

Great Life Swindle Series

**THE
GREAT
LIFE
SWINDLE**

**How the world has been
stealing your natural
success & great life and
how to get it back**



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Global Feel Good Company

The Great Life Swindle

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Great Life Swindle Series

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Also by the Laura and Mark

The Great Success Swindle

The Great Motivation Swindle

The Bollocks People Tell You

More Bollocks People Tell You

Buggering Around Travel Series:

The Dog's Rollocks

Wild Dogs And Nutters

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Thanks – Laura & Mark

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Disclaimer

No one likes to have their time wasted and we don't intend to waste yours. We believe passionately in everything we say, do or produce. Our aim is to get as many good people like yourself out of the *Great Life Swindle* and into whatever version of your Great Life you should be living at the moment. And we try to do it in a fun, entertaining way because nothing worthwhile was ever achieved, taught or learnt earnestly that couldn't have been better (or more effectively) achieved with a bloody good laugh. So the tone of our books is not always serious, but the message is – please don't confuse the two!

This is a FREE ebook. We do mention other books, blogs and products that we have created to help you recognize and escape the *Great Life Swindle* and then go on to claim that Great Life that's waiting out there for you. If you want to go and check them out (some are free, some are not) then that's great but we do link to them. However this book can be read as a stand alone read as well as an introduction to the series.

Sometimes we use strong language, or swearing, or 'earthy' language whatever you want to call it – this because that's how we think and talk and that's how life makes us feel sometimes. If you don't like it, **please don't read this ebook** – delete it or pass it on to someone who has different sensibilities.

There are no miracle cures, answers, magic spells, incantations to the universe or instant get rich/successful/happy/tall/beautiful/fat or thin schemes inside because we don't believe in any of them and we're assuming you're smart enough not to either.

The ideas here were not passed down through generations of wise old gits, from sage to guru. They are not the result of thousands of hours of meticulous research that proved nothing except what you already knew (that most 'experts' have their own agenda).

If you think it will help others on the first step to being swindle free and happier, then please rate this book, if you have time, review it and if you really liked it, pass it on.

Introduction – Arguments with Yourself

Think of this book as a prequel, a bit like the Star Wars series only less confusing. You can watch the first film which is actually apparently the fifth in the series and then watch the third, which is the first episode without seeing er, but it's that much more er.., maybe I choose a bad example. Okay, think of it as a collection of thoughts and inner arguments you may have had or be having with yourself, all neatly(ish) typed up. It isn't necessarily in a logical sequence because that's not how most people think, usually the brain goes back and forth, randomly attacking problems and ideas from different angles until sometimes you feel like a mad person.

You see, the problem with the *Great Life Swindle* is that it is so cloaked in normality, so universal that when you're caught up in it, it's almost impossible to figure it out, work out what came first... from the inside at least. And that's the challenge because the swindle is outside *and* inside your head. You need to change how you think as well as act, or more accurately, how you were *taught* to think and act. Nine tenths of this isn't new to you at all. So what with the guy you haven't met yet, who rushed to gain a refund as his life was perfectly on track and knew it all already? Does it matter? Does it fuck! It wouldn't matter if the sense of it all was disseminated by black rats sweeping across the nation like a plague – same far reaching, epidemic results, but with less boils and more people left to actually enjoy the awesome alternative that is on offer to everyone, the life they should be living, *their* Great Life.

So this book is a series of imaginary arguments with yourself, half-baked ideas and thoughts that might just be swimming around your head right now about how all this stuff really works – relationships, success, motivation, work, money, happiness, society – you know, *life*. And maybe you've noticed that somehow what you've been taught, shown and told about all these things that make up 'life' is a whole bunch of cock! Which is why you might find yourself disagreeing with some of the thinking in the book – because it is swindle-bound thinking – this is the *prequel* – the antagonists are still caught up in swindle-centered thinking. They recognize it, but don't necessarily see the way out clearly: the rest of the [Great Life Swindle Series](#) is a continuation of the process with the end result you emerge swindle-free, able to hunt down whatever your idea of your Great Life is.

The other problem is that when you're caught up in swindle-thinking you have to give swindle-based-examples, so we mention money for instance because if you're caught up in

the swindle you may equate money with success, happiness, desire and a whole load of other stuff. In truth sometimes none of this has anything to do with money, it's just a by-product or not even part of the equation, but it's universally (mis)understood, so it's a good example. But you haven't got all day, so let's get going...

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Life Rule for the Common Man no.101

You do not need self-improvement, you need life-improvement

You're fine as you're, it's your life that sucks

*

You're Fucked in the Head.

*

We're all fucked in the head.

*

Your sister's fucked in the head, your workmates are fucked in the head, your parents, school teachers, boss, Government, the whole world's fucked in the head.

*

There is so much head fuckage going on that none of us are getting the Great Life we want.

*

WHAT A SENSELESS WASTE OF WHAT COULD BE A FANTASTIC LIFE!

*

It seems that from the moment you're born, people are telling you crap, they're stuffing crap in every hole, man they are really cramming it in there. It's coming along as caution, advice, opinion, scare stories, panic, worry, aarrghh! If only they'd stopped, you might have had a chance.

But they probably didn't and now you're an adult and crap is pouring out of every hole, (much like when you were a baby). Only by now, you think crap, hear crap, speak crap, watch crap and probably eat crap; but this isn't a book on healthy eating because that would be adding to the crap. Eating's easy, right?

WE DON'T WANT A CRAP LIFE ANYMORE, WE WANT A GREAT LIFE!

You've had a really good idea and I mean a really good idea, a ground-breaking, fortune making, incredible idea, but where did it go? You've had others too, fantastic ones, large and small, business and personal. Some were a bit wayward, some were off the dial of lunacy but supposing you had managed to try some, or even one of them? Life could have been very different. You could be looking at a *very* different future right now. If you piled up all the great ideas that have never seen the light of reality, it would make us all very angry; angry for the lost opportunities to try something, prove ourselves and feel great about something we did. So we're going to find the way and break out, and break out with fun!

Because we know what happens, we've all been there, that masterstroke of an idea, it was pure genius, it had all the hallmarks for success; originality, simplicity, do-ability, there was

probably even a market for it if it was in the business sphere. The truth of all this has been proven, because some other bastard has since done the idea and made it work, sometimes on a scale of international success, sometimes on a smaller stage but either way we briefly despise their very being for having the gumption to do something we didn't manage. We want to be the ones up there, we want our ideas out there, whether big or small, financial or charitable, business or personal and we really want others to see how great an idea we have. But something has stopped us so far and we're looking for an answer, not a scapegoat but an answer.

Sometimes when making the transition from who you're, to being a super-happy, successful person with life sorted, there seems to be a few distasteful stages to go through and blame might just be one of these. Nobody wants to admit to looking for someone to point the finger at, but damn!, it makes us feel better for a while. It eases the disappointment a bit, sometimes quite a lot. Hell, we're as human as everyone else, after all we like fried chicken as much as the next guy, (or maybe fried chicken veggie substitute – each to their own). So maybe if that's the current stage, it needs to be worked through. It does make you bloody tired though, and it would be great to get through it quickly and clamber out the other side.

It's all the conflict, all the bloody earnestness that does you in, it's so knacker. All the trying to do two things at once with three different ideas and having no real idea who the fuck we're anyway and how we're supposed to behave and what to do next. Surely it doesn't have to be like that? There are others you know, other types, weirdos who don't have the same constant monologue of different voices shouting rubbish in their heads, switching ideas and plans at every turn. You've seen them, serene, shiny, successful beings who are getting on with things in their world, and not just getting on with things, but also being successful whatever their version of that is and not just getting on with things and being successful but getting on with things and being successful and bloody well enjoying themselves as well.

WHAT A BUNCH OF TOSSERS!

...maybe we could be tossers too?

How did they learn to do it? What's different about them? How come they can do it and we can't... yet. They've got it though, haven't they? It's almost indefinable but they've got it and we want it and some how we're going to hunt it down and no amount of difficulty or hiding the secrets or wrapping up the truth is going to stop us.

So the hunt is on, we're ready, adrenaline primed and sweaty, with hearts pounding,

although that might be the coffee or the coke, because every great assault on life starts with one, maybe two, possibly three shots just to get the brain in gear and the cogs working. That's how it is isn't it? So we're psyched, because the prize looks huge, it's going to be amazing and we're going to feel like GODS!

BRING IT ON!

Just a quick bit of domestic shit to sort out first, clear the decks as it were. We said we'd do it and blah blah, it'll be much less hassle to just do this one thing first and then sort life out. Got to get your priorities sorted, after all...

*

It's proving quite tricky this sorting life out, in fact it's proving monumentally tricky! We keep making changes, we act on advice, we get mentally fired up and push ourselves to do stuff that we really don't feel like doing, but the results seem quite negligible, there's no real appreciable difference in the way things end up. And then after a while, it seems that has dwindled down, and what the hell was it that was going to be so great anyway? That idea we had was never going to work, another hair-brained scheme, crack-head stuff!! Honestly, we'd better snap out of all this mucking around with crap we don't know about and get on with what we do know. After all everyone else around us is doing that aren't they? Let's have a go at that because they're happy right? They've got a good handle on things, life's looking good and they even have time to watch TV and go on package tours and Hoover the car on Sunday morning. Man! Our lives are a mess of half-finished projects and half-baked ideas and no future at all.

What the fuck is our future?

It's going to take something radical to get from here, to over there, that Great Life where we want to be, but what? Change the way we do things?

Behave!

Maybe we could change, if we had an example to follow? So there's a glimmer of hope, someone we know seems to be breaking out, they're doing something right under our very noses and it is going to be the answer. They are absolutely certain of it. It's going to be just the thing to get them where and what they want, and it's going to happen in time for us all to see it. The party starts, the dreams are brought back out of the cupboard, promises are made and smiles fill every room in the house. We're there. We're right there, faces pressed against the glass, squinting to take in every piece of progress, ready to imitate to the letter. The grass starts to

grow up around our feet as we wait for great news of the new life having arrived. It's getting embarrassing hanging off the windowsill week after week, can't they hurry up and get there. We want to imitate!! We want what they promised each other, we want what they want and frankly waiting any longer is an idea that pisses us off. It pisses them off too and the dreams are hurled, into the garden with the full strength of an angry mob, left to rot. Bugger! That was supposed to be our ticket out, some info on how to do it, how to have an idea, formulate a plan and emerge full of the expectation of life being fun and what we want it to be. Others around try it too, at various stages in the year. It's your year; and they are sodding around taking their time about it!

Can't they hurry up?

We want the answer but enthusiasm starts to be overshadowed by the embarrassment of being the gawping guy, always asking questions, always looking on. But how the hell else are we going to find the answer?

And what happens when it all stops? The energy for trying things disappears from your group, your circle, and then what? The bastards have baled out, they gave up, they talked the talk and then gibbered excuses and then stopped talking altogether and now have settled for a different plan to the one you want, in truth from the one they want, which is no problem except you now have no-one to learn from, no-one to study, no-one to imitate.

The bastards and they said they were mates!

Okay, okay, let's not panic here; there is still an answer. We know we learn by example but the examples we're being given aren't leading to the result we want. We know that for certain, we've been watching them for twenty years! Okay so maybe there's a little bit of panic. They were our hope, our assurance, our promise, they were supposed to be paragons of success for us to follow but they blew it, they blew it right out of their ass and even though we still love them, there's less to say each time we meet. But the truth is the truth, and the truth is that we have lost our examples to learn from. So we're going to have to try something new. So what do we need? Think!

**

"Coffee?"

"Stick with the matter in hand! but alright we'll put the kettle on while we think. Right, think!"

"Biscuit?"

"Lovely, thanks. Right, where the fuck were we?"

"Our mates are bastards and we have a reputation for gawping in windows trying to ponce off other people's ideas for success in life".

"Well that's not too bad a place to be.... is it?"

"There is definitely room for a new plan...a new plan... a new ... plan...another biscuit?"

"Fuck the biscuits! We want a new life, not fucking biscuits. We want a fantastic life, a Great Life and we want someone to help us, to show us how, we want a new set of people around us. The successful sort. The ones who know. The ones that are doing the stuff, actually working the plan, making it happen, and making it look really cool, not giving up".

"Oh yeah, cool. Then we'll be cool".

"Cool and Ciao!"

"Cool and Ciao!"

"Cool, Ciao and Sexy".

"I've don't think I've ever felt cool, ciao or sexy in my life".

"I think we're looking at reincarnation".

"Bollocks! How the fuck do you get reincarnation?"

"Get hit by a truck?"

"But how do you get reincarnation, without being hit by a truck? I mean by staying on this planet and actually come back to a new life as what you want and not a fucking mouse, or a weasel, or someone terminally lost in life who just keeps trying things and runs out of mates and ideas and steam and just fades away".

"Yeah, just falls off the fucking page".

WE DON'T WANT TO FALL OFF THE PAGE!

"We want people to know who we're even though we mostly feel like mice and sometimes weasels and possibly terminally lost types who just keep trying things without any real idea. No, not even though we feel like that, despite feeling like that!!".

*

We've always felt like that, it's just normal – the mice, weasel, lost in life bit, not the wide-eyed, jerky, caffeine junkie, that's new. That's quite new and quite nice really, it keeps us in the game, 'live to fight another day' and all that.

There's a surge of anger as the sugar leaves the system but the coffee lingers in the veins.

*

"But we're tired of living to fight another day, we don't want to fight..."

"... we want to fucking win!" "Where the hell were we? Oh yeah, the way we feel, the way we've felt for longer than we can ever remember. In fact we can't ever remember it being any different. We want to be swamped with sunny memories of triumphs not to be wallowing about in rambling thoughts of wondering what the hell we're doing".

"Wallowing? Really?"

"Well maybe, there's a bit of self-pity in there, discoloring a few triumphs but there's not enough cards in there to play the trump. We want to switch that round, we want so many positive memories and feelings to call on that when we have the opportunity to behave like mice, we shout: FUCK IT! FUCK BEING A MOUSE! FUCK IT ALL!"

"Do you think that will help?"

"Who cares, it's got to make you feel better. Shouting always does. Look at the Spanish, they live longer than almost any other European nation and they're shouting at the tops of their voices 24/7".

"Cool. I'm going there".

"Great plan, except we've moved how many times in the last 12 years? We've lost count, just like we've lost count of the jobs we've had in that time and the amount of projects we've started and the number of hair-brained bloody schemes we've tried".

"Oh no, we know exactly how many hair-brained schemes we've tried. There's a little chip on each shoulder, marking the number".

"Fuck! Is there really, a chip for each one?"

"Yep! a big, fat greasy chip for each one".

"I don't think shoulder chips are the french fry sort"

"Maybe, but that's probably unimportant! They're there and they're weighing us down. They're bloody well stopping us moving on. They're like fucking video tapes of all the times things didn't go well and they play over and over and over".

"Crikey!"

"Yeah crikey! They're keeping right here where we're now - stuck here. What the hell are we going to do about them?"

"Fuck knows".

"But the successful people as we call them, must have had all this crap or at least some of it surely. Can it really be, that some of us are born to flounder around in shit all our lives? Wander around, having no idea how to do things, lurching from one disastrous debacle to another?"

"Debacle! Where do we come up with words like that from! We don't speak like that, we don't think like that, we don't even watch ponsy dramas with stuff like that in, its all in there somewhere though isn't it? Where the hell has it come from?"

"It's head fuckage of the highest order".

"No, no, no; there is head fuckage of a much higher order than filling your brain with useless nonsense. That we could probably cope with, once we'd got over the downright rage we have for all the wasted time spent reading crap, listening to crap, watching crap and then passing on the same crap..."

It's all in there, trust us.

"Right, so back to the shiny, successful people, surely they have been through the same things, disappointments, failures, realizing their idea wasn't even crazy or unworkable but downright, utter bollocks, although, maybe they don't see it that way".

"What other ways are there to see it?"

"Fuck knows but we have seen them all like that and we don't feel like the people we want to do something must be different, wouldn't you say".

"Hmm! good point".

"Right so let's pretend that some of the ideas and plans and so on had been successful, that some of the people we'd met were more like us, that the things we're disappointed about, aren't quite the way we see them".

"Maybe, we'd feel differently about them."

*"Fuck that. Maybe we'd feel differently about everything!! If we stop running those videos and play some new ones, new ones where we're Steve McQueen, James Bond, *Darth-Fucking-Vader* if we want, whatever the result is we're looking for, maybe we'd feel more like the people we want to. What do you think?"*

"I think you're fucked in the head".

"I am and thank you for pointing it out because now we know there is an answer".

"What laud around riding motorbikes in storm trooper outfits, drinking ponsy drinks served at the right temperature, I'm not entirely sure that's gonna help".

"Whatever it takes, my , whatever it takes".

"Have we gone slightly off the point here by any chance?".

"Totally, that's what a head full of crap will do. There's millions of studies to prove it".

"Yeah and there are studies that say if you eat French soft cheeses you're less likely to die in a plane crash but they aren't useful either. We need studies of the people we want to be..".

"But how do we get them? Think, damn you!"

"Internet, everything is on the Internet now, there's bound to be..."

"...loads more shit to fill our heads with. We need to see it for ourselves, we need to do it, try it, taste it, live it, breathe it".

"Have you had a stroke?"

"Looks like that to some people doesn't it?"

"Yeah, it looks like that to me!"

"Yeah me too. But not to the people doing it. It's real to them and I bet people don't take the piss so much when you're happy and successful, living the life you want, the way you want, believing in yourself".

"I bet you can't hear it even if they do, what with all that toughened bullet proof glass they live behind".

"You know if we take the piss out of the people we want to be, we're really in trouble".

"True. Shame though, I'd be sorry to lose the art of ripping the piss. It's taken years to get to the point where we have an opinion on almost everything and everyone, and hold a complete arsenal of outrageously humorous, no... hysterical remarks, ready to pull out at the drop of an aardvark".

"The truth can be such a bastard".

"So about an hour ago we had got to the point that the people we want to be have probably had some of the same kind of things happen to them and we want to know why it hasn't stopped them, like it's stopped us. How come they have managed to carry on and get shinier, more successful and have more fun and do more things and all that stuff".

"I think we were saying that maybe they look at it all differently, maybe just maybe they don't pop out the other side of a failed idea and say what a butt monkey, I can't even"

"Hang on, are we talking about becoming relentlessly cheerful bastards because I read this book once which had a great idea about what to do with people like that!"

"Okay, good example, maybe they are successful people then, but perhaps you're gonna have to have a few failures first. Authors for instance who had an idea and went with it and made it work big time, bestseller list and all that, I wonder if they wrote some others first that flopped and are now propping up wonky table legs in their basement flat".

"Do you think they really care?"

"Probably not I guess, once you've started to be successful on your plan, I suppose you just keep going and feel more fantastic as it goes along".

"Might be a few ups and downs along the way, perhaps".

"Oh yeah, a few ups and downs, bio-whatsit-rythms and all that".

"Okay so we need to be successful at something first then".

"Bollocks we do, otherwise how the hell did everyone start who hadn't been successful at something?"

"Fuck knows, it's a vicious cycle of banging your head on various walls".

"Uhuh, I don't think so, I think they kept going until they had been successful".

"Too deep man. Slow down, your fucked up head is going to explode! We've been told all our lives that if at first you don't succeed; do the same old shit over and over again, hoping for a different result, you know that".

"Yeah and I know it hasn't worked, not for us, not for everyone we know and not for everyone around us who isn't doing things the way they want. It's just more crap on top of the crap: you're told by swindlers and clowns that it will be too difficult, it's a saturated market, it'll be too painful if you fail, you'll look a right twat if you put everything into something and end up falling on your ass!"

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.1

Failure is success' sweaty bedfellow

If you want to make out with one, you'll have to be make out with the other

*

"Another perceptive revelation. We're working out all sorts of stuff here".

"Yeah and then we're going to do something with it. Honestly don't you feel we've been 'talking' all our lives, sometimes I think I've spouted off more than all the loud mouth politicians on this planet about stuff that needs sorting and things that need changing and when such and such is done I'll get round to getting off my fat sweaty ass and do something!!!!!"

"You've come over all livid again".

"Maybe".

"Look, this'll sort it out; a duck walks into a pub".

"Are you taking the piss?"

"Not in the slightest".

"A fucking duck walks into a fucking pub? What the fuck has that got to do with us being reincarnated and feeling like Gods!"

"Nothing".

"Right, thought not. What about the duck then?"

"Nothing, forget it".

"Forget it! What! Tell me about the bloody duck".

"Clearly, you're not ready for the duck yet".

Is Being Fucked in the Head Terminal?

Because, honestly, we don't see many people breaking out of *Fucked-in-the-head-ville*. It seems far more popular to wallow around wondering what the hell is going wrong or what the hell happened in life than to suddenly spring up shouting 'hooray, for having sorted out how to be happy and successful'. How many people have actually made it; the transition that is from, Fucked-in-the-Head-Bloke to Oh-So-Sorted-Sexy-Guy-or Gal? How many?! Not many, not very many at all. Well we haven't met many anyway. The possibility that this is because of the circles we keep is too impossible to fully consider just at this point in time. But we've firmly established to the point that it cannot be denied, that there aren't very many of them, well certainly less than there are the other sort, you know, *us*.

*

"So what does it all mean? – that natural selection exists today and some are born to success and happiness and that the rest of us are monkeyed? Monkeyed into being monkeys all our lives?"

"Well, fuck that out of someone's backside. We can refuse to accept it."

"Yeah, if even one person has made it out of being a monkey into whatever version their version of successdom is, then that's good enough.

"True, so what you're saying is that every break out from being a member of the fucked-up-head collective, across to the other side, brings fresh new hope"

"Bang on! There may not be that many...

"but technically one is enough..."

"and thankfully there are probably a few more than that".

"Okay, okay, we've probably worked out that in reality there are a hell more in the world at large than we first thought, which is fantastic, because now we have people to believe in, even if we don't know them well enough to follow and imitate up close and personal as it were"

"Cool!"

"So it's decided then?"

"What?"

"We're going to buck genetics, upbringing, current life situation, experience, opinion and head fuckage and break out. We're going to become the bad boys of success and kick some ass!"

"Sounds great. There has, however, been a bit of a gathering of thoughts that it might take a bit more effort than we first envisaged which is crap and unfair and bollocks and fuck we wish it was different"

"but it isn't!"

"So shall we whinge like fuck first or get on with the job in hand?"

"I'm definitely up for the whingeing option."

"Great plan, whinge like hell until we have got it out of our systems and then tear up our membership of the Pussy Generation and take a more 'adult' approach. An excellent plan, because we're going to do it like that anyway whatever we say".

"You think?"

"I do and here's why. We can learn lessons in life and work stuff out and be the ones who go for it, but, just maybe, we need to leave enough time for being human".

*

"So we've had our chance to be human..."

"And man did we work it"

"Oh did we ever!"

"We have whinged ourselves into a stupor and the only thing that will shake us from it, is the cold hard truth, hewn in the granite of time that.."

"Don't say it!"

"That self-pity is.... is ... terminal. It cannot be cured by anyone else, only by ourselves".

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.2

Being a self-pitying pussy is terminal and so is being human

but only one swindles you out of your success

*

"Surely that is cause for more bloody whingeing"

"You know what - you'd be right but for the fact that we actually want to win this time and if it is going to happen in our lifetime, it seems pretty safe to assume that we might need to up the pace a little".

"Fuck. I was afraid we might come to that conclusion, that we might need to go all out, but if we say it quickly enough we can gloss over that for a bit longer because that can't apply to us just yet, can it?"

*

We have no idea why we ever started all this, it's taken most of our lives it seems and I have no idea where we're getting by it all. Is this just the longest self indulgent ramble anyone has ever taken under the guise of a journey to sort life out because I'm sure there are better ways to travel, better ways to get where you want. It all seems so fucking *us, us, us* all the time.

Maybe we're just lunatics.

*

"What the hell is it all about anyway? Here we are, plonked on this earth with all this time on our hands and what the hell are we supposed to do with it?"

"Probably not what we have been doing, that's for sure because it doesn't seem to be panning out".

"Maybe we haven't given it enough time".

"Trust me that is definitely not the case! We've given it our whole lives to date, our whole fucking lives and that's why we're tired, tired of it all. But we can't afford to be tired, we said we need to raise our game in the effort stakes".

"Yeah and that didn't really sound a whole lot of fun did it?"

"It sounded crap but that's surely what we've been told our whole lives. We're told that even the freakish few who actually make the transition grovel their butt off to the point of near extinction and then pop out the other side...a miserable but successful bastard who has never had a day's fun in life".

"Ooh, this is new..."

"...but true ... apparently. Look we've gone at things like dogs, navvies..."

"and many other euphemisms we aren't allowed to use because that is more crap we're bloody well told."

"True. We've gone at all our ideas like that, like "we're going to succeed if it kills us" and you know what ?

"IT DID!"

"Yeah, it killed us, and all the spirit of the great idea and all the magic and the spark".

"You're bloody well right, and we abandoned all our plans one by one as the fun disappeared".

"Honestly what is the point of having a great idea to make life better and then going at it like the every-day, routine things in life?"

"Crikey, so somehow we need to learn the art of grafting like navvies while still having fun; maybe singing 'good ole work songs' along the way".

"Maybe not!"

"So how the hell do we do it then Einstein?"

"I'm working on it. Look I think it's effort we need to put in, not struggle".

"Aha now we're getting somewhere. Effort, not struggle, right? So why do we struggle with things if it's only effort we need?"

"Habit?"

"But habits come from somewhere don't they? And where the hell does struggle come from?"

"It can only be thought, it must be".

"So you're saying if we think of struggle that's what our plans will manifest into physically".

"Which brings us back to this thinking idea. That somehow the way we're thinking about stuff, the way we've been taught to think about stuff, is screwing things up each time".

"Well that seems clear. So we need to change the way we're thinking about..."

"Everything! **EVERYTHING!** The whole shamoodle. We have outrageously crap opinions on everything and in reality they're not even our opinions but second-hand swindlers' dumped on us before we were even out of diapers and they need to go, so that we can have new opinions of our own that will lead to the things *we really want*".

"Ok, crap opinions like what?"

"Okay, like what, like.. Okay like..."

You Think Money is Hard To Come by

"...we think we have to go to work every day for a certain number of hours for a certain number of years and then we won't really have enough to do fuck all with anyway except eat Value food products and play scrabble by the dim glow of the one bar electric fire".

"Do we really?"

"Well that is how we act".

"Shit!"

"Yeah shit! So try this on for size. Other people think money is easy to come by".

"No they don't!"

"Yeah they do. There is another whole parallel universe with people making more money in an hour than we will make in a whole year. Now I am not suggesting that money is the be all and end all of success, sometimes it's just a byproduct and sometimes it's not even that and I'm not suggesting we can enter that parallel universe overnight, in fact I don't think we can do it at all, unless we do everything they have done and maybe it's a little bit late in life for that, maybe not. Maybe that too, is up to us, but how the hell can money be hard to get if they can do that? How can it be that the only way to have two beans to rub together is to go to work for nine tenths of your life and end up with piss all, when they are living proof that the world works the other way?"

"I don't know".

"Neither do I but all I can see is that it must work both ways. We're right, money works the way we have always thought but it also works the other way too".

"Okay so we're right about it but we don't want to be. So what we're saying here is that we have got this whole bunch of ideas which pretty well cover most things in life, what's okay and what isn't, what's good to eat and what isn't, what to wear where, who's great and who isn't, how to behave and any more would be seriously laboring the point because I don't think there is a single thing we don't have an opinion on".

"Exactly, there isn't anything left unfettered by some outrageously firm idea that we have stuck on it, based on crap, erroneous notions and scanty radar information from the aforementioned swindlers and clowns".

"Are our opinions really that crap?"

"Not crap, just unfounded on the whole and not really ours. And then there are the ones that actually seem to have a foundation like earning money – we've proved all our lives that we were right about it haven't we? It's hard to come by and we have to go to work every day for a certain number of hours for a certain number of years blah blah blah, but we have just realized that strong as this foundation is, it's not exclusively correct. There is another way!"

Fuck, that means..."

"Has it dawned...?"

"Yes it has, that means that other stuff we think, we've been shown, might work another way too. Not just money and friendship and success and who we are and how we get where we want to go and what we need to do in life, relationships and so on – it might all work both ways. It might just be the world's biggest swindle – there might be another way to do everything."

"Agreed! Everything is up for grabs!"

"Oh yes! So what opinions or beliefs even are we going to keep, which little beauties shall we hang on to and which shall we ditch?"

"I don't think we can keep any. I think we need to re-examine *everything*".

"What! How the hell does that work?"

"Do you remember that day when things got really bad at work, when we weren't exactly coping, when the unanswered phone messages and emails piled up higher than the unfinished work on our desk and it all caught up with us on one monumental shit day?"

"Unfortunately yes".

"Well what did we do?"

"Sweated a lot, didn't sleep and agonized for another whole day over which bits to tackle and which bits to ignore."

"And what happened?"

"We thought we'd die from the stress".

"And did we?"

"Almost!"

"And just before we almost died, what did we do?"

"Hit 'delete all' and picked up the rest and put it through the shredder – man the relief".

"Yep, it felt monumentally great because wading around in crap that wasn't going to get us

where we wanted to go and was stressing us out was leading to nowhere except coronary central. And wading around through all the shit in our heads with fine toothcombs and tweezers and other sundry implements that people talk about, isn't going to help us work out what to get rid of and what to keep. And therefore, it isn't going to get us where we want to go either, today or any other bloody day".

"So we could start again?"

"Yeah, really start again this time, not just move house, or swap cars, or change jobs or or even hairstyles, although the last one was a real doozy and took years off us; none of that – a proper new start"

"Blimey!"

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.3

Stop making the same dumb mistakes

Make some new ones for a change

Have You Ever Met a Real Success?

*

I woke up one morning and thought I won't be a miserable, moody motherfucking Failure any more, I'll be a happy, sunny motherfucking Success

It happens – but not often.

*

Have you ever met a real success? An honest to God *I-love-absolutely-everything-about-my-life* Success, one of those? Because if you haven't, it may be that ideas abound in your brain which are slightly twisted, off kilter, even down right wrong. If you have met one, maybe you were surprised by what you found?

They had two arms, two legs and a head.

*

"Incredible!"

"And we used to think that they were different!"

"Poles apart, basically aliens in human(ish) form."

"But in truth, they looked like us".

"Two arms, two legs and a head, none-the-less".

"True. I suppose if you happened to meet one with a few less extremities, then the only difference might be a greater skill at being efficient, because a deficit in the limb department could seriously fucking well slow one down otherwise".

"Big time, I'd say, but then again I'm sure like all our crap opinions and beliefs, it could work the other way too".

"However, it is highly unlikely that any significant percentage of the Embodiments of Success in life proved to be headless and therefore we can skip them without apology".

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"The successful types, these 'people', for that is what they are, are not only inherently *like* us, but also inherently not that far removed from where we might be right now".

"Go on".

"Imagine if the only difference was that they had made a decision and stuck with it to the point of success and beyond".

"You can do that?"

"So these people, you're saying, are exactly the same as us?"

"Were"

"Were what?"

"The same as us"

"What five foot two, with a history of idea diarrhoea and parents of dubious parenting credentials".

"We so need to move on in life!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means get over shit that isn't relevant any more. That's not who we are! We aren't a 'label', unless we want to be."

"Did I stray into self-pity again?"

"Stray? no - waded full tilt to the point of total submersion? yes!"

"Sorry"

"That's okay. Look we're saying that the people who are where we want to be started out just like us, it's a simple case that they did something about it, whatever it is".

"I really am trying to follow this but..."

"All I'm saying is that in general terms, specifics aside, most people aren't born like that, you know, succesful, happy, good relationships - they and their lives were like us at some point".

"At the point where life wasn't the way they wanted it, just before they turned it around by taking action and doing something about it?"

"You know sometimes it's like having a conversation with myself. Yes! exactly that. Yes!"

"What about those bits that seem like a head start to us, and don't shout me down here, starting as we are from this point without an awful lot in our favor".

"I know what you mean and it would be a lame argument that glossed over such seemingly crucial defining factors as initial bank balance on start-up, -it's easier with cash behind you, right?"

"Bloody right!"

"Education - it's easier for Public School graduates, right?"

"You bet your sweet ass it is!"

"Upbringing – it's got to be less challenging with the support of a loving family backing up your sense of personal worth, right?"

"Undoubtedly true, all of them".

" True and yet examples abound of people who have succeeded big time in something they really wanted to do without any of those 'essentials'.

"True!"

"Thank you. So those things that seem so essential, more than essential to those of us without them, are in fact, red herrings. In which case it has to be said, maybe being an ant isn't so bad".

"It does?"

"Yes think about it. What do all ants have in common?"

"Too many legs? Bulbous ass? No personality? What's your point?"

"My point is that being the same as everyone else is a complete bonus because it means if we do the same as someone else we can have the same results as them, assuming again that we really do want those results and we're not just aping people without first making sure we're on *our* plan this time and not some swindler's plan hoisted on us".

"Can it really be that simple?"

"Why the fuck couldn't it be? "

"I don't know, it just sounds a bit simplistic. Just because someone else has done it, that we can do it too."

"But if we *don't* think we can do it why the fuck are we talking about it?"

"Who said we didn't think we could do it?"

"You did, just then"

"What are you taking about, you complete mental patient".

"How come we think we're so different to other people, so fucking special that if we do what they did, we wouldn't get the same results?"

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.4

Don't dream of being someone some day

*Do something radical about being **you** today*

*

If only we'd realize that we're exactly the same as everyone else then we'd realize that we can have exactly the same results as anyone else, assuming we want those results. And we could do what they've done if and it's an elephant-sized *if*, if we felt good enough about ourselves, so...

It's time to feel good about ourselves, no actually it's time to feel *Great* about ourselves.

*

"So how come some people do amazing things in say, business or charity, adventuring or pop music , in private or public or even in the porn industry?"

"Perhaps it is all to do with natural urges"

"No, can't be, otherwise we'd all be looking at the porn industry for success. It'd be swamped, and everyone would be too busy having interesting and energetic sex in totally unrealistic scenarios, to go and keep the rest of the world ticking along".

"Not those kind of natural urges, you pervert".

"There are other sorts? Enlighten me"

"The sort of urges that drive you to do something, try something, go out on a limb, stuff you're drawn to, things you feel an affinity to".

"You mean the stuff of dreams?"

"Exactly, I mean the stuff of dreams or even some peoples hobbies, that could, no should, be the stuff of life".

"Explain yourself".

"Consider for just a minute that your natural urges might be better guidance than any careers officer could ever hope to offer you. A natural tendency or ability could be a huge determinant in success".

"Like a natural bent for something?"

"Precisely, my perceptive , precisely".

"So you're saying the stuff we're drawn to, should be the things we do in life. But how does that differ from the way people choose their career or path at the moment? Isn't that what people do

already?"

"How many people do we know who have a job that sprung out of a passion for something, or a career that blossomed from a hobby or childhood fancy?"

"Not many?"

"Try none"

"I can't disagree"

"Right, but why is that? Why the hell don't we all take what we love doing and keep doing it?"

"Because as you know well, we have to go to work, and shop, and eat, and clean the car and generally keep life going?"

"A strange concept, when we don't actually want to keep it going because it is far, far removed from the life we really do want".

"Put like that, you have a point, so why do we keep it going?"

"Because it's really hard to step off the treadmill long enough to look at it and see it for what it really is."

"Which is?"

"A total fallacy! We *can* have a life that we really want to keep going where there is no treadmill."

"Wow!"

"The question is does knowing this give us the strength and conviction to escape the crushing weight of conformity?"

"What is this now?"

"Well just because you know something, it doesn't mean it's a piece of piss to put it into practice. There are a million and one pressures on us not to follow our natural instincts because it suits someone else, because it suits 'society', because it suits swindlers."

"True, but there must come a time when we're no longer driven by what people expect of us. It's called growing up".

"That's not what I see".

"Shit, I had a feeling you might say that".

"If everyone was doing what they really loved, the way they wanted, whenever they wanted, they wouldn't be screaming with frustration in life, living lives of 'quiet desperation' as

some cheerless but astute git once put it.

"I'm with you on that one".

"But there is some invisible force which stops people living the way they want. Some ethereal bloody, slippery swindle which governs most things we do apart from the occasional break out when something inside is riled enough to overrule the pressures to conform".

"Yeah, it does seem that the minute we think of doing something different, something unique to us there is already a million reasons in your head why we can't bloody do it!"

"Totally".

"I can't remember the last time we just did something without thinking – bought something, ate something, went somewhere... There always seems to be a raft of objections in the background, stupid ideas about bank balances or getting good value for money, not upsetting the neighbors or family or bloody fat content and a million other practical ideas we don't actually give a rat's dick about. Why do we do it?"

"We know why really, because everyone does and because everyone does we keep doing it, and the longer we're here, doing it, the harder it is to stop. Because we're caught up in a swindle we never created but we all collude in."

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.5

Don't live some other fucker's life

And definitely don't live by some other fucker's rules

*

"It's time to make a stand!"

"Time to make a stand and take stock of our own resolve and decide for ourselves that the answer is: YES!"

"What was the question again?"

"Who cares, the answer is still yes! We can do it, whatever it is. So someone else wanted us to live our life their way, to their expectations, to their rules, to their plan, so the fuck what! Natural aptitude is pulling us towards something as far removed from that as it is humanely possible to be removed from.. It is pulling us towards something where we could be roaring successes, run-away superstars in our own spheres".

"Cool!"

"Yeah and the rest of the world can choose to be terminally disappointed, angry or scandalized at our decision".

"But you know what? Their disapproval will probably be less hard to bear than us floundering our way to third rate success in a field we weren't cut out for and probably hate, wouldn't you say?"

"You took the words out of my mouth!".

*

"The bastard thing is that these natural tendencies don't necessarily surface until way bloody later in life when youth and its associated options, are long behind us"

"No matter. What we have then is a wealth of experience of things that didn't work, so when an opportunity comes along we can seize it, terrier-like and bite it for all it's worth".

"If we aren't too tired from all the recovering from past failures"

"No time for that. Look at this – some poor bastards have strong abilities in two (or more!) areas...

"My heart bleeds!"

"Wait for it! ...two (or more!) opposed areas and thus spend their lives flitting back and forth between the two, never really settling on either and therefore enjoy only mediocre success where run-away superstardom awaited in one".

"And if you have no strong abilities?"

"Then you're a lost cause".

"Bit harsh, wouldn't you say"

"Not at all. Anyone who truly thinks they have no strong natural abilities is merely too caught up in the mucus of swindling self-pity to see all the great things they can do. And by *great things* I mean whatever they consider great for them, not what others think. If you've always secretly wanted to be a vet, or run a charity for homeless charities or be self-sufficient and farm llamas – so long as it's *your* dream, *your* plan, that is a *great thing* in my book and most people have way more abilities than they ever imagine. It's just all that mucus of swindle and self-pity stopping them discovering it".

"What a bunch of mucus-monkeys. Let's not fall into that trap"

"In other words if you take all that you dream of, all that you're drawn to and sandwich it

between all you've learnt from experience, the world could be your oyster".

"That is still the strangest expression!"

*

Perhaps the best news among all of these pearls of wisdom is the undeniable truth...

IT LIES WITHIN

"Thank fuck! you cry".

"Sounds good – what are we so elated about?"

"The fact that we're ploughing through all this".

"Great!"

"This is not the task of professional personality profilists, psychologists, life coaches, career gurus, success Svengalis or anyone else who claims to know better for you than you:

THEY CAN ALL FUCK OFF!

"It's good to know that there is a bloody good reason to plough through all this otherwise this would be the longest self-indulgent ramble on record... carry on"

"You know what, we should make up our own 'statement wear' that makes our stance clear on those life-swindling, interfering types who feel the need to infect someone else's success with their own foolproof formula for mediocrity. Maybe that would help to keep them at bay? Fancy going around bandying opinions and advice so swindelous that it stops droves of ordinary people from getting that Great Life they deserve and that adds to all the head fuckage we have had to contend with every day! What a bunch of assholes!"

"Whilst we're all at it, we could also make our own statement wear with slogans on 'What not to... and categories could fall into such areas as: 'watch'...'read'...,listen to,...'take notice of'...'give up own ideas for'...'get the drift?."

"We should have written on our first statement wear:

STOP FUCKING WITH MY HEAD!

"Seems a bit of a big leap from where we are, being quite so outspoken in public?"

"Maybe but we've been told all our lives that things work a certain way and that's the end of the matter. The only trouble is we have been out there a while now, and we've looked around and realized that some people are doing things a bit differently, in truth, more like completely the fucking opposite and things are going great for them. Far from living off dog excrement and licking the bins clean, they are actually having a ball, and have plenty of everything they need,

even loads of cash, (which, let's face it, is often the really sticky one)".

"So it was bullshit all along".

"Complete and utter bullshit all along. Trouble is we've looked around and realized that the plan we're on will lead us to the ordinary life we see around us."

"And on some days that life looks quite good if we're honest!"

"It looks really good! And if it's your thing, then it truly is. It looks comfortable and safe and warm and a damn cosy and it seems far too dangerous to upset it all. After all we're on to a really good thing here and look at some of the other poor bastards in the World."

"I do get confused about whether it's fantastic or not sometimes and that sounds like the ravings of a loony, I do know that".

"Me too, until I remember we think it will pan out a certain way, which in truth it will, but in even greater truth there is nothing in that panning out that we actually want!"

"Just a bit of comfortable living until we cark it."

"If the world suddenly stops spinning because in truth you're plan might be to sit in that job for example for the next twenty years but that doesn't mean you have any control over whether that actually happens. Other people are making plans and they may or may not include you and yours. And anyway who cares if you're comfortable if you're dead for the last forty years of your life?"

"Ouch!"

"He said it the bastard (*Name would have been changed, had it been included), he was supposed to be our and he had the gall to say his life was over, this was it, mapped out, 25 years old and no plan except to have no plan, unless you call working at something you hate for an indeterminate number of years and then retiring and working at boredom for another interminate number of years and then carking it a plan. Life was over and not only did he say it, he relished in it, was pleased it had caused a fuss to the others he'd said it to. He felt fucking righteous about it all".

BUT HOW CAN YOU LIVE A LIFE THAT'S OVER?

"Technically a life that is over makes you a dead person doesn't it?"

"A ghost doomed to walk the earth as a mere specter of your former being?"

"Well the honest truth is, that being may not have been making much of an impact before and now it's just a see-through ectoplasm of an existence."

"It doesn't seem worth the bother – may as well just lay down..."

"We've been guilty too though. We always said we'd never get old..."

"...and then we looked up one day and realized fucking old age had got it's gnarled and slightly unhygienic, musty smelling fingers on us."

"Rude thing is, 40 hadn't even hit. We'd skipped middle-age and gone straight for Pensionsville."

"Fucking doddering old gits, pissing about with minutiae in life to try and while away the days and grasp some meaning out of meaningless days"

"... and 40 hadn't even hit!"

"How the fuck were we going to make it to old age?"

"Same way everyone else did I suppose"

WITHOUT A FIGHT

"We had said it for years, the same old stuff: we'll keep on top of technology"

"We'll stay flexible"

"We'll be busy"

"We'll always have plans"

"And all of those promises had been kept – well maybe we'd slipped slightly on the technology bit".

"Everything does look the fucking same now: tiny, shiny sexy polished chrome or of course, white plastic!"

"But then one day it hit and the memory has been lost as to how, or what sparked it, but for some reason it was so blindingly obvious that frankly it was embarrassing."

"None of those things we had promised ourselves have got anything to do with getting old?"

"Too right! We could be the oldest net nerds in Christendom, the busiest bastard OAP on the planet, even the guy in the cemetery with more plans executed than any other busy bastard pensioner, but what about how we think and how we feel? What about the promise that we would feel great and go after the things we wanted? None of the promises we'd made said anything about that did they? They didn't say we'd always think the world was fantastic and that everything would turn out awesome and we'd have a ball in life and do the things we wanted and be what we wanted. Somehow that lot got missed."

"But now it's bleeding obvious that the only thing that really stops people getting old is the

belief in themselves and in their ability to build themselves an awesome now and future – a Great Life in fact. Which is why you can be old at twenty if you believe in neither or young at fifty, it's up to you".

"Bollocks!"

"Bollocks!"

"Thing is the life force has gone."

"People we see have the kiss of death about them, hexing each other with every conversation and spreading propagandist rubbish about life, with absolute disregard for the mental damage done to those around them. They end every conversation with a 'Well, that 's because life 's like that', 'You can't win', 'Someone else always holds all the cards', and other life – destroying, success stupefying, soul-shredding swindling propaganda".

"Perhaps it would be fair to push their faces through something satisfyingly solid like a windscreen?"

"Absolutely, and it would come out in court that the perpetrator, the evil swindler behind these foul words had the vicious intent of suckering others into a dull and decaying life of death and deserved everything that had been dished out to them".

"Hell yeah. Although in the interest of balance here, many of these negative bastards are just victims of the swindle as much as we are. Hmm...is the duck in the pub relevant here?"

"Absolutely. Think you're ready?"

Who are You Taking Advice from?

“We’ve been told that if it’s difficult, it isn’t worth it and if it’s difficult we won’t make it. But the people that are making it realize that it is hard but they *can* make it – and sometimes it could actually be fun as well”.

“So why don’t we believe we can make it?”

“Because we need to start seriously looking at who we’re taking advice from, hanging around, learning from. Check them out, it doesn’t take long, or probing, or complicated research. Just look at them.”

“Okay and then what?”

“Ask ourselves are they living proof of what they are telling us? No! Of course not because those people are busy getting on with the business of minding their own business and unless we ask, they probably wouldn’t think to interfere in ours...”

“Being far too busy with their own?”

“Correct. It’s the ones with all the time in the world that are keen to foist their ridiculous, ill-founded, ignorant, unwanted and dangerous theories onto others. These people should be rounded up and branded.”

“Indelibly branded on their foreheads?”

“Yes, so that the rest of us could see them coming and organize the building of a wall that the Chinese would be proud of to make sure...”

THESE FUCKERS STAY THE HELL OUT OF OUR LIVES

...There is one rule which must be followed when these people appear jump up and run for it! If you’ve got the guts, it’s best to add a scream of *get away from me you fucker!* And if you really care for humanity, gesticulate wildly to point out this asshole to everyone around who might otherwise be infected by their disease.”

“Perhaps just a little bit over-dramatic?”

“Over-dramatic! These swindling bastards are entirely, wholly and completely responsible for the situation we’re in now. Let that sink in a short while. Once the brain has really taken this in, it could be safely guaranteed that you will have no trouble screaming in their face, pointing them out for a crack-trained marksmen to pick off because anything else, really would be too good for them.”

"All sounds a bit violent, but needs must and all that. I'm in!"

"Now, the really good thing is that from here on in, we can no longer blame these messengers of doom because now we know that we need to steer clear, keep our ears closed to the nonsense that will otherwise rot our brains from the inside, there really is no excuse for continuing to listen to them.

NOW WE CAN CHOOSE TO LIVE OUR LIFE RATHER THAN THEIRS!

"That's the good thing!...yeah...the good thing...so how...?"

"Okay, okay so a few questions have no doubt surfaced."

"Yeah, like firstly, aren't they going to think us rather rude?"

"Honestly? Yes. Yes they are. They are going to think that we're really, rather rude. And yet here is the really weird thing – if someone were to actually take someone else's life, that is the ultimate in rude really, and wrong, and all the other associated feelings that go with such an act. But wait up! If we have established that you can't live a life that is over, then how does it differ in real terms, if they have swindled you out of your life, out of the fantastic life you could have been living if you hadn't been surrounded from birth by swindlers, rogues and clowns like this?"

"!"

"For clarity, maybe a few examples would be helpful, as unwanted advice can be hard to spot even though it isn't disguised. Maybe it's because it isn't considered rude to pass on 'helpful' recommendations without first checking what plan the recipient of your 'knowledge' is on. Think about it for a sec, would you help a blind man across the street without first, checking that he wanted to be on the other side?"

"No".

"Why not? Could it be that because otherwise the poor bastard wouldn't know where the fuck he was and wouldn't even know how to get back on his route."

"Something like that."

"Well, we're no different when someone sets us off on a path we don't want and didn't ask to be set on. "Can I help you?" that's the worst one. It sounds so good, free advice, great! Great my ass! It all comes down to the fact that on the whole we listen because otherwise it might be considered rude, offensive and we've been taught to listen to swindlers by swindlers themselves – it's a vicious circle. In truth, the more practised we become, the more likely we're

to find other ways to say it, other ways to leave and have no dealings with those people but equally it doesn't matter if we don't. It is a hard fact of life that maybe not everyone is going to be everyone's best and sometimes people may try to avoid us because we're 'rude', 'different', 'insensitive', 'wankers'".

Let's hope so!

"Imagine we're chatting in a restaurant over something deep fried and delicious with a vat of a sauce that is so good we want to drink it all."

"Is this significant to the scenario?"

"No, but why not enjoy it all the more? We're discussing, at a fair level of decibels, our current situation and how we would like life to be more exciting, vibrant, full of expectation for future achievement and feeling great. If someone were to interject with a 'I couldn't help overhearing your conversation' kind of thing, then a) we know that our plan, or at least our aim is known to them. Now all we have to do is b) check that they are living proof of such a life otherwise they can fuck off and leave us to our sauce which is clearly, way more palatable than anything they have to offer."

"The tragedy is we've been listening to them before we could even sit in a high chair in a restaurant. Listening to them forever, listening to the fucked-in-the-head crap that they have been spouting...and the worst of it all is that sometimes these 'people', these felons of crimes against humanity, are people we know! Friends! Family!"

"Parents?!"

"Yes some of them are parents! And many don't even realize they are perpetuating this swindle onto yet another generation - well meaning but honestly! Stop! Take stock of life as it presents now for that is what lays ahead and ask was it really worth all the sperm and sweating and labor pains for that to be perpetuated, ad infinitum? The poor little bastard doesn't want to go to school for 16 years, then work for 44 or more, then if it survives, sit in slippers for the remaining 5 or 6 wondering what the fuck happened to it's life and what the fuck to do with what remains."

"But then again, if that's your bag, then fine. But that wouldn't be us shouting our opinion all over the place, would it?"

"Bloody right. people can choose to listen or not, it's not directed specifically at anyone in particular, just an observation for those like us that have been looking for something else."

"So for all of us, the opportunity to think for ourselves and make our own plans and future could be the answer to it all, rather than being the bastard thing in life we do our best to avoid...ooh that's gonna hurt."

"True but isn't that why God or the Government invented TV and jobs?

"That is very true but surely if the transition from where you are now, to where you want to be, isn't instant, then there must be people at various stages along their path. Maybe we might bump into someone who is nearing the Nirvana of their aim but hasn't quite completed it all. Or someone who has just seen the light and now sees that there are other ways, although ideas and experience are still thin on the ground. What about those who are half in and half out of the swindle as it were? Do we need to stay away from them?"

"Probably not, but, and it is an enormous elephant sized BUT, we need to be very on the ball because even though they are on the path to where we're heading, they might fall off and when that happens, others can go too and we don't want to be the ones that fell by the wayside..."

"Too right!"

"Especially as we were actually making progress and had actually learnt some very valuable lessons. These people and us; we could have a lot to offer each other in terms of support, encouragement, fuck it having fun and basically just knowing we aren't the only ones in the whole universe who feel that life could be better, no life could be *great!*"

"Maybe it's just a case of hanging on to that idea and making sure that our chosen company have done so too".

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.6

You don't have to listen to crap whoever it comes from.

No fucker has the right to swindle you out of your future.

Ever.

*

This exercising our right to choose is bloody hard. It's not surprising many people think it is impossible.

*

"There is an all pervading, general unwritten ruling about behavior, social codes of conduct

which, were it to be written down, would probably fill the Vatican, three times over in 30,000 volumes, divided into categories to cover every situation with sub-clauses and sections to ensure no eventuality was left unscripted.”

“That would be very impressive.”

“Consider the laws of the USA, their statute books now proudly hold over one million laws, which might take the average person, seven average lifetimes to even read through, without allowing time for understanding fuck all they’re actually reading.”

“How on earth are they supposed to be upheld?”

“Precisely my point. It’s either a complete mystery or they aren’t supposed to be adhered to, and it’s just people like the old, you and I that try and follow them all. Those rules might take at least seven lifetimes to digest and yet we have tried to follow them all, in every situation! And after extensive study and research at great personal cost, it can be written here in black and white, without excuse; that adherence to all the rules has left us confused, frustrated, knackered and even slightly paranoid.”

It can’t happen.

They cannot all be adhered to.

“Hell, half of them wouldn’t even be understood. Why is it rude to call your teacher by their first name when they choose to bark at you with nothing more than a yell of your surname? Why is someone else’s wish to have the window shut, more valid than yours, when you’re sweltering? It doesn’t make sense.”

Imagine if we adhered to our own rules of what is right and wrong, rather than anybody else’s.

“You what?! Be serious.”

“Fortunately the Publishers have read ahead of us, and had the good sense to make this page 73% more e-absorbent than those preceding or following, because they knew there would be a great deal of spitting and frothing at the very idea of everyone playing by their own rules:

“It would be sheer bloody chaos!”

“Maybe”

“It would be Armageddon”

“Maybe”

“How the fuck would anyone know what to do?”

“Maybe they wouldn’t. But it is chaos. Armageddon does break out over the simplest of

things – at work, in relationships, everywhere – and on the whole, people rarely know what to do, if they are honest enough to admit it. And as a side note, most of those people, those shiny, successful people play by their own rules, there's a clue there somewhere.”

Policy of Truth

"Can you believe what some people consider acceptable! Can you believe what they did! The cheek of it, the bare-faced bloody cheek. A total and utter disregard for anyone else's view. Honestly, it's a miracle that they can sleep at night. And not a word of an apology! It would have been so good to say something, ask what the fuck they thought they were doing."
"And how the hell are we going to stop it happening again?"

"I don't know. It has gone so far down the line now, how on earth could we say anything?"
"Next time, it'll come out alright, come out right at the beginning, the minute they start and then there'll be no misunderstanding."

"It's not that we're cowardly types who can't express ourselves, rather, that we're keen not to tread on others' toes and have the world go round in harmony and happiness."
"How does that work when we then seethe about it ever afterwards?"

"Seethe? Are we seething?"

"That event happened probably three years ago, in fact knowing how time goes, more like five."

"So?"

"So, doesn't that sound like seething?"

"A bit maybe"

"and holding a grudge?"

"Steady on!"

"Oh bollocks if we can't even talk to ourselves honestly, what hope is there for relationships outside of our head?"

"Go on"

"Think about it, all this living in denial is great for the pathological liars of the world who aren't actually looking for answers to a better life. But for those of us who want it different, and I assume we do actually want it different and haven't just spouted off all this time to exercise our larynges. Because if we really do want it the way we have been shouting about, there are some really easy, fundamental things that will make it work."

"How come you're suddenly so wise in the ways of changing life?"

"Because I've been listening to you"

"You have! Was that a good idea?"

"Maybe— and anyway, it's actually really simple..."

"!"

"...simple, but not necessarily easy to do. Still with me?"

"Sure"

"Imagine for a minute that you were the only person in the world, would there be any point in pretending anything?"

"Anything, such as?"

"Such as who you really are, what you like doing, how you want to behave, what the result is going to be if you do such and such. It sounds a bit too much like therapy I know, but think about it, what would be the point of pretending any of it? There would be no one there to benefit from your charades and Oscar Winning deception".

"Undeniably true but what is your point?"

"The point is that we could go at life as if we were the only person on the planet, being utterly and completely honest about everything. And there's no better place to start, than with us. It could be so simple, we could actually talk to ourself truthfully, say things the way they are. You know what; when we were fat it was because we ate too much and didn't burn it off. We overate! Simple! Not that easy to swallow possibly because it was quite comforting to 'believe' that it was because of some chemical imbalance in our thyroid, or that the body had a problem controlling our appetite mechanism. Truth was we were greedy fat fucks who enjoyed noshing out for a couple of years. Imagine if we had managed to come clean about it at the time, we would have enjoyed the noshing out all the more, without constant arguments about whether to have something and then hours of justification afterwards. Fuck the time we wasted! "

"And the energy!"

"No wonder we were knackered all the time!"

"Okay so a blanket policy of truth, for us, everyone we meet and everything we do. God! that sounds so liberating, such a relief" I feel a completely new lease of life has washed over us".

"Fancy celebrating with a huge plate of something deep fried and tasty which will do nothing for us except taste great and add a few inches to our bulbous ass?"

"Let's go. You can tell me more about the duck on the way, lard boy".

"Lardy-ass boy, if you don't mind".

*

"Someone said something that made me want to leap up and smash their stupid face right through a car windscreen. It was so stupid, so wrong, such a load of bollocks but they took the whole room with them. Heads were nodding, lips doing the 'oh you're so right' thing. But all their brains were screaming at them 'but that isn't what we want, we planned for something else, let some other bastard end up with that result!' but the heads kept nodding and the lips kept doing lip things which meant "oh yes we're with you all the way".

"Concur my ass! I wanted to shout out...

'YOU FUCKING MUPPETS! WHY DON'T WE DO IT DIFFERENTLY?'"

"Maybe all those heads would have been nodding with me then."

"We'll never know though will we, because you didn't shove that face through the car windscreen, or jump up and shout the bit about muppetry. You sat there silently seething, filling the room with vibes of rage and incense (hang on how the hell does that work? If you can be incensed – you should give off a vibe of incense but then we'd go through life like joss sticks, stinking up the place with our foul and fetid all pervading stench. Too complicated!) Anyway we've established that despite being fucking livid with disagreement, you sat there and chose the 'Say Nothing' option..."

"Yeah because that isn't agreeing, that's still standing our ground and being us, isn't it?"

"Like fuck it is, it's being skeletally challenged and taking the easy option. You're either for me or against me – someone famous said that, rather famously at quite an important event and it's been quoted by bright people and not just the ones that have a copy of that book with clever quotes in to impress others with; because there doesn't seem to be any grey areas in this life. You're either in or out, either with the group or not, for the company or for yourself, behind the family or wishing they'd just piss off it's fucking Christmas after all, up the river without an outboard or not."

"So where the hell is all of this going?"

*

"I tell you what though, this saying what you think lark could be such a laugh."

"You're not kidding. We find it interminably dull to say the right thing all the time, and in truth, given the number of rows and misunderstandings we've had and the grudges we've harbored, we probably haven't done such a good job of saying the right thing anyway!"

"How harsh is that?"

"When Buddha said life was hard, he wasn't kidding. Years of polite conversations, which were unenjoyable at best, but mostly, skin clawingly, frustratingly awful."

"How the hell did it all start, this idea of saying nothing that you mean, and usually saying the absolute inverse." "AND FOR WHAT! It doesn't actually achieve anything, except a national epidemic of terminal bewilderment, confusion and uncertainty, of biblical plague proportions, (and not entirely dissimilar results). Plain speaking is the way forward, therefore and we could start the trend. Isn't it amazing, if a slightly over-used cliché of an example, that if you buy a new car, it's all you see on the road. Invest in a beautiful new designer suit and suddenly every other bastard in the street is a walking Armani advert, get yourself a Labrador and miraculously, Surrey is completely over-run with them. Is there any reason on earth why this universal truth would therefore not apply to the people we would meet, in this new life we're trying to leap into?"

"You really think that could be the case?"

"Picture the scene in: a crowded place, dinner party, job interview, chance meeting in the street, blind date; the setting is really your choice for this scenario. Put us into this scene, the real us, the say-what-we-mean us, the larger than life person that is hiding away, waiting to spring out. Involve us in the imagined dialogue of the situation and then just at the point where you see the majority of those around us cough discreetly into their hankies, look away, mutter excuses, make to move off, do the horrified face, take a sharp intake of breath: right there, right at that point, imagine a voice which echoes our words, joins us where we're seated or standing, and introduces themselves as a like mind, who would really like to get to know us. No pretence in this friendship, not there, not in a month's time, not in a year's time or even several decades further on because it was the real you that attracted them."

"Wow!"

"Now, this would apply, surely, for all types of relationships: occasional, life partner, business associate, best, shag partner, potential spouse, mistress. How better a start could one wish for, than knowing what sort of person you have got your hands on, whether metaphorically

or physically, depending on the relationship. How much time could we save? How many extra lifetimes could we have to actually spend, doing splendid things with these people, in the spheres in which our lives coincide?"

"Better yet how many real conversations could we have?"

"How many people do we know who we feel actually enhance our time on this planet?"

"Sounds a bit mercenary !"

"I agree. It might even make us a little uncomfortable under the collar to think about, and answer honestly. However, we're robust types, and furthermore we're alone and thus have every opportunity to be frank HOW MANY? A best ? A loving partner? A best and a loving partner? If you can throw in a family member then we're in the Premier League on this one. Chances are it isn't more than two or three."

"Busted!"

" Now this isn't inherently a problem in life unless we're looking for a greater circle of influence; more quality input from those around us."

"You know we bloody well are!"

"How about just a raft of better times with people who bake your noodle? Sounds good doesn't it..."

"No, it sounds amazing!"

" And all as a by-product of being us and going after what we want in life and feeling great because we actually go out as us."

"This is really starting to sound a bit far-fetched now."

"Clearly, that needs to sink in to our fucked up heads, because if we really realized what was on offer, we'd be doing the conga all the way to Timbuktu and back."

"That's quite a way off, isn't it?"

"Hmm...so come on then, what about this duck, he's walked into a pub.."

"Everyday for a full fortnight "

"Consistent"

"And every day he's walked up to the bar and ordered a Campari and a grapefruit before "

"Hold on, a grapefruit! That's crap, there's no way a duck could dig out the segments."

“Oh lordy..you so aren’t ready for the duck yet.”

Have You Ever Wanted More...

“You see if life looks great and you’ve never wanted more than you see – fantastic!!

“Really fan-fucking-tastic?”

“Oh yeah, that would be a good reason to leap up, pausing only to grab your receipt and sprint full tilt, Lindford Christie style, straight to the shop or onto the computer and demand : ‘Return my money because my life is panning out exactly as I wanted and therefore I have no need of this book. Those around you will no doubt throw an impromptu celebration in your honor and will probably also want to touch you; for your kind are rare”.

“Probably pretty easy to spot someone on the other end of the spectrum then?”

“Yeah, and anywhere along it...if they were looking to actually live life. They’d probably grab this book, the minute they saw it, devour it right then and there, without bothering to pay for it, then hurl it to the floor screaming:

“I am saved! Thank fuck! There are others who believe that life could be great!”

“Does that ever really happen?”

“I reckon they do exist, there are some people that are entirely content with their life, whatever it looks like”.

“I agree completely. I also think there are plenty who have a feeling, a deep-down in the bollocks feeling that things really could be different, better, more like they dreamt of.”

“Like us.”

“Like most people! Honestly, how many people leap out of bed to start their day, so filled with excitement and adrenaline at the day ahead that they drop the ass out of their pants just trying to get dressed at warp speed in order to get out the door and be let loose on the day?”

“Does anyone feel like that?”

“Close enough, except maybe the dropping the ass out of the pants bit, because on the whole even excited people don’t tend to lose total control of their body parts, although it has been known. But imagine if you felt 100th of that excitement and actually wanted to get up,

really looked forward to what lay ahead that day, laughed as you dressed and had more energy than there were daylight hours for”.

“You really do paint a fantastic picture”.

“That’s because there’s a fantastic life on offer. A real blow your balls off, incredible, We-would-feel-like-gods kind of a life, waiting for us.”

“You had me at the blow your balls off, but that may not be everyone’s thing.”

“But that’s the point, everyone can have the life they dream of, and they would be poles apart from ours in most cases – everybody’s would because we’re all individuals, except you and I who are one and the same. For some, life can be a bit more pipe and slippers than hellraiser. Far from being at either end of the spectrum, there are however, statistically far more who find themselves at neither extreme but rather more, nestled in a tight huddle somewhere in the middle.”

“Ooh that’s a dangerous place to be, it seems to me.”

“Damn right – a dangerous word altogether: middle.”

“Mind you, what about middle-age. We can’t help that can we?”

“Yes we fucking can:

Just Say No!

Imagine a Revolution...

*

... a feel great revolution...

*

...that you were part of.

*

A Revolution in the way we think.

Are you in?

Have You Ever Wondered What You're Capable of?

"It would seem a fair conclusion that a lot of our revelations would free up a great deal of extra time, were we to act upon them. No more hours wasted in rubbishy conversations with people we don't wish to spend time with, decisions made in a split second rather than days, weeks, and more likely, years trying to decide. Hours of brain power freed up every single day of the rest of our lives, by talking honestly to ourselves and not pissing around the houses on every topic of thought, like a dog on his rounds. Add to this, our new-found energy at the joy of being us and suddenly the picture looks less appetizing than the life we have now."

"LESS APPETIZING! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU COMPLETE MORON!"

"Here it comes"

"What the fuck is this about now? We spend years trying to free up time and then take hours to read all the stuff in this book, looking for answers, which you say yourself are in these very pages and now you tell everyone that having freed up loads of time and energy, that we don't want it!!!! You sir, are getting on my tits; no worse, you're fucking with my head! HEAD FUCKER!"

"Bless you for your honesty"

"Fuck off!"

"Let me put it another way. Does early retirement look good? Didn't we try it and think we would die from trying to fill the interminable hours we had, with nothing to do".

"Yes, but if we'd done the things we'd really wanted to, it wouldn't have been like that".

"Precisely, if"

"Are you saying that we haven't ever really done what we wanted to do, but always some watered down version and therefore all the effort it would take to get to this point before the random age the wise old sages in Parliament decree is appropriate for us to reach official 'old duffer' age, and thus have large amounts of time on our gnarled hands, is not looking like an attractive proposition?"

"Yes, in a few less words"

"And would you add to that, that as our lives seem rather dull at present, any more time available for being bored shitless, is not really something we would sell our grandmother for?"

"Well, I'd sell her now."

"Me too, but not in exchange for more tedium, monotony and disappointment at another day gone without excitement".

"Precisely, my point way back at the statement '...suddenly the picture looks less appetizing than the life we have now..."

"Point taken and assimilated. So this is just another part of being fucked in the head then, the fact that we don't actually spend our time doing the things we really want to do. Not things that are 'ok', and 'not too bad', and 'at least...blah, blah, blah...' , or 'alright', not those things but the things that make us soil ourselves with excitement at the idea of doing them. Add to this, our new-found energy at the joy of being us and suddenly the picture looks less appetizing than the life we have now." Those things?"

"Those things, yes".

"My fucked up head is really struggling to picture that".

"We'll get there".

AUDACITY CAPACITY

"Have you ever wondered what we're capable of?"

"You what?"

"Maybe not. There is, after all, no reason why you should. But it makes for interesting thinking if you're in search of a different life, a better time, more excitement, feeling fulfilled, wanting to make our mark on the world, or more specifically trying to change one aspect of life as it stands now and in the future, for unless we change how we act now, life as it stands, is our future; biblical flood aside. In these cases, and many others, wondering what we're capable of, makes for interesting thinking."

"Blimey, where has this all come from? I suppose if doing things makes us feel better about ourselves then doing great things makes us feel incredible and doing fuck all or less than we feel we're capable of, makes us irritable, nasty, rat-toothed, unpleasant wastes of other people's oxygen."

"How fantastic then, that these things and more, are all possible, feasible and ultimately available. Imagine if we achieved all that we were capable of, we would be looking at someone else's life right now. Not ours. Nothing of this life at all, a complete and utter third dimension that we have never actually experienced because we were probably told that succeeding in mediocrity is the way to feel good. Only trouble is, we have tried it and found that it isn't."

"If we could view, our potentially successful lives in fast forward, glorious technicolor DVD with surround sound, we would probably cark it from the shock of seeing ourselves in action."

"People have done it, not many, and not in fast forward but in real time without looking too far ahead, so there is no chance of carking it with fear of what lies ahead but more like looking back over a life more fabulous and often very unexpected. Sometimes it seems to come hand in hand with bad news – a doctor's diagnosis, death of someone close, business closure, hitting forty, which for some seems to be the worst news they could ever receive. Sometimes in these situations, people break out and do the weirdest things."

"Why weird?"

"Because they are the furthest removed action for a person living the life they are in, at the point of the receipt of the news: becoming world champions in sport at entirely the wrong age, selling everything to launch a business idea, leaving everything they know to cleave a new

life in a foreign country where there is no chance of lapsing back into the ways of Blighty, dedicating their lives to a cause which they feel warrants such a sacrifice with the most incredible, world-changing results. And all on the receipt of some bad news.”

“Bit dramatic, wouldn’t you say?”

“And yet it happens. One thing that does seem to be quite universal however, given extensive research, is that no one has managed to predict how someone will react, if they receive such news. Think about it for a moment, doctors are given the unenviable task of passing on the equivalent of a death sentence on a daily basis, if we were to look across the full spectrum of those in practice. People do actually cark it on a daily basis, (some of them having been forewarned by the aforementioned doctors!). Depending on market forces, Government policy and which way the wind is blowing on a certain Monday, businesses fail in either their tens, hundreds, thousands or tens of thousands on a daily basis. And today 14,876 people hit forty, in Britain alone. And yet, it hasn’t yet been possible to predict which way the above, will jump. Some will see the event as a jumping off point and others will see it as an insurmountable hurdle, an eternal albatross to encumber all and any future endeavors. For those of us with high expectations from life, the diving board option must surely look more attractive, for encumbrances will only slow us down in the pursuit of all that we seek.”

“Although interestingly, what we seek is probably poles apart. Because for all that we’re ants in this life of scurrying about the planet, our hopes and dreams are no doubt, very different.”

“The overall outcome may be closer in idea; feeling great, being proud of ourselves, having a life of excitement and achievement and yet our routes to this Nirvana could take very different paths. What of it?”

“Obstacles to success seem to come from a variety of sources..”

“But none seem so hard to scale as those which come from our own fucked up heads.”

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.7

*You wouldn't carry a tiger around on your back
and then use someone else's poodle to hunt, would you?*

*You wouldn't carry Einstein around on your back
and then ask Homer Simpson for advice, would you?*

Your brain is the only one you need – If you don't trust it, who the hell is going to?

*

"It's going to take some pretty audacious, out-there action....bugger!"

"Bugger!"

*

*"So what is it that makes people change. because if we can work that out we can bottle it,
sell it and at least be successful at that."*

"But the truth is we don't really care."

*"True, we do really just want people to find out the answer and feel great and live at least
a fair proportion of their lives the way they want to. Not necessarily making a fortune and being
household names and hailed as Gods wherever they appear but lets not be too hasty because
that would probably go down okay, we could all swallow it. Just. But that's not what we're
talking about, we're saying everyone can be successful in their own way, big or small, private or
public, so long as it's their idea of living a Great life, theirs, not some false life foisted on them
by head fuckage and swindling bastards!"*

How Often Have You Surprised Yourself?

"What in a leaping out of the cupboard shouting "boo", with a joke hatchet in my head kind of a way, - not often."

"No in more of a shouting out the answer to a quiz question, be it during a friendly Trivial Pursuit challenge with the neighbors, or whilst vegging out in front of Who Wants To Be A Millionaire or similar take-off program."

"Aha, I see what you mean - it is amazing what comes out sometimes, a kind of Verbal Delinquency really."

"Indeed, perhaps most in evidence during these game shows when houses nationwide are suddenly filled with sufferers, all sofa-bound and screaming, making tourettes look like a walk in the park."

"And isn't it amazing that the volume of voice in these instances is usually a million times greater than normal?"

"That is due to the clear and simple reason that it comes from deep within."

"That much we understand but where the hell did it come from in the first place?"

"Exactly, how the fuck did the brain suck up the name of the first president of Malawi, the origins of beetroot salad and to which phylum the horned slug of Jujudeburg belongs? And all without our knowledge! The point is, it's all in there somewhere which means that at some point in life we must have been exposed to the information, and whether we're aware of it or not, the brain has absorbed and assimilated it, and it is then a simple matter of retrieval as to how readily this can be accessed at a later date. Therefore it would seem safe to bet one's life savings and a spare grandmother on the fact that other things we have been exposed to, have also been absorbed and assimilated in a similar way."

"Doesn't that mean we need to look at what the hell we're putting in there!"

"Not a new theory you cry."

"I was just about to."

"And rightly so, yet how come night after night, houses are filled with the miserable, depressing, scaremongering shit put out by the makers of soap operas and so called 'documentaries' to name just a few?"

"Soap operas – 'a slice of real life' ? And documentaries 'factual reporting' my asshole!"

"Thank you, an interesting point as, in fact, incredible though it sounds, your asshole would probably deliver a far more factual report than most documentaries, given that it is completely impartial and objective, having no axe to grind, and no opposable thumb with which to hold the handle."

"So how come this crap is so popular, and by crap, I mean to express my opinion in no uncertain terms, of how low I hold these dangerous, treacherous and ridiculous programs, in esteem."

"Truly, mankind has nothing to fear from the next ice-age or the sun exploding, or the re-invention of dinosaurs, because long before any of these events could take place, humanity will have long evaporated in a smog of wretchedness and melancholy, angst and despondency, which will be attributed after investigation by those that follow, entirely, to the garbage with which man filled his head."

"Are we being a bit unfair here?"

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.8

The size of your TV has nothing to do with the size of your success.

And the number of channels of crap you can access is not in proportion to how far you've come in getting that Great Life you've been swindled out of.

*

"Well, TV is not to bear the full weight of blame for there are plenty of other mediums; Obviously the internet, books, magazines, music, newspapers, theatre plays, school curriculum, old war stories perpetuated by deluded, doddering old gits, family horror stories swapped over the dinner table... the list is, in truth, far longer than we can be bothered to go into."

"And here again, it would be perfectly right and proper to question why we're laying into such things without offering an alternative."

"Perfectly right and proper but perhaps a little impatient because the answer follows here in a few short words...

keep these wonderful mediums which reach so many people, but use them to make people feel great, not shit, to factually inform not to spread scaremongering, emotionally histrionic bollocks!

...Simple when we think about it!"

"So what we're saying is that the opportunity to lavish due care and attention on our brains, as if they were an organ as vital as the heart or the lungs, is ours for the taking."

"Absolutely, for what is a healthy body with the brain of a sick person, a Fit-For-Nowt!, an iron man with gout, a miserable git, useless to the world."

"We might want to steer clear of the wise soothsayer type of speak."

"Sorry"

"Mind you, reciprocally speaking, our organs do us a fair service and for some, their organ does a fair amount of servicing to others."

"And why the hell not, we say? But a fair service it is, nay a great service, and in return all we have to do is nourish them with some good food which is readily available to most of us, and also simply, to stay of the really corrosive stuff like chillies, lard and meths. Again, it has to be said, that seems a bloody good deal, in our favor with the onus squarely on the side of the organs to keep us going through all of life's demands."

"And they do all their great work quite independently of conscious thought – a fact we know but rarely take time out to appreciate. Consider the liver beavering away, processing hundreds pints of blood and manufacturing bile without so much as a prompt from us and despite us guzzling hundreds of liters of alcohol to keep it on it's toes –incredible!"

"Think then of the brain, busiest of them all, twenty four hours a day with no opportunity to shut down, (except during Eastenders omnibus), not only keeping a tight ship over the many and varied body systems, and all the while allowing us to think, dream, and sleep, safe in the knowledge that our lungs will continue to suck in oxygen, while we're chasing some weirdo through the streets of San Fransisco, dressed in woad, with a cucumber for a weapon and an aardvark for a sidekick. Incredible!"

"You lost me on the aardvark there. I can honestly say I have never had a aardvark dream."

"Shame! Look if we wanted to speak Spanish, it is easy, we would learn the language from either a course, or self-instructed book, or maybe by moving to the country and speaking to the natives daily, for a certain period of time. No mystery there. The resultant fluency would obviously be determined by such factors as level of desire, dedication to our studies, time spent in concentration, natural aptitude and so on."

"I think you have safely assumed we're in agreement as to the fact that what we put in, is what we would get out."

"Although it may need to be put in several or more times before it comes out in any way intelligible."

"Why the bloody hell then isn't such a simple method used in other aspects of using the brain?"

"Aha, here lies perhaps our first answer: that from the early days of learning to walk and talk, in whichever order we managed these in, we have been told that our brains are giant sponges, designed to soak up information that we might learn things. What things and for what purpose, is not usually so readily discussed, but the practice of loading the brain with knowledge is a widely accepted convention, nevertheless. Yet this amazing organ is capable of so much more: reason, understanding, drawing logical conclusions, cognition, belief, rationalizing, formation of ideas, translation of the spoken word, creative thought, sending and receiving signals."

"Ours as well?"

"Ours as well. If we were to put our brain to the real matters to which it is eminently capable, it would quite literally, blow our mind."

"Hmm"

Hmmm. So the barman then, he's got to be part of this, right. it can't just be about the duck. Am I getting close?

"Ah, indeed so. After 2 weeks, the bar man is too intrigued and asks. 'so what bring you in then, we don't get many of your sort in here' and the duck replies..."

"Quack?"

"!...the duck replies by pointing with his wing to the large gaggle of ducks playing pool in the corner"

"Go on"

"The barman goes 'that's odd, I never noticed'. The duck replies 'hmm..strange, I noticed..."

"ooh, ooh I know, he says 'I noticed that my local pond is full of short-sighted barmen"

"Finally."

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"How the hell else can we use our brains?"

"Well now that we're fully conversant with the full colour, glossy brochure of its features,

consider how it could be better applied to helping us achieve what we want, rather than filling it up like a library, rammed to the roof with words and facts and dust and dull people. If we want those things we can, after all, join the local municipal facility, and have pretty well all the access to them that we damn well want. Would you buy a Lamborghini to do the weekly shopping! ...the school run! ... annual trip to the vets for a squeezing of the dog's anal gland!"

"Of course not!"

" And not just because those clever people at Lamborghini are far too sexy and ciao in their approach to fabulous car design to have allowed room for a single supermarket carrier bag, or grubby-fingered child* or dangerously full dog's ass; more so because it would be a criminal waste. In fact in Italy, it is actually a crime and carries with it the stiffest of penalties, that is, if the Mafioso don't get to you first. So we wouldn't waste such amazing design, dynamics, potential or looks for a lump of steel, but a lump of grey matter with all the same attributes (except the latter because they are repulsive looking bastards in truth), that can go to hell as far as we're concerned."

"Not too bright an approach, it is probably fair to say."

"Misquoted figures of the percentage of the brain that is actually used, abound in far too many circles and publications to commit the same offense here, but given that a single brain is capable of putting man on the moon; using it to store latin verb tables and poor jokes, remember family birthdays and improve at Sudoku, is really rather offensive behavior."

"Too right. It would be like inviting Einstein to dinner and then pulling out the Twister mat."

" We can only hope he would punch us; hard."

Let's feel good...

And now...

This book is the beginning, not the end. However you escape the *Great Life Swindle*, escape it! Whatever you do, get the hell out of that mother of all dead ends – *Swindleville*. There's a shed load of resources out there, learn how it works for *you* and get motoring now, get smacked up on fun going for the success and Great Life you and every other fucker who's willing to get off their ass was born for. And no, we won't meet at the top, we'll meet somewhere along the *low and dirty Road to Success* and if you've broken down or fallen headlong into a pit of swindulous vipers, we'll help you clamber out and you can do the same for us. Because when life wipes its ass with you again and your plan implodes, you'll need a support system of like minded freaks to get together with and we'll egg each other on to get up again and punch life back in the face – hard! In fact, you'll need that support when times are good as well – who wants to celebrate on their own? So check out the resources below:

[Great Life Swindle Blog](#) – This is the mothership where all good people end up. Whether you're up to your hackles in the shit, have one foot in *Swindleville* and one in *Successville* or you're a fully paid up member of the 'I escaped!' club, this is where it's at.

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[Global Feel Good Company](#) – If you just want to drop us a line, we'd love to hear from you.

[Great Life Swindle Gear](#) – Here you can help keep your eye on that awesome prize of a Great

Life by surrounding yourself with fun *mind-reminders*.

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*

Also by the Laura and Mark

The Great Success Swindle

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The Bollocks People Tell You

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