial future!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

13 years at school

5 O levels

2 A Levels

£25K a year

£33k in debt

What the fuck is that all about?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

The Nanny State

This cosseting nanny state is becoming ridiculous!

*



"There goes my no claims bonus!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

It's getting so a man can't drive an unlicensed juggernaut through a busy high street whilst under the influence of drink and drugs without wearing a seat belt!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Current Affaires

Newspapers may have been all but superceded in being the harbingers of news in today's 24 hour digital age, but they still hold true to certain values...

*



*'Miracle immortality drug discovered that guarantees end to sickness and disease:
3000 undertakers jobs under threat*

*

Frankly Frank says...

What long and careful editorial process decides which headline is to occupy pride of place on your morning newspaper? Seemingly such criteria as unrelentingly misery, sensationalism and general bias all help but in the final analysis, the most essential element is that touch of complete bollocks that makes a great headline so much more than the news behind it.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Carbon Footprint

The Ozone – have you trodden in any lately?

*



"Quick, let's flog the place before anyone notices the whole in the roof!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Ok – I jet across the world to Lassi Lassi and pay 'carbon credits' to the airline for being so naughty as to have created carbon who then pass them on to a company who pass them on to someone who plants a tree that does inhale. Only thing is it takes about 80 years for it to be old enough to inhale by which time my 'carbon footprint' is all but fossilized.

However whenever there are middle men involved, waste will happen so best cut them out altogether and next time you hop on a flight to Dubrovnik tell them you do not have to pay the carbon footprint levy because 80 years ago you planted a giant Redwood in your herbaceous border. Then set yourself up as a 'Carbon Company' and start selling carbon credits to your fellow passengers - no harm in making a few bob at the same time...

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

The National Debt

Is there finally something everyone can be proud of as a nation, something we can all claim to have contributed to?

*



"Question no.10: When is it ok to run up debts without any intention of repaying them?"

"I know this one - when you're Chancellor of the Exchequer and it's not your money!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

The thing about the national debt is I never ran it up and neither did you!

It's not a national debt. I paid my taxes on time (mostly). All the while the bastards have obviously just not been passing the payments on.

It's about time we stopped calling it a 'National Debt' and renamed it the 'None of our Responsibility Debt'

and gave it back to the bastards who created it in the first place.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Social Media

Social Networks – the haunt of the dispossessed?

*



"Hey Mom, that's the five millionth visitor to my site this week!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

If I wanted a bunch of psychotic, nerdy, ugly, basement dwelling Billy-no-mate nutters I don't really know, as friends, I'd join the Rotary club wouldn't I?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Everything in Moderation

Is moderation the new excess?

*



"Sew him up Peters, that's me done for the day – everything in moderation."

"But there's another three patients waiting for heart bypass operations today!"

"Be serious! Three life saving operations in one day would be quite excessive!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Everything in moderation my arse! Mind you that might be the one thing that would be best in moderation. But that aside the only things that are best in moderation are life saving operations for the bastards who come up with this platitudal drive!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Keeping Up Appearances

The cut throat world of domestic one-upmanship still comes down to one crucial thing...

*



"I've bought you a new vacuum cleaner darling!"

"Oh my God - it's the latest Dyson - no one's got one in our street yet - I think I've just had an orgasm!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Equal only to the social stigma of embezzling funds from a children's orphanage is that of failing to possess one of these garishly coloured shit-sucking machines.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Machismo

The lengths some people will go to prove they're oh so macho is quite unbelievable...

*



"Give me portion of your most poisonous dish, I'm feeling macho today!"

"We have blowfish on the menu sir, technically 1 in 60 is fatal."

"That'll do nicely."

*

Frankly Frank says...

I've never felt the need to prove my manhood but if I had I wouldn't do it by chowing down on bizarre dishes that the rest of us would be having surgically removed rather than eating.

A case in point is the machismo Japanese obsession with our cuddly friend, the blow or puffer fish. 1500 times more fatal than cyanide, how shit is your life is that you are hoping your dinner is going to kill you? And you're willing to pay handsomely for the pleasure!

By the way, what do you reckon they do about sushi breath?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Endangered Species

"Beware of Pandas and those of their ilk -first they'll steal your heart, then your wallet, wife and home.

*



"Hey, you little punk, feed me! it's your responsibility to stop me becoming extinct - I'd do the same for you - well, if you were made of bamboo maybe."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Like all endangered species, these supine, bamboo guzzling, two-tone lardy boys have never done a decent days work in their lives. Or put your kids through University!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Social Engineering

Everything you ever wanted not to know about Citizenship

*



Life in the ~~U.S.S.R.~~ United Kingdom : A Journey to Citizenship

The United Kingdom Citizenship Test (Revised 2010)

Questions & Answers set 12: Parliaments & Assemblies

Question 1: When are elections for local government held?

option 1: When they have all retired.

option 2: When they are all in prison.

*

The New Citizenship Test

(Pointlessly revised 2013 by Frankly Frank)

Parliament & Assemblies

Q1 – Parliament is legally allowed to raise taxes – How can you legally or otherwise stop the bastards getting hold of all your hard-earned cash?

Q2 – During elections can you avoid all Party Political Broadcasts by purchasing Sky TV?

Q3 – Has any Welsh Assembly member played for a first division side? And if so, in which position?

Q4 –MPs and Assembly members are sometimes referred to by more vernacular terms – list some of the more colourful ones.

Q5 – The main Parliamentary recess occurs during the summer months – what day of the week are the majority of Chinese takeaways closed?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Health And Safety

The definitive Health & Safety guide to child birth in the workplace

*



"Ouch! I felt it kick!"

"What do you mean, love? You're not pregnant, just unfeasibly fat!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

It is only a matter of time before those earning a nice living from intervening in the population's unconscious daily attempts at ending it all, turn their attention to childbirth in the workplace. Obviously childbirth per se is highly dangerous, but in the workplace it presents particular opportunities for eagle-eyed H&S officers:

Slips & trips are a serious hazard, with the umbilical cord and placenta statistically presenting the greatest risks. The undignified ooze and seepage don't help either.

The incidents of drowning from waters bursting is on the increase – all employees should be equipped with water wings

Cutting your tongue on the stirrups and the resulting bleeding is a breeding ground for infection and the resulting amputation of the entire limb needs to be considered

Lastly, food poisoning is the single most likely Health and Safety issue of childbirth in the workplace – remember, always fry the placenta for at least five minutes – and check before you start that the baby is no longer attached as this increases the cooking time.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Taxes

We are such children when it comes to spending money earned by our own efforts, so three

cheers for The Inland Revenue saving us some of that unpleasant hassle...

*



"What's in there, mummy?"

"Most of Mummy and Daddy's money, dear"

*

Frankly Frank says...

The Inland Revenue get a bad rap as do all civil servants at times it seems but the truth is we are all civil servants. The average wage earner pays a few quid here and there to our friends at the tax office – so we all work for the government from January to May and then they kindly allow us to earn a few pennies for ourselves..

We should turn this to our advantage. and claim this wage off the government from January to May, deduct any tax owing from our normal wage and pocket the difference - and claim the Queen's birthday off!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Keep Fit

Marathons – the promise of so much more than just a good, physical kicking

*



"Oh, my nipples!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

keep fit – 12 months hard physical training to have the pleasure of sweating your balls off for 3 hours and then laying in a pool of your own vomit.

Can you hear the pick me noises?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Respect Your Elders

Senior Citizens - those cuddly little chaps deserve all they can get - or do they?

*



"What 'll you have Doris? Are you a leg or a breast man?"

"You daft bugger Stan! The same bloody innuendo every Sunday for forty years! It doesn't work, you dozy bastard, I need to say it!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

This 'Respect your elders even if they are utter, utter bastards' stuff can work to your advantage if you play it right. When you first are sluiced out of the old birthing gates, every git is older than you are and you are forced to tug your brow even to your squitty, dribbling, two month old brother.

But wait, by the time you are pulling your rapidly-diminishing pension you are darn well older than pretty much anyone still with their own teeth. By the time you claw you way into triple figures* you can insult, bite, steal from or urinate on pretty well anyone on the planet .

So go the whole hog on your hundreth and commit grand larceny, fraud, triple-degree shoplifting and call your grandchildren a bunch of shitkickers and then demand they show you the respect you deserve while rifling their pockets for loose biscuits and credit cards.

**The sheer life-affirming joy of receiving the Queen's telegram has doubled those who make it over 100*

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Sustainable Energy

With natural resources apparently fast running out and wind and solar yet to be fully developed, a more reliable, unending source is required and it's already here...

*



"Let me answer that question with a question, Blah, blah, blah"

"Well, let me question that answer with an answer gas, gas, gas"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Solve the energy crisis by harnessing the unending political hot air and bullshit our right honourable friends produce.

On the other hand, all that excessive methane is very environmentally unfriendly – best pulp the lot of them!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Work

Praise be for work!

*



"Jenkins, come into my office and lick my fine ballsack!"

"Running all the way, sir!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

The existence of Work proves unequivocally the existence of God - or at least a higher power. The majority of people would be lost in the wilderness without some structured activity to keep them from falling into a pre-Victorian savage-letting-mushy-fruit-fall-into-their-open-mouths kind of existence. We must fight this noxious possibility at every turn and hope that our ally, the Government, never thinks of spending less than the country earns and is forced to reduce taxation as a result. The resulting horror of ordinary common folk being forced to consider the impossibility of actually not having to work to the grave and beyond is terrifying - just for the moment, however, I feel, we can all breath easy....

*



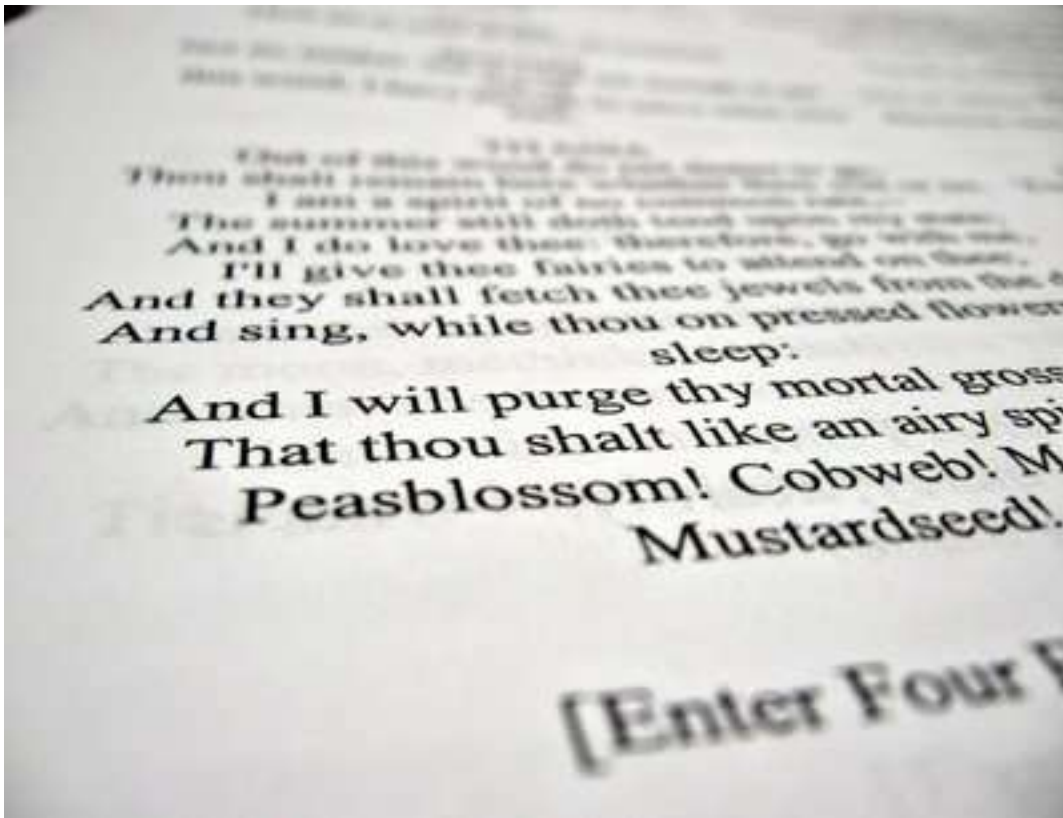
The Bollocks People Tell You...

Shakespeare

'To bee or not to bumble bee', 'Where fornicate thou Romeo?' and 'Fancy a quickie?' - all famous quotes from the Brummie Bard, but does old Shakey really deserve his reputation

forsooth?

*



#"Someone make it stop!"

"Someone, please set fire to me!"

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

If, as according to Literaria, Shakespeare was and still is, the greatest playwright of all time – how come then he's never been asked to write an episode of The Simpsons?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

The Wonder Of Nature

I must confess I'm much more likely to be found spouting on about 'The Wonder of Me' than any 'Wonder of Nature', but there's a good reason for this...

*



"Isn't the sunset beautiful!"

"Yeah, sure honey, I'd much rather be here than watching 'hip hop babes 3' or sniffing glue."

*

Frankly Frank says...

It's easy to spout such poetic cock, but can you eat a beautiful sunset or any other wonder of nature for that matter? Can you smoke it...or drink it? Is it worth anything?

'Dear sir, in regard to my fucking great tax bill for this year end, I am sending you a photo of a beautiful sunset in lieu of payment - Enjoy.

Regards

Frankly Frank'

If only...

*

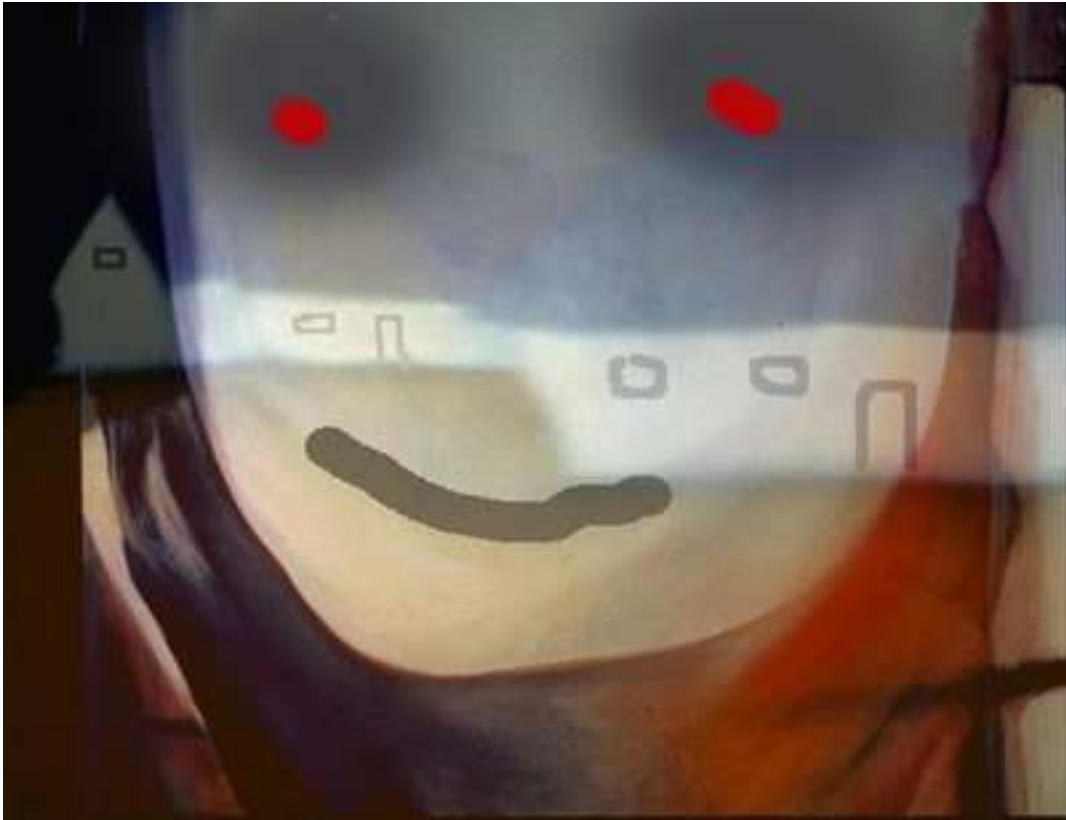


The Bollocks People Tell You...

Modern Art

The landscape of modern art is an incomprehensible minefield of, well, art. But no longer, as we part modern art's beefy curtains and boldly go where no art critic has dared to go before...

*



"What the hell is that supposed to be?"

"I don't know, but it says in the guide that 'it is the artist's attempt to capture in space and time the futility of modern existence encapsulated in the psycho-social detente of the decaying fin-de-siecle society interpreted through the eyes of the eternal outsider.'"

"What's it entitled?"

"Pretentious"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Art experts will tell you that it's oh so easy to criticize some of the winning entries for the Turner Prize, oh so easy to pour scorn on piles of bricks, unmade beds, mounds of Lego, false limbs spelling out 'we love you Shirley' - true, but that's because to 'the uninitiated', they're shit. by the sheer act of entering. you're guaranteed to win half a cow.



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Everything Your Parents Told You – Do As Your Told

“Do as you’re told!” parents exhort their children up and down the land. But do they really mean it?

*



"Look you little bastard, do as me an' your dad tell thee!"

"Aye, or t' bogeyman 'll eat thee!"

"Whatever, dad."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Your parents never really wanted you to do as you were told; after all every parent really wants their child to reach their full potential.

So remember, when little Johnny shags the au pair, sets fire to the house, backs the jag into the pool and flies to Rio with your credit cards, he's just expressing his individuality.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Everything Your Parents Told You -Don't Talk To Strangers

Don't talk to strangers seems sound advice, but is it?

*



"I told him not t' speak t' Mr Alligator but they wont be told. Now he's gone and got himself eaten, the ungrateful little sod!"

"Aye, Daft bugger! Fancy a shag?"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Seemingly a sensible piece of advice, but if you think about it for a moment everyone is a stranger until you've talked to them. If you actually heeded this nonsense you would end up talking to no one, with an old shoe as your only friend.

And besides, there's no one stranger than your parents!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Celebrity Lifestyles

The world seems obsessed with every little detail of the rich and infamous' lifestyle, but is it really as it seems?

*



"Oh no, my ballsack's been flushed!"

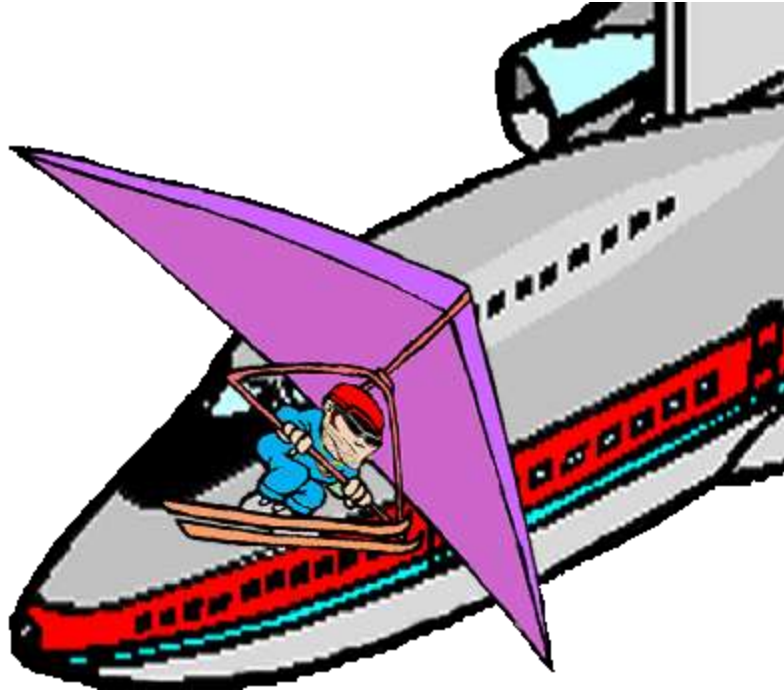
"Now you'll never prise me off this fricking tap before we land!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

How glamorous can it really be – copulating like street dogs in a 1.5m x 1m plastic piss-box in the sky?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Healthy Eating – Dieting and Processed Food

Dieting & healthy eating have become everyday euphemisms for hunger and pain – find out how all that could change for you...

*



"Spot on – a plastic container of grease on my lap, a depressing documentary on the TV and I've caught my dick in the zip of my trousers again – life is sweet!"

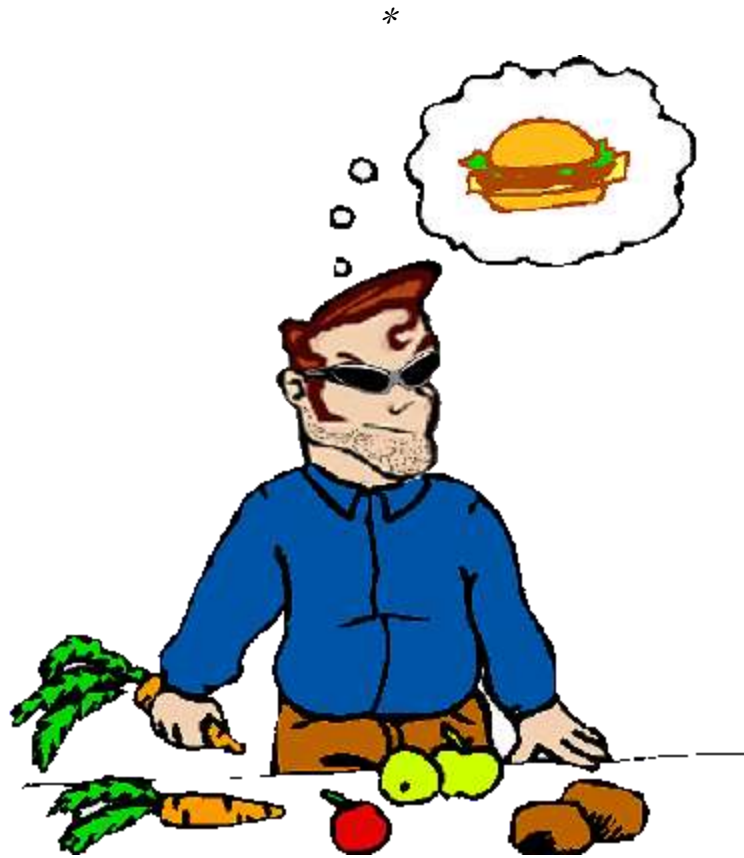
"Yes dear, but maybe you should have parked first!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Dieticians and celebrity 'I've-got-another-diet-book-to-flog' vultures circle around us with this week's all new low-carb, high-bollocks miracle diet. Yet statistics consistently prove these slimming diets don't work for most people –whereas lard-up programs always work – and the weight stays on. A processed food diet mostly consisting of TV dinners and other such lardy foods would fit the bill nicely. Unfortunately, however, like most diets themselves, processed foods are like a housewife in whore's clothing –they promise so much and yet deliver so little.*

*Please note I am in every way reinforcing the stereotype that housewives dress up in sluttish clothing.



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Healthy Eating – Five A Day And Lower Your Cholesterol

'Healthy Eating' is the latest credo if you want to look good in speedos – here's how...

*



“Damm! And I switched from lard to suet in my coffee as the diet book advised.”

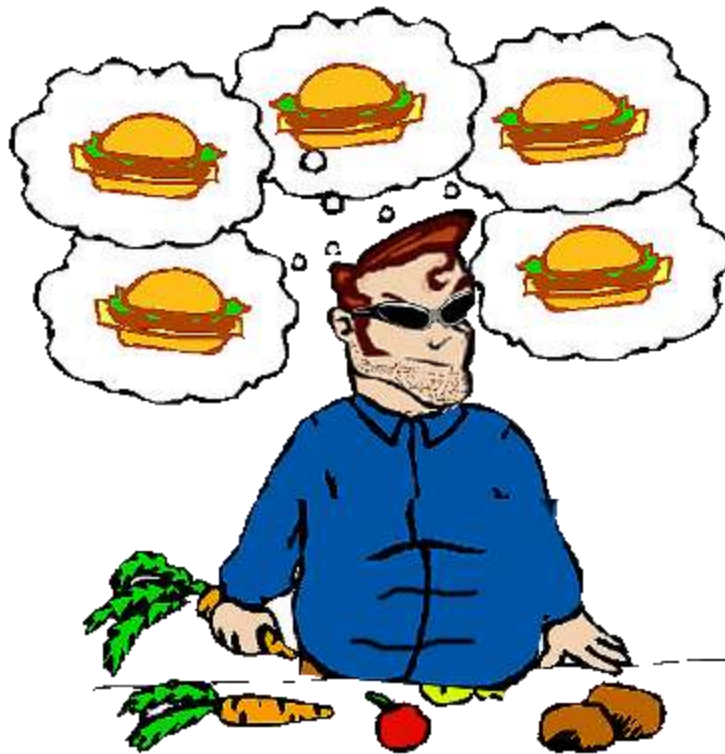
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Frankly Frank says...

Both of these irritating catchphrases are now outmoded concepts. Instead they have been replaced with a clothing revolution in “sportswear” – highly flammable polyester hoodies with integral burger venting and nylon tracksuit bottoms with automatic gusset stretch.

Just keep on larding up and forget lowering your cholesterol, but still eat five a day – just switch to candy bars or full meals. Despite this, hardening of the arteries will be no problem as you will undoubtedly be mistaken for a rap star and succumb to an early hip hop babe induced heart attack. That or a kilo of high explosives.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Endeavour

Those afflicted with this debilitating condition are bizarely, feted as national heroes. Am I missing something?

*



"I'm not really sure if Smithers is taking this bally arctic exploration lark seriously?"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Why is it that endeavor is supposed to be so character forming anyway? Arctic exploration is a good case in point. What drives anyone to trudge hundreds of miles across frozen arctic wasteland? What kind of perverts are they?

I'll tell you—the kind who like drinking their own urine, the kind who like grueling hardship and gross discomfort. Weirdoes like Scott who love snow and frostbite and polar waste, more snow and more frostbite and being eaten by polar bears and then buggered by seals.

People like him aren't human, they should be taken apart for scientific experiments.

Mind you, I do love arctic roll.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Social Etiquette

Manners may 'maketh the man' but social etiquette maketh nothing but confusion...

*



"Where the hell is the horse and carriage? Or the Rolls Royce, you cheapskate?"

"Sorry, love work would only give me the morning off. I've just got the 36 route to do and then pop it back to the depot on the way to the reception."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Time was when it was easy to know what to do and when, especially at big social occasions like weddings:

"I say Smithers, capital wedding, canapes are a little burnt, don't you think?"

"Sorry, Sir, I'll arrange to have cook fed to the regimental mongoose immediately."

"Well done, stout fellow!"

Nowadays you don't know if you should introduce yourself to the bridesmaids or urinate on them. Equally. Do you cut the cake or ram the bride's face in it? Tricky questions.

In these changing times my advice is to stick with trusted protocol: Set fire to the best man, urinate on the bridesmaids and copulate like an eel with the bride - everyone wants a

traditional, but memorable, wedding.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Tantric Sex

The 8 hour orgasm - a woman's work is never done.

*



"Why am I always the filling?"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Now, being a LEGEND, I have no need to do anything so gauche as boast of my sexual athleticism - besides, it's a matter of common knowledge (and not a little jealousy).

However, even my Olympian love-stoat is all puffed out after one hour of hard labour, asthmatic after two, suicidal on the count of three and after four, gone AWOL and retired to a Genital Retreat, a broken husk of his former self.

All this 8 hour tantric sex stuff is inhuman. Surely among the myriad of cockamayme laws there must be one that states that no one's genitalia should be made to slave away regardless of chafage, or exhaustion without at least a break for hot towels and a sandwich.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Sexual Equality

The fairer sex have been muttering on for some time now about 'e sexual quality' and 'pay equality' – but have they really thought it through in their fluffy little heads?

*



"What Glass Ceiling? I've just been promoted to the boardroom- the CEO himself said i was just the piece of skirt needed to cheer up those dull meetings."

*

Frankly Frank says...

How the hell do they expect to climb to the top of the corporate ladder in those ridiculously tight skirts and tottering heels anyway?

The glass ceiling's there for a reason - if you allowed women the other side, everyone below would be able to see up their skirts - which would be bad for productivity. Of course they could wear trousers but lesbians can't make decent coffee.

*Editor's note: Mr Frank is in no way reinforcing the stereotype that all women who wear trousers and make lousy coffee are lesbians.

Mr Frank is also not suggesting that all lesbians who wear trousers cannot make good coffee.

Quite right, I am suggesting that all lesbians who wear trousers, make bad coffee and are

women would make lousy board members.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Ecosystems

*Everyone seems to be desperate to come up with the latest system – from betting to the lottery
– and now ecos (whatever the fuck they are) have jumped on the bandwagon...*

*



"We must declare this an area of outstanding natural beauty and make it a reserve as soon as possible so we can start prospecting for natural resources with absolutely no intention of exploiting any we might find and totally fucking the area ."

*

Frankly Frank says...

See, where it's all gone wrong with all this eco bollocks, is well obvious – it's all in the name. Take 'rain forest' as an example. Stands to reason no one's interested in a piece of soggy woodland!

What they need to do is cover the whole thing in a giant goldfish bowl, lob in a couple of decent water slides and rename it Centre Parks, Brasilia.

It's this lack of basic business acumen that has led to most eco systems being in the parlous state they are today.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Evangelism

Throughout the centuries people have always been eager to share their likes and dislikes on any number of subjects...

*



"...and the seven Horseflies of the Acropolis will appear...hang on, was it six? Or eight? Look, it doesn't matter, whatever it is every one of you is fucked for all eternity!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

It's not that I mind Evangelists of any creed or persuasion endlessly bending my arm and ear.

I love people who preach at you with total disregard for the fact that you would like to peel, salt and boil them in rancid fish oil.

It's just that I would appreciate it if, as they shut the door behind them with them and their ignorant ideas on the other side, that they would all melt into a useful brown liquid I could creosote my shed with.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Money Can't Buy You Happiness

So why is it so much in demand?

*



"You wanted a pool so I bought you one and you're still not happy!"

*

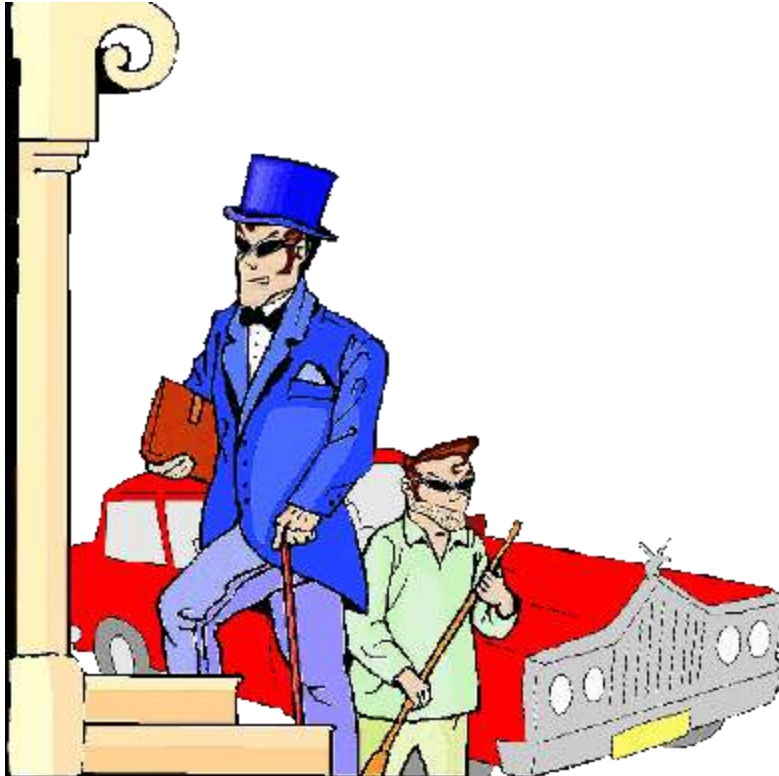
Frankly Frank says...

Maybe money can't buy you happiness, but can Poverty? Money certainly doesn't solve all life's problems in one fell swoop – it's still hard to stay chipper in the face of mounting algae on the ornamental lake, mounting manure in the stables and mounting prostitutes in the master bedrooms.

At the end of the day perhaps money just allows one to be unhappy in comfort.

Can you hear the 'pick me' noises?

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Nuclear Power

Nuclear power and nuclear fusion are often accused of being sticky bedfellows – and the sticking point is always the same...

*



"Melt down my arse, the monitor says everything's fine!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Nuclear power and by association nuclear fusion get such a bad rap from the whale fellating quarter: "how can it ever be truly safe when human error can never be ruled out entirely?"

Memo to them, they already have the answer in Japan as usual – just use pigeons to run them and human error would be entirely eliminated.

Who ever heard of pigeon error? Derrr!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Don' t Try This At Home!

*Health & Safety Spiders scuttle around shooting streams of warnings out of their furry buttholes,
ensnaring us in their web of caution.*

*



"Shit!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

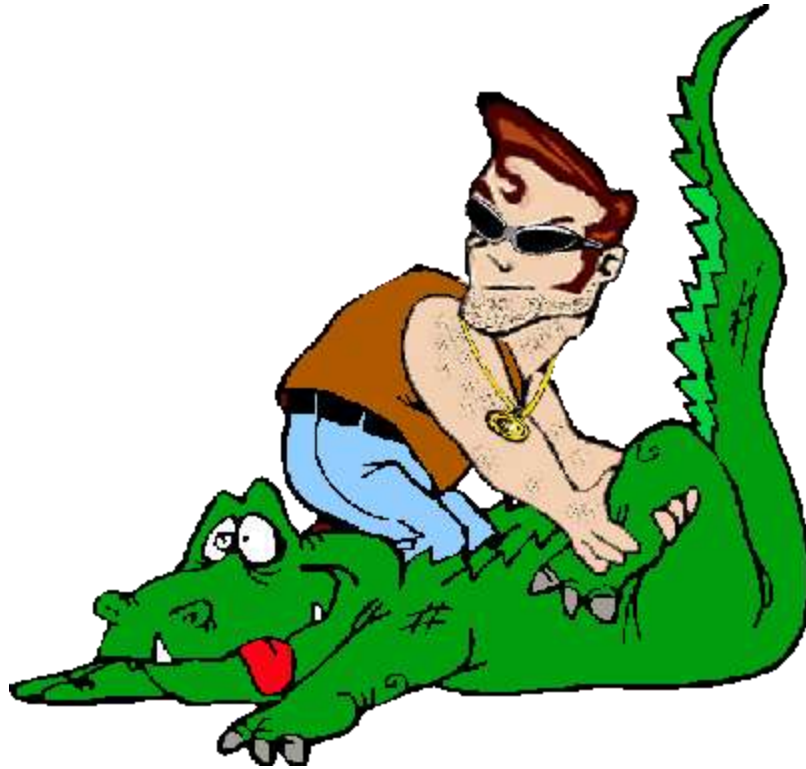
Wrestling toothless alligators, octogenarian sharks and slightly pissed off honey badgers, Wannabee Crocodile Dundee types are pandemic on our TVs.

Don't do this at home" they advise, "if the Malaysian tree fish urinates directly in both eyes, you can be temporarily disorientated and crushed by a falling Soviet Space station!

Trust me, I'm an expert. Oh fuck, it's bitten me head off!"

ende line

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Respect Other Cultures

Among the many different types of music, rap stands out for many reasons, but there is one overriding characteristic that sets it apart...

*



"Actually, artistic integrity counts most to me – I really want to sing Othello at the Met."

"I really wanted to sing Armenian folk songs in unlisted venues – how about you?"

"Me? I truly always wanted to 'sing' anything that earnt me obscene amounts of cash and had semi-naked babes hanging off my gold-covered arms – but it's just a personal thing."

*

Frankly Frank says...

They do know it's shite, don't they?

Rap music and its derivative, hip hop, is largely black music steeped in the ways of the ghetto. It has, however, dominated the music scene too long. What is needed is a white man's version, rap music with the Ghetto taken out, hip hop without the babes.

Then again, why re-invent the wheel? We Whitees already have folk music.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Cave Art

Pass my slightly larger glasses will you...

*



"Notice the perfectly porportioned forms and the exquisite attention to detail."

"Are we looking at the same thing, lady?"

*

Frankly Frank says...

'Experts' never tire of droning on about how amazing these long gone idiot cousins of ours were. And they always mention those daubs as proof.

This prehistoric graffiti is nothing more than an eyesore. It's only redeeming feature is that those monkey men responsible for it were embarrassed enough to do it out of sight.

It should all be removed by those doing community service orders and the caves used to solve the overcrowding in prisons – you could fit thousands of the buggers down there and wall 'em up just to make sure they didn't escape.

bring ref to reverence

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Sportsmanship

'Play the game', 'Fair Play' 'That's jolly sporting of you' & 'Can I have my ear back?' are oft heard phrases bandied around outside our arenas, but is the language as sporting inside?

*



*

"I might be a midget but I'm hung like a horse."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Ball-tampering cricketers, ear-biting rugby players, head-stamping footballers, drug-taking athletes, and machine gun toting dart players.

Why are our children exhorted to play sport and our sportsmen and women national heroes? You may not be able to keep a good man down but you can kick him when he's down, ... stamp on his face and still get an OBE.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Advertising

Advertising sells product there is no doubt but there is a limit – and they've reached it!

*



"Ok. enough Mr Nice Kids – We are demanding a flat fee, riders, our own dressing room and a cut of the merchandising– oh and everything pink or we sto being so cute!"

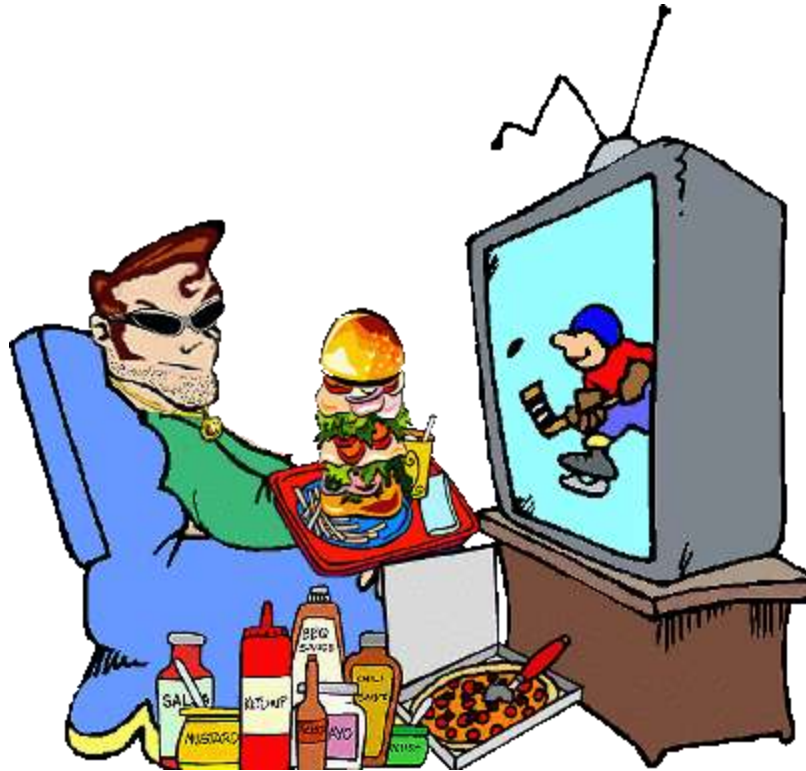
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Frankly Frank says...

These rabbles of pant pissing urchins have been used to sell everything from world peace to candy bars.

Honestly whoever thought up the idea of urine as a sales aid!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Paparazzi

Paparazzi are generally an essential part of the mechanism of checks and balances that allow the press to operate effectively in a Democratic and open society - but then again...

*



"I told you a thousand times, no pictures!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

... you don't believe that either...

Some famous Charlie once described paparazzi as 'the unspeakable in pursuit of the inedible', although actually he might have been referring to mute Japanese sushi hunters. But maybe there is a solution here...

Why not put paparazzi on horses in bright red jackets? Whenever they spot a celebrity they can sound their hunting horns and the chase is on. The celebrity no longer needs to worry about them hiding in the bushes, or in the swimming pool filter, or even in the compactor and on the part of the paparazzi they can keep up better on horses and get better photos.

Obviously the occasional paparazzi might go lame in their shooting arm and have to be put down and inevitably a celebrity will get caught by the hounds and scattered around the countryside, but I think we can all live with this...

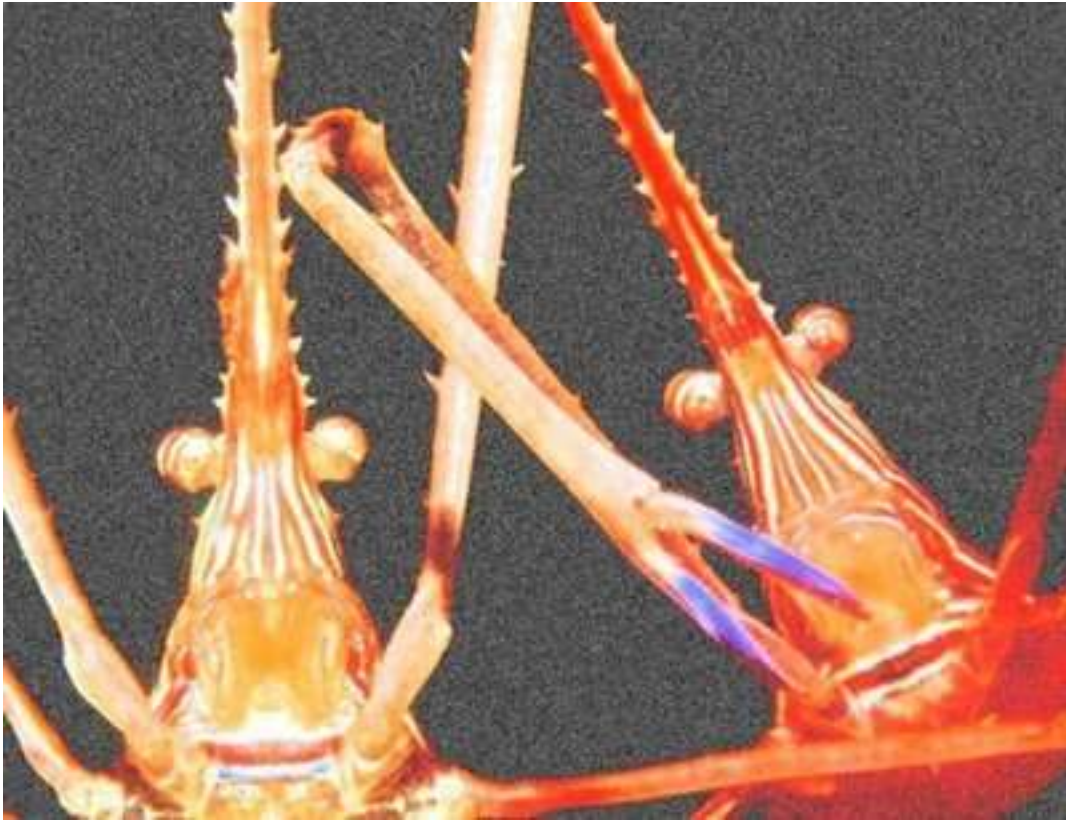


The Bollocks People Tell You...

Extra-Terrestrial Activity

The human race has always wondered if it is alone – maybe that question will finally be answered...

*



"Take me to your leader!"

"Jeez, I hate that cliché!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Unbelievably Government experts consistently deny alien sightings and even more unbelievably reject claims of people who have been abducted by Aliens, taken back to their solar system and forced to perform 124 hour Abba tributes while being subjected to undignified anal probing.

Yet people up and down the land willingly perform karaoke every night without alien Intervention or government un-american, butt fingering activities - What's more amazing? You decide.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Altruism

Playing the Good Samaritan is all very well, but when it comes to the emotional and physical seepage of other people's problems then it might be time to put on another hat...

*



*

"Man, I'm so unlucky! My wife burnt down, the dog left me, my boss is suing for divorce and I look like a total dickhead in this hat..."

"Jesus! Like, whatever!"

*

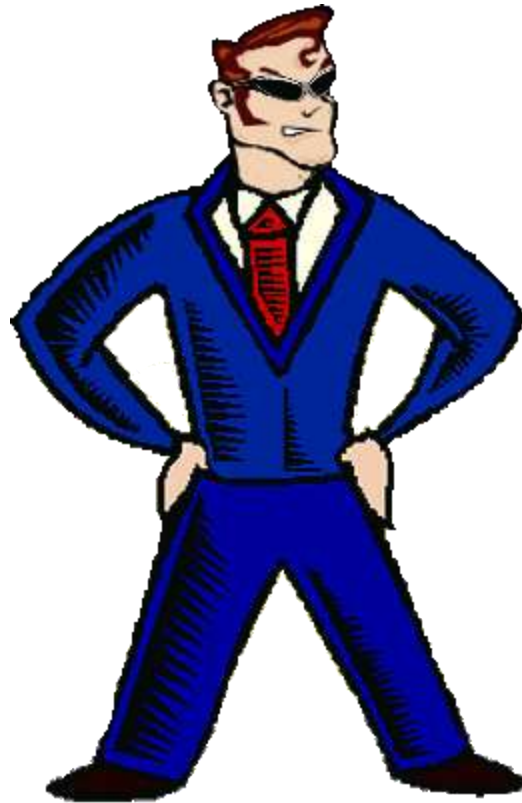
Frankly Frank says...

Other people's problems are like other people's haemorrhoids: unwelcome, unasked for and a complete pain in the arse.

You've already got enough of your own and there's no monetary gain in collecting any more, even if your best friends are giving them away for free.

Besides you're always told it is better to give than receive.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Haute Cuisine

It is an unsettling fact of life that not all food comes battered and not all dishes are deep fried.

This crushing indictment of the state of world cuisine is largely down to one cause...

*



"Waiter! Send this back to the chef – I only eat things with an anus."

*

Frankly Frank says...

In the world of haute cuisine it is as well to pay attention to the old maxim 'fools throw up where angels fear to tread': choose unwisely and you're likely to be presented with a plate of grated horse's heart in a snail gland jus or be threatened with a bald micro-chicken speared by a fence post in a sauce so rich, that cardiac arrest would be moments away – if it were not for the menu prices having preempted it.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Soaps

'Soaps' or 'weekly slices of hell' are as popular as ever – but is their popularity justified?

*



"Mo Harris was right!"

"once a tart always a tart!"

"You disgust me!"

"Are you talking to me?"

"You're a filthy tart!"

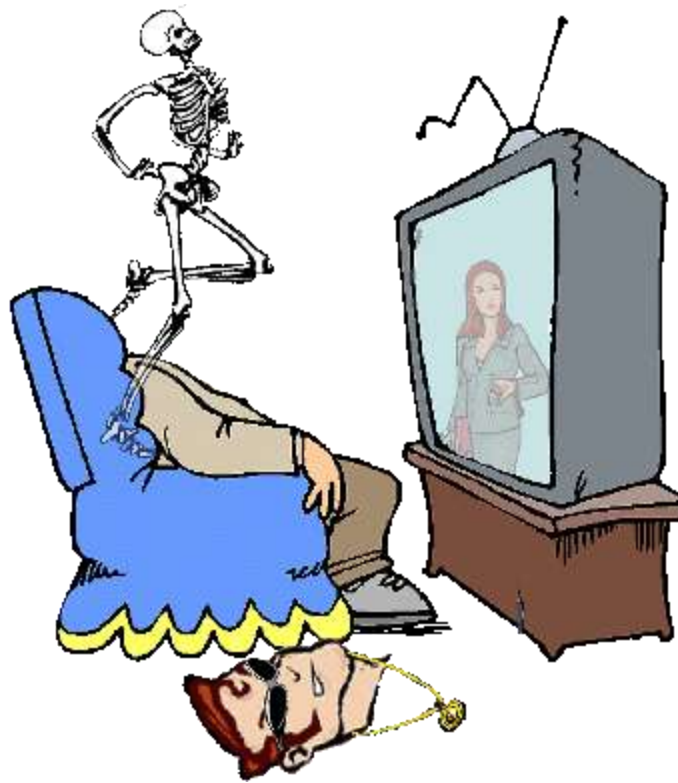
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Frankly Frank says...

These glorious, life affirming programs are pandemic across the nation's screens and none more so than that epitome of soaps – Eastenders. This slice of cheerful London life has been lifting the nation's spirits for quarter of a century and may do so for another quarter, unless someone can find the bastard behind it and drown him in his own bile.

In the meantime pass the Valium!

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Local Authorities

Are they in league with the devil? When it comes to local authority traffic wardens, the evidence is incontrovertible – send for a priest!

*



"Come on you little bastard – another minute and I've gotcha!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Traffic wardens are only doing their job, and it's a necessary one we're told

Fair play, so next time one is hanging around your car, clamp the little bastard to the meter, ring up the company and charge them £100 to release them.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Daylight Saving

Is daylight saving just daylight robbery?

*



"Bugger! Is it backwards or forwards this time? I can never remember."

"Who cares, let's lean out and urinate on those Japanese tourists again!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

When is someone going to pull the plug on this archaic waste of good drinking time?

And where are all these hours of daylight that are saved every year anyway?

Are they all stored in a giant daylight saving hangar for use later or is there a EU daylight mountain that they are selling off cheap to the Icelanders? Well, they've got our money, they might as well have our daylight as well.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Gossip

Natural and practically universal, gossip is the oil that keeps society running, but there is another side...

*



"Can you believe she's having an affair with him, is pregnant again, on smack, on the game,

posed topless and sold her story to those trashy magazines."

"I know, I can't believe people read that rubbish – God! Look at that cellulite! – how could she pose in that bikini!"

*

Frankly Frank says...

Gossip is evil and the love of gossip, the Root of all evil! It's a drug and Women's magazines are the pushers. Users need to be snatched off the streets and locked up to do cold turkey and only allowed to read Poultry Farmer Weekly and Home Woodworker. It won't cure them, but it would be fun...

"Did you read about that fowl bird in last weeks Poultry Farmer? Laid seven eggs in one week and claims she doesn't know who the father is of any of them!"

"oh, I know – but did you read in yesterday's Home Woodworker about that piece of hardwood that was in court for assaulting that poor old man? The wood claims it was a frame up and someone else was behind it."

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Being Ciao

*Often confused with Italy, Italy is a land of contrast, history, culture and ciao b*****ds
endlessly riding around on ciao Vespas looking ciao - but that's about to end...*

*



"Is it just me, or does this canal smell like shit?"

"No, it's just you."

*

Frankly Frank says...

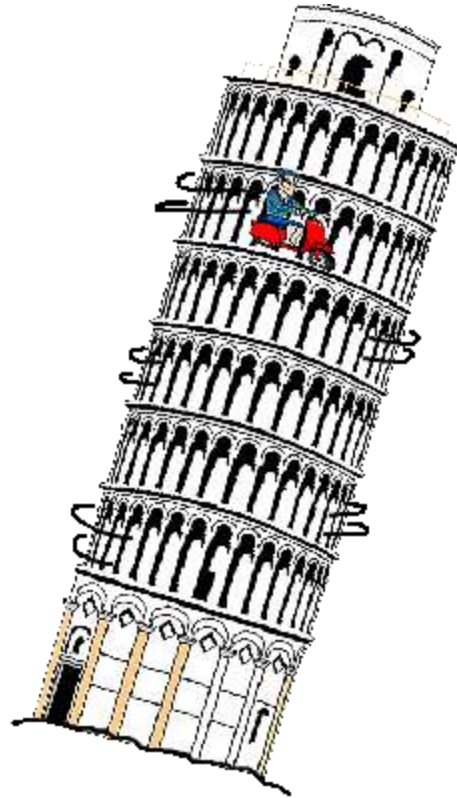
celebrity aspire but not poss

These Chianti-drinking, Vespa-wearing, sun-dried, suited glitterati have had it all their own way for too long: sun, pizza, Milan, fashion, ciao, that floating museum we all pay for, the mafia, Sophia Loren, more pizza...

Pack 'em all off to Greenland and let's see how ciao they are then in -20 C, one hour of sunlight a month and a diet of salted fish!

Of course someone would have to move into that vacant luxury apartment overlooking St Marks...

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Worry of Identity Theft

The most popular form of theft next to theft of the actual body, identity theft is now ten times more common than other types of crime that are nine times less popular. Are you next?*

**Actual Government crime statistics from unreliable sources.*

*



"If only I'd shredded those bank statements...and those credit card receipts...and those details of that money laundering..."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Everyone is increasingly worried about people stealing their bank details & credit cards and selling them on eBay

to gangs of international identity thieves who are hell bent on getting their hands on their mortgage and overdraft.

I've been photocopying my final demand letters from the bank now for years and leaving them in every waste bin in town but no bastard has paid them yet.

*



The Bollocks People Tell You...

Save The Planet

Surely the main eco-cudgel with which to batter the general population, studded as it is with such stalwarts as recycling. But is there an element to saving the planet that's overlooked?

*



"I've got to give up this coke habit..."

*

Frankly Frank says...

Recycling is nothing new. Certain political and religious leaders have been recycling the same old daily arguments, territorial disputes and political and religious wars since people became too caught up in the frantic rush of modern life to take the time to strangle them at birth.

The thing is it was rubbish in the first place, so why endlessly recycle crap into more crap? Best to do away with recycling altogether and start with a whole new premise: the only useful political debate is whether we should go back to strangling them all at birth.

*



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