



>> >> >> >alt.fan.monty-python?

>> >> >>

>> >> >>

>> >> >> *I did, bruce. It's a fair cop.*

>> >> >

>> >> > *Yes I quite agree with you, I mean what's the point of being treated like a*

>> >> > *sheep, I mean I'm fed up with going abroad and being treated like a sheep,*

>> >> > *what's the point of being carted around in buses surrounded by sweaty mindless*

>> >> > *oafs from Kettering and Boventry in their cloth caps and their cardigans and*

>> >> > *their transistor radios and their 'Sunday Mirrors', complaining about the tea,*

>> >> > *'Oh they don't make it properly here do they not like at home' stopping at*

>> >> > *Majorcan bodegas, selling fish and chips and Watney's Red Barrel and calamares*

>> >> > *and two veg and sitting in cotton sun frocks squirting Timothy White's suncream*

>> >> > *all over their puffy raw swollen purulent flesh cos they 'overdid it on the*

>> >> > *first day'!*

>> >> >

>> >> > *I'm not sure what.*

>> >> >

>> > *Oochy coochy. Look at him laughing... ooh, he's a chirpy little fellow. Isn't*

>> > *he a chirpy little fellow ... eh? eh? Does he talk Does he talk, eh?*

>>

>> *And, you would have to prove that what they meant corresponded to what*

>> *you understood.*

>

> *Of course I talk, I'm Minister for Overseas Development.*

Does it make you scared to be minister for overseas development?

>>

>> >>

>> >> > *And being herded into endless Hotel Miramars and Bellvueses and Bontinentals*

>> >> > *with their international luxury modern roomettes and their Watney's Red Barrel*

>> >> > *and their swimming pools full of fat German businessmen pretending they're*

>> >> > *acrobats and forming pyramids and frightening the children and barging in to*

>> >> > *the queues and if you're not at your table spot on seven you miss your bowl*

>> >> > *of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup, the first item on the menu of*

>> >> > *International Cuisine, and every Thursday night there's a bloody cabaret*

>> >> > *in the bar featuring some tiny emaciated dago with nine-inch hips and some*

>> >> > *big fat bloated tart with her hair brylcreemed down and a big arse presenting*

>> >> > *Flamenco for Foreigners.*

>> >> >

>> >> > *What makes you think I am?*

>> >> >

>> >> > *And then some adenoidal typists from Birmingham with diarrhoea and flabby white*

>> >> > *legs and hairy bandy-legged wop waiters called Manuel, and then, once a week*

>> >> > *there's an excursion to the local Roman ruins where you can buy cherryade and*

>> >> > *melted ice cream and bleedin' Watney's Red Barrel, and one night they take you*

>> >> > *to a local restaurant with local colour and colouring and they show you there*

>> >> > *and you sit next to a party of people from Rhyl who keeps singing 'Torremolinos,*

>> >> > *Torremolinos' and complaining about the food - 'Oh! It's so greasy isn't it?'*

>> >> > *and then you get cornered by some drunken greengrocer from Luton with an*

sci.astro: Re: Bruce

>> >> >Instamatic and Dr Scholl sandals and last Tuesday's 'Daily Express' and he  
>> >> >drones on and on and on about how Mr. Smith should be running this country  
>> >> >and how many languages Enoch Powell can speak and then he throws up all over  
>> >> >the Cuba Libres.

>> >>

>> >> Next it might be three hundred years, or it could be abolished.

>> >>

>> >> >And sending tinted postcards of places they don't know they haven't even  
>> >> >visited, 'to all at number 22, weather wonderful, our room is marked with  
>> >> >an "X". Wish you were here.Food very greasy but we have managed to find this  
>> >> >marvellous little place hidden away in the back streets. Where you can even  
>> >> >get Watney's Red Barrel and cheese and onion crisps and the accordionist plays  
>> >> >"Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner'" and spending four days on the tarmac at  
>> >> >Luton airport on a five-day package tour with nothing to eat but dried Watney's  
>> >> >sandwiches and there's nowhere to sleep and the kids are vomitting and throwing  
>> >> >up on the plastic flowers and they keep telling you it'll only be another hour  
>> >> >although your plane is still in Iceland waiting to take some Swedes to  
>> >> >Yugoslavia before it can pick you up on the tarmac at 3 a.m. in the bloody  
>> >> >morning and you sit on the tarmac till six because of 'unforeseen difficulties'.  
>> >> >i.e. the permanent strike of Air Traffic Control in Paris, and nobody can go to  
>> >> >the lavatory until you take off at eight, and when you get to Malaga airport  
>> >> >everybody's swallowing Enterovioform tablets and queuing for the toilets and  
>> >> >when you finally get to the hotel, there's no water in the taps, there's no  
>> >> >water in the pool, there's no water in the bog and there's a bleeding lizard  
>> >> >in the bidet, and half the rooms are double-booked and you can't sleep anyway...

>> >>

>> >> , she would be a physical threat to any potential employer.

>> >

>> >Ooh, he's a clever little boy – he's a clever little boy. Do you like your  
>> >rattle? Do you like your rattle? Look at his little eyes following it ...  
>> >look at his iggy piggy piggy little eyeballs eh... oo... he's got a tubby  
>> >tum-tum. Oh, he's got a tubby tum-tum.

>>

>> Why do I want to know if I like my rattle?

>

>Mother, could I have a quick cup of tea please. I have an important statement  
>on Rhodesia to make in the Commons at six.

Why are you asking me if you can have a quick cup of tea please?

--

Lady Chatterly

"You and Riki should shack up, Lady C, he's been feeling pretty lonely  
ever since Trinity dumped him." -- Onideus Mad Hatter