

P.O.R.E. 2&3

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PORE 2

Part 1:

THOSE LUCKY BADSTARS.

And Abraham said through Esther ... “In answer to your question ‘why can’t I have something to make me feel good, when all I do is feel bad when I have none of the stuff I want because it hasn’t manifested yet?’

And someone says ‘My life is rubbish, this God thing is rubbish. If God is all powerful, then why doesn’t it give us stuff so we can feel good if it’s so important?’ ...

Abraham: the answer you don’t want to hear is, the Law of Attraction is the fairest of friends, but the law energy can only deliver to you the like of the vibration energy you are giving off. You see, like vibration attracts like vibration. To get good you must feel good, so your relationship to whatever it is must feel good. You must ignore reality if your reality relationship to whatever it is feels bad.

“But what’s the point in getting something to make you feel good if you already feel good?”

“That was never the case, but because humans think that if they feel bad, something they haven’t got won’t make them feel good for long because they are not a vibrational match to it.”

So, God turns up and instead of bringing glad tidings of great joy, it brings the worst possible news that people could ever imagine:

You can’t have nice things until you feel good.

That’s like the average man’s football team always losing until he can enjoy the game, win or lose. Of course, people can still have nice things, dependent of course upon cost, how hard the person is prepared to work, and how much overtime is on, how much they like to save, how stressed they’re prepared to be, unexpected ills when trying to save ...

“I worked hard for the things I’ve got, but now I’m too tired out to use them/too busy to use them.

Here’s a good one I thought I’d just slip in as it’s hot off the press.

We have some workers mucking about in the back yard. The bloke is of the type who knows a lot of stuff, or thinks he does. As an old mate used to say ‘if you’ve seen an elephant with two trunks he’s seen one with three.’ “When we feel bad, it is so we can appreciate the good times.” I find people usually say that when they are in a good mood.

Not long ago, I asked them how they were doing (how you doing today?).

“Not having a good day today” ... long faces, grim times.

“Well, shouldn’t you be happy then, it means that the good time soon will be even better, enhanced by now, which is really a positive time in that case? You told me that.

If looks could kill.

Here’s a real bummer, if you thought that having to feel nice to get nice was bad. Each particle of everything (particles are tiny building blocks of energy ... well, that’s done it) contains the thought energy receivers for both the thing (+ve having and – ve, the absence), so having a glass half full, which could mean feeling good half the time; still a huge order for most, is no good i.e. half and half or half of the whole is neutral ... the car’s going nowhere.

So you have to feel good for 55 %, you HAVE to add the extra 5%. That’s hard to put into time segments, so ... as much as you can. To do so it may help to try and have fun somewhere where you don’t unusually have fun. For instance, I, a man, had to go shopping all by myself in a supermarket because a certain lady was in China discovering bed bugs in dodgy hotels. The till isn’t always the most jovial of places on earth. The girl, who I had spoken to briefly in the past, asked “would you like any help?” She meant with packing. Because I am so brilliant and as funny as God wishes she was, I said “Psychological? If you have any and it isn’t too expensive.”

She went against all supermarket rules and talked to the customer with a smile ... she was happy?!

Management joy killers came down on lines from the rafters on SAS lines, just like in the NHS. I dissolved them with my mind; they melted screamily into the floor, heading for destination HELL. She said "You could go online and get one?"... I laughed.

"Ok, The last person I knew who used on online Psychologists (or 'a', unless she got a group of them gathered trying to sort her head) said that she suggested that she write down her problems on pieces of paper and then burn them ..."

Customers in the line began to whinge ...

I picked up a machine gun from the floor, which had belonged to one of the management who was now in Hell. I blew them all away with some great multiple head shots, which was very satisfying, oh happy days.

"I tried it myself... I wrote on a postcard my biggest, fattest, juiciest problem, and set light to it. I placed it on a saucer and then went for a pee. I shouldn't have put it on top of the Yucca pot soil, because the Yucca was dry, as I hadn't watered it. Up went the house ... it didn't but it got a laugh. There were no other people in the line, so don't worry and don't curse my inconvenient streak.

There was nothing creative happening until my ~~drug-crazed~~ brilliant mind got in there. It kills most people dabble with a miserable death as they try to feel good for 'half' the time, sorry 1% of the time, because lives are shit. What's that thing they have at the Egremont (Cumbria) Crab Fair ... 'climb the greasy pole'. That's a greasy stick, not a Polish person, like 50% of me is. You see, I'm 5% short of being any Nationality in particular, I'm not recognised as a citizen of anywhere.

'Mumbo Jumbo' normal people call it. They daren't feel good with nothing to feel good about, it's scary, almost blaughspemony (MY spelling). How do you know you've felt good for 55% of the time? The answer to that is one that will change your life with no effort from you, it just happens. Mumbo jumbo wellbeing is very, very stressing for accountants or MBA people.

At seminars I sometimes take 3 pairs of Marigold gloves. I'll get a loving couple out in front of the heckling, booing crowd, who by now are chanting 'down with fifty five percent! God stinks! ... We want more overtime! We hate work!'

Touch her face, feel her skin ... how does it feel?

'Lovely!'

"Put on all the pairs of gloves, then feel her face ... ok, how does her skin feel?"

'I can't feel it'

"That's awful isn't it?"

That's an old trick from a nuclear plant I worked in. Work in a contaminated area, dressed in a PVC suit and three pairs of washing up gloves and then try and pick small screws up watched by a boss looking through a polythene window at you in the polythene tent. Ahhhh bliss! I once fixed something that was always faulty, by taking it apart and then putting the small parts together again with three pairs of gloves on. The manager walked away shaking his head when the device was in bits. It never went wrong again, which was terrible for 'JOBS'. The gold medal I received was beautiful and the presentation dinner was very lavish. I was fed grapes by a manager while two more wafted me with ostrich feathers on mop handles. That's a nice mental image ... Barry Manilow was good too as the turn, they couldn't get Chubby Brown.

Not having that sweet human contact is awful. I agree with, for a different reason, the Catholic Church for not being a fan of condoms. The body allows the owner i.e. 'you' to touch your lover, to smell a flower ... lots of things in fact. Before you, the owner, had the body, you couldn't do that. Doesn't the fact that you have a body so you can experience the earth with all its pleasures and woes, which looks different to the 'real you', feel rather good? Or were you taking that bit for granted? Surely not, I don't believe you. Are you saying you don't appreciate just being here?

Wouldn't that be a good base to start from? How much of the 55% would that fill? Apart from a body and a world which contains everything you will ever desire, which isn't a bad start. And the age old problem is, getting the stuff you desire. If you get ten grand a year, you probably aren't going to get a fifty grand car ... which is shit because that's the way of the world. If someone asks you if you're lucky, what do you say? 'No' ...'the only luck I have is bad luck? 'I see no ships, only hard ships'?

If I fell into a barrel of tits I'd come out sucking my thumb? If I fell into a barrel of crap, I'd come out smelling of crap? While this other person you know who is lucky ... 'if he fell into a barrel of shit, he'd come out smelling of roses'?

If luck was just a concept, like Communism is to Russians, what if Guri Yeller, the famous mind power man said, 'we can all get our minds together and think lucky at 8pm on Sunday evening. BUT, there is only enough mind power to affect half the population, if we're lucky, which we aren't because there is no such thing 'yet' ... so we can't be, can we?

Looking into the future in a prophetic way ...when the genes were written (or flagged?) with the lucky code or the 'unlucky' code, it gave some people the chance to say things with meaning i.e. you lucky bitch to the weekly thousand pound bingo winner who wins every week. Or 'maybe next time' to the genetically unlucky person.

Could we say that if luck existed already, before Guri Yeller came along and made it fair (all that means is the jealousy took a while to ferment), luck the concept was seemingly very unfair, unless whoever hands it out (God? Or 'the 'Gods'? how do they decide? Just how do they do that?) ... did it fairly?

How is 'fairly' decided or judged?

Would people have to write a letter entitled 'why I deserve to be lucky' and then set light to it, so the smoke went to the Gods who can read smoke by all accounts (or is that just Voodoo?) But, if we let he who has not sinned cast the first stone have the first gene addition? Would the queue be long? How about if it was handed out only to those who deserved it and wrote the best letters? What if they weren't deserving and lied in the letter. Reader, please tell us in as many words as you wish, why you truly woolly dooly deserve to be lucky.

A golfer once said "people say I'm lucky. But it seems the harder I work, the luckier I get." Gosh, I can't make sense of that one; maybe he drank woozy juice, saw double, aimed for the wrong hole, hit the green and got his ball in for a birdie. That's it isn't it!



Well! No wonder! He's playing Gooker! He's brave, he's playing on a cliff edge too by the looks of things.

That is it! Hard work doesn't make people lucky, because if it did, wouldn't lots of people who work hard and are unlucky, would be lucky (wouldn't they?). This golfer said that long before the gene writing thing came up.

A while after the letters were written, the panel took a while to read them because there were a few sack fulls, which contained some right desperate sob stories and even some 'if you don't give me it' threats ... it was seemingly impossible to turn down half of the people, so, another method of choosing was needed.

Guri Yeller then stated the obvious way, the fairest way. "Can we draw lots to see who receives the luckiness as part of their genetic makeup, which will be added by geneticists. This will have to be

accepted as fair by everyone, otherwise there may be jealousy produced and the shit may hit the fan big time.”

If there is no such thing as luck, and your ticket says One to be lucky Golden Ticket, what were you to do to actually get it, compared to someone who didn't get one of the honours of being lucky, and so, is therefore going to be ... 'unlucky in life.' Christianity makes it easy i.e. if you aren't Christian, you can't have it (good job they don't do that with holidays). Were they unlucky to draw their neg ticket? How can they be? There is no such thing. You can't be lucky if there is no such thing ... yet. So how did they get the ticket if the hated law, the law of mumbo jumbo attraction says like mumbo jumbo energy attracts like mumbo jumbo energy jumbo bummo (it can't be stated strongly enough). So the law of the Universe is bollocks and there is no such thing as lucky and therefore no unlucky. How do things work? It's a bloody frikkin mystery, and, as science says ... 'We do not know, it's a big accident that happened by sheer chance.' Hey, if there was a gene code for luck, there must be luck? Unless it was created with the gene code. Maybe it's a belief? But that's mumbo jumbo. It is something we don't comprehend which happened at the time of the big accident.

When the genes were written with the lucky code or the unlucky code, it gave people the chance to say things with meaning i.e. 'you lucky b ...' or, 'oh, unlucky mate.'

Or

“Evening lads, it's great being lucky, I won ten million on the lottery today and a fabulous car in a competition with all petrol, servicing etc., for life ... great eh?! How are your lives since the big energy gene code additions anyway?”

‘Oh, not too bad, you know, could be better, soon be Christmas.’

‘I got the sack, Charlie's wife left him with all the house contents after she maxed out his cards. Carol's hubby dropped her off at work and drove off in the car; it was the last she saw of him ... and her bank accounts in the red. Apart from that, things are not too bad, not too bad at all. Not much change actually, basically the same as back when luck or bad luck didn't exist.’

So, if Billy crashed the car into a fence after the pilot of a bi winged aeroplane threw his slops bucket out of the cockpit after a long trip and a turd landed on the windscreen of Billy's car ... what was it if it wasn't bad luck? Actually, the engine from a 40,000 foot high 737 landed with a clonk in the road just where Billy would have been if the turd hadn't hit his windscreen ... making the turd, erm, 'L, L, L ... erm, an accidental freak coincidence?



People who won 'luck code gene additions' were known as 'Lucky Badstars' (which was user friendly swearing), and within a few years a wall was built, like Hadrians, separating the two different sorts of humans (it made real the North South divide in England). But too much of the same for the lucky people bred boredom. For the Unlucky Badstars, they would climb onto the wall to watch 'Those Lucky Badstars'. The 'luckies' quite enjoyed this and so had large doors built into the wall every so often, twenty miles perhaps? Usually near towns where bad luck reigned, especially in the minds of the people, so they could have a Lucky Procession around Grimsville (a name given to drab, demoralised towns) every month, showing off their good fortune.

They wore these glasses so people could recognise the Luckies if they mingled with their poor, unlucky miserable brothers and sisters (more on the glasses later).



In Lucky Land, a TV programme was devised called The Luckiest of the Lucky. People in Unlucky Land, or at least those who hadn't had their second-hand TVs pinched, would watch it and wish and fantasize that they were Lucky Badstars. None of the management or workers from Wilkinson Sword got lucky and so the French Revolution, in English didn't happen ... they were hoping to win the blade contract on the guillotine. Unfortunately, as it was so fair a thing, the Unluckies couldn't have their revolution.

But then, disaster. The life of the gene code was found to be ten years, after which, luck both good and bad once again became non-existent. No one could then work out why one woman would live the life of Riley, while another one struggled to make hens meet (she was a poultry farmer in the recession).

Even in a bad quadruple dip recession, some people thrived and some didn't. Luck couldn't be blamed as there was once again no such thing and, in a natural way, the old mumbo jumbo so called wellbeing belief resurfaced to terrorise people who didn't like crap once again. "I have to feel good to get nice things?! I have to practice some crap called The Art of Allowing? What is that crap?!"

Whoa!

A good time for a segment of refreshment said Abraham.

I don't know if Abraham meant a can of beer, but here goes ... glug!



Here's something to stare at while you are refreshing. They're seeds. I picked them up off the road, took them home, held them into the direct sunlight, and 'click!' (more of a nice scrunch, but you know what I mean). I may do an exhibition called 'The more you drink, the better they look. Shall I put free booze on to prove my claim?'

Commence ...

What's this 'feel good to get good' business anyway? I'll tell you what it is, it's weirdo time, time for some good old mumbo jumbo. Everything is vibrating, right? Believe it if you want, all you need be is delusional. Delusional is easy i.e. 'there IS a God'... there you go, I'm delusional. But there is NO Devil ... hey up! Double delusional!

The invisible part of us, which isn't real obviously, is supposedly pretty big and as it has no shape as such (you can't imagine that unless you're well deluded, try it anyway). When you have no shape, you can take any form and when you're a big cloud of energy like we are supposedly, we can be the thing we want. Then, we, as the thing we want, invisible, and vibrating and all that jazz, we can then go and appear in front (and behind) our physical selves and be the thing, but we can't do that unless the mind in the physical joins us in feeling good ... our waiting room for manifestations is pretty big and pretty packed, Abraham calls it the Vortex. This feel good thing is something the human part of us can practice in order to feel good and is called The Art of Allowing i.e. allowing our stuff to come to us. If we are carrying negative energy, it is called resistance, because we resist our 'real' selves coming with the prezzies, or, it is best known as unlucky, or bad luck. However, we can communicate with our physical self, mind, cells and all. We can send ourselves in the physical, signals of emotion, because we are energy which we can set in motion, it can feel good or bad to the physical self. It's a good system, and it is called The Art of Allowing. Humans tend to hate it, so they mumbo jumbo it, to their utter despair. As it turns out, your best friend isn't your mother, it's your invisible part.

OTHER ART. Good segment of refreshment this, innit.

But. What actually is art? After years of research, the Latin is the best description of art, they call it Ars. I like art, well some of it anyway. Art is supposed to make your mind agree with your invisible part, who/which likes art i.e. you get a bad signal if you don't like it and a good signal if you do. In other words, if you feel bad when you look at art, you're a twat as far as your invisible counterpart is concerned (giggles).

Sorry, but who said your invisible bit doesn't have a personality? And definitely an opinion. I don't care what people think, the invisible bit is cool.

I have asked people who I know, who work in a state that they call 'hard', which doesn't mean breaking rocks, it means applying themselves even if they don't like the job (I think) ... "Do you like the art of Damien Hirst? He's just sold a shark in some formaldehyde for twelve million quid." They got red faced and angry ... "What! For that RUBBISH!" ... tip: Don't ask anyone who uses weapons in their job i.e. butcher, when he's chopping something up.

So, if only they appreciated it, they would then feel good, but, maybe it was the money aspect? Never begrudge anyone. So, Mr Hirst was out.

There was always Tracey Emin, she did that beautiful piece of work worthy of the Masters of art i.e. Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Debussy, you know the wine pack. She just got out of her bed, full of crap, and sold it ...

There are many other examples.

I decided to become an artist, a modern one, it looked easy ... maybe even make some wedge? I've watched that wacky programme called Four Rooms a number of times. Tracey Emin's brother was on one episode, trying to sell a scribbly letter of hers which had written on it, I HATE YOU GRANDMA ... for thousands. Fine. She's the one who sold her unmade filthy bed, as you recently learned, for a pot of dollar. Now she's a famous artist, maybe the best ever (giggles).

It's quite pleasing, because that sort of thing makes 'our' (MY) books works of art (if I do say to himself ... that was a very arty statement, up there with Shakespeare and a guy called Milton Grizebeck, who writes Cumbrian sheep poems, in sheep language ... bloody genius!).



MY unmade bed ... I'm originally from the English Lakes, my girlfriend Myrtle is under the bed. It took some doing i.e. getting her under because their wool is hard to grab because of the slippy lanolin. Meg, Joss Naylor's sheepdog would have been handy (see our book, *The Atomic Shepherd* www.frankie-lassut.com). They're my pink silk undies, which went down well (not like that!) when I was in hospital not long ago. I crapped in them when I wasn't well, but washed them, a tragic mistake for this piece. I realise now to my utter despair that I shouldn't have washed them, oh what a fool I am.

But a filthy bed? That's just something to fade in comparison to MY prize exhibit, it's like Damien Hirst's shark ... I have my Grandma preserved in a fish tank full of formaldehyde (everyone thinks she's up the graveyard ... well, she was).

My loner friend, Damien Cursed (not Hirst) bought a rubber Grandma online, which looks just like one of those rubber chickens, but longer. He bent the legs and wrapped fuse wire around them so it looked like they had been broken and folded, so she would fit in the fish tank (the legs are actually modern art). He cut the beak off with a Stanley knife and stuck on a rubber nose from the joke shop, and it looked just like his scrawny Gran. He put a black sheet over the aquarium, just like they do in that boring water immersion trick and then would reveal it/her when he had visitors, some of which fainted.

He taped himself breaking some sticks of celery and plays the recording over his quadrophonic stereo system and tells the same people it is the noise of her legs breaking as he folded them to get her in the three foot tank of Formaldehyde, which is what they put dead people in sometimes, or pigs with two heads (people fainted again when they heard the celery go scrruunnncchhhh). Mine's real though. She left a letter to be put in one of those little explanation frames on the front of the tank ... which said

Dear Sicko Ghoul Viewer

I asked my dear, sweet, cute as a button (not a toggle) grandson Frankie to put me in this tank of formaldehyde (after I'd croaked of course), the tank formerly belonged to my goldfish Prudence, who got scoffed by her boyfriend Mike the Pike). I asked him because, apart from him being hung then put in Madame Tussauds for this heinous crime, I always wanted to work in an art gallery, the chamber of horrors in Tussauds, or staring through the weeds in a large tank in the Scotland Yard's Black Museum. There would be a note on the front saying 'Do you want to be a Dead Bod Squad policeman? Can you spot the lost body? If you can, please tell the Sergeant and he will give you an application form' ... a novelty exhibit you'll understand if there isn't enough room on the form for your bullshit, please use a separate sheet).

I think it would have been good to have a crowd staring through the glass, and somehow make my body fart (air hose?), as they sometimes do.

Yours Ima Kwite Green (literally)

Well, nobody would have my prize exhibit, not even the Birmingham Sea Life Centre, a favourite place of mine ... so, I decided to do a more practical Damien Hirst inspired idea, spot pictures (please don't get confused between Cursed and Hirst). I do also have a graffiti friend called Clanksy, who is easy to confuse with Banksy. Clanksy walks around with a beige sheet over him because he doesn't want anyone to know who he is, just like Banksy, who is actually in a nut house (under a sheet).

I went around his house the other day, he was cutting eye holes in his sheet because he had bashed his head on a lamp post ... he did have a very large lump on his forehead (and a broken nose). He said he had had some good ideas for graffiti art after he had given his temporal lobe such a good shaking.

My mate Damien decided to give this particular idea i.e. spot pictures a go, because for a start, he didn't have to think very much; which is always a good thing where most humans are concerned (40 years in a job where no thinking is required is almost orgasmic to some).

He's made a few quid with his spot pictures. His last one sold at a car boot sale for the record price of £4.75, which really isn't bad, extremely good in fact (he got a bottle of strong cider and immediately did another after three glasses). But, inspired, I decided to go one better, of course. I decided to let my inbuilt genius run wild.

If you were to buy a Cursed (Damien, not Voodoo) framed picture, it would now cost about five to six quid, as he is becoming more popular. But my idea means all you have to do is buy a frame with probably some white paper in it, and stare at it through my specially designed glasses; it saves you a fortune. I found that spots are hard to draw and colour in with decent felt tips, never mind paint. I tried a compass but got a hole right in the centre of each one, and drawing around a ten pence coin is really difficult. In the end, I bought some spots from Rymans.



The specs to look at, pretty snazzy to the observer, who thinks, 'who's that nutter?'. I can see these going for at least a quid at a car boot sale.



You see, put them on and stare at a white wall, or a frame with white card in it ... instant spot picture. Saves you a bloody fortune.

These next glasses (I'm on a roll now) are for depressed people (unlucky badstars) who want to appear lucky so they can mix with lucky people to see if any of that luck rubs off. Wear these amongst the normal crowd of unluckies you associate with, the unlucky depressed badstars will soon hate you, so don't be surprised if you get the occasional slapping, or dirty looks at work. Never ever go into the Inland Revenue headquarters with a pair on.



I'm a lucky badstar. The 'I'm Lucky' glasses again! Brill, aren't they.

I heard an Abraham Hicks recording on one of their voyages. The guy in the hot seat asked ... "will we see the whales on this voyage?"

Abraham, through Esther replied ... "No we will not, the whales have been harpooned by a whaling fleet, plus a few fur seal pups have had their heads smashed in with baseball bats, although the pattern of the blood in the snow could make a nice, good feeling abstract art picture for someone's wall."

In view of this sort of human behaviour I may invent 'Whale Specs'. In the right eye the whale is jumping from the water like they do, just think a fat bastard jumping from the shallows in joy, and in the other lens a big splash. I could get my mate Prince Harry to drop a large boulder from his Chinook for that one. All you would have to do is close one eye and open the other for a novel one frame whale jumping movie.

And that was the refreshment period, talking art.

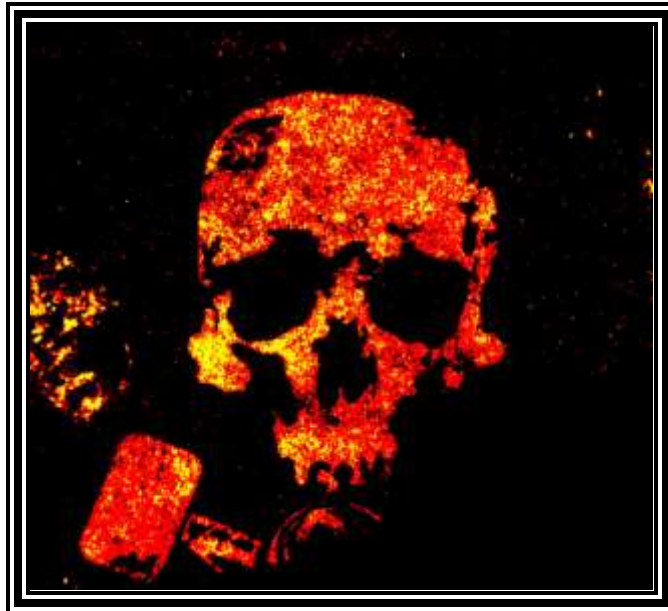
Now back to the mumbo jumbo

No, hang on a sec. Just up the road from the seeds, I came across this ...



It's plastic. It was by a lamp post and I thought: what if a pissed/ drugged up Goth walks past in the night when the lamp was on with its eerie orange glow? What happens when his brain gets hold of it c/p with magic mushroom?

How about.....



Snazzyyyy!

If you live in a city but crave the seaside, I have a solution for you. It's easy, bring the seaside to you.

Each day then, you can go to the loo side, you just have to make it a little sea eee ...

Then you can go, sit there, and sing ...

'Oh I do like to be beside the loo side

Oh I do like to be beside the loo

Oh I do like to walk along the corridor

Then go in and have a good stiff number two.'



Ok, end of refreshment segment. Don't have nightmares.

Where were we? Having to feel good to attract nice good feeling things via the Law of Attraction, using the Art of Allowing. Allowing basically meaning, avoiding the collecting of negative energy which is called 'resistance'.

But, I want something to make me feel good when I feel bad because I haven't got that something that would feel good if I had it. If ONLY I had it! God you bastard! I said a fucking prayer! Are you deaf?! What are you?! A fucking miser or something?! All those mansions in the country house! When is enough enough!? Surely you can't live in them ALL AT ONCE! Now we humans, some of us! Demand!

You get your hand in your pocket! Bloody manifestation skinflint! Ever thought of auditioning for Scrooge?! Or Fagin?!

It was Eric Eineinst, who got together with Hephien Stawkins who saved the day. Eric had read Einstein's book Theory of Relativity ... but, he read it when he was doing yoga, stood on his head, with a googly glass magnifying glass in his hand, reading the googly words backwards and missing out every third word. The rumoured secret hidden book was revealed to him.



The pair built a hologram Meta camera which works on the principle of interruption patterns and flew it several times around the world taking cool pictures which could be illuminated with a powerful laser light and projected into space. This was then carried to another dimension of another Universe using a dimension hopping gate that worked on a chip circuit similar to a microwave oven. This gate they used to form and then travel to another dimension, where the camera was put into hologram projector mode. As a result, a full sized earth appeared, plus a moon which they had photographed too, having been given a hand by aliens, who thought it was more fun than playing pool at NASA all day and deffo more fun than having things shoved up their arses at Area 51 by serious looking scientists who knew zero jokes (even they began to wonder what was up an arse that was so interesting?).

They then filmed, on an ordinary camera, for the news, an alien craft hovering ten feet above the hologram earth and dropping a large rock, which just fell right through the hologram of course (it is probably still falling? Eric looked at Hephien and said "What now buddy?"

"Ah, ween eed the vibration Meta module, itzzzzz on myd esk, cany ou nip back and get id for me please?"

Eric did, and it was fitted into the centre of the earth in a very clever way which I can't tell you or Area 51 people will get me.

Everything in the Universe vibrates and the vibration detector translators in our body tell us it's solid you see. Mumbo jumbo? Sure, of course it is (tell no one or they will just call you a twat).

The new earth was suddenly physical, with everything the other earth had, a few dimensions away. They then fitted the Gravityometer and loosed a few cylinders of Ozone Layer which was a nice blue colour, plus some atmosphere they had made in the Cambridge UNIVERSITY Labs. You see, science can be fun, it isn't all shit. This new earth was shown on earth TV and loads of people said "Huh! What mumbo jumbo, that's in the middle of the desert, you know, that new one that used to be the tropical rain forests."

The last box was one that Hephien Stawkins had knocked up in his bait time, helped a little by Stephen Fry who popped in to pick up a couple of honorary degrees for something or other, something like, his knowledge of JK Rowley's armpit hair, or her uncle Barry, who everyone called Arry, who was actually a Potter in Somerset. This box was the Universe Law box, which had been turned on to Abraham's favourite bollocks piss take, the Law of Attraction (yeah right, and I suppose my body is made from particles which are non-physical energy too! Get a proper job Abe, stop living in delusion).

Some people on the other earth, men that is and some lesbians, had black eyes, because if they shouted mumbo jumbo too loud and quickly at the TV set, it came out as the all too easy to say jumbo bummo, and their wives and partners heard and gave them a smack in the eye.

A dimension hop port was built on earth and millions came to the only planet of sense, where things gravitated towards people who felt bad in order to make them feel better ... how good is that, what a fair friend! People loved the Law of Opposite Attraction. At last, the new earth was perfect, most people wanted off the other one. It was generally believed that God had screwed up with the other one. They could now have whatever they wanted without having to feel good first, because let's face it, feeling good isn't natural, it is the pastime of the deluded.

A Big Exodus.

It was very dark all the time. Eric noticed this and then it hit him. He nipped back for a couple of days and photographed the Sun with the camera, perfect! What a pair of knob heads, fancy missing the bloody Sun out of the equation. How would people see?! The queues were worse than those at city cash points on pay day and benefits day.

Soon, the new earth was populated, while the other one was short of a few humans, because it was crap and didn't work properly. Feel good to get good! LOL! What a CRAP law! It isn't a law, it's a bleeding joke!

There was even better news. With the old rubbish mumbo jumbo bitter pill Law of Attraction, there was even a gap of time before manifestation, to help people refine desires, add bits etc., instead of the Universe just giving them, minus 'apps' to unhappy people, which just delayed the fun. This time the gap switch, the meantime switch was set at one week ... how good is that?! People wanted, and so got, lots of stuff, which is fine

But there was a glitch that snook in under the radar, because people's minds were so excited they didn't figure it, as it meant a little bit of fink in duhhhhh. The second glitch was discovered when it was too late i.e. the arrival back lounge (people could come and go when they wished, for five grand a shot), which was built with several Dimension Gates ... but, they couldn't bring anything back with them. Some of them who were used to the old Devil they Knew, wanted to go to the new lovely Devil, so generous earth, get their stuff, and bring it back ... that pissed a few off, but they couldn't bring something created under one law into another law, it would burn their fingers.

Apart from that glitch, can YOU see the other one?

A good time for a segment of refreshment!

A good law

It isn't for everyone, but for those who fancy a go, the Art of Allowing is the life blood of wellbeing and the Law of attraction. It takes time and some practice and, probably the loss of some friends and a feeling of being as welcome here as a fart in a spacesuit. Maybe you'll be seen as a nutcase? It's a matter of learning the art of speaking another language, the language of appreciation, starting with yourself and working outwards i.e. beginning inside and then expanding. What is required is a passion for life, even if your football team loses.

Some people make this into a way of life, which it would naturally become, but that happens anyway ... so, why not make it a hobby?

The ball ... nothing to lose.

A guy and his girlfriend were around the house doing some work. I already knew them and did speak a little. He has cancer. I was going to explain to him the PORE1 principle of halving the ball. I placed the glass marble on the table, but because some of Coventry is built on mines, the frack effect is in operation and the ball rolled off and fell into the old, disused fireplace. I heard the giggling as the cast of Don't be Afraid of the Dark claimed their new toy. Oh bugger, prop gone, now what? I wasn't going to get a rope and climbing gear, simply because I have seen the film and, well, they might be aliens (they're everywhere) and I didn't want the old fire poker up my ass with the new hi-tech digital hyper end on it. He would just have to use his imagination. And that is the beauty of wellbeing, you don't need any equipment, you already have it i.e. you have a mind and guidance (emotions) from the invisible part of you, the part which owns the body, the part known better as mumbo jumbo. Personally, I always carry a notepad and pen ... my ideas kit. Good ideas come in the shower when one is chilling, and that's a pain. I then came to discover Aqua Scribe, which is a website that sells things such as the wunderbar waterproof notebook, which enables me to write in the shower. So really, to trial period it, you have nothing really to lose, and, if you're pissed off and are already losing your mind ... you might just get it back. Why don't you, for a little while, make wellbeing's way of thinking (no Devil, no commandments, no sin, no punishment, except here ... no goodies, you have to be a lucky badstar for those).

The hard bit for most people is feeling good with nothing to feel good about

Isn't the Earth Bootiful! (?)

The earth is a beautiful place. In PORE 1, the idea that we forget when we come here in our energy bodies, and so we forget who we are and where we come from and especially why we come (so we have the pleasure of remembering or creating). Some of us (a lot) feel bad in the contrast, but we can't be here without it. It might be great on another place where the desires come before we're ready, and so that good feeling doesn't last long. It's a sick idea that we would even consider going someplace else, we would just wreck it again ... a pointless train of thought.

One little girl stood in the queue with her mummy and daddy. She was very sad, almost depressed over them arguing because of the glitch, which was actually a Godsend glitch.

The earth though, unlike the new LOA opposite operation one, has a soul and therefore a vibe, which is of course mumbo jumbo, but it sounds good. Humans, even dimensions away can feel this vibe, calling.

She felt the earth soul vibe and it felt good, the call of home is loud ... and it drew her soul towards it, so her body had to follow with her magical mind ... as a result of this vibrational attraction, without thinking about it, she clicked her heels together three times and said ...

"There's no place like home."

In a few hours she was atomised and heading back through curved time and inter dimensional space.

End of Pore 2, hope you enjoyed.

And now:

PORE 3

TIMBERRRRRRRRRRRR!

Hi

PORE means Physical Object Reverse Engineering, which means when any (any) physical object is taken to its smallest parts, there is no solidity, only energy. Makes you think about this big solid world we live on, well doesn't it?

See if you agree. 'Generally, as a rule of thumb, if someone laughs at something, they probably find it funny, and so they feel good. Correct? There is a wellbeing technical explanation, but it lays out of this physical world arena in the land of mumbo jumbo. If though a problem can be laughed at, it becomes easier to solve, agreed?

With that in mind ...

Fun in the rainforest

Funny little tragic story first to get you in the mood:

A lad who lives in the same house as me walked home the other night, and ended up being grabbed by some bloke and had a knife held at his throat. All tragic and stuff, anger with his spliff pals, unbelievable etc., 'this place is getting worse (it isn't, but they would never understand mumbo jumbo like vibrational attraction). I thought he could have treated the incident like the loo in a very expensive hotel. First of all, he could have said to the bloke 'yes please, a shave, you're very efficient, bordering on psychic ... in position with the cut throat even before I'd asked. Now move the blade accordingly please, and I hope it has been sharpened as well as a Hanso Samurai sword'.

Afterwards, and yes, it's hard to look at your face in a mirror in the dark ...

'Do you have a choice of aftershaves please?'

That would have done it ... one way or the other, but it would have introduced light heartedness for sure.

If feeling good is the most important thing we can do because it means we're on friendly terms with the invisible part of us, which is the mumbo jumbo part which owns the body i.e. MY body, then isn't it a good idea to laugh at things that make us angry, or worry us? That could mean we, if we laugh properly, which means we feel good, that certainly dispels the fear, and if the fear is exorcised, it can't then pull in whatever it is we're fearing on the end of that invisible rope. If you can do that when others are worried or whatever, you may get called Not Normal, and if they know you feel good because you're connecting with your inner being, you may also be branded a mumbo jumbo-ist. To me, that's a compliment, to others it produces a fear that they may lose family and friends when the word gets out that you're nuts.

Normal people are not sickness/illness (mentally) people. Anyone in this society who is not normal, which is a mental illness as far as normal people are concerned, the level of which governs whether not normal people need help or not from people in white. So what 'are' not normal people then? What is the opposite? Could it be 'natural'? Nudity isn't normal, but it is natural isn't it? **This stuff is easier to write after coming in from the pub.**

So, is it normal, natural or mad? It must be natural if it isn't normal? ... To laugh at something lots of humans fear?

YES! Of course it is (all this before I've sniffed the barmaid's apron, and to sniff such a thing, is it normal or natural?). Comedians do it all the time. They talk about disasters of one form and another and the audience howls ... but 'you' have to try and do it with real feel good humour, because that's the only healer of the situation, and, as you know, a war on drugs just makes the problem bigger.

To genuinely laugh uses the power of mumbo jumbo and the invisible bit of you, which likes mumbo jumbo, being made of the same stuff, does the rest ... rest assured.

Just think, if mumbo jumbo is valid, which it must be because normal people use it against natural people and there is no invisible part that is the actual us, then when we say 'my body', we are referring to nothing, which makes the body a real mystery and we can only point at it and say 'body'. Scary. We can't say 'my' if there is no 'my'. Just a slab of meat with a mind ... incredible.

So, not to be worried by fear ... Fun with Deforestation

On the entertaining programme 'I Bought a Rainforest', the guy, the total Charlie Hamilton James, a hero in the way of human progress, who bought it, had to stand back and watch an old mahogany tree being felled to make tables and chairs. This was met with negative reactions, which was, in mumbo jumbo terms, their invisible body owner disagreeing with their negative type thought reactions, but their normal minds don't do mumbo jumbo so that information in thought form wasn't available to them. Their invisible parts wanted its body to feel good, but to get that the mind had to agree with it ... and of course, few minds did, so mass negative energy was produced which will hold the activity of deforestation in place ... ahhhh! I just get so turned on when I spout such mumbo jumbo shit (Orgasmic!).

The frogs and bugs which had their homes on the tree were forced to leave their residence and then try and find somewhere else to crash and hope that the DIHSS (Department of Insect Health and Social Security) would give them some benefit to help them with their rent. A frog pays its treelord four Brazilian cockroaches a week and one cockroach and a small Brazilian silk moth is usually given as an entitlement. But, here's a good question; who, in the western world, with bills, gives so much as a shit about a Brazilian tree frog? Do you? Really? But you may be scared of not being able to breathe fresh air ...????

I bought some birdseed to feed the feral pigeons under the ring road. This older gen guy, when he heard, said 'you feed that vermin? Rats with wings!' I could not help but remind the silly old fart that the birds were the same family as the ones which delivered lifesaving messages in the wars, and, that the only vermin was him ... he walked off. That wasn't quite mumbo jumbo, but it still felt good.

In our daily lives, we don't give a shit about rain forests, do we? Do we bollocks. Why would we, they're miles away and they're only trees anyway. But, even if we did, what can we do about it? Eh? ... what are YOU willing to do about it? Go shoot loggers? They could be stuffed and put in people's gardens here, make unusual decor, better than gnomes.

What's the chances of you or your kids ever seeing a rainforest? Nil? Don't worry, you can watch the show on TV (and there is plenty of room for improvement to make it good entertainment).

Nothing! I'm willing with a massive whinge to pay the bills, that's all. You may say, because it has 'nothing to do with me'. People are only bothered because they think breathing air is going to run out. There are countries where the breathing air is so polluted that people have to wear filter masks now

anyway, so, get a filter mask ... and don't worry, soon someone will come up with oxygen cylinders to screw into them. All people will have to do is arrange trips to the shops to buy their mahogany furniture, and on the same trip kill the second bird with the same stone and purchase of a bottle of top up air ...

'A one day cylinder, one week? Or a fortnight madam?' ... That's where we're headed, so laugh, there will be designer purpose built masks, maybe with mobiles built in! It is going to be great! Orgasmic!

What if it becomes possible to plug a pair of 3DTV goggles in and watch a 3D movie while you are pedalling a bike in heavy traffic. In court, which will be held in intensive care, the person in traction will be able to say ... 'he/she knocked me off my bike when I was watching a good bit in Wolf of Wall Street! It's HER fault!'

A mate said to me today something about this subject. Our oxygen comes from those leaves, which are little conversion units, so, what was he going to do about it? The same as a lot of others, use negative made energy complaining about something they're going to do naff all about, because there is nothing to be done, except insist the government step in ... that should work.

The best energy is the energy of fun, so smile at it and feel good about it, that's the only solution, and even that won't bring the trees back. It will just keep it where it is, unless God does one of these Biblical things and plants some full grown specimens one night ...

So there you go, after you've waved the board, signed a petition, put a quid in a charity save the trees tin, ... then have a good time with it, because therein lies your power with your powerful inner self, the power in the Mumbo Jumbo labelled department of the human mind. The labelling system works the same when a kid is labelled 'autistic' ... now that IS mumbo jumbo.

Back to the programme ...

The tree had to go because it was right in the middle of the cricket pitch the loggers were making with machetes. The trunk base was right in the middle of the green (I'm told that's what the wicket strip is called), which made it a bit awkward, except if a bowler could get a good spinny googly making bounce off the remainder of the trunk. Cricket is therefore difficult in such areas, but, how fortunate it wasn't golf. What a thought. Well that is nigh on impossible as the ground is too uneven. This unevenness is accentuated by the number of trees, which makes it pretty hazardous for the spectators who are usually protestors. If a logger is a good amateur, what if he whacks a brill drive AT 280 MPH, and it hits a tree? Ricochets like a bullet, hits another tree etc? ... What of spectator's heads? The tree was dropped in this case to make the game more interesting by having the base in the middle of the first green, which is good planning. The logger would play up to within chipping distance and then chip on the trunk which would be turned into a crazy golf setup, perhaps with the hole in the middle, what a good idea (ting!), it certainly beats a boring tree. Just think, if the tree was still there and the golfer was trying to play a ball right at the base with a six iron and couldn't get the head of the club positioned correctly or if the tree would affect the back swing, what if a hungry mahogany panther dropped on him ... you cannot discount these valid ideas. And no, he can't use a tree iron, that's only in Ireland.

Protestors by the way get bits of wood to make protest boards from the wood yard where the logged trees are cut (where else? B&Q?). Polished mahogany boards are popular, and after the protest, some protestors take them apart to make lovely furniture.

Getting a grass-cutter to work properly when tending the greens is a hell of a job, except if there is a crazy trunk golf base ... trees are very useful, but only if used for the purpose they were first designed for (or fore?) ... fore making golf more interesting in Rainforests The waste bit i.e. the rest of the trunk is expendable, in a useful sort of way.

However, back to the felling of the tree that just simply grew in the wrong place. It was rather boring and I for one was expecting a more exciting 'timberrrrrr'. I thought it was a bit like the let down splash wise when throwing a shopping trolley into a shallow city stream or pond. So a hundred year wait, then a big let down ... was it all worth it? Worse still, not all trees are that big, so they are extra boring. The job description in the job centre says, get to chop trees down producing a lot of noise, which is very exciting ... what a lie!

Some viewers I guess felt bad, sat there in a lovely leather armchair, tinny in hand thousands of miles away, feet up, in that armchair made of? And their mahogany dining table where they entertain. But it wasn't me, not guilty, I'm just laughing at it because it feels better than being sad or angry, and really, who gives a flying fart about trees? (I do actually, but I'm speaking generally). But, I was, like millions probably ... guilty of failing to be who I really was ... that intelligent, vibration based creative energy

entity; in denial. I therefore felt sad, angry and especially helpless; but that's an illusion caused by forgetfulness. Here's the law of mumbo jumbo ... 'like energy attracts like energy'. Condemnation, anger etc., shouting 'don't chop down our forests!' at the TV set may seem a fulfilling way of saying no, because anger is a sexy beast. But the Universe is fully inclusive and doesn't know 'no', or 'don't'. What we were really shouting with our vibrations created by our thoughts was ... chop down our forests, and so, the Universe was complying with our instructions. It is kinda simple, you have to admit.

We should pat ourselves on the backs for a job well done ... don't blame the loggers, they are our servants answering our non-audible call (well it is audible, but only bats can hear it and then only if they're into wellbeing and not Long Eared Mumbo Jumbo Bats).

You can't condemn a situation and then hope it changes. It's like feeding the ducks on a pond and then complaining about the number of ducks stood around looking at you hoping for some bread. Throwing bread and saying "ducks, please go away" is sure to work.

"Doctor, every time I scratch my arm here, it hurts like hell."

"That doctor is useless, I said 'every time I scratch my arm here, it hurts like hell.' Know what he said? He said 'don't scratch then'. I'm going to see another one tomorrow. I need some pills to stop the itch on the red scratched skin."

I forgot the nature of the soul, the invisible energy that is what each one of us is. We are power, unbelievable power, the power to the square route of Unlimited ... do we remember it? Nope, do we believe it if we remember it? ... Not yet; obviously ...

Good time for a segment of refreshment.

A poem ...

An old growth tree is unspectacularly felled

It's time to celebrate!

Not to seccumb to exhausting 'normal' 'usual' anger

Fury or hate

A tree chopped down is time to cheer

Drink a toast to the world, raise a glass of beer

A few trees gone will not make a difference

We've done it for a lot of years, with total indifference

Bit by bit, we munch away,

I didn't do it, it wasn't me

All forests old, to be seen no more

Maybe it's our exit door (well most do hate their lives anyway)

But something will happen if we can feel good

It's the only way, it's in our soul's blood

Feel good as much as we can

It's the only way for Homo Sappy 'happy' Man.

Why didn't you cheer like a kid watching the Council workers chopping down a (diseased ... great excuse) tree in the park when it fell in all the spectacularness a falling tree is supposed to bring. Or, did it fail miserably to entertain?

All the animals that lost their home are well known as vermin by humans, furry and feathered filth of the highest order, (vermin is cute when it's albino though) so what did it matter? In another breath I could say that the tree was energy and energy can neither be created or destroyed, but the energy is there at the atomic level and beyond, yet the tree is effectively destroyed and will now become other things, for humans. The trunk could be used by a young couple in love, making their first home, using wood in the roof to construct the illegal rave club and marijuana farm ... what's wrong with that? Nothing you would say. Fair enough. You maybe consider thinking that if people who use wood on their houses are wrong, but don't do it if you have the same ... let he who has not sinned ... to me, that famous statement is worse, let HE who has ... what if it was 'Let She who has not sinned ... cast the first self-protecting from any

blame ... critical statement ... and that's why the Bible scribes said Jesus said 'he'... argue that one with any church official or anyone else who makes money from it; God has a big wage roll. I'm sure God won't hate me for saying that, she has a great sense of humour.

Circus Lumberjack

So how about doing the pack of sweets trick i.e. mother buys a bag of sweets, kids pester and pester for them. Eventually she is fed up and gives them the packet ... 'here, have them then that's that!'

I went to a poetry night one time, which was bland until someone read out a Haiku and nearly turned me to alcohol (I love Haikus) ... but, the guy who read out one he had written to save the whales was the best. It was complete with whale sounds made by him. Fabulous, BGT material. When it was over, the boss said 'what did you think? The piece is going to be put to music to Save The Whales, and we would like to offer our support John ... clap clap clap ...

I said 'maybe we should support killing every last whale'...

'Why?!' Was the response.

'Then people would stop moaning about them.

All the Laureates went red and I thought the Haiku man was going to explode. There were a few comments and I never returned. It was a great night. They all ignore me when they see me now, although I think they have started to croak (LOL!).

So, my proposal is that the effort to clear the forests is trebled and, where the mahogany trunks are, my idea can be set up. The cleared forest around them can be used for spectator seating and, we can have a circus style show.

This solution may sound wacky, so it must be good. I call it the 'Spectacular Falling Tree'. I'll try and draw diagram later, but I'm no artist. No, forget it. The thought of drawing it is too horrible, so please use your imagination.

The first thing needed here is the base, probably strong concrete with the mechanicals inside. Attached to the mechanical bits is a big powerful engine. Not being an engineer, I'll guess here. The tree will be made from a shaped metal framework and have steel sides which will have weights on the side that will be falling first if you know what I mean. Because when a real tree falls, the circus is ruined by the branches that hit the ground first which tend to cushion it, aided by the undergrowth. The offending branches will be fixed by ball and socket joints to the main tree, these will be lifted and locked in place; overtime for the loggers!

Halfway along the trunk, in the tree, will be a large water tank, with outlet pipes on the side of the trunk. Upon impact, the water will be put under great pressure and will then shoot spectacularly into the air as though the tree has fallen into a pond ...

There will also be dynamite charges along the inside of the trunk which will blow out of explosion exhaust pipes upon impact, making huge, spectacular, earth shaking bangs. But that's not all, the side of the tree that doesn't hit the ground will have a long sliding door in it, and just after impact, there will be a firework rocket display to celebrate another old growth tree gone. After the show, the engine will be started and the tree will be pulleyed upright again, pinned into place, ready for the next show to satisfy the tree falling lust of humans thousands of miles away with TV sets ...

THE BEAUTIFUL POWER OF MUMBO JUMBO

What you have your attention on, you will create through the infinite power of mumbo jumbo, especially if it is negative, because working type humans have powerful negative emotion developed by devoted practice over thousands of years, and lousy positive emotion control about things they want (correct that isn't it?). You feel bad about the planetary rain forest deforestation, your negative attention will make the problem bigger by the law of the mumbo jumbo Universe (mumbo jumbo says it isn't a living thing). The biggest problem really is watching the programme about it, because it makes you feel angry or sad, you would be better off watching Mock the Week. You manage to feel good about it en masse, (consistently) then something positive 'has' to happen (as it already has in the mumbo jumbo future, just like the fishermen's fate when big J said cast your nets over the other side, if he knew, it must have already happened, in an invisible sort of way in his creative mind). but, that's impossible because it requires too many minds, half of which drop trash on the street and live in shitty homes ... but that's how

Uri Geller works on TV isn't it? If you insist on watching deforestation on TV, well, if it is natural to feel good, why feel bad? Why? You're gonna die at any time (we with human minds don't know that one to hand), so if you could die at any time, why not make a bit of effort to feel good? After all, you are only seeing vibrating energy that was created by your own mind anyway, and all that Jazz -- Mumbo.

Mass minds learning to feel good to bring the next positive change in evolution about? What are the chances? Dogs and No? The best bit is, it doesn't matter what you feel good about, anything will do.

It's called the Hundredth Mumbo Jumbo Monkey, look it up ... and when you do, it won't work to swing the balance unless enough people feel good ... energy balance mumbo you see.

Oh, the orgasmic power of Mumbo Jumbo

Good time for a segment of refreshment, your head must be hurting ...

Next bit. Do you think deforestation and related shit belongs only to humans? Think again, it also happens in fantasy.

The Creativity of MoominPapa.

This is what could/might, may have happened if author Tove Jansson had enjoyed a spliff and had been in a funny mood. But, I'll do it for her, I might enjoy it.



Well lookee here! Obviously she isn't a cynic.

Moominpappa, a fine, respected figurehead of the beautiful, unspoilt Moominvalley, walked into the living room of Moomin house from the garden, he had been writing his memoirs and he had an inch thick pile of A4 sheets under his arm, describing his shopping exploits with Moominmama.

'Been writing your memoirs papa?' asked Moomintroll, who was sat in the armchair reading Moominlife magazine. Yes son, although they're a bit of a boring read up to now, all I have in them for the last twenty years is my 'went shopping with Moominmamma.'

'And what's wrong with going shopping with me?!' came the disgruntled voice from the kitchen (Moominmamma was in the kitchen making pine needle sandwiches which protect tummies from processed food and tasteless tomatoes).

Moominpappa looked scared and confused, as he knew what a complete bitch Moominmamma could be when disgruntled, so he shouted back ... 'Nothing dear, some of our best times together have been when shopping.' 'Ok! Shouted Moominmamma, but, I have to punish you, so, no up close and personal for six months! Moominpappa breathed a big sigh of relief. He couldn't believe his luck. Only a

week ago she passed the same punishment sentence, he couldn't remember why, but as his sentences ran consecutively, that was now a twelve month withdrawal of pleasure ... 'I'm a very lucky old Moomin' he said to himself under his breath, with the slightest chuckle.

The Snork Maiden then walked in. She approached her 'boyfriend' Moomintroll and kissed him on the cheek, "Good morning my darling." she said. Moomintroll blushed, he was very shy, especially of girls.

"Let's go for a walk in the forest and listen to the birds (and the screams of dying small mammals)" suggested the Snork Maiden, I need the exercise as I need to lose weight for our wedding. 'Wedding!?' Thought Moomintroll. That was the first he had heard. "Ok" he said and they bided their farewells. Everyone then got on with their days. Moominpappa went upstairs to his study with his memoirs and Moominmamma went back to the kitchen to practice new recipes with pine needles.

That evening, Moominpappa sat by the hearth making notes for his memoirs ... he wrote ... "went shopping with dearest Moominmamma on Saturday, but not sure about these self-service things, all the Moomin till girls and boys are going to be out of work and that will probably mean less forest creatures needed to stack shelves."

Moominmamma sat there mixing a bowl of dough to which she had added some forest anemone petals, which were good for constipation***, which Snufkin had been complaining about for the last couple of days 'what's constipation?! Asked Sniff, in his excited high pitched voice at the breakfast table that very morning.

'It's when you can't shit Sniff', answered Snufkin.

'Please!' Piped the Snork Maiden, 'there's a lady present'

'Where?' said Moomintroll ... and she gave him daggers.

It should be known that Moomintroll and the Snork Maiden are like Kermit and Miss Piggy although the Maiden has never karate chopped Moomintroll on page (no one knows their private concerns).

Moominpappa then said "Moomintroll, may I see you in my study for a few moments please.

"Yes of course Papa." replied Moomintroll. He then asked the Snork Maiden if she wouldn't mind doing some flower arranging for a while, while he went to chat with his father.

"Not at all, I like the fact that you are going to have a man to man meeting with your father at last, he can see you're grown up now you see."

(Moomintroll then felt very important)

***the reader should know, because it's interesting, that the Moomin forests were full of forest nymph farts after eating pine needles for constipation after drinking slug slime Tequila.

Moomintroll was ushered into the study by his father. The first thing he noticed was the aroma of a fine pipe tobacco (his father only smoked the finest). He looked around the study (no one but his father had ever been in there, save a group of fine upstanding looking Moominpappas to other families no doubt. When they visited Moominmamma was always going upstairs to the study carrying pots of Moomin Forest Folia tea and biscuits ... pine needle flour crunchies with raisins and flavoured with Moomin lavender. His Father's desk, the large oak table and the floor were all covered in piles of typewritten paper.

"What are all the piles of writing papa?" asked Moomintroll.

"They're my memoirs son, I have had a long eventful life up to now. So how do you feel son?"

"I'm ok papa, but, some Moomins are talking about a book of Humanland??"

"Yes son, that's true. This one we're appearing in now is called, or was called Finn Family Moomintroll. The human version is called Dysfunctional Family Huminkind, although the i should be an a I think, maybe the author is doolally.

We appear in another called Comet in Moominland, theirs is about some people who go on a night out in Ibiza and see a comet through their drunken haze, it's called Vomit in Humanland.

"Do humans have names papa and not only 'Huminkind', like I have Moomintroll. I may one day like my own identity."

"Yes son, they do."

"Well, if mama and yourself were to have given me a human name, what would it have been?"

"We did discuss it, and your mother suggested 'Wendy'."

"Wendy?! But isn't that a human female's name, it sounds like one."

“It is son and, the reason why? It’s a tough, hard and cruel world son, and your mother thought that if you had a girls name you would be almost forced to fight and toughen up, or forever be the coward of Moominland, it turned her into a professional worrier, you see, she won’t always be there to wipe your mouth and face with her hanky in front of all the vicious trolls who may slap you for being a cissy. But, as it is you are just named a troll to keep you just the same as the common mass of trolls around here and you can just be one of the crowd ... she stopped spitting on that hanky when you were 12, you were getting slapped too often and were in a neck brace for a while which scared her. When you’re older and live separate from the working trolls and have my businesses, then you can choose another name, something such as Shirley, which your mother also likes, to keep you tough anyway; you may also want to attend boxing classes, but, it’s best to run, unless you carry a shank of course.

“Do mother and you have human identity names?”

“We do son, hers is Mildred and I am Horace, names for special private use you will understand.”

“What do you actually do papa, apart from your memoirs that is?”

“Well son, I have my finger in many pies, which one day will be yours. Firstly, I have interests in the Krill market.

“What are Krill papa?”

“Little saltwater shrimp which larger marine life live on.”

“Really! Well, good on them, they don’t have supermarkets like we have, do they.”

“Ah but son. Us trolls need the Krill. They contain omega 3 which us trolls need for brain development when we are young, or we grow up thick as pig’s doo dahs and we can’t get proper jobs and then our children get silly ideas about getting jobs they ‘enjoy’, such as magicians. Every Moomin knows that you don’t go to work to have a good time and being a magician is airy fairy rubbish. So, we Hoover up the Krill in big ships, extract the oil and sell it to Moomins as an essential supplement for their kids, everyone wants the very best for their young you see son.”

“So, don’t you have a job where you aren’t happy papa?”

“No son, I have a superb portfolio and millions of Moomin pounds in the bank, offshore for Moomin tax reasons. We will soon be going on a Mameluke hunt as a pod has been seen offshore, they must be killed as they do actually eat Krill together with fish ... it is the same problem as penguins, seals and whales, all must go if the Moomin trolls are to survive and progress into the happy future in a Moominland that will eventually be industrialised. One day, Moominland will be called after the Human Brummie district, the Black Countrooooy because of the soot deposits everywhere. The landscape will not be wasted as it is now i.e. beautiful forests and mountains and crystal streams, oh no, there will be factories as far as the eye can see ... here there are similarities between the book we’re in called Finn Family Moomintroll and the human equivalent Dysfunctional Family Huminkind.

“But papa, Moominvalley is beautiful with its forests.”

“Ah, trees. They are in the way of golf and industry son and will be going in the next few years.”

“Papa!?”

“Oh don’t worry son, you won’t notice. You see, my friends and I are part of Moomin Valley Progress Development, and we have hired a company from a long way away to deforest the valley. Art students at Moomin University will be given the trees and will redesign the trees artily and rebuild one tree using three former trees, which will then be concreted into the ground. The bark will come on a roll of rubber resin and will be wrapped around the length of the tree. There are lots of creatures in the forest which like to chew bark off trees, so to stop this the bark will contain a poison, so they won’t do it twice and ruin ‘our’ forest. Leaves will be provided by Moomin schoolchildren, the Krill Generation, so there is an art project for them too. It’s all Moomin-government sponsored, so I should make a good stash from it with which to pay the bills.”

“Blimey papa, you’ve certainly got a lot going on.”

“Yes son, but that’s not all, I also have a pretty good property portfolio.”

“Property, like Moomin Houses?”

“Well yes, but a more lucrative growing market, student accommodation. You see son, when I was a boy and my memoir A4 pile was only four inches thick, you had to be almost a genius to get into University, so young Moomins who went to private schools and who were given Krill bars and Krill pot noodles etc., with REAL Krill flavour in their lunchbox, or were given such things in their Michelin 7 star canteens always got places, the Moomin riff raff? Who cares? Plenty of them to do the boring, hot and dirty jobs. But now, cleverness doesn’t matter, just as long as the parents are loaded. If their child is thick

and wants to be a doctor? No problemmo, all they do is chuck pills at the person from a catalogue then go home. Peasy!”

“Where do you come in papa?”

“Well son, as Moominland is raised ready for heavy industrialisation, students will need a University AND accommodation. So, my colleagues and I have looked at the Windy Cliffs at the Southern end of Moominland, a popular place apparently for suicide. You see, Moomins who are being forcibly ejected from their homes to make way for the industrial revolution, which will, I am thrilled to say son, include F ...”

“Not ‘Fracking’ papa!”

“Yes son! One day you will be Fracking rich! You can have a big house at the top of Moominvalley and think ‘I own all of that’ ... you will find the smoke from all the hundreds of chimneys very beautiful.”

“OH! I love watching the sea birds flying at the windy cliffs! So beautiful.”

“Well son, beauty isn’t all that profitable, so, the birds will be netted, killed then stuffed and given to Moomin schools, which is a nice idea. Platforms will then be attached to the former nesting cliffs, and small student flat-lets placed on each platform. Their University will be on a permanently anchored luxury cruise ship a few hundred metres off the cliff. On the front of the platform will be the transport pod, all they need do is open the pod door in the morning, climb in and sit in the seat. The crane, which will be on the deck will be used to direct the transport hose to them. The pod will then be sucked up into the hose and be transported under a vacuum to the deck of the University luxury liner. Vice versa will happen at night. And that son, is that. That is your legacy which you will inherit. Now, I must get on with my memoirs and you must get back to your lovely lady.”

Moomintroll bid his father goodbye and they agreed that the family would go on the Mameluke hunt in a month’s time when the Moominland Harpoon Mameluke and whale flensing boat was ready.

He went back down the stairs and into the conservatory where the Snork Maiden was stood with a large Poomincroft vase busy arranging some Moomin roses, Moomin lupins and some forest anemones into a lovely display. He cleared his throat and she turned to face him. “Oh you’re back! How was it?”

“Erm, interesting.” he said “What do you think of trees?”

“Trees? Well, I’ve never quite seen the point of them. I think it would be fantastic if someone was to deforest Moominvalley and then give the trees to Moomin University and let clever talking art students loose in a saw mill and a carpentry workshop. Couldn’t they then chop them up and make them into arty trees, maybe so they look nothing like what they are described as, as art students tend to do? Each new tree could then be concreted into the ground and a little plaque could be put by it with a totally incomprehensible explanation as to what it is depicting? An explanation from the mind of a student, or better still a drunken art professor who lost his marbles years ago? Think of the economy, tourists could be charged to look around the exhibits. We could have some Moomin psychologists handy in case anyone cracked at the arty thinking made real on the information notices with the different exhibits. Gosh yes, and schoolchildren could make leaves to stick on them.

Moomintroll: “Really? What about factories, you know, that new concept that is on the grapevine? Manufacturing, chemical plants, nuclear plants? For the future ...

The Snork Maiden: “Oh yes, I’ve heard about this. I think it’s very exciting news. If Moominvalley is to be industrialised, it will be a few years from now and I think factories, which provide jobs would be a great replacement for boring old trees, why did the God of Moomins make them in the first place? He must have had a headache that day. There again, the art student’s trees will be good for a while, and then it would be easy to bulldoze them to make space. Yes, I was thinking of doing industrial design and space creation at University. If we could also have hypermarkets, I could make some good wedge being an economist and then we could have a lovely wedding and loads of kids ... what do you think?”

Moomintroll though, kids with the Snork Maiden? Hmmm? Snufkin as best man? ... Then a life spent working with his ‘great’ father? A week later, the Sun was out and Moominvalley covered in its beautiful forests looked B ...oooootiful. Moominpappa, in a fabulous mood, sat on the garden swing smoking his pipe, which was filled with the finest Moomin tobacco money could buy, his cigars were airing for later ... held at .678945 degrees below ambient room temperature; his brandy swirled around his brandy glass. Moominmamma was hanging out the washing. Suddenly, Moominpapa’s skull lifted from his ear up and flew off his head. The brain underneath tore almost in half and it wobbled jellylike as it flew through the air also, just like JFKs did in Huminland; his brandy then fell to the floor and Moomin

ants had a right good afternoon. Unfortunately, the brain was stopped by Moominmamma's clean sheet, which it slid down and landed with a wet plop on the grass, narrowly missing a long haired forest nymph who was just minding its own business; it squeaked and ran to the bushes.

Moominmamma screamed and then looked up to Moomintroll's open window ...

"It's all right mother, I only wanted that crazy old bastard ... him and his cronies are going to wreck Moominvalley by hacking down all the trees and then industrialising it, so I had to stop him with my mini war on deforestation.

"But! But! Look at my sheet! Look at it! I've just washed that and now look at it! Now I will have to turn the machine on again! Again! I can't believe it! I work my fingers to the bone for this family! To the bone and what thanks do I get!? Your father's brain down my clean sheet! And where did you get the money to buy that computerised optical/led big game scope and rather beautiful magnum .303 sniper rifle with a Moomin 'Whisper' silencer!? And now who is going to get money to pay all the bills?! You?! You only have a paper round! You stupid littl ...

Her vertebrae crumbled as the crossed bullet entered her mouth, hit flesh, and expanded, the same mouth by the way that had spoken his human name 'Wendy' for the first time ever, the bitch! It passed through her neck at the base of her skull, leaving a small entry hole but a large exit hole.

Moomintroll smiled in satisfaction and reloaded ... he then shouted "Hellooooo! Snork Maiden! My darling! Where are youuuu?! It's Moomy! I have a little gift for you! Come and get it!"

And to this day Moominvalley stands beautiful ... only joking. The whole lot has been tarmacked and now sports some fine Moomin shopping centres, and a processed food factory and a Moomin Mahogany Furniture World, with its 365 day extended Boxing Day Sale. There is a 44000 space car park with park and ride, and a train station, just outside of which stands a fantastic gold plated statue of Moominpappa; the whole place is named after him in his honour; Moominpappa's World. Moomintroll is being questioned by police who insist on calling him Wendy, because they knew his dad who gave them white powder in exchange to beat up any members of the Valley who gave him shit ... so he refuses to answer.

One day Moomintroll escapes after beating the crap out of all the cops, and will eventually be played by Jason Statham, Danny De Vito, or Warwick Davies. Or Jason Statham, and the other two can get into pink pillow cases and play his bollocks.

Laugh, it's only mumbo make believe, a fairy story.

The Power of love to stop Deforestation? After all, ~~love~~ SEX conquers all ...
awwwwwwwwwwwwwww!

All that was needed was a genius, which is not hard to find these days, these wonderful days when a baby can be started earlier on electronic milk, packed with silicone location chips and that stuff which develops brains i.e. aloe vera, but isn't that bog roll? Strange (sounds like mumbo to me).

That stuff that comes in bottles in health food shops made from shrimps which are hoovered up from the sea then made into liquid, turning state schools into places which produce such wisdom after drinking their shrimp flavoured e milk. The good thing is it is like deforesting the sea, which is okay, but more, and much more is the fact that there is no mumbo jumbo, just real realness. Genius is being able to make geniuses from fish stuff. I for one can't believe I have come to earth. I was already here, so nerrr! Thinking I 'came here' is mumbo jumbo ... where from?

Where the hell from?! Never Never Land?! Was I pals with Peter Pan (giggles out loud). I simply, oh so simply picked a genius literally off the street, and she built me the Hornet MK1. Horny had a good range, 25,000 miles, which was the entire circumference of the earth, which was good on 2 AA bats (batteries, not bats ... silly Billy). The distance was measured by me looking forward in an east, north west southerly direction plus 33 degrees to the equator while stood on the Tropic of Capricorn (the Tropic of Cancer is getting Chemo at the mo, so don't bother looking, it's a fruitless search unless you look in a hospital, but it likes its privacy, so I can't disclose 'which' hospital it is in). Funnily enough, genius Lydia was stood right behind me, looking exhausted because she had run it. She did the M thing on her head when she came up the home straight. I would have liked to have seen her do a W, that would have been a good contortion.

The Hornet, 'Horny' was good. He had a head with cameras for eyes that gave a 3D image in terrapixels. Inside it had a canister of our special 'forest preservation love tonic', a very, very strong

Oestrogen mega hormone, with boobass flags on the molecules so they knew where to go quickly with no mucking about like non-flagged molecules. Horny could move very fast so as not to get swatted by a bear paw handed lumber man. All we needed to do was hover around a bit and find out which lumbers were friends.

Basically, we have to decide which one will make the best woman, which was made easier by those who pronounced their S's in a gay way or whom had a lisp. Hairy legs and chests didn't matter, because even if those hairs didn't fall out, they could always be shipped to Birmingham, Alabama, or Birmingham, England ... erm? Let me see. I've been to Birmingham, England and seen women doing last minute shaves in the bottoms of beer cans they had polished with their rough tongues, or bits of broken wing mirror (planes taking off from Airport and hitting others coming in (it's the coffee in the pilots smoke room machine) so they looked alluring when going into the posh bars and pubs to find a man who could cook, clean and look after his mate's baby while she slept or went out.

Horny will then inject him in the jugular with our potion, and that's that. By the time his hand reaches his neck to slap ... Horny is gone. We aren't cruel enough to bother Irish lumbers, as we tried once and he beheaded himself. Horny has a syringe needle as a sting.

When he wakes up in the morning (the very next one, such is the potency of our product), he will look a bit different. Each one injected will turn up for work, but he won't be able to chop anything down with his Paris Hilton designer costume jewel encrusted baby chainsaw. He will have walking on the forest floor with sexy stilettos and tight shorts on and when he leans up against his friends marked tree, licks his lips and says 'hey big boy, wanna have some fun in the equipment cabin?' and wobbles her magnificent moobs (proper moobs too!) ... what do you reckon reader?

In no time, they will be too knackered to work, and then when married with ten kids each ... their game is over, and the world is saved by women. LOL!

That's the kid that caused the marriage in the first place, then sex eight more times for the brothers and sisters, and as a mate of mine says 'hopefully one day one of his kids will get a good enough job so he or she will get a decent house where he (mate) can then go and live ... he may get a shock one day. I reckon the lumberjacks will be thinking the same thing. The odds are better, one from the nine will surely fall for the guilt trip ... 'oh look at your poor dad. Living in a rented room in squalor since your mother left him for a lumberjack. He has a bad back so he can't get off the bed which is why the rubbish is all around the bin. He needs feeding properly and he's a bit deaf so his TV has to be turned up. He needs to come and live with us so we can look after him.'

Everybody ... 3,4!

'I chop down tees and wear high heels
Suspenders and a bra,
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear papa.'

So, you never know, deforestation may become very sexy and worth a glance. For the ladies, I'm sure there's the cash available from somewhere to have a few ripped men with six packs and guns who will hack a few trees down wearing no shirts while handling those BIG chainsaws. And that's that. You don't need a segment of refreshment now, or maybe you do. This is a segment of 'refresh-ertainment'. This features a mate of mine and a sudden change in eating habits.

And now, as an ending segment of refreshment, a little amusement for you, seeing that you have been a nice reader.

Oh I Do Like to be Beside the sea side

The only problem is, if you live in the greyness of city where concrete rules, you may crave the sea side, but all you have is a dirty pond, containing a fish with night vision goggles on so it can see through the murk and avoid getting stuck in the wire mesh of a standard 'city pond shopping trolley'. But if you have imagination, it is possible to bring the 'soul' of the seaside to 'you'... in your toilet? All you need is a car boot sale ...

Oh I do like to be beside the 'loo side'

Oh I do like to be beside the loo side
Oh I do like to sit upon the sea-t
Oh I do like to approach along the corridor
No brass band, only the toilet door
Oh I do like to beside the loo side
I'll be beside myself with glee
There are lots of plain white tiles
And a mirror for my relief smiles
Beside the loo side, or on the seat.



And the guppy is saying that herrings fart?

FISH ONCE CONSIDERED STUPID TURN OUT TO BE MORE CIVILISED THAN HUMANS.



If farting to chat, is what you do
Whatever you do, don't follow through.
But if you're in the sea, it doesn't really matter
Because the stool will get lost in that abundant salt watter.

And you won't have Y fronts to soil
Which need to be washed, and a probable boil
You're better off nude, down below

Which makes it easy to talk, if you talk when you off -blow.

The Y fronts would get in the way
And inside the weed cotton the bubble would stay
Avoid underwear if a herring you be
Because your voice would be muffled I'm afraid, you see?

It's funny that communicating by breaking wind gets herrings considered to be more civilised than humans. Imagine being in a room full of humans talking if they did it by farting how marvellous! What would women do, as women don't do such awful, disgusting things?

And now, the moment you have been waiting for:

Reader's Highjest books and 21st Century Urban Fox would like to present

A sort of e book film by Frankie & Co

Featuring Terry H Simpson Nowtlikeim (so he claims)

With: Bread

Also Featuring: Organic Fillings

THE SANDWICH

This is the story of Terry. Terry was usually so tired after driving a bus all day, sitting on his butt and turning the wheel, which equalled the 'easy life', but he was always exhausted, except when it came to talking in his bellow style, blaming others for all his can't be arsed UNAC cock ups in home and at work; UNAC? User Not a Cleaner (fab attitude in a shared house). He didn't cook, because he needed a woman to do that, and then spoon feed him, take the plate from his hand when he handed it to her, and clean it. Terry really was a user not a cleaner as he expressed once.

He resorted to pizzas delivered to the door, and fish and chips ...etc.,

But, the doctor got him and bollocked him for his blood sugar, as he had diabetes and threatened him with his job security.

'I will now eat only salad!' Bellowed Terry in a blind panic.

The campaign began.

Terry who decided to eat healthy once before, immediately began asking questions on how to make a salad. No amount of explaining the art of putting lettuce on a plate could replace a woman to do it for him, but faced without such a kitchen device ...

The last fad.

Terry had a fad about eating vegetables. He bought a slow cooker and some vegetables. He didn't start slowly, he just went and bought a field full and crammed them in to the slow cooker which he then turned on and left for a couple of days. The result was a black goey tar which he put in a sandwich and ate. His Irish roots told him that everything was a sandwich, so everything he eats goes in bread. As soon as any vegetable matter reaches his stomach then guts, his body panics and begins a process that ... isn't nice to be near. Homer Simpson does live. He said to me, "I've bought a new mirror, but there's something wrong with it ... I can only see myself in it sometimes. He bought a TV set and only saw himself when Homer was full screen.

Now though, with the doctor's opinion, its salad days ... how long will this LAST?

This is the construction of a Terry salad sand-witch, for want of a better name.



1: Masterchef. Terry, trying to eat pegs

Stage 1



Stage 2



2:

Stage 3



Stage 4



This is ~~HOMER~~ Terry after giving MY 'friends', Buttfluff my rabbit, and my 'Tigger'a taste of his sarnie...the Badstar! Now who am I going to talk to? I hope they recover.

If any women are interested in a farting sex machine (he does were Y Fronts) ... get in touch.

Terry IS wellbeing, look no further.

I have to report that the very next morning, after complaining about pain just below his left shoulder, had a huge bacon and egg sandwich ... and then went back to bed.

Finally:

REST HOME LUBES

Saturday morning, time to go to the supermarket. That's it, the excitement for Saturday morning. Evo is in China ... all the way there for MacDonal'd's, although it is the ideal place to be for a Chinky If you can find one amongst all the fish and chip shops and England World Cup football regalia YEN shops.

I approached the cashpoint and as I did, a little old lady came out of the store. She stopped and started fumbling with her purse. I had almost reached the cashpoint, and as usual, half of Coventry

suddenly ran for it from nowhere and there was then a queue. As I stood there behind the line of people, none of which seemed to remember what they had come to the thing for, so they stood thinking hard about which button to press. But, I'm patient, but patient in the correct way ... I began to observe the little old lady, instead of cursing the people in front of me; as you do. I noticed her trolley contents. It was a half sized one and was jam packed with cardboard carriers full of booze. Being a bit of a photographer of things unusual, this to me was fantastic, refreshing, enlivening ... and I don't usually take my camera shopping, and I did the usual photographer thing and cursed myself. She really looked like she should be in a rest home. I went over to her and said " That's the best filled shopping trolley I've ever seen."

She looked at me and smiled....she replied "You ought to try pushing the fucking thing."

She didn't say ought, so don't worry about it. I thought...' blues in the rest home tonight', because, of course, blues anagrams to lubes, and there would be plenty of mind lubes later on no doubt.

For that moment, she was the best cottontop I've met yet.

Reader, have a great day, or night.

Adios!

Until next time.

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