

*“If you
think he’s a
genius, you’re
an idiot”*

**Ricky
Gervais**

Happyslapped by a jellyfish

**The words of
Karl Pilkington**



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The words of Karl Pilkington

KARL PILKINGTON



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All text and illustrations
by Karl Pilkington



Foreword

People always say “write about what you know”. Well I don’t know much, but I have been on quite a few holidays. Not cos I’ve wanted to, but because my girlfriend Suzanne likes it, so I always end up getting dragged along. She said it’s cos she didn’t go on holidays as a kid, which I think is a load of bollocks cos she didn’t do much ironing when she was a kid either but she doesn’t seem so eager to do that.



I’ve always said that if I won the lottery I would probably keep it a secret from Suzanne as I think she would end up splitting us up, as she would be forever booking holidays. The world isn’t big enough to cope with the amount of holidays she’d want, and I’m not very good at visiting the same place twice cos you see everything you want to see the first time you go, which means the second trip is seeing the things you didn’t want to see as much, which means it’s not as good as your first trip.

I’ve stopped doing the lottery.

A few days at our mam & dad's

The following are extracts from my diary.

August 24th

It's a bank holiday weekend so we're seeing our mams and dads. We're at Suzanne's lot first. Her mam had bought me some Happy Face biscuits cos she knows I like 'em.

Her dad went out to play dominoes down at his local. We stayed in. Suzanne and her mam watched *Pretty Woman* with Julie Roberts and Richard Gere. It's rubbish. It's the one where Julie Roberts plays the part of a prozzie. She's nothing like a real one. She was playing chess at one point. I don't think real prostitutes would ever be playing chess.

I read me nature magazine. There was a moth that had big wings. They were that big that the moths had to pack them away like a parachute after every flight. If I was that moth I would walk everywhere as I couldn't be doing with the messing about. It's the same reason I'd never buy a convertible car.

August 25th

Woke up with a sore throat due to the smoke from Suzanne's mam and dad's fags. Didn't sleep that well either as I had acid indigestion from the full packet of biscuits I'd eaten.

I went to get a paper from the shop. I saw three fat overweight cats on the way. No one looks after themselves that much up north, even pets. In London I think people go too far in the way they spoil their animals, but it's the other extreme up north. Lynne who lived three doors down from me had a cat that was that fat that it couldn't clean itself properly, cos it couldn't reach due to the fatness, so she used to vac it. It just lay there like one of them bear rugs that you see with the head still on 'em.

Stayed in all day cos the weather was grim. It was sleeting it down. The alarm on the chemist round the corner was going off for about two hours. I don't know why people bother having alarms cos no one takes a blind bit of notice. I can't be doing with noise. Noise pollution does me head in more than the sort of pollution that causes global warming. At least you can sleep through a snowstorm.

SUZANNE'S MAM AND DAD'S PUB

Lots of smoke and strange folk
Regular laughing at his own jokes
Dog on a rope
Fruit machine broke
Old man in corner who never spoke



~~Had chippy for tea. After I've had chippy I always wish I hadn't. The idea of it is always nicer than actually having it.~~

Suzanne's mam had some fun size Milky Ways that she got off an old woman that she cleans for. I don't know why they are called fun size just cos they are small. If I said to a midget "Oh, you're fun sized", they'd kick off.

August 26th

Didn't sleep well again. I know why. It's cos I didn't do anything yesterday apart from sit and watch telly and eat.

I'm off to me mam and dad's today. I said I'll get them a laptop for their birthday. Their birthday was on May 11th but I said I'd get their present when I next saw them. Their birthdays are on the same day, so I only get them the one card between them. They say I'm tight cos I don't get them one each but I don't see the point. I only get them one card between them for their anniversary so I don't see the difference.

The train was packed. We were on a table with a fat fella who worked in an IT department. He was harping on about how he's gonna run the company. He was fat and really unhealthy. He got up to get his lunch from the overhead shelf and he got a sweat on. He also had some breathing problem – he snored even though he was awake. I had to put up with it for three hours.

Me dad picked us up from the station and took us straight to PC World to get the laptop I said I'd get. The fella in there was trying to sell us loads of extras that we didn't want. He was cross-eyed which made it difficult to do a deal with him cos eyes are important when doing a business deal cos you sense trust through them, but I didn't know which one to look at.

We got it back to their house and had a go at setting the computer up for them. It wasn't easy. It took nearly four hours. Me dad was getting annoyed and wished that we'd just bought me mam a kitten to replace the one they had put down a few months back. Me dad looked in the manual and got even more annoyed with some of the instructions. It said *click TCP/IP and choose either using PPP or manually from the configure IPv4 as intrusted by your ISP. If you have static IP type the address in the IP field.*

He has got no patience. I think that's where I get it from. When I was a kid they bought me a ZX8 computer for Christmas and I couldn't get it to work. It turned out that I needed some extra memory for it and had to buy something called a ram pack. Problem was, Tandy the computer shop was shut and would be for about another week, due to it being Christmas. I was that frustrated that I was sick in the kitchen sink while me mam was peeling potatoes on the draining board.

Me and Suzanne went to bed. We decided to sleep top and tails due to the fact that me Dad had used his chainsaw on the mattress. He said it wouldn't fit in between the cupboards in the bedroom so he'd taken a few inches off. He then used heavy-duty staples and gaffer tape to seal where he'd cut. It's amazing how those few inches make such a difference.

August 27th

Woke up to the sound of me dad shouting at the computer. I could hear the noise it makes when you switch it on and off. I can't see 'em getting their heads round it.

I went down and showed me mam the sort of weird stories you can find out about on the internet. I found some news about some sheep that were chucking themselves off a cliff. Two thousand of them. It said how the first lot died, but as the pile got bigger the sheep started to survive, due to the fact

being softened by all the wool.

~~Me dad said he hasn't got a computer to be reading about that sort of bollocks. Me mam then we~~
on to read about a chicken that had four legs.

Me dad had got a dishwasher off one of his mates and I helped to fit it up. Me mam didn't really want one, but me dad said me mam shouldn't be wasting time washing up when they've got a machine that could do it. He then went on to say that while the machine is doing the washing, me mam can go on with the ironing.

We went into town and had a wander about. We left me mam to go off on her own as she doesn't like me dad tagging along cos she said all he ever says is "What do you need that for?"

We went and had a lolly and a walk about, looking in estate agent windows and that. We met me mam at the car an hour later. She had bought a colander. Me dad said, "What you bought that for? We've got two at home."

Me mam said, "Yeah but they've got holes in." I think she does it to wind him up.

When we got back the weather had cleared up a bit so me and Suzanne sat outside. I could hear the computer being switched on and off again. We were being bit by midges but Suzanne didn't want to go back in the house cos me dad would be mithering us about how the laptop works.

We are going home tomorrow.

SHEEP OFF A CLIFF

Thousands of sheep fed up,
So they jumped off cliff into bay.
They shouldn't survive,
But it just goes to show,
Where there's wool there's a way.



Wales

WHEN I WAS A KID we used to go to Wales for our holidays, and I loved it. We went to a campsite in Porthmadog. Me dad bought a caravan there – a nine berth, which meant it could sleep nine people. I don't know how they get away with advertising them like this. There were only two bedrooms, one with a double bed and one with two bunks, so to sleep the other five people meant messing about with the Transformer-like furniture. If you had family staying, they would have to start getting ready for bed at about 8:30 due to all the messing about that was involved. The settee pulled out to sleep two, a cupboard door with strong hinges folded down and held one person, and then the table we ate at dropped down to make a bed. It was stupid. I'm surprised they didn't sell it as a ten berth and say you could use the oven as a cot for any kids or midgets in the family.

We went to the same site every year for about ten years, and we spent a total of about 10 weeks there each year. I should be able to speak Welsh, the amount of time I spent there. I tried to get my teacher to teach me Welsh instead of French cos I had no plans to go to France. He said I'll realise French is more useful when I'm older. I'm now 34 and I still don't agree with him.

I had loads of time off school to go to Wales for long weekends as well. My school had a real problem with kids having too much time off, so the teachers started handing out certificates for good attendance. If you did a full month without missing a day, they would give you a long weekend off. They gave a gold award for people who were never off, silver for people who were only off twice, and a bronze certificate if you were off for three days. I got a bronze. Once.

I had good times and bad times on the campsite. I was most happy in the arcade playing on the fruit machines. Me and a few mates used to go there every night at about 6:30 with £1 and stay till about 10:30. If I didn't win anything I'd hang around near old women who looked like they didn't know what they were doing, and when they looked stuck I'd help them win the jackpot on the off chance that they'd give me some of their winnings. It worked two out of three times.

I had a go on a fruit machine in a service station recently and was well confused. They're so complicated these days. When I was a kid, it was melons, cherries, plums, pears and grapes, which were the most expensive fruit and paid the jackpot. Now they've gone and added limes, peaches, some brown thing with green pips, and other stuff that I reckon Jamie Oliver would have trouble recognizing. I think there's less chance of winning on fruit machines now there's more fruit knocking about. I also noticed they've now added an automatic start so you don't even have to hit the start button. They take the fun out of everything these days.

If I wasn't in the arcade I would be on the beach. The beach was so big it even had its own rough area, where Hells Angels hung out on their motorbikes. Me Mam never wanted me to have a motorbike cos a lot of people on our estate died on them. She tried putting me off by saying “If you become a member of the Hells Angels you have to poo in your pants and wear them for a week”. Me dad said, “Your Auntie Nora could join today then”.

The Hells Angels went up and down the beach at high speed, driving through jellyfish that had washed up on the sand. Did you know that a dead jellyfish can still sting you? I don't know why some insects have odd powers like that. Why are they still protecting themselves when they've been squashed to bits? All insects with special powers amaze me. There's even a frog with a poisonous back that has to get its enemy to lick it. I'd like to witness how it does that.



I never went into the sea much cos there was too much seaweed. I didn't like the feel of it on my legs, plus seaweed is a good hiding place for crabs and other stuff. Me dad used to chuck it at me when I wasn't looking and wrap it round me legs. I couldn't swim, and me dad would always say, "When you go home I'm getting you swimming lessons". By the time we got home he'd forget about it, until then started showing adverts on the telly about learning to swim. Rolf Harris was in the adverts. I don't know why they picked him to do it, he's got nowt to do with swimming. It took me ages to realise it was him cos he didn't wear glasses in the water. I find it a bit odd when someone who wears glasses takes them off to clean them. They look naked.

There was another advert telling you to call the coast guard if you saw someone drowning, which also reminded me dad about swimming lessons. I don't know why this advert was on in Manchester. I used to try and turn the telly over before me dad realised what it was about, but that wasn't easy in those days before remote controls. Anyway, one day he saw it and decided to sort me lessons out.

I hated having swimming lessons. The main problem was that I was now 13 years old and all the other kids having lessons were about 8 or 9. I was at the age when hair starts springing out of all sorts of places on the body. I had more hair under me arms than the instructor. Some of the other kids thought I was the instructor.



I learnt to swim in about three weeks. The pool was rank. One day we watched another group of kids having advanced lessons while we were waiting. The instructor made them dive to the bottom, but rather than picking up the usual rubber bricks, they had to collect old plasters and fag ends. I think it was a money-saving exercise as saved having the pool cleaned professionally.

Me dad said, "now you've learnt, you'll be at the baths every week". Since then, I've been in a pool about eight times in 20 years.

People are always going on about global warming, saying how our summers are getting hotter, but I think they were hotter back then. I heard that, during one hot summer, some old woman on the campsite wrapped herself up in cooking foil to get a quicker tan. Problem was, she nodded off and cooked herself dead.

One year I caught chickenpox. I don't think there was any part of me body that didn't have spots on it. Me dad said I should go in the sea cos the salt would be good for the spots – that reminded him that

he had to book swimming lessons when we got home. Me mam put some pink stuff on me face and went to the arcade.

The arcade was run by a big Welsh woman called Cynthia, who gave you change for the machine. It wasn't long before she saw I had chickenpox and told me to leave, because of all the other kids there. I was well fed up. On the way home I came up with a plan. I went straight to the wardrobe and got out me parka coat, which had a big hood with fur round it. I fastened it up right to the top and went back to the arcade. Then I got another regular kid to get me some 10 pences off Cynthia. I was ju onto level two of Bubble Trouble when Cynthia tapped me on the shoulder and asked me to leave and not come back until my skin had cleared up. I suppose I stood out in the crowd – everyone else had shorts and T-shirts, and there was me looking like Kenny from *South Park*. It took a week for the chickenpox to clear.



Me mam was glad I was banned cos it meant I'd be getting some fresh air instead. I had no one to play with cos all me mates were all in the arcade, so I ended up going on the beach with me mam. She loved it there. She used to collect loads of stuff like shells, dried seaweed and bits of washed up rope and then she would put them in the caravan to make it feel more "holidayish". This did me dad's head in. When she wasn't looking he would chuck stuff out, so she started gluing it to mirrors and doors. She wanted a metal detector to use on the beach, but me dad said, "Bollocks to that. I don't want bits of metal shit stuck to the mirrors as well".

Me mam has always been into collecting stuff. When I was about six she'd take me and me brother to the local woods to dig up old bottles. We'd take them home and clean them and put them on the wicker bar that we had in the lounge. Me dad is used to it now. She can't go out without buying something useless to clog up the house with. Last time I went to see them, she'd bought a yellow plastic banana holder. The idea being that you unpeel a banana, bin the skin, and put the naked banana in the holder. Thing is, she doesn't even eat bananas, due to her having high potassium levels. She says she'll use it to put grapes in if she's going out, but I've never seen her use it.

I nearly died in Wales once. I was helping me dad and one of his mates collect slate from a big hill. Me dad wanted to stick it on the front of the caravan (he was getting as bad as me mam sticking stuff to the mirrors and doors), which he thought it would protect the caravan from bad weather in the winter months. We got to the top of this massive hill and found some decent-sized pieces. I was carrying one of them back downhill when the weight of it made me start to run. I couldn't stop. Me dad shouted out that I should throw meself on the floor, but I was travelling that fast, when I chucked meself on me arse I just bounced up and carried on running. I was hurtling towards a big slate wall at the bottom – if I ran into it I'd be dead. Luckily, me dad's mate was in front and had one opportunity to try and stop me. He dived and did a rugby tackle, grabbing me around the legs. I landed on me face and cut me head and scratched me cheeks.

Me dad gave me a bollocking for not being able to stop running. He does that when he's panicking. I was once choking to death on a Mr Freeze ice pop. Me face was red, me lips were purple, me eyes

were rolling into the back of me head, and all I could hear was me dad shouting “that’s what you get for being greedy”. Me mam, however, opted to try and save me. She gave me one of them fireman squeezes and I got me breath back.

Anyway, we got back to the caravan and unloaded the slate, and then me mam went mad when she saw the state of me. There I was looking like Freddie Kruger. Because I’d been lifting the slate out of the car, me heart was pumping and blood was oozing out of the cuts. It looked a lot worse than it was but I didn’t mind cos she gave me a pound to cheer me up and off I went to the arcade. Cynthia couldn’t chuck me out. I looked a mess but no one could catch anything off me.

Me mam and dad have now retired and moved from Manchester to Wales, so I still go there quite a lot. Last summer me and Suzanne went to see them, and me mam wanted to show us some local woods where she said there were six-foot witches and weird monsters hanging from the trees. Now, you’d think you’d have to pay to get in, but me dad reckoned that if you walk through three fields and climb over a couple of fences, you could get in the back way for free. He parked in the middle of nowhere and we started our walk. The first field was full of mud, we got stung by nettles in the second field, and the third one didn’t seem too bad ... until we got halfway across and Suzanne noticed a load of cows running towards us. She was terrified. She said she’d heard about people being killed by charging cows, so we all started to run. The cows were catching up with us. I didn’t realise how quick a cow could run, but then again, why would I?

Suzanne was at the front, then me and me mam. But me dad had stopped and picked up a big log. He was standing with it, yelling as about 30 cows charged towards him. They got about 5 foot away and came to a halt. Me dad then walked calmly to the fence and threw the log aside, like Russell Crowe in *Gladiator* after he killed that tiger. There we were, out of breath, covered in mud, and with our nettle stings even more irritated by the sweat from running.



Twenty minutes later we were walking round the woods looking at the witches and monsters. We were the only people there. We sat on a few tree trunks and ate some cheese butties me mam had packed (she didn’t bring the grape holder), and drank a six-pack of orange juice cartons me dad got from Farmfoods – “they only cost £1 for six”. He likes to tell everyone what he’s paid for stuff when he thinks he’s got a bargain.

We didn’t hang around for long. Me dad wanted to go back the way we came but Suzanne was having none of it, so we ended up going out the proper front entrance. There was no one on the gate, so we probably wouldn’t have had to pay anyway. It was when we went through the entrance that we noticed the prices – it would have only cost £1 each to get in. I asked me dad why we didn’t just pay the entrance fee. “You could get 24 cartons of orange juice at Farmfoods for that”, he said.

When I got home, Suzanne showed me loads of stories on the internet about people being killed by charging cows.



THE HOT SUMMER OF 76.
THATS WHY I'M JUST WEARING JUST
THE ONE JUMPER WITH T-SHIRT UNDERNEATH.



I LOVED THAT VEST.



I'M THE ONE ON THE LEFT.

Ibiza

THIS IS THE FIRST PLACE I went abroad. I went with me mate Mark. He'd borrowed his boss's apartment for free, so all we had to sort out were the flights.

I borrowed one of me Mam and Dad's cases, which was far too big for what I was taking. I suppose this is why when I got to Ibiza airport I was stopped and asked to open my bag for inspection. I had nothing to worry about though, cos I'd packed it myself and knew there was nothing in it that would cause problems. So I thought. I opened it with the lid towards me while keeping my eye on the Spanish inspector. I noticed his eyebrows raise. I looked down and saw a garden gnome. It was one of me mam's. She loves garden gnomes and has them all over the house. She doesn't leave them outside as she says she feels guilty seeing their little cold faces when she closes the curtains at night. The one in my case was the one that usually sat by the fireplace.

I tried to explain all this to the Spanish man but none of it made sense to him. He just smashed it up to see if it contained anything – it didn't. Then he let me go. I called me mam to ask what she was playing at, and she said she put it there to look after me while I was away. I told her it had been smashed and she said, "That's OK, I've also put a gnome on a keyring in one of your socks." Here I was on my first holiday abroad and I've wasted the first 25 minutes of being on the island talking about gnomes.

I can't blame them for smashing it. Ibiza was known as a bit of a druggy party island back then. Most young travellers were probably carrying some sort of drug, apart from me. I went packed up like one of the *Ground Force* team.

I've never really taken drugs. I was put off by people on our local estate in Manchester who messed up their lives with them. I remember a girl in my history class who stood up halfway through the lesson and started screaming, saying she was being chased by a giant Mars Bar – she'd taken magic mushrooms at lunchtime. So I always avoided drugs, apart from the time I went to a music quiz at a local pub. On all the pub tables there were some little home-made chocolates wrapped up in foil. I love chocolate. I ate all the ones on our table. After the quiz I went round to the other tables and asked people if they were having their chocolates. Most of them said no. I was working my way through a chocolate like the fat Russian kid in *Willy Wonka*. It wasn't till I got in a cab at the end of the night and couldn't tell the driver where I wanted to go that I realised something wasn't right. The driver told me to get out. I was sat on the kerb when a few people from the pub quiz came out and told me I'd been stuffing me face with dope chocolate. I didn't like not being in control of my body, so I've never touched anything since.



We eventually got to Mark's boss's apartment. It was a bit knackered-looking on the outside. Weeds had grown to about three foot around the front door, and all the white paint had bubbled in the heat and started flaking off. Still, it was free and we'd only be using it as somewhere to sleep. Mark found the key under an overgrown plant pot where his boss had said it would be, and in we went.

I'd like to say the first thing that hit us was the stunning view from the balcony across the green hills of Ibiza island, but it wasn't. It was the smell of human shit. It was unbelievable. You couldn't

escape it. Even if you held your breath, you felt like it was still entering your body through your pores. My eyes were stinging from it. We opened the one window in the living room area and went into the bathroom to see if there was another window in there, so we could get a draught going to clear the air. That's where the problem was coming from. The toilet was half full of old poo. It couldn't be flushed away cos a hard crust had formed on top, like one of those caramel puddings where they burn the top with a welding torch. Still, what did we expect. It was free.

I emptied my case and then found that it was too big to put in any of the wardrobes, so I shoved it under the bed. This disturbed a nest of little green lizards. I don't know if green was their natural colour or just the effect of being locked up in a room smelling of shit for Christ knows how long. We'd pinned open the front door, and they all ran out gasping for fresh air.

We went for a walk to have a look around and to try and find a shop that sold bleach and a hammer to break the hard crust. The area seemed alright. Nice bars and places to eat. It wasn't easy finding a place that sold Domestos though. One, cos most travellers don't need it, and two, the shop assistants weren't familiar with the brand and thought it was the name of a local restaurant. We found a Spanish version of strong bleach and headed back to tackle the blocked toilet. The smell hadn't gone. We poured the whole bottle in and left it to do its magic while we went for a drink in a bar.

One of my teeth started to ache. I've never had much luck with my teeth. I don't think my dentist was much good. When I was younger, he put fillings in all my back teeth, saying it would give them extra protection. He did the same with most kids. He'd look in your mouth and straightaway say his favourite line: "If there's a hole, it needs filling." Everything was done by knocking you out with gas back then, which left you feeling really sick and gave you a bad headache. People who don't suffer from toothache never understand how bad the pain is – you can't think about anything other than the pain the tooth is causing you. The only time I've ever had worse pain was when I had kidney stones. The pain from them was that bad, I agreed to have a painkiller inserted up my arse in hospital by a general nurse. I'm guessing his favourite saying was the same as the dentist's. Luckily, it didn't have to happen, as they found me an empty bed in A&E where they could inject me with morphine.

We went back to the shop where we'd got the bleach and bought some painkillers, but they didn't have any effect. I ended up having to get off my head with whisky so I couldn't feel the pain.

We got back to the apartment. The top layer in the toilet was floating a little, but underneath seemed just as hard, so we decided to let the bleach continue its work through the night. I got into bed and saw a lizard on the ceiling. It was a big one. About the length of one of those Toblerones you can only get in airports. Normally I'd have to get something like that out of the room before I sleep, but I was that tired from the drink and the fumes from the bleach, I just nodded off.



In the morning the lizard had gone but the toothache was back. Mark was already up and ready for the first day of sun. His first words were, "Morning has broken but the second layer of shit in the toilet ain't." He looked a joke. He had Speedos on, a pair of shades and some flip-flops. He was that white he was almost see-through like a jellyfish. I'm not happy walking round with next to nowt on, cos nobody isn't that impressive to look at. I'm glad I wasn't around years ago when people had statues

themselves made, as you always had to be naked for them. Besides, it's never so hot that I can't handle wearing a T-shirt.

We went to the nearest bar so I could get some alcohol to numb the pain. Mark sat in the sun on a plastic chair with his legs apart, while I stayed in the shade with a whisky in me hand, watching *Only Fools and Horses* on the bar's TV. We used that bar every morning for my first few whiskies of the day. I ended up watching every episode of *Only Fools and Horses* and *Fawlty Towers*.



We didn't get up to much during the day – we just wandered about. I nearly got killed a few times in Ibiza by mopeds. All the people out there use 'em, no matter how old they are. It's quite normal to see three people on a moped, and I once saw a farmer riding one with a goat stuck in a crate on the back. Nobody bothers wearing all the clobber that people in this country wear when they get on a motorbike. In Ibiza they believe that if you die, it was meant to be. On the corner of every street there's a bunch of fresh flowers marking someone's death patch. I think that's why the island looks so pretty. If it wasn't for all the flowers from all the deaths, Ibiza wouldn't be so green.

You can hire mopeds if you're on holiday, but I didn't bother cos me mam doesn't like me going on motorbikes. A fella on a motorbike once hit a lamppost at high speed on the main road outside our house. Me mam made the ambulance men a cup of tea, and they said his head was in good shape as he had worn a good helmet. The only problem was that the head wasn't attached to the body any more.



Mark was always looking at porn in the shops. They don't hide it in the shops abroad – it's just there, spread out for everyone to see. They even had rude stuff on the counter next to the KitKat. Every other shop, Mark would stop to see what rude mags they had in. It started to do me head in after a while.

It's getting a bit like that here now. I was buying a paper from Tesco's in Soho recently and they had *Gay Times* placed in the middle of *TV Quick* and *Chat* magazine. I've never really understood gay magazines. Why do gay fellas need pictures of nobs when they've got one of their own to look at?

In the last few days of the holiday I was getting a bit bored, so I said we should buy some cards. There's loads of good games you can play with them. Mark nipped out of the bar to get some and was back minutes later. "I've had me eyes on these for a few days", he said. He'd bought cards with rude photos on them – 52 pictures of filth. They looked like they'd been taken in the early 70s. I'd never

seen so much body hair on a woman, and I still can't get the queen of spades out of me head. The fel
on that one should have been a gymnast. Things weren't going too bad until a gust of wind blew th
seven of diamonds off our table and onto the paella that the woman sat next to us was eating. Sh
didn't look happy.

Mark wanted to go to a few of the clubs on the island, but I've never been into that scene. The
were loads of them. He wanted to go to one that was the biggest club in the world, but I didn't see th
point in that. The queue for the bar would be a nightmare. I'd prefer to go to the world's smallest ba
I keep seeing a lot about these big planes they are working on that can seat over 500 people. Again, n
good. Imagine waiting to get your case off the carousel with all those people.

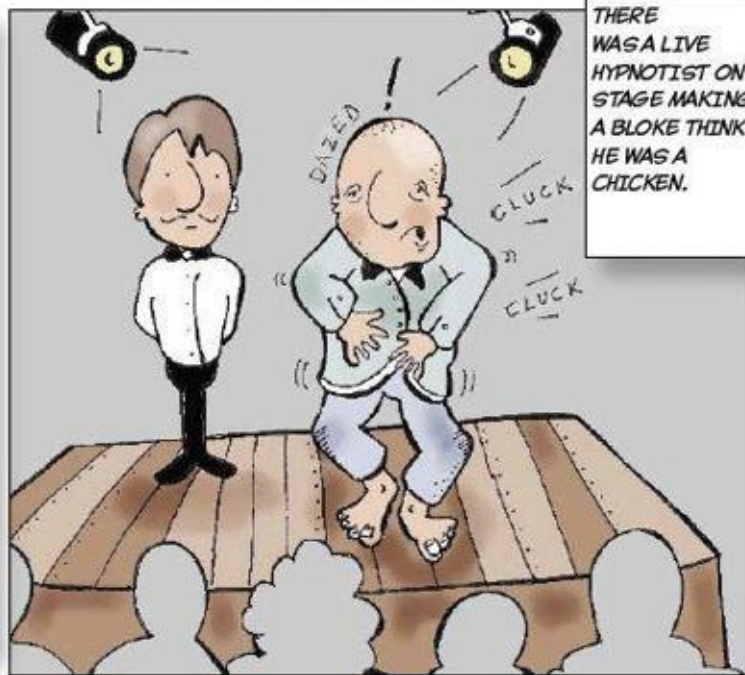
Anyway, we didn't have to go to the clubs to hear the music. We could hear it banging out at nigh
when we were back in the apartment, as I nodded off after drinking 18 whiskies a day, and Mark fe
asleep with the eight of clubs in his left hand.

The toilet was clear two days before we left.



Weird story that happened to someone's mate that I know

THIS WOMAN WENT ON HOLIDAY TO GET AWAY FROM HER HUSBAND WHO WAS DOIN HER HEAD IN. SHE WENT TO SPAIN SOMEWHERE AND WATCHED SOME OF THE LIVE ENTERTAINMENT THAT WAS HAPPENING IN THE HOTEL SHE WAS STAYING AT.



THERE WAS A LIVE HYPNOTIST ON STAGE MAKING A BLOKE THINK HE WAS A CHICKEN.

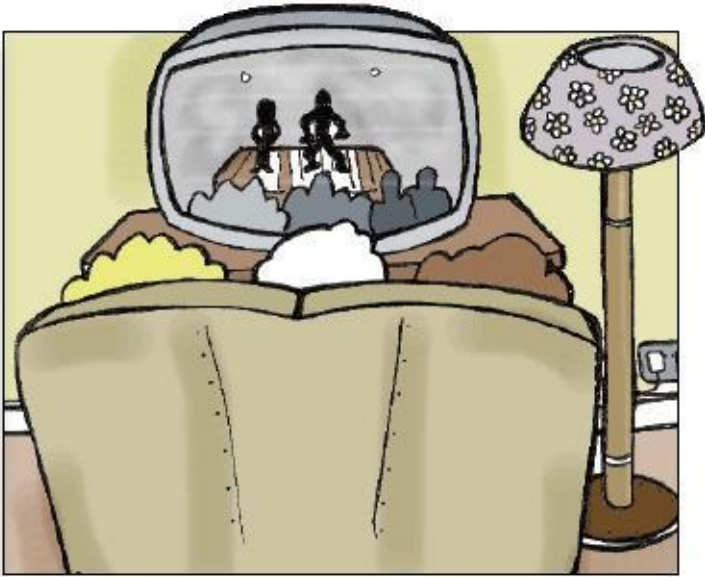


SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT SHE WAS SEEING AND DECIDED TO VIDEO IT.

SHE HAD A LOVELY WEEK AWAY AND WAS SOON BACK AT HOME WITH HER USELESS HUSBAND AND YOUNG DAUGHTER.

SHE POPPED ON THE TAPE TO SHOW EM WHAT SPAIN WAS LIKE.

THEY GOT TO THE PART IN THE TAPE WHERE SHE HAD BEEN RECORDING THE HYPNOTIST.



SHE WAS SO BUSY WATCHING IT THAT SHE DIDN'T NOTICE THAT HER USELESS HUSBAND WAS BEING TAKEN UNDER THE HYPNOTIST'S SPELL



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