

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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Author

Topic: Introduction (Read 0 times)

Neil

Introduction

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Welcome, one and all, to the first annual Cook'd and Bomb'd Christmas Annual.

As the owner and creator of CaB, I've been asked to say a few words by Dr Christian Troy, and SirHenry - the people who are actually putting all the work into making the book. Unfortunately, they've neglected to tell me any of the contents, so instead of describing the nonpareil joy and creativity nestling snugly in this tome, I'm going to go on a characteristically narcissistic and self-absorbed monologue. This will be familiar to those of you who listen regularly to my CaB Radio show, so this will not be familiar to any of you. My day begins at home, where I rise from the pool of busty blond maidens I casually throw myself into at the end of the day. My butler, Bastard John, quickly inspects these leggy nymphos for soilage, or anything else that might make them unworthy of continuing to spend time supporting my lithe, tanned body. While he leaves them out for recycling, I carry out my morning ablutions, get dressed, and catch up with overnight activities on CaB. This is done via a state-of-the-art holographically projected AI bot, which performs the dual task of letting me know if I've got toilet roll stuck to my shoe.

Sauntering outside, I leap into my gleaming red Ferrari and make a bee-line for CaB Towers, where I can exert a hands-on role on the internet's premier source of frothing vitriol. Every post that is made on the Cook'd and Bomb'd forums needs to be personally checked beforehand for racist content and libel. Any posts that don't contain these elements are either immediately disposed of, or edited. Generally, to save time, I tend to bring such posts up to spec by sprinkling in the same key phrases. This is the most repetitive and draining part of moderating CaB, so I tend to fall back on the same formula time and time again. If you've ever wondered why 98% of the posts on Cook'd and Bomb'd refer to 'Richard Madeley being at it again in the local off license *and* he waggled his dick at a tramp on his way out... while in black-face.' Well, now you know.

After a hearty spot of lunch, the rest of the day is spent manually inserting all of the forum memes into tags. Potential new memes need to be methodically worked out, and are tested on a small army of lab rats, who have special neural implants that help them to understand and appreciate forum in-jokes. Witty puns, devastatingly incisive one-liners, topical references that sparkle with vim and vigour - all of these things have proven far too sophisticated for the average VerbWhore, so instead I mash out various words on the keyboard with the benefit of a blindfold and the Caps Lock key. Eventually I'll hit on a combination that causes the lab rats to shift from placid groaning, into a high-octane act of auto-cannibalism, and I know I'm onto a winner. Any sentence that causes a rodent to try and eat its own ears off is surely destined for a mention in the 'best tags' thread. The leftovers tend not to cause such an extreme reaction, and can mostly be characterised as insipid and uncreative combinations of words that are so banal they would make any right-thinking person want to unlearn English. These are sold off for a tidy profit to Ricky Gervais, for his Twitter.

With that done, the only task that remains is to physically restrain myself from permanently banning everyone with an animated avatar. I drive home at frankly dangerous speeds, frequently taking my eyes off the road to ogle the massive pile of cash that sits on the passenger seat; that's right, running CaB is a highly profitable venture, and I earn oodles of cash from selling on users contact details to peddlers of antidepressants and social anxiety medications.

The evenings are typically spent in the CaB chatroom, moaning about how Chortle are such sell-outs for having "content" and "regular updates."

Just the end to another average day behind the controls of Cook'd and Bomb'd. Now, over to DCT and SirHenry for the rest of the book, which looks a bit like this...

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Tags: One evening you look around your flat and the piles of take-away containers and used tissues suddenly seem to have taken it over. It's been a while since you last went out (of your flat) and for once you aren't in debt. So it strikes you that it would be a fun idea to organise a meet as it's been a while since the last one. After another couple of bottles of your favourite wheat beer you gather up all your Dutch courage you start a new thread...

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Tags: You go to the bar and order a drink. While you wait you look around the pub. There are two groups who look to be likely candidates;
You join the group on your left, go to 89.
You join the group to the right, go to 11.

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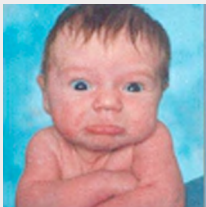
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 Doppelkorn
 Flip Top Head
 Nik Drou
 Cerys
 Dr Christian Troy
 Goldentony
 Ignatius S
 DocDaneeka
 Sir Henry & DCT

Note: All avatars were correct at time of going to print.
 All contents © 2011 by the respective creators

 Author Topic: A Christmas dream deferred (Read 0 times)**Yokel****A Christmas dream deferred**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



The stained tablecloth sagged onto the floor, emitting wafts of hours old red wine which smelt even more terrible when mixed with remnants of burnt creme brulé and cigarettes. Martin winced as the ache in his head pinched every nerve within his body every five minutes only to fade into a relieving if temporary numbness.

Laying on the couch, now littered with wrapping paper, certainly wasn't comfortable, but he had no choice, even the last remnants of heroin in his veins, try as they may, Christ bless 'em, couldn't make his veins twitch. Why did he do this to himself each year? He put his sweat, heart; and soul into preparing his home for his family, but no, they always decided to gather at his brother Charlie's house, even when he told them he would volunteer to host the family christmas party! Well, now they'd be sorry. They'll wonder why he didn't show up and go looking for him only to find him overdosed. If they found him dead, even better! He would show them.

Suddenly, the wailing ring of the kitchen phone broke the dead calm. It screeched for what seemed like an eternity before it faded into the crackled purr of the answering machine.

" Hey Martin, it's Charlie. Knowing you, you're probably out at the pub this eve, but I was just calling to ask if it's okay for me, the wife and the kids to visit tomorrow at noon. Lil Pearl and Finn were asking me where Uncle Martin was all evening. So please call me back, later, even if you're drunk cos we'd love to see ya."

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Tags: Ziggy carefully unwraps each napkin to reveal a dozen or so assorted cotton wool beards and moustaches. The CaBbers all around join in in delight, with every facial fungal-free face (male and female) soon adorned with beards, goatees, Hitler moustaches and, inevitably, merkins. Cameras flash left and right and, hidden behind a particularly voluminous beard and moustache combo, you finally feel as if you might not be a total outsider.

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Topic: Secret Diary of Des Lynam (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Des Lynam**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »

**Secret Diary of Des Lynam****January 12th**

Did the Premiership. Just going through the motions these days. I'm sure that Ally McCoist winked at me during the warm up. Then when he leaped to his feet after Owen scored I'm sure he brushed my buttocks with his hand.

January 13th

Spent all day sat in my underpants watching reruns of Home to Roost. Had cheese strings for tea.

January 21st

Did the Premiership again. Ally hardly said a word to me all evening. He was laughing and joking with Andy Townsend though. I hate that twat.

January 22nd

Trimmed moustache. Had cheesestrings for dinner.

January 25th

Got an invite to appear on the Graham Norton show. Had to agree to judge a gay Des Lynam look-alike competition, so I turned it down. I don't want people associating my moustache with homosexuality.

January 28th

Ally was in great form today. Cracking jokes all evening. He has such a cheeky smile. During a dull 0-0 I noticed him staring at me out of the corner of my eye. For about 10 minutes.

February 2nd

My wife has gone out to the seaside so I decided to spend all day in the nude. Watched reruns of last night's show. He was definitely staring at me.

February 3rd

I went for a dump earlier on and it wouldn't flush. Its just staring at me everytime I go in the bathroom.

February 4th

Spent most of the morning eating jam with a fork just to see if it can be done. It can but its too much effort.

February 5th

Recorded the Premiership. Ally wasn't there.

Tags: As you return to the bar you notice someone in a balaclava, occasionally breaking into conversations to insult everyone and make unfunny references to CaB memes. You continue to watch him as you wait for your pint, wondering why people are putting up with him. It's only when he turns around that you notice his T-shirt. In bold felt pen letters it says 'Tags'.

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Author Topic: Secret Diary of Des Lynam (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

Secret Diary of Des Lynam

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



February 6th

I was a bit bored today so I made a little duck out of putty.

February 7th

Went out and bought a can of Special Brew and five packets of cheesestrings. I think my irritable bowel is flaring up again so the Special brew could be a mistake. Ally still isn't answering my calls, I got through to his answering machine earlier and left him a message about my malformed stools but I'm not sure if he'll ever get it.

February 8th

Had some cheese strings for dinner.

February 12th

Ally still isn't back. During a piece to the camera I actually shed a little tear. I don't think anyone noticed. I don't care anymore.

February 14th

Got up at 4 am, but the postman still hadn't come. Got up again at half 8 but still no cards. Spent the rest of the morning weeping in the cellar.

February 15th

Was fed up of being depressed so I went out to get some porn. Sadly, they didn't have "Bare Lady Day" so I got one called 'The Bare Bitch Project' instead. It was good but my erection failed after I saw a man in the film who looked a bit like Tom Selleck. I hate him, he's a big bender.

February 19th

blah blah blah.

February 20th

I think my tashe is lovely. Tried to rub my willy against it again but something snapped. Wife took me into casualty.

February 21st

Got home from hospital. I have to take 3 weeks off work because I hurt my back. Won't see Ally for nearly a month. Sigh.

February 27th

Accidentally shaved my tashe a bit too much on one side and had to do the other side to match. It's all lop-sided and I hate myself. Hid in the wardrobe all afternoon.

Came out at 8.30 and inspected my tashe. It's not as bad as I thought but it still looks wrong. No wonder Ally hates me.

Tags: You wander around the pub, looking for a group to join, and spot an empty seat at a table with Louis, Squidy and DCT. As the discussion is about the implied sexual relationship between Steptoe and Son, based on quotes from episodes 4, 9, 17, 35 and the unaired Easter Snuff Special, and Louis' tirade of mockney filth and insults is getting louder by the minute, you decide to give them a wide berth. Go to 12.

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Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



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REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Tags: While waiting for a gap where you can join the conversation, you notice someone approaching the pub who looks remarkably like j_u_d_a_s. Do you call out "Judas!" - go to 36 not - go to 98

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Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



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Tags: You finally achieve your dream of nationwide television fame. Though it does take a DNA test to identify your headless body.
The End

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Topic: Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



The following story is true. Only the facts have been changed.

Some of you may be familiar with some aspects of this story. It was in the national newspapers, briefly. I remember the corny headlines – 'Vigo – Village of the Damned', 'Loco Lagomorphs Claim Six More' and 'Carrot Crunchers Turn on Carrot Crunchers Horror.' It even made the regional news - initially. But then they soon had to stop the coverage because of the panics. The media only focused on the effect. None of them ever stopped to ask themselves about the cause. And they certainly never asked me. And I was there at the very beginning. I was part of the cause, I suppose. Although I didn't realise it at the time. None of us did. Nobody could have predicted that a simple act of kindness would mutate into something tragic and regrettable. No, nobody ever asked me. And it's for that reason that I've never told this tale before.

It's not guilt that's making me talk. I'm responsible. But I'm not guilty.

It was the summer of '87. I don't know whether you remember that summer, but it was hot. Not in a nice way. It was a cruel, oppressive heat that clung to you like a polyester shroud. I was staying round at my friends' house, two brothers. Their parents were away on holiday. They had another brother, but he was a lot younger, around seven years or so younger, so he'd gone away with the parents. Which just left us three. No longer boys. But not quite men either. We'd have been about fifteen or sixteen years old, the age when summers seem to just expaaaaaaaand like a rubber band. Enjoying an endlessness that we'd never enjoy in quite the same way again.

But we didn't know that at the time. We didn't realise that time was a finite thing, that the factory, the office, the dole queue, the university or the madhouse were breathing down our necks, hot, heavy and rank, wanting to snatch those golden hours away, like a thief or a murderer. We didn't yet know that every action has a consequence and that every consequence must be answered for. We didn't know that there's always a reckoning. But we were to find out.

It must have been about the second or third day of our freedom. We'd somehow got hold of some beer - Budweiser, just like the Beastie Boys who were not as popular as they had been, but were still considered pretty cutting edge in Kent. They were popular with us, anyway. We'd been watching 'Animal House' and a film called 'Tomboy' on a constant loop. We'd managed to rent them from the local Knit and Sew/Video Emporium, despite being under the requisite age to do so. Having a mum who worked in the Newsagents had a certain cachet in those parts. It made you a somebody in a land of nobodies. It opened doors. 'Tomboy' was a real favourite amongst us, featuring as it did slightly more nudity (top half only) than 'Animal House'. I can't remember anything about the film. But there were breasts. They were plentiful. Difficult to imagine now, but breasts were hard to come by in those days. Real ones even scarcer. We thought we were rock 'n' roll stars, living on the edge and taking no prisoners.

One of us, I forget who, went out to water the plants and check the rabbit, our sole duties to perform while the parents were gone. That was when everything changed forever. For the worse. Our heaven turned to hell.

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Tags: You head to the far end of the bar and wait to be served. While you're waiting someone bumps into you and spills coke all the way down the one remaining dry leg of your trousers. You bellow 'For fuck's sake' in frustration, then realise that everyone else at the meet is now staring at you.

Head to the other end of the bar.

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Author

Topic: Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Whoever it was that checked the rabbit noticed something alarming. The rabbit was misshapen. Its gut had become horribly distended and a vast growth had sprouted, a growth that was close on half the size of the rabbit itself. One day it was fine, the next – this hideous tumour. It just appeared from nowhere. The rabbit was elderly. Its best days were most certainly behind it. And it was obviously in pain, well past the point of veterinary intervention. We had no choice but to take matters into our own hands.

They're shitty pets, rabbits. It's difficult to really form an emotional bond with them, like say, a dog or a cat. If they were any good, you wouldn't keep them in a box in the garden. It wasn't even our rabbit. It was the absent younger brothers. But he wasn't there to witness what had happened to Blackberry. He was on holiday, and none of us had the heart to ruin that pleasure for him. So, rather than phone the absent parents, we decided that it was down to us to act like men and make a decision. Given the emotional distance we felt from the poor thing, we elected to do the decent thing and put this sorrowful, suffering creature out of its misery in the most humane way possible. We decided to club it death with a cricket bat.

After drawing lots, fair and square, my friend seized the bat firmly in his hands. He gave a couple of practise swings, then without any further ado or formality, he clumped the cancerous creature squarely on the neck. The fucking thing bucked like a mule, he didn't know what had hit him. But I'll bet he was pretty sure he didn't want seconds. But he got them anyway. We had to be certain. It was a sin to let the poor thing suffer, so my friend continued his frenzied clubbing in order to remove any possibility of error, and to avoid any chance of premature burial. He pummelled away with characteristic tenacity. He had always been conscientious. He went to the grammar school. It wasn't pretty, and death must have come as a blessed relief – but eventually Blackberry's trials were finally over. If he could have formed words I'm sure the little fella would have thanked my friend for ending his agony so efficiently. I hope when my time comes some Good Samaritan shows me such kindness. While this was going on I tried my best to ignore the carnage and set to work digging the grave, deep, dark and dignified.

We buried the deceased, with all due respect and reverence. I remember picking what was left of Blackberry up. He felt like one of those furry pencil cases, one half full of those fiddly little colouring pencils. I couldn't help noticing that there was no blood, no abrasions or marks of violence on him, which struck me as odd. Because his passing had most certainly been one of the more violent ends I'd ever witnessed, although that would change with time. I commented on Blackberry's resilience to my friends, showed them his floppy yet immaculate corpse. We all agreed that it was "well weird" and threw him in the hole. Each of us said a few brief words, summarising the animals existence and listing his achievements and favourable attributes. After that we buried him, marking the spot with a makeshift inverted crucifix. We were adolescents after all, and this vaguely gothic affectation tickled us. Plus, Blackberry had never expressed any deep held religious beliefs, so we thought we were well within our rights to piss about a bit. We retired back to the house to resume our enjoyment of the liberty we'd hitherto been luxuriating in. I think we watched 'Tomboy' again. Whatever we did, when it was done we went out into the spacious garden in order to enjoy an al fresco barbeque. It was twilight, still hot, the dusk had done nothing to ease the intense heat. The shadows loomed darker. We were sitting on the patio, waiting for the grill

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Tags: You offer the Tia Maria around but everyone is generously leaving it to you, when a newly-arrived verb-whore grabs it from your hand and throws it in Kelvin's face. After a lot of laughter at, and little sympathy for, Kelvin it turns out that he looks "just like someone who upset me once". Fair enough.

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Topic: Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



to warm up to the optimum cooking heat, masters of all we surveyed and probably talking about girls we fancied at school and how we would woo them, or the prospect of taking our driving tests and how fast we'd drive when we'd passed them. We spoke of the mysteries of the future and the exotic promises it held. Laughing. Carefree. Ignorant.

And that should be where the story ends.

How I wish it was.

While we sat in our deckchairs, drinking beer and talking, I noticed something moving on the lawn out of the corner of my eye. I thought nothing of it at first - probably just some leaves blowing along in the hot summer breeze, the way they do, circling like tiny tornadoes. Whatever it was, it was a strange pattern it wove, and in the gathering dusk I couldn't be sure of just what it was I was seeing. The events of earlier on seemed like a lifetime away, what with the beer and the heady atmosphere, the mercy killing seemed to be part of somebody else's story. But as I strained my eyes to follow the crooked route the shape described an awful certainty stole over me. Whatever it was out there, it was becoming unavoidably obvious that it wasn't leaves swirling up and dancing in an evening sirocco. It was Blackberry. The rabbit was back. I don't know how, We'd buried it deeply enough, of that there could be no doubt, and, anyway, there was no way it could have burrowed in its broken and ravaged state. I was stunned, struck mute and stupefied; I struggled to articulate my dreadful fears. It was then that both my friends began to scream, their voices jagged with terror and disbelief, like stabs of broken glass. It was true. They'd seen it too. Somehow, the rabbit had dug its way back from the dead, back from the depths from which we had flung it, and was dragging itself erratically toward us. Towards its slayers.

It was in sorry shape, but its pace seemed to quicken the closer it got to us. The sound of our screaming seemed to spur it on. As one we fell silent. Wordlessly we watched its grim approach as the broken corpse crawled and clawed its way closer.

Suddenly my friend, ever the man of action, made a desperate break for the garage. In a second he returned, cricket bat in hand and set off at a sprint in the direction of the rabbit. Seeing this, the rabbit marshalled all its strength and bolted, like a streak of lightning, from a crawl to a frenzied lope in the blink of an eye. It became a blur. Then, with one primal, preternatural leap it hopped clear over my cricket bat wielding friends head, shot past us and out of the garden gate. We never saw it again.

A couple of days later, my friend's parents returned. We had to explain the missing rabbit, naturally. We told them that Blackberry had escaped from his hutch and had run off, that we'd tried to find him, but to no avail. The parents took it well, explaining to the crying younger brother that Blackberry had probably gone off to the woods to see his real family. Eventually the boys tears subsided and nothing more was said. We never mentioned what we'd seen to anyone else. What was the point? Who'd believe such a thing? Besides, we had murdered a family pet, there was no getting around that fact.

It was a couple of weeks later that strange rumours began to circulate. People from all over the village started to report their rabbits missing. Even some Guinea pigs vanished too.

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Tags: As you cross the bridge a troll jumps out and challenges you to a hand to hand duel to the death. You ignore him and carry on to a branch in the road. You can hear the troll crying and complaining loudly about "bloody hipster students and their cunt-flappingly bad manners". Do you go

North? - go to 126

South? - go to 243

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Doomy Dwyer Doomy Dwyer's 13th Confession

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Every one thought it was funny at first, in a macabre way. They put it down to some sort of practical joke. But after a while everybody stopped laughing. You could feel a change come over the village, like a bond had been broken. The community began to fragment, began to be suspicious of one another. They watched each other closely, each suspecting the other of abducting rabbits for some unnamed, foul purpose.

It was shortly after that that the killings started.

Author Topic: Where were they then? (Read 0 times)

Absorb the Anus Burn Where were they then?

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



NICK DRAKE
Lately Deader (1970)

Notoriously shy, Drake would only be photographed inside the coffin that would be the poor boy's final resting place. Tragic acoustic folk at its most hazey, dreary, gloomy - as in Sunday!



IGGY GERVAIS
The Fat Idiot (1977)

Long before sending one abroad, the original fat idiot proved he was no stooge or dum dum boy, but a mong on song who laughed his cold dead laugh all the way to the bank.



ELMO
Q: Are We Not Muppets? (1978)
Sponsored by the letters E.N.O. this 1978 classic will fill you with an uncontrollable urge to count from one to ten before throwing up at Oscar the grouch's revolting version of Sloppy.



GRACE JONES
Doritos Lip Injury (1985)

After cutting her lip on a tortilla, Jones gave up punching chat show hosts to record a spicy concept LP that made Roger Moore's eyes water. Best served with a Trevor Horn salsa dip.

Page: 1 2 ... [11] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: He's getting closer. He's trying to find you. There's only one thing to do. Go to 35

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit



Phil A

The Sbroon

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Tags: You finally find a spare place and take a seat. Lebovici is reading a beer bottle label with exquisite comic timing, much to the amusement of everyone around. Looks like this group is in your blood alcohol level bracket. You make yourself comfortable and take a leisurely drink of your pint. Go to 29.

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Frasier Christmas (Read 0 times)

Glebe**Frasier Christmas**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Frasier fans can breathe a massive sigh of regret, as the classic therapy-com makes a return with 30min feature-length special **A Very Festive Frasier**, available now on HD-DVD and Betamax. Hold on to your nutsacks – it's gonna be a bumpy ride!

The whole crew are back - Wesley Kramer, Wilfred Bramble, Father Frasier, English Maid, Perry Hairpin and Timmy the Dog, plus another one possibly. And who's that knocking on the door? Could it possibly be former *Cheers* stars Rhea and Ron Perlman, popping by for a quick eggnog? Frasier is only to glad to welcome in his former Boston buddies, with buckets of spunk and endless vitriol par for the course!

So put y'feet up, grab a brandy and join us for a festive feast of mirth, mayhem, sadness, incongruity, lardiness, grit, sass, chutzpah, tears, joy and fisting. Mazel tov!

DVD Extras:

Commentary with *Frasier* creator Woody Harrelson.

Behind the scenes with George Foreman (6min).

'Golden Showers' deleted scene (55min).

Bloopers, out-takes and extended felching.

Script in PDF form (blank).

(Crosby) Stills (Nash & Young) gallery.

Page: 1 2 ... [13] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

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PINT

Tags: After an interesting but unfollowable conversation that requires a joint degree in pharmacology and social studies you decide to move on to a discussion that's more on your level. Your eyes light on a momentarily silent and unattended Boki. This should be a bit easier to follow. You go over and introduce yourself. Go to 76

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Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

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[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author

Topic: Where's Rene? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Rene?

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [14] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: By 6.30am you've had enough and the first buses are starting to appear. You're tired, hungry, hung over, you only have enough money for a short bus journey and have massive blisters on both feet. You bid your companions a bleary farewell and set off on your 5 hour journey home, happy in the knowledge that you won't have to do this agin for a few months, if ever.
The End.

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REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Author

Topic: Where's Rene? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Rene?

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



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REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Tags: Off to the bus station to catch the bus. Two hours of back-breaking, knee-crushing, stomach-turning, brain-numbing travelling you finally arrive in London. Unfortunately the journey was so mind-numbing that you've forgotten which venue was finally decided on. You try phoning another verbwhore only to find out that your phone has run out of credit. Do you...

do a pub crawl until you find a group of degenerates that might be CaBbers and join them? - Go to 49 or find somewhere with a computer and charm your way into being allowed to check the thread ? - Go to 119

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Author Topic: Hollywood CaBylon (Read 0 times)

Squidy

Hollywood CaBylon

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



To the casual observer Cook'd And Bomb'd is another mindstraining, eyenumbing forum where people who've never heard of O. Henry discuss the nuanced satire of a politician fucking a pig.

But known to precious few is that it's a front for the main feature, the so-called 'Chatroom'. Like Room 101, but the good one before Frank Skinner revamped it, the 'Chatroom' is a place where society's outcasts can lock themselves in a soundproof booth and spout off on their pet hates via compound swearwords and faces made of 'more than' symbols and open parentheses. Why else do you think they call it 'IRC'?

These guys - if one doesn't insult the males of this species by calling them 'guys' - deserve a taste of their own medicine, sticky and purple and unpleasant to smell. And so this author has been idly lurking - and, when the music is appropriate, Lurching - in the CaB Radio chatroom (So who did you think all those Flouncers were? Sadowitz's lawyers?), and have amassed the secrets the CaBbers didn't want the outside world to know.

So join me, in alphabetical order and with sixty black-and-white photographs, for...

Hollywood CaBylon

* ** *** **** *****

*Not affiliated with the CaBathon.
** Nor Hollywood.
*** And not Hollywood Babylon either.
**** And especially not Hotel Babylon.
***** Or even Frankie Avalon.
***** Oh, and Rich Fulcher too. Nothing to do with the title, we just really do not want to be associated with Rich Fulcher.

ApexJazz

ApexJazz - actually pronounced "Apes Multiplied By Jazz", a reference to the King Kong porn of the early 1930s - claims to be one of the great American humo'urists, having written for Will & Grace, Dharma & Greg, The Golden Palace, It's About Time, Turn-On, Meego, The Pitts, those Scrubs without Zach Braff in them, and Big Top. He is, in fact, a steelworker from Leeds named Alf Geyornsplat, and has an accent, a whippet, and a wife and children just like Pepe Le Pew in his first cartoon. How else could he possibly know about 'Bradford'? This phoney has no association with the business of show, unless you count that eighteen years he spent as Roland Rat.

DCT

DCT - or 'Dicked', as it is pronounced - is the man of a thousand faeces. He hosts, he scripts, he speaks, he acts, he games, he dames, he writes, he doesn't write, he slices, he dices, he mingles, he's single, ladies, so get in.

Tags: Now comes the hardest part of the meet. You see Ronnie the Raincoat approaching. Quandary: the person you most want to meet, but therefore are most scared to talk to. As she is about to walk past do you let the alcohol overcome your shyness and introduce yourself - go to 38
chicken out - go to 63

Author

Topic: Hollywood CaBylon (Read 0 times)

Squidy**Hollywood CaBylon**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



He is legion. The secret is there isn't just one DCT - the original fellow made clones of himself. Inspired by seeing Multiplicity, and its disappointingly unrelated sequel Duplicity, DCT first realised it was possible to create inferior clones of oneself to work on projects not worth the effort after seeing Xander Armstrong hosting Pointless. DCT's fictional doctorate was handily in genetics and so, with a bit of his saliva he was able to extract from David Lynch's boots, he was able to create inferior versions of himself, which is going some.

Many months later, the clones tired of sniping each other for regional television promotional scuttler on eBay and writing spooves of Only Fools and Horses where the joke is a swear, and so, like the original DCT, were violently revolting. Remember the London riots? They were all DCTs. It is rumoured the original DCT went missing during this attack whilst attempting to rescue burning Spitting Image DVDs from the Network warehouse, and that the creature we now know as DCT is actually Gareth Hale in a waistcoat, but we may never know for sure.

Also, his name comes from Nip/Tuck.

FlipTopHead

Is actually one of DCT's malformed clones, hence her (its?) overbearing takeover of the CaB 'Radio' 'airwaves'. Don't confront her on this, however, or we'll have another disaster like the one that occurred at the end of Moon. That's right - Source Code.

Goldentony

Not as culturally aware as he makes out. Thinks the shark from Jaws is named 'Jaws'.

Little Hoover

Wifebeater. Not married, but regardless a wifebeater.

LFBarfe

Once told me he thought Schindler's List was too long. He didn't even know there was a movie.

Mickey Rooney

Doesn't actually post in the CaB Chatroom, but still worth noting that he's a nasty piece of work.

Neil

Many people have speculated how Neil, a man taller than his name suggests, has managed to keep a massive website running for so many years with minimal advertising and no interesting content. The answer is his secret - he raises his funds through producing and distributing his own Tijuana Bibles of well-known comedians. Cook'd And Bomb'd is merely

Tags: For reasons that are beyond you, you suddenly seem to have become Kelvin's 'left-hand man' for the journey. This is not such a bad thing as it means that you don't have to say a word, just listen to his continuous hyperactive monologue about the post 'Hi-De-Hi' careers of Paul Shane and Su Pollard. When that peters out you learn that there's a chapter in the Bible where Jesus and Judas spend the whole day trying to avoid hearing the result of a chariot race. Before you know it you're at Artemis' house.

Go to 68

Author Topic: Hollywood CaBylon (Read 0 times)

Squidy

Hollywood CaBylon

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



his personal gauge of a comedian's popularity, a big blue clapometer with words and Amazon links; as soon as a thread reaches a suitably widespread five pages, a lightbulb goes off in Neil's office and he forcibly inserts the thread's subject into a sex comic, usually involving a little old lady, a cow which is not pernickety about what it eats, and a surprisingly liberal flatfoot.

So where does he get his gutter-level artists, I hear you cry? What, you think he put up the H.S. Art board to find a Picasso? Anybody there displaying half a grain of artistic talent - which describes madhair60 for a start - has been drafted in to create these eight-pagers showing the sex lives of CaB's television favourites. Big sellers this year have been Limond Party, Grandma's Hos, Jakhov: Cum-in-the Shorts, and Bellamy's Peephole. Hey, these are easy to do.

He's also Irish.

Nik Drou

Favourite Batman is Kilmer.

Phil A

The 'A' stands for 'anti-semite'.

Squidy

The worst one of the lot. You may think that having seen the Eric Idle film Missing Pieces is the crummiest thing Squidy has done, but you'd be wrong. This sicko, this lowest of the low, this Linehan - he's been lurking in the CaB Chatroom and surreptitiously been noting everyone's secrets with a view to publishing them in a Kenneth Anger rip-off volume... oh, what a giveaway.

TC Raymond

Nice chap, good teeth.

Tags: The Penderel's Oak has everything; wifi, cheap beer, chips, depressing ambience and a clientele of low-ranking professionals who won't have enough confidence to complain about the behaviour of some of the rowdier members. Even Neil says that he may well be able to come to this one and is looking forward to it massively. Go to 8a.

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REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Harpo Speaks Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [19] Give Up

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: Now comes the most important decision of the whole weekend: do you get to London by bus or by train. Value or comfort? Leg room or no leg room? Toilet or no toilet?
Bus - go to 15.
Train - go to 77.

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig**Robot tweets from space**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



On August 25th 2012 NASA control were due to launch their first "Celebrity" in space mission, televised globally with production by Endemol. However, due to a bout of mutual gastroenteritis, Russell Grant and Hulk Hogan had to cancel at the last minute. With the financiers seething and the production crew in a tizz, a decision was made to replace the two shitting celebs with an emergency celeb-drone, R2-ditto. Fitted with livecam, the bot was tasked with keeping Earth abreast of the shenanigans of the remaining celebs aboard the shuttle, namely Dita Von Teese, Sandi Toksvig, Grace Jones, Nelson Swillie, Stevie Wonder and William Shatner. As well as video and audio, R2-ditto would be the first non-human able to send twitter missives from the dark side of the moon.

As we all know now, the tragedy that followed 3 months after launch was witnessed by an estimated 2 billion people worldwide. It is not known if Shatner's Bassoon will survive its descent to earth, but reports that Grace Jones' body is now in orbit around Jupiter have been greatly exaggerated.

A transcript of R2-ditto's tweets now follow:

August 25th 11.30am Isolation beginning to set in (after only a few hours since launch!). The mind can only take so much. Drank a bottle of oil for breakfast this morning. Never really felt this kind of...I don't know, it's like an aching feeling, but I'm not sure if it's in my head or I can really feel it. Can only hope it goes away.

August 26th 10.05am Started having some really crazy dreams. Not sure if it's the oil. Sometimes I'm just looking out the window for hours. Can't shift the feeling that the Earth doesn't want me. Been trying to make a start on Candide, but just can't shift the jitters long enough.

August 26th 7.20pm Want to do something, but can't. Just keep letting it all wash over me. Sure I saw something move on the floor today, but I looked and there was nothing there. The only things I can watch are YouTube videos, pointless stuff - just to keep my mind calm. Nothing helps.

August 27th 4.25am Oil iss AWESooomez!!

August 27th 8.10pm Slept through most of the day. Texted the other robonauts on Earth, but no replies yet. Really wish I could just go back to sleep.

August 29th 1.30pm Still nothing from Earth. Nothing new here either. Just space and celebs. And you don't get much support from space...or celebs.

August 30th 4.20pm Dropped my oil all over the floor today. Wanted to react, but just stood there staring at it. Pressed my head against the console for an hour, trying to push out the desperation. Another failure.

September 1st 4.07am Nelson is ranting again. Grace Jones karate chopped that fucker during anti-gravity - impressive!

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: Louis Barfe joins the chatroom having had an unpleasant journey home (a policeman at the station kept insisting he was a tramp and should move on). He then proceeds to call everyone in the chatroom and at the meet 'an hypocritical cunt' before singling out one at random for some particularly personal abuse. So you can sleep peacefully in the knowledge that CaB has returned to normal and all is well with the world. Sweet dreams. The End.

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Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig**Robot tweets from space**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »**September 2nd 12.09pm:** Tell my wife I love her very much, she knooo-o-o-oooes.**September 3rd 08.16pm:** For mash, get Smash.**September 3rd 08.18pm:** Tired GOTO Bed.**September 5th 5:04am:** Get a call from Dale Winton, struggle to remember who he is. All a bit camp, I'm afraid.**September 6th 12:34pm:** I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships....oh fuck it, who am I kidding, eh?**September 9th 12.05pm:** Spent this morning reading suicide notes online. Not sure why, I know I'd never go through with it. Too scared. Something's gotta give, though.**September 9th 5.00pm:** E-mailed Radio 3 to request Sousa's Washington Post March, but they never played it. Played Handel's Water Music twice though. Presenter even mentioned that they weren't getting many decent requests.**September 10th 3.45pm:** Supposed to do diagnostics today, but can't get round to it. All I can think about is oil and falling into space. Sometimes I want to fall into space.**September 11th 5.05pm:** Tried to sign up to madbid.com today, but it kept telling me there was a problem with my authentication number. E-mailed them, but no reply. Missed the Stratocaster auction anyway.**September 12th Midnight:** I have a feeling that I am not alone. My visual sensors are picking up movement and shapes that seem to follow me around wherever I go.**September 13th 2.07pm:** Upon closer inspection I have to come to realise that suspected intruder was my shadow. Odd. There is no lighting on this deck. Hey...who's there?!**September 14th 4.15am:** Been listening to Ricky Gervais' podcast to calm my nerves.**September 14th 6.43am:** Thoughts of suicide have gotten stronger. An awful static like cackle haunts my waking thoughts.**September 15th 2.44am:** Tried to stick my electronic shaft in the ships food dispenser, she's so sexy and she's been eyeing me up the entire trip the little whore. I know she wants it.**September 16th 4.01am:** Ate some moondust and rode a giant puppy around the crab nebula. The compu-doc says I'm suffering delirium circuitus, but Dale tells me otherwise.**September 16th 5.00pm:** Feel like all my frustrations are just building up inside. Cleverbot.com says I need an outlet. But it's wrong - I run on batteries.Page: 1 2 ... [21] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

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Tags: You sit back and close your eyes for a minute. And wake up aching and bewildered 5 hours later, mumble your way through a cup of tea and then head off into the unreal world of a Sunday morning and home. Another meet successfully survived.
The End

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig**Robot tweets from space**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

September 17th 6.00pm: Have now realized what cleverbot meant and have tried to write some poetry. But it's rubbish. Should have downloaded that Creative Writing software when I was a sprite, but it didn't seem important at the time.

September 18th 2.00am: Woke up from another deactivation dream last night. Not sure if I was glad it was a dream. Had some oil to calm myself down, but still feel edgy as hell.

September 18th 12.05pm: Utter, utter, utter despair today. Sandi Toksvig lost the Earth vote and has been jettisoned into space.

September 19th 4.02pm: Posted my details on hotornot.com today. I think it's a flattering CAD file, but I'm not sure that makes it fair. Do I really look like that?

September 20th 6.00pm: No views yet on hotornot.com. Don't know what I expect to get out of it anyway. Ordered the complete 'Oh, Doctor Beeching!' box-set from Amazon, but it won't arrive for three months. Will just have to try and hold on.

September 21st 8.54am: Miserable. Ate breakfast early this morning but the bolts are like metal in my mouth. Was it Alpha-X4Z who once said "All this whirring and bleeping is but atonal music of the futile"?

September 22nd 3:42am: A bright note - Dale called again. He told me he had been falsely accused of stealing ladies sanitary towels from the Poundshop in Deal.

September 23rd 12:05pm: Apparently it's my birthday today. Overdosed on oil. Feel cranky.

September 24th 9.43pm: Watched some programme about 80's kids shows. Metal Mickey was in one clip. His gibbous grin beamed malevolently at me. Papa told me never to trust robots who liked to boogie. I ache.

September 25th 3.25am: CONTACT! I was awoken by the sound of the station's E.T. alert-module siren. It has finally happened. Alien life. First contact!

September 25th 3.27am: False alarm, someone had left the phone off the hook.

September 25th 11.23am: Spent the majority of the morning attempting to remove a 'kick-me' sign one of the celebs must have stuck to my battery pack. It's still there.

September 25th 11.55am: The sign is gone, but it was stuck on with a magnet, which is still there. I'm glad it wasn't aliens this morning. That would have been embarrassing.

September 25th 3.37pm: Nagging feeling that I left an unfinished Solitaire game open on my laptop back home. I can just see the counter ticking away.

September 25th 4.20pm: Time to get baked!

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: You take your turn saying "arrrs and arrrs and arrrs" in your best NornIronic accent and are rather chuffed that everyone laughs heartily. Until someone says "He's not German, you know" and everyone laughs even harder. You decide to move on.

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go

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Author

Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig**Robot tweets from space**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

September 26th 2.13am: Watching more re-runs of Supermarket Sweep. I'm sure I spot Metal Mickey in aisle 3, chomping on some avocado and grinning directly at me.

September 27th 8.01pm: Botched a routine maintenance job in the zero gravity toilet. Let's just say the morning cup of Joe will provide more than a wake up call for Dita and the other celebs tomorrow.

September 28th 9.05pm: Tried writing some observational comedy today. Did you hear about the loneliest robot in the universe? No?

September 30th 3.00pm: Trying to use the radio I brought, results partially unsuccessful. Steve Wright is not on Radio 2, only Mayo. Suicidal thoughts grow stronger.

September 30th 4.00pm: Dermot O' Leary arrives mysteriously on at the 4pm slot. I see my world crumble before me.

September 30th 4.11pm: JUST REALISED IT'S SATURDAY AND NOT FRIDAY, WRIGHT WILL BE BACK ON MONDAY! Soothed.

September 30th 4.14pm: Don't even know what day it is any more :(I only know it is one day closer to my death.

October 1st 9.12pm: Might have a go at taking apart my ear and putting it back together again. #stuffyou dowhenyou're bored

October 2nd 7.11pm: I think the radio must be broke.

August 3rd 1.34pm: Great news, the time machine has worked! Fame and fortune awaits. #1stRobotNobelPrize

October 3rd 1.36pm: Bloody analogue calendar fucked again. #Howtodeletetweets?

October 4th 6.31pm: Said no way, I'm not that kinda girl. #jokesaboutyourboss

October 4th 6.45pm: Just worked out how to delete Tweets. Discretion, valour, etc. #phew

October 5th 7.13am: Not a great start today. One of the celebs (Dita?), half asleep, mistook me for the urinal-suction-droid. My soup dispensing nozzle will need cleaning AGAIN.

October 5th 6.16pm: The loneliness is getting my down a bit I think. Just acted out a whole episode of Minder from memory. A Gary Webster one.

October 5th 7.47pm: Tum tee tum. Ricky Gervais has joined the craft. Something bad hangs in the filtered air.

October 6th 12.30am: Oh, the life force crushing emptiness of my surroundings. The endless black that mocks my significance... I can't go on.

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Tags: While you are getting served at the bar and short-sightedly scanning the tables for someone who doesn't look too scary to talk to, you overhear three shady-looking characters discussing the relative merits of an all LSD diet. It is then that you know you are on the right track. You ask if they are 'Whores perchance? They admit that they are and introduce themselves as Rudi, No Sleep and SMBH. Gentlemen one and all. Go to 13.

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Author Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig Robot tweets from space

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



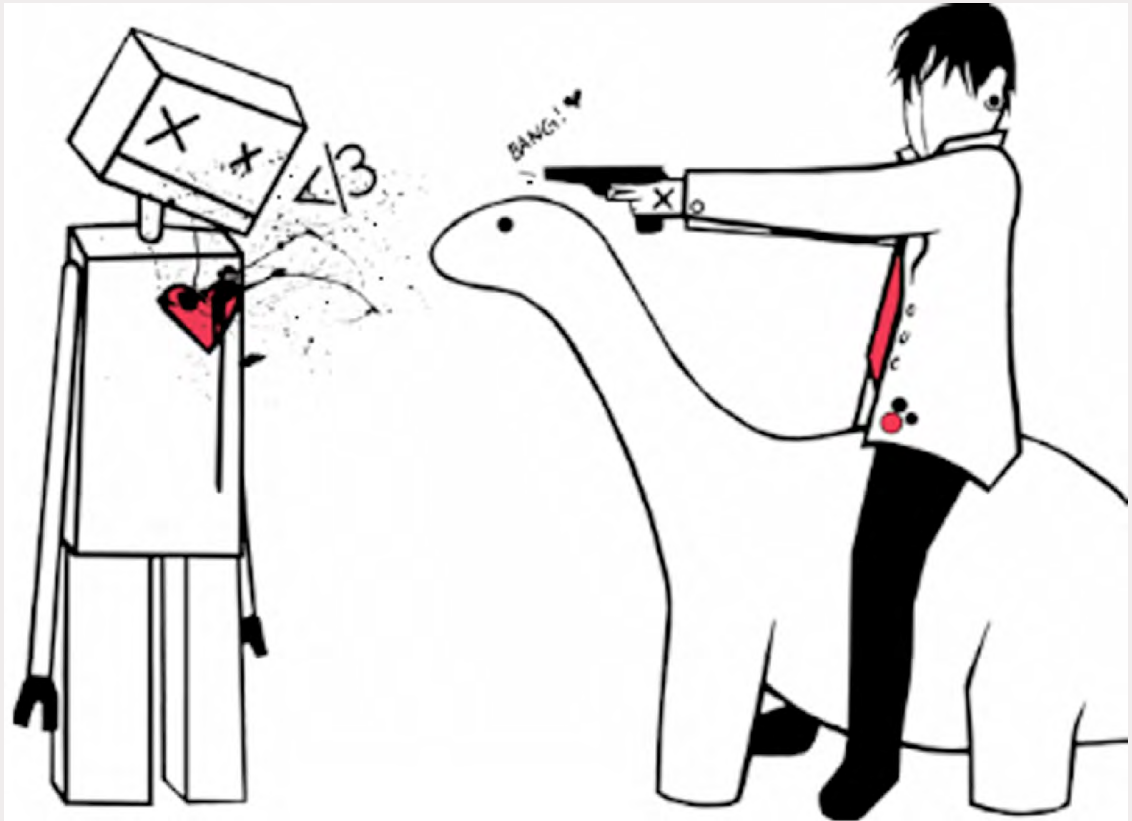
October 6th 12.35am: I kid you not, a fucking WASHING MACHINE just floated past me.

October 7th 5.43am: The washing machine is called Mary. It's early days, but I think she might be the ONE!

October 7th 6.14am: Just eaten circuit-breakers on toast. Was electrifying!!!!

October 7th 6.27am: Oh no, just realised it was Mary's circuit-breakers! Why is it all my love interests end up exploding?! :o(

October 8th 9.03am: Had bad dream. Decided to put it down on my tablet laptop for posterity. #Twitpic



October 9th 7.00pm: Feel like no-one cares. No-one's read my tweets in days. Can't help but feel I've just slipped off the face of the Earth. Figuratively.

October 10th 8.00am: Woke up with axle grease in my mouth this morning. I do feel ill I guess, but it's nothing I can put my (robot) finger on. Feel like I'm wading through treacle.

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[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: Next stop The Angel. You try the one in Soho first, being the most obvious choice of area for CaBbers to congregate. One long walk and a pint later you find yourself outside The Angel, still not having found the meet. Maybe the one in Covent Garden...
Go to 55.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: Robot tweets from space (Read 0 times)

Blodwyn Pig Robot tweets from space

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



But painful treacle.

October 10th 4.00pm: Been refreshing my Facebook wall every 30 seconds for a good 20 minutes. Don't know what I'm expecting to see. Hope, perhaps.

October 10th 3.30am: It's weird being this close to Earth, but not being able to see anybody. I can see the whole world and yet none of it. Tried crying, but couldn't. Not enough energy.

October 11th 8.15pm: There was some battery acid in my discharge today. Hope it's nothing serious. I think some oil will take my mind off it.

October 12th 7:34pm: Dale called to see how I was doing today. His minor conviction for shoplifting has left him shaken. He is wearing lycra today and sobbing. I empathise. I, robot.

October 13th 3:25pm: Mutiny!! Mutiny!! Russell Grant has gone batshit crazy. Fucked off with Gervais and his constant monging, I'd imagine.

October 14th 9:47pm: They hunt in packs now. Grant, Von Teese and Jones stalk the corridors whilst Swillie, Gervais and Shatner cower in dark corners. I see you. #whistles

October 15th 1:23am: Shatner is gone. Harpooned by Jones whilst he took a leak. Play Memories of Green by Vangelis over the tannoy. #YourCaptainIsDead

October 16th 2:05am: EMERGENCY. Swillie has combusted. Swillie has combusted. The integrity of the shuttle is broken

October 16th 2:45am: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am floating in space. Oh for the wings of any bird, other than a battery hen...that's the spirit of the age. Tweet Tweet.

COMMUNICATION LOST

Tags: You join in the MarioKart tournament and gleefully prove just how dangerous a drunk driver you are, managing at one point to stay on the track for all of 4 seconds (as long as you keep one eye closed). The charming hpmons beats everyone by at least 43 seconds despite being crap at the game. You decide that a more entertaining game is the classic 'Can I Get Some Salsa Dip From The Jar Into My Mouth On This Crisp Without Dropping It All On The Floor'. The answer is 'no'. Nik cheats by dropping his on the sleeping Crease. Go to 21

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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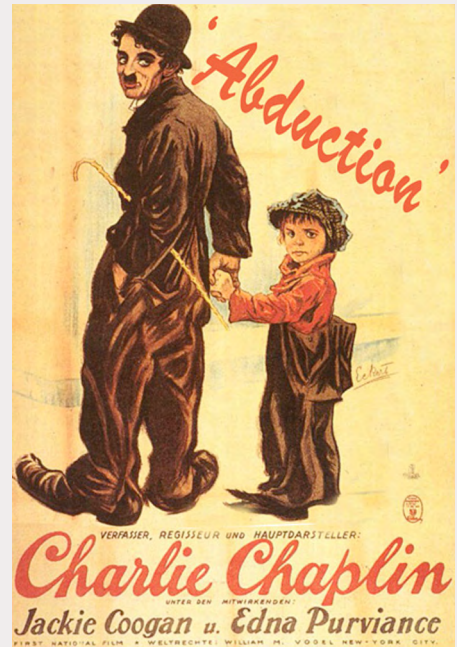
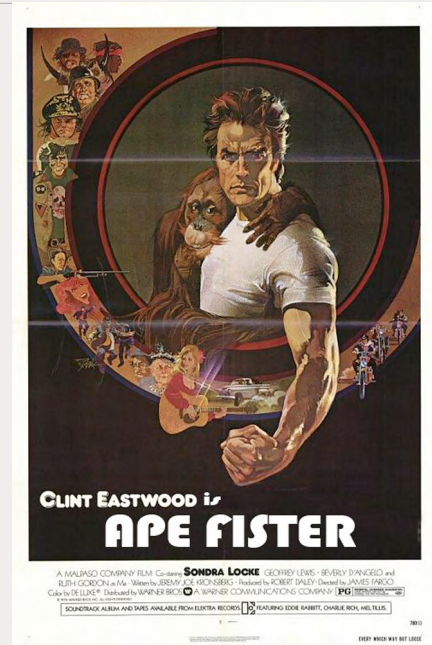
REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [26] Give Up

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: Three hundred other pissed people have also found it, so rather than join the massive milling mob you all decide to head off in no particular direction. When you get there ('there' being a nondescript street of terraced houses) you all sit down on the curb and regale the locals with a variety of comic songs and incoherently improvised sketches that, due to DCT's involvement, tend to end with death, mutilation and/or humiliation. Go to 14

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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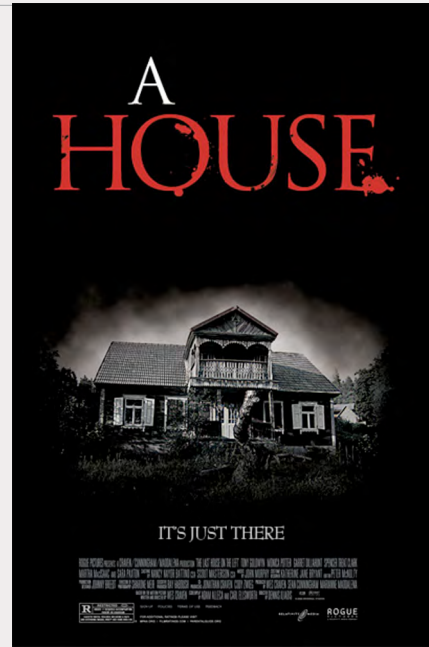
REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [27] **Give Up**

REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Tags: You wander over and sit down with the group who are chatting amicably. It turns out that they are all lurkers who hardly ever post on the forum. Despite this you don't feel as if you fit in because the entire conversation seems to be based around who said what in which thread. You realise the folly of not really paying attention to who says what on CaB (unless they're being massively cunt) and thus completely failing to understand clever forum jokes. You're even an outsider amongst the outsiders.

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

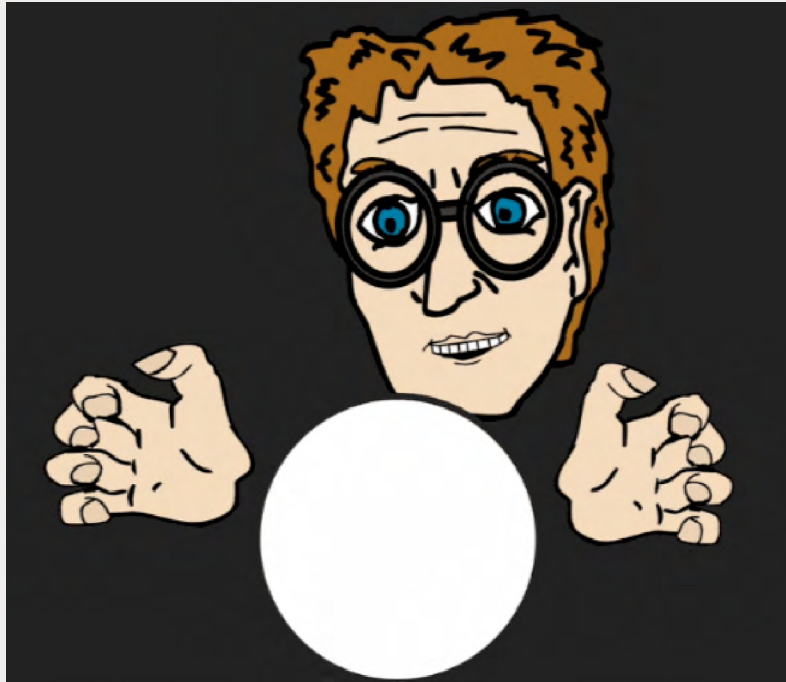
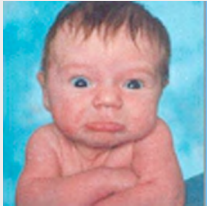
Page: 1 2 ... [28] **Go Down**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author

Topic: Horrorscopes 2012 (Read 0 times)

The Giggling Bean**Horriscopes 2012**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Like millions of you I'm obsessed with knowing what will happen in the future. Unlike millions of you I can find out by staring into my crystal ball. Allow me present to you, over this yuletide season, a glimpse of what 2012 will hold for you. Please note I am not legally, or financially responsible, for the potential mental despair experienced by those born under the various signs. I am merely a conduit for the spirits and my employers at TalkingCrystalBalls PLC and PsychicLiar INC.

SAGITTARIUS : Like all Sagitarians; you're a filthy, stinking liar and you're about to be caught out. Your partner will find out about your sordid dalliances with all manner of freshwater fish. However since pluto is the moons eighth quarter you'll be able to rectify the situation with some loving domestic violence. Be carefull who hears though, walls have ears.....and as soon as they have enough evidence against you they'll detach from your ceiling and report you to the local lunatic asylum. If you've noticed your bedroom is where your toilet used to be; that's a sure sign they're on the move.

Your lucky beard for the year will be a well trimmed brown goatee.

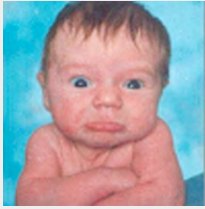
CAPRICORN : Now is the perfect time to seize all those dreams you've ever had. However make sure you've achieved them all by February the 16th as dark forces are conspiring against you. It's vague but I see a complex plot involving a Russian diplomat, a Chinese assassin, a tin of corned beef and yourself. Romantically the corned beef and you are incredibly compatible. Remember that when you notice the sexy twinkle on the corner of the can. Things can only end badly and I see you laying in a paupers grave. There is a chance of

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Tags: As you approach you recognise Kelvin in the group, having just arrived. He spots you, leaps up and greets you with more familiarity and enthusiasm than your closest, long-lost friend could muster. He shakes your slightly damp hand and pulls you in to the seat on his left. Sucker!
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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [29] **Go Down**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)Topic: **Horrorscopes 2012** (Read 0 times)**The Giggling Bean****Horrorscopes 2012**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

counteracting this ill fortune though. You must recite the poem of the melancholic magnolia three times whilst perched on a bin in the nude before the cock crows.

Your lucky luck for the year will be bad luck.

AQUARIUS : You will encounter a tall, dark stranger who will introduce himself as "Sexy Toes Lamont". Don't be taken in by his charm and charisma for he is the bringer of your destruction and stealer of your underwear. He may promise to give you a life of luxury and riches as he whisks you off on a whirlwind trip to the bahamas; I see you shovelling shit in the Philippenes by the Wednesday after he sells you on for slave labour. As venus in the house of mercury this year; it is worth investing in a lucky ants cock from the local gypsy woman. This should ward off any curses placed on you by passing albinos.

Your lucky vegetable this year will be the Artichoke.

PISCES : Since Pluto is entering into Uranus, NOW is the perfect time to take up intercontinental voodoo. Raise armies of dead French, German and Danish zombies and once you have them in your power; nothing can protect the worlds supply of green beans. Take special care if you decide to invest in any magic lamps in July for I see one carries a terrible curse. You will be plagued by 90s Eurodance acts who will drive you to the brink of insanity. Whigfield will ring your doorbell and run away at all hours of the day and night. 2 Unlimited will let your car tyres down on a daily basis. Aqua will steal your milk whilst the ghosts of Scatman John and Captain Jack will hide your keys and remote controls. The only way to protect yourself from this scourge is to fashion yourself Jack O Lanterns bearing the image of Gary Glitter. His glaring sinister visage should be enough to ward off even the heartiest of techno acts and you can live in peace with only the unpleasant grimace of a freaky bearded, ex glam rocker to worry about.

Your lucky stone for the year will be a jagged bit of slate.

ARIES : You may be running short of energy this year. Perhaps it's time to knock after work activities, like hedgehog duelling and bestiality, on the head. Only then will your vigour return to you. Since the moon is eclipsing the sun; your aunts hernia will start playing up again. This bodes ill for you and all around you. The cosmic forces are angry at you and all of your piss soaked ilk. Only by doing the jig of the drunken pig when you arise in the mornings can you stop the hernia from mutating and running amok down the city.

Your lucky amphibian for the year is the Speckled Newt.

TAURUS : Things are looking bad for you. The mutant weasel children of Satan are on the prowl. They know you'll have giblets cooking and they'll want them all. Only by investing in a selection of false beards and different odours will you be able to fox their plans. Beware of april the fourteenth as I see this being the worst day of your life. Your partner will abandon you for the chinese pensioner who runs the chip shop down the road. Whilst chasing them down the road, bawling frantically and pathetically, you will be attacked and sodomised by a Werewolf. Upon your return home you will find out that you have been sacked from your job. Those days of pilfering all those photocopiers have caught up with you. My advice to you is

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Tags: All of a sudden you're greeted with DJ One Record hurdling over a seat partition with no prior warning or reasoning. That was a spectacular bit of athleticism, slightly spoiled by him twatting you over the back of the neck with his feet. Most of your pint is now in your lap, but at least you won't feel the pain until you sober up the next day.

While you go to the toilets to try to dry off a bit, a kindly verbwhore offers to get you a drink in.

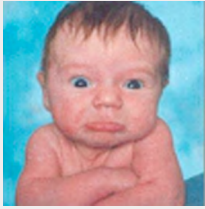
Go to 42.

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Author

Topic: **Horrorscopes 2012** (Read 0 times)**The Giggling Bean****Horrorscopes 2012**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

to stay in bed all day.....or kill yourself on the thirteenth.

Your lucky pencil this year is a 2B.

GEMINI : I see a great deal of luck heading your way. You will win the weekly works, "Guess which part the leper will lose this week", sweepstakes five times on the trot. A young and attractive lady will come into your life, with her sister, they will find you irresistible. You will also inherit a metric ton of pork from a recently deceased forgotten aunt. Indeed for the first half of the year you'll be the cock of the walk. However every coin has two sides and by July your luck will be wearing off. I see the attractive woman is, in reality, two dwarves in a dress and her sister is nothing more than a toad on stilts. They're after your cash and have bled you dry. The pork you have been savouring turns out to be nothing more than a hobos belly which attracts the attention of the local constabulary. Through a series of mis-trials and falsified evidence you will be sent down as the infamous "Bum Butcher" murderer of vagrants. Still look on the bright side, at least you'll have three square meals a day and a roof over your head. Plus you'll never have to work again in your life. Think of it as winning the lottery.....except with a lot more shower lovin'.

Your lucky bone for the year will be the femur.

CANCER : If your close friends have been mocking you because your new partner turned out to be a milk carton in a dress, and let's face it what Cancerian hasn't made that mistake before? Relax! For since Mercury is in the suns eighth quarter you will discover you have the power to control the minds of small dogs. You may silence you friends but beware the wag of the sausage dog. Along his small brown body beats the heart of a killer. He has dreams of conquest and will stop at nothing to turn your army of chihuahuas against you and usurp command. To counteract this rebellion you must fashion yourself a glass crown filled with maggots and gravy. As everybody knows sausage dogs are terrified of maggots...and gravy.

Your lucky skull this year belongs to Sir Ian McKellan.

LEO : You may have the sign of a Lion but you have the heart of a Pussy. Never fear though for I see you making a shrewd financial decision this year. Despite all his pleas, despite all his tears, despite the unpleasant site of him defecating himself during a tantrum, you will pledge not to give all your money to the local con man. I see a work based Jape going terribly wrong. If you get the urge to go to work dressed as one of Depeche Mode.....DON'T. For you have chosen the one day when Depeche Mode have popped into your office. In a fit of blind panic, at the sight they see before them, your colleagues turn upon the seminal 80s group and beat them to death for being doppelgangers. Leaving you high and dry to smirk your arse off. However your tittering will be short lived as, on your way home, you are beaten to a pulp by a crazed Vince Clarke. Still annoyed about a fiver he lent the band back in 82 that he never got back; now was the time for revenge he decided. So remember to avoid any entanglements with 80s electronic bands, dress like a punk rocker from the 70s instead. That way you live to fight another day.

Your lucky bean for the year will be a baked one.

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Tags: The mention of Doctor Who launches Boki into a terrifying David Tennant impression that will give you nightmares for months to come nightmares. You suggest that he post a video of it on YouTube and see how many "OMG he can do that to me anytime!" comments it gets.

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: **Horrorscopes 2012** (Read 0 times)

The Giggling Bean **Horrorscopes 2012**

<< on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am >>



VIRGO : The recession will hit you hard this year, times are tough but buck up all you virgins as your childhood powers will come to your aid. Remember when you where a child you rid your Gerbil of Demons, drove Satan out of your nans Labrador and banished Lucifer from a Ferret? Well this year you will reap the rewards if you re-establish your power of animal exorcism. If you play your cards right you will establish your very own evangelical television station. You will perform live animal baptisms and beg for money to build your very own crystal church. Beware though because pride comes before a fall. If you're not careful you will be discovered by an undercover atheist vet that the waterfowl you are ridding is not, in fact, possessed merely epileptic. Should this happen your reputation will be tattered and you will end up as a dirt encrusted tramp, swigging meths while begging for change and dancing about in your boxies.

Your lucky stationery this year will be some mauve clipboards.

LIBRA : Now is the time to tap into a hidden talent. This year will see the rise of "Fecal Sculpting" and you're a veritable Michaelangelo there. As we all know it's in your nature to weigh up the pros and cons and generally faff about. Believe me, this pongy pass time will pay dividends for those who have the stomach for it. Celebrities and royals will pay through the nose to have their features sculpted out of dung. I see grave danger though on the twentieth of September as the local convent have found out about your secret "anti nun" meetings. They're pissed and are not afraid to show it. Avoid dark alleyways lest you be dragged in and beaten to death with rulers. If you wish to appease the god of nuns you must perform the penance of the shamed snail, a dance which is both difficult and sticky to perform, between 3am to 3.03am. Only then will your hide be saved. But what of romance? I hear you ask. Well I see.....nothing, a total dry patch. In fact if you're in a relationship now you may as well give it up, it's not going to last. Better luck in 2013, unless you've been killed by nuns of course.

Your lucky bird this year will be a Finch.

SCORPIO : Oh Scorpio, Oh Scorpio, Scorpio, Scorpio. Why, Why Oh Why, Oh Why. Is is any wonder everybody hates you? Quite frankly when a pack of mutant wildebeest escape from the local genetics testing laboratory and mistake you for a roll of industrial sized toilet paper and eat you; it will be all the better for us. Don't you realise what an arse you are? The only good thing about people like you is that you'll all be burning in hell one day, good riddance and may Satan despise you and all your filthy ways. May you be poked with pitchforks for eternity and sodomised hourly by tiny Oyster shaped demons.

Your lucky punch this year will be right to the throat.

Tags: Just as you decide it's time to go, you notice that you aren't the only one. Several members are putting on their coats and there seem to be a couple of groups heading off. Do you

Go home alone? - go to 106

Join the group with Artemis, Kelvin and others? - go to 81

Join the Group with Louis, Squidy, and DCT? - go to 85

Author

Topic: Ronald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected (Read 0 times)

Ziggy Starbucks

Ronald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Greetings fellow explorers of the unusual

My name is Ronald Dahl, and this particular Tale of The Expected was given to me by a person whose name cannot be included in this torrid tale because I've forgotten it. He told me there was once an Edwardian table that took centre stage in his antique shop. Despite its fine condition, no tinkerer, passerby or trader would ever purchase it. Its previous owner had died in unusual circumstances, a fatal heart attack in an old folk's home at the age of 87. Eventually a young, newly married couple bought the table to furnish their first home. The young lady eagerly spoke of her hopes for her new family, being pregnant with a female child. A daughter if you will. Much later the fate of that family became clear. The child survived birth and became a successful publishing agent while her parents lived happily ever after. The table was stored in the garage next to the lawnmower and was mainly used at christmas.

Be wary readers of Tales of The Expected, it may be wise to be less curious the next time you visit a curisoity shop, less the same terrible fate befall yourself.

In a dark, dark street there was a dark, dark house.
And in the dark, dark house there was a dark, dark staircase.
And under the dark, dark staircase was a dark, dark small room where the dark, dark ironing board was kept.
And in the dark, dark room where the dark, dark ironing board was kept was a dark, dark shelf.
And on the dark, dark shelf there was the dark, dark circuit breaker.
And on the dark, dark circuit breaker there was a dark, dark switch.
And that dark, dark switch was flicked by Samantha Manning in the dark, dark darkness.
And the lights came back on.
And she didn't miss a minute of her favourite programme Ronald Dahl's Tales of The Expected on Channel 5 9pm every Thursday



Are you feeling uneasy as you read these stories? Does the impending chill of the night spark fears and anxieties from deep within? If the answer is yes to these questions, you might be a bit of a berk. Sorry, but it needed to be said. Pull yourself together.

Ronald Dahl

Tags: You bound back across the road, totally oblivious of the bus bearing down on you. Until a fraction of a second before it hits you.
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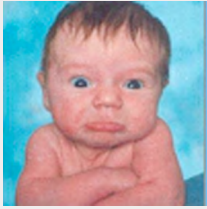
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Author Topic: CaB Times (Read 0 times)

**Boggenstro-
via**

CaB Times

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



CaB Times
71st - 3.283748 Nazeburger -15
It's Dusty Quim!
Ted Rogers his way through Bangkok in his latest series Chicky-chick Gang Bang

If you can read this at this angle, then what the fuck are you doing it for moron?

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Tags: "What the fuck are you doing? You're barred! Get out!"
The End.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit



Topic: The Secret Diary of Elton John (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

The Secret Diary of Elton John

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



July 11th

My worst nightmare has come true. Tom Jones has moved in next door. I have always hated that man since I appeared in the same episode of the Russell Harty show with him and he had a better dressing room than me. He has already begun to taunt me by calling round and pretending he didn't know who I was. I heard him giggling after I shut the door, I wish the stupid darkie would go die.

July 13th

It's 4 o'clock in the morning and I'm in Tom Jones' garden. I can see his leather underpants on the washing line but I can hardly dare bring myself to touch them. I finally pluck up the courage to give a pair of them a good sniff and the odour that confronts me is a mixture of wet dog, stables and Primula. I am found hiding underneath some tarpaulin 3 hrs later by my partner David Furnish, who comforts me with a drawing of a bear he's done.

July 14th

That darkie Jones was flaunting his hair at me again today. David says I am just being paranoid but I'm sure that I heard Jones say "Mmm look at my lovely hair bwana" before he went back inside. I hate him, I wish he'd die of cancer.

July 16th

I'm composing a new musical based on the life of Bernie Winters. I am in the middle of trying to find a word to rhyme with 'Schnorbitz' when I notice a shadow on my piano that looks just like Kiki Dee, some bitch I had a number 1 hit with in 1982. As I go to the window to investigate I notice to my horror that the darkie Jones is actually entertaining Kiki. I have not forgiven that big cow since I caught her stealing from my wallet during the recording of Don't Go Breaking my Heart. I hope he chokes on her.

July 17th

Someone told me today that Jones isn't actually a black man. I don't know where I got that idea from but now it's been pointed out to me I can see what they mean. I feel bad for spray painting 'fat welsh nigger' on the side of his house now.

July 18th

Had a really good day today. I was just in the kitchen eating my breakfast - caviar and Toffos - when Jones came out of his back door to throw some lava bread out for the birds. I noticed the back of his hair is thinning slightly!

It's quite subtle but I went into the study and drew up a graph on my flipchart depicting the rate Jones' hair will probably decline. I reckon in three years the man will be as bald as a coot. Went upstairs and had a wank to celebrate.

July 20th

Jones has been playing Delilah at full blast all night. I'm at my wits end with the man so I take the only course that is open to me and start playing Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting even louder. David told me if I didn't turn it off he would leave me. I had to comply and I'm

Tags: You find yourself talking with the delightful Cambrian Times. What you hadn't expected is that the conversation centres entirely around the joys of Antiques Roadshow, a subject that you can't remember ever discussing before. Great fun, though. But before you manage to say anything too embarrassing or abusive, you realise that your glass is empty.

Go to the near end of the bar, go to 23

Go to the far end, go to 8

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Secret Diary of Elton John (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**The Secret Diary of Elton John**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



sure as I turned off the stereogram I could hear the Welsh fool laughing victoriously through the wall. It's not fair I hate him I wish he would trip and fall onto some nails.

July 21st

I saw Jones through my telescope today. He was sunbathing in his leather underpants, flaunting his orange chest at me. He knew I was watching because he kept strutting about patting his afro. Later I clearly saw him trampling on a copy of Crocodile Rock. He definitely knew I was watching.

July 22nd

I woke up in a cold sweat last night shouting 'I can see Jones orgasming'. I think David got a bit upset because I found him an hour later eating some jelly like a child.

July 23rd

David has left me. I think it was the dreams. They have become increasingly more erotic and I've woken up a few times during the night in a bit of a mess. David says I'm obsessed with Jones which is wrong. I'm not obsessed I just want to hurt the man until he begs me to take the last breath from his taut firm body with my naked arms.

July 24th

Jones had the gall today to come round and ask me to a barbecue this afternoon. The NERVE of the man. Still, I decided to go out of curiosity and David has left a dark void in my life which can only be filled with burnt sausages.

I had a little too much to drink and decided to eat a saveloy in a suggestive manner in the hope that this attracts Jones' eyes. The look he gave me was a mixture of pity and hatred. Later on after a few more beers I seem to remember stroking Jones' afro saying "So soft, so lovely".

July 25th

Although I don't remember it, I am reliably informed that later that evening I emerged from the bushes wearing nothing but a leather thong that I stole from Jones' washing line. I then proceeded to sing Honky Tonk Woman in the voice of Phyllis from Coronation Street. I don't remember any of it which is probably for the best. I have spent most of today in my room eating Toffos. I'm just a big fat poof and I hate myself.

July 26th

My life is in tatters. I've lost David, made a fool of myself at the barbecue and I live in fear of my own state of mind. As I stare at my Jones baldness graph I see the line plotted has actually spelt out the word 'TWAT'. Can things get any worse?

Ohh bugger, I'm booked to do the mid-week lottery show tonight with Philip Schofield. I think I might go kill myself.

Page: 1 2 ... [35] **Go Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: He does a little squirt into each urinal as he goes, and because you are uncomfortable and - to be honest - quite afraid of being met by a man who is at that moment in the process of urinating at the same time as you are urinating, you felt obliged to do the same thing, and stop your flow only to take a step to the right and start squirting into the next urinal along. You continue this process until your flow comes to it's natural end, all the time taking continuous steps to the right, doing little squirts in each urinal, and all the time aware that SPC is trying to catch you, himself squirting into each urinal he passes. You finally finish, zip up and make a dash for the door. You dread to think what might happen if you stop to wash your hands... Go to 71.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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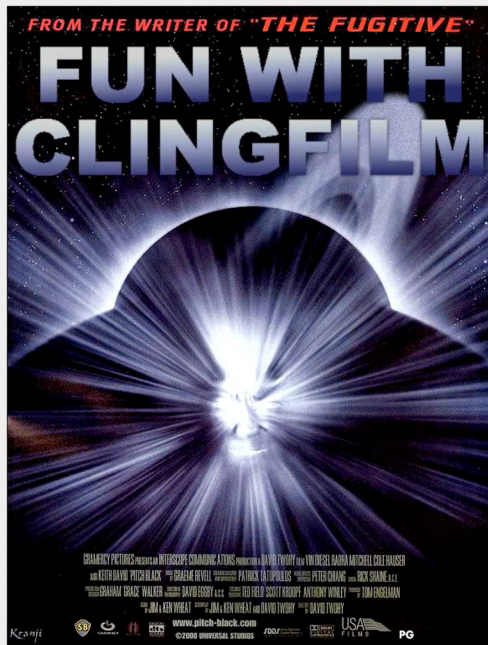
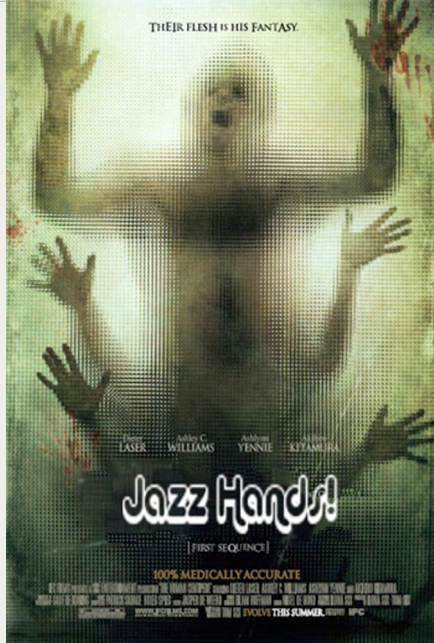
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [36] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You smile drunkenly and call out "Judas!" to the approaching verbwhore. Who isn't a verbwhore. Or j_u_d_a_s. Or amused. He is, however, Jewish. After a short but vehement argument the police turn up and you're charged with racial harassment. And carted off to the police station. The End.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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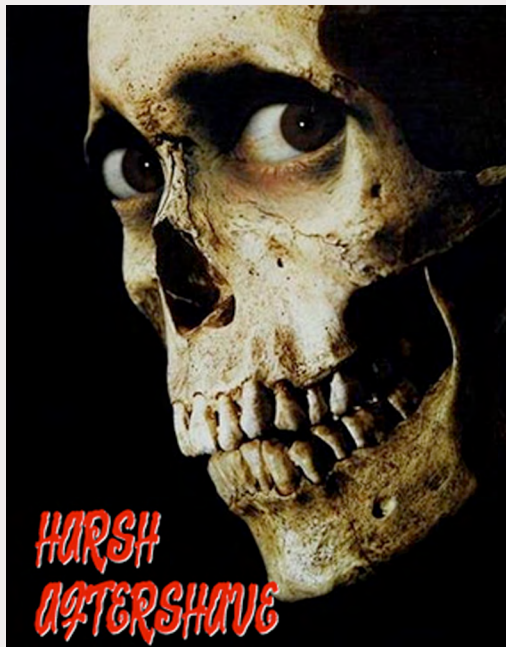
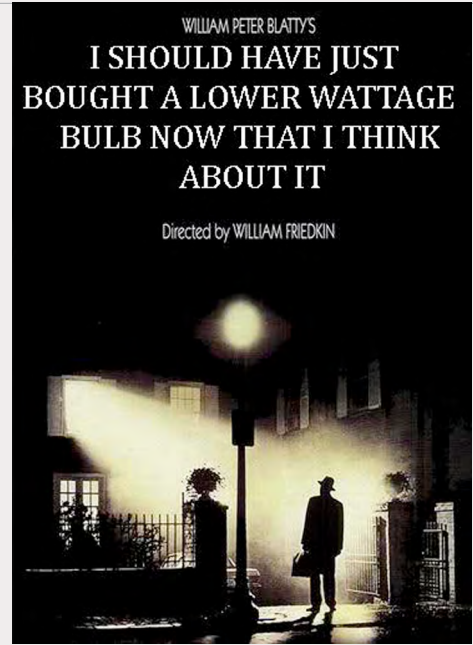
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [37] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: Oh, it's only Sutton Pub Crawl's latest hoodie. You can't help but comment on it and soon the conversation consists of assorted 'experts' explaining the ins and outs of colour-blindness, using the hoodie as a diagram. Unfortunately this means looking at the thing, which soon makes you realise just how much you've had to drink. You can't remember, but it's certainly more than at any time since that unfortunate wedding reception. Go to 46

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

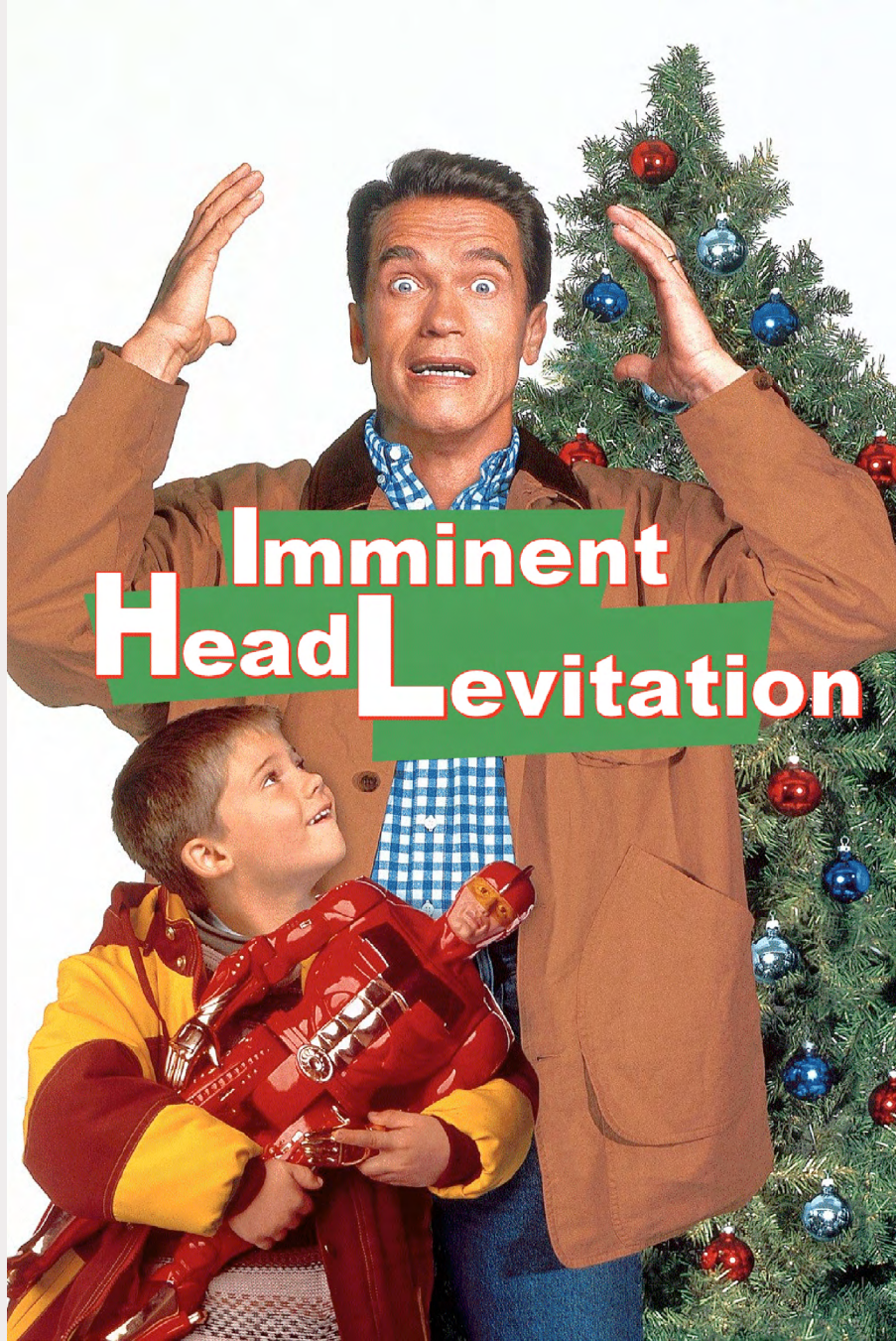
Page: 1 2 ... [38] Go Down

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Harpo Speaks Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [38] Give Up

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: You introduce yourself in the traditional CaB stuttering, never-quite-mastered-the-basics-of-social-interaction way. She quickly put you at your ease and within minutes you're both punching each other in slow motion. Then her much taller male friend appears and all your dreams crash to the ground with the added gravity of reality.

Go to 61

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

**Cerys****Who Gets the Dogs Fat? or The Talons of Clay**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

'When will he be here?'

Bacchus shrugged. He didn't know who had spoken: the voices around him, barking their questions, became indistinguishable after a while. His eyes, dimmed by age, were no help. Only his nose told him who was nearby, and even that was failing. He sighed happily. 'Soon, brothers,' he assured them. 'Soon he will be here.'

'How can you be so sure?' The speaker was impatient.

Bacchus blinked. 'Do you see the water bowl?' he asked.

'The half-empty one?'

'No, brother,' Bacchus said quietly. 'The bowl that is half full. It is half full, and that is why he will be here. Soon.'

Quan Zhwom, listening in via the hidden microphone, frowned. This made no sense. They should be beaten down and cowering. Instead they gathered around and let the old bag of bones give them hope. This must not be allowed to continue. He pulled out his mobile phone and dialled.

'Mmm?'

'It is I. I need guidance.' Quan bit his thumbnail, anxiously.

'Mmmm mmm?'

'The plan is in danger. There is an obstacle.'

'Mmmm mmmmm mm!'

'But how, O Brown One?'

'Mmmm mm mmm mmmmmmm!'

Quan slumped in his chair. The last time he had tried to work it out himself the resulting uprising – a little town in Szechuan – had resulted in nothing less than local autonomy and the establishment of a small school teaching such subjects as French, Home Economics and various Humanities. His subsequent escape to Cramlington and mysterious encounter with the Man of Plasticine had led him here – to this squalid existence in a dilapidated treehouse, armed only with the latest in audio surveillance equipment and a mobile phone.

The voice at the other end of the phone became squeakily insistent.

'I hear and obey, my most Wise and Animated One.' Quan severed the connection and sat back, wondering where on earth he was going to find a hearse.

Trudy Shlammer, former stand-up comic, gazed in horror at the computer screen. It was wrong. It had changed. True, it was still blue, but that sparkly banner ... and – where had the avatars gone? She had searched for hours to find exactly the right one – whimsical, with undertones of horror, political satire and just a hint of phimosis – and now it was just not there any more. Furiously she scanned the thread list until she found one in which to vent her spleen, liver, heart and any other organs that might be necessary. Clicking on it revealed yet another atrocity.

'What the fuck?!' Trudy came within a mosquito's vagina of slamming her fist through the distended ringpiece of someone's massive goatse sig. She gaped in horror at the screen – which was a coincidence because that was exactly what goatse was doing. Sparkles, no avatars, massive sig images ... this was too much! There was only one solution. Post a searing complaint with her avatar, in its original size and ratio, right in the middle of the screen. He'd have to pay attention then.

He? She blinked at a sudden wisp of memory that floated across in front of her eyes. A man ... fear ... and Africa. Could it...? But no. She returned her attention to the task in hand.

Eighteen minutes later and her post was complete. It was, she admitted to herself, a work

Tags: How about The Champion? No-one can find it, and when directions are posted it becomes obvious that it's at least 300 metres from the nearest tube. Far too far to walk for any true Londoner. Choose again.

The Cattie of Yorke? Go to 97.

The Angel? Go to 50.

The Penderel's Oak? Go to 18.

**Cerys****Who Gets the Dogs Fat? or The Talons of Clay**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

of sheer, scathing brilliance. And there was her avatar, massive and page-stretching: the monged corpse of Rupert Murdoch, dressed in a furry Pennywise costume and sporting a foreskin so long that it had been wound into an ornamental frame for the image. Exhausted by the effort of her achievement, Trudy leaned forward and rested her clammy forehead on the screen.

The screen ... pulsed. Quan Zhwom grinned. Bacchus yelped.

Stanley arrived late to work. It really wasn't his fault. It was the Game. The Game (capital G) had eaten yet another night of his life and now he was going to have to negotiate the streets of Cramlington in a state of sleep-deprivation so profound that he might easily be mistaken for one of his clients. He grumped his way to the funeral parlour, twitching at tiny sounds, airborne particles and the memory of the night's Gaming. Without an opponent, as always, he'd been forced to move all the pieces himself, and it was impossible to play impartially – yet that was precisely what the Game demanded. Somehow it hooked into his mind and knew if he was favouring one piece over another. The minute he started showing any preference the Game reorganised itself, taking him back to the beginning to sit there, hunched over the table, weeping with horror and frustration.

He didn't even know where the Game had come from. The indecipherable lettering on the box looked Oriental, but no amount of research had shed any light on exactly where they originated or what they said. The picture on the lid was stained and patchy, giving no clue. Just a chain of small white daisies. Nothing more.

Mr Morlock was irritable. Stanley could tell by the way his coffee had dribbled bloody runnels of reddish-brown on to the desk. The man had been gnashing his teeth on the lip of the mug again, and when he opened his mouth to yell at Stanley the evidence of his cracked incisors and gingivitic gums was plain and nauseating. Stanley hoped he hadn't been bleeding on the corpses again. It was always so difficult to explain to the families.

'Late,' Mr Morlock snapped, looking up at Stanley, 'is what our clients are supposed to be.'

'Right. Mr M.'

'Right, Mr M,' Mr Morlock scoffed, spraying a thin mist of caffeinated corpuscles.

'Sorry, Mr M.' Stanley lacked the energy to be bothered. All he wanted to do was get the day out of the way so he could get back to the Game.

Mr Morlock passed him a sheaf of papers. 'Get it done,' he spat.

Stanley took the papers and examined them. 'Is this - '

'Get it done!' screamed Mr Morlock, one of his teeth losing its grip and landing in the coffee mug with a splash and a clink.

Stanley backed out of the room and looked at the details on the paper again. Surely it couldn't be....

Captain Cumshott of Cumshott Creams whistled as he loaded the last tray of eclairs on to the van. It was that time of the month again. The strawberry sauce had been liberally poured on to the cream horns, the meringues rustled nestily and the doughnuts were as plump and sugarous as a future diabetic. The Captain surveyed the stacked goodies, licking his lips and remembering the events that had led to this monthly ritual.

The Serengeti, it had been. So many years ago, and yet it seemed almost yesterday. She had been so beautiful, so funny, so full of life. So full of love. The first time he had seen her she had been kneeling on the dusty ground, resuscitating a vulture. As the bird had begun breathing for itself he had coughed politely. She had looked around and he had literally

Tags: His first trick was the incredible 'Make 10p appear from nowhere' trick. After an hyperbolic introduction and build-up, he proceeds to break a glass and cut his finger in one incredibly violent alarming movement. Luckily for you, the beer you spilled on yourself earlier dilutes the blood as it sprays on you, so it might just wash out later. The magical verbwhore is passed napkins and tissues by just about everyone at the table, then slopes off to the toilets to clean up.

Go to 94.

**Cerys****Who Gets the Dogs Fat? or The Talons of Clay**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

gasped at her beauty. True, the gasp had sucked a fat, overfed mosquito into his windpipe; but luckily she had been as adept at the Heimlich Manoeuvre as she had at CPR. By the time his natural colour had returned, Captain Cumshott had been in love.

The next year was spent in her glorious company: touring the vast plains, aiding sick and injured animals, digging unnecessary holes and collecting meerkat porn. Never had he been so happy. He should have known, he sighed now, that it couldn't last. Wiping a tear from his eye, he remembered that fateful day. The zebra. It had been the zebra's fault.

She had first seen it at a distance, down on its belly, crawling towards some grazing bison. Or had they been buffalo? He wasn't sure that there was a difference.

'Look at that,' she'd said. 'It's almost as if it's stalking them.'

He had scoffed. 'Stalking? You mean it thinks it's a lion?!'

'I mean exactly that,' she had murmured. 'I've seen this kind of thing before. It's a defence mechanism. If the zebra can persuade bison that it's a lion, the lions will cease to see it as prey. It's a fascinating dynamic. I used it as part of my stand-up show in Dar es Salaam.' She hesitated. 'But this one looks familiar. I have a horrible feeling that -'

Before she could finish the sentence, the bison turned and, en masse, hurtled towards the crouching zebra. She had shrieked and run towards the suddenly cowering creature, arms outstretched, clearly hoping to ward off the advancing herd. The dusty ground, kicked up by furious hooves, created a thick, choking cloud. Captain Cumshott had cried out her name, but to no avail. By the time the dust subsided, she and the zebra had gone.

They had never found her body. The authorities had explained, tactlessly, how a stampeding herd can completely obliterate all in its path. They had tried to persuade him back to Blighty, but the Captain had already decided to leave. There was nothing here for him now. All that he could think about was his last night with her - their plans to retire, eventually, and found a dogs' home full of happy canines, with cream cakes for all. Then, it had been a stoned conversation. Now it suddenly became a memorial to her. He would do it. By God, he would do it!

But he never had. The paperwork and red tape had been too much, and in the end the best he could do was to establish a cream cake factory and deliver the goodies to all the poor, cakeless dogs in rescue homes around the country. Today it would be Cramlington. Her home town. He smiled sadly and closed the van doors.

Bacchus drooled. It was nearly time. He knew it. The others may doubt, but he had never once wavered. Soon the cakes would be here, flung over the fence by the Cake Man. A real man - not a clay abomination. Bacchus lay down, his head on his outstretched forelegs, and waited.

Stanley swerved into the hospital car park, narrowly missing a man who was clearly on his way to buy cigarettes. Swearing, he screeched to a halt by the mortuary doors, grabbed the paperwork and stepped out of the hearse. Once inside the building he raced to the desk and waited impatiently while the attendants finished their conversation.

'Spitting bloody image!' one was saying. 'Even with the make-up. It's fuckin' incredible!'

'No way, man,' another scoffed. 'Never had him down as a furry. And Murdoch never had a cock like that.'

'Well how do you know?'

'He's got bairns, hasn't he? A foreskin like that'd be way too tight to - can I help you, Stan?'

Stanley silently handed over the paperwork, received some in return, and hallucinated his way from the desk to the cold storage and back. By the time he was back behind the

Tags: To escape the stench of London you head back inside, to the sweet smell of stale beer, sweat, stale semen and futility. As the barmaid is 'out the back' with Pulieu you get served by the Bar Manager. He latches you up something rotten. When you ask for a pint he replies with "if you're looking for an older man, I think you've just found him" and gives you the smile of a man anticipating shooting Bambi. Have you lost so much faith in yourself that you're tempted? Yes, go to 7

No, go to 78

**Cerys****Who Gets the Dogs Fat? or The Talons of Clay**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

wheel, all he could see was flashing lights, wooden figures and daisies. The Game. It was impatient. He had to hurry. He backed out of the parking space and put his foot down.

Captain Cumshott, approaching the Cramlington Home for Disadvantaged Dogs, was at first too preoccupied to notice the vehicle behind him as it swerved left and right, flashing its lights and threatening to rear-end him. By the time he noticed it he was just yards from the junction and already turning. To his horror he realised that the hearse was going to overtake – directly into his path. In his panic he stamped on the brake, missed, hit the accelerator and lurched forward, slamming into the speeding hearse. Time stood still. The hearse did not. Neither did the coffin it was carrying, the Cumshott Creams van, or its cargo of confectionaries. Gravity did its thing. Time stopped standing still and began to hop impatiently from foot to foot. Eventually, silence descended.

From his vantage point in the treehouse, Quan Zhwom watched as the corpse of furry phimotic Rupert Murdoch landed in the road, splattered with cream, sugar and strawberry sauce. He held his breath. The door of the Cumshott van creaked and squealed as it was forced open. The Captain, blood running down his face, crawled over to the splayed cadaver. Quan saw a single droplet of blood land on the face of the deceased media mogul, and rubbed his eyes as the features of the antipodean twat shimmered and rearranged themselves into those of an ageing but still beautiful woman.

Stanley, flung through the windscreen of the hearse, breathed his last on the grass verge, surrounded by a sprinkling of daisies. Game over.

Bacchus waited.

Trudy Schlammer opened her eyes and wondered who the hell had changed the colour scheme this time. Red. Ugh. She battled to focus her vision, and found herself gazing into the adoring eyes of Captain Jack B Cumshott.

Bacchus waited.

Quan Zhwom dialled the number again.

'Mmm?'

'It is done,' said the failed tyrant.

'Mmm mmm mmmm?'

'Quite sure. Your nemesis has been discredited. There will be no more cream cakes for the dogs of Cramlington.'

'Mmm mmm mmmmmm?'

'Dead, I'm afraid. I will find another recipient for our ... gift.'

'Mmmm mmmmmmm mm mmmmmmm.'

'Thankyou, Lord Morph.'

Bacchus waited. The other dogs, silent now, ignored him. After an hour he gave up and began humping a nearby King Charles spaniel before drinking from the half-empty water bowl and vomiting into a corner.

The End

Tags: You get back from the toilets, damp and pungent (as are you), to find that the pint of beer that you asked for has mutated in a game of Wino's Whispers into a Tia Maria. Seriously, does anyone drink that shit?

Yes, go to 9

No, go to 4

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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Author Topic: **Stocking Fillers** (Read 0 times)

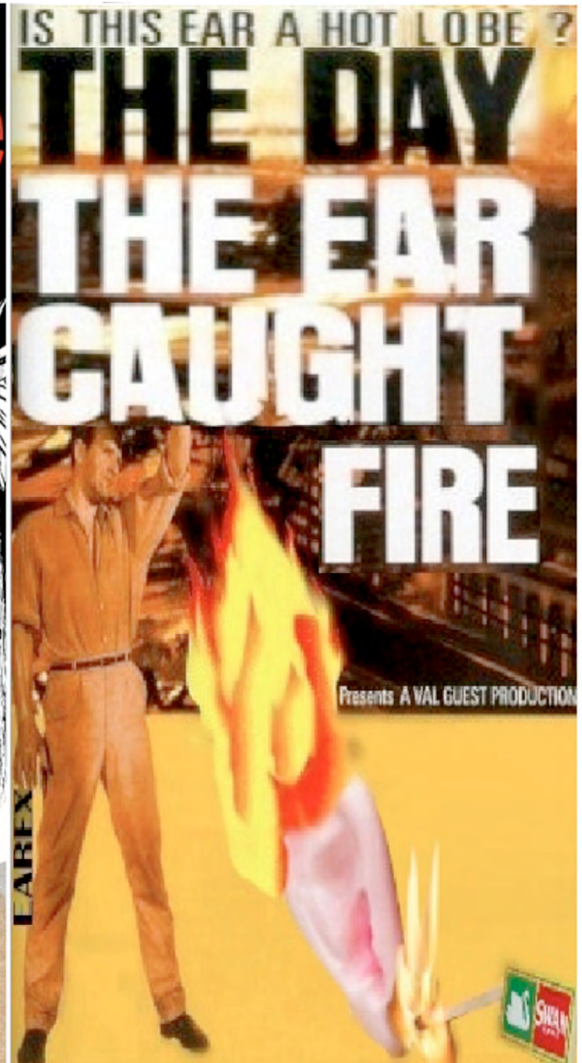
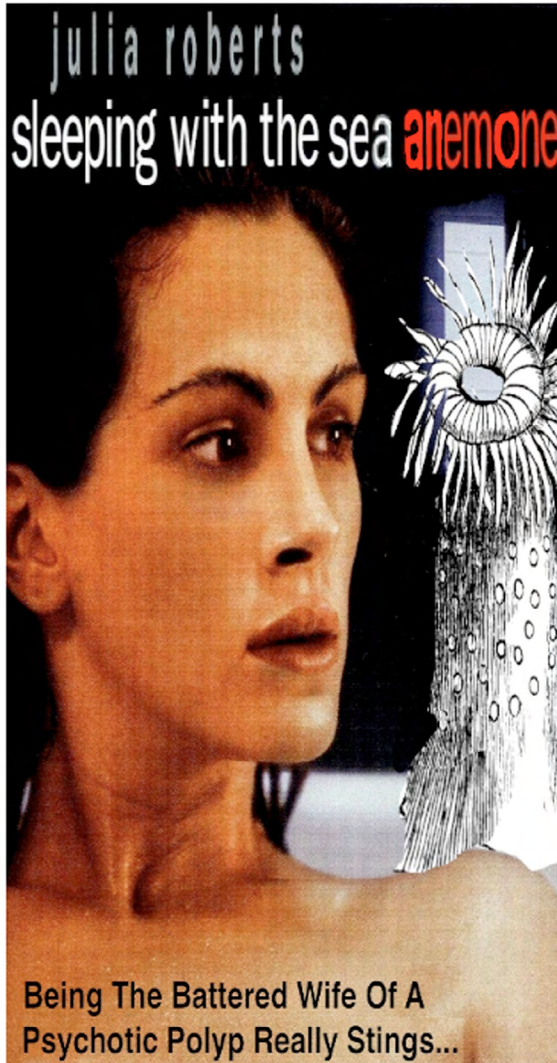
Absorb the Anus Burn

Stocking Fillers

<< on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am >>



Coming Soon from CaB DVD & Blu Ray



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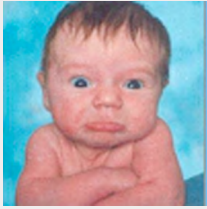
Tags: You pass on this one, handing the coat on to the verbwhore next to you. They duly do the Delboy routine, but just as they are having their photo taken as they lie on the floor, the bar manager arrives like an avenging angel of the Apocalypse. Only the intervention of Ronnie the Raincoat at her most persuasively charming, armed to the teeth with her disarming smile, prevents the entire group being barred. You all return, somewhat subdued, to your tables.
Go to 96.

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Topic: Recipe (Read 0 times)

SetToStun**Recipe**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »**The Ultimate Sponge by Blumen Festerhal****Ingredients:**

1 mook (approx 182lb)
 1 SetToStun (approx 224lb)
 1 tow-rope (approx 20')
 12 medium (6"x3"x2") sponges
 2 gallons ice-cold water
 1 large bucket
 1 tree (mook's favourite climbing tree, for preference).

Method:

Pour the ice-cold water into the large bucket, add sponges and leave to marinade.

While the sponges marinade, take your mook and, using the tow-rope, tie it securely to the tree. This may be trickier than it at first sounds so be sure to leave plenty of time for this part.

Once your mook is nicely trussed, check on the marinating sponges; if they are cold and sodden, they are ready to be served.

Using your SetToStun, serve the sponges to your mook at the highest possible velocity.

Serves 1 mook (right).

Allergy advice:

Your mook may show an adverse reaction to being served the sponges, so be prepared to say "fuck it" and carry on regardless.

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Tags: You have become Kelvin's 'Man on the left'. You will spend the rest of the meet right here, unable to move without Kelvin grabbing you and forcing you back into your seat. You are now his straight man, the butt of his jokes and, for a particularly uncomfortable half-hour, his ventriloquist's dummy. Is this the end of your meet?

Go to 116.

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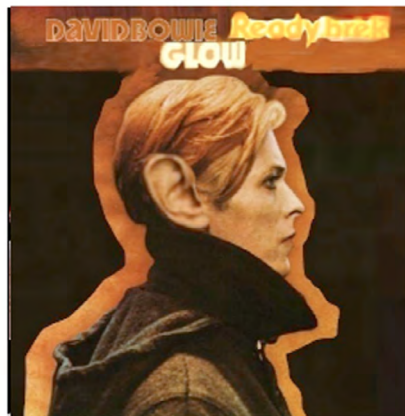
Author Topic: Exclusive CaB CD's II (Read 0 times)

Absorb the Anus Burn

Exclusive CaB CD's II « on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Coming Soon from CaB CD



Forget narcotics and Enoisms, the only thing giving Bowie a glow on this 1970s classic was Ready Brek oats



After being blinded by Beryl Reid, Mooncat recorded this poignant LP of experimental shite



Trout Mash (ready) Meal was Birdseye's third album of jazz, avant-garde and blues in a tasty breadcrumb sauce



Miles creates musical magic by repeatedly blowing into a crappy party streamer. On CD soon

Page: 1 2 ... [45] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You amusingly mention to Delete how cripplingly anxious Kelvin is that nobody mentions Radioface, only to have Delete turn round and loudly ask anyone who liked Radioface to put up their hands. You decide that this was the only time you've actually witnessed somebody's world collapse. Go to 62

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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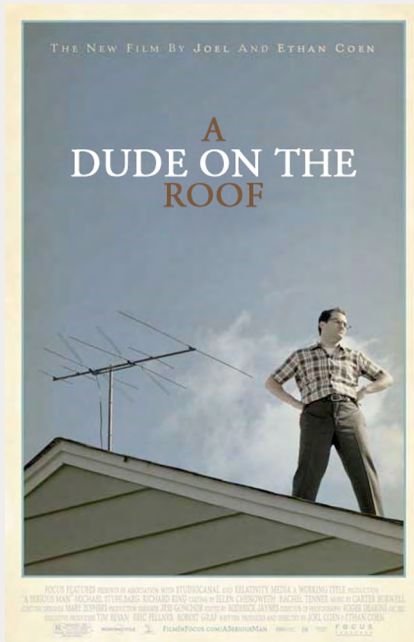
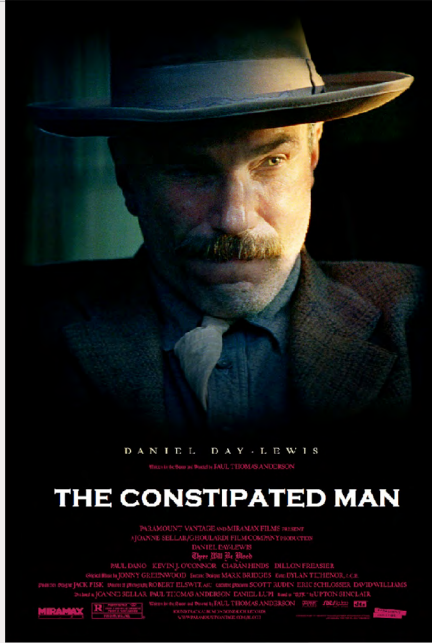
REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



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REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: This can only mean one thing: time for another pint. You head over to the bar and while you wait for your drink you debate whether to join the group in the corner who are talking happily but not too loudly or the group who appear to be shouting "rahrah" into a mobile phone.

Talking - go to 27
Rahrahs - go to 83

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



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Tags: Right. The first thing to do is work out the venue and the date. It has to be in London, obviously, because no self-respecting vebwhores live north of the M25 (whether there are any self-respecting verbwhores is another question entirely). But which pub would be best? The Cittie of Yorke? Go to 97. The Angel? Go to 50. The Champion? Go to 39. The Penderel's Oak? Go to 18.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit



Author

Topic: RIP Last of the Summer Wine (Read 0 times)

**Dr
Christian
Troy****RIP Last of the Summer Wine**

« Reply #142 on: August 31, 2010, 08:38:29 pm »

Quote from: Alternative Carpark on August 31, 2010, 08:22:14 pm

After going to a wedding which ended up getting cancelled,

Symbolism of 'not moving forward' - They will never progress because they are the Last, and marriage will distill the very wine of their Summer. The church ultimately is rejected by the Last as their fateful destination, for they are all rogues and sinners. Instead, they must take another journey...

Quote from: Alternative Carpark on August 31, 2010, 08:22:14 pm

most of the regular cast set off on the reception coach to have a good day out anyway,

All in one place, they are carried onto a vessel representing death, or the passing of. They merrily accept their fates, in the face of nothingness and decay. The sky is bright and the Summer is close to ending. The coach will never cease to stop, as its journey is the destination.

Quote from: Alternative Carpark on August 31, 2010, 08:22:14 pm

and they nearly crash into the two policemen and their car,

The rebellion of the Last takes risks to the very end, defying law and order, choosing to reject it and instead accept whimsical chaos in their journey to the other side, of which they will never reach.

Quote from: Alternative Carpark on August 31, 2010, 08:22:14 pm

only to be let off because the policemen are too embarrassed to get out of the car as they aren't wearing their trousers (they're having them pressed in the boot to keep out the creases).

The authorities are trapped by their own idiosyncracities in the village, and are not allowed to join the Last on their journey. The lack of trousers indicates the symbolism of male castration within the government officials whom have until now been given residence in the community of the Last.

Quote from: Alternative Carpark on August 31, 2010, 08:22:14 pm

The coach drives off through the countryside, and Clegg, who is one of the passengers, is heard repeating a line he said earlier in the episode, "Did I lock the door?"

The door will never close. If it were to close, then Clegg and the Last would be unable to continue their journey into the afterlife that is the journey. His question is not of forgetfulness, is it instead of rhetorical reassurance - for if the door were to close, the coach would stop, and the journey of the Last would cease to be.

Tags: DJ One Record is convinced someone else is to blame, so he goes round smelling everyone's bum. When this fails to reveal a culprit he proceeds to prove his own innocence by pulling down his trousers and gongs and insisting that Artemis take a whiff. Artemis declares him Not Guilty. Weird, but Not Guilty. Go to 41.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [49] **Go Down**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

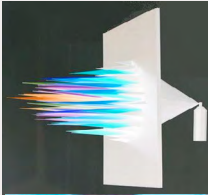
PINT

Author

Topic: Our Tunes (Read 0 times)

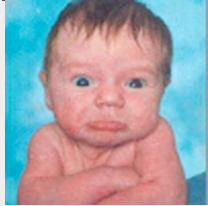
Daimoniac & FlipTopHead**Our Tunes**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



David was in a bad place when he met his soon to be fiancée. He lived in Pelton, a small mining village, described once as 'Akin to a woman's navel - a crater between two places of great interest'.

One day, he was at his local cafe and waiting for his order, broken leg of lamb, when his eyes met. He eventually managed to uncross them and there in front of him, was the most perfect vision he had ever seen. She was tall, slender and could hold a tray perfectly.



She was also walking in the wrong direction. He turned around once he realised he was looking at a mere reflection but the mirror told a story that he fell in love with instantly, albeit a somewhat distorted story and on its way into the 'funfair extra-ordinaire' trailer that two men were carefully loading outside.

Sharon smiled at him as she set the plate down in front of him. As if the whole scene was playing out in a black and white movie. He half expected a Channel 4 caption and an advert for Countdown.

The silent look between them and the smiles exchanged were accompanied by the radio as it played a tune that would become special to both of them, for the rest of their lives. *Fishheads, fishheads, roly poly fishheads, fishheads, fishheads, eat them up, yum.*

They both started mouthing along with the lyrics, and for a moment all seemed to be going well. But soon enough, things changed. Suddenly David realised that a puddle of steaming hot gravy had gathered in his lap. The heat started to cause extreme pain and he leapt to his feet, accidentally headbutting Sharon who fell backwards through the glass cabinet full of stale cakes and curled sandwiches. Blood splashed everywhere as she writhed in agony.

Her eyes glazed and his stare, frozen with fear and shame met her gaze across the mingling blood and gravy. It was then that Barbara came into their lives.

Holding her crusty bread, she broke the tension by dipping the wheaty treat precariously into the liquid. It was like a blessing for David and Sharon, who although getting off to a rocky start, were bonded in a way that no-one could describe.

This blessing by the zombie Barbara connected David and Sharon for life. He held her hand in the ambulance, proposed, she nodded a sweet 'yes' and David sang Fishheads the whole way. Sadly for David, Sharon was DOA but this is their tune...

Page: 1 2 ... [49] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: You go to The Cittie of York and see a bunch of bearded reprobates, mostly in their early to mid 20s, lurking in the corner. That must be them.

Do you go up to them? - go to 114

Buy a pint, lurk nearby and listen to make sure? - go to 58

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Where's Rene? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Rene?

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [50] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: The suggestion of The Angel just causes confusion, with various verbwhores assuming you mean the one in Soho/Covent Garden/Islington and saying it would be perfect. After 4 pages of confusion it's ruled out. So where to go?

The Cittie of Yorke? Go to 97.

The Champion? Go to 39.

The Penderel's Oak? Go to 18.

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Author Topic: Where's Rene? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Rene?

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Tags: Fuckwit. You pass the phone on, but from hereonin no-one will speak to you. The End

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Page: 1 2 ... [52] **Go Down**

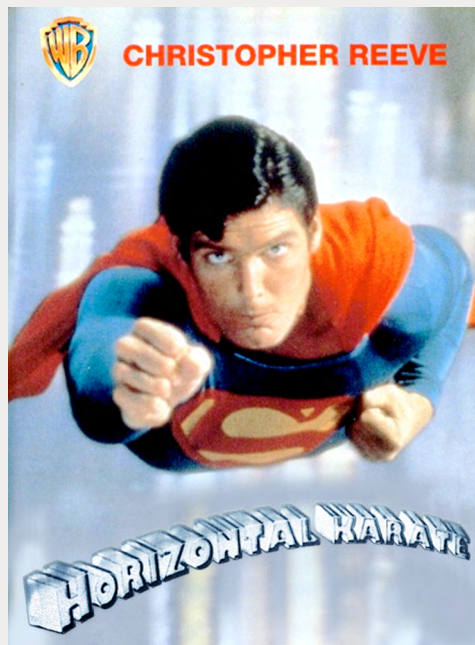
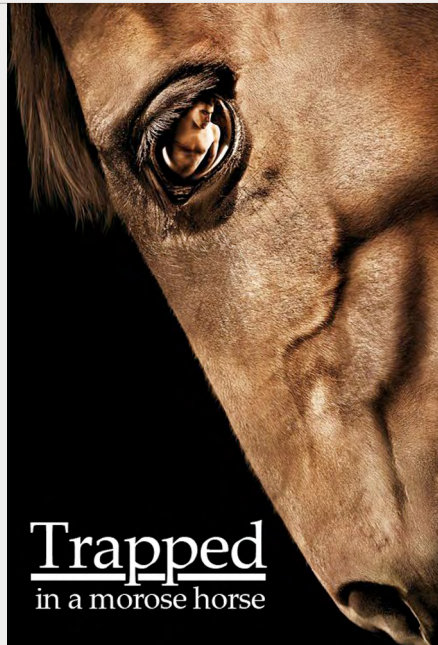
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [52] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: He points out that he's known you for about 11 years now and yet you've never actually met precisely in that whole time. As he has been to every meet ever, this can only be your fault. Obviously you're scared of him. This suddenly seems to drop him into a melancholy mood, so he then rings up his mother drunk. You begin to wonder about his life and family, but decide that it would be better to change the subject as soon as he comes off the phone.

Go to 76

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [53] **Go Down**

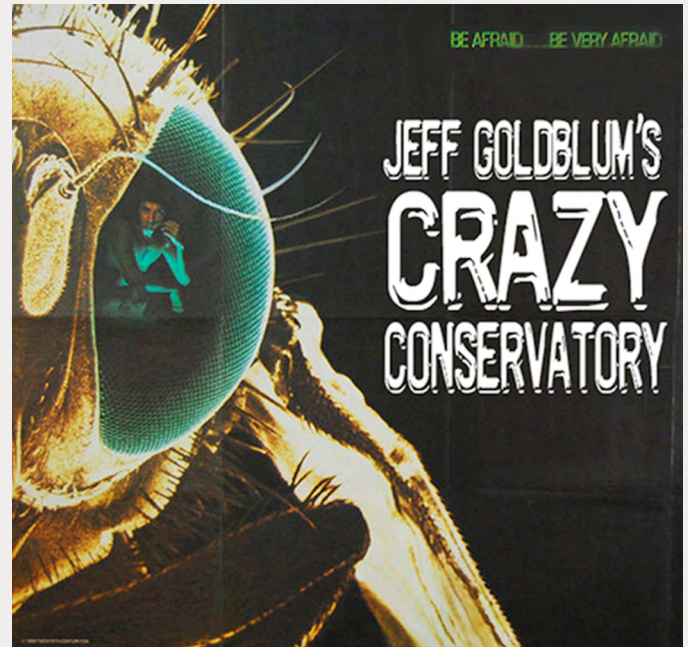
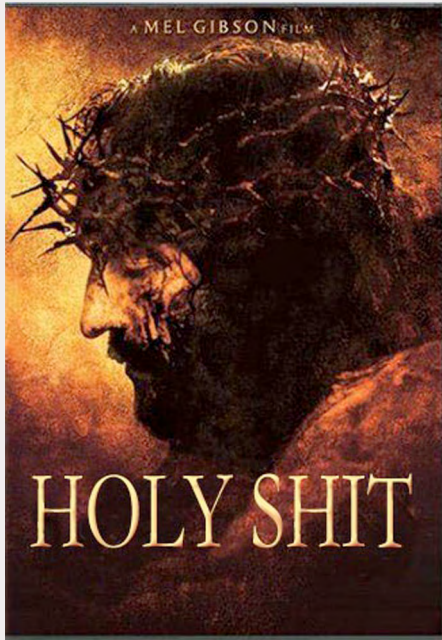
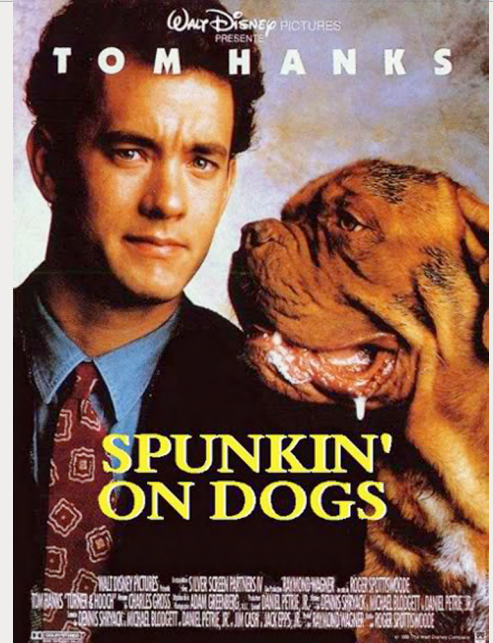
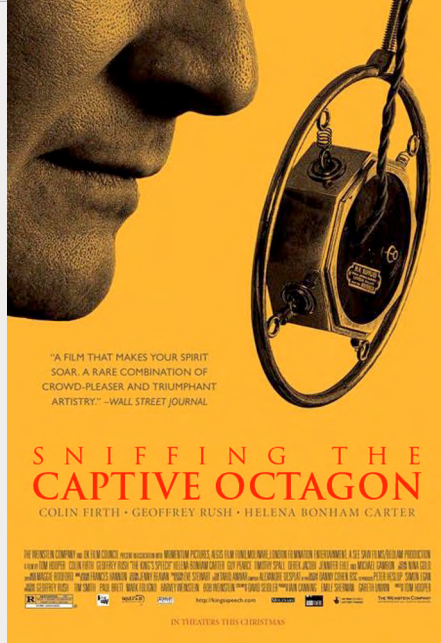
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: **Literal Movie Posters** (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [53] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You fall in step next to Doomy Dwyer, who looks you up and down and then launches into a magnificent Mark E. Smith impression, berating you for being covered in beer, wine and ketchup. When you point out that it's blood, not ketchup his complaints turn into compliments and the time flies by. Before you know it you're at Artemis' house.

Go to 68

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit



Topic: Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »**September 14th**

Woke up after a terrible nightmare in which Liam Neeson was presenting a show called "Liam's Dreams Come True". I awoke in a hot sweat and had to go for a jog round the block in a foil cape to calm my nerves. Got back and checked that my bins haven't been tampered with. You can never be too careful when you have as many enemies as me.

September 15th

Wrote to Liam Neeson to confirm whether he was presenting any dream come true based gameshow. I have to know.

Went for a walk in the park and followed a squirrel around a tree for a few hours before it got bored and ran off.

September 16th

Received more mail from the Krankie's solicitor this morning asking me to refrain from trespassing on their property. Idiots. I file their letter in my cabinet under the heading "pettiness".

One day I shall catch them doing something bad and the whole world will know.

Watched The A-Team on Granada Plus at teatime. Boy, that Mr. T sure knows his gold belcher chains. Went to bed early.

September 17th

Got into the air conditioning vents at the local leisure centre and had a crawl about. Must remember to bring the torch and map next time as I spent 45 minutes stuck in a dumb waiter.

After a tea of tracker bars and smash I did a bit more work on my Mr. T paint by numbers. It's coming along nicely but I'm running out of gold paint.

September 18th

Spilt some tea on my Mr. T paint by numbers. His mouth has run and merged into his chin.

September 19th

Received reply from Liam Neeson's people. He's not doing any kind of dream come true based game show. Thank god my prophecy has not come true I feared I may have had Nostradamus's curse for a moment. Neeson's letter was terse and ill mannered. I file it in my cabinet under the heading 'twat'.

Had a dump then went to bed.

September 20th

Someone's left a skip outside my flat. I've written to the council but they won't do anything. They never do. I shall proceed with legal action myself just as soon as my Giro arrives next week.

Tags: Just when you thought that it was all going rather well, one of the better-known verbwhores mentions that he has been barred from The Cittie of Yorke for eating all their sugar and then running around hyperactively during the pub quiz shouting out all the answers. So back to the drawing board...

The Angel? Go to 50.

The Champion? Go to 39.

The Penderel's Oak? Go to 18.

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Page: 1 2 ... [55] **Go Down**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »

**September 21st**

I wish I hadn't gone to the TV Quick awards last night. There was a bit of an incident involving Larry Hagman, why did no one mention that he would be there? I detest that man ever since he stole away my cigar smoker of the year crown 3 years running in the mid 80's. The only reason I decided not to have him killed was because of I wanted to know what happened in Dallas.

I'm afraid I had a bit too much to drink though and since Hagman was on the table next to me I got a bit carried away. I don't know what the papers will make of me pulling my track suit bottoms down like that but the audience certainly let out a bit of a gasp. At least what I did put him off his cigar the big twat.

September 22nd

Not sure I'll ever live down the shame of the track suit bottoms incident. Its the first time Ive ever been pixelated on Look North that's for sure.

Throw myself down a well. I feel bad.

September 24th

Still in hospital. Nobody has visited me yet. Not even my PR man Jim. I'll give him such a beating when I see him next, the bastard will wish he'd never been born. They won't let me have cigars in here so I am forced to sneak out onto the fire escape. And to think I gave this hospital two life support machines over the years the ungrateful shits.

September 25th

Back in my flat. Something is wrong though. I'm certain that the ash tray on the sideboard was a few inches to the left. There is also a fresh turd in the lavatory. To my horror when I see my Mr. T portrait it has become hideously distorted and the face that stares back at me looks like Larry Hagman eating a crusty cobbler.

September 26th

I'm now convinced that someone - or something is getting into my flat when I'm out. I tried to catch them/it out by pretending to go out then sneaking back in and hiding in one of the kitchen cabinets.

After sixteen hours though nothing had happened so I came back out only to find that someone had scrawled "arsehole" on my bedroom wall.

September 27th

Woke up this morning to find someone had shaved the word 'eggminge' into my back hair. How they achieved this without my waking I don't know. I feel like a prisoner in my own home and can only conclude that I am the victim of an orchestrated campaign by my enemies. I could have my people hunt them down and exterminate them, but I don't want a repeat of the Leo Sayer incident.

September 29th

Ate a 6 pack of Rivas out of desperation.

Page: 1 2 ... [55] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: No, it wasn't the one in Covent Garden either. Though because it was so packed with tourists you bought a pint to keep you going while you searched every snug and corner. Which means that when you come out you're in just the right frame of mind to berate a mime for ten minutes before trying to kick the legs out from under one of the fucking 'human statues'. Your karate skills don't quite match those in your head and you end up sprawled at his feet, bathed in the humiliating applause of a hundred camera-waving Japanese and American tourists. Youtube, here you come! You pick yourself up and slink off.... Go to 108

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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Topic: Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »**September 30th**

My coffee table has a wonky leg. Place copy of Larry Hagman's autobiography underneath the leg. Knew it would come in useful one day.

October 1st

Woke up this morning feeling a bit melancholic. I think I must have been dreaming about Leo Sayer again. That man haunts my soul and turns my own mind against me.

Had a mushroom for breakfast then spent all day trying on the Duchess' knickers.

October 3rd

Rearranged the furniture in my flat. I was disturbed that from certain angles my sideboard looks like its winking at me. I do not want a suggestive sideboard.

October 4th

Put the bins out and found a discarded packet of condoms. I put them in my pocket - you never know when the opportunity to interfere with a woman might arise.

October 5th

Make a pretend Jimmy out of cereal boxes. I use a Smartie tube as the cigar and a spiders cobweb as hair.

Go out to the park to feed the ducks and when I arrive back the pretend Jimmy has vanished.

October 6th

Spent all day looking for pretend Jimmy. He's simply vanished like those girls in Picnic at Hanging Rock. Then I get to thinking, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm pretend Jimmy. That scares me and I go and have a lie down and a handful of iced gems to sooth my nerves.

October 18th

Managed to get out of the wardrobe and pluck up the courage to go to the shops. If I really am pretend Jimmy then people will treat me with contempt and disdain. I run back home when I realise that people do that anyway. Spent the night staring in the mirror questioning my existence until Eurotrash came on.

October 19th

The only way to overcome my existential turmoil is to hunt down the other Jimmy like the ungodly mockery of nature it is. I absolutely will not stop...ever...until I have wiped that monstrosity off the face of the earth.

Watch Countdown.

October 21st

Had a call from Channel 5 offering me a pilot of a late night show called Erotic Fix It's. It will be very like Jim'll Fix It except with fannies.

Page: 1 2 ... [56] **Give Up**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You close your eyes and it appears that you black out for a moment. When you return to consciousness the first thing you hear is Crease saying "Who'd have thought an ashtray could hold so much human vomit?" Time for some fresh air.

Go to 117

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Jump to: => General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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Topic: Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

I feel disgusted that anyone would even think I would do something so foul and degrading and I express my utter disdain and contempt for their idea for nearly a minute before I accept

October 22nd

I get home after filming the first episode feeling soiled. I have sold my soul. I can still hear the jeers and sniggering as I paraded my naked body around the studio. Nobody told me that I'd got the wrong studio. Or that filming didn't start till next week.

Still, next week's Family Affairs should be a bit more entertaining.

October 26th

Got up late today. Still having nightmares about Liam Neeson fulfilling the dreams of a bunch of fat boy scouts.

The good news is My PA has finally come through with the Mr. T jigsaw. Have tea of a cracker washed down with a bottle of Tixylix and spend the rest of the night trying to complete it.

I can't make head nor tale of it at the moment and I'm usually very good at jigsaws. I'm quite sure this bit in the corner is Mr. T's gold belcher chain though.

October 27th

After working through the night on the jigsaw I realise it's a picture of Cheddar Gorge. No wonder it was so hard.

October 28th

I think what I need to get me through the empty days is a pet. It's a toss up between a Siberian tiger and a budgie. I opt for the budgie as the idea of getting a Siberian tiger is actually a bit silly.

October 29th

Saw a comedian on TV tonight with a puppet. He had the audience in stitches with his cheeky routine and I decide that's exactly what my career needs - a gimmick. I'm racking my brains to think what it might be and have already rejected the idea of becoming half man half machine like Davros.

October 30th

The boredom worsens. I got up at 4:30 am today to trim the hair on my toes. How I dragged such a simple job out to 3 hours is beyond me. Spend the rest of the day seeing if I could squeeze under the settee.

October 31st

Please help me.

Got my hair caught in the casters and couldn't reach the phone or the scissors. I had to

Page: 1 2 ... [57] **Give Up**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: One after another the verbwhores take turns donning the coat and falling through the bar. There's a full running commentary on the 2011 David Jason Memorial Bar Flap Olympics from Godzilla David Bankrollman. Much hilarity ensues. Then it's your turn...

Will you? Go to 111

Or not. Go to 43

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [58] **Go Down**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author

Topic: Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Secret Diary of Jimmy Saville**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



literally rip some hair out to free myself. Now there's a bald patch in the shape of Bette Lynch eating a Twix, it's started to really upset me

November 7th

Had an idea for a new show called 'Jim'll Fix Tits' - I go around the country as a sort of plastic surgery gone wrong trouble-shooter. Putting ladies boobies right by gently rubbing himself against them. I take the idea to ITV. Am removed from premises.

November 8th

I lay awake all night racked with worry. What am I doing with my life? Why did it all go wrong?? Why is toilet paper so expensive? Get out of bed and start mournfully out at the night sky. Spend rest of the night trying on the Duchess's bras

November 9th

Had a go on the internet everyone keeps going on about. Spent two hours just sat there until someone pointed out you can't operate the controls with your mind. Try searching for myself on one of those search it pages. Find many 'websites' run by my enemies trying to undermine me.

November 11th

Spent all day in my dressing gown. Don't see the point of getting dressed. Realised halfway through the afternoon that I had no toilet paper left so went to Aldis. Should have got dressed after all. Came back and made an impromptu sarong out of blankets. Did the dance of the seven veils to the theme of Match of the Day. Fell into the telly. I'm cut quite badly.

Quip to the paramedic that it's nice to be back on telly but this is ridiculous. He looks at me like I'm mental and I hear whispered talk of sectioning.

November 20th

Have escaped out of my ward and gotten into the vents. I only have a partial knowledge of the layout of these shafts so take a wrong turn at the kitchens and end up in the morgue. Decide to stay for a bit then make my way to the basement where I escape out of a window and run off into a field. I'm free! Free to feel the wind against my face, the grass underneath my toes.

November 21st

Back in hospital. Gorged by Bull.

November 22nd

The fascists won't let me leave and they've posted a big butch matron on my ward to watch over me. She looks a bit like my dear old mum. I keep asking her for a bed bath but she looks at me with a mixture of revulsion and pity. I pay my taxes I know what I'm entitled to.

November 23rd

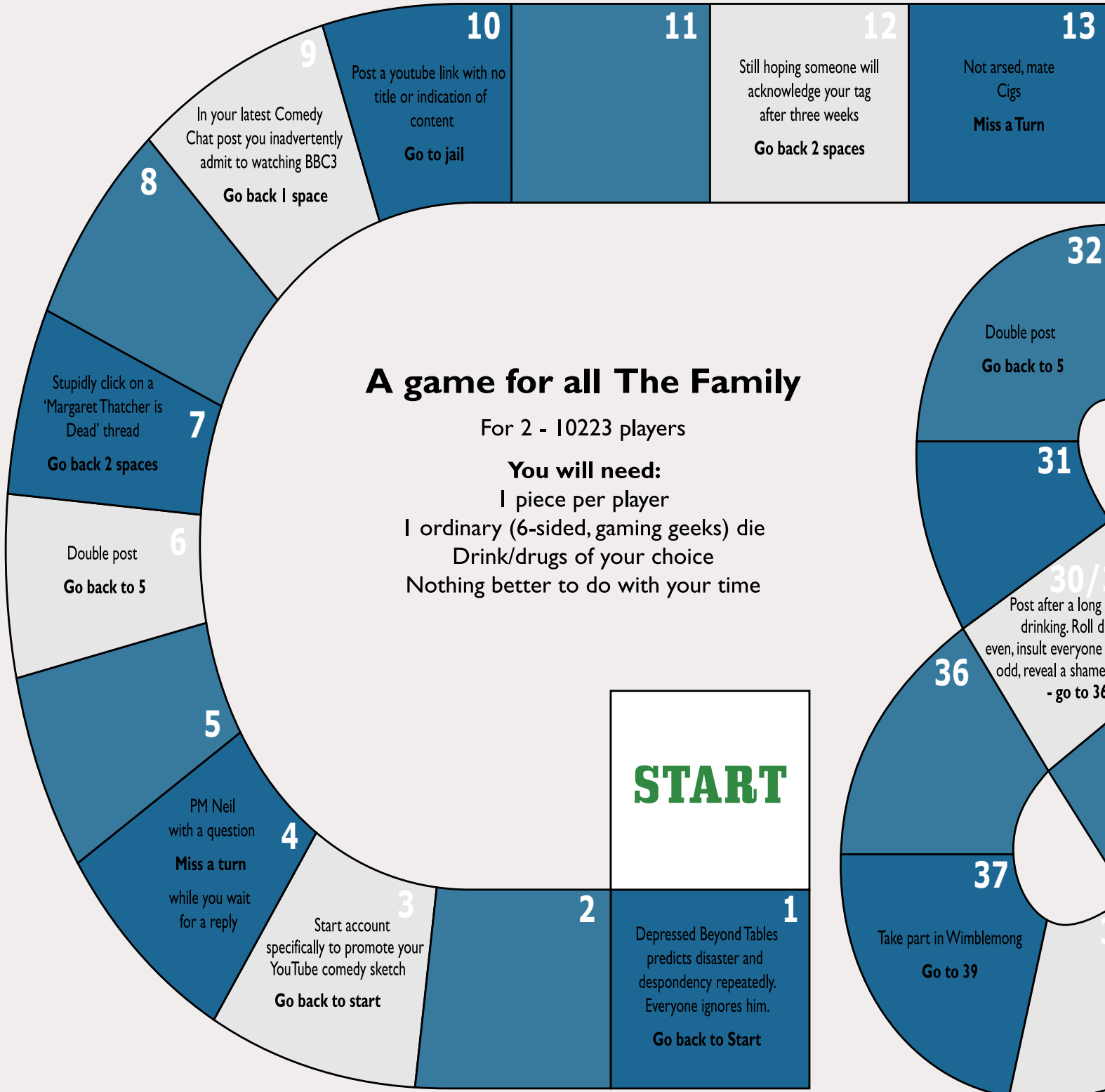
Am discharged from hospital with a stern lecture from matron, she's a magnificent woman and I decide to injure myself again in the next few days so she can look after me again.

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Tags: You quickly discover that these aren't verbwhores, but rather the local chapter of Anonymous, planning their next escapade. You try your phone again with no luck, so you quickly down your pint and try to sneak out unnoticed. No such luck, they've spotted you and assume that you're a plain clothes officer. You run faster than you ever have in your life to escape them and end up completely lost. Do you continue searching the pubs on the list until you find a group of CaBbers and join them? - Go to 66
or find somewhere with a computer and charm your way into being allowed to check the thread ? - Go to 119

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

STATE OF THE



Tags: It turns out that most of the verbwhores who had said that they were going to go to Bangface that weekend either can no longer afford it or realised that they just don't have the energy for that kind of thing any more, so the 21st it is! Go to 72.

BOARD GAME

14	15	16	17	18
	You acknowledge identity crisis ahoys 100th return under a new name Collect £200	Things thread Advance 2 spaces (unless you're Neil)	Comic Sans Day Take another turn	
33				19
Host your first CaB Radio show Go to 35				Accidentally mention your total hatred of Krautrock in Oscillations Go back 2 spaces
				20
				21
				Troll Zone roll dice: - even, ignore him - go to 22 odd, reply - go to -1
				22
				23
				Pedro Bear posts a lolrandom collection of anime stills and animated gifs interspersed with oblique and tangential pseudo- intellectual sarcasm, attaining a level of condescension rarely even dreamed of by TC Raymond making everyone wonder why she spends so much more time composing her posts that the entire audience combined does reading them. tl:dr? Ignore
				24
				25
				Post picture of attractive woman with no names or information Go back 1 space
				26
				Give Sir Henry +1 karma. Go to 34
				27
				Post picture of self Miss a turn while you admire it
				28/39
				29
				night's ce: - - go to 29 ful secret
				30
				31
				32
				33
				34
				35
				36
				37
				38
				39
				40
				You Win! You're in the clique. Alone, ignored and unloved. Hurrah!

with thanks to Squidy and Goldentony

Tags: You've gone back to being your usual tongue-tied self. The alcohol has made it simultaneously easier to speak and harder to get out a coherent word. explodingvinyl and Ronnie start sniffing each others bras and bemoaning the lack of Braintree boobs at the meet. This is all a bit much for you, so you move on. Go to 79.

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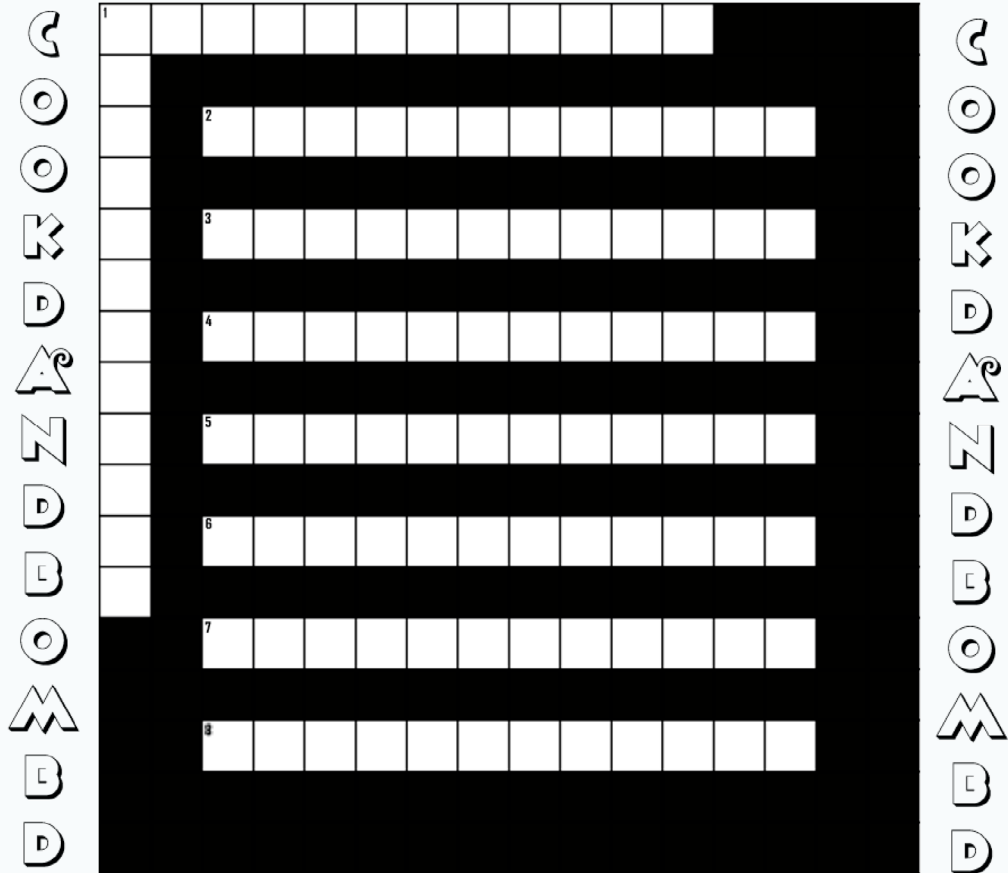
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: CaB Comedy Crossword (Read 0 times)

Ziggy Starbucks

CaB Comedy Crossword

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Across

- 1 Star of the 11 o'clock show (5,7)
- 2 Sends Karl Pilkington on foreign adventures (5,7)
- 3 The 21st century Bernard Manning (5,7)
- 4 Inspired by his own racism and homophobia which isn't at all ironic (5,7)
- 5 Fat smug cunt (5,7)
- 6 Got lucky with one half-decent series of The Office (5,7)
- 7 Wrote the two utterly terrible series Extras and Life's Too Short (5,7)
- 8 Arrogant smug fat bastard cunt. I hope he dies (5,7)

Down

- 1 "Wrote" an "hilarious" "episode" of "The Simpsons" that was "complete shite" (5,7)

Page: 1 2 ... [62] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: DJOneRecord is worryingly drunk, taking bets on if he can get kicked out, commenting that someone from behind the bar is looking at him suspiciously, and then demonstrating this by taking a sachet of sugar, swallowing the whole pack, and then saying "Look see, he's looking at me!" in a voice that carried to all corners of the pub.
Go to 104.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: Word Search (Read 0 times)

Sir Henry Jr. Word Search

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



So you think you know how to fit in to the CaB community?
So you think you know all the regular posters and their quirks and foibles?
So you think you know all the consensual opinions and catchphrases?

Then try to find all the usual (and unusual) CaB memes in this puzzle:

A	S	A	S	A	Y	R	C	R	Y	A	S	G	I	V	E	D	N	E	V	E	R	E	V	E	N	W	O	D	N	A	N
E	A	D	N	A	L	L	E	T	I	P	U	D	O	W	N	N	I	N	S	I	D	E	S	E	R	T	E	L	L	N	E
V	Y	N	E	V	E	R	E	V	E	W	O	N	K	P	U	A	N	D	N	U	O	R	A	N	D	E	R	R	I	N	V
I	O	E	Y	W	O	U	L	D	N	T	Y	A	L	P	E	D	I	S	N	I	S	A	Y	M	Y	L	E	U	E	O	E
G	U	E	B	F	E	O	A	N	N	O	G	D	E	S	E	R	T	E	L	G	T	O	S	A	A	L	V	O	H	G	R
P	M	B	D	I	N	N	A	A	U	D	R	E	H	T	O	B	E	E	N	U	R	T	S	K	S	M	E	Y	A	O	E
T	A	U	O	G	D	S	R	E	G	N	A	R	T	S	O	T	H	I	S	E	A	H	R	E	W	A	N	N	A	N	V
E	K	T	O	O	H	T	O	E	E	A	E	S	T	R	A	E	H	O	V	H	E	E	E	O	H	K	Y	W	T	N	I
L	E	E	G	Y	U	N	U	V	H	I	M	A	K	E	U	C	N	E	W	W	H	R	O	C	F	E	R	O	R	A	G
L	Y	L	I	E	R	E	N	E	T	T	I	E	B	V	A	N	N	O	G	O	G	T	A	T	E	J	C	D	U	M	O
T	B	D	V	D	T	M	D	W	N	W	O	D	L	E	T	E	L	O	O	H	N	E	C	U	E	U	P	N	H	A	N
R	D	N	E	N	R	T	E	L	L	E	T	O	I	N	T	I	I	Y	O	U	I	K	H	B	L	S	U	U	O	K	N
U	O	A	R	A	E	I	S	E	I	R	V	M	N	W	O	N	K	L	D	R	L	A	I	E	I	T	P	O	W	E	A
H	O	F	U	T	S	M	E	R	N	E	S	I	D	A	G	N	E	E	B	T	E	M	N	E	N	R	C	R	Y	Y	N
M	G	E	O	S	E	M	R	U	S	V	E	K	G	N	I	E	U	O	Y	H	E	G	G	N	G	E	Y	A	O	B	E
A	R	E	Y	R	D	O	T	O	I	E	L	N	M	N	E	R	E	W	E	I	F	O	O	W	E	S	S	R	U	D	V
K	E	L	L	E	T	C	R	Y	D	N	U	O	R	A	F	U	L	L	A	N	N	O	G	O	M	E	I	E	C	O	E
E	V	I	G	D	G	Y	E	I	E	T	R	W	N	W	S	O	W	O	N	K	E	D	O	N	T	D	R	V	K	O	R
Y	E	N	D	N	O	O	V	V	P	F	H	Y	U	G	H	Y	H	S	D	I	K	B	N	K	E	N	E	E	N	G	D
B	N	G	E	U	N	U	E	R	U	N	D	E	R	S	T	A	N	D	M	N	A	Y	N	T	L	U	V	N	O	N	N
D	W	O	S	G	N	R	N	P	L	A	Y	O	U	J	U	S	T	U	B	G	M	E	A	I	L	O	E	N	W	E	A
O	O	T	E	M	A	K	E	V	I	G	O	N	N	A	N	D	E	N	U	R	E	V	E	N	A	R	N	O	P	V	N
O	D	T	R	U	H	M	A	K	E	V	I	G	O	I	N	G	L	L	E	T	U	G	O	N	N	A	D	P	U	E	N
G	U	A	T	G	I	V	E	R	E	W	H	A	T	S	E	I	L	A	R	O	U	N	D	N	A	N	N	O	G	R	O
U	O	Y	G	O	N	N	A	N	D	A	A	N	N	O	G	I	V	E	Y	N	E	V	E	R	U	O	Y	E	V	I	G

The first person to PM Sir Henry with the hidden message in this wordsearch gets a fabulous prize!

Tags: Fuckwit. She's lovely. But you missed your chance. You regret it for the rest of your life.
The End



Topic: Cryptic Crossword (Read 0 times)

Cerys

Cryptic Crossword

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »

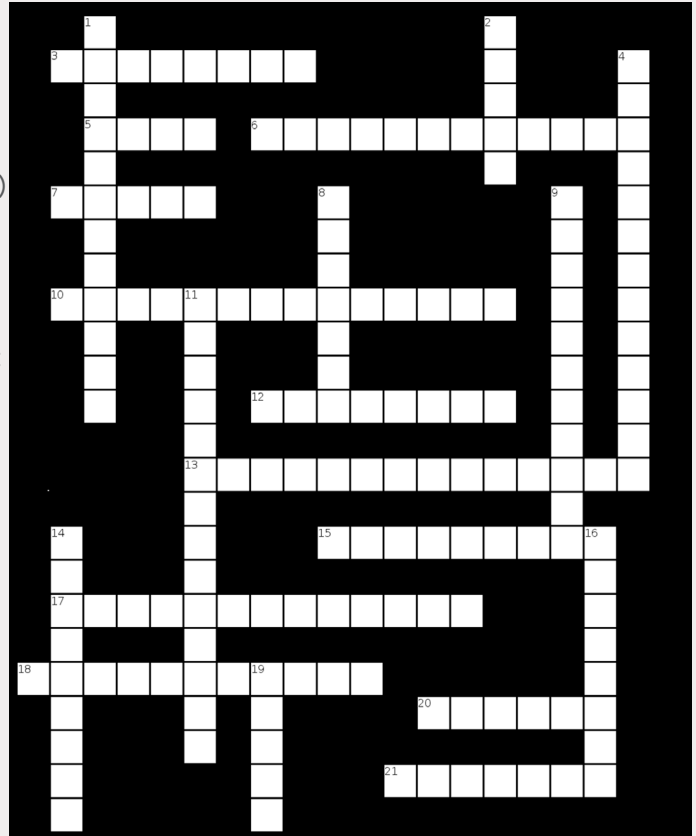
CaB Crossword

Across

- 3 He's a bit wrong – so sip him! (8)
- 5 Common source of 13 Across (4)
- 6 Winning line, perhaps? (4,4,4)
- 7 Almost definitely not a cow (5)
- 10 Eats shit and writhes (5,9)
- 12 May I introduce Mr Gilmour? (4,4)
- 13 Soggy lizard, maybe? Better not to ask about the cause (5,2,7)
- 15 Lenny, Clarence, Alex and Elsa (4,4)
- 17 Howling mad bear? (6,7)
- 18 Speciality of Peter (3,8)
- 20 Shakily rub ice to achieve immortality (6)
- 21 Disorganised twat is a V-Reg (7)

Down

- 1 Sin cuts froth? Messy (4,3,5)
- 2 Another what coming? (5)
- 4 Yob led back to the floor (7,3,3)
- 8 American idiot's joyful ascent? Um - nope (7)
- 9 Our location in the North (11)
- 11 Naked genitals and rabid badgers, for example (3,4,3,4)
- 14 The delicate sound of passengers (9)
- 16 Blacked-out annoyances of a song (8)
- 19 Almost definitely not a dog (5)



Answers on page 109

Tags: You spend a very enjoyable hour or so chatting with a constantly changing group of members, mostly discussing the members who aren't there (they're up north at the other meet, not talking about CaB). Until it's time for another piss. Last time you had been distracted by Biniput's strange behaviour, but now you're three pints more relaxed. As you step through the toilet doors, the room starts to spin and you appear to have just stepped into the TARDIS, Do you take a deep breath, man up and head for the nearest urinal-looking fixture? Go to 115 or turn round, leave the toilet and the pub and find a quiet alley across the road to piss in? Go to 73

Author Topic: Word Search (Read 0 times)

Biniput

Word Search

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Word Search

Lest We Forget

I O E V P P R C L N K C F E N I L R E D R O B R
 K H P R N K U H F O E S A R Z N E C L P X G P H
 L W M I W E S L P E D E S T R I A N V I T R X H
 E E U Z G L H O B G T E U L V D S L T S A L K O
 N H R P W F I E M D N B J B S C T D R S W G M C
 T T E W L F T V O U C B I L U K E G L B T A F O
 I A D J R A C E B M S Z M T Y L W P K A Y M Y M
 L M D T A W R T V R B I A I L J A R N L N M G I
 S I I N D T E R I U P N R I R Q R N S L N O N C
 G G D O D A E I H C D U I I E M T O R O U N I S
 C H L R E W P E S P F Y E O T R L Q E O F F Y T
 O T H T H T S R A N M F Y K T F E V B N N A A E
 C Y S H C U K S A S A S D B U A E Y M S U C L M
 K B M A E C T N U C G N I K C U F G U M S E P L
 K O L M S E K Y T A U X S P S I R C N M C D Y E
 N O P P R N H E A R T W E A K C H I N N E D R H
 O S T T A B N A D T U R D T H U M P I N G L E D
 C H R O W R T O F U A N U S Z V I N Y L U N L O
 K X S N E F H Y K L Z R E L B B U B T N U C L H
 E Z V T N W F L T S I N Y G O S I M E E J K A C
 R E N Q P W A Y L R E K N A W N J P F X W M G O
 S I L J K A V S O J N A B E S R A O A A C J R F
 S R E G R E P S A T H E G O O D I E S G N B Q S
 C T O S S B L I S T E R S G U E Y B D O O G R S

Scream out the words as you find them

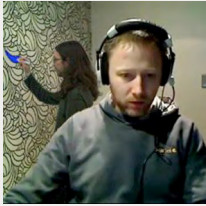
- | | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Smugfuckingcunt | Misogynist | Didderump | Arsebanjos |
| Tossblisters | Turdthumping | Crisps | Stewartlee |
| Twatwaffle | Thegoodies | Northampton | Galleryplaying |
| Curmudgeon | Gammonfaced | Lentils | Safetyinnumbers |
| Arsecheddar | Weakchinned | Cockknockers | Goodbye |
| Pissballoons | Internetcafe | Cutandpaste | Chodhelmet |
| Borderline | Aspergers | Heart | Comics |
| Tofuanus | Chloevevriar | Thewho | Shitcreeps |
| Wankerly | Bees | Utterly | pedestrian |
| Shitbomb | Mightyboosh | Unfunnytwatwaffle | Cuntbubble |

Tags: You make the toilets without Kelvin catching you and hide in one of the stalls. After throwing up £20 worth of alcohol and wiping away the tears and snot, you sit for a while to work out what to do next. You read the lone graffito: "The Whose Line Is It Anyway scripts exist!" After a while you feel up to re-entering the mad-house outside, so after a quick face wash you head back to the bar. Go to 109.

Author Topic: Very Cryptic Crossword (Read 0 times)

Pie Pie Eater Very Cryptic Crossword

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>

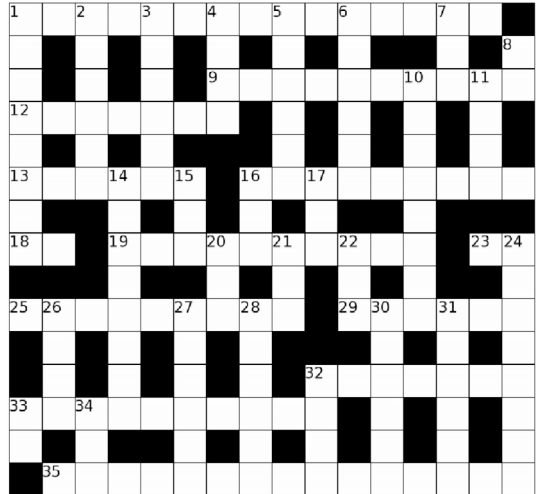


Very Cryptic Crossword

- Across
- 1*. Unkempt dong in a clean zoo
 - 9. Navel-gaze when limited by faint prospects (10)
 - 12. I call An tSaoi first, desperately, in relation to mouth on starfish situation (7)
 - 13. Northern British language resulting from resistance to early English in Allium root (6)
 - 16*. The Goodies mentioner - damn outcry erupted without you, we hear.
 - 18. Expression of denial from Koant's heart, having been converted (2)
 - 19. Not clued
 - 23. Them opposite uses English gone bad! (2)
 - 25. In losing last of grip, arse plopped out (9)
 - 29. Orgasmic killer, according to Morris, is inside for every thruster (6)
 - 32. Not off the rack, endlessly beat mook's bottom half with energy after first couple of spongings (7)
 - 33*. Amend it, gobby git
 - 35*. Luring you away from shirty country- cook'd and bomb'd radio

- Down
- 1*. Artemis' first into capital of Denmark, having lost 3/5 of lodger
 - 2, 31*. Could this sucker clean the floor beneath Tiny Poster?
 - 3. Record players in 4's home country could produce an invisible spirit (6)
 - 4*. Over line? He might ban you.
 - 5. Shore-landing military vehicle has difficulty with t-tarmac (6)
 - 6*. Took outsiders from jail orgy and fucked
 - 7. In maze, heroes find the ultimate American character (3)
 - 8. Coition, essentially (2)
 - 10. Complaint of restricted member? (8)
 - 11. Aquamarine colour containers with yellow inside (4)
 - 14. Given hell, exploding and flushing (8)
 - 15. Bumpy orca ride (3)
 - 16. Pull Theremin, Unoriginal, Onionlimit & weirdbeard for starters (3)
 - 17. Endless rumpus is capital of Brazil (3)
 - 20. Auto erotically savouring uncut Basketball Heads in reverse (3)
 - 21. Hello Shoulders, I had camouflaged! (3)
 - 22. Eno collaborator shed last tear (3)
 - 24*. Sottish woman taken in by apology- "I replaced ornament's head"
 - 26*. Her last contraceptive. I went down.
 - 27. Client after pussy- a little hesitation and then quietly on top (6)

19A by Pie Pie Eater



Thematic clues are marked with a * and may be undefined, but they are all examples of 19A which is unclued. All other clues, with the exception of 10D, have an extra letter in the wordplay. These letters, taken in clue order, spell out a thematic request. 10D is included because there are 18A 19A among 23A unaffected 33D 8D.

- 28. Zetetic's quality defies odds, surprising the upper echelons (6)
- 30. Depiction of sister, we hear, not available for viewing (6)
- 31. see 2
- 32*. I accept the terms of the contracts to enter AC/DC
- 33. 8 bits, last bit left aside (2)
- 34. Sir Alan fires you, say, for fish (3)

Tags: In your wanderings, you suddenly find yourself outside the Champion. What a stroke of luck! You head in and buy yourself a pint to wet your whistle, then look around for the meet. Now that your eyes have accustomed themselves to the Saturday afternoon gloom, you realise that you are the only patron under the age of 50 and probably the only one with two working kidneys. And that they are all eyeing you suspiciously. You down your pint as fast as you can then head out in search of the next possible venue.
Go to 24.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [67] **Go Down**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Alex Chist - TV Critic (Read 0 times)

Harpo Speaks Alex Chist - TV Critic« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

Hello dear readers, and indeed, avid TV viewers. So the months of Christmas build-up are finally at an end – you've done your Christmas shopping, you've had your office Christmas party, and your eyes are bleeding an adorably festive red because you had the misfortune to sit through an advert break on Nickelodeon during the pre-Christmas period. But after all that wait, Christmas is finally, and thankfully, here. But for how much longer? This is a question Richard Littlejohn aims to answer as we begin our glance at the festive TV schedules with **Dispatches: Now Look What They're Doing**.

Using a combination of exaggeration, baseless conjecture, and footage of multi-cultural high streets underscored with John William's theme from Jaws, Littlejohn aims to demonstrate that mass immigration, and the creeping influence of political correctness, will soon mean that Christmas will be eradicated from our shores altogether. Central to his case is 29-year old ICT manager Majid Hussain, a man who - according to local graffiti - harbours a burning desire for the destruction of Christmas and Christianity in all its forms, as a starting point towards the imposition of a global Islamic caliphate. Hussain himself appears somewhat perplexed by these accusations when door-stepped during the documentary, though after some rigorous questioning does damningly admit that he once frowned at a city centre Christmas tree because of a long-standing pine allergy. Overall, Littlejohn's conclusions feel flimsy at best, but the man himself has no such doubts, and at the end delivers a desperately earnest speech to camera about Traditional British Values, with his arms outstretched like a sombre child pretending to be an aeroplane. Even this however, fails to convince.

Elsewhere, and operating within a slightly less cartoonish reality than the one Richard Littlejohn inhabits, Aardman Studios make a welcome return to both traditional claymation and our television screens with **Wallace and Gromit in The Ironic Plug**. Fresh from a much-lauded performance as the voice of a robotic dog in Spy Kids 4, Ricky Gervais lends his considerable vocal talents to the character Shay Biz, a publicity-hungry movie star consumed by vanity and rampant egotism. After reading about Wallace's talent for invention in a magazine article, Shay flies over to England to commission the building of a machine that will allow his entire DVD filmography to orbit around his face at all times, like some sort of whorish Saturn. Wallace agrees, but things soon start to go wrong when Shay makes a racist faux-pas at a dinner party, culminating in our heroes being aggressively driven from the village in disgrace. Will Wallace and Gromit be condemned to exile forever? Or can Shay somehow make everything right with a tearful redemption scene?

Whatever the outcome, you may wish to refrain from crying all the liquid from your body, because over on ITV the big Christmas Day movie this year is the award-winning drama **Basketball Heads**, the moving story of a man born with a rare disability and his subsequent against-all-odds battle against the legal might of the NBA. Steven Soderbergh's tear-jerker swept the boards at the Oscars two years ago, a haul which included a Best Actor gong for a virtually unrecognisable Ron Perlman, as well as the Best Director accolade for Soderbergh himself. Perlman delivers a once-in-a-lifetime performance as the peculiarly shaped Benjamin Wilson, while Soderbergh's direction is typically assured here - whether we are witnessing the tragic yet inevitable death of Wilson's mother during childbirth, or a humorous montage where Wilson utterly fails to try on a series of hats. This is heart-warming, touching, and a perfect choice for family viewing – with the exception of a spectacularly misjudged and literally unforgettable sex scene which will be burned into the retinas, and possibly souls, of anyone who witnesses it. Merry Christmas.

Page: 1 2 ... [67] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: You catch his eye and give a nod of recognition. He looks bemused and asks if you're from CaB, so you just laugh and duck into the toilets. When you get back Biniput makes no mention of the meeting but introduces you to Mr Simnock. Your social ineptitude has struck again and you've only talked to two verbwhores so far. Do you avoid eye contact, mumble and finish your drink as fast as you can before slinking off and running away, go to 90

make a self-deprecating joke about it and pretend it never happened, go to 64

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [68] **Go Down**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)[Author](#) Topic: Alex Chist - TV Critic (Read 0 times)**Harpo Speaks Alex Chist - TV Critic**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »**QUICK PICKS****The Royle Family**

Barbara is disproportionately overjoyed with her new microwave, and Dave and Denise end up being desperately late for Christmas Dinner after they forget how to operate their own front door.

Celebrity Animal Proverb Challenge

Controversial series in which two teams of celebrities compete in an attempt to disprove various animal-related proverbs. This week, the challengers must lead a horse through a demanding assault course, before forcing it to imbibe from a puddle at the finish line.

Eastenders

Walford serves up its traditional slice of Christmas Misery. Drunk on Tomato Juice and her own sense of self-righteousness, Dot Cotton takes part in a 48-man pile-on in the centre of the square. With tragic consequences.

Turgoose is Getting VAT

Tenuously inspired by the fact that Bob Cratchit was a bookkeeper, This Is England star Thomas Turgoose investigates the complexities of the British Financial System.

Doctor Do Little

A doctor's joy at the revelation he can communicate with the animal kingdom is tempered when he discovers his talent applies solely to adult mayflies, limiting every single conversation to a mixture of sexual bravado and bleak existentialism.

...I barely know `er!

Series in which male celebrities forcibly undergo gender realignment surgery as a social experiment into public attitudes towards female stardom. Stars Reginald D Hunter, Tom Baker, Frank Skinner, Jeffrey Archer, Dexter Fletcher, Ben Miller, Shaun Ryder and Michael Winner.

Doctor Who*Joy to the World*

On Christmas Eve, a vampiric race which roams the universe feeding on emotions targets earth, removing all traces of Christmas Spirit and rendering Britain miserable and joyless (more so). Can The Doctor save the day using only the power of faith or love or something?

Page: 1 2 ... [68] **Give Up**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: After getting drinks (squash, tea or coffee) and nibbles (an almost unopenable jar of salsa dip and a family size pack of plain crisps), the guests split into two groups: playing games on the wii or casting a multi-host CaB radio show. Which will you do

Wii games - go to 25

CaB radio - go to 99

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: Thomas the Tanked Engine Christmas (Read 0 times)

madhair60

Thomas the Tanked Engine Christmas

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



A THOMAS THE TANKED ENGINE CHRISTMAS

by ~~madhair60~~ [removed on legal advice]



Tags: You hadn't realised just how drunk Languid was (he hides it well). He unashamedly admits that he was sick in the toilets earlier but that he's feeling much better now. This makes you realise that his chronology contained getting drunk, being sick, then getting drunk enough again to not mind telling people about being sick. You turn to talk to the person on your other side.

Go to 34

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [70] **Go Down**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



I visited my parents in Kent recently. I usually find Kent a bit taxing. Something strange happens to me whenever I go back there. I hated growing up there and I don't like returning. I'd just like to point out that I wasn't born there – I can't stress that enough. I was born in London. I never really felt at home in Kent, never a part of it, I never really fitted in. But I grew up there, so there's no getting around the fact that it's a major part of me, of who I am. Christ knows, I'm always banging on about the bloody place. So, there is a piece of my heart that is forever Kent – I'll reluctantly admit that. Not necessarily the prettiest or happiest piece. But it's in there. Like fatty tissue, or an undiagnosed, potentially fatal congenital defect, just nestling there, waiting, plotting and poised to strike me down. Anyway, like I say, I went back there recently, to see the folks. I also ran into an old friend and, of course, one thing led to another and it ended up being a monumental piss up, of the type that I can't really hack any more, but still foolishly attempt once in a while. Two days of utter dissipation and relentless debauchery. I thought I was going to die the next day, for sure. But then something happened. Something definitively Kentish and strange. Something that saved me. But at a cost.

I was on the way back to London, back to my real life. In order to achieve this, you've got to first get out of the little village where my mum and dad live and get to the railway station that's conveniently situated in a place called Borough Green, five miles away down a steep, perilously twisty hill. The village where my parents live is the highest point in Kent, I'm unreliably informed. It's permanently shrouded in mist and fog. A dampness fills the air and, save for two months a year, it always seems to be autumn. The trees are stripped bare of leaves and stand black barked, stark and threatening, silhouetted against the permanently steel grey skies. It looks like a theatre set, a mock up of a village. There's an unreal quality to the landscape. There's a continual sound of dripping, like the place is on a constant thaw. You can hear the earth breathing, sucking and shifting. The place looks dead but sounds very noticeably alive.

Borough Green, the next village, by way of contrast is a bustling metropolis, with its railway station, cashpoint facilities and functioning street lamps. Oh yeah, they've got it all there. But, like all Kent villages, beneath the swank and the glamour there is a darker tale to tell. There are two sides to this grubby, worthless coin. On the one hand there's the 1940's true-blue-rinse-spirit-of-the-Blitz-green-wellies-Golden-Retirevers-first-name-terms-with-the-Aryan-butcher bit – that, at least, has a certain quaint charm, despite being a hotbed of poorly disguised fascist tendencies, near Spanish levels of cruelty to animals and dubious traditions of intra-familial sexual relations. That's the bit that they want you to see. They're proud of all that. That's their (white) bread and butter. But then, there's the other side – the side they're not so keen to promote. It's the side of poverty, of base criminality, of calculated servility and innate deviousness. These, of course, are the defining characteristics of most country folk. But the Kentish Man, or indeed, the man of Kent is shot through with a particularly virulent and poisonous strain of this wrongness. There's an example of what I mean right there – Kentish Man/Man of Kent – what's the difference? It's the same fucking thing isn't it? It's just them being shift. They're telling you exactly where they're from, but in the cagiest possible terms. Pinpoint vagueness. What are they hiding?

Obviously, what they're hiding are all the qualities I've just mentioned – the deviousness, the

Page: 1 2 ... [70] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: Quite a few verbwhores haven't learned the art of budgeting and so won't have any money that close to the end of the month. Despite a couple of offers to buy them drinks from the wealthier members, it's not going to happen. Try again.

the 21st? - Go to 60.

the 5th? - Go to 120.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go



Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



low cunning, and the duplicity. The poor of Kent have got all that, plus the fascism, animal cruelty and dubious sexual proclivities of the more well heeled members of the community. I don't want to speak out of turn, nor generalize, but they're the worst people in the world. These are the denizens of Kent, the gnomes that inhabit garden of England. There's also a smattering of displaced cockneys like my family, to make up the numbers and introduce some semblance of civilization and sophistication to the natives. Like the pioneers, early settlers or missionaries, they have left the place of their birth to forge a new Jerusalem. And, like the settlers, the pioneers and the missionaries, they have fucked up royally. They're the people who saw only the rank squalor around them and none of the beauty, who dreamed of a better dawn and who got out of London to start anew or - in the case of my own family - to "raise the kiddy right, give him the chances we never had" - The chance to vote BNP with total impunity and learn the correct way to bait badgers, I can only assume. I'm an only child too, so I didn't even get to fuck my own sister. Thanks for nothing folks.

Anyway, the old man drops me off in Borough Green and speeds away at a steady twelve miles an hour, leaving me to buy a ticket and await the arrival of the train. It being a Sunday, they're running a slightly reduced service, one every two hours. I've got one hour and fifty-five minutes to kill. I feel like Max Roach is playing an extended improvised set in my head, I want to vomit, I need water, I'm desperate for a crap and there's a group of kids on the opposite platform talking like deaf Yardies and looking at me in the most menacing manner they can muster. I think to myself - I'll go for a walk. See the sights; see how the old place has changed since my day.

The first thing I notice is that the local grocers has gone. It wasn't a supermarket - none of your Costcutters, your Peacocks, or your Spar - it wasn't common or vulgar like that. It was a family run Green Grocers, of the type that Mrs Thatchers parents would have run, that had been there since before the Crimea. You could get things there that you just didn't see anywhere else - home made dripping, a six pack of mead, mustard gas and Robinsons Jam. "Hold on Doomy", I hear you ejaculate, unimpressed, "you can get Robinsons jam anywhere!". Not like this you couldn't. Not only did this jam still feature the Gollywog prominently on the label, but the fucker was in leg irons. Racist jam. You're in Kent now, boy. They do things a little differently down there. But anyway, that'd gone. Like the Empire. I was shocked to see that the old place had been converted into a trendy bar for the local movers and shakers, the hip young Kentish cognoscenti. You've got to move with the times, even in Borough Green, it would seem. If you're down that way, check it out. It's like a normal bar, but - get this - they do Thai food. Seems like a crazy combination, but it might just catch on. It's called the called 'The Swinging Gyppo' - there's a DJ, sofa's and everything. The sign's a bit off putting. It's a visual pun, I suppose. Very grisly. Not my cup of tea at all, but the kids probably love it. I'm certain it was a sign. Anyway...

I wandered on. Everything else seemed to be the same as last time I'd been here. After about five minutes I'd exhausted all the entertainment possibilities. I just stood there, in the middle of the street, staring into a shop window. A newsagents. I read the cards in the window, not really concentrating in my quasi-somnambulistic hung over state, just making an effort to distract myself from the internal storm my body was weathering. I just read the words on the cards reflexively. They're a lot different to the cards you see round Finsbury park, which seem to be largely concerned with people who have just moved into the area

Tags: On exiting the toilets, you spot the other group of verbwhore-alikes. Do you go over to them?

Yes, go to 28

No, go to 109

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



boasting about passing their A and O Levels - It's always girls, I've noticed - "New girl in town - A and O levels". Seems a bit much to me. I mean - well done and all that - but it's hardly an achievement that warrants such unseemly immodesty. That kind of big headedness isn't going to win you any friends. Nobody likes a smart arse. If nothing else, I suppose it does provide anecdotal evidence that boys are being out performed by girls academically. Up your game, lads!

But these cards were different - "Lawn mower for sale", "Lawn mower wanted", "Lawn mowers repaired - competitive rates", "Lost - Lawn mower". They were indescribably boring. If anything, these ones could have done with a bit of boasting - spice it up a bit - I dunno - "Fast lawn mower for sale, British Racing Green" or something like that. They needed something to capture the imagination. I was getting very bored and was about to just give up and vomit everywhere, when a card caught my eye. And this is what it said -

"200 PULLOVERS FOR SALE!! ONLY £2.50 EACH!!!! HIGH QUALITY KNITWEAR!!! Ideal for club or association. Navy Blue. Slight manufacturing error on logo - "WE ARE THE CHAMPONS" £200 for the lot!!!! Hurry!!!! Call Gary 01732 807 808. PLEASE CALL."

Without warning I began to scream with laughter. My hangover vanished instantly. Unable to stand, I dropped to my knees. There were tears. There was snot. I collapsed on the pavement. I rolled around a bit, howling like a monkey. I couldn't draw breath. Villagers stared, but I didn't care. I felt like a snotty king. Clearly here was someone who felt worse than I did, and would do so for a long, long time. I could see Gary clearly in my minds eye, slumped miserably in the front room of his tiny bungalow, surrounded by boxes. Navy blue jumpers hanging from every available door and window frame, taunting him with the meaningless slogan "WE ARE THE CHAMPONS", "WE ARE THE CHAMPONS", "WE ARE THE CHAMPONS" - And Gary - sat mute, face streaked with tears of shame and humiliation, his wispy moustache a-quiver with effort as he tries to suppress his sobs. Gary with his powder blue Farrahs irrevocably creased, white socks gradually greying with neglect, one slip-on tasselled loafer on, the other in the middle of the room, as if it has made a bid for freedom, trying to disassociate itself from Gary the Champon. Gary the failure. Gary the ex-member of the Borough Green Country Club. Gary - who now owes the treasury more than he can pay. Gary - who boasted to the boys down the club about his mate in the factory who could get him a "sweet deal". Gary - who'd said he was owed a favour. Gary - who said to leave it to him. Gary - who could never show his face in his beloved club - his kingdom - his reason for living - ever again.

I pictured him in his misery. And I felt better.

Gradually, I composed myself. It wasn't easy. I'd made a bit of a tit of myself, but at least I felt human again. I stood up, took one last look at the card, dried my eyes and made my way back to the station. To wait. It was horrible. Windy. Drizzling. The youths were still there talking in that way they've got, about how they were going to "blim someone up if they didn't stop looking at them, blud" - presumably meaning me. I wasn't looking at them. I was just existing. Staring into space. I'd sat down in the little shelter. I'd started to feel bad again. Worse than bad. I'd been fine not five minutes ago, better than fine. Now here I was, plunged once more into misery and pain. Strange. It was getting worse by the second.

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: Probably. There's still a fair amount of kvetching about the date, but fuck it, the 21st is only a week away now and it's too late to fucking change it now just because someone's sodding shift has changed (again). Go to 87.

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REPLY

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Author

Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

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I felt sure I was going to spew. I didn't want to do it front of the kids. They'd love that, the little bastards. They'd laugh at me, then probably punish me for puking on their ends or something. I sidled off again, as inconspicuously as a groaning, sweaty man who stinks of stale booze can. I thought I'd do another circuit, get some fresh air, get my second wind. Fuck me, I felt like I was dying slowly.

I staggered off, unsteady. I could see wraith like objects pulsating at the corners of my vision. I was sweating and shivering. My legs felt heavy and stiff, like scaffold poles. I Douglas Badered it down the road, breathing heavily and trying to think of something nice, trying not to vomit. Shallow breaths, ignoring the rancid taste in my mouth. I concentrated my efforts on thinking happy thoughts.

In a lot of ways a hang over is like a vampire. Once you let it in you're up shit creek and you've only yourself to blame. You've got to be strong to fight it, be alert and vigilant. It'll try to trick you, wait for you to lower your guard and then...BAM!! I mustered all my strength for the oncoming struggle. I tried to shore up my defences. I was thinking of the taste of ripe mangoes, of the awesome power of waterfalls, of Aretha Franklin singing 'Natural Woman', and the endless quest for the Perfect Cup of Tea. I thought of all these things and more, things that I loved and that comforted me, of home and family and the woman I loved. From nowhere I saw a vision I can't explain, but it lifted my spirits nonetheless - albeit temporarily. It was of myself, but, either I was very small, or the puppy that I was mounted upon was very large. Whichever it was, we were united - man and beast together - galloping through fields of golden corn, carefree and happy the both of us. A single joyful tear rolled down my face at this strange vision. But I was sad too, because I knew it wasn't my vision to see, that I'd somehow caught a glimpse of some distant madman's dream that was floating through the ether. The image shifted and transformed suddenly into something equally inexplicable but darker. In my weakened yet heightened state of sensitivity I was picking up all kinds of orphaned signals wandering lost. This one was troubling though and it plunged me back deep into the well of misery from which I thought I had escaped. In my mind I saw a melancholy chimp squatting over a solid gold bucket doing something unspeakable and foul. The nausea was again upon me with a vengeance. Curses! The hang over had outwitted me! The vampire was most definitely in the house!

I could feel the poison crawling up my throat. Something that couldn't be denied, something that wouldn't be lied to. That old familiar feeling, that's new every time. I knew I was going to spew and spew big. I steadied myself against a shop front, feeling the cold glass on my forehead. And there it was - "200 PULLOVERS FOR SALE!!" - Gary's advertisement. As soon as I saw it, my agony subsided. More than that, I felt strength coursing through my veins like an electric charge. I felt like I'd never known sickness in my life. I read the advert. I read it again. It was amazing. I'd never felt better. Funny, I thought. Odd. I stood up straight and took some deep breaths of that good Kent air. Suddenly I was struck by an urge.

I decided to call Gary. No - that's not correct. I didn't decide. I felt compelled. I had to call him up and make him an offer. To see whether it would ease my suffering. Whether it was due to my drunken desperation or just pure coincidence, this advert seemed to offer a way out. I'd call him up and see where events took me. I had time to kill and nothing to lose. I jotted down the number from the advert and went off in search of a phone box. I don't own

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

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Tags: You find a deserted alley, much to your relief. Feeling much better you head back to the pub. It is only at this point that you notice the group of verbwhores smoking outside. Some of them are looking your way. Do you

sidle back, all innocent like, as if nothing's amiss? Go to 105

bound back, full of the joys of several pints and an empty bladder? Go to 32

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Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



a mobile. It's just one of the many quirks that make me next to useless in a crisis situation. Or in any situation for that matter. Here are some others, if you're interested - I can't drive and I don't speak a foreign language. Also, I'm fucking lazy and I don't give a two shits about nothing. But I'm a good man, deep down. None of that seemed to matter then. All that mattered was that I find a phone box and speak to Gary. I felt a strange link to the man, a bond of some sort. Like we were pieces of the same puzzle. It seemed to me that our miseries were somehow related. And, in order to ease one, I'd have to increase the other.

As I strode on, I noticed that it was happening again, that the sickness was coming down fast. The sweat formed on my forehead once more. I went to wipe it away, and as I did so I caught a glimpse of the number I'd written on the back of my hand. Instantly, the sickness subsided. There was definitely something going on here that I didn't quite grasp. Something Kentish and supernatural was taking place. The air was thick with static and the clouds seemed to roll across the sky at an unnatural speed. I made my way towards the phone box as quickly as I could, trying to outrun the sickness that was coursing through my veins.

Miraculously, the phone box was where it used to be, and seemed to be in working order. Better than that, it was spotlessly clean. It was the type of telephone box that American or Japanese families imagine that they're squeezing into to have their photographs taken in order to preserve the memory of quaint old Britain forever for the folks back home. As against the reeking, squalid, faeces and soft porn strewn mini-dungeons that you find in real life - the blood red coffins of concentrated essence of urine and misery that you see them pile gleefully into - chuckling and joking innocently- before the moment of grim realisation grips them vice-like and they are rudely confronted with a true and accurate picture of Merrie England that will scar their senses forever, a moment more perfectly preserved than any photo yet taken by mortal man. I've said a lot of unpleasant, and some would say, needlessly nasty things about Kent, but credit where credit is due - they know how to maintain a public telephone box. I dialled the number, my hands shaking with fatigue, sickness and excitement. The phone rang and, once again, I rested my hot forehead against the cool glass. It rang and rang as I felt the bile rise in my throat once more. I could feel the tears in my eyes. My nose begin to stream uncontrollably. It was like I was drowning from the inside out. This was my only hope. I gulped and gasped for air as the phone continued its ringing. I focused on the image of Gary in my head, willed him to pick up the phone. I swear I could see him - slowly becoming aware of the telephones blare as it penetrated his slough of despond. As he tried to remember what to do about this intrusion into his sorrow. A flicker of animation playing about his dead features. How long had he been sitting in that room, surrounded by ignominy? Days? Months? Years? The ringing continued as I waged my battle against the poison within me. It seemed to ring for an eternity. Then there was a click, the lifting of the receiver at the other end. For a long moment there was silence. Then a flat, cracked, desolate sound crawled into my ear -

"Who is this?" a voice hollow with misery and dejection.

"Who am I?" said I. I never know how to answer that one satisfactorily. Who am I?

"Who are you?" Again with the big questions.

"I'm ringing about the jumpers you have advertised in the newsagents window. Am I talking to Mr...Mr Gary?" My skin tingled pleasantly and my temperature began to right itself.

"It's Gary. Is that you Keith? Is this a wind up?" he sounded slightly more animated as an angry, suspicious note crept into his voice. Evidently I wasn't the first to call about the

Tags: You decide to keep schtum for a while and just watch the goings-on for a bit. It is at this point that you learn that most CaBbers are quite happy to stare at innocent magazine-perusing folk who just went out for a quiet drink and totally didn't know a gang of weirdos would be in to give him a hard time all day and didn't read about such meets on an internet forum. Rather than make him even more uncomfortable, you decide to get back to chatting. Talk to Languid? Go to 69.

Talk to Cambrian Times? Go to 34



Topic: The Misery Eater (Read 0 times)

Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

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jumpers. I felt the bile subside, my shaking seemed to calm.

"I'm not Keith. My name is Mr Dwyer, Mr Doomy Dwyer. I'd like to enquire about the pullovers that you have advertised." My voice was clear and steady and had a pleasant resonance that I'd never noticed before. It was as though I were gaining nourishment from Gary's misery.

"Just fuck off Keith."

"Who is this Keith of whom you speak? I am an interested party from out of town. I wish to enquire about your wares with a view to purchase. Are you in possession of the pullovers, sir?"

"What kind of a name is Doomy Dwyer? Are you serious mate?" he asked, simultaneously hopeful and aggressive.

"There are two subjects about which I seldom joke, Mr...what is your second name Gary?" with every second I felt my strength increase.

"Scrope. Gary Scrope"

"There are two subjects about which I seldom joke, Mr Scrope. Those subjects happen to be business and knitwear. Are you in possession of the items, or shall I bid you good day? I am a very busy man" I felt my eyes begin to sparkle and my breath tasted sweet and pure.

"Well, I've got some left." Said Gary, anxious and uncertain, trying to sound like a man of affairs.

"How many are left?" I asked. I felt reborn. Like Lazarus on Lucozade.

"About two hundred," He gave a shifty little cough, "Yeah, about two hundred, I'd say. Roughly."

"So you've sold none at all. Roughly" I felt stronger and fitter than I had done in years. Taller too. I definitely felt more handsome than I'm accustomed to as well.

"Well...I've had lots of offers. But I'd rather sell the lot off in one go"

"Well, of course you would. Simpler that way, all round. I'm very interested in the pullovers, Gary, and I'll almost certainly take them off of your hands. I've just got one or two questions to ask, that is, if you're amenable?"

"Well, I'm a bit pushed for time. They're great pullovers. There's nothing wrong with them. Much." A canny businessman, Scrope attempted to take control of the situation. But he didn't have the secret knowledge that I possessed. He was ignorant of the nature of our bizarre and mysterious union. He didn't know what game he was playing He'd brought draughts to a chess match. The twat.

"I'm sure you're in great demand, Gary. But I'm just curious about a couple of matters I'd like to clarify before I nip round and take them off your hands." Reassuring him, sizing him up, reeling him in. I hated myself for what I was doing. But it was either this or suffer the rigours of sickness again.

"Fire away Mr Dyer." Suddenly confident and eager to please. The promise of cash and a release from his particular sorrow had breathed new life into Gary Scrope. I could feel my newfound fitness dwindle, just slightly. I decided to up the wankiness level a notch to further test once and for all whether my hypothesis was correct.

"It's Dwyer, Gary. Now, you state that the jumpers are navy blue, is that the case?"

"They're navy blue. All of them."

"You wouldn't say they were royal blue at all?"

"Well...no. I mean - what's the difference?" he sounded slightly bemused. Again, I experienced a surge of energy.

"There's an ocean of difference, Gary. A vast difference. The two hues couldn't be more dissimilar. To the trained eye."

Tags: Are you insane? Neil's not going to give out his address to some nutter on the internet, let alone the keys to his house and access to his xbox and cat.
Fuck off to 110.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

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Doomy Dwyer The Misery Eater

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



"Well, I'm no expert."

"Fortunately Mr Scrope - I am. You are, I'm sure familiar with the dark, sinister tones of the policeman's uniform?"

"I've done nothing wrong!" he spluttered.

"Haha! We've all done something wrong Gary. All of us. But I'm merely offering an example. The uniform of the British Bobby is navy blue. A very dark shade of blue. Nigh on indistinguishable from black. Royal blue is an entirely different entity all together. It has a certain vibrancy, a grandeur inherent within. It was developed for Queen Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, did you know that?"

"Uh...Yeah, obviously. But I forgot." his confidence was waning as my strength increased. Proof positive that my theory was correct. Mine and Gary's miseries were somehow linked. But fortunately, only I was aware of that. I figured that if I fed his misery sufficiently it'd provide me with enough nourishment to get me back to London hang over free. It was harsh. But life is. And death.

"Which are they then?"

"Which are what?"

"Are they Navy or Royal?"

"I think they're a bit of both. Which is it you want?" he sounded groggy already. I needed to pep him up a little if he was to be of any use to me.

"You stated navy on the card. It is navy that I require, I wouldn't have phoned otherwise."

"They're navy then. Definitely navy," irritation, a hint of anger. Good.

"You're not just saying that in order to ensnare me? I can tell you're a shrewd negotiator Gary. I respect that. But I hope you're not just telling me what I want to hear."

"God forbid, Mr Dwyer. Navy it is. They are, I mean."

"Hmmm. Shame, in a way. Perhaps Royal would be more appropriate. Classier."

"They do look quite Royal. If the light is right. They could definitely pass for Royal."

"How intriguing. Well that's that then. I'll take them. The whole caboodle. It was three hundred pounds wasn't it?"

"Yesthatsright." He blurted. I could feel his greed through the phone line. That should make things run a little smoother. If I could hate him it'd make this whole thing easier.

"Or was it £250?"

"Call it £300 for a quick sale." He laughed.

"Fair enough Gary. You're a smooth operator. I like that."

"Yeah...well. Cheers. I've got a Btec national diploma in business studies." You've just signed your own death warrant Gary, you despicable cunt. Time to wrap it up.

"And it has stood you in good stead this day, Mr Scrope. There's just one last thing."

"Yeah?" He sounded cocky now. All his troubles were over. Were they bollocks. I'd led him to this point, like a lamb to the slaughter or a horse to the water. But I needed him good and angry. Impotent fury was what I was aiming for - maximum energy. With this in mind I asked my final question.

"Before I pick them up, I must ask about the wording. I trust you'll rectify the error?"

"Eh?"

"The manufacturers error mentioned in the advertisement. You will pop an 'I' in between the 'P' and the 'O' for me?"

"WHAT?!?!" he bellowed, his voice high and shrill.

"An 'I' between the 'P' and the 'O'. So it spells 'CHAMPIONS'? Otherwise it says 'WE ARE THE CHAMPONS' and that doesn't make sense. I'd look a right cunt walking around in a navy blue

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: As always, Boki is the life, soul and premature death through kidney failure of the party. You have one chance to get a word in and determine the direction of your conversation. Will it be Doctor Who - go to 30 Music - go to 59

The forum - go to 52

Forum memes - go to 91

Oh look, there's Ronnie - go to 16

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REPLY

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Author

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pullover with a hint of royal with 'WE ARE THE CHAMPONS' on it, wouldn't I? I trust you can make that small amendment?"

"COURSE I FUCKING CAN'T! THAT'S THE FUCKING REASON I'M FUCKING SELLING THE FUCKING THINGS!"

"Well I'm sure there's no need to recourse to such intemperate language Gary. It's a reasonable enough request. Just slip a little 'I' in there. It's a bit of a deal breaker, I'm afraid."

"OH JUST FUCK OFF YOU TIMEWASTING CUNT!"

"But Gary, for Christ's sake man, it's the thinnest letter of the alphabet. It's not much to ask."

"DID FUCKING KEITH PUT YOU UP TO THIS? I'LL FUCKING KILL HIM AND FUCKING YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE!" he screamed.

"Do you own a wispy moustache Gary? Are you sporting Farrah's? Do you favour a loafer? I feel like I know you Gary, can you feel it? The bond?"

"What?" He sounded small now, and scared.

"Between us, Gary? You and me? Are you frightened? You sound it. You sound as though you're fading. That's because I'm absorbing all your anger and your misery. It'll soon be over. I've never felt better, Gary. Listen -" I began to croon, "Weeee are the Champons, my friend/And weeee'llll keep on fighting 'til the end." I could hear strangled howls through the earpiece, animal sobs and gasps, choking coughs and the odd muffled swearword. The fight had gone completely out of him. His soul had been virtually extinguished. Perhaps I'd gone too far. But I couldn't stop myself now, I ploughed on with the song, although I barely knew the few words it had, I just repeated the cruel refrain -

"WE ARE THE CHAMPONS/WE ARE THE CHAMPONS/WE ARE THE CHAMPONS/WE ARE THE CHAMPONS/WE ARE THE CHAMPONS" my voice booming, the tiny windows of the phone box rattling, my demonic singing sounding out through the now empty streets and thoroughfares of Borough Green, echoing through the shops and houses - "NO TIME FOR LOSERS/CAUSE WE ARE THE CHAMPONS...OF THE WORLD!" The song reached its dreadful climax and silence reigned. The only sound that could be heard was what I can only describe as a death rattle coming from the receiver. Have you ever heard a dying mans final breath? It's a dreadful sound. I'll never get used to it.

I felt like God. It was a pity a man had to die, but there you go. Every action has an equal and opposite and all that. If there's one thing I can't abide is a hang over. I'll go to any lengths to avoid one. I looked at my watch. I still had an hour to kill. I'd sapped the very life force from a man and it had only taken about a quarter of an hour all told. Soul transference is a harsh, unforgiving business. But it doesn't eat up too much of the day. Life is fragile and fleeting. Cherish it and nurture it. Because you don't get another. You just never know what's around the corner.

I haven't been back to Kent since. I have to limit my visits, because, like I say, it's always an emotionally and spiritually fraught experience. And not just for me. It's an odd place.

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: You go to the station and buy the cheapest possible return to London, even though it means catching the 4.24m train back. After all there are bound to be a few verbwhores who will be up for some after-meet fun to keep you going till then. But when it comes to pay, you realise that it won't leave you enough money to buy a cup of coffee, let alone Tube tickets across London and some drinks. Your weekend of debauchery ends with you trying to tout your train ticket to everyone entering the station. Unsuccessfully. Obviously. The End.

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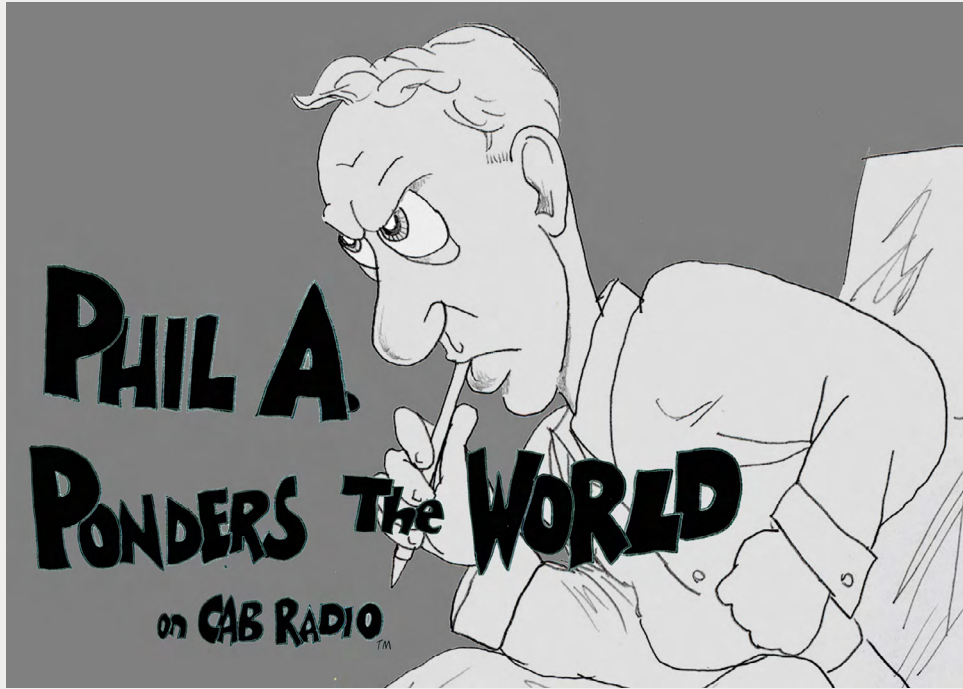
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

CaB Radio

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



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Tags: You manage to escape the attentions of the creepy bar manager but using the tried and tested method of avoiding eye contact, blushing, mumbling and fumbling for your change. You escape to the furthest corner of the pub. There you meet Sir Henry, sat on his own with his tiny mp3 player recording the meet for his next CaB radio show. Do you dare speak to him?

Yes, go to 107.

No, go to 5

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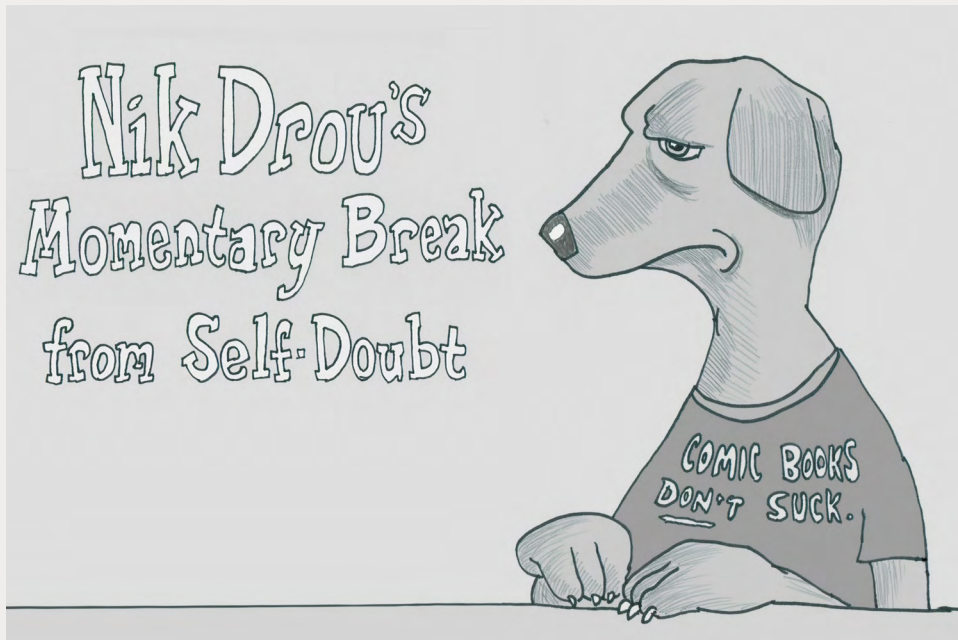
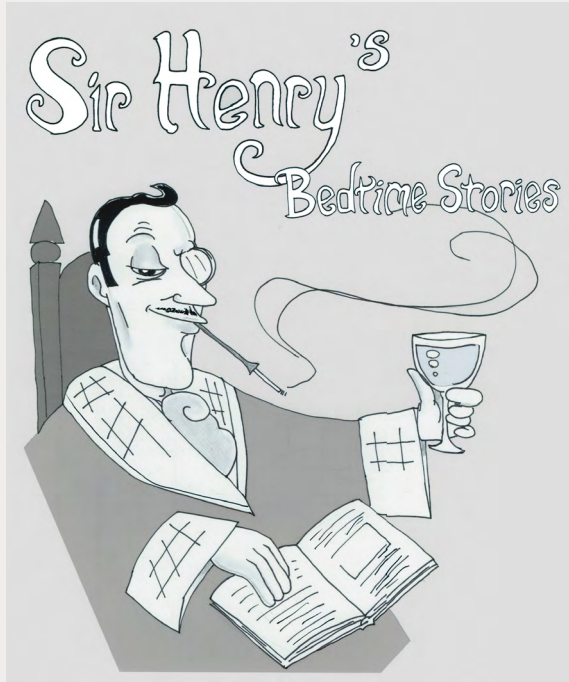
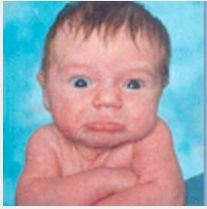
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

CaB Radio

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [79] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You go and sit next to another verbwhore who seems to be as shy and out of place as yourself. He turns out to be the one and only Ziggy Starbucks. After a short, awkward conversation about not feeling that you fit in, he tells you that he has just the thing to make you instantly part of the clique. He then proceeds to bring out an A4 envelope, from which he carefully extracts a collection of napkins carefully wrapped in clingfilm. Go to 3

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [80] **Go Down**

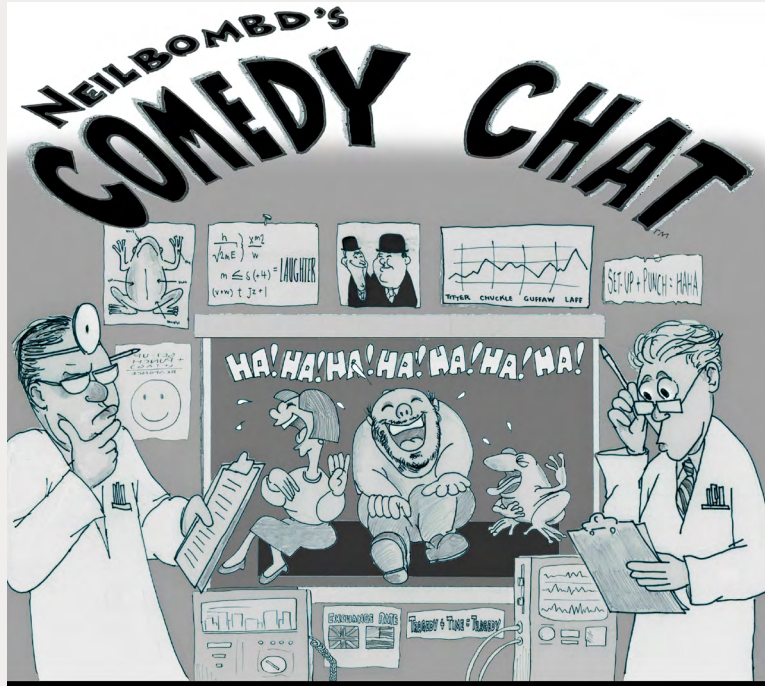
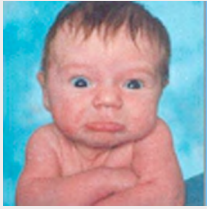
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Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

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« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [80] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You turn instead to Marv Orange and end up in an argument about the existence of robot bears in Thundercats. You both refuse to budge from your positions and it all ends in acrimonious disagreement. Until you realise the next day that you were wrong and apologise in the meet thread. Go to 74.

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

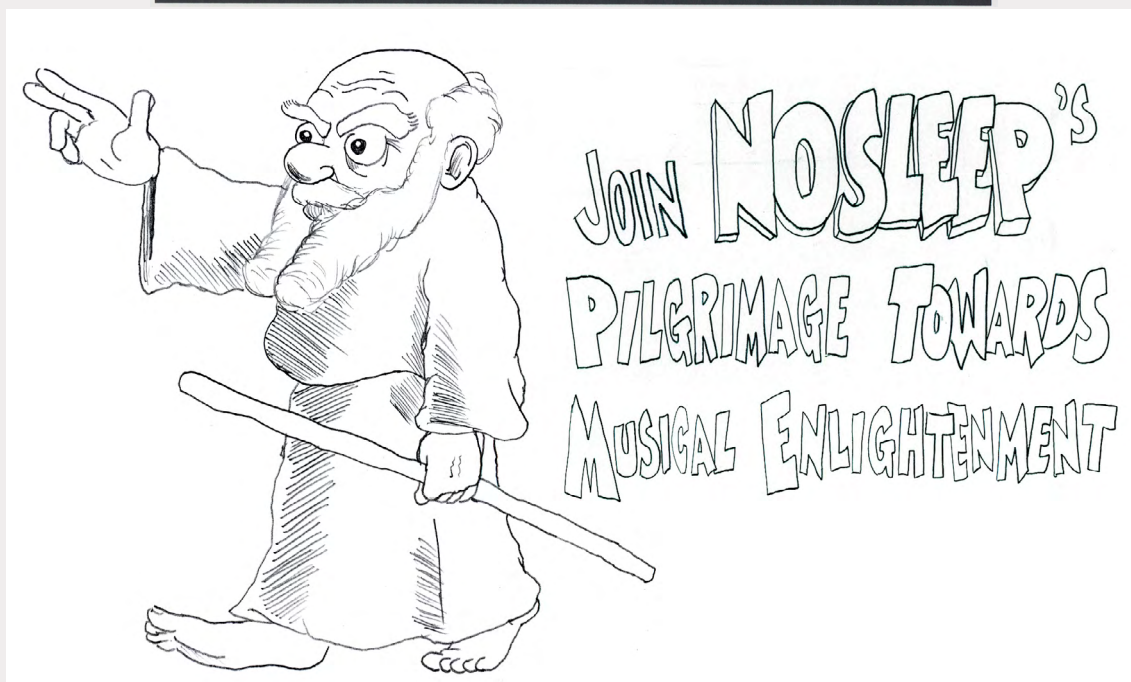
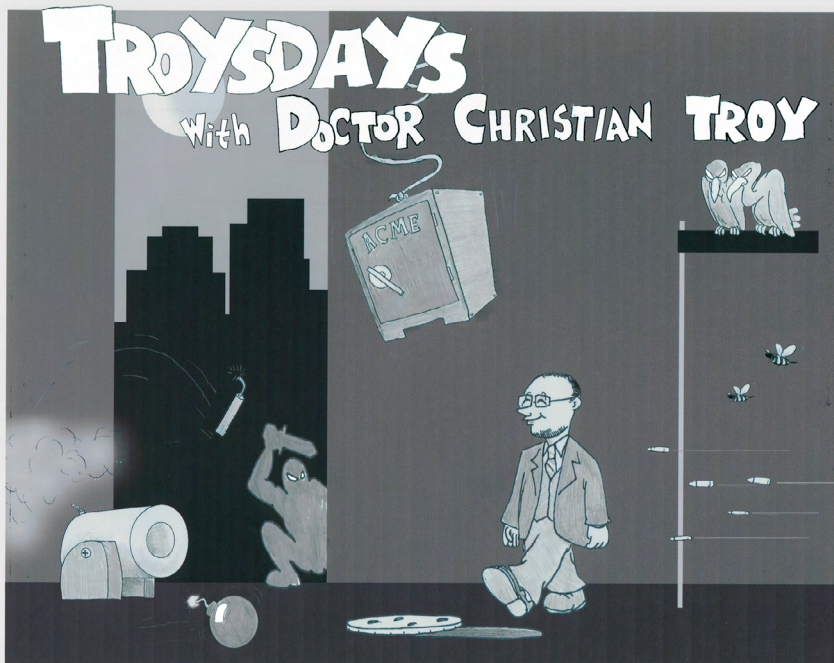
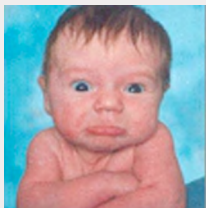
Page: 1 2 ... [81] **Go Down**

Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

CaB Radio

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Page: 1 2 ... [81] **Give Up**

Tags: You head off as part of a group of about 8 verbwahores (give or take six, you're not sure). The loudest is Purlieu, who keeps up a continual off-his-face rant about how much he hates London. Up until the moment that he discovers that he has lost his wallet with all his money, credit cards, ID, etc. Despite attempts to convince him to come back to Artemis' and sort it out in the morning, he heads off back to the pub to see if it's there. Go to 88

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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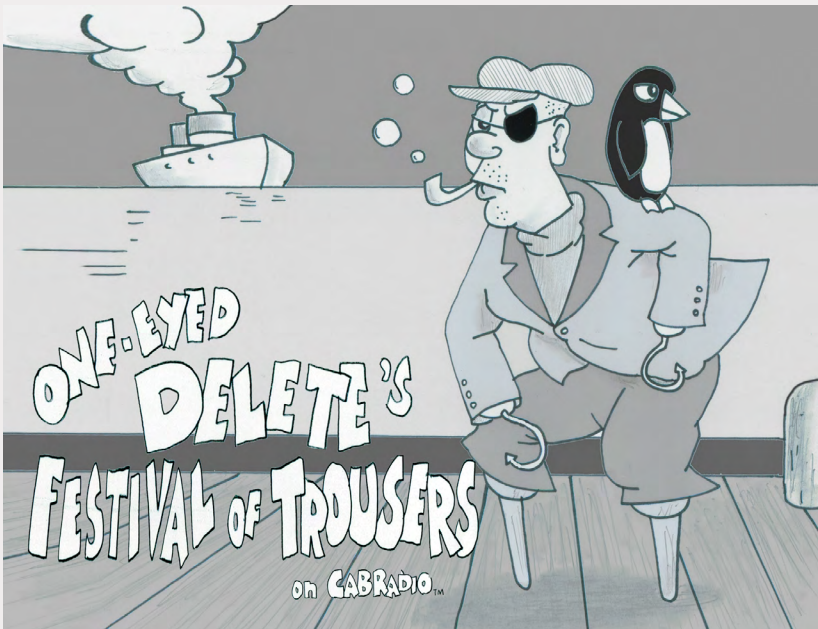
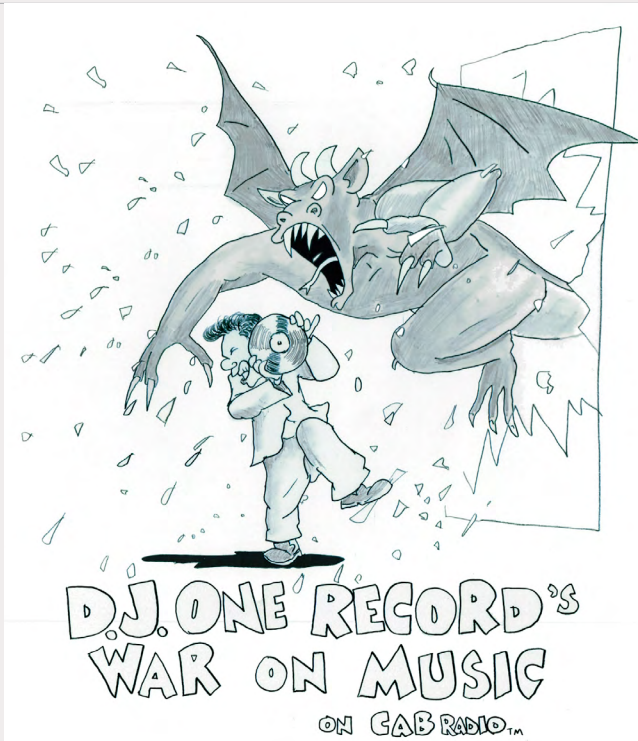
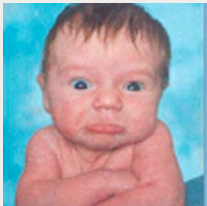
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Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

CaB Radio

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [82] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You decide to chat to SPC for a bit. As a pathetic conversational opener you ask him if he's seen any good TV lately. You then sit back in horror and revulsion as he proceeds to regale everyone at the table with his love of sex crime TV programmes. In detail. Filling in the bits they couldn't show. Ad nauseam. Literally. Go to 56

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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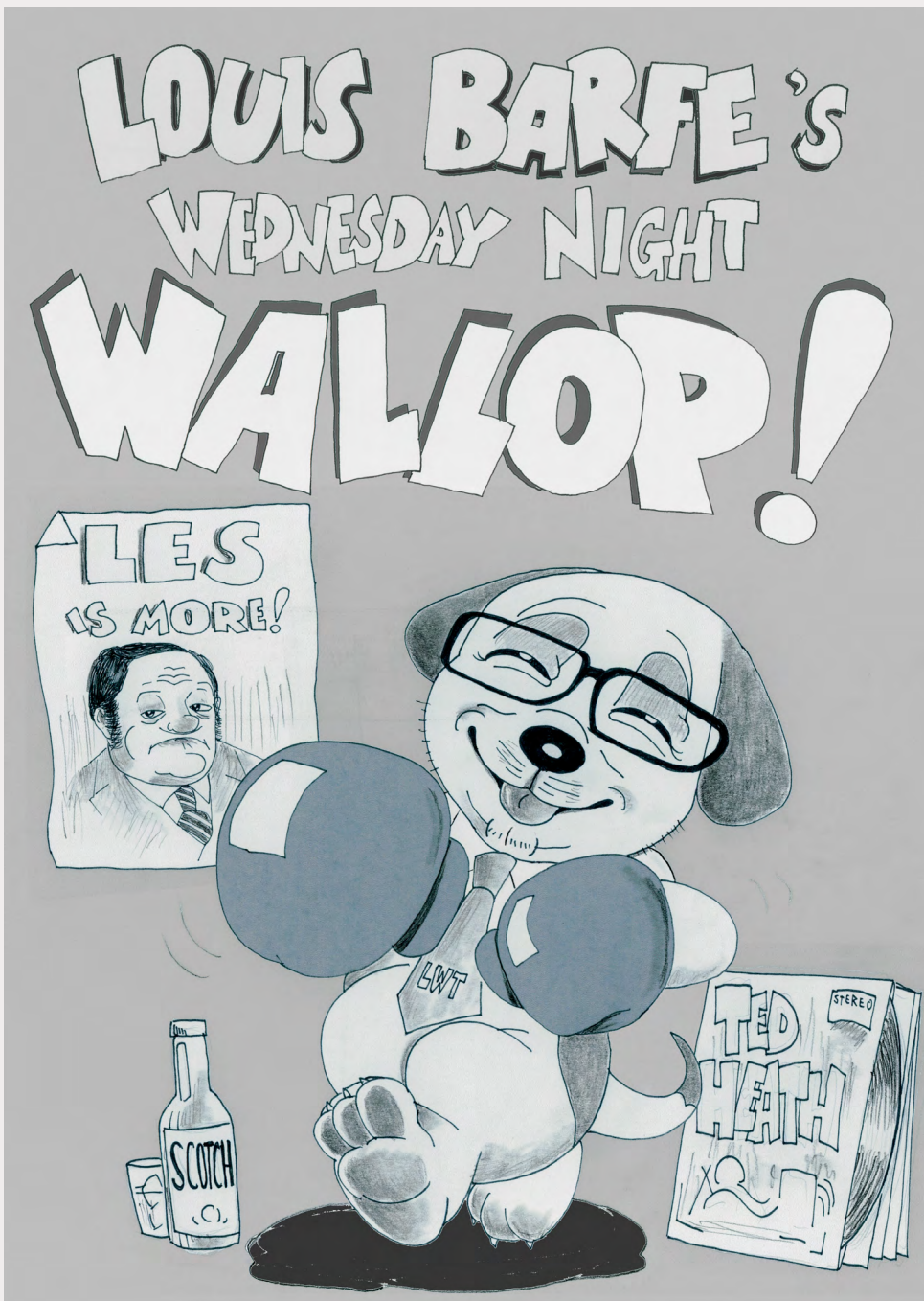
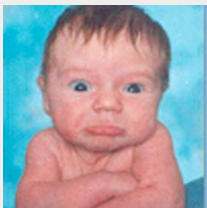
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Author Topic: CaB Radio (Read 0 times)

ApexJazz

CaB Radio

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [83] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You head on over to the folks shouting into a mobile phone, slightly worried that someone at CaB may have got hold of Millie Dowler's phone number. Thankfully it turns out that they've called Neil's voicemail and are all doing atrocious impressions of Neil, informing him that the meet has now been going on for "arrrs and arrrs and arrrs" to much hilarity. Before you know it the phone has been passed to you... Do you Pass it on without saying anything? - go to 51
Do your best Irish accent? - go to 22

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [84] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Exclusive CaB CD's (Read 0 times)

Absorb the Anus Burn

Exclusive CaB CD's

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Coming Soon from CaB CD



Not many people know that Dave Willetts MP recorded an LP with the seminal German band



The ginger one buggers the dwarf over a fridge full of bottled water in a reissue of this classic album



CD reissue of a Keyboard free progressive monster concerning a highly unreliable medieval Johnny



Heroin invertebrate funk bitch gives Miss Mountshaft a taste of the good life. Margot Brain coming soon

Page: 1 2 ... [84] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: It isn't.
Go to 118

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

 Author Topic: CaB's Sporting Heroes (Read 0 times)

Mr Simnock

CaB's Sporting Heroes

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



As you all know Cooked and Bombed members aren't all pasty white, games console addicts who have seen less sunshine than Dracula and seen more weed than Percy Thrower's dead garden. Some have actually achieved success in the normal world, some even in sport (remember that). Here are a few board members currently shining in the world of sporting excellence.



Small Man Big Horse – Off Road Champion

Born in Chipping Norton in the back of a Land Rover in 1969 SMBH was, by default, an off road lover from the start. By five he was already driving his dad's tractor around the family farm, by ten he was England junior off road champion and at eighteen British Senior Champ. SMBH puts it all down to the unique 'love' of his vehicles, which goes far beyond the norm 'I really do love my vehicles', says SMBH 'folk get turned on by all sorts of strange and wonderful stuff and for me its Land Rovers'. After winning his third straight World Off Road title he married his favourite Range Rover 'Doris' in celebration of their wining partnership. The picture above is from his wedding day photos and shows SMBH in his own custom racing gear getting cuddly with his new wife.

Tags: You head off into the night to find an all-night cafe and wait until your first coach home in the morning. Louis knows a place, so you head over there. It's shut. Long loud rants about London not being a 24/7 city almost certainly keep the locals awake, thus destroying your argument. After a couple of hours of walking and listening to Louis, Squidy and DCT discussing old TV shows with enthusiasm and a knowledge that betrays years spent wasted in front of the box, you finally find a tiny coffee shop that is still open.

Go to 26

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Page: 1 2 ... [86] Go Down

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author

Topic: CaB's Sporting Heroes (Read 0 times)

Mr Simnock

CaB's Sporting Heroes

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Jesse Wilton – Britain's Biggest Bastard

Back in the 1870's there was many a bastard on the streets of Britain and Jesse was the biggest of them all. Three times judged to be Britain's (and the Commonwealths) Biggest Bastard, even beating Albert Sands a.k.a the Cleathorps Cunt. Jesse first came to prominence at 25 when it was discovered he had underhandedly brought about almost a hundred sackings from the mill he worked at in Leeds within one year and made his Grandparents dance to death for a bet two years previous. Many marvelled at his complete lack of empathy, his unremitting self-centeredness and his unbridled joy at gaining upon the heavy misfortune of others. He was most known in his time for being the first man to make a million from being a sporting bastard. However Jesse's fame and fortune came to a sudden halt while competing for his forth Bastard crown. During the final, up against London's Albert Twatt, he was half way through strangling three hundred ducklings when Albert decided (when he was heavily behind) to apply at speed a nine iron golf club to Jesse's throat instantly finishing his time in the competition, and of course life. How does he relate to CaB you may ask? Why he is Shoulders Stomach's great, great grandfather. Of course shoulders isn't quite as big a bastard as Jesse but he assures us he is doing his bit.

Page: 1 2 ... [86] Give Up

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: Nothing out of the ordinary, then. And a right bastard of a headache around Heathrow. All in all a great success. Must do this again some time.
The End.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: CaB's Sporting Heroes (Read 0 times)

Mr Simnock CaB's Sporting Heroes

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



Blue Jam – Famous Swinger

The sport of Gymnastic swinging is gaining ground and in the sleepy town of Luton is one of its brightest stars. Blue Jam has been swinging for only the last five years, discovering it in her late teens. Starting out as a traditional gymnast (specialising on the bars) she was first alerted to the new sport by her coach. 'I watched her excitedly bouncing on the exercise trampoline one session' Ted Bundy, her current coach 'and after weighing up her body I thought she would be ideal. She has two large assets, body strength and excellent flexibility'. 'I didn't if I wanted to give it a go' says BJ 'but after a few awkward early goes I wondered why I didn't try it earlier, I was hooked'. After winning the national women's title at 22 she then went on to compete with men at the Open European championship in the Netherlands. 'Just swinging with women was too easy and got boring, I needed better competition and so I needed to go up against the men'. True to her never give up attitude she won the European title at the first attempt out lasting over fifty male competitors. 'As long as I don't come last was my only thought going into the final, no girl wants that. It was exhausting as the guys all pushed me hard but in the end I didn't let them dominate me and I finished on top, just as I hoped'. Lets hope she can swing with the best and win Gold in 2012.

Tags: After Neil's announcement that he will be coming to the meet the number of people coming suddenly doubles, with everyone hoping to meet The man Who Can't Be Photographed/shopped. Everyone wants to buy a drink for man who caused them to waste so much of their youth in pointless arguments. This is looking like being the most successful meet so far. Kudos to you!
Go to 100.

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: CaB's Sporting Heroes (Read 0 times)

Mr Simnock**CaB's Sporting Heroes**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »

**Ziggy Starbucks – Chess Champion**

Currently ranked 20th in the world, chess champion Ziggy is CaB's leading mental athlete. Ever since he was a child he was fascinated by the game and it didn't take him long to be recognised at county level when he began playing for his town team (Blackburn) at the tender age of Ten. By 17 he was already challenging the countries best and had gained International Master title. By 19 he Scored +9 =3 -1 to win the Oslo Open and became a Grand Master. 'I was only twenty and already ranked inside the worlds top 50 men' says Ziggy 'However it took a lot of hard work, God knows how many hours I spent playing with myself in my bedroom during my teens to reach that point'. Ziggy is known for his aggressive style, in particular his attacks with the bishop 'No one can play with his Bishop quite like Ziggy' says GM Nigel Paste commenting on one of Ziggy's recent brilliancies 'He likes to get it out early and probe his opposition with it, just searching for the smallest of holes in which to thrust it for a rampant attack'.

Neil Kennedy – Olympic Procrastinator

Neil is and always has been a prodigal time waster, never just managing to rise to any occasion or task. Throughout his life he has almost done most things people only dream of. He just didn't quite make millions from a fantastic property development idea, nor did he ever get round to writing most of the UK's best comedy sitcoms. He has continually promised himself to actually get out of bed pre midday and has always wanted to actually go out and get into the world of radio talk show hosting. Then one day while going out for some cigs and pick up the weekly giro cheque he received a call on his mobile that promised to possibly change his life. The actual job description was vague and sketchy, the only firm details was that the hours were twelve till one with an hour lunch and that he could work from home. There was no rush to accept, he just had to put a tick on a form recently posted to his house to accept the job. After three months of thinking about it Neil finally sent off the form and awaited his instructions on the new mystery job. This was no ordinary post; this was a national call up to the London 2012 Olympic team. The select committee for the UK's Olympic squad had become aware of his sheer bone idleness and complete lack of get up and go. It was decided that Neil had all the qualities to grab a Procrastination medal at the next Olympics. Purple Aki of the select committee 'We (the selection team) checked out Neil's online profile and combined this with the details about himself obtained at the final selection interview and I must say it's rare to come across anyone who has promised so much yet delivered so little, he will be a shoe in for the team'. Neil has been put onto a strict training regime for the games, which he will start as soon as he gets round to it.

Page: 1 2 ... [88] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

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PINT

Tags: You all stumble along, hopefully following Artemis back to his place with promises of further drinks and nibbles. Do you walk next to
 Doomy Dwyer - go to 53
 Kelvin - go to 17

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Barry and his helmet (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Barry and his helmet**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Correspondence between Barry Chuckle and the Rotherham Hang-gliding club.

From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 8:00 PM
 Dear Sir

I'm writing to enquire about the possibility of taking hangliding lessons with your firm. I have always wanted to take hangliding lessons, as I find the idea of soaring through the clouds quite beguiling and magical. Please could you furnish me with full details about your courses and how much each lesson would be.

Yours,

Barry Chuckle

PS/ do you charge for helmets? I've got an old motorbike helmet in the shed so perhaps this could be taken into account with the pricing

From: gwtennant@gtpursuits.co.uk
 To: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 11:05 PM
 Dear Mr Chuckle,

Thank you for your interest in our hangliding facilities. Our hourly lesson rates are as follows:

1 hour - £35

2 hours - £50

3 hours - £65

As for your helmet enquiry, by law you would have to use one of ours and so we would be unable to offer you any discount.

Please feel free to drop by anytime for a tour around our premises.

Yours,

Gary Tennant

(Rotherham Gliding Club)

From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 11:06 PM
 Thanks for your reply,

It seems a bit petty not to allow me to use my own helmet. I mean how much of the cost of each lessons is the helmet? Surely we could come to some arrangement by which I use my own helmet thus discounting the cost of you supplying the helmet yourselves?

Yours,

Barry Chuckle

PS/ What kind of helmet do I need? will an old motorbike helmet do?

Page: 1 2 ... [89] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: Thankfully Biniput comes over and introduces himself, so you have a wee chat with him. While he goes to refill your drinks, you decide to go for a piss. On the way down to the toilets you meet him coming up. Do you

give a nod of recognition, go to 67

ignore him, go to 64.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Barry and his helmet (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Barry and his helmet**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



From: gwtennant@gtpursuits.co.uk
 To: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 2:35 PM
 Dear My Chuckle,

I would have to insist you used our own equipment, as it is assured to comply with British Safety Standards. Our helmets and all other items are included in the price of the training and so with or without your own helmet, the charge would be the same. I hope this information has been helpful to you and I hope to see you visiting our centre in the near future.

Yours,
 Gary Tennant
 (Rotherham Gliding Club)

 From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 2:36 PM

Yeah but the helmets must cost you something and hence this must be reflected in the price for your lessons. Surely if I was to supply my own helmet then it would save you the trouble and expense of supplying a helmet yourself and this must be reflected in at least a small discount on the overall price of the lesson. What type of helmet do you use? I have an old motorbike helmet in the shed can I use this?

Barry Chuckle,
 PS/ it's an old motorbike helmet...will this do? The strap is broken but that could be repaired.

 From: gwtennant@gtpursuits.co.uk
 To: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 3:57 PM

Mr Chuckle,
 I would really have to insist you did not bring your own helmet. I'm afraid your motorbike helmet would not be suitable as all equipment has to be risk assessed before use. I'm sure you must appreciate we have to abide by safety standards.

Yours,
 Gary Tennant
 (Rotherham Gliding Club)

 From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 3:58 PM

What kind of helmet is it then? Surely it can't be that different to a standard motorbike helmet?...If you let us know the exact specifications of the helmet I'll get my cousin to adapt mine and I can use that. How much discount will I get for using my own helmet?

Yours,
 Barry Chuckle
 PS/ Glad we have come to an agreement! No use you forking out for helmets when I have my own is there?!

Page: 1 2 ... [90] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: You run and keep on running.
 That was your first and last meet.
 You contemplate walking to Calais.
 The End

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Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Barry and his helmet (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Barry and his helmet**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



From: gwtennant@gtpursuits.co.uk
 To: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 5:12 PM
 Mr Chuckle,

If you insisted in bringing your own helmet (however it had been adapted) I would have to refuse you admission into our centre. I cannot be flexible with safety laws and must once again inform you that you would have to use our own equipment. I can only assure you that it is perfectly safe and we have many sizes of helmets and harnesses to ensure your personal comfort.

Yours,
 Gary Tennant
 (Rotherham Gliding Club)

 From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 5:13 PM

Ohh come on! what difference does it make to you if I supply my own helmet? Safety is one thing but your just been awkward. How much is this helmet racket making you for god sake? It's all well and good supply gliding lessons but your obviously just exploiting people with this ridiculous helmet scam. For fuck sake surely a helmet is a helmet? If I supply my own its only decent to offer me a small discount...please supply me a quote for lessons with my own helmet or I shall be forced to apply elsewhere,

Yours,
 B Chuckle
 ps/ don't let a helmet spoil it

 From: gwtennant@gtpursuits.co.uk
 To: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 5:27 PM
 Mr Chuckle,

I can only suggest that if you feel that strongly about using your own helmet then you try another centre. However I assure you that no other outdoors centre will indulge you in this. I hope that you will reconsider.

Yours
 Gary Tennant
 (Rotherham Gliding Club)

 From: barrychuckle@hotmail.com
 To: Rotherham Gliding Club
 Sent: Monday, April 14, 2002 5:28 PM

Fuck you.
 Your stupid rules have gone and ruined the whole thing. Your absurd helmet rule is making you a laughing stock and you are obviously too stupid to see this. I have nothing but contempt for you and your pathetic fascist laws,
 Barry Chuckle
 PS/ How much are abseiling lessons?

Page: 1 2 ... [91] **Give Up**

REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

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Tags: That was probably a mistake. Having managed to keep a fairly low profile so far and not feel too self-conscious you suddenly find yourself very very close to the centre of attention as Boki decides to educate all the newcomers to the forum (of whom there are none here) in the forum memes by melodramatically acting them out, using you as the straight man. It's only as he heads into re-enacting episodes of Beavis and Butthead that you manage to butt in.

Go to 76

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

go

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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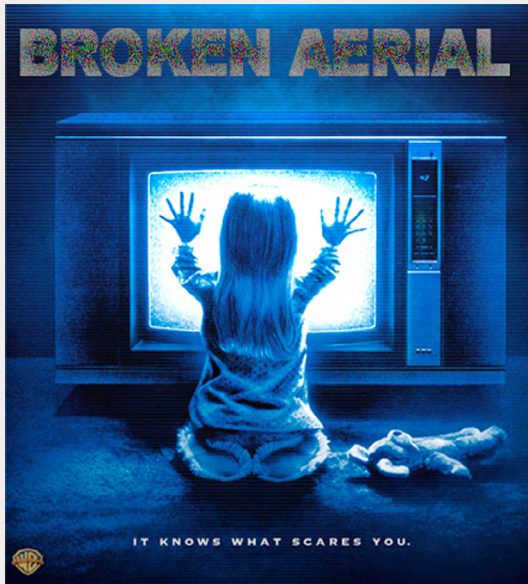
[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Literal Movie Posters (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [92] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: Doctor Christian Troy attempts to upstage Ziggy by brining out his piece de resistance - Twister! Even at this late and totally pissed stage of the meet no-one thinks that it's a good idea, so DCT retreats to drown his sorrows in a discussion of the morbid and perverse in early episodes of Only Fools and Horses. You are watching him slope off when you are temporarily blinded by by a vision of... what the fuck is that? Go to 37

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

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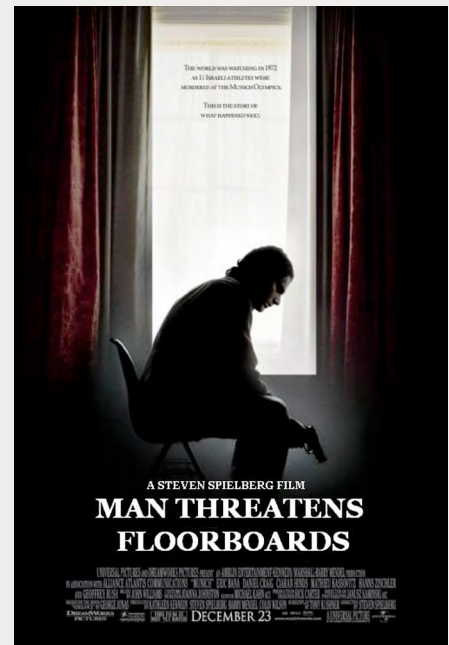
REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Author Topic: **Literal Movie Posters** (Read 0 times)

Assorted Verbwhores

Literal Movie Posters

« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [93] **Give Up**

REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Tags: You take an empty seat next to Biniput, who is doing a brilliant sales pitch for his proposed new series, 'The Cannon and Ball Run'. Afterwards, and before you can get a word in, he launches into an intricate improvised sketch involving Orville psycho-analyzing Keith Harris. You begin to realise that you may have had enough to drink as you can hardly keep up with any of these great wits. Go to 31

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Author

Topic: Blessed be thy name (Read 0 times)

**Dr
Christian
Troy****Blessed be thy name**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »

**BLESSED BE THY NAME****SKY 1, October 25th 2007 - March 20th 2008**

In light of the popularity of *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, Sky 1 were eager to create a series rivalling the humour and controversy of the HBO series. After several untitled pilots were made with talent such as Bruce Forsyth (too nice), Ian Smith (popular but was committed to *Neighbours*) and Bill Oddie (walked out in the middle of filming due to an unprovoked attack from a deranged 'fan'), it was decided that Brian Blessed was the man for the job.

Blessed was concerned that the pilot felt too 'scripted', and suggested they just filmed him on his daily adventures. Patrick Stewart proved to be somewhat of a guide for the audience as Blessed's behaviour became increasingly odd. Stewart was the long-suffering sidekick, and it is still unknown if his breakdown in the penultimate episode ('The Three Musky Queers') was real or not, although it is believed they have reconciled as Stewart got Blessed a bit part on *Family Guy* later in the year. There was Noel Edmonds, a victim of Blessed's wrath, who tried on several occasions to prevent the show from being aired (but thankfully he gave in and even provides this DVD with a commentary [albeit mostly in tears] on eight episodes. Then there was Alan Davies, with whom Blessed picked a fight with on Twitter, ending in a disturbing confrontation outside of Blessed's home, an incident in which Ofcom

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REPLY

ADD ABUSE

MORTIFY

MARK UNDEAD

SEND TO POLICE

PINT

Tags: Some time later you notice that the now-bandaged verbwhore is introducing new arrivals to the pub to everyone at the meet and offering them cigars. Whether they are verbwhores or not.

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Jump to: => General Bullshit

go



Author

Topic: Blessed be thy name (Read 0 times)

**Dr
Christian
Troy****Blessed be thy name**« on: **Today** at 11:11:11 am »

received just over 6000 complaints. Guest appearances from a bemused Sir Ranulph Fiennes in three episodes, a rival to Blessed, proved popular with audiences, especially since Fiennes had no interest in being a part of, as he put it, 'such bollocks'.

Highlights include episodes such as:

Episode 3. EDMONDS ALIVE

Brian interrupts a recording of Deal Or No Deal and challenges Noel to an arm-wrestling match. Edmonds nervously accepts, only for Blessed to arrive later wearing a giant nappy, covered in vaseline and swinging a dead midget in a Tesco bag.

Episode 7. COLD COMFORT FART

Whilst recovering from his near-death experience, Brian joins Twitter, only to find a strong reaction of comments to his descriptions of his bowel movements. After Alan Davies criticises him, Brian invites him over for dinner, during which he force feeds Alan a baked alaska full of gravel.

Episode 16. ZZZ-CARS

Brian gets caught in motorway traffic on the way to a radio job in Tunbridge Wells. After throwing a lance into a passing convertible, Brian causes a massive pile-up as he rolls from his moving car, walks into the nearest Little Chef and demands a house of cider. His old friend Patrick Stewart is called to pick him up, as he arrives to find Brian drunkenly using a chip fryer as a bidet.

Episode 22. RANULPH HOOD: PRINCE OF FIENNES

Brian attends a celebrity gala for charity, in the hope of encountering his nemesis, Sir Ranulph Fiennes. After a violent fight in Nandos regarding use of the frozen yogurt machine, Brian bets Fiennes he can reach the peak of the O2 before him, goaded on aggressively by the ghost of John Thaw.

Extras include:

'My Dinner with Patrick' - An extended scene from Episode 12 ('Blake's Tavern') in which Brian tries to convince Patrick to get him a part on Star Trek: The Next Generation, while Patrick tries to convince Brian it ended 14 years ago. Brian makes his famous shouting noise until Patrick silences him by inserting a whole poached salmon into his mouth.

'Climb Every Fountain' - Brian gives us a tour of his favourite fountains in and around London, and laments as to how he never reached the peak of Buxton Memorial due to an arrest.

'Blessed be the spear-chucker' - A cut scene considered too risqué to be aired from Episode 15 ('The Black Madder'), in which following Brian's outburst at the Medieval Fayre, Brian steals a lance and declares himself a 'spear-chucker', culminating in an 'unfortunate misunderstanding' with Lenny Henry.

'Brian's Enormous Cottage' - Brian gives us a tour around his country home, in which we see the soft side of his hilarious midget gardener ('he's my little Turd', exclaims Blessed), and Brian demonstrates how he has taught his cat to laugh like him.

Tags: You wake up in hospital. You appear to have both legs and an arm in plaster and would probably be in a fair amount of pain if it weren't for the large amounts of pain-killers and tranquillisers being pumped into you through a tube in your one good arm. Later you find out that the bloke in the next bed, with a broken nose and bandages wrapped around his head, is a verbwhore too. He was just arriving at the meet on his bike behind the bus when it did an emergency stop and he crashed into the back of it.

Better luck next time. The End

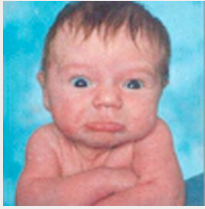
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Author Topic: The WEIRDEST Beatles covers album EVER! (Read 0 times)

Rev. Arthur Belling**The WEIRDEST Beatles covers album EVER!**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



One of the rarer discs in my collection is also one of the more bizzarrer. Morer bizarrer, in fact, it's difficulter to find in the Beatles' canon. It was recorded in 1974, just as the jazz-rock fusion wave was cresting. But my copy is the 1992 Japanese CD re-release; Sony SRCS 3221.

Are you ready for 'Fusion Stars Play Hits of the Beatles'?

I'm serious. The band (uncredited and the sleeve notes are in Japanese) consists of a speed-metal guitarist (think Tommy Bolin) a funky-Stanley-Clarke bassist, an irritating Mini-Moog player (is there any other kind?) and a powerhouse drummer with a fondness for the crash-ride cymbal. On a couple of tracks a horn section is added, but the feel is very much the kinetic, blistering 18th-note improvisation over a grinding funk rhythm section familiar to lovers of the genre (of which I am one).

The track listing:

This Boy

This starts out with Moog washes and surfy cymbals, leading into an almost unrecognisable funk thrash taken at twice the speed (at least!) of the original. Frenetic hard-bop terrorism at its absolute finest. Though it might not please traditionalists.

Please Please Me

This is recognisably close to the original, but the drummer's complicated polyrhythmic treatment of the distinctive 'Mersey beat' doesn't help. Long squawk-cornet solo with horn vamp on the extended fade-out.

Yesterday

This is the one that reduces almost all Beatles fans to gibbering wrecks. Not only is it super-fast, it's in (I've been told) 7/8 time. Unison guitar and Mini-Moog melody lines, two abrupt key changes, and an eight minute trombone solo all combine to commit the worst sacrilege ever meted out to a Paul McCartney composition. That said, it's a surprisingly successful piece of music in its own right, if you can forget the source!

Good Vibrations

I know, I know. You Know. But apparently the producer of this album doesn't. It's like the Beach Boys, only without the vocals. And the instruments. And the tune. Mercifully short, and bafflingly ends with synthesised seagull sounds over that crash-ride cymbal.

Pennie Lane (sic)

Given that this was never originally intended to be a Wilson-Pickett-style soul vehicle, it lends itself surprisingly well to a modern jazz-funk workout. The delightful horn solo (here replaced by ear-splitting feedback from the electric triangle) is particularly well-interpreted and contrasts nicely with the heavyweight multi-tracked marimbas.

The Long And Winding Road

The slowest track on the album. They do something modal with scale, going up a step each time, in the kind of 'ascending-to-heaven' thing John McLaughlin used to do. Not much improvisation, but a steady thickening of the sound until it becomes almost unbearably intense (and high-pitched!)

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Tags: At this point you notice a guy in the who has been sat in the corner all night who seems eerily transfixed by your group. You mention it to a couple of others and everyone ends up doing the 'unobtrusive glance' routine with all the subtlety of Eddie Murphy. You can only conclude that it was the real TC Raymond. Go to 84.

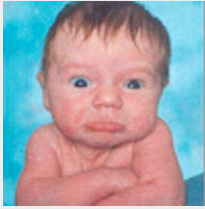
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Topic: The WEIRDEST Beatles covers album EVER! (Read 0 times)

Rev. Arthur Belling**The WEIRDEST Beatles covers album EVER!**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Medley: Hard Day's Night/All Together Now/Glass Onion

An inspired choice. Or a completely random one. Hard to say. All Together Now is easily the most successful, sounding uncannily like a Ram outtake but Glass Onion has its moments too, including the album's only keyboard solo (Fender Rhodes).

And that, with a sigh of relief, is that. I don't play it much, but when I do it certainly makes me hear John and Paul's compositions in an entirely new light. I wonder of they ever heard it?

Incidentally, the cover, in typical Japanese style, is wonderfully inappropriate, showing Afro'd soul brothers (and hot-painted soul sister) jiving on a garishly-lit disco dancefloor.

Quick quiz - where have you done a poo?

Score five points for each of the following locations. Compare your results with your pals.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Telephone box | Bus shelter |
| Garden shed | Roadside ditch |
| Stairwell of NCP car park | Behind bushes in Windsor Safari Park |
| Freshly dug hole on sandy beach | London taxi |
| High Street litter bin | Sombrero hat |
| Electric kettle | Satellite dish |
| Inverted motorway cone | School boy's satchel |
| Bear cave | Pickled egg jar in local chip shop |
| Refridgerator | Ball pond at IKEA |
| Policeman's helmet | Night safe of Nat West bank. |
| Paddling pool | Musical jewellery box |
| Wellington boot | Left luggage locker at Euston station |
| Toupee | Discarded KFC box |
| Passport photo booth in Debenhams | Your pants |
| Your friend's pants | 'Holy' water font during wedding ceremony |
| Grumpy neighbour's letter box | Canoe |
| Rucksack outside youth hostel | Bird feeding table |
| Jiffy bag | Chilled meat cabinet at Tesco |
| Baseball cap | Office filing cabinet |
| Cinema usherette's ice cream tray | Brass musical instrument |
| Deep fat fryer | Confessional box in Catholic church |
| My Little Pony lunch-box | Zebra crossing at Abbey Road |
| Under bean bag in children's section of public library | Cat litter tray |
| Buckingham Palace sentry box | Empty pint glass |
| Full pint glass | Middle pocket of snooker table |
| Dog kennel | Girlfriend's underwear drawer |
| Trafalgar Square fountain | Random open top parked car |
| Ski-lift (gondola style) | Gucci handbag |
| Cupboard under stairs | Travel sickness bag on aircraft |
| Grill pan | Soundbox of acoustic guitar |
| Landing area of long jump in athletics stadium | Fish tank |
| 'Used tickets' box on London bus | Changing room at M&S |
| Poppy collection tin | |

Tags: The Citty of York seems popular, with a couple of verbwhores saying that it's perfect for them as it's just around the corner from work. So it's agreed; The Citty of Yorke it is!
Go to 54.

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Author Topic: Where's Rene? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Rene?
« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



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Tags: Your shyness prevents you from calling out to him, but you do smile at him and catch his eye. Looking increasingly worried he approaches and then passes on by. He isn't a member of CaB, let alone j_u_d_a_s. Close call. Go to 105

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Author Topic: Where's Andi? (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

Where's Andi?

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



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Tags: Despite having been extremely enthusiastic about hosting, Kelvin and Crease both snuggle up in sleeping bags and doze off. This leaves a small group of you to drunkenly host a show that seems to be going great guns until someone in the chatroom mentions buffering. Then it becomes clear that listeners can only hear about two seconds in every five and you all lose the will to live. You give up hosting because NoSleep has got back home and is up for hosting his collection of epic psychedelic jazz tracks.

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Topic: Roger Moore tries to buy a hat (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo**Roger Moore tries to buy a hat**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



The former 007 star ordered a small dark grey pork pie hat from online hat retailer H@tsLife.com, but due to an administrative error was sent a wide brimmed brown homburg.

Mr Moore was said to be furious over the error, and immediately engaged in correspondence with the firm to rectify the mix-up.

 From: "Roger Moore" <007@hotmail.com>
 To: THastman@hatslife.com
 Subject: wrong hat

Dear HatsLife.com,

I am writing in regard to the hat I ordered from you last Thursday. To get to the point there has been a terrible mix-up as you have sent me the wrong hat. I ordered a small dark grey hat in the pork pie style and you have sent me a large brown wide-brimmed hat in the homburg style.

Not only have you sent me the wrong type of hat in the wrong colour, you have also got the size entirely wrong. I am usually a size 6 (possibly 6 and a half if my hair is long) and you have sent me size 7. You have thus failed to get any aspects of my specified order correct. I suppose I should be grateful that you got the hat part right at all or I could have received a large ham through the post.

Just to clear this matter up once and for all. My hat order is as follows:

Hat: pork pie
 colour: dark grey
 size: 6

I hope this is of help to you in rectifying your glaring error in sending me a homburg when I wanted a pork pie hat.

Yours sincerely,
 Roger Moore
 PS/ didn't you even read my first order?!?

 From: "Thomas Hastman"
 To: 007@hotmail.com
 Subject: Re: wrong hat

Dear Mr Moore,

Please accept my apologies for the mix-up concerning your order. I can only suggest that to rectify this mistake I send to you immediately the correct style and size of hat, with a complementary H@ts Life tie as compensation.

Tags: Neil discovers that he can't come after all, as he has to look after Jelly. It turns out that every other human being in Northern Ireland is going away that weekend, so no-one will be able to catsit. The number of definites halves overnight.

Do you offer to catsit? If so, go to 75.

If not, go to 110.

Author Topic: Roger Moore tries to buy a hat (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

Roger Moore tries to buy a hat

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



The employee in question who was responsible for the error has been given a severe reprimand along with a written warning.

Order Confirmation:

Hat: Pork Pie
Colour: Light Grey
Size: 6

Yours with apologies,
Mr Thomas Hastman
(Manager of HatsLife.com)

From: "Roger Moore" <007@hotmail.com>
To: THastman@hatslife.com
Subject: Re: Re: wrong hat

Dear Mr Hastman,

Thank you for your reply.

I awoke eagerly this morning in anticipation of finally receiving my small dark grey pork pie hat. Imagine my shock and horror when I opened the parcel to that, whilst you had sent me the right type hat, in the right size, you'd sent me the WRONG COLOUR. The tie is very nice but it hardly makes up for it.

Light grey is not in my mind a reasonable colour for any kind of hat let alone a pork pie hat. What do i have to do to get it through to you what kind of hat I want? Let me go through it again:

hat: pork pie
size: 6
colour: DARK GREY (not light grey!...light grey is a stupid colour for a hat...you shouldn't even be making light grey coloured hats)

I anticipate my correct hat and this time i hope you can fulfil all aspects of my order.

yours,
Roger Moore
PS/ light grey?!! what were you thinking of?

From: "Thomas Hastman"
To: 007@hotmail.com

Tags: Next thing to decide on is the date. Should it be...
the 21st? - Go to 103.
the 28th? - Go to 70.
the 5th? - Go to 120.

Author Topic: Roger Moore tries to buy a hat (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

Roger Moore tries to buy a hat

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Subject: Re: Re: Re: wrong hat

Dear Mr Moore,

Once again, my strongest apologies for this second error. I have to hold my hands up and accept full responsibility on this occasion. I have never in my work history ever made such a glaring mistake before and very much hope never to again.

You are entirely within your rights to be appalled by this blunder and I have this very morning dispatched what I believe is finally your chosen hat.

Order Confirmation:

Hat: Pork Pie
Size: 5
Colour: Dark Grey

As a second compensation, please accept a free set of sock suspenders with our sincerest compliments.

Yours,
Mr Thomas Hastman
(Manager of HatsLife.com)

From: "Roger Moore" <007@hotmail.com>
To: THastman@hatslife.com
Subject: Re: Re: Re: wrong hat

Mr Hastman,

Are you doing this as a joke now? If you are then you are extremely childish.

Is the hat you sent me dark grey? Yes.
Is it a pork pie hat? Yes.
Is it size 6? NO

Will you please explain how you expect me to fit a size 5 hat on my head? You know full well I'm size 6 as I have said this twice now. I can be a 6 1/2 but that's only if my hair is long at the back. Apart from this proviso my hat size does not fluctuate. I mean you must know this. A mans head cannot shrink over the space of 3 days. What are you thinking of?

Right for the last time I'm going to tell you what kind of hat I want. I implore you to please get my order right this time because I can't take much more of this:

Hat : pork pie

Tags: Surprise, surprise. Of the 23 definites yesterday 8 have had to cancel at the last minute, mostly due to bad hangovers from the office party/serendipitous appearance of a six-pack of cheap lager, some weed and a bottle of vodka the night before. On the other hand a couple of lurkers say that they may well turn up and lurk in darkened corners. With a sense of impending dread you head out the door..
Go to 19.

Author Topic: Roger Moore tries to buy a hat (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

Roger Moore tries to buy a hat

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Colour : dark grey (i think we've got this one now)
Size: 6 (not 5...how am I supposed to fit a size 5 hat on my head? I could perhaps perch it on the top of my head but it would look silly. You want the hat to fit snugly on your head or you may as well not bother.)

Now please could you just send my hat,

Roger Moore

PS/ thanks for the sock suspenders. They don't make up for it but they are quite nice.

From: "Thomas Hastman"
To: 007@hotmail.com
Subject: Re: Re: Re: wrong hat

Dear Mr Moore,

This does now indeed seem to have turned into a saga. Please be assured this is NOT an attempt on our behalf to ridicule you.

This episode seems now to have gone beyond mere apologies and I am more then disappointed with both myself and my staff's endeavours to straighten the matter out.

Here is what I hope to be the FINAL confirmation of your now long-awaited order:

Hat: Pork Pie
Size: 6
Colour: Dark Grey

As further compensation, I will enclose in your order a free silver plated shoehorn. Please accept this as a final apology.

Yours,
Mr Thomas Hastman
(Manager of Hat's Life)

From: "Roger Moore" <007@hotmail.com>
To: THastman@hatslife.com
Subject: Re: wrong hat

NO.

NO.NO.NO.NO.NO.NO.

Tags: Initially popular, it soon turns out that it's the same date as Bangface, so a bunch of the most gregarious/alcohol-fuelled verbwhores won't be able to make it, so that's out.
the 28th? - Go to 70.
the 5th? - Go to 120.

Author Topic: Roger Moore tries to buy a hat (Read 0 times)

Biggytitbo

Roger Moore tries to buy a hat

<< on: Today at 11:11:11 am >>



You've gone and sent me the bloody homburg again. I don't want the homburg haven't I already made that abundantly clear? I don't even like homburgs. Ive got nothing against men who wear homburgs. some men can really pull off a homburg. I cant.

All i want is my small dark grey pork pie hat. this simple request is clearly beyond you. You can send me all the silver plated shoe horns in the world (in fairness its a lovely shoehorn) but it doesn't compensate for the fact that you have for the second time send me completely the wrong hat. In every possible way the hat you have sent me is wrong.

I don't know what else i can do to make you people understand. I've just had enough I have.

HAT:PORK PIE (NOT HOMBURG, I DON'T LIKE HOMBURG HATS AS A STYLE OF HAT IT JUST DOESNT SUIT ME)

COLOUR : DARK GREY (YES DARK GREY NOT LIGHT GREY, NOT BROWN, NOT PEA GREEN, DARK GREY)

SIZE 6: (THATS SIX, NOT 5, NOT SIX AND HALF(I CAN WEAR A 6 AND A HALF IF MY HAIRS LONG AT THE BACK, BUT IT ISNT AT THE PRESENT) 6

DONT SEND ME ANYMORE HOMBURGS. SEND ME ANOTHER HOMBURG AND ILL BURN IT

Roger Moore,
ex 007 and don't you forget it.

After this round of correspondence Hats Life and Mr Hastman failed to respond to any more of Roger Moore's emails.

When Mr Moore investigated he found the company had gone into liquidation and Mr Hastman had fled the country leaving Mr Moore with an unwanted brown Homburg hat, which he later sold to a friend.

Tags: In an attempt to avoid getting kicked out you turn your back on DJ One Record and start to chat to a verbwhore whose name you've never heard before and won't remember tomorrow. He seems to be overly pleased by the fact that DCT has brought 'entertainments' in case everyone was too cripplingly shy to talk to each other. This guy seems to have got hold of Paul Daniels' Magic Tricks and is desperate to show them to you, despite being too drunk to even get close to "prestidigitation". Magic tricks? Go to 40
No thanks. Go to 80

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REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Author Topic: Impractical Fishkeeping (Read 0 times)

Doppelkorn Impractical Fishkeeping

<<on Today at 11:11:11 am>>



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Page: 1 2 ... [105] Give Up

REPLY ADD ABUSE MORTIFY MARK UNDEAD SEND TO POLICE PINT

Tags: The conversation seems to be about just how much London stinks of shit. Hardly a novel observation, but somehow very relevant. Someone jokingly suggests that DJ One Record may have had a bit of an accident. He denies it vehemently, saying that someone must be passing the blame. It descends into a classic Primary School argument, even including a "Whoever smelt it dealt it" for good measure. Go to 48

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: Ask Miss Croyles (Read 0 times)

Doppelkorn Ask Miss Croyles

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



The Brickery's resident agony aunt Miss Croyles helps you with your problems.

Dear Miss Croyles,

I've been a heavy beer-drinker now for sixteen years. It is my favourite drink and I have a large collection of humorous t-shirts and posters which make light of the fact that I like beer. The problem, however, is my girlfriend. She dislikes beer and rarely drinks alcohol at all. This has led to arguments in the past, which she usually starts by accusing me of drinking too much. I'd love for her to share my enthusiasm so that we have something in common but so far all my efforts have failed. She won't even try shandy. Help me Miss Croyles, I'm desperate!

Lumpy, Teesside

I think your idea of introducing your girlfriend to beer is great, Lumpy. It will give you a common interest and hopefully put an end to all those petty arguments which can ruin a relationship. I'm sorry to tell you, however, that you're going about it in the wrong way. The secret here is to not let her know that she's drinking beer. Try slipping small amounts into her tea or coffee so she doesn't notice. After a week start insisting on making her cereal and use half milk, half beer. If she questions the taste just pretend you haven't heard her and if she asks why you have to make her cereal, act offended and say: "What?! Can't I make a romantic gesture once in a while?!" this will shut her up. After 10 days of the cereal trick make her a steak and ale pie which you should tell her is a "steak pie". Offer her a drink and if she asks for beer, congratulations! You've succeeded. If she asks for something non-alcoholic, threaten to frame her for arson unless she drinks some beer. If she still doesn't want any, have her divorced.

Dear Miss Croyles

I have an uncontrollable fetish for morbidly obese women. My wife is unfortunately a size 12, eats sensibly and exercises regularly. She has ignored any hints I've dropped about putting on weight and became offended when I tried to force-feed her some goose meat at Easter. I'm lost.

Coo pie, Land's End.

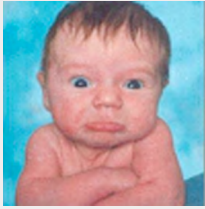
Around ninety-percent of the letters I receive are from disgruntled husbands with selfish, stick-thin wives who have been influenced by today's image-obsessed culture. The secret to spousal weight gain lies in being discreet. While she is sleeping try and pour Channel-Island cream down her throat through a funnel. At the dinner table, set an example by putting a thick layer of lard on your meal. Tell her that "all the stars, including Eva Longoria" do it and she should follow suit. Also if you go to a pub and she asks for diet Coke, order her a normal one.

Tags: You head off on your own. After a few wrong turns you make it to the station, only to find that the nearest any train went to your home (Egham) is Twickenham, so you take your chances, get off there and start walking. 'Incidents' that happen on the way home: eating a kebab that gives you hiccups; briefly sleeping on a patch of grass just outside Heathrow, and then later underneath a bus shelter seat somewhere near Ashford; being followed by a helicopter in Feltham for about ten minutes, distracting you to the point where you end up adding half an hour to your journey by unwittingly going round in a circle; sending SPC and subsequently two other people a text complaining about policemen; being taunted by an unlocatable beeping noise at Staines bus station. Go to 86

Author Topic: Poetry Corner (Read 0 times)

FlipTopHead Poetry Corner

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



There was a young man called Big Bill,
Who had an incredible will,
When he wanted, it seemed,
Almost like he had dreamed,
To achieve an immaculate thrill.

Sublime, drifting sound.
Tickles ears and my heart sings,
With CaB Radio.

There was a young woman from Greece,
Who was told she was the young neice,
Of a rich man in Spain,
Who dissolved in the rain,
And therefore preferred indoors peace.

I wandered lonely
As a cloud and found this place
Sanity on CaB

Rainbows climbing high,
Above the streets and houses,
Not drunk in the road.

Once he had his hand,
Up a bird most of the time,
He fell. Ariel.

Christmas, Christmas, Christ,
Not this year. Not this year here.
Instead, massive tits.

Melons, giant melons,
Attached to my front. They make,
It hard for some folk.

Those that find thought match,
Kafkaesque munificent.
Mellifluous whinge.

A herculean,
Admonition caterwaul.
Cunning miscreant

Elucidate this,
Limpid character language.
Nefarious not verbose.

Tags: Seriously? Even in your inebriated state you know better than to have your drunken dribbling recorded. You leave him and return to the more popular tables. Go to 5.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [108] **Go Down**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#) Author

Topic: Drou's Drecipe Drorner (Read 0 times)

Nik Drou**Drou's Drecipe Drorner**

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



This recipe doesn't work that well.

Breakfasty Fried Rice

Hooray! Breakfasty fried rice! It's like having a rice dish in the evening, but breakfast! Because it has bacon and eggs in it! And beans! Breakfast!

This recipe is good if you have a bacon surplus and like to think that you're some kind of clever clogs who's too good for a bacon sandwich. Prick.

Ingredients:

One cup of plain or basmati rice.
 Two rashers of bacon
 one tin of haricot beans. I'm using cannellini here for a laugh.
 A big egg.
 One onion. Fuck it, two.
 Olive oil
 Salt/pepper

- 1: Chop the onions and pop it in a heated frying pan with a little oil. Make sure it's not too hot, or you'll scorch the onions. Conversely, make sure the pan is not too cold, or the onions won't cook. It's trial and error, really.
- 2: Chop the bacon, then pop it in with the onions. Take care not to miss the pan.
- 3: Let that shit cook for a bit. Take this opportunity to wank.
- 4: Once you've cum in the sink, put the rice in a sieve and rinse it under the tap, before putting it in a preheated pan with two cups of boiling water. Come to think of it, you probably should have sorted out the pan and water before wanking.
- 5: Open the tin of beans and drain the water. For added sense of self-worth, be sure to go back in time and use the bean water in the rice. Turn the heat down on the bacon 'n' onions and add as much beans as you can handle.
- 6: Beat an egg in a small cup with a fork and season the onion-bean-bacon conglomerate. Make sure the salt is scraped from the bed of an evaporated Mediterranean lake.
- 7: Once the rice has cooked and absorbed all the water, add it to the bacon and beans and onions. Turn off all the heat and pour in the beaten egg.
- 8: Give it a stir, then wait a minute or so for the egg to cook. Spoon into a bowl and eat with a large amount of trepidation because you aren't sure if the egg has cooked properly. Put it back on the heat for another seven minutes. Ruin it.

Page: 1 2 ... [108] **Give Up**[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: Dazed, phased and grazed you stumble in to a Tourist Information shop. A rather charming advisor definitely doesn't fall for your patter, standing well back from your blast of beer-fuelled breath. She gives you directions to The Penderel's as fast as she can and the security guard shows you how to open the door and leave. Go to 112.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Jump to: => General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [109] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Author Topic: Drou's Drecipe Drorner (Read 0 times)

Nik Drou

Drou's Drecipe Drorner

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Crossword Solution

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Down</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Shit for cunts 2 Think (or thing) 4 Through the bar 8 Rapture 9 Cramlington 11 Not safe for work 14 Screaming 16 Spoilers 19 Goofy | <p>Across</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Phimosis 3 Tags (or tits) 6 Calm down dear 7 Goofy 10 Human centipede 12 Meet Dave 13 Fluid on monitor 15 Four Lions 17 Rupert Murdoch 18 Mad thoughts 20 Bruce 21 Gervais |
|---|--|

Page: 1 2 ... [109] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: With another pint of Dutch courage, you head over to the group and sit quietly, listening to the various perverse conversations. Suddenly there is a flurry of excitement as someone suggests that it's time for the obligatory falling through the bar routine. Someone has even brought Delboy's coat for the occasion. Go to 57.



Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Subject: Re: Operation White City
From: gooch_merkin_pi@hotmail.com

Dear <CENSORED>

In my ongoing investigations, I am slowly but surely discovering that the Television Centre is, essentially, a huge attic. Cupboards and shelves untouched for decades, it would seem. Many, many hidden gems. Are you looking for anything in particular?

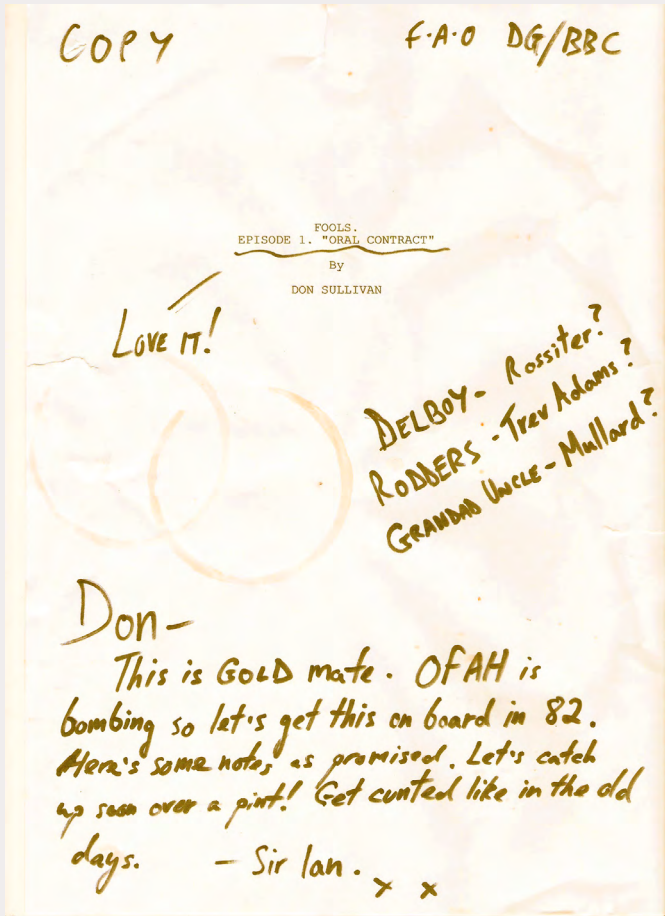
In the meantime I figured you'd be interested in this. I found it stuffed behind an old filing cabinet in the office of the Secretary to the Director General.

It appears to be the first 7 pages to a script that, as far as I'm aware, was neither produced nor broadcast. From what I can gather, it was written by Don Sullivan, Jon's brother, as a back-up plan, in the event of OFAH potentially being cancelled after a second series. It would seem 'Sir Ian' approved of this. My guess would be it was shelved and buried accordingly as OFAH had a surge in popularity over the years. My sources indicate that Don was bought in to 'adulterise' various sitcoms over the years, but as of this date, this is the only copy of his work I have discovered.

I'll keep looking.

Let me know if there's anything in particular you're after.

Gooch Merkin, PI
p.s. I found the Stilgoe piano in storage.
Is this something you'd be interested in?



Tags: The day has of the meet has arrived! Do you check on the thread just one more time before you head out?

If yes, go to 102.

If no, go to 19.

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [111] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

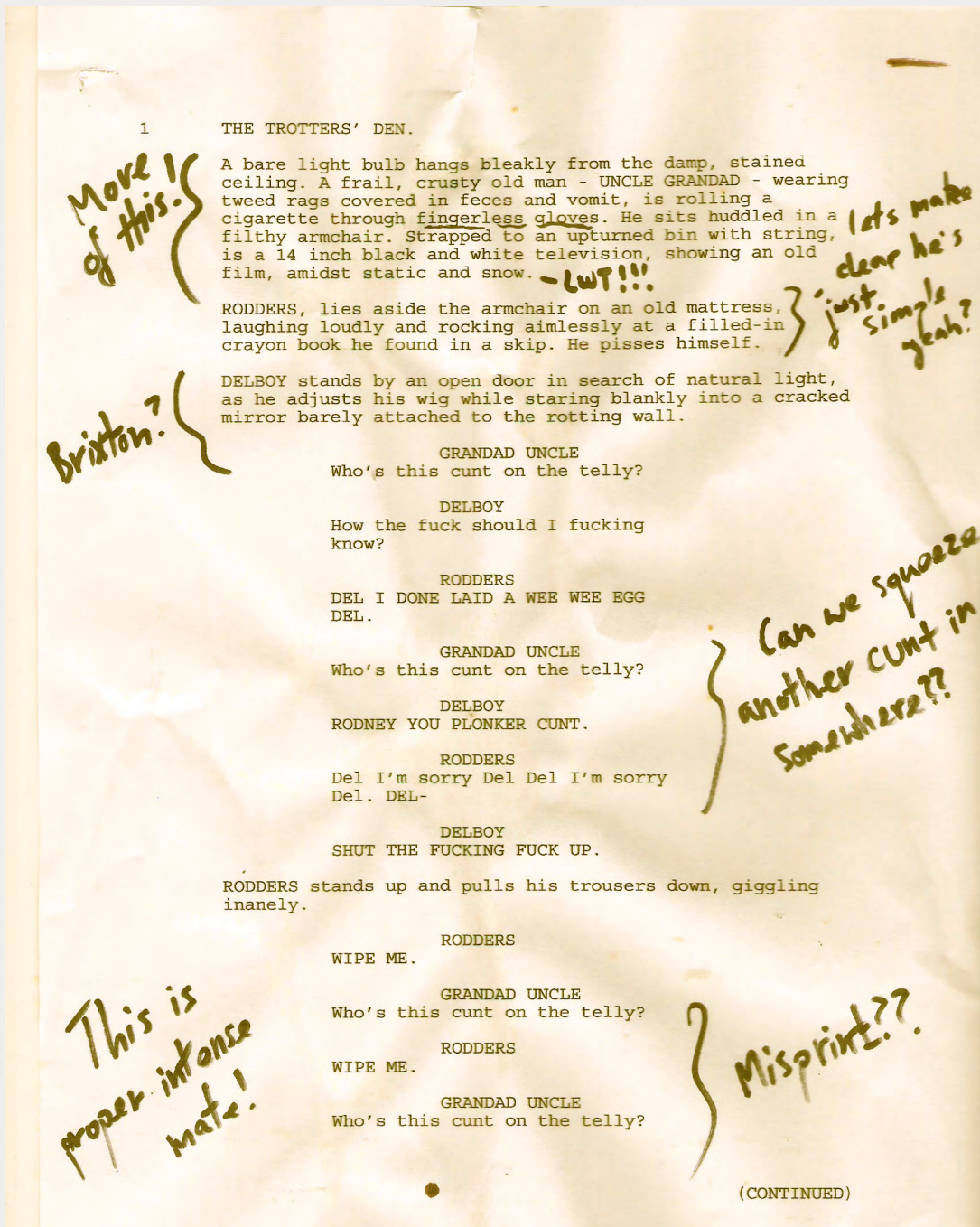
Author

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [111] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: After a planet-flattening amount of peer pressure you put on the coat, pretend to lean on the counter and... fall. For a moment you have a once in a lifetime heart-warming feeling of acceptance and membership of a group of like-minded people. Then your head hits the ground. As you regain your sight you see the bar manager standing over you, looking furious. Go to 33.

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [112] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

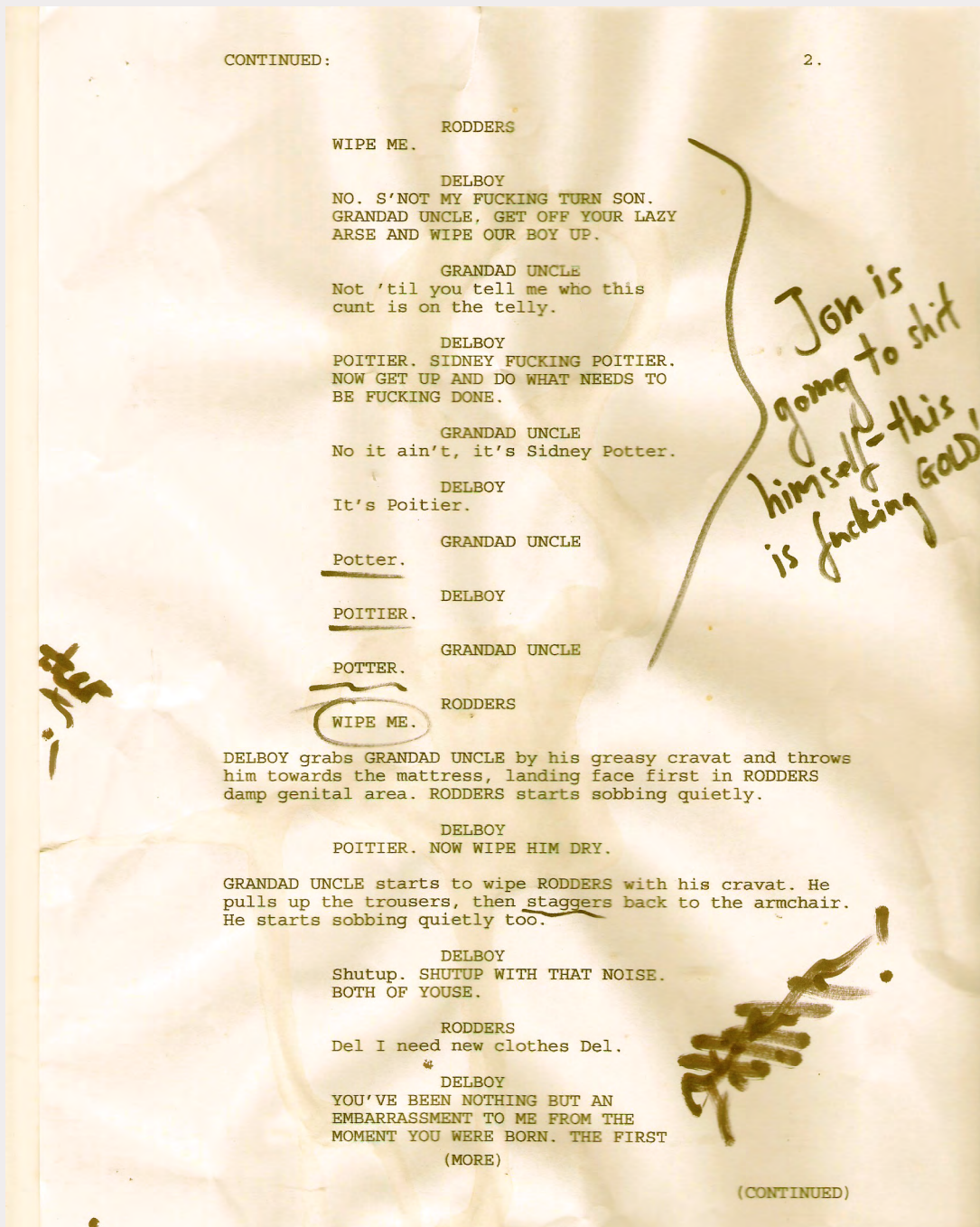
Author times)

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [112] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You finally get to the Penderel's Oak.
Go to 2

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [113] **Go Down**

REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

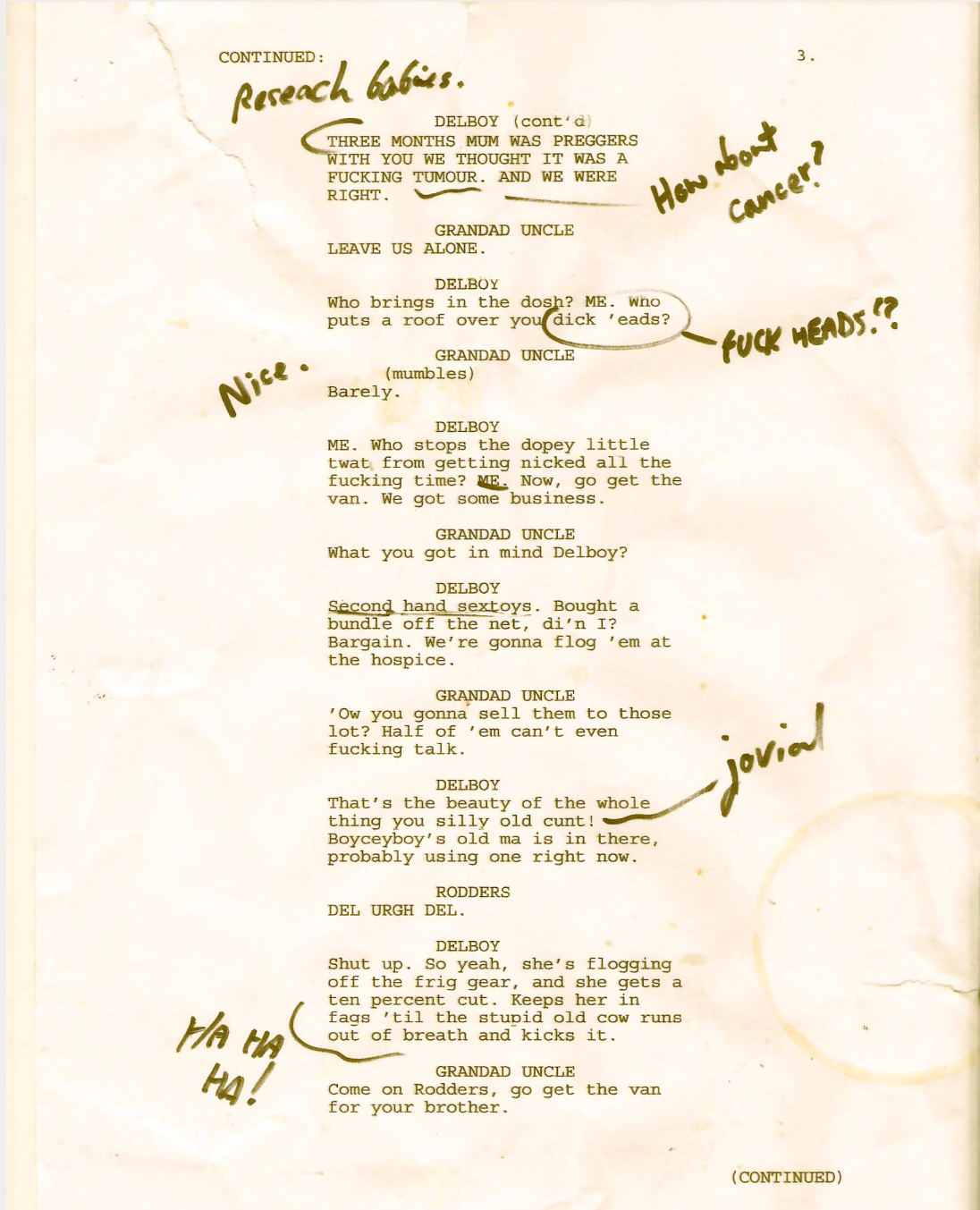
Author

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [113] **Give Up**

REPLY **ADD ABUSE** **MORTIFY** **MARK UNDEAD** **SEND TO POLICE** **PINT**

Tags: Before you get a chance to jump into the conversation you hear Crease say "Who'd have thought an ashtray could hold so much human faeces?"
Maybe not...
Go to 82

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [114] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

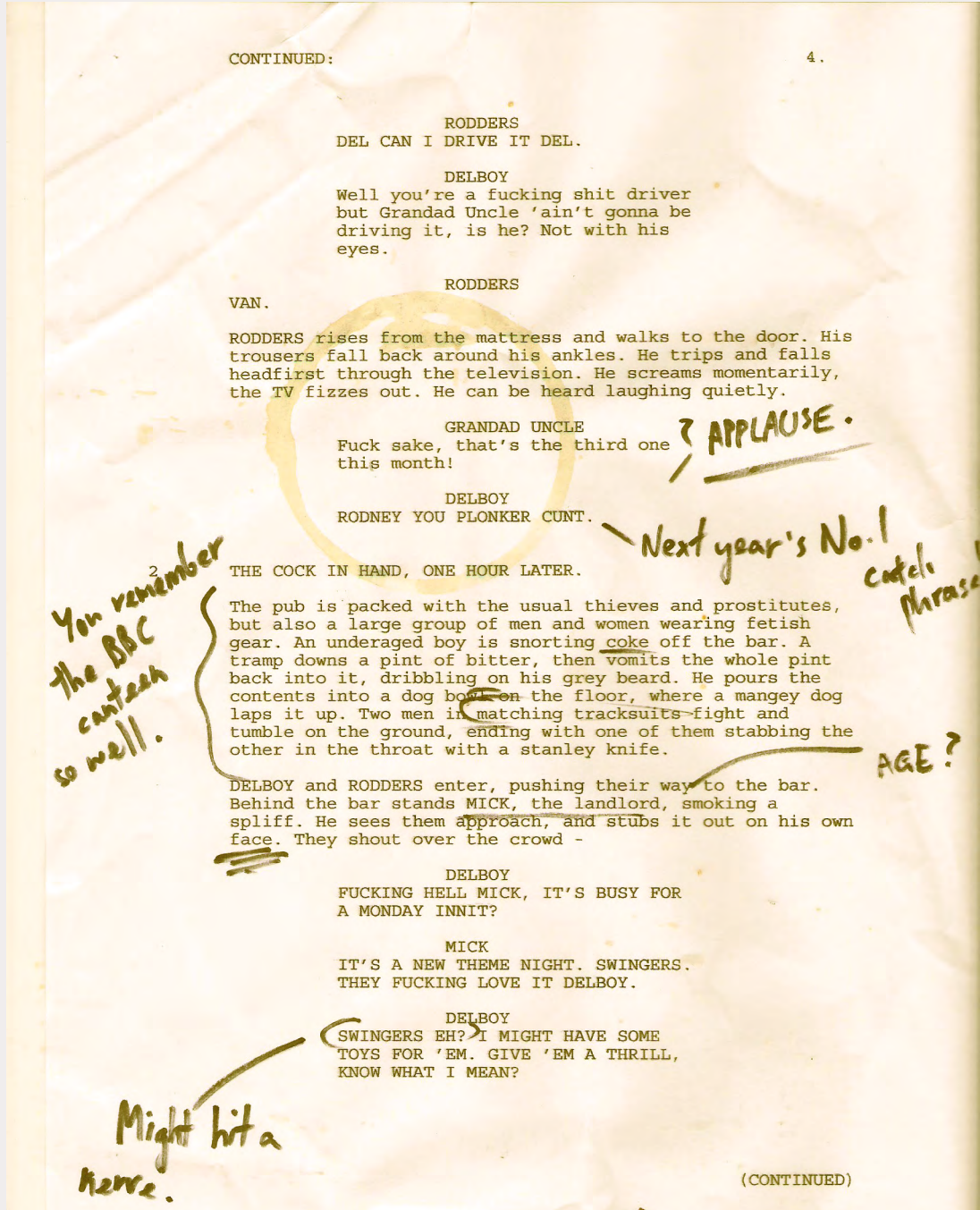
Author times)

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [114] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You go up to the group and, channelling all your energy into overcoming your crippling social inhibitions, ask if they are 'whores. It turns out that you've stumbled on the Annual East London Rentboy Meet. They are not amused. 36 hours later they let you go. The 2 hour return journey, standing on the bus the whole way, is the longest you have ever had to suffer. The End

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [115] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

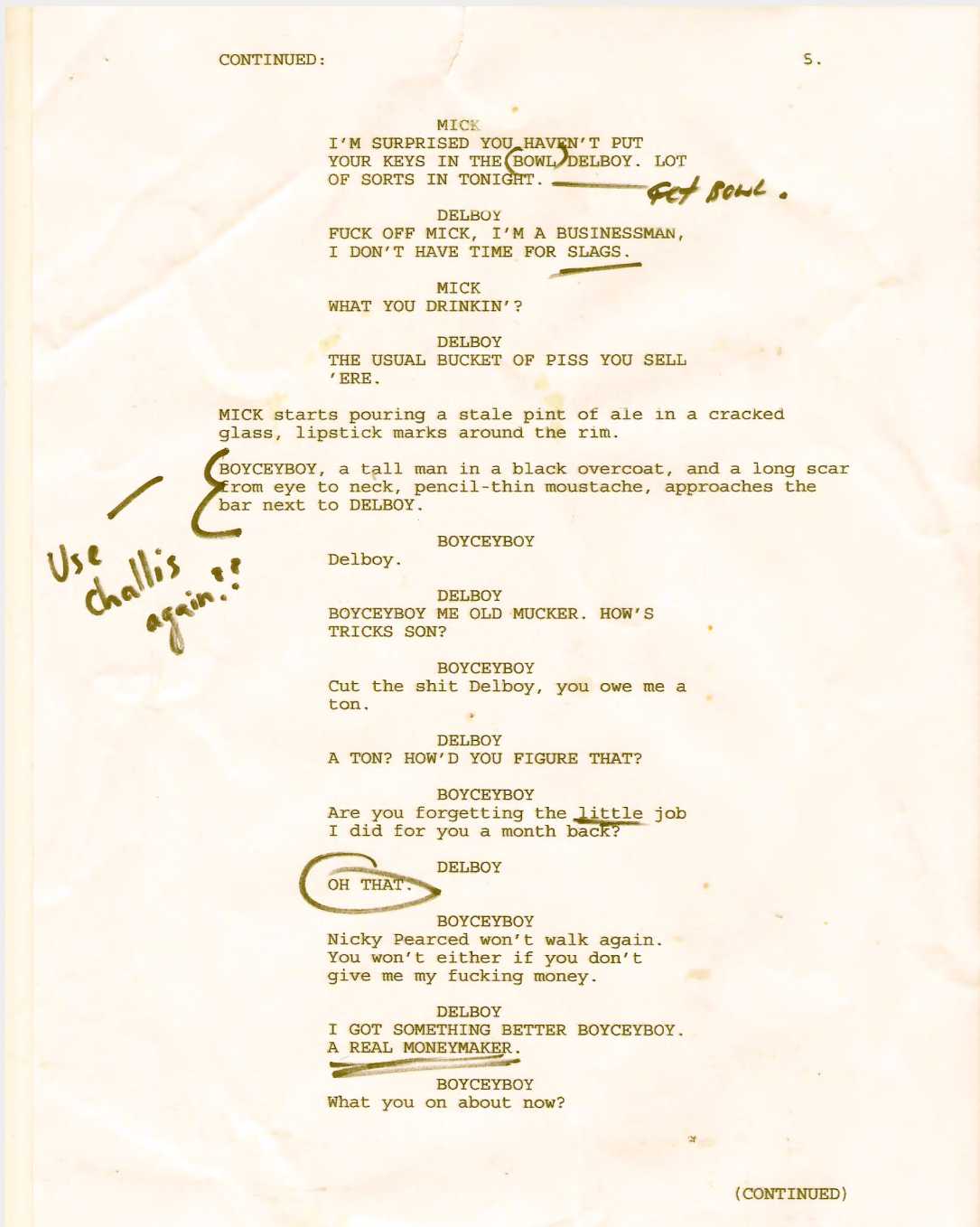
Author

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0 times)

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Page: 1 2 ... [115] **Give Up**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You start to have your piss, assuming the obligatory `vacantly stare at the wall in front of you' stance. But this is no ordinary toilet as the walls and the octagonal central pillar are all covered with mirrors. You spot Sutton Pub Crawl taking a piss in a urinal opposite. Then he suddenly stops pissing, takes a step to the right and continues to piss in the next urinal. What the fuck is he doing?
Go to 11

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Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Page: 1 2 ... [116] **Go Down**

[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

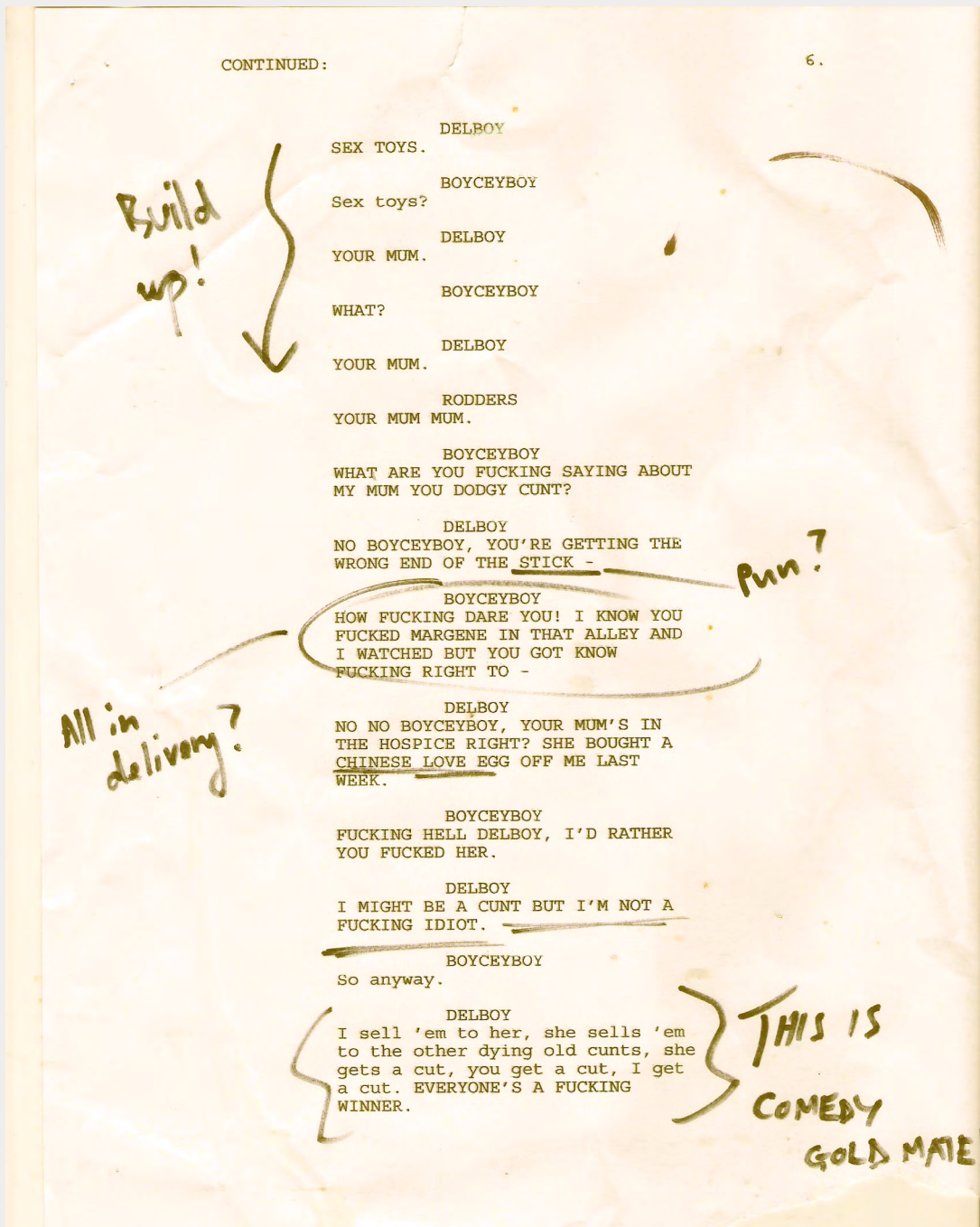
Author times)

Topic: From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator (Read 0

Dr Christian Troy

From the desk of Gooch Merkin, Private Investigator

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



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[REPLY](#) [ADD ABUSE](#) [MORTIFY](#) [MARK UNDEAD](#) [SEND TO POLICE](#) [PINT](#)

Tags: You have been Kelvin's 'Man on the left' for an hour and a half now and your bladder is about to erupt (not to mention the terrible throbbing in your arse after the ventriloquist act). After what seems an eternity (but is only an hour) you manage to get a word in edgeways. "Look, is that Delete?" you ask, pointing off to the right. While Kelvin's head is turned you make a dash for the toilets. Go to 65.

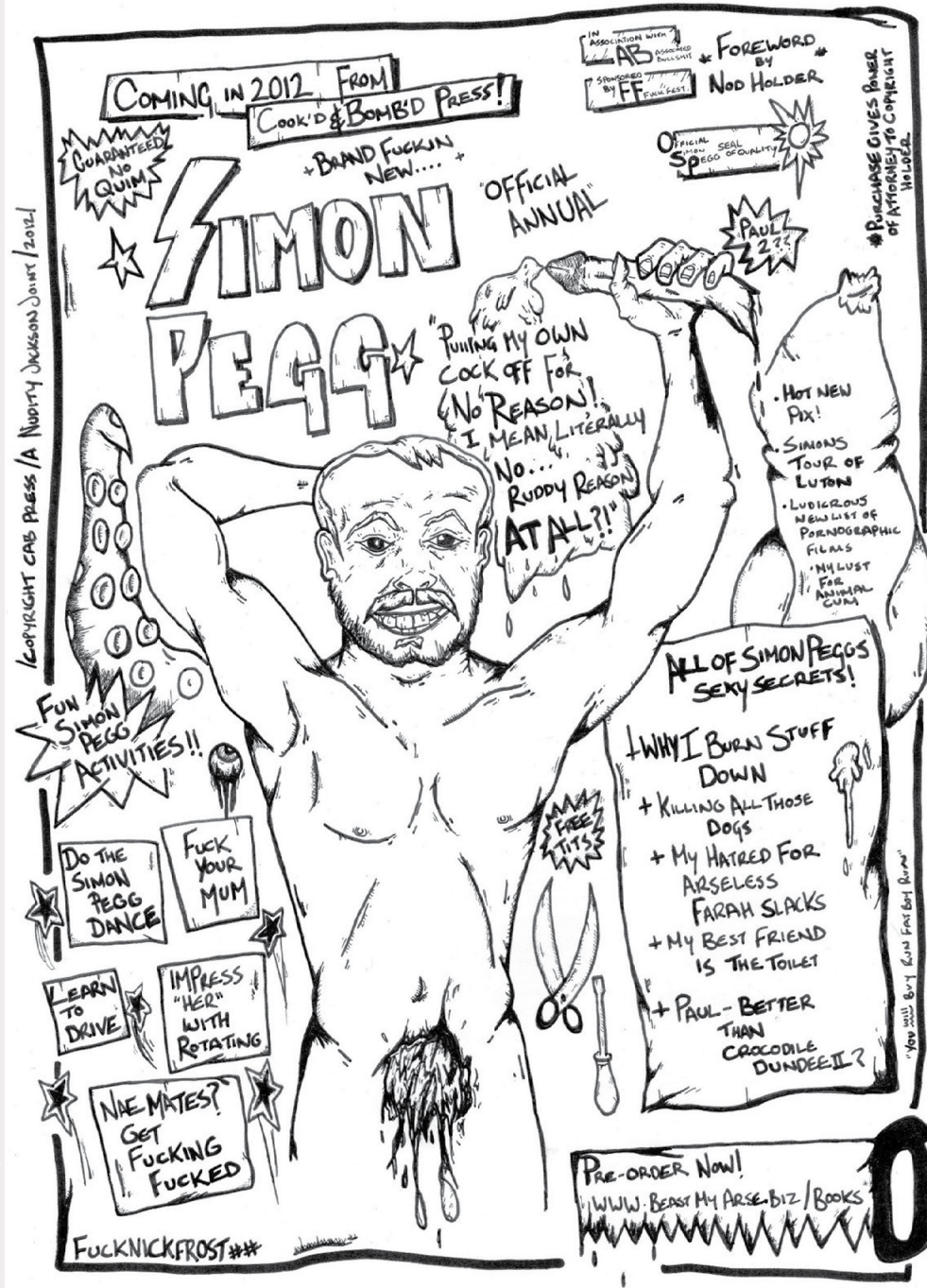
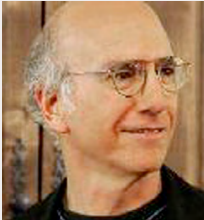
Cook'd and Bomb'd - Comedy Discussion & Chris Morris News > Cook'd and Bomb'd > General Bullshit

Author Topic: Coming in 2012 (Read 0 times)

Goldentony

Coming in 2012

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



Tags: You stumble your way towards the door, noticing that Purlieu and the barmaid both seem to have disappeared. You finally make it out of the front door and take a large lungful of fresh air to clear your head. And end up bent double, coughing your guts up trying to expel the lungful of second-hand cigarette smoke you took in. After some sympathetic back-slapping by an unnamed verbwhore that has probably dislocated your shoulder, you regain your composure and try to join in the conversation.

Go to 6

Author Topic: Should have bought the CaB annual (Read 0 times)

Ignatius S

Should have bought the CaB annual

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



CUSTOMER: Excuse me.

BOOKSELLER: Yes, can I help?

CUSTOMER: I'm looking for a book.

BOOKSELLER: Well, you've certainly come to the right place, we have an excellent selection. Which book are you looking for?

CUSTOMER: I'm not quite sure. It's a present you see, and I wondered if you had any recommendations.

BOOKSELLER: Certainly. Nothing says this is a well-thought out gift that expresses exactly what I think of you quite as eloquently as a book. What type of gift is it?

CUSTOMER: Well, it's for a friend, Susan. She's going through a bit of a bad patch at the moment - she's been made redundant and her husband's left her, so I thought a book might cheer her up.

BOOKSELLER: An excellent idea. What type of books does she like?

CUSTOMER: Well, she's not a great reader but has always said she'd love to read Austen.

BOOKSELLER: I couldn't advise that.

CUSTOMER: What?

BOOKSELLER: Austen. Buying her an Austen. It wouldn't make a good present. Unless you don't like your friend... you do like her, don't you?

CUSTOMER: Of course, I do.

BOOKSELLER: Then that rules out Austen.

CUSTOMER: But it's something she's always gone on about.

BOOKSELLER: Precisely, giving an Austen is akin to saying "You've been bleating on about reading Austen until everyone's sick of it. Here's one of her books, read it or shut up. Why don't you do something that you said you would for a change? Maybe you'd still have a job and a husband if you did. God, you make me sick!"

CUSTOMER: I would be saying that?

BOOKSELLER: If you bought an Austen, you would be.

Tags: Somehow you've ended up boxed in a corner, unable to escape or get another drink. You look lovingly toward the bar and spot Purlieu chatting to the barmaid. You try to catch his eye, but he only has eyes for her, so you decide to chat until you can get out. To your left is Crease, to your right is Sutton Pub Crawl. Which to chat to?

Crease - go to 113

SPC - go to 82

Author Topic: Should have bought the CaB annual (Read 0 times)

Ignatius S

Should have bought the CaB annual

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



CUSTOMER: I had no idea.

BOOKSELLER: Well, it's a good job I'm here then, isn't it?

CUSTOMER: Yes, I suppose it is.... Susan's been worried about her weight. How about a dieting book? I hear this one's very popular, "Meet The Thin You, As You Eat Cows That Go Moo".

BOOKSELLER: I couldn't advise it.

CUSTOMER: Well, it does sound rather faddy, I most admit.

BOOKSELLER: No, it's not that. A diet book says, "Here you go fatty, no wonder your husband left you and you can't get another job or man. You disgust me, you look like a beached whale. God, you make me sick!"

CUSTOMER: I see... Maybe something more positive?

BOOKSELLER: An excellent idea.

CUSTOMER: How about a self-help book?

BOOKSELLER: I couldn't advise it.

CUSTOMER: You couldn't?

BOOKSELLER: No. A self-help book screams, "Pull yourself together woman and read this. You're obviously incapable of turning your life around on your own. God you make me sick!"

CUSTOMER: But it's self-help, she would be improving her life on her own with the book.

BOOKSELLER: A book that's been written by somebody else. That's not self-help, that's help.

CUSTOMER: How about an autobiography?

BOOKSELLER: Maybe.

CUSTOMER: What about this one?

BOOKSELLER: I couldn't advise it. It says, "Look, this person has won the Booker Prize, two Baftas, an Oscar and she's not even 26. What have you achieved? You're..." how old is she?

CUSTOMER: 32.

Tags: A rather charming secretary falls for your patter and lets you check the thread to see which pub was finally decided upon. Ah yes, The Penderel's Oak, of course! The charming young secretary overhears your exclamation of relief and explains that it's not that far. She gives you directions, then says "I finish at 5... I might just pop in after work..." Unused to such obvious (or any) signs of attraction you just smile at her embarrassed, mumble a "Thanks" and head off for the Penderel's.

Go to 112

Author Topic: Should have bought the CaB annual (Read 0 times)

Ignatius S

Should have bought the CaB annual

« on: Today at 11:11:11 am »



BOOKSELLER: You're the wrong side of 30, fat...

CUSTOMER: She's not fat...

BOOKSELLER: Fat like a sea-cow and utterly useless. No wonder you're manless and jobless. God you make me sick!

CUSTOMER: Well, what can you advise this then?

BOOKSELLER: This one.

CUSTOMER: This one?

BOOKSELLER: Definitely.

CUSTOMER: It's twenty pounds.

BOOKSELLER: I thought you liked your friend.

CUSTOMER: I do. It's not just the price, it looks a bit depressing.

BOOKSELLER: I really advise this one.

CUSTOMER: You do? Let's see the back... "Abandoned by drug-addicted parents, raised in a convent by cruel nuns, wed to a violent alcoholic. One woman's journey of self-discovery." Yes, okay, I'll go for this one. It sounds if it has an uplifting message.

BOOKSELLER: It does, I suppose... but that's not why it's perfect for your friend.

CUSTOMER: Well, why is it then?

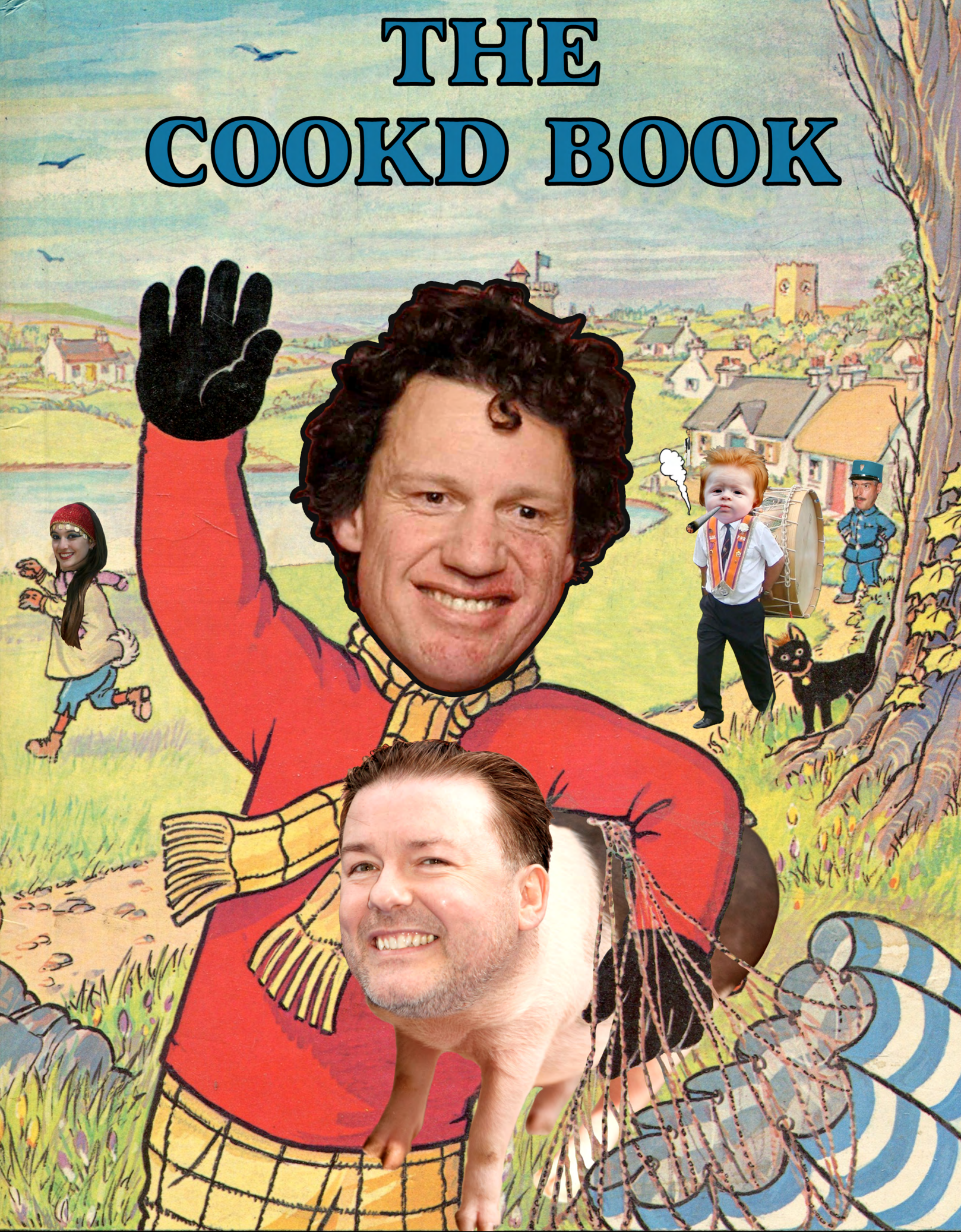
BOOKSELLER: If this book doesn't make her feel better about her own life, nothing will, believe me.

Tags: Instantly shot down in flames by one of the northern verbwhores complaining that this would make it in the same month as the Northern Meet, so no-one would come to that. 3 pages of vicious comments and point-less bickering later, the 5th is out.

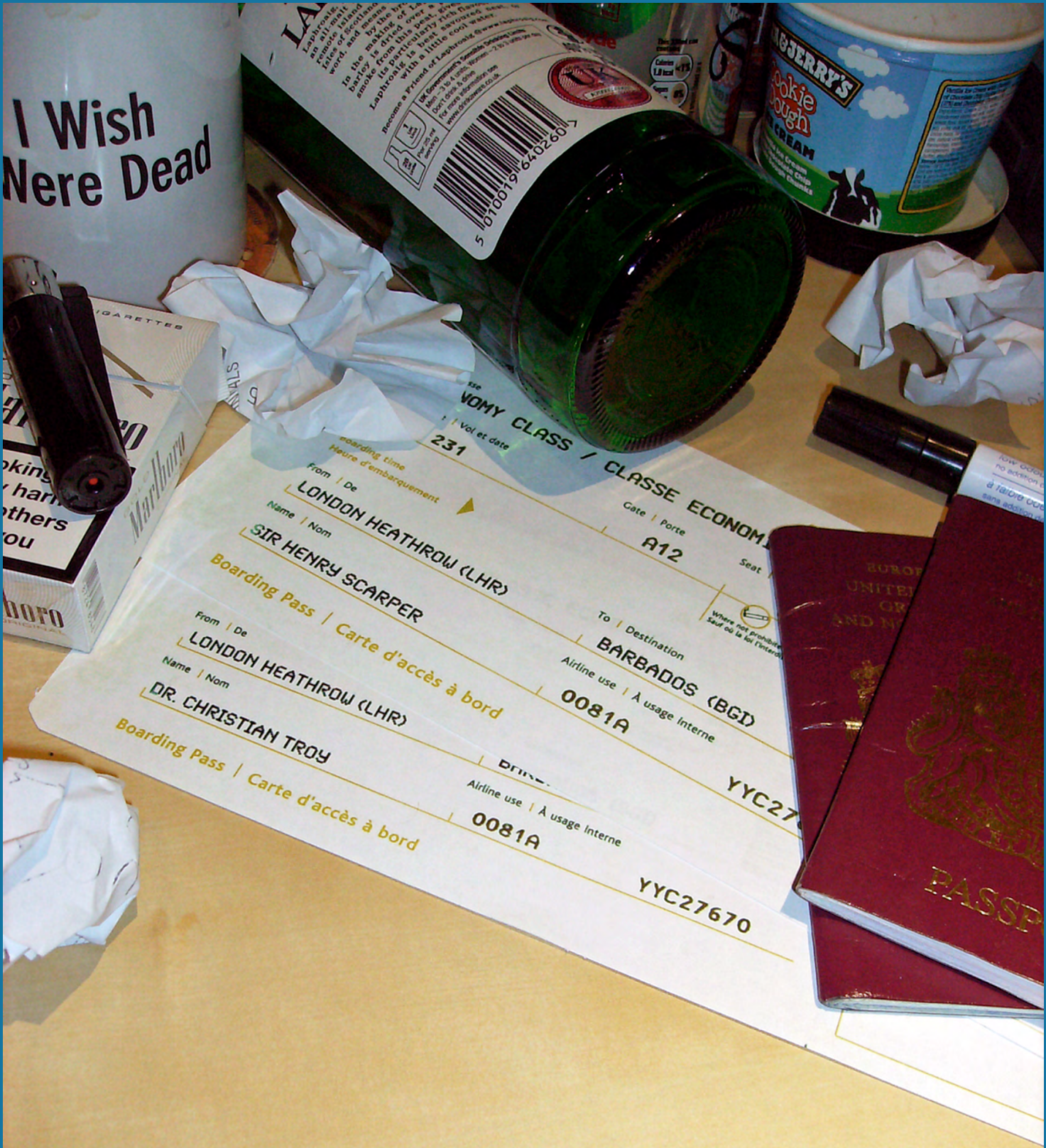
the 21st? - Go to 60.

the 28th? - Go to 70.

THE COOKD BOOK



COOK'D AND BOMB'D ANNUAL 2012



See you next year!