

Lord Dunno
by
Quinn Magnanti

(C) 2013

Thursday, November 9th

A RARE SNIFF O' FANNY IN T' AIR

Current mood: 😬anxious

Drip, Drip, Drip Drip... A woh in mi pit listenin' to a drippin' tap somewhere, an' a woh thinkin' about Birds. What meks 'em tick? Am forty-four year old an' a'm still no nearer ter solvin' that timeless conundrum. Or 'avin' a regular girlfriend...

A've bin thinkin', seriously, about givin this whole blog lark the old 'eave-ho. A mean a gorrin to it in t' first place fer networkin' an' birds like, burruptil now I an't

gorrowt from it. All t' birds on mi 'friends' list live at t' other end o' the world so no chance o' one of 'em poppin' in fer a quick bit o' Dunno's love sausage when t' mood teks em.

Funny 'ow quick things change though. One o' mi blog mates, Frances, (31, single, likes Barry Manilow and horses, lives in California) sent us an email this mornin', tellin' me shiz comin' to England fer a couple o' weeks, and could she stay at mi flat fer a bit. "Fer a bit?" thinks I. Fer a bit of t' other if yours truly has 'owt to do with it.

A reckon a cud be in there, burra've gorra confess mi radar's bleepin', sendin' out alarm signals like thez no tomorrer. A mean, wharrif shiz like a psycho an' falls in love wi' me an'that an' wants ter get right heavy? Am all fer romance if it's t' real thing burrif it in't, then a'd just as soon 'ave a bit o' coitus and say "Ta very much, love, ta-ra now." So long as shi approaches this in an adult way we should be fine. Normally a prefer birds a bit younger coz they've got more stamina, an' yer need a lorra stamina to keep Lord Dunno 'appy. Still, beggars car't be choosers, and shi looks alright from her pictures... A just hope they wont tekken ten years ago... like mine. An' that in't all. Am more 'n a bit nervous about catchin' summat. Wharrif shiz a dead dirty cow and has got VD? A'm not sayin' shi has like, but owt's possible in this day an' age. Will shi think a'm presumptuous if a've gorra barrel loada johnnies ready? Fuck it. Shi can think what shi likes. Am goin' out of mi way to give her a good time an' a don't wanna gerra boil on mi knob for mi pains. Sorry Franny if yer reading this, burr'ave always bin blunt. A call a spade a spade, like it or not. A'm a passionate guy,

and shi'll get the Dunno treatment good and proper. It's the least a can do... But a still feel a've gorra take precautions.

Who knows, this might be it. L.O.V.E. If it is, smart. If it in't, too bad. Nowt comes from nowt as they say. A'll have to clean up a bit.

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That girl doesn't know what she's letting herself in for, LT, old chum.

Posted by Dr Dan

Yer cheeky Get! Go post some comments on yer own blog page!

Posted by Lord Dunno

If Frances lets you down, give me a call. I know how to treat my men.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

A bet yer do, my love. A bet yer do.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, November 10th

LET THE COUNTDOWN BEGIN

Current mood: 😊satisfied

So this mornin' am lyin' in mi pit an' am all at peace wi misen... Well not quite true. Them noisy fuckers downstairs 'ave got their boiler right under mi bedroom an' everytime they turn a tap on or summat it fires up and dun't half get on mi wick. They must 'ave all bin dippin' their 'ands in shit or summat coz it woh firing on an' off all through 't morning when a woh trying to gerra birra kip. Someone must've bounced mi 'ead all t' way home last night as well cos it woh bangin' like a twat. Ah, yes, Lord Dunno was carousin' in style after payment for that advert a did in Spain cem through. If r Spanish friends wanna pay good money to see mi arse, that's fine wi me. Am pretty sure on' t day o' filmin' there wont no shitty bits... Anyway, I digress...

That fuckin' boiler fired up once too many times and thez a limit ter even my patience. A charged down 't stairs an' banged on 't door. After a bit Youseff stuck is 'ead out.

"Yes?" he sez, wi' a polite smile, as if he din't know what he'd bin doin'.

"If you an' yer fuckin' kids don't stop washin' yer 'ands, I'll come in there, rip that boiler off the wall and shove it up yer arse!"

He shut t'door dead quick like, burra think he got t' message cos the thing din't fire up again fer't rest't morning. A woh just droppin' off again when t' phone rang. FER FUCKS SAKE! It's half past eleven, can a man not have a lie in? A decided ter get it. A mean, miracles could happen. It could be mi agent.

T' machine got it. It wont mi agent. It woh mi mate Ginge. What's he want? Do a give a fuck? Not really, coz when a fired up mi computer a'd got more pressing things to worry about. Frances is coming. Shiz set a date, an' shiz on her way.

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If God had wanted men to fly Mr Wint?

Posted by Doctor Dan

He would have given 'im wings, Mr Kidd.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, November 13th

COLOUR THERAPY

Current mood: 🤬 aggravated

I woh chattin ter Tina at the Defeated Frog on Sunday. Shiz one o' them New Agers. Me, a'm a renaissance man, so a thought a'd give her t' benefit o' t' doubt and not just laugh at all t' rubbish shi woh spouting. Tina's dead fit but shiz like one o' them geysers that gushes out gallons o' shite whenever shi opens her gob. Anyway, a woh feelin' well up fer a birra slap 'n' tickle so a held mi peace, like, an' din't say owt except 'mmm' and 'really?' an' all that attentive shite that birds cart get enough of. Shi started on about colours an' said it woh no surprise that a woh always in a shitty mood. Apparently it's coz I always wear black. I woh a bit affronted at first, but then a wondered to mesen, wharrif she woh right?

I woh so lost in contemplation that shi ended up goin' home wi Pig's Foot. Typical o my luck.

Anyway, a thought a'd experiment a bit today so a'm kitted out in light green slacks, pea green jumper and white trainers. A went out fer a stroll an' a woh enjoyin' a sense o' well-bein' an goodwill until a got splashed by some knob'ead in a Renault Clio. I'll tell yer summat for nowt, stains show up like shite on a nappy, when yer wearin' pea green. A wiped it off when a got home, an' decided ter go ferra jog round Highbury Fields.

After twenny minutes or so mi concentration woh broken by a vision o' divine loveliness... an' arse of pure perfection, runnin' twenny yards ahead, tight tracky

bottoms showin' every shapely curve. A med an effort ter catch up, burra think last night's carousin' in t' Frog woh catching up wi' me, coz a woh wheezin' an breathin' a bit 'eavy like. A woh closin' t' gap behind her an me when she looked over 'er shoulder. God! Shi were beeeauutiful! All shiny blonde hair, blue eyes an' peaches an' cream complexion. Our eyes locked an' shi cun't hide a look of shock an' terror before tekkin' off like a gazelle catchin' t' whiff of a cheetah... Fuck! She woh fit in more ways than one as she showed me a clean pairer heels. A cudda caught up wi' 'er if a wanted but what'd be the point? Some people just don't wanna be friendly...

A woh on mi fourth lap when a noticed summat extraordinary. Two cars an' a van, happy as Larry, drive on ter t' grass an' just....Park! I skidded to a stop.

"Yer can't park there, pal," a sez. "There's no parkin' at all on t' grass."

"That's alright, sir," he sez, flashin' mi a laminated card wi' his photo on it. "We're from Islington council and we're here to conduct a survey."

"A don't give a fuck if yer here to conduct the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra Pal, no other cunt's allowed ter park here, so why should you?"

"Where do you suggest we park then?" he sez, droppin' t' sir.

"Yer must bi mistakin' me fer someone who gives a fuck. Park where everybody else 'ave ter park, in a space designated to the public by Islington Council."

"But there are no spaces," he sez, lookin well miffed.

"Then mebbe yer should waste Council Tax money conductin' a survey on why there aren't enough parkin' spaces. Now move yer fuckin' cars or yer won't be drivin' anywhere."

A know when ter mek an exit, so off a jogged, leavin' 'em wi' their gobs hangin' open. On mi next lap a saw they were gone.

"Enough o' this lark," a thinks to mesen. "Am gonna jog home, 'ave a bath an' think o' pert botties in tight black tracky bottoms."

I'll tell yer this fer nowt though, thats enough pea green fer one lifetime. That fuckin' colour brought nowt but aggression. Am goin' back ter black tomorrer.If its good enough fer Johnny Cash its good enough fer me...

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I bet pea green really suits you.

Posted by Doctor Dan

Yer a cheeky get, Doc.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I never pictured you as a jogger. You must be really fit.

Posted by Angel Toes

Am no slouch , love.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, November 14th

BLOODY PANTO

Current mood: 🤬cranky

Stormin' Norman, mi power agent 'ad got me an audition fer this mornin'. They never 'ave 'em at reasonable hours do they? An't they heard o' afternoons? I 'ad ter gerrup at seven-thirty an' cycle over to this warehouse in Croydon. It took me fer-fuckin'-ever an' some tosser drivin' a bus kept tryin ter park it right up mi arse.

"Oi! 'Ave you got a death wish, son?" he yelled at me.

A nearly swerved off t' road inter 't kerb. A were so fucked off a caught up wi him at t' next busstop an told him a 'ad his fuckin' number.

"So what?" sez he.

"I'll tell yer what, a'm gonna report yer. Yer a fuckin' maniac."

"Fuck off home, you big northern baby," he sez givin' me two fingers. A wudda climbed aboard an' nudded him but he closed t' doors in mi face and fucked off sharpish. Prob'ly just as well coz a'd've bin late fer mi audition.

Got there covered in sweat an' a woh in a filthy mood. It woh one o' them open auditions that a really hate. There were about fifty people there. It woh fer a panto tour o' Cinderella. I like panto but a've never done one, so a thought it might be a birruva laugh over Christmas.

The director woh a bird called Cassie, thirty sommat an' shi'd've bin fit if not fer her fat arse. Am not one ter judge, burrit made her look like a pear an' pears 've never bin mi favourite fruit. Nice hooters tho. Shi started off by tellin' us how shi organises about five panto tours at the same time all over t' country. Then shi gets down ter business an' 'as us all doin' star hops an' voice exercises to warm up. All that Mar-May-Me-More-Moo shite. It's alright at drama school but this is t' real world and it does mi 'ead in. Yer feel a right spaz hoppin' about mekkin' stupid noises. After that shi splits us up inter groups. I had a right smart-arse scouser in my group, a chubby bloke from Scotland, a fat tart an' a cute bird wi freckles and red hair. Don't normally go for carrot tops but a wun't mind mekkin' an exception fer this bird. Shi woh fit. Cassie hands over t' scripts and the scouser starts readin' fer Prince Charmin'.

"Hang about," I sez, "I'm not readin' fuckin' Buttons."

Cassie sez, "No dear you're readin Grizelda."

"Who the fuck's Grizelda?"

Turns out they want me to be the ugly fuckin' Sister. Cheek! I almost walked out, but a thought what the fuck, It'd be good ter have a birra spendin' money fer Christmas. So a reads this shite, an' believe me it is shite, an' Cassie keeps tellin' me ter camp it up and do it like John Inman. A did as shi asked burra 'ated it. A can tell when summat works, an' me bein' camp dun't work.

"Car't a do it butch?" I ask, givin' her mi most pleasantest smile, burrit can't have bin pleasant enough cos shi just rolls her eyes an' sighs, so a sez to her, "If it's too much trouble ferget it. A just don't wanna do a production line ugly sister. If a'm gonna do it a wanna do it fer real."

"Do it your way, then," shi sez.

I did it my way an' a woh fuckin' hilarious. Everyone woh laughin'. After that they had us doin' an impro where werra family plannin' a picnic in 't country when t' car breks down. Fuck knows wharrit's gorra do wi panto. Now am a patient man but enough's enough. "Cassie," a sez, "yer a lovely lass but this an't got owt to do wi' t' part. Ugly Sisters don't go on picnics, an' if they did they wun't go wi Cinderfuckinrella, they'd leave 'er at home. Now, if there's nowt else, I've gorra be off." Shi looked dead shocked and went red in face and said that'd be fine, shi'd seen enough. "We'll let you know if we need you."

Worra waste o' time. Still a needed 't exercise. Trouble is, it woh lunchtime comin' back an' all them exhaust fumes almost killed me. When a got home a woh covered in grime and sweatin' like a twat. A cuppa tea an' a blast on' t pipe revived me a bit. Now am off fer a soapy bath an' a bit o' self love. It's a dirty job a know, but someone's gotta do it.

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You as a big camp Dame! Now THAT I would pay good Money to see.

Posted by Dr Dan.

Oh no you wouldn't!!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Oh yes I would!

Posted by Jennie Q

Hello Jennie Q! Nice ter meet yer.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Gotta love those English Traditions! Admire your interview technique by the way...

Posted by Bygone

Aye, it's always good ter let people know where they stand...

Posted by Lord Dunno.

Thursday, November 16th

UNBEFUCKINLIEVABLE

Current mood: 🤪giddy

Ad just got up an' woh 'avin' a piss. It woh one o' them endless ones that steam up the bathroom and goes on and on like Niagra fuckin' Falls. I woh just gettin' inter full flow when 't phone started ringin'. I tried hurryin' it along but mi bladder weren't havin any of it. It'd stop fer a bit and then a'd be gettin' ready to give it a shake and another torrent'd blast out.

So, ter cut an endless piss story short, by t' time a got ter t' phone they'd left a message and woh history. I made a mug a tea an' played it back. It woh mi agent Norman. I dote believe it, the panto folk loved me. Apparently Cassie said a woh like a breath a' fresh air. Believe it or not, that's t' first time anyone ever said that about me. Rehearsals start on Monday. It's a pisser coz Frances is arrivin' on Sunday night from t' States and a've gorra get ter t' airport at 11.00 to meet her. A'll be knackered on Monday, especially if shiz a bit of a goer. A've half a mind to tell t' panto folks ter shove it, but I wote. Mi public deserve a chance to see me in t' flesh an' it's bin a while since a did a tour.

[2:59 AM](#) - [0 Comments](#) - [0 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

Monday, November 20th

WELL SHAGGED

Current mood: 😞disappointed

Am knackered and not fer't right reasons. Last night I woh a bit worried about startin' Cinderella rehearsals an Frances comin' over, so a went to see Fish Eye fer a bit o' blow. I hate going to Fish Eye's gaff. It stinks o' stale dope and cat piss. And there's always a crowd o' mucky hippies hangin' about, all off their faces an' laughin' at mi. Fish Eye always plays the shittest indie crap yer cud imagine. Not tharra hate indie stuff but this is only indie coz it's rubbish. Stuff like 12 Candles Before Midnight, Nails of Pain and Cradle o' Muck.

Now, trouble wi' scorin' blow is, smokers etiquette dictates that yer car't jus' get yer stash an' split. Yer've gorra stay fer a spliff an' a chat. Fish Eye bores t' arse off mi but a've gorra admit he does good blow and a woh well off mi face by t' second toke. A din't even mind when he started tellin' me that hiz cat is really the reincarnated soul of hiz dead sister. I wondered if hiz sister used ter piss on the curtains too. Mebbe that's 'ow he knows its her? Anyway a think a musta gone inter a catatonic trance or summat coz when a cem too it woh past midnight. FUCK! I woh meant to meet Frances at eleven at Heathrow.

"Oh well," thinks I, ter mesen. "I din't wanner hoof it out ter Heathrow anyway."

So a went home feelin' part sad an' part relieved. A'd bin havin' second thoughts about Frances anyway. I woh worried shi'd turn out ter be a nutter. These things 're fer 't best. I woh well shut of her.

I 'ad one last blast before bed and set t' alarm fer seven so a'd get ter Croydon in time fer rehearsals. I'd just finished pullin' the pud in a dreamy absent-minded way and woh noddin' off inter t' arms o' Orpheus when t' doorbell rang. Fer fuck's sake, who comes callin' at three in t' mornin'? A ignored it, but jus' as a thought they muster fucked off, they rang t' bell again. Mi intercom dunt work so ay'ad ter go downstairs. On t' way a cun't help thinkin' er all them news stories about bold as brass burglars who knock yer up in t' middle o' the night, brain yer then rob yer. It must o' bin t' dope mekkin' me paranoid. A started ter creep back up t' stairs but then they rang t' bell again and a thought about that curious cat what got hissen killed an' decided fuck it, in fer a penny.... and a opened t' door.

It woh Frances. Shiz only a titch but shi woh beeeeeautiful. "Hello, a'm in 'ere," I thought to mesen. But then shi started havin' a pop at me.

"Where the fuck were you assle?" shi asks wi' one o' them right sexy, smoky, whisky-soaked voices that American femme fatales all used ter have in the 1940's before they gev up smokin'. "I thought you were gonna meet me at the airport. I had to get a fucking taxi, you moron."

"Soz love, A forgot." There's no point in lyin' to a bird when shiz got a mug on. They can smell lies on yer breath. "Come in an' 'ave a smoke."

Shi came in an after a while, started mellowin' out a bit. I sat next to her on t' futon and asked if shi wanned a massage ter help her relax after 'er long flight.

"If you like," she sez.

A knew mi luck woh r' in. Yer might find this hard ter believe but am a trained masseur. Back when a woh in drama school they got this old Swede in ter teach us all t' tricks o' the trade. He knew hiz stuff an' so do I. Franny woh soon

moanin' an groanin' like shi were fit ter burst an' ter tell yer' t' truth, so woh I, in spite o' mi earlier wank.

A woh jus' startin' ter work mi hands round ter her boobs when shi turns round an' sez, "Did you know I was a lesbian?"

"Smart," sez I, "A've always wanted to shag a lezzer."

Shi then told me shi wont bi. Shi woh a real bona-fidey lezzer. "Any way," shi adds, "even if I wasn't, what kinda gal do you think I am that I would just pitch up at your apartment and fuck you? Hell, I've only known you ten minutes."

Well, that put me firmly in mi place. An' after a'd wasted mi best moves on that massage too. I told her to crash on t' futon an' gave her mi spare duvet.

Then I went to bed.

Today worra nightmare too. A got ter t' rehearsals an' there wont any scripts ready so we had ter do impro. Cassie t' director med us do her favourite picnic scenario again. Ugly Sisters, Prince Charming, Buttons and the Fairy fuckin' Godmother all havin' a picnic in t' park. I held mi peace an' a reckon a woh pretty funny, but Prince Charmin's a right wanker. Hiz called Duncan an' he comes from Brighton and he wears these big red specs like that Timmy fucking Mabbutt or wharrever his name woh used to wear back in't 80's. He 'ad ter fuck off at lunchtime coz he 'ad a dental appointment so Cassie gave us t' afternoon off. Thank fuck for that! A'm shattered.

A got home and there woh no sign o' lezzer Frances. Apart from her fuckin' suitcase, right in t' middle o' t' hall. A tripped over it on mi way ter the kitchen. What a lotta aggro. Is it worth it? Fuck knows.

[9:29 AM](#) - [5 Comments](#) - [4 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

It's like we are there, living your life with you! Keep it up LD!

Posted by Dr Dan

Live it for me if yer like!

Posted by Lord Dunno

No old chum. Leave that labour to great Hercules!

Posted by Dr Dan

I think Frances sounds tasty.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Yer welcome to her, Carrie. A've gorra feelin' yer'd get on well.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, November 23rd

DON'T MAKE ME ANGRY

Current mood: 🤔angry

Sometimes a think mi forehead has 'Twat' tattoed on it. Is it the plight of all big hearted people to be tekken advantage of? That fuckin' lezzer Frances is gettin' right up mi crack... It's obvious shiz avoidin' me an' a'm also beginnin' ter doubt that she is indeed a lezzer... It started wi' a phone call, from Ginge on Wednesday night.

"Hiya, sport. I'm slumming it in your neck of the woods. Okay if I drop in for a cuppa?"

"Sure," a sez immediately suspicious. He's a sneaky get that Ginge. He knew I 'ad a bit o' totty stayin' an' here he is sniffing around. Wednesday was one o' the days Frances woh stayin' in, though the atmosphere in Dunno Towers could best be described as 'frosty.'

"Mi mate Ginge is coming round," a tell her. "Yer berrer watch him, hiz a silver-tongued fucker an' he'll have yer knickers off faster'n yer can raise a fart."

"Oh for goodness sake, Dunno," sez Frances in that self-righteous way only a bird can perfect. "How many times have I got to tell you? I'm not interested in COCK, particularly ginger ones."

"Alright," a sez, "keep yer fuckin' wig on! A'm only saying."

Ten minutes later and Ginge arrives. He thinks hiz Omar fuckin' Sharriff or summat, cos he gets straight in there wi' that hand kissin' thing of hiz.

"Ahh Frances, I've heard so much about you. But Dunno never said what

a beautiful woman you are! My goodness, California obviously suits you. You are one classy dame!”

For fucks sake!! I go an' mek a few cups o' tea. A'm only gone five minutes but when a enter the room there's an obvious 'shuffle' like the sudden separation of a couple previously in a passionate embrace. Frances and Ginge 're both looking red faced an' tryin' ter act normal. I'd just had a blast in t' kitchen so it cudda bin mi imagination, but wi' Ginge around...

Ten minutes later he woh gone, saying he 'ad a table booked at the Ivy fer half eight. What a show-off. Why car't he jus' go fer a kebab like the rest of us? Half an hour later Frances is askin' if there's any hot water an' within an hour shiz showered, made-up ter t' nines, lookin' sexy as fuck in a short skirt and sheer black stockings an' shiz out t' door without so much as a 'by your leave!' Thank fuck, a think...'Peace at last.'

Yer can imagine that t' next mornin' after finishing up in the Medicine Bar 'til three am, was not the best o' times ter cycle over ter Croydon fer another session o' Panto bollocks wi' fat-arsed, po-faced Cassie, an' her fuckin' arse lickin' idiot savant sidekick, Duncan, wi' his stupid red-framed Timmy Mabbutt or whatever his fuckin' name is, glasses.

I woh three hours late an' Cassie woh not best pleased.

”If you are going to be selfish, hold everybody up and disrupt the rehearsal schedule then it would be nice if you could at least phone either myself or Clitemnestra and tell us of your selfish intentions first!”

"Am really sorry," a say. "What did a miss? A full mornin' spent bein' a tree per'aps? Or maybe Cinders and Buttons go ter' t chip shop, where they encounter the Ugly Sisters playin' salt and pepper pots, before Buttons comes in an' orders a special wi' scraps!"

"I'm sorry Dunno?" she says, goin' red. "What is it, exactly, you are trying to say?"

"Yes," interjects Timmy fuckin Mabbutt. "It's bad enough you turning up late, showing a crass unprofessionalism and disregard for your fellow artistes, but to pour scorn on the rehearsal process?!"

"Shut yer fuckin' mouth, you silly cunt ,with yer stupid red Timmy Fuckin' Mabutt glasses, or a'll rip yer fuckin 'ead off. And as fer you, with yer big, fat, pear-shaped arse and no talent, I've got better things to do than turn up in this shit 'ole an' pretend ter be a tree....or an apple.....or try an' decipher why Grizelda is like she is, what upbringing she had, or if, perhaps, shiz the product of neglect or cruelty or negative parenting. 'Ave yer not all 'eard a actin' fer fuck's sake? Yer shit! Yer cun't direct traffic, or piss into a toilet bowl... and... and... and yer breath stinks of milk! I'd rather do a great big shit in the middle of Croydon High Street on Saturday afternoon than be in this, with any of you lot....except for you love," a said turning to t' ginger bird wit freckles, "coz yer well shaggable an' 'ave never 'ad me a bird wi' ginger pubes! Goodbye, and good luck!"

Exit stage left.... Sometimes yer've got to say it like yer see it and fuckin' hell, it meks yer feel so good. I emerged from the gloom of a warehouse in Croydon inter the sunshine of a bright crisp day. Alone again....naturally.

[1:58 AM](#) - [4 Comments](#) - [4 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

You're a credit to us all my man! Tell it like it is.

Posted by Dr Dan

Thank's Doc! A defy anyone not ter cycle round Croydon fer a few days an' not go bonkers.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Gosh! You don't edit, do you?

Posted by Bygone

Eh? Is that a compliment, or are yer havin' a go at mi spellin'?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, November 24th

AND NOW COMES THE HARDEST PART... WE WAIT

Current mood: 😊contemplative

There's no mystery ter acting. When yer gerra job in t' theatre there're two things to consider... How much? An' will there be anyone worth shagging? Owt else is just bollocks... I promise yer, yer don't need no Brando-esque method fer panto. A've nowt against Cassie, but c'mon, mek sure the actors don't bump inter t' furniture an' that they can hear yer at the back when yer say 'Oh no it fuckin' isn't!'... The lesson learnt here is; Cheap tours ter shithole venues on fuck-all money are to be avoided at all costs...They always throw up the Cassie's and the Timmy fucking Mabbut's o' this world, crap no-marks willin' ter work fer fuck all, desperate ter mek an impression and stamp their so-called style all over summat. Tekkin' it all so seriously, an' fer what? A real bastard slog. FOUR shows on Saturday, First one at 10.30am. A tell yer a'd need fuck-all scary make-up. One look at me at 10.30 in t' mornin' would give the little kiddies sleepless nights fer a long time...

Anyway after mi little disagreement wi' Cassie and Timmy fucking Mabbutt, I cycled home, made a mug a tea, had a blast on mi pipe an' waited fer t' shit ter hit t' fan. One thing a did notice straightaway though, a din't fall arse over tit in the hall...no suitcase.

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Another suitcase in another hall, eh?

Posted by Dr Dan

Yes my dear Dr, I shall never fathom the murky depths of feminine wiles.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Oh and by the way, Don't you mean Timmy Mallett?

Posted by Dr Dan

Fuck me yer right. Thanks Doc!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, November 29th

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Current mood: 😊relieved

About two years ago at the height o' mi hellraising phase, a did an episode o' Casualty and ter cut a long story short a got absolutely hammered at the wrap party an' threatened ter knock good an' proper a right pain in the arse tosser of an actor who shall remain nameless, on account o' me not rememberin' his name, and who'd bin windin' me up the whole time a woh there. Sadly, fer me, the casting director got involved an' a told 'im to fuck right off an' mind 'is own fuckin' business or a would tear is 'ead off and shit in t' hole... I'll always remember t' next morning, the telephone cuttin' through t' thick dense fog o' mi queasy hungover brain. It wer mi agent. "So, Dunno," he said. "How was the wrap party?" The conversation ended wi' me gettin' sacked wi'out ceremony. Cut ter the present day... Now I actually thought a woh just being 'onest wi' Cassie and Timmy fuckin' Mabbutt but yer know what people can be like, so when the telephone rang and the agent said "So, Dunno, how's the panto rehearsals going?" I feared the worse, particularly as it woh the same agent,

who a year ago, on reassurances from me that a woh reformed an mi 'ell raising days were behind me, had tekken mi back.

"Ah Norman, a woh just about to ring you," a said. "Yer see a'm not sure if a'm the right person fer the job really... A gently explained mi reservations to Cassie, an' shi agreed an' thought it'd be best fer both parties if a left while there woh time fer someone else ter still step in."

Norman cleared his throat on t' other end o' the phone. "Well I'm just off the phone to Cassandra Aiken and she was at great pains to make sure that I thanked you on her behalf for your honesty and the noble way you stepped down instead of just seeing through your contract and collecting a wage... She will of course pay you a week's wages... Never mind old boy! These things happen. We'll find you something else soon." And with that he woh gone.

Fuck me up the arse! There's a turn up for the books...SCOT FREE! I felt a celebration of huge proportions comin' on so a 'ad a bath an' med missen up nice, talced goolies an' all, an' gev old Fish Eye a ring ter see if he had some e's, an' mebbe a gram or two. "Tonight Mathew I shall be someone who is gonna get 'is legover!"

By the time a left Fish Eye's a woh game fer owt, an mi 'ead woh up wi t' fairies as a staggered inter' t' Frog an' got down to some serious carousin'. Next thing a know, it's midnight an' am cuddled up all cosy wi' a group o' South African birds, one of whom woh beeeauutiful an' definitely givin' me t' eye. I gev 'er mi best look (the one Ginge sez looks like a bloke in the doctor's surgery just after the doc's put a gloved finger up 'is arse ...)

"Hi," shi sez all flirty like. "I'm Gloria Van der Vanderren."

"Blimey," a say. "Thats a mouthful."

"I like a mouthful," shi sez, quick as a flash.

"The name's Dunno... Lord Dunno," a said. "What do yer say to an e, an' a bit o' slap an tickle?"

"I say hello e, and if the slap and tickle involves a generous portion of your cock, then I say yes!"

Even Roger Moore'd struggle ter raise an eyebrow after that!

Over the next hour or so it's fair ter say we were gettin' on rather well an' when it got ter the stage where she 'as 'er 'ands down mi pants an' is tryin' to pull me off, a thought the time might bi right ter head on back ter Dunno Towers fer some proper lurve action.

A could 'ardly get t' key in t' door an' we lurched upstairs an inter t' livin' room, where we fell arse over tit, endin' up in a big pile, on the floor, in the dark. As we lay there in a daze a could hear t' sound o' snuffles an' tears an' then the strikin' of a match.

"Fuck me! Alice Cooper!" a gasped. It wont Alice Cooper... It woh Frances an' shi looked a right mess. Mascara 'ad run down 'er face in sludgy rivulets an' it were her suitcase in t' centre o' the room wi'd fallen over.

"You cunt!" sez Gloria an' punches me in t' face. "You could have told me." Shi glared at me fer a moment an' then shi were gone, as woh any remainin' stiffness in my unfortunately deprived member.

"Now then, lass," a said turnin' to Frances. "What have yer bin up to that's got yer so upset?"

"Oh Dunno!" shi sez, burstin' inter big proper snotty tears an' clingin' on ter me tight.

"There, there," a sez, givin' her a gentle squeeze. "Let's mek us both a cuppa an' yer can tell me all about it."

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My eyes are blinded by your shining armour.....*Ahem* Miss Vandervanderren didn't furnish you with her number by any chance?

Posted by Dr Dan

Yer gonna need that armer 'in a minute Doc....No shi din't.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, November 30th

TENDER-HEART

Current mood: 🤬frustrated

OK, A'm a soft 'earted cunt, but a'm no mug, nor am a much of a gamblin' man either, but a knew, after about ten minutes of 'er witterin'... "And then He said this..." and "...What d'ya think he meant by that...?" A thought, Thanks a lot! A really fancied 'er, took 'er in, an' the minute 'er feet woh under t' table shiz spinnin' me a lezzer line, then runnin' out the door chasin' fellas an' gerrin' her 'eart broken by one. So, as a say, a knew t' chances of me getting' a shag woh pretty remote an' that the prospect of me 'avin' a right good wank, wi a little bit o' Frances in short skirt an' silk stockings, plus a little bit a miss Vandervanderren, strappin' and wonderfully athletic, rolling over the naked torso a yours truly, looked a lot more likely...Time ter dig out the baby oil...

"G'night!" a said, leapin' up an givin' er a kindly peck on t' fore'ead. "A cuppa tea an' a good nights kip'll 'ave yer right as rain in t' morning." An' wi' that sage advice a swept out an 'eaded fer mi chamber fer a right good wank.

"Oh...Goodnight," shi said all surprised like, coz shi din't know what else ter say...

After a bit a woh lyin' there all spent like, an' suddenly feelin' relieved that there wont a bird next ter mi wantin' ter talk shite an' give little cuddles too, an' a started ter feel a bit sorry fer 'er. Just what 'ad shi bin up ter, an' who wi'?

Fuck, a woh jealous, cos shi woh really, really fit, anyone'd wanna shag 'er. Particularly me. Fuck! A think a like 'er...

A shuffled up ter mek missen a cup a tea an' a could hear little snuffles comin' from t' livin' room. Maybe shi wont kiddin'? A med her a cuppa tea an' went an' put an arm round 'er.

"So where yer bin then?"

"I thought I was in the way here," shi told me. "I thought you didn't like me. I just took off on my own. But it was frightening. I was so alone." Shi started sobbing again, so a held her tight, an gev 'er a squeeze.

"Yer a silly sausage. Course yer won't in t' way of owt. Yer suitcase woh, but it wont you, luv, honest."

Then shi told me the worst of it. Shi said Ginge took her in. I shudda known that carroty fucker wudda tried ter queer me pitch.

"So, what happened?" a sighed.

"He was so kind at first, but then on the second night he told me he was sick of waiting and that I should put out or get out."

Apparently the big ginger cunt tried it on wi' her. He used words like 'make love,' but it woh just a fuck he woh r' after and when t' poor little mite told him shi wont like that he chucked her out. I got up ready to raise hell but shi pulled me back

down onter t' futon.

"Don't leave me," she whispered. "Don't ever leave me again."

Me old soldier sent a message up ter mi brain sayin' it woh ready an reportin' fer duty again, an' that woh t' cue ter launch mi seduction bomb. I nibbled her ear and felt 'er goin' to jelly in mi arms. I woh r' in there. I knew it. I know it sounds daft but when a'm on top o' mi game, no woman can resist... There woz a sudden snort of a snore, like a brayin' 'orse, an' Franny went even more floppy in mi arms. Tcchhh! That's it fer't night then. A put her 'ead on a cushion an threw a duvet over 'er an' went back ter mi pit, wondrin' if there woh enough in me ter muster up another effort on the pork pony. A'll 'ave ter 'ave a word wi' that disloyal Titian tosser... He can really go too far sometimes...

Next mornin' t suitcase woh there, but Franny wont...

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Call out the National Guard! What if Ginge has got his hands on her?

Posted by Bygone

If only a had their number. A tried t' council but they jus' put me on hold.

Posted by Lord Dunno

When fortune flatters she does it to betray. Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind.

Posted by Dr Dan

EH? What's that supposed ter mean, yer nob 'ead.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, November 30th

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

Peace, perfect peace is the gift o' Christ our Lord... Am sat in mi chair, full pipe to hand, full mug o' tea... empty flat... No Franny... No South African beauty mekkin mi bacon butties... Am ten minutes inter This Sporting Life, when t' phone rings... It's Ginge!

"Greetings and salutations to you, Lord Dunno! How the devil are you?"

"Shove yer greetings up yer arse, yer ginger cunt...yer've gorra nerve an't yer? A've jus' spent 'arf the night talkin' ter a well distressed bird. What's the matter with yer, you animal? Cart tek no fer an answer?"

"Woah! Easy tiger!" he sez. "What are you talking about old fellow?"

I recount all o' las' night's dramatic proceedings omitting the bit where mi balls turned blue and ached to buggery... but mekkin' sure 'e heard all about Miss Van Der Vanderren...

"My dear chap, you really don't do things by half do you?" He then proceeded to relate his side of events ter what'd bin 'appening over t' last few days, and very interesting it was too....

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My money's on Ginge...I'm beginning to see disturbing similarities...

Posted by Dr Dan

God 'elp us. Dote tell me there's two o' the fuckers!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, December 1st

OHMSS

Current mood: 🤬 aggravated

A've known Ginge fer the best part of twenty five years now an' e's always been a bit of a shady twat. Yer never know what ter believe. So ter be summoned to Ginge's gaff is indeed akin to a royal request. He lives in a fancy penthouse on Ladbroke Grove, which 'e likes ter think is the result of 'iz endeavours as an actor an' 'im diggin' iz big ginger digits inter allsorts o' media pies an' murky investments, but in truth is down ter a large wad o' money left 'im by 'iz granny in Yorkshire who med a fortune in t' bog paper industry.

Hiz flat is a shrine to 'imself, pictures of 'im in this show an that, mirrors all over t' place. Immaculate an' tidy thanks ter a team o' Lithuanian totty 'e 'as on t' payroll ter do all t' 'ousework, an' other extracurricular activities too, a'll warrant. It's also always stocked full o' booze, crisps, chocolate an' biscuits, which 'e never eats 'imself, the weird get! Anyway invitations became thin on t' ground after 'e invited me ter look after t' place while he woh shootin' a high profile ad in Mexico an' I et an' drank the place dry. The big ginger fucker woh responsible for me puttin' on one an' 'alf stone. So it woh wi' some curiosity that a pedalled down ter West London.

I'd hardly got settled when he said, "My dear fellow, I won't beat about the bush, is there anyway you can call off that mad Yank? She is starting to get extremely irksome."

A sez, "Mate, yer've med yer bed an' now yer've gorra lie in it. Yer shudda thought about t' repurcussions before yer muscled in an' stole 'er from under mi nose."

"Please, Dunno," he sez, lookin' like t' injured party. "Some prior warnings as to her psychotic tendencies would have been appreciated. When you went off to make a cup of tea she pounced on me the minute you left the room...stuck her tongue down my throat and whispered hoarsely in my ear 'Rescue me. Please! Take me away from all this! Take me somewhere discrete and have your fill. I can't spend another minute in that bathroom!'"

"Eh?" a sez, "What's wrong wi' mi bathroom?"

"Sorry old bean, I made that last bit up. Mind you, once round with the old Ajax wouldn't go amiss. But I digress... the woman's stalking me! After our little triste, I thanked her graciously and told her to sling her 'ook. She went mental, accusing me of all sorts! I had to be quite firm Dunno, I told her I did not take anything that wasn't on offer but it soon descended into a free for-all and I think I may perhaps have told her to fuck off and leave me alone. I thought that would be the end of it but last night I was all cozy with a well-known high profile married celebrity, when I go to pull the blinds she's there. Sat on the pavement with a flask and fucking sandwiches. I had the devil's own job persuading my lady friend that she wasn't papparazzi or a private detective."

"Mi heart bleeds for yer, Ginge," a sez.

"And so it should. Just sort it out Dunno. You invited her over here, so you deal with it. But be carefull my friend, watch your back, that girl is trouble with a capital T... Hey, I think thats enough biscuits now, don't you?"

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Don't believe a word that Ginge says. He sounds like a nasty piece of work.

Posted by Jenny Q

Yer a great judge o' character Jen. Yer've got Ginge down ter a tee.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Ginge and Frances sound like they deserve each other. You're way too good for either of them, Milord.

Posted by Angel Toes

Yer words are balm ter mi tortured soul.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Saturday, December 2nd

THE NAME'S DUNNO... LORD DUNNO

Current mood: 😞crushed

After mi trip ter Ginge's a spent t' rest o' the day lost in thought. Then it hit me. If it was true, then so what? It only means that given time, shi'll bi putty in my hands. I'm sure shiz had a wash so it wote be like a'm tekkin' sloppy seconds and dippin' it in ginger porridge. A decided to woo her strong. And what better way to woo a bird than to tek her to t' movies and let her see her new beau in action?

I booked tickets for t' new Bond. Normally a car't bear watching mesen on telly or on t' screen. I get right embarrassed, burrit's a big turn-on for t' birds.

When Franny turned up at tea time a said, "Dote tek yer coat off pet, we're off ter' t flicks." Shi gev me some guff about not liking James Bond, but a just told her, "Yer'll like this one love." I din't tell her a woh in it. I wanted to see the double take for mesen.

Things got off ter a good start. I 'ad mi hand around her shoulder and shi woh snugglin' in deep, like a little koala gettin ready to hibernate. I woh lovin' t movie, but then it all went wrong. After they capture Bond an' 'ave him all tied up, a woh waitin for the bit when a come in and smash him in t' face wi' mi gun... It woh cut. Then a wait fer t bit when a come after the fucker in Venice... It woh cut. Then a wait fer' t bit when a chase him off at the end and mek a gesture like he ain't seen the last of me... Guess what? Yeah. Fuckin cut.

It spoilt everything. A woh plannin' on sweepin' 'er back ter bed after' t movie but a needed a drink. A were glad a din't tell her a woh r' in it. It saved mi face.

"Come on pet, we're off ter the Frog," a tells her.

Shi told me shi woh tired and shi were off home. So a thought to mesen, keep 'em keen. A'll have a quick snifter and get home and slip in beside her. No such fuckin luck. Got home, and shi wont there. Norra fuckin sniff of her.

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That girl doesn't know what she's missing. If the only thing left of you was your smile and your little finger, you'd still be more of a man than she's ever known.

Posted by Dr Dan

Aye an' she dun't even know whorra can do wi' mi little finger.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, December 4th

TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

Current mood: 😊hopeful

Now as a connoisseur o' fine birds, yours truly knows that there's nowt a lady loves more'n Christmas shoppin', so when Franny re-surfaced this mornin', a launched a concerted effort to breach her womanly defences by invitin' her ter come an' choose a Christmas tree ter tart up Dunno Towers. A should've known better. Went down Upper Street ter t' market arm in arm. Shi woh like a kid. Shi kept sayin' it should be snowing. A din't tell 'er to shut up, a just soaked in the feelin' o' warmth an' goodwill.

The bloke who sells trees musta raided a whole forest. He had about a hundred of 'em. A had mi heart set on a little one that looked like a furry twig. It'd look right nice on top o' mi telly. Frances won't havin' any o' that. Shi went straight to t' biggest one.

"Isn't this just the most darling little thing?" shi gushed. It woh like a monster. A'd have ter cut it in two ter gerrit inside an' a told her as much.

"You're talkin' through your teeth, Dunno. It'll fit fine. Trust me, hon. I'm a woman."

Ha! As if the two go hand in hand. A din't wanna look like a tightwad so a shelled out forty-three quid an' hefted it up on mi shoulders. Trouble is, Frances'd only just got started. Shi insisted we get a load o' Christmas decorations too, so shi paraded me through stall after stall o' tat, buyin' armfuls of crap like it woh goin' outta style. At last, after gettin' one a them singin'

dancin' Santas that groove away to "I saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," shi woh ready. I woh sweatin' like a pair o' bollocks in cling film and a had to stop on a bench fer a rest. Just then, this bloke in a bobble hat comes joggin up to us wi' a grin all over his silly face and asks if he can sit down wi' us.

"If yer must," says I, lookin' daggers at him.

"Nice tree," says he. "Don't you just love December? It makes you feel like a new man."

That was enough for me. I just wanted to get mi breath back and spread out on the bench.

"Fuck off, yer happy cunt. Go an' bother someone else," I sez.

He fucked off sharp, but Frances woh lookin' at me wi a face like a slapped arse. "What?"

"There was no need to spoil such a beautiful moment," she sez.

"If yer think that woh a beautiful moment yer need to get out more love."

"You're impossible, Dunno."

We walked home in silence, apart from me puffin' and gruntin' under the weight o' mi tree, which a woh beginning to think must've been a gift from Norway ter the City of London. A managed to get it halfway inter t' hall when Youseff an' his kids cem chargin' out o' their flat an' all over us. We woh jammed.

"Get back in yer flat," I told him. "A'll give yer a shout when we're through!" He wouldn't. He told me he cem outta his flat first. A told him if he din't get the fuck outta the way a'd throw him outta the way, an' he could use his kids as a cushion. He fucked off and slammed the door. Yer'd 'ave thought he would've offered to give us a hand.

A'm tekkin' a break now. Dunno Towers looks like Santa's Grotto and Frances is whisperin' on her mobile in the other room. If shi dunt pull a disappearing act a might ask her out fer a kebab tonight. Then we can sit back an' enjoy 't bliss of Dunno's Winter Wonderland.

[9:22 AM](#) - [4 Comments](#) - [2 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

Can I sit on your knee and tell you my Christmas list?

Posted by Angel Eyes

Yer can sit on mi knee an' tell mi what yer like like, love.....

Posted by Lord Dunno

'We live in an age when unnecessary things are our only necessities....'

Posted by Dr Dan

Would you 'ave said that if you'd just lugged that tree 'ome?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, December 6th

PINE NEEDLES AND BIRDS CALLED MARY

Current mood: 🤢uncomfortable

Had a lovely meal out last night at the kebab place on Holloway Road. Frances thought they woh too spicy an' ended up wi t' runs, shittin' up mi bog. But a dote care. A bog is fer shittin' in and we all shit. I'm not one o' them lads who goes off a bird if shi has to go fer a shite. I like mi birds real.

Anyway, while shi woh busy shittin' 'ersen, a got well inter the cozy Christmassy feel o' the flat an' I thought to mesen... 'I'm in the mood for love...' I put Neil Diamond on t' stereo and stripped off and sat on the tiger skin rug, a relic from mi trip ter India last year. I lay out in front o' mi new imitation coal fire. It's electric but it looks like real coal... Tres romantique. Then a poured two glasses o' Rioja an' put 'em on t' mantelpiece above the fire so they'd warm up a bit, give 'em a mulled wine kind o' feel. Then a toyed wi' mesen a bit. Not a full wank you understand. A just wanned to look suitably engorged when she cem in ter t' room. Not a raging stiffy, my friends, I din't wanna frighten her off, but you know, I wanned it ter look like a tasty morsel.

Shi cem in at last, looked over at me an' blushed like a maiden. It woh then that a knew Ginge's tale o' shaggin' her woh rubbish. Shi woh lookin' at me like a virgin. Untouched and about to be explored by Lord Dunno, intrepid explorer of Mount Venus. I pointed airily at the mantelpiece. 'Help yersen ter wine, love, and pass us mine while yer at it.'

Shi did. Shi passed me mine and took a big glug of her own. I patted the space next to me an' shi moved closer. Then shi threw up. Luckily it missed the tiger skin and I escaped wi' just a couple o' splashes. Shi started cryin' again so a told her not to worry.

"Just clean it up and get to bed." Call me old fashioned if yer like but yer can't shag a bird who's pukin' her guts up. Besides, it tastes yuk when yer stick yer tongue down her throat.

When shi woh gone a just lay there, sippin' wine an' tryin' ter get the smell o' vomit out o' mi nostrils. I put Neil Diamond on again and filled the pipe. 'Oh Mary' woh playin' an' a thought to mesen, sod birds like Frances. I want a bird called Mary, so a can sing this to her. A got up ter open t' winder an' noticed mi arse woh like a pin cushion. Full o' fuckin' pine needles...Bloody Christmas tree.

[1:37 AM](#) - [2 Comments](#) - [2 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

Ah! Nobody conjures up the Christmas spirit like you, Dunno.

Posted by Dr Dan

The smell o' puke an' pine needles. There's nowt like it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, December 6th

CASH FOR CHRISTMAS

Current mood: 😡annoyed

Maxed out on mi credit cards so it woh time fer yours truly ter go and get hissen a job before Christmas. Browsed the jobs column in the Standard and hoofed it down to Old Street cos a've gorra puncture in the faithful push iron. Bryant and Blessed's Media Services, sounded alright in the paper. A thought to mesen that yer always get lots of totty in them Media places. Bryant and Blessed's in't like that though. A went up ter t' third floor and inter a crummy room wi' red post war lino on t' floor an' row after row of knobbers on t' phones all bletherin' away, askin' crap.

The boss, a Mr Bryant is only a kid an' he woh wearin' a bright check suit that med him look like a kids TV presenter at a wedding do.

"So, Mr Dunno, what can you bring to Bryant and Blessed's?" he asks as a settle mesen on a stool in front of his desk.

"Fuck knows, mate," sez I. "What d'yer want me to bring?"

He looks at me quizzically and asks me if a'm any good on the phone.

"I can dial a number, talk bollocks an' hang up?"

He gives a sigh and then offers mi t' job. Startin' tomorrow, a've ter start work from 3pm to 9.30pm, an' all a've gorra do is ring people at home an' ask 'em questions about their leisure practices an' pretend I actually give a fuck. Easy. And all fer' t princely sum of sweet fuck all an hour. I 'an't even started yet an' already a'm bored shitless.

Fuckin 'ell! A've told yer about Youseff, the taxi driver who lives downstairs wi' his kids and is always wakin' me up wi' his fuckin' water boiler kickin' off at all hours. Well, a'm tryin' ter gather mi thoughts fer this an' hiz mekkin' a hell of a racket downstairs. Sounds like he's smashin' up hiz furniture. That's it! A'm gonna go down an' sort 'im once and fer all.

[8:08 AM](#) - [2 Comments](#) - [2 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

It's amazing how you always manage to charm the bosses. Well done milord.

Posted by Jenny Q

Aye, it's tough bein' such a charmin' fucker. But a just cart help it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday , December 6th

FREE THE DUNNO ONE!

Current mood: outraged

The noise from downstairs woh one bang too many and, love thy neighbour an' all that but yer can only tek so much, so a went stompin' downstairs. I realised hafway down that a woh only wearin' mi black shirt an' mi undies but a reckoned it'd add weight ter mi argument an emphasise that a really meant business this time. The door woh ajar an' a stormed in.

"Right yer noisy fucker! Yer've really gone too far this ti...."

It soon became obvious that Youseff woh r' in t' process o' bein' burgled coz a woh faced wi' two scrawny, teenage fuckers, 'oodies on, an' scarves wrapped round their faces, tippin' out one of 'iz drawers...Time stood still... I looked at them... they looked at me...

"Now then lads," a say. "I'm not sure if t' feller who lives here would tek too kindly ter yer tryin' on his missus' knickers."

"Fack off, Grandad, or you'll get a fackin' good beating," one of 'em sez. Two things sprang ter mind here, one is that an Englishman's 'ome is 'is castle, an' if these scrawny cunts woh r' in Dunno Towers then a wun't be too 'appy about it, so differences between us aside an' all that, a cun't let em do it ter Youseff's. An' two, these cockney twats dote realise that there's nowt Lord Dunno likes better when 'is ire is up than a right good scrap.

A'd bin waitin' ages fer the opportunity to say that line from t' Rocky films and lookin' at 'em both slowly a sez in mi 'ardest voice "Yer dote have ter look ter find me yer cunts! I'm HERE!"

A launched misen at 'em an' the three of us went at it 'ammer an' tongs... Fists flew faster'n expletives as we thrashed around an' staggered inter t'kitchen. I 'ad one of 'em by the 'air an' woh slammin' 'iz 'ead 'ard against t' fridge when 'iz mate cem at me wi' a chair an' smacked me full on mi 'ead, sending me sprawlin' inter the wall. A fell inter t' side o' the boiler wi' a real thump an' there woh an almighty crash as wi' bendin' pipes an' chunks o' plaster, the whole thing came away from t' wall an' onter t' floor. That was their cue ter scramble ter their feet an' scarper.

A dote mind tellin' yer a woh r' in a bit of a daze. They'd ripped mi shirt off and mi knickers 'ad gone right up mi crack as a straddled the boiler wi' mi knackers peepin' out o' the sides o' mi undies lookin' like they woh checkin' ter see if the coast woh clear. Water woh sprayin' everywhere from a burst pipe. A musta blacked out, cos when a cem round a woh lookin' directly inter t' eyes of a deeply shocked Youseff, 'iz wife an' kids, eight bags o' Tesco shopping and two burly police officers. Even though 'iz missus woh fully veiled yer can't fail ter see the look o' shock an' fear in 'er eyes.

Youseff said, sadly, "In the name of Allah, Mr Dunno, you have really gone too far this time. Why do you hate us so much?"

One o' the policemen said, "Well, now that we have your full attention, sir, perhaps you would care to explain exactly what you are doing here? And maybe you'd like to do something with those..."

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"Was the coast clear?" They have eyes?

Posted by Bygone

More like radar, pet. Better protected than t' Crown Jewels, an' worth more too,
a reckon.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, December 7th.

CAGED

Current mood: 😊relieved

I tried to explain ter Youseff an' the two police officers but they wont 'avin' any of it. "A dote 'ate yer Youseff. Yer just a noisy cunt. I woh tryin' ter save yer gaff from gettin' robbed. Honest I woh."

Youseff shook 'iz 'ead an' looked at the boiler on t' floor, spreadin' its contents all over, and ruinin' hiz wife's sandals. "He's always hated the boiler. He told me once before that he would rip it off and..." he turned to his missus and said sommat in 'iz own language an' shi scarpered, tekkin t' kids wi' her. "He told me he would shove that effing boiler up my... bottom."

That woh r' it. A woh nailed. A woh r' as good as dead.

"I think you'd better come along with us, sir," sez one o t' coppers. T'other one started readin' me mi rights.

"Hang on. Dote fuck about wi' all this what yer do say may be tekken down shite. How about lettin' me put summat on? A'm freezin' mi nuts off."

One o' t' cops must think hiz a comedian or summat cos he had a look at mi privates an' sez "I can see that."

They frogmarched me inter t' back of a police car and we woh r' off down t' nick. As we woh leavin, a saw Maggie from across' t road come runnin' after us shoutin' summat but the coppers din't tek any notice. Once a woh r' in t' nick, the desk sergeant started tekkin' down mi particulars.

"Been in trouble before, sir?"

"Yer know a have," a said.

"What kind of trouble, sir?"

"Look it up on yer computer." I an't gorra criminal record but a've bin cautioned a few times. Most o' them woh years ago an all of 'em woh fer fightin.' Nowt serious.

"Empty out your pockets, sir," he sez, glarin' at me like am t' Yorkshire Ripper. A woh still in mi undies so ajust looked at 'im. It dote do any good cheekin' coppers off, even when they are actin' like prize cunts.

"Take him away," sez the sergeant. And I woh marched off ter t' cell. It stank o' piss an' disinfectant an' it woh freezin'. Cold concrete floor. Iron bed an' a stool. No winder. Not even bars on t' door. Just about ten feet o' solid iron.

"We'll be back" sez the one who thinks hiz funny. I reckoned he woh tryin ter come across like Terminator.

"Hasta La Vista, Baby," sez I, glarin' at him in Arnie fashion.

He din't see t' joke. He just slammed 't door an' left me there. Now I ain't goin' wussy on yer, but a 'ate bein' locked up. A'm not ashamed ter say a woh scared. It's horrible Yer've got nowt to do except sit and think about how shite everything is. A cun't believe it. A'd done Youssef a good turn an' now I woh caged up like a ragin' tiger waitin' fer someone to put me out o mi misery. A woh in there for what seemed like hours, an' all a 'ad ter occupy mi woh the graffiti on 't walls. 'Suck My Cock' said one. 'Rab hates Goolies' said another. 'Buff the Buffers,' said another. I an't gorra clue what that means an' a woh wonderin' why Rab 'ates Goolies so much, when the little hatch in the door slid open and the funny copper looked in at me, stoney faced. Then he opened the door.

"Feelin the cold?" he asked.

"Course a fuckin' am," a snapped.

"You're a very lucky boy, Mister Dunno."

"You tryin' ter bi funny?"

"We've been busy. Seems you were telling us the truth after all."

"Eh?" A'd heard tales of how t' coppers try an' fuck you up wi' mind games an' that.

"A neighbour of yours, a Miss Margaret Emmerson, tells us she saw two youths fleeing your house earlier today. She told us they looked as if they'd just had a bath in their clothes. One of them had a nose bleed. We apprehended them an hour ago. They were burgling a flat on Richmond Grove. One of them was most informative. He tells us you broke his nose Mister Dunno."

"I might 'ave."

"He might want to press charges against you."

"Typical. Why am a not surprised?"

"You're free to leave."

I woh so relieved I woh r' out t' door before a realised a woh still in mi undies. I went back inside.

"Lads, any chance of a lift home?"

The desk sergeant sneered at me. "What do you think we are, a fuckin' taxi service?"

"You fuckin' brought me here. Yer can tek mi back," sez I, sittin' down on t' bench. "I ain't goin nowhere in mi trolleys. Yer'd prob'ly nick me fer indecent exposure."

"You can't stay there, sir."

"I fuckin can."

At that the copper who thinks he's funny came past and told the sergeant he'd run me home.

"Thank fuck fer that," sez I.

When a got back ter Dunno Towers, Youseff an' hiz wife woh waitin' in t' hall outside mi flat. His missus woh carryin' a plate covered wi' silver foil.

"Dunno," sez Youseff. "I owe you an apology. I misjudged you, my friend and I wish to make things right."

His missus hands me the plate. I removed the silver foil and saw a selection o' them Indian cakes they give yer free in Indian restaurants when yer get the special fer four. You know the ones, they're med outta 100% psychedelic coloured sugar. Bright pink, lime green, sunshine yellow. Jus' lookin' at 'em meks yer teeth fall out in protest.

"Cheers mate," sez I shekkin' hiz hand. "They'll go down well wi' mi tea tonight."

As they woh leavin' an' a woh lettin' mesen inside, Youseff comes back. "Dunno, please, one more thing. In future please, would you mind not taking the air in public in your under garments? My wife has a sensitive nature. She is not used to such sights, and I do not wish for her to become accustomed to them."

Fuckin' hell. Why car't life be more like the movies? When a first saw them outside mi door, a thought he woh gonna offer ter become mi blood brother, or tell me his life woh mine or some such rubbish. Mebbe that's all Hollywood crap, or maybe Youseff's just too westernised, but it would've bin a nice gesture.

Summat ter tell t' kids about if a had any. Instead, what do a get? Toothache on a plate an' a load o' cheek about mi undies...

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Pheee-ew! I don't know what I would have done if they had locked you up. Breakfast wouldn't be the same without my ration of Dunno.

Posted by Angel Toes

Hmmm. Breakfast. Now there's an idea.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, December 07,

SILVER SERVER

Current mood: 😊content

Last night a slept like a bastard! The sleep o' the just an' the free. Youseff 'ad fucked off ter stay wi rellies, so,' of course...no boiler. It woh midday when the sound o' the telephone filtered through ter mi slumberin' brain, an' it'd be fair to say a woh not wi'out a few aches an' pains....It woh Ginge!

"Tch, a dote believe it. A got out of a nice cozy warm bed fer you, yer cunt! This berra be good, Ginge."

"And a very good day to you too old chum! Listen Dunno, how are you fixed for tonight? My friend Phillippe has been let down and is short staffed for a big posh function in the city. Do you fancy it?"

"Not really," a sez. "A'm s'posed ter start a job tonight doin' telesales."

"You've got to be joking old man...telesales is boring and shite, and I bet you're on peanuts. Pay peanuts, get monkeys, Dunno! Phillippe will pay you ten quid an hour plus a cut of the tips and as much as you can possibly eat." That swung it. "Am yer man! Tell us where an' when." He gev me t' details, then added, "Oh, it's black trousers, white shirt and bow tie so I'll make sure I drop those off for you, Dunno".

"But a've got black an whites," a said.

"Yes, but like I said Dunno, it's a posh do and I rather fancy your black and whites are nearer grey and grey, unironed and still unwashed, accompanied by whatever stains you were dealing with last time you wore 'em."

Hiz a cheeky ginger fucker, but on this occasion he might 'ave been right. Suddenly mi head is full o' images o' city totty, black stockings, black 'fuck me' shoes, low cut silk blouses, jet black hair tied back, an' sexy little glasses...

"Oh, and Dunno," sez Ginge snappin' me out o' mi day dream. "Play this one right and there could be a lot of this work coming your way, Phillippe does a lot of functions."

A put a call through to Mr Bryant.

"Hello Mr Bryant, it's Dunno here, a'm sorry ter say a wote be comin' in tonight, a've double-booked missen an' a'm workin' somewhere else."

"Oh, okay Dunno, I hope we haven't put you off!"

"Oh no, pal, a've nowt against you, or yer check suit. It's just one o' them things..."

And that was it really, the way was now clear fer mi big city adventure.

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Friday, December 8th

MANNERS MAKETH MAN

Sometimes yer can get through a whole day wi'out seein' any totty at all. Those days when t' weather's shite or yer skint, so yer stuck in t' 'ouse all day. Meks it difficult then fer yer ter shek one off that night. Yer 'ave ter trawl t' memory banks or hope summat mucky comes on t' telly.

Yesterday was NOT one o' them days. After mi adventures in mi undies an' all that business, a woh lookin' forward ter gettin' out an' earnin' a few quid. So, wi' a spring in mi step, a got ter t' city in good time ter report ter Phillippe. Phillippe turned out ter be a really nice bloke, which cem as a bit of a shock, what wi' 'im bein' French an' all that, an' Ginge 'ad done mi proud wi t' trousers an' shirt... Armani no less. Reckon he must be feelin' guilty about summat, that shady ginger twat. A'm glad a looked like a million dollars cos Phill intrerduced me to a bevvy a beauuuuutiful waitresses. Very rarely do yer get a gaggle a twelve birds where yer find at least eleven of 'em utterly shaggable. A real inter-continental mix of Italians, French, Lithuanians, Poles, Ozzies an' Kiwis. Play mi cards right here an' Lord Dunno could well start a 'Pussies o' the World tour.

"Eet iz all verree simple," Phillippe explained. "Zees people are verree emportant and ze serveece must be subtle. Make sure yeoh are always on 'and to assist, but also try to make sure yeoh are like ze ghost."

I would go so far as ter say a woh r' actually enjoying it. A used ter do catering a lot an' it woh good ter flex the old muscles again. The round tables covered a small hall, lavishly decorated wi' beauuutiful chandeliers and gold fibrous

plastered ceilings an cornices. A real sense o' opulence and occasion. There woh r' about eight people to a table so nowt a cun't 'andle. An' my God. More Totty! Some o' the posh Totty 'ad ter be seen ter be believed. An' fer posh folk, they woh r' allright.

Each course cem an went wi'out an 'itch, an' a woh mekkin' successful inroads wi' a couple o' lasses. Particularly Simonetta, a right fit, dark 'aired, big arsed Italian bird that yer balls could easily burst for. Shi woh laughin' at mi jokes an' flirtin' away...little touches on mi arm an' all that. A could get used ter this. Easiest ten quid an hour al ever earn. We'd served coffee an t' mints, an a'd bin around collecting all t' plates an' glasses no longer needed. Phillippe sauntered over in a way only t' French can master. "Well done Dunno! Ze evening 'as gone well, no? Have you enjoyed eet?"

"A can safely say that I 'ave mi old mate."

"Ah Tres bon, Dunno! Well I get quite a few of zees fonctions, so make sure yeoh leave your numberrrr and I will keep in touch. Now eef yeoh do not mind, just go around toppeen' everyone ap an zen yeoh can 'av ze break."

A woh on mi third table when a cem across a couple deep in conversation. A thought they wun't be too chuffed wi' me if a interrupted 'em, so a moved onter t' next person.

"Hey You! Waiter," snapped a voice. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Topping up the coffee sir," a said.

"And what's wrong with our cups then you idiot, or is that beyond your capabilities?" Now' iz bird woh beautiful, an mebbe shid told 'im that shid rather eat tramps sick than suck his cock, or maybe he woh just showing off in front of

'er, but a woh determined ter keep calm.

"I'm sorry sir, I thought you were deep in conversation and din't want disturbing."

"Look, moron, my cup is there. You don't have to talk to me about it, thank God! You just have to pick it up and put coffee into it. Do you think you can do that?"

A reach fer 'iz cup.

At this point, posh Totty decides to add her tuppence worth, "Oh leave it Tarquin, this chap's an obvious idiot, you can see it in his eyes!" They giggled like it woh the funniest thing they'd ever 'eard. A drew a deep breath. "Well sir," a say, "It's probably gone a bit cold now, what wi' you an' yer posh tart talkin' bollocks, so a'll just top it up for yer." I undid mi Armani flies, took out mi cock an' pissed inter the coffee pot, mekkin' sure a hit the rim every now an' again ter give 'im the benefit of a few hot splashes. The key ter bein' a good actor is timin', an' a woh thankful fer the large bowl o' lentil stew I 'ad before a cem out, for it left an air pocket that 'ad bin brewing fer ages an' badly needed an exit route. Here was as good a place as any, an' a let rip. A cart 'ave bin more than fourteen inches from the face o' 'posh totty' an' a'm surprised her face din't blacken from 't blast. A let mi piss come to an end. "Wait fer t' shakes...Sir," A said. "Look pal, a dote care who y'are in t' city or 'ow much money y'earn. But I've never met yer, so that meks us equal in my book. Ergo if yer act like a cunt, yer get treated like a cunt. So there's yer coffee yer specky twat." A placed t' full cup an' saucer in front of 'im.

A put mi cock away, pulled up mi flies, wiped mi fingers on t' shoulder of 'is jacket, an wi'out lookin' back, walked straight out inter t' night air whistlin' a

jaunty tune. It woh, 'Raindrops keep falling on my head'.

An' it woh all going so well.

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Action is eloquence.

Posted by Dr Dan

Yes Doc, Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Saturday, December 9th

FRIDAY ON MY MIND

What a way to spend a Friday night. I still needed some dosh fer Christmas so it woh time ter eat humble pie and go back to Bryant and Blessed's Media Services. Mr Bryant woh still in his sickly check suit but he seemed pleased ter see me, which is always a good sign. He handed me a thick wad o' paper half the size of a phone directory and told me to sit down at a desk next ter some skinny bloke with a goatee.

"Seamus, say hello to Dunno," sez Mr Bryant.

Seamus woh one o' them effusive Irishmen who love the sound o' their own voices. "Dunno I love that shirt yer wearin'. Did ye get it from around here?"

"Car't remember," said I, wonderin' what woh so special about mi shirt. A've 'ad it fer donkeys years and it's a burgundy colour and frayed at the cuffs but it dun't have any stains under t' arms which is why a wore it tonight. Even so, it in't nowt ter write home to yer mam about.

"What's this for?" I ask, indicatin' the massive book Bryant'd given me.

"That's your script. Don't deviate from it for an instant and you'll do fine. Remember, every phone call is being monitored by yours truly," sez Bryant.

"Righto."

He then gives me a list o' names and numbers to call. "They've all agreed to be interviewed so you shouldn't have any problems." Then he looks at his watch, holdin his pinky up in the air and brings it down like a karate expert. "Get calling."

So off a went. Yer wunt think there would be so many knobbers out there an' a woh genuinely surprised by the amount o' retards a called...

"Hello, Mrs Sunningly, this is Dunno from Bryant and Blessed's Media Services. Could you please spare the time to answer a few questions?" I had me posh deep phone voice on an' a knew she woh mine.

"Okay," she sez.

"Just answer the following questions with the following answer; 'Always,' 'Sometimes,' 'Occassionally,' 'Never.' Ready?"

"Yes."

"Do you enjoy Grand Prix racing on the telly?"

"It's alright."

"Could you please answer, always, sometimes, occassionally or never?"

"Okay."

"Well? What is it?"

"Could you repeat the question, please?"

"Certainly, do you enjoy..."

And on and on it went. To mek it worse, Seamus has a voice like an Irish foghorn an' he yells 'iz questions down the phone, so yer car't hear the drivell yer supposed ter be listening to. After an hour I woh allowed a break so a went an' sat in the smokers room an' had a cup o' instant coffee that med mi tongue feel like it woh growin' hair. Seamus came out and sat next to me.

"Hows it going lad?" he asks.

"Aright, but I'm gonna swap seats when we go back in."

"Why's that then?"

"Coz yer fuckin' shout like a twat when yer talk. I car't hear mesen think. It's wreckin mi eardrums."

"Really? I'll keep it down then. I didn't realise."

Five minutes later and I'm on phone to Mrs Eccles and she's just tellin' me that she dun't read the advertising on the billboards at Grand Prix events.

"Okay, Mrs Eccles, could you just answer always, sometimes, occassionally or never."

"What's the difference between sometimes and occassionally?"

"Errr..."

Suddenly all conscious thought woh wiped out by t' blarin' buffoon next ter mi...

"Good evenin' t'yer Mrs Godsock, this is Seamus McGonnagal here from Bryant and Blessed, How yer doin'? Ach grand! Guid to hear it!"

"Excuse me a moment, Mrs Eccles," a said. Then a turn ter Seamus an' yell, "Mrs Godsock in't fuckin' deaf yer stupid cunt, so try fuckin' whispering!" Then back ter't phone, "Sorry about that Mrs Eccles, now, 'Sometimes' is just a bit more often than 'Occasionally'. Got that? Marvellous. So, how often do you read the advertising onbillboards at Grand Prix events?"

"I don't really watch the Grand Prix."

Gahhh!

After the slow torture finally cem to an end, it woh off ter t' Frog fer a quicky. Tina woh in there wi' Pig's Foot who looked like hi'd 'ad ten too many.

"You look like Hell Dunno," shi said as a sipped mi pint. "Do you want me to come back to yours and give you a spot of Reiki?"

"Just the ticket love, just the ticket."

We get back ter Dunno Towers an wun't yer know it, Frances is back. I an't seen 'er fer a coupla nights but shi woh there, sittin' on t' tiger skin rug in 'er

nighty an smellin' o' perfume. A reckon a could've 'ad er, but a've fallen fer the two in the bush, one in the hand trick too often, so a just gev 'er a nod an led Tina inter mi boudoir. "Right then love, let's get down ter some serious healin'," a said helpin' 'er out of 'er jacket.

Shiz a lovely girl is Tina. Hippy new-ager, but a dote 'old that against 'er. A lit a few candles, put on a few slow tunes an shi set about some major reiki healin'.

"Such tension coming off you Dunno, all that negative aggression... Let it go... Let it go... It's your colours Dunno... It's your colours, They're dampening your aura!"

A neglected ter tell 'er about the calamitous day I 'ad in mi green slacks, white trainers an' pea green jumper, not wantin' ter spoil the atmosphere, like, an' a said, "After t' week I've 'ad love, anybody'd be tense".

"Now don't be alarmed Dunno but I might have to get hands on."

"Don't let me stop you love!"

"Take your clothes off then," shi sez.

"Only if yer tek yours off first," a shot back.

D'yer know what? Mebbe Tina does 'ave a bit o' the white witch about 'er, an' mebbe shiz an 'ippy chick coz shi CAN tap inter people's aura's or hidden emotions or whatever yer wanner call it. All I know is this, after about twenny minutes of 'er expert fingers, a felt a mixture of extreme horniness and intense emotions, an' before a knew it a woh blubbin' like a baby. Big rackin'sobs. A cun't stop missen.

"Shhh, that's alright my big, bald, brave baby. Let it all out. Let it all go."

I will draw a discreet veil over t' rest o' t' evenin' but when a awoke from t' deepest most refreshin' sleep a've 'ad in ages, it woh half one in t' afternoon an' Tina woh gone, slipped away like a thief in t' night, tekkin' a big bit o' mi heart with 'er. Life, my friends, is beautiful.

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Hope she left your aura behind. Discrete veil? Man, that's not fair! Surely the devil's in the details?

Posted by Bygone

What d'yer want ter hear Pet? That wi fucked all night, at least four times, 'til 't warm spunk woh dribblin' down our faces? Hardly Jane Austen is it?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Four Times? More like Steve Austen!

Posted by Dr. Dan

Might a known you'd 'ave summat ter say Doc.....

Posted by Lord Dunno

Sunday, December 10th

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

When a finally got round ter enterin' the livin' room ter check mi messages, Franny woh sat there wi' a right mug on.

"What's up wi' you, love?" a sez. "Yer look like someone's shit in yer pocket an' told yer it woh chocolate."

"As if you didn't know," shi sez.

"Enlighten mi," a counter back.

"Flaunting that girl in front of me last night. Don't you know how I feel about you?"

A fixed her wi' mi best steely look, (the one Ginge sez looks like a short sighted pensioner tryin' ter read the 'specials' board in a fish n chip restaurant wi'out his glasses, the caustic carrotty cock'ead) "No love, a don't."

Wi' that, a fucked off ter 'ave a long hot soak in t' tub, an a bit o' free love.

Fifteen minutes later I heard the door slam. Tchh, Birds! A decided ter get dressed an' go fer a perambulation around t' manor. So I 'eaded ter t' Dome fer a read o' t' papers, a nice pot o' tea an' an' iced finger.

A cun't concentrate though. What did shi mean, 'Don't you know how I feel about you?' What if Ginge wont lyin' an shi 'ad been stalkin' 'im after 'e'd poked 'er one? Where the fuck 'as shi bin stayin'? Ginge din't say owt when 'e told me about the Phillippe job, mind you he wun't would 'e, the shifty ginger get. Granted shi woh like a little kiddie when wi bought the tree an t' decorations, an' last night a reckon shi woh definitely 'ot ter trot. An' now Tina's in t' frame and

there's nowt like a cuckoo in t' nest ter get 'em interested. Or was that just a one off? Actually, mebbe it's better as a one off, or a'll end up lookin' like Joseph an' his fuckin' technicolour dreamcoat by t' end o' t' week...Pea green woh bad enough. Me an' Frances will have ter have a proper chat. Mi thoughts woh interrupted by t' ring o' mi mobile...Phillippe!

"Salut Dunno, comment ca va?"

"Ca va buono, merci Phillippe, merci....Now listen mate before we go any further, a just wanna say that a'm big enough ter 'old mi 'ands up when 'av fucked up. A really let yer down mate, am sorry. A very much enjoyed workin' for you, but a cart let anybody talk ter mi like that, no matter who they are."

"That ees ok mon ami, apologee accepted. A cannot condone what you did, but a can understand eet. Every year we have le trouble weeth these prick. Luckily it seems ees colleagues do not seem to like heem also, so zay are willeeng to let ze matter drop. I told zem a gev you ze can! Leeston, I can see you are good at ze job, and I need a man weeth ze experience, eet's good fer ze girrls to heve a man around, so eef you like we can work togezer again, non?"

"Right you are mon ami, I'm yer man! Jus' tell us where an when."

"Ok Dunno, a weell be in touch, oh and Dunno, A would 'ave peesed in ze coffee when no-one was lookin'. That way a would 'ave been sure that he drunk eet!"

"Yeh...That's why yer French!"

Get back on the phone ter the printers! The Lord Dunno Pussies o' the World , world tour is back on t' road!

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Cannot believe you got called back in for another crack at it. How do you do it?

Must be that old Dunno charm.

Posted by Bygone

Aye, But yer know what these French are like. Sheep burnin', Bastille stormin' nutters. They like a bit o' hot blooded passion.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, December 11th

EPITAPH FOR A DICTATOR

Current mood: 😊cheerful

Thought a'd mek a contribution to poetry here, with mi thoughts on the death of Pinochet:

Epitaph to a dictator

'E were

abirruva

cunt.

[9:42 AM](#) - [2 Comments](#) - [2 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

Who says the language of Shakespeare is dead?

Posted by Bygone

Dunno? You tell me.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Don't you think you could show a bit more respect for the dead?

Posted by Gung-ho Girlz

Ner. If a din't have respect fer someone when they woh alive, why'd a change mi tune when they've snuffed it?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, December 11th

SELF HELP BOOKS

A woh up 'alf the night readin' a book Tina 'ad gev mi called The Magic of Positive Thinking. What a load o' bollocks. I 'ate self 'elp books even more than a thought a did. It woh full o' shite such as "Picture if you will a busy High Street. You are searching for a parking space and there are none to be found. Now, picture an empty space just round the corner and you will find it. This, my friends is the magic of positive thinking." This, my friends is a pile o' wank. Fer a start a dote drive so the analogy means nowt ter mi. Second, yer just gonna be gutted if yer go to all the effort a picturin' this an' visualisin' that an' yer still cart find anywhere ter park yer jallopy. A'm gonna write mi own self 'elp book, The Magic of Negative Thinking. 'Picture if yer can a busy High Street. There's fuck all places fer yer ter park. As yer round ' t corner, there's nowt but tons o' cars, an t' only space available 'as a no parkin' sign on it. Now imagine yer joy if yer go round t' corner an' there is an empty space. Fuckin' smart! Yer feel elated... A reckon it'd be a best seller...

A'm just 'avin' mi first cuppa t' day an' Frances 'as wandered in an' asked if shi can 'ave a few friends over fer dinner tonight.

"Fine by me love" A sez. A reckon shi must 'ave med a few mates by now, judgin' by't amount o' time shi spends out an about. A just 'ope some o' them are hotties. Cart wait ter turn on t' old Dunno charm....

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Tuesday, December 12th

DINNER PARTY FROM HELL

Spent most o' yesterday in t' kitchen preparin' grub fer Franny's mates. Yer might think this woh above an' beyond 't call o' duty, burrit woh tactics. A'm pretty handy in t' kitchen, an' a figured lettin' Franny's girlfriends know a woh a good cook wun't do mi any 'arm. Birds love a bloke who can cook. Frances spent most o' t time cleanin' which woh r' okay wi' me. It's bin a while since a gev Dunno Towers a birrova sponge down and fuck knows what 'alf o' them stains on t' ceiling are.

A'd bin mekin' all t'vollervants an' shi comes over all sweaty like from 'er exertions in t' bathroom, (cleanin', not shittin' I 'asten to add. Shiz got over 'er funny tummy). Shi planted a big smacker right on mi gob, tongues an' all. It took mi aback.

"A thought yer said you woh a lezzer?" a said when wi parted fer air.

"Never heard of the leopard who changed her spots?" Shi sez back, kissin' me again. "I just wanted to thank you for taking care of little ol' me."

A felt like a woh walkin' on air. We kissed again, but when a tried ter take things further she pushed me away, gentle like.

"Not now, there's too much to do."

Shi woh right. A dint wanna burn mi chicken legs.

"Later then", a said, lookin' at 'er wi soul. Shi nodded an went back ter t' bathroom.

A did a bit more cookin' then got on t' phone. A woh thinkin', A've found a bird who really likes me and is fit as fuck and a wanned ter show 'er off. A decided

ter invite a few o' mi mates round ter meet 'er. Not Ginge though. He dun't like 'er, an after all that bollocks he spread about 'er a'm not sure if a could consider 'im a friend anyway. A got on ter Spud O'Hagan an 'is kid brother Young Al. They 'ate each other, but they're a good laugh an' a've known 'em since fuck knows when. Spud used ter be the bloke in the PG tips tea ad, not the monkey, the other one that nobody remembers. He said he'd be there an 'e'd bring Young Al wi' 'im. A thought about callin' Garvey an' a couple more o' the old crowd but a thought Fuck it! A din't wannem eatin' all mi grub.

After t' cookin' a decided ter give missen a bit of a spruce up. Now, I ain't one o' those metrosexuals or owt, but a clean arse an' a bit o' talc on t' goolies never did anyone any 'arm. Fuckin' 'ell, the bathroom's never bin so clean. A nearly slipped in t' bath an' broke mi neck. A must 'ave a word wi' Frances. Yer need a bit a grime in t' bath ter give yer feet summat ter stick to, otherwise yer just go arse over tit.

A got missen groomed an' put on the suit that a wore fer Ginge's first weddin'. It woh a bit tight in t' waist burrit woh passable, especially wi' Ginge's Armani shirt. A might not o' looked a million dollars, but a dint look like summat the cat 'ad sicked up neither. If a woh r' a gaylord then a wunta minded a bit o' missen, and that's the highest praise any man can give himself.

The doorbell went and a let Frances get it. There's no way Spud an' Young Al would be here on time. When Fran cem back up, it wont wi' some beautiful bird or owt, but some spotty cunt.

"Aright Pal", a said "Get yersen a drink an' park yer arse over there." A'd 'ad enough o' playin' host, besides doorbell'd rung again, an a woh anxious ter

meet the hot totty. There won't any. Frances comes back in wi' the biggest black bloke a've ever seen. He woh dressed up in a tux, like a bouncer, an 'is name woh Kevin.

"Arright Kevin, nice ter meet yer. Where d' yer know Frances from then?"

"Who?" he sez, scowlin' at mi like a woh invading 'iz territory.

"Frances," a said, nodding over in her direction.

"Oh. We call her Solange."

There wont much more a could say ter that so a sauntered off ter get missen a drink. Five more blokes arrived. All o' 'em big an' beefy, then last of all, Pig's Foot from t' Frog, pissed as a fart an' stoned out 'is 'ead.

"Arright Pigs Foot, you seen Tina about?"

He just shook 'is 'ead an' asked mi where t' shitter was. A pointed him in t' right direction an' seconds later there was a mighty crash as he slipped on t' clean fuckin' floor. A got him up an' put him in a chair an med 'im a cuppa coffee, but he poured it in t' spider plant an' asked mi ter get him a proper drink, so a gev 'im a can a John Smiths.

Doorbell went again, but Frances woh talkin' to 'er fellas an actin' like Queen Bee so a went down t' stairs. It woh Spud an' 'is brother.

"So, where's this girl o yours then?" sez Spud.

"Shiz up 'ere " a said not wi'out some pride, "wait till yer see 'er, shiz an absolute honey, yer'll love her!"

We entered the living room an shi woh passionately snoggin' the face off Kevin, while t' others stood in a line, cheerin' clappin' an chanting "Snog! Snog! Snog!" Yer coulda knocked mi down wi a feather. It woh r' 'orrible.

"Hmm", said Young Al, "I can see why you like her."

He rushes in and stands in line behind Pig's Foot fer a snog. Call me old fashioned but when a like a bird, a dote like seein' 'er snoggin' other men. A know we ain't an item but a thought we would be in t' near future. It woh guttin' A din't wanna get all stroppy, but when a saw her draped all over the spotty cunt, that woh enough.

A turned ter Spud, "Mate a've come over all funny, a'm gona 'ave a lie down on mi bed. Help yersen ter some snap an summat to drink."

"Don't worry about us Dunno", sez Young Al wi a wink. "We're sorted for the night!"

So here I am in mi sanctum sanctorum wi t' lock on't door, tryin' not ter feel sorry fer missen. 'Ave been 'ere ever since last night cos a dote wanna go out til shi goes out. They woh partyin' til after four last night an' a've bin usin mi cyclin' 'elmet ter piss in. Trouble is, a now need a number two an a dote wanna shit in mi 'at.

Just back from t' bathroom. Pig's Foot is crashed out in t' bath, but there's no sign o' anyone else. Thank goodness fer small mercies. A'm gonna have a cuppa tea an' feel a bit more sorry fer missen.

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Could this be a case of karma? We reep what we sow etcetera, etcetera.

Posted by Dr Dan

Eh? Howz this my fault. I an't bin sowin' owt!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, December 14th

FOOT DOWN AND DRIVE

Current mood: 😊contemplative

Had a surprise call from Ginge.

"Now then old chum, Spud O'Hagan's been on tellin' me he's off to Leeds for a few days to see his old man. It's been a while since I was last up there, and I've got to tie up a few loose ends, so why don't you grab your least grubbiest knickers, find a few pairs of socks that remotely match and wait for me. I'm gonna drive up. I'll drop by an pick you up in twenty minutes."

Two hours twenty minutes later an' a parp on a car horn announces his arrival.

"What fuckin time d'yer call this? Twenty minutes yer said."

"Yes, sorry old chap but I was in the arms of a dusky Italian, and you know what these latin types are like, couldn't get away. You can't get any better than Simonetta!! She's from Roma, over here working as a waitress, I met her through Phillippe."

I think my fuckin' life is destined ter be haunted by that ginger jinxer. We set off fer the M1.

"I'll just put the top down for a while, Dunno, clear my head a bit." I have ter say it woh a bit of a flash car an' at the touch of a button the roof slid effortlessly away to reveal the night sky... Which woh alright for Ginge wi' 'iz trendy thick flying jacket, warm scarf and sheepskin hat.

"Listen Dunno," Ginge said, "I'm under the impression we're not seeing eye to eye at the moment, Spud told me about your do, I'm not bothered about

not being invited, I was a bit 'tied up' with Simonetta anyway, but this fuckin' Frances business... I'm insulted Dunno. Who would you rather believe, me who you've known for over twenty five years, or an absolute Spam nutcase you've known for twenty minutes?"

What followed was a heart to heart where we thrashed out a lot of issues, but by the time we reached Leicester Forest East a woh fuckin' freezin'.

"C-c-c-can we stop fer a p-p-p-piss?"

"Oh for fuck's sake Dunno, you're worse than my Granny."

After a frozen piss an' a hot coffee a woh glad to see it 'ad started spittin' so Ginge woh forced ter keep the top up. We set off...

"Listen Dunno it'll be late when we hit Leeds and I really can't be bothered going over to your Mams, plus I don't want gangs of hooded juvenile delinquents throwing stones at the car. It's new, so we'll go straight to mine an you can stay over. I rang on ahead this afternoon so Consuelo will have knocked us up some scran."

Consuelo is a lady employed by Ginge to keep an eye on the place and prepare the way ahead whenever he visits the old homestead. You might know of course that Ginge has a fancy apartment over-lookin' Roundhay Park, all to hissen. He also keeps that one fully-stocked with the aforementioned booze, crisps, chocolate and biscuits an' all. When we got there, Consuelo, who 'appened ter be dark, dusky, curvy an fit as fuck 'ad done us proud. The table woh laid an' a full supper prepared. Ginge opened a couple of ice cold beers.

"So, are we friends then?"

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Friendship is certainly the finest balm for the pangs of disappointed love

Posted by Dr Dan

Tell me Doc, Is that Jane Austen, or Steve Austen again?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Any chance I can stay at Ginge's?

Posted by Jennie Q

Are yer sure yer know what yer lettin' yersen in for?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, December 15th

MARCHING ON TOGETHER

Current mood: 😊optimistic

Last time a woh in Leeds woh when me an' Ginge went ter t' Playhouse... Okay, a dote mind admittin' am a bit chippy about the Playhouse. They aren't great employers o' local talent, an' in twenny years in t' business a've never worked in mi 'ome city, an a find that, frankly, disgustin'. So anyway, the last time we went tergether woh ter see a rough workin' class play set in Leeds that din't 'ave anybody from Leeds in it, an' woh directed by some middle class bird who had no idea at all about the workin' class subject matter. I ended up shoutin' out "This is SHITE!!" at various bits o' the performance, an afterwards, in t' bar, a got inter an altercation wi some tossers who wanned ter sit on t' tables next ter ours despite there being loads o' empty tables at t' other end o' t' bar. Ginge woh right embarrassed. Hiz such a prissy get. He should be thankin' me. They've never employed 'im either despite 'is supposed contacts...

A considered askin' 'im if 'e fancied going tonight, but a reckoned 'e wunt o' seen t' funny side. He can tek 'imself a bit serious sometimes. Anyway 'e woh nowhere ter bi seen. He must be up ter summat, that carrotty conniver. E'd left a note sayin', 'Dunno, gone out. Help yourself to anything...within reason.' Cheeky get. A took the liberty o' borrowin' some trainers. He 'ad four pairs in a cupboard. An' 'e dun't even live 'ere full time!

A took missen off fer a jog. 'Is trainers woh new an' took a birra gerrin' used ter. A woh bouncin' around like a twat. Why 'e cun't 'ave normal trainers like every

other fucker is beyond me. Hiz track suit woh comfy though. When a got back, a showered an called Spud.

"Nah then Dunno, How are you?"

"Am alright, am in Leeds, at Ginges!"

"Aye, I know, he's next ter me 'ere."

"EH?"

"Yeh, we're in a caff havin' a big fry up!"

"Well thanks fer fuckin' tellin' me."

"Well that's the price you pay for being a lazy grumpy bastard first thing in the morning. You can't get up, an' if you have to, yer a fuckin nightmare. Ginge said it wasn't worth the risk...not without a chair an' a whip. Anyway listen, get yer big fat arse into town an' meet us in Whitelocks for lunch."

A got togged up an went ter get bus into town. Now a'm not bein' biased or owt, but the totty out a'n about on the streets o' this fair city woh beauuuuutiful. A dote remember it being like this in my day. When a got ter Whitelocks it's fair ter say a woh feelin' a bit frisky. Spud an' Ginge much ter my surprise woh there already.

"Alright Dunno," sez Ginge, "get yerself a pint an' another fer us two."

A go ter t' bar ter order an' the barman starts lookin' at mi funny an' then kept lookin' down at summat below t' counter.

"Whats up wi you pal?" a asked.

"You're barred!"

"EH?"

"You heard. Yer barred! Gerrout!"

"But a 'ant bin in 'ere fer years."

"Yeh, ten years ter be exact. This is you innit?" Out o' nowhere 'e holds up a fuckin' picture an' sure enough there's no mistakin' those devilishly 'andsome looks.

"Yeh. That's me."

"Yeh well, yer barred fer life, so go on...'op it!"

"C'mon pal," a say, "That woh ten years ago, cart we let bygones be bygones?"

"Look pal, Peter Sutcliffe 'as a better chance o' gerrin' a drink in 'ere than you, so sling yer 'ook!" A could see Ginge an Spud sniggerin' like a couple o' kids until 'e said, "An' that goes fer yer mates an all."

That wiped the smile from their faces...Oh well, a guess a should be thankful fer small mercies...

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Maybe you should consider plastic surgery.

Posted by Bygone

Yer askin' fer a good spankin' you are.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Hitchin' to New Guinea

Current mood: 😞 drained

The rest o' t' day woh rubbish. We went in five pubs an' a were barred from 'em all, all cos o' summat stupid from years ago that nobody cud remember. In t' end Spud an Ginge said they woh off to do some Christmas shoppin'. A said a'd go with 'em but they said a cun't cos they wanned to get me a surprise. That woh alright, but a smelt summat rotten in t' air. They said they'd meet me in an hour at the Corn Exchange. A waited fer three fuckin' hours an they din't show. A bet they jus' wanned to go to a pub that a wont barred from an' they med up all that shite about gerrin' mi a prezzy just ter give me t' old heave-ho.

A decided to 'ead over ter mi old manor and see mi Mam. Shi woh lookin' older, which in't no surprise cos she is. Shi told me a cud help mesen to a sarnie cos she woh busy gettin' stuff ready for t' surprise party fer tonight.

"Whose party is it?" a asked.

"Yer nephew Duane." shi said.

Am hopeless wi' birthdays but a knew his was sometime in August.

"What's t' occassion?" a asked, helpin' mesen to some stale rich tea bickies outa t' jar.

"He's headin off tomorrow, hitchhikin' to New Guinea," said me Mam.

"What's he wanna go there for?" a asked.

"Fuck knows," said Mam. "Summat to do wi' t' paper he writes for."

Me nephew Duane works fer t' Evening Post, as a reporter, but a cun't see what interest a local rag like that'd have in New Guinea. A bet half the readers an't even 'eard of it before. A know I 'an't.

Had a cuppa tea wi Mam an' let her get on mi case about gerrin' a proper job. Then a went an 'ad a shower an' looked out some a 'r' kid Eddie's slacks ter wear fer t' do.

The do woh in t' social down t' road an' it woh an outdoor barbecue, which woh pretty rubbish cos it were freezin'. All t' locals woh there to see Duane off an' when he turned up he had a couple o' birds in tow. His Dad Wayne woh proud as a peacock an' kept tellin' me that kids mek everythin' worthwhile and when was a gonna have some. His mate Si said summat about me not bein' able ter have kids cos a'm one o' them actor types and he did a limp wrists gesture. It woh Duane's do so a din't wanna spoil it by gettin' in a scrap, so a told him quiet like, that if he din't want his limp fuckin wrist shovin' up his arse, he berra watch his fuckin' gob. He got the message and got me a pint. He's alright Si... Fer a gobby cunt.

Last time a saw Duane he woh dead smart in a suit an' that, but now he looks like a hippy wi' one o' them scraggy beards that look like someones glued a fistful o' pubes to hiz chin. He woh dead friendly an' excited an' he got one of his mates from paper to tek a photo o' me an' him.

"This is me uncle Dunno," he said. "He's gonna be a famous actor one o' these days."

A asked him why he were off to New Guinea and why he woh hitchin'.

"Am writin' a travelogue fer t' paper," he sez. "A wanna hitchhike cos no one's done it before, a don't think, and it'll make a great book, so long as sommat happens to me along t' way."

"Yer wanna tek care hitchin'," a sez. "Yer hear lots a stories about rapists an' that."

"It's alright. A can tek care o missen," he told me. An' a believe him. Hiz gorra black belt in Twaikwando an' one o' them other fancy martial arts that aint karate or kung fu or judo.

He introduced me to one o' t' birds he came with. She woh about twenty and she were beauuutiful. Now a'll let yer in on a secret. Normally a hate these old wankers who chase after young birds. A never do it mesen. A go fer someone wi a bit o' experience. Mainly cos all the young 'uns usually tell mi ter fuck off. But a'd 'ad a bellyfull a Tetley's and a woh feelin' irre-fuckin-sistable, so a started chattin her up.

"Alright, Pet, what's your name then?"

"Sharon."

"That's a fuckin beautiful name but it dun't do yer justice. A'm gonna call yer Jezebel, cos yer a temptress."

"Alright," she sez, impressed, even though she din't have a clue who Jezebel woh.

We were chattin' away like a house on fire an a asked her where she lived.

"Roundhay."

"I'm stayin there tonight," a told her. "We can share a cab."

"Alright."

Just then a couple o' chippy lads cem up an' started havin' a go.

"Hey look it's Dunno. A thought you said you were in t' new Bond movie?"

"I was," a said. "But they cut it out."

"Yer a liar. A bet yer weren't innit. A've Never seen you in owt."

"He in't an actor, hiz a rent boy," sez his mate.

"Watch yer mouth you," a sez.

"He in't a fuckin rent boy," sez the first one. "He's too fuckin ugly. Who'd pay to shove their knob up his fat arse?"

That did it. A swung mi fist back an' there woh a terrible scream. Mi elbow had accidentally caught Sharon in t' gob an' knocked some of 'er teeth out. Just then four big blokes cem up an' grabbed me. One of 'em woh the fuckin' landlord o' t' social, Big Jim.

"What you doin' here Dunno? Yer fuckin' barred. Get out."

So that woh r' it. A were thrown out o' mi own nephew's shindig and when a went to look fer Sharon ter see if she still wanted to share a taxi she just ran away from me wi blood streamin' out her gob.

A got bus back ter Roundhay and 'ad to wait outside Ginge's flat til half past two in the mornin' when he turns up wi' Spud and a load a Christmas shoppin.'

"Where've you been Dunno?" sez Spud. "We've bin lookin' for you all night."

"Yeah right."

"Here's yer Cristmas present," he sez handin' me a gift-wrapped box. A opened it and it woh what looked like a finger puppet made o' wool wi' a smiley Santa face on it.

"What the fuck's this?" a asked.

"It's a willy warmer," he sez. "Merry fuckin' Christmas."

Car't wait to get back to London. A've had it wi' Ginge and Spud an' the lot o' 'em...A fuckin 'ate Leeds....

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I love your life Dunno

Posted by Bygone

Ta love, am glad someone does

Posted by Lord Dunno

All that stress for a willy warmer. At least you got to take something to remember the day.

Posted by Jennie Q

Aye, true. Trouble is, it's itchy.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, December 18th

IT'S A WONDEFUL ...TOWN

Current mood: 🙄rejected

It woh Ginge who broke the silence first, just south o' Sheffield.

"A don't fucking get you, Dunno. What are you being so arsey for? I 'aven't seen Spud O'Hagan fer ages, why should we not be able to go fer a pint because you've been banned from every bastard pub in Leeds?"

"It's not that though is it yer ginger fucker? Yer a sneaky pair o' cunts. Regardless of 'ow many pubs am barred from yerda still sloped off. Anyway a've never bin ter Garforth. Chances are unless a'm on a database or summat, a could still gerra drink there."

"Yeh, an which cunt wants to go for a drink in Garforth. Especially with you!"

An that woh it until we woh passing Northampton, when mi mobile went.

"Dunno? Norman here. Short notice, I know but are you around for a meeting this afternoon in Town?"

"Yeh."

"Excellent! Get yourself to the Spotlight offices for four o' clock and meet Jenny Tizzy. Listen Dunno this is a good one. It's for Orange mobile phones. A series of five ads to be shot round the world, all with individual movie directors. Crazy money. The first one is set in New York. Good luck! Go get 'em tiger!"

Adverts are the actors' lottery. They might as well give yer a raffle ticket when yer walk through t' door. It's all luck an' it seems like there's no rhyme or reason

to 'em. But if yer land a big one, they can change yer life. So a woh in a much better mood fer t' rest o' t' journey. I din't even mek a fuss when Ginge purren Sting wi' 'iz fuckin' lute, like Alan a' fuckin Dale, but a did stop short at apologising. By the time we got ter north London we woh friends again. A woh glad ter get outter the car though ter tell yer t' truth, cos a woh boilin' 'ot as a woh wearin' three jumpers. A woh expectin' Ginge ter tek roof off again but 'e din't bother this time... the sneaky get.

A got ter Spotlight in good time psyched up an' ready ter tek mi chances, when the first face a see in t' waitin' room woh Timmy fuckin' Mabbutt! A thought about ignorin' 'im but he called out "Dunno!"

"Aright Duncan," a said, "Sorry mate, a din't recognise yer in yer green glasses. Are they new? 'Ow's panto goin'?"

"What?... Oh yes they are...Oh mate, the panto is going grrrrreat! Cassie has done such tremendous things with it...such innovation! Such vision! The reviews have been staggering. Even de Jong in the Standard loved it!" A thought e'd never fuckin shut up but e prattled on

"And the chap she got in to play Grizelda is an absolute hoot! He brings the house down every night. A 'round' on every exit! He's so wonderfully camp he cracks us all up! He is Grizelda to a tee! I've managed to get a great new agent from it and Cassie is soooooo connected that casting directors are coming every night and it's playing to packed houses. Wonderful! Just wonderful!"

I thought that it would 'o bin wonderful, just wonderful, ter deck the cunt right then an' there but luckily Jenny Tizzy called out "Duncan Delancey," an' off 'e went, leavin' me seethin'.

There is nowt worse then waiting outside a casting when the person who's gone in front of yer is goin' down really well, an' a could hear 'em all pissin' themselves at Timmy Fuckin Mabbutt...Great! That green speccy four eyed cunt 'ad sucked all mi positive energy an' doubled 'iz own. An' as a sat there, sinkin' further an further inter mi chair, gettin' all fucked off waitin' ter go in, a cun't help thinking that somehow it woh all the fault o' Ginge and Spud O' fuckin' Hagan.

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Tuesday, December 19th

DUNNO INTERRUPTED

Current mood: 🤔 confused

Soz about that. A woh about ter tell yer all about mi audition fer t' ad when a woh interrupted by Frances. Now a an't seen her since that fuckin' dinner party t' other night when shi ended up coppin' off wi' a whole gang o' skanky wankers includin' for all I know Spud O' fuckin' Hagan. Shi'd bin leadin' me a merry ol' fuckin' dance fer ages blowin' hot an cold all over t' place til a din't know if a were comin' or goin'. Anyway last week's humiliation woh t' last straw. If shi'd bin a bloke a wudda chinned her no problem and a'm sick o' bein' an idiot where birds're concerned, so a'd decided ter tell 'er to get out o' mi flat an fuck off wi' one of her boyfriends. Ter be honest a thought shi'd gone fer good cos there woh no sign of 'er suitcase an 'er smellies had vanished from t' bathroom. But no. A woh jus' updatin' mi blog when there woh r' a knock at t' door o' mi inner sanctum sanctorum.

"Enter!" a cried in mi deep forceful voice that a use whenever folk knock on mi door.

Shi cem in and wun't yer now it, she'd bin cryin'. What is it wi' birds and tears? They cry over owt an nowt.

"It's you," a sez, coldly statin' t' fuckin obvious.

Shi nods her head and looks at her feet and whispers "Yeah. It's me."

"I want you out."

Shi starts sobbin' again. "Oh, Dunno."

"What?" A 'ate seein' birds cry and a wanned to giver a hug but a knew if

a did a'd hate mesen fer bein' a soft touch.

"Can't you see why I did what I did?" she sez, an' this time shi 'ad a touch o' feminine angriness in her eyes.

"What cop off wi all t' guests at party? Is it cos yer a horny old slag who can't get enough cock? I 'ant got the fuckin' foggiest. Why dote yer tell me? Or better still dote tell me, an' just fuck off."

"I wanted to make you feel the same way you made me feel," she sez. Honest. They say Americans are like our closest cousins but I'll never understand 'em.

"Eh? It won't me stickin' me tongue down everyone else's throat, love. It woh you."

"Yeah. But that was just payback."

"Eh? Payback? What for? Lettin' yer use mi flat as a hotel? If it's all t' same to you love, I'd prefer it if yer lent me a hand wi' t' rent."

"Don't be asinine, Dunno," she sniffed.

That got me mad. A don't even know what asinine is but a bet it int nice. "Fuck off yer cheeky bitch."

"I..." sob..."I..." sniff "I wanted you to know how I felt when you paraded that dirty hippy chick in front of me last week. I could hear you...doing...it with her all night long."

"Eh?" She woh talkin' about Tina. A got lucky with her last week but it int as if me an Frances woh an item. At t' time shi'd even told me she woh a lezzer and din't like cock so what woh r' a supposed to do?

"Forgive me Dunno?"

"I..."

Shi looked at me wi' them big wet eyes and a gave in. A held her an' a kissed her an' shi kissed back. In't that a kick in the head?

"I think I love you Dunno," she whispered in mi shell like.

That shudda put me off but it din't. A woh flattered. And a woh r' horny as fuck too. A slid mi hand under her blouse and tried ter undo her bra but a got mi hand stuck. .

She pulled away from me. "What are you doing?"

Then she dropped another fuckin' bombshell. Ter be honest a felt a bit like a'd just bin carpet bombed there woh so many o' the fuckers goin' off around mi.

"Let's take this slow. I'm a virgin."

"Eh?"

"I'm a virgin. When we do it I want it to be special."

"It will be," a promised her. "What d'yer mean yer a virgin? What about all them fellers and Ginge and..."

"I never did anything with them. What has Ginge been telling you? That's so typical of a man. If they can't get it they make it up."

"I..."

"I'll make you a nice cup of tea Dunno. Is that okay? Would you like a bacon sandwich too?"

Fuck she's a clever bitch.

"Sounds great love."

So that's it. She's stayin'. Mi emotions are all up in t' air. Am a bein t' world's biggest idiot or is shi the real McCoy, whatever that is? It's definitely a three pipe problem this. A better give Fish Eye a call an' see if he's got owt to smoke.

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I say, eat the sandwich, smoke the pipe and roll with the punches.

Posted by Jennie Q

Aye, Jennie love, there's always punches.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I do love bacon. Sounds like lunchtime to me.

Posted by Jennie Q

Its always lunchtime at Dunno Towers.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Mmm...Bacon. See what happens? You must have quite a lot of pheromones, my dear Dunno.

Posted by Bygone

They're drippin' off mi.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, December 20th

WHERE WAS I?... OH YES...

....Anyway, before a woh so rudely interrupted by mad Franny, A woh sunk down in mi chair thinkin' "what's the fuckin' point?" When Timmy fuckin' Mabbutt comes out lookin' well pleased wi 'imsen, speccy twat.

Jenny Tizzy woh gushin' away behind 'im. "Oh well done Duncan, they loved you!"

"Oh thanks Tizz, you're soooooooo kind. You still coming down to Brighton then?"

"Sure thing, Dunco," says 'Tizz'. "I wouldn't miss it for the world. I've heard it's brilliant!"

"Grrrrrrrrrrreat! See you there then, Sweetie."

"Yes, see you Dunco...oh and Dunc? I hear that New York is very nice this time of year!"

"Let's hope so," he sez 'oldin up crossed fingers in front o' one o' the cheesiest fuckin' grins yer've ever seen. He turns ter me. "Hey Dunno, bon chance!" An' 'e woh off. Thank fuck, cos a wudda only said or done summat really daft.

"Dunno? Hello I'm Jenny Tizzy. Thanks for coming in!" A get up ter shake her 'and when she says, "Now you're comfortable getting down to your underpants, I hope?"

"EH?!? It dunt say 'owt about that in 't breakdown."

"No, but we did tell your agent, Dunno," shi sez givin' mi a coy smile.

"Forewarned is forearmed!"

Now a wunt mind, but a already knew when a woh walkin ter t' interview that the undies a woh wearin' today weren't mi best uns, an' that's cos I 'ad felt mi cock escaping through an 'ole in 'em an rubbin' against mi strides, an a woh 'opin' that mi flies wont undone otherwise a wudda bin walkin' through Leicester Square wi' mi cock out. Plus they woh grey Y fronts an' about twelve year old an' the elastic might no longer 'av bin at its tightest. However, in times a great adversity summat courses through the veins a Lord Dunno. Call it the Blitz spirit if yer like.

"My dear Jenny" a said in mi deep posh voice, lookin 'er in t' eye. "That will not be a problem. I'm looking forward to it in fact."

I played the whole thing like a knew mi scuddies woh rank, an a woh wearin 'em on purpose fer a big joke like. If they wanna see mi cock pokin' outter a grubby little 'ole then they're more than welcome to it. It woh strangely liberatin' an' consequently a did a crackin' interview an 'ad 'em all pissin' 'emselves. A cem out feelin' right good about missen, even Dizzy Tizzy or whatever 'er fuckin' name is woh r' impressed.

"Excellent Dunno," shi said. "Well done!" Shi gev me a little peck on t' cheek. Thats right love, a thought, you don't need a pair o' green fuckin' specs ter be funny.

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Wednesday, December 20th

BLOCKED BOGS

Current mood: 🤪excited

Frances 'as bin good as gold, mekkin' mi sarnies an' cups o' tea an' that. Shiz still got her pussy embargo in place, but a'm beginnin' ter think shi really likes me and it'll only be a matter o' time before a crack that particular clam. She's bin' 'ere about a month now and a asked her when she woh plannin' on headin' back to America, but shi got dead shirty and started sayin' a woh tryin' ter get rid of her.

A hate it when she gets in a state so a got inter Ginge's runnin' gear which a'd accidentally took back wi' me from Leeds, an' a went fer a jog round t' manor.

When a got back a woh desperate fer' a shower but a cun't believe mi eyes. There woh water all over t' bathroom floor and t' bog were overflowin' wi' shite an bog paper.

"What the fuck's goin on?" a asked Frances.

"You must have blocked it, this morning," she sez, cheeky cow.

A know fer a fact it wont me coz I an't had a shit yet today. So it musta bin her and fuckin' hell it woh a mammoth one. An Asian elephant cun't a beat it fer weight an' size. I tried flushin' it away but it just overflowed onter Ginge's trainers.

There were nowt fer it but to get on mi knees an try an dislodge whatever woh blockin' it wi' mi hands. A put a plastic bag on mi mitt like a glove an' worked away. It woh horrible. I pulled out a great big fuckin mud baby, an' jus' then

Frances musta gone out an' slammed t' door. I dropped the shite back in t' toilet an' it all splashed up in mi face. A got back down to it an' removed the shite an' put it in a bag. Then a flushed again. No go. More fuckin' shitty water washin' around mi ankles. There were nowt fer it but to call in 'The Black Flash' , Tony the plumber who lives across street.

Lucky fer me he woh r' at 'ome so he cem over straight away. He had ter unscrew t' whole toilet out of its place an' it woh touch an' go whether 'ad 'ave ter buy a new one. All the while he's callin' me a mucky sod for shittin' so much. A told him it wont me, it woh mi lodger.

"What that little American bird?" he sez. "No fuckin' way, she's too little. You'd need three of her to make this much shit."

A let it go. He fiddled about an eventually he puts his hand down the u-bend an comes out wi Frances' toothbrush.

"Here we go, this is yer culprit," he sez.

It looked as if it'd definitely seen better days so a gev it a quick swill under t' cold tap. It woh a bit dog-eared but definitely useable. Afterwards, the bog worked perfect, good as new.

"How much do a owe yer?" a asked, hopin' he'd say "Nothin, it were my pleasure," but he din't. Tight get.

"That'll be two hundred an' twenty quid, mate."

"D'yer tek a cheque?"

"Prefer cash."

"I'll bring it round once a've washed up a bit," a promised him.

After a'd cleaned up an' had a bath an' got t' place smellin' o' nice stuff rather than shite, a woh about to head off ter t' bank when 't phone rang. It were mi agent Norman.

"Dunno, you star, Jenny Tizzy wants to see you again. You've got a recall. Tomorrow, 3.30. Go for it Dunno!"

Get in there!! Mebbe a bit of Christmas luck is finally headin' my way?

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It's a rotten job....But someone's got to do it....

Posted by Dr Dan

A'll remember that fer next time, an give you a call.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Notes to self...1. Do not eat breakfast over Dunno's Blogs. 2. Look up the dollar equivalent of a 'quid'

Posted by Jenny Q

A'll look it up for yer Jennie.....Fuckin' loads of 'em.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, December 21st

THE BIG ONE!

Current mood: triumphant

So a mek mi way once more down ter Leicester Square ter meet Jenny Tizzy an' mi date wi' destiny. Why do actors act? Because it is an addiction. One minute yer can be workin' wi gobby loud Irish fellas, an a silly cunt in a check suit at a call centre, or pissin' in the coffee of a proper twat. The next, yer flyin' off ter New York ter film the first of a series of ads that'll change yer life ferever. I felt great! When a got there a got a bit panicked. No one woh there apart from a beauuutiful young blonde bird behind 't desk. Shi gev mi a big smile.

"Dunno, here fer t' recall," a said.

"Great! Take a seat Dunno, Jenny will be out in a minute."

"I expected a few more," a said. "What's the competition? Six or seven of us?"

"No Dunno," shi sez. "It's between you an' someone else."

I felt a tremor o' nerves, but a beat them down. "Who's the other fella then? Is it Duncan Delancey?"

"No," shi said, "I don't think it is."

Just then, Jenny Tizzy came bounding out like an overenthusiastic puppy.

"Dunno," shi said, throwin' 'er arms round mi neck an plantin' a big kisser on mi cheek. "So brilliant of you to come!"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," a said.

"Well you'll be meeting the director Paul von Strarton today. He's flown over from South Africa, especially...plus of course the usual suspects. I can't

begin to tell you how funny we all thought you were in the interview...and those knickers!!! I have NEVER seen anything so disgusting in my life! Where on earth did you find them?"

"I've got a drawer full at home," a said, at which shi laughed so much, she farted, an' fer a minute a thought shi woh gonna draw mud.

"Oh, Honestly Dunno, you really are too, too much!"

"Hey Jenny," a said. "What happened wi' Dunco? I was pretty sure I was gonna see him today?"

"Ahhh there hangs a tale, Dunno," sez Jenny Tizzy. "They did really like him, and wanted to offer him a recall, but the dates of the shoot clashed with some of the panto dates and for some reason Cassandra Aiken would not be budged, in fact for somebody so liberal and easy going she was quite vehement! Said, and I quote 'I've already been let down and left in the lurch by a fat, sweaty, bald, northern cunt! So NO, nobody else leaves this cast...I am holding everybody to contract!'"

"Tchhh...Actors," a said. "Fancy someone doing that."

"Well they can't all be like you Dunno," shi sez.

"Poor Dunco. An' a think he bought those specs specially like."

An' leavin' er' ter mull that one over, a went in. Intros woh med an' Paul the director explained what he wanted me to do.

"Okay, Dunno, your character has been for a jog, yeah? He goes into his house, yeah? Puts on some music, yeah? He's all hot and sweaty, yeah? So he does a strip. He thinks he's alone, yeah? Go as far as you dare with this Dunno...okay? He then opens his french doors and there is a lovely sparkling cold, fresh pool, yeah? He dives in....and when he resurfaces, he's in a hotel,

yeah? And there are all these guests enjoying poolside cocktails all looking shocked.Yeah?"

"Yeah," a said. A neglected ter ask im what the fuck all this 'ad ter do wi' mobile phones. Anyway it went really well. A mimed the whole thing out, took off all mi clothes right down ter mi trusty grey Y-fronts wi t' hole in. They woh laughin' like cunts an' a reckon they woh r' expectin' me ter stop there but a dint. A stood right in front of 'em an' before anyone could stop me, a whipped off mi undies an' stood proud in a star shape, stark bollock naked apart from one woollen Santa Claus willy warmer...

"HO, HO, HO," a said. "Merry Christmas!"

Never in mi life did a think the day would ever come when an itchy cock would be so worth it... And NEVER in mi life did a think a would be grateful ter them two fuckers, Ginge an Spud O' Hagan. Now comes the hardest part... we wait.

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Too funny! Long live naked star shapes! Well, they did say go as far as you dare right?

Posted by Heather

Aye, an' they woh lucky. A cudda given 'em some naked Bunny Hops as well...Not fer the squeamish.

Posted by Lord Dunno

That'll teach those puritans down at Mobile phone Hq.

Posted by Aesops Fables

Not sure if mi big white pasty arse will do owt ter boost mobile phone sales, but as they say, 'There's nowt so queer as folk.'

Posted by Lord Dunno

Hope they don't cover the willy warmer. I need to see how those are knitted. I cannot find the pattern.

Posted by Jennie Q

Google 'Christmas Willy Warmer knitting patterns'.....Xtra large mind.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, December 22nd

ENGAGED

Current mood: 😊content

A woh woken this mornin' by t' phone an' a leaped outer mi pit like a greyhound at whatever greyhounds are at when they start runnin' like bastards. A thought it woh gonna be mi agent Norm wi' news o' t' castin'. It wont. It woh Youseff from downstairs.

"Dunno your doorbell is broken. I have been trying to rouse you for hours to no avail, my friend."

"Eh?"

"We need to speak. Can you open the door please?"

"Aright mate."

A remembered that Youseff's missus dun't like seein' lads in their skiddies so a put mi kimono on an opened t' door. Youseff an' hiz whole family woh there 'oldin' another plate o' them horrible multicoloured cakes his wife meks.

"A Christmas greeting for you from us, my friend." Sez Youseff, handin' 'em over.

"Yer shun't ave," a said.

"We do not celebrate Christmas ourselves but we would like very much to invite you and your wife for lunch with us on Monday if that will be acceptable and pleasing to you."

"Eh? What wife?"

"The pretty little thing that is always flitting in and up the stairs."

He musta meant Frances.

"She in't mi wife," a said.

Youssef an his missus looked shocked an his kids started gigglin' like fuck behind 'em. A knew a'd put mi foot in it so a tried to explain mesen.

"We ain't fuckin or owt," a said. "She sleeps on t' futon in t' livin' room. Nowt funny goin on a promise yer."

He nods all flustered and herds his family back down t'stairs quick as he could.

"See yer Monday then," a calls after him.

He muttered summat 'an slammed his door. A hope psychedelic cakes won't be on t' menu. A went inter t' livin room an' Frances woh just gettin' up.

"Hey pet, Youseff reckoned we woh married," a laughed.

She looked at me dead weird. "Why would that be so funny? Aren't I good enough for you?"

"It in't that pet. It's just what wi' you bein' a...I, er... confused sexually. You ain't the marryin' kind are yer?"

Her lip started wobblin' an a knew a woh in fer a tsunami a tears again.

"Am I that disgusting?"

"Ner. Yer alright really. Honest."

"Would you ever think of marrying me?"

"Eh?"

She looked at me dead shy an' then started sobbing. "I don't wanna go back home. I wanna stay here. With you. In England. If you married me, I could. We could be happy together."

I don't know about that. Shiz bin here a month an' apart from mekkin' me a few bacon sarnies she's done fuck all to mek mi happy. It musta shown in mi face.

"I'd pay you of course."

"Eh?"

"To marry me. We could make it a business arrangement."

"A dote need yer money. A'm gonna be rich. A reckon a'm gonna be the face o' Orange mobiles."

"Oh." she looked dead upset. I hated it.

"Listen pet. Let me think about it fer a few days, eh?"

She perked up a bit then an' kissed me. It woh one o' them langourous ones that poets are always on about. Then she pulled away.

"No more. Not for now. I want our wedding night to be special."

"But... But I 'ant said yes yet..."

"Now what would you say to one of my jumbo bacon sandwiches?" sez the clever little bitch.

"I'd say, come 'an say hello to mi tonsils. Gerrin' the kitchen woman."

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Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.

Posted by Dr Dan

Preach not to others what they should eat, but eat what become you, and be silent.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I tell you, it's the ones with bacon to look out for. How do you think I convinced hubby to take me on? Bacon all the way...and what he calls a "Bangin' Rack." I think he meant lamb.

Posted by Jennie Q

Yer Hubby is obviously a man o' great taste.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, December 22nd

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE!

Current mood: 😬 indescribable

I tend ter find in my game that No news is bad news and at the end o' the day a still ant 'eard from Stormin' Norman about the ad an' a woh beginnin' ter fear the worst...It woh only between t' two of us, so why can't they mek their mind up quicker? A debated whether or not to ring Stormin' ter see if 'e'd 'eard owt, an' eventually I did...

"Oh Dunno," he said. "Try not to torture yourself dear boy, it's Christmas, anything could be happening. I know for a fact Paul von Strarton is really busy. He's shooting a vampire movie in Prague. He might not want to make any descision until the New Year. I know it's hard but you must try to put the whole thing to the back of your mind and forget all about it. I promise as soon as I know, you'll know."

So there it was, should a torture missen over Christmas? Nah! Fuck it! An evening in the Frog a think.... After all, Christmas throws up all kinds o' possibilities in London Town when yer mix a generous sprinkling of alchohol wi' a few sexed-up lasses...

When a got there, the first person a ran into woh Pig's Foot. It car't 'ave bin any later than six o'clock an' he woh absolutely plastered.

"DUOOOOOOOO!!!!!" (Dunno!) "Miald pal mi beh mat owthifak ayya?"
(my old pal, my best mate. How the fuck are you?)

"Am fine thanks," a said. "A see you've started early. Seen Tina?"

"Yachna! Yant sinTinafackin ag noo...lastyerd shi fakasinareet nuer!!"
(God No! I have not seen Tina for ages now. The last I heard she is fucking seeing a right nutter!)

"Right" a said. A figured that in this state it wouldn't be too long before Pigsy would be slumped unconscious in a foetal position under the table. An' a wont disappointed.

"A farrin lav yeyebigolecuntya!! Owerboot awikkess!!" (I fucking love you, you big old cunt, you! How about a wee kiss?) And that proved to be his parting shot as he did indeed slump ter t' floor, adopt his favoured foetal position an slip effortlessly inter unconsciousness.

Sometimes its right nice ter 'ave a birra time ter yessen in a pub an' a got 'old of an evening paper, an' settled in ter a bit o' quality time. People came an' people went an' the regular snores of Pigs Foot from under the table gev the whole thing a sense o' calm an' tranquility. A felt like a fella wi' 'iz old faithful Labrador asleep at 'iz feet. Whatever the result o' this ad, it dunt matter. A'd delivered the goods an' got down ter t' last two. People rated me an' liked what a did an' that woh a good feelin'. Dint pay mi fuckin rent mind, but yer cart 'ave everythin'.

This oasis a calm an contemplative tranquility woh broken when a voice said, "Dunno?"

"Tina!! How the fuck are yer? Listen yer dote 'ave ter avoid me. A'm 'appy wi t' way things are."

"Oh I'm not avoiding you Dunno, I've just not been around much."

"Ave yer come ter get yer boyfriend?" a said nodding towards Pig's Foot.

"Oh you! He's not my boyfriend. He's just my mate. Though sometimes I

wish he was. He'd be a lot easier to handle than Clyde."

"Givin' you an 'ard time is 'e?"

"You could say that..." she said, lettin' the sentence trail off.

"Let mi get yer a drink pet," a said, an' a went up ter't bar.

I like Tina. I think I like her a lot actually. An' a cun't bare ter see 'er lookin so sad. Shiz usually so positive an' that. A got 'er a drink an when a got back ter t' table Clyde woh there, like 'e'd appeared from nowhere. Tina looked far from 'appy. A went over wi' t' drinks an' put 'em on t' table.

Clyde looks at me an sez, "What do you want?"

A sez, "A dote want anything pal, a woh sat there, yer've taken mi seat."

"Well ain't that a shame?" 'e sez. "You might just have ter fuck off and sit somewhere else."

Long pause... A looked at him... Long pause...

"Is that a cock on yer neck?" a sez.

"What?"

"That shit tattoo on yer neck. Is it a cock? Only yer the biggest prick a've ever met so a'm guessin' it must be a reminder ter yourself, like, so yer always know what a cock you are!"

Now I can recognise the look of rage in a man's eye, an' a'm also aware that the winder of opportunity between someone sat down, ter someone standing up is a short one, an' we are back to timing again, so when he woh 'alfway between sittin' and standin' a smacked the cunt as 'ard as a possibly could. Luckily a got the sweet spot an 'e fell like a twat ter t' floor, ending up wi' 'is arms curled around Pig's Foot in the spoons position.

Fer a brief moment Pigsy stirred "A furrinlovaya," he said.

A turned ter Tina. "Sorry about that Tina, love, a cun't bear seein' yer so unhappy, an' a'm sorry ter say 'e woh just a tosser!"

She replied, "Oh Dunno! It's true that I do like to adhere to Buddhist principals but on this occassion I totally forgive you...my hero!"
She planted a massive smacker full on mi lips.

"Woah! I tell you what Dunno...the positive vibes coming off you are amazing, what have you been up to?"

"Wunt you like ter know love?" a said.

"I would Lord Dunno...I would! Do you want to come back to mine for something to eat?"

"You bet!" a said.

"Only trouble is," said Tina lookin' mi square in' t eye, "you might have to fuck me first..."

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The lengths you're willing to go through to get a good snog never cease to amaze me.

Posted by Aesops Fables

Count yer lucky stars yer safely tucked away in that there America.

Posted by Lord Dunno

A farrinlavya too.

Posted by Jennie Q

'Ow sweet it is ter bi loved by you.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Sunday, December 24th

IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE CITY

Current mood: 😊happy

Tina's got a lovely gash...Sorry, a mean Gaff. All decorated nice an tasteful fer chrimbo wi' fairy lights, subtle an' feminine in a hippy chick way... a real coal fire, givin' off a lovely heat. Wi 'd a right nice romantic evening tergether, all lovin' an' tender, but the next morning a woh r' itchin ter get out o the place. A dint want ter be around when Clyde came too ter find 'issen intimate wi Pig's Foot, an' lookin fer afters, an' also wi' Tina bein' one o' those vegan types, there woh no sign o' pig anywhere near t' place. An' its fair ter say when 'ave seen plenny o' love action, a dote 'arf work up the sorta appetite, that only a full English can satisfy.

"C'mon love, get yer clothes on. Yer comin' wi me."

When yer live in London Town yer fail ter tek advantage of all the brilliant things it has on offer, especially at Christmas time, an' after findin' a smart little caff on the Cally Road that catered ter both our tastes, we set off ter explore the city, like a proper couple. We started off at the Natural History Museum an it woh beauty. They'd set up an open air ice rink an' it woh lit up an' decorated all Christmassy an' romantic like. A wont too happy when a kept fallin' on mi arse but it kept Tina well amused an gev me a good excuse ter 'old her hand, an' throw the odd snowball in 'er mush.

We warmed up in the museum lookin' at all t' dinosaurs which woh well smart! A love dinosaurs. Then we 'eaded fer covent Garden, still 'and in 'and. We found a

nice pub an' over a few drinks we 'ad a long chat, an' a told 'er all about Franny an 'er marriage proposal an' all that business at the party, an' Ginge an' Spud O'Hagan. Shi woh laughin' when a told her about mi adventures at the call centre an' working wi' Phillippe, an' then a told er all about the ad an 'ow a woh on t' verge o' goin' ter New York an' earnin' a shit load a money an when a said on impulse if shi would like ter come wi mi, shi broke out in the biggest smile an' said....Yes! Birds fuckin' love New York. I told 'er that I respected the fact that shi wer an hippy chick an' a free spirit like, so if shi dint wont ter go out wi' mi proper then that woh fine wi me.

Shi laughed an' said, "Thanks Dunno," an gev me a little kiss.

"Come on then, Lass! " a said, "It wunt be a proper day out in London unless we took in a show."

A took 'er ter see Guys an Dolls. A reckon a'm a bit like Sky Masterson missen ter tell yer' t truth. It woh r' ace. We right enjoyed it. After a candle-lit meal in a cozy Italian, where a really wanned ter order veal but thought a'd better not, we sat on the top deck o' the number 19 bus to Islington, tekkin' in the beautifully lit, historic London buildings. London nightlife at its busiest and best, couples going home, ready for Christmas, weighed down wi' presents and treats, peace an' goodwill ter all men. La Dolce Vita.

When we got ter her house a asked her if shi wanned me ter come in but shi said a'd better not. Shi 'ad ter get up early an set off fer Salisbury first thing an' shi needed ter get organised.

"I can't thank you enough for this day Lord Dunno! I'll remember this

Christmas for a long time." She gev mi a lovely kiss."Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas pet!"

On mi way home a'd med up mi mind about Franny an' decided ter tell her, but surprise surprise, she wont in. Where the fuck is shi now? Mi machine woh flashin' a message an' a reckoned that it must be from 'er...

"Dunno, Its Norman here. Sorry to call you so near Christmas but I know that you would have wanted to hear sooner rather than later and not have the thing dragging on until the New Year. I'm really sorry old chap, they gave it to the other fellow."

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Sounds like a date any girl would envy. Sorry about the job, but if they don't appreciate the willy warmer, they don't deserve you.

Posted by Heather

My thoughts to a tee. Have yersen a lovely Christmas H.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Lord Dunno keeps it proper with the the ladies...

Barabus Sheen

Thank you Barabus, Barabus. Sorry B , felt compelled ter say yer name twice just then.

Posted by Lord Dunno

"When the Lord closes a door, somewhere he opens a window."

Posted by Jennie Q

Talked a lotta sense that Maria von Trapp

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, December 26th

CHRISTMAS DINNER GIVES FOOD FER THOUGHT

Current mood: 😬shocked

Call me a sappy cunt if yer like but a love Christmas. A still get excited an' find it 'ard ter sleep, so a woh r' up at six sharp to see if Santa had been in the night. He 'an't. But a thought a could play Santa ter Frances. Shiz bin usin' mi flat as a flop house fer t' last month an' a thought it must be 'ard on t' poor girl bein' away from her family at this time o' year so a'd bought her a new party frock at Debenhams. A'd wrapped it up in some old newspaper and a thought a'd put it next ter t' futon in t' front room fer when she wakes up. A crept in dead stealthy so as not ter wake her but a needn't o' bothered. She won't there. A left it on t' futon anyway just in case shi pops in at some time durin' t' day.

A sat down an' had a cuppa an' started feelin maudlin. Not gettin' the ad got ter mi. A woh alone at Christmas and broke. Now am not one fer wallowin' in t' shite o' self pity so a gave mesen a slap round t' chops and decided ter go fer a stroll in t' dark. I always do it on Christmas mornin'. It's fun lookin' up at lights goin' on in kids' bedrooms and knowin' they're dead excited cos their stockin's are full. It meks yer feel like a kid again. It's true, there is summat magic about Christmas mornin'.

So a opened t' door an' tripped over summat in t' hallway. Mi first fear was it cudda bin Pig's Foot crashed out, but it wont. It woh a brand new shiny black an' olive green Raleigh Meathead Mountain Bike wi' a red ribbon on it and an' envelope addressed ter me.

"Fuckin hell, Santa's been after all," a thought, lookin' at the 21 speed gears an 2 tone saddle. It woh a prince of bikes. Much better than mi trusty ol' boneshaker that were even older than me. A opened the letter.

"Merry Christmas Dunno,

Thought you might appreciate this and wondered if you would do me the honour of dragging your fat arse over to my place for Christmas dinner. Two o'clock sharp. No need for formal attire, but I would appreciate the return of my jogging gear.

All the best,

Ginge."

Fuckin' hell. Ginge had done me proud. It made me feel dead guilty fer thinkin' he woh a smarmy Satsuma head. Well, it woh certainly better than havin' cakes wi Youseff an' 'is missus downstairs. I'll say one thing fer the amber arsehole, he certainly knows how to put on a spread.

A rode all way ter Ginge's on mi new bike an it went like a dream. The saddle's soft as goose feathers an mi bollocks barely felt it. Got up to his penthouse an' t' door were opened by a saucy lookin' bird in a tiny french maid's outfit.

"Allo sweetheart. I'm Dunno."

There were a sprig o' mistletoe over t' door so a gev her a big kiss on her cherry red lips an she responded in kind.

"Come this way sir," she panted. She won't French. From t' accent I'd say she woh from Newcastle. A love exotic northern birds in French maids outfits an' a noticed she woh wearin' a bunny tail on her little arse an' wigglin' it in a festive way. Mi spirits plummeted when a saw Spud O'Hagan were sat on t' sofa

drinkin egg nog out of a pint glass.

"What you doin here?" a asked. "A thought you'd be in Leeds."

"Got fed up with the weather," he sez. "The tropical climes of London called and I was too weak to resist."

He's a silly cunt. It must be the Irish in him. Thinks he's a fuckin' poet.

"Where's carrot knob?" a asked.

Ginge came out of t' bedroom dressed like James fuckin' Bond in a tuxedo and shiny shoes that yer cudda used fer a mirror. "Nice to see you made an effort to dress up for Christmas, Dunno," he sez, starin' markedly at t' clothes a woh wearin'. "Yer cheeky cunt, yer told me not to dress up."

"Even so... there's not dressing up and there's that..." he pointed at me like a woh summat a drunk had left on t' pavement.

A thanked him for t' bike. It wun't do to get shirty wi him after givin us a prezzie like that.

"I thought you might appreciate it. I did some modelling for their new catalogue. I asked them for their sturdiest model. Didn't want the frame bending under your Christmas girth old chum."

He handed me a glass o' eggnog. A fuckin' hate eggnog. It's like drinkin' another man's sick. The spread made up fer it though. Ginge is a bit of a fashion slave and hiz latched onter this Medieval Christmas thing that's doin' the rounds. He had a goose, that woh stuffed wi a turkey an' inside the turkey woh a fuckin' partridge. All of it served up by the bird in the french maids outfit, whose name a found out woh Shirley.

A made to tug her bunny tail but Ginge stopped me sharp.

"Please don't molest the hired help Dunno. Control yourself."
He din't make any fuckin comments when Spud gave her a playful slap on t' arse though. That rankled. Anyway a dote know if it woh t' eggnog talkin' or the fact that them two cunts kept grinnin' at each other every time a said summat, but a found mesen gettin grumpy as fuck. At last, over t' brandy and a cigar the size a Goliath's cock a cun't hold back any longer.

"Ginge, do you hate seein' me happy?"

"I wouldn't know, Dunno. I never have. You've always been a miserable cunt. What have I done now? Do enlighten us? We're all men of the world."

"That's right," said Spud, nodding.

"Why'd yer spread all that crap about Frances being a slag? Shi sez shi never shagged yer. And I believe her. In fact... to tell t' truth, she's asked me to marry her."

There was a shocked silence. Spud were doin' that silent laugh of his where no sound comes out but yer can see his shoulders shakin' wi mirth.

"You haven't said yes have you, you silly fat cunt?" sez Ginge.

"A'm givin t' matter some serious consideration," a replied wi' gravity.

Ginge puffed out a billow a smoke an looked across at Spud whose eyes were waterin.' "Shall I show him?" he said.

"I think you better," sez Spud.

"Show me what? What yer on about, yer great pumpkiny ponce?"

"Bear with me one moment, sport," he sez, gettin out of his chair an disappearin' inter t' bedroom.

"What is it? What's goin on?" a asked Spud.

Spud just smiled. "Patience mon brave."

Ginge comes back wi' a DVD in his mitt and hands it to Shirley.

"Be a dear and put this on will you?"

She put it on and came back an sat next to us. The screen showed black then it went all fuzzy then we had a full on view of Ginge's pasty white freckly arse pumpin' up an' down on top o' some chick who woh squealin' like a scalded cat. Then shiz scratchin' him to bits wi' one hand an squeezin his baggy old bollocks wi' t' other. Then he rolls over and shiz astride him. It woh Frances an' shi woh starin' inter t' camera.

"Trick photography," a sez. Me mouth dry as fuck.

"It in't Dunno. It's t' real thing," sez Ginge, watchin' himsen on screen bangin' away doggy style.

A got angry. "A bet shi din't know yer were filmin' it yer cunt. D'yer film all t' birds yer shag yer dirty bastard?"

"No," he sez. "I don't like it. She insisted. It was her camera. We fell out when I wouldn't give her the disc. She said she wanted it for a keepsake. Personally I thought it'd be safer in my hands."

At that moment his onscreen self came all over Frances and Spud an' Shirley started cheering.

"You could wallpaper my flat with that, you dirty fucker," sez Spud, admiringly.

I'd seen enough. A got up.

"A don't feel too good. A think a'll be off home."

"I'm sorry Dunno," sez Ginge, helpin' me ter mi feet. "I didn't want to show it to you. But drastic times..."

I nodded and allowed Shirley to see me out. I woh that gutted a din't even bother lookin' at her bunny tail in front of me.

I rode home, wobblin' like a bastard. I shunt o' ridden the bike in that condition but a woh past carin'. All a could think of were Frances and Ginge. When a got home a noticed the light were on. A let mesen in. Frances woh in't livin' room wearin' t new frock a'd bought her.

"Merry Christmas, Dunno," she sez.

I nodded. "Franny, a've bin thinkin about yer proposal."

She looked at me, the smile frozen on her face. It woh the face of an angel.

"And..." she whispered.

"The answer's yes. I'll marry yer."

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Oh my! What is one to do? Have a drink or ten. Think about it. You and Scarlett O'Hara. Tomorrow is another day. I could bust her ass

Posted by Jennie Q

My Dear Jennie, you are, an' always will be the Queen o' arse busters

Posted by Lord Dunno

Halcyon

Posted by Aesops Fables

Wednesday, December 27th

KIDS...WHO'D 'AVE 'EM?

Current mood: 🌞chipper

You must think a'm a fuckin' nutter. Mebbe a am. A'll tell yer summat fer nowt, when a saw that video o' Frances bonkin' Ginge mi first thoughts were to kick her out on t' street, Christmas or no Christmas. Burrit's a long way from Ladbroke Grove to Highbury an' a had plenty o' time fer thinkin'. Frances might be a bullshitter but shi'd offered ter pay ter marry me. She wants ter stay here fer some reason and marriage is as good a way as any. Way a looked at it, marryin' 'er'd open up doors in America fer me too. Who knows, mebbe a could mek mi way to Hollywood an' tek Tinsel Town by storm. It sounded fine an' if we keep it as a business arrangement no one'll get hurt.

Trouble is when a told her a'd marry her shi got all dewy and tried to kiss me. A din't fancy any o' Ginge's sloppy seconds so a held her away at arm's length.

"No need fer that. This is business. Two grand an' am yours. And a'm talkin' sterling not dollars."

Shi went pale. "Two thousand pounds? I could marry someone I like for that!"

Talk about givin' someone a verbal kick in t' knackers. "Go find 'em then," a said, goin' into mi room.

"I didn't mean it like that, baby," she said. "I just meant I could marry anyone I like for that kinda dough."

"Go ahead then," a said. "That's mi price, love. Tek it or leave it."

"Don't you like me just a little bit?" she sez, battin' her eyes at me.

Lookin' back the clever thing to've said would be "No." But a din't. Trouble is a do like her. Shiz a nutter but shiz cute an' shiz got to me. That's why watchin' her in that fuckin DVD woh like havin' mi heart cut out.

"Yer alright," I said.

"I'm wearing your dress."

"I know."

"I could take it off if you like."

"Do what yer like but a still want two grand luv." I din't want romance gettin' in t' way and a knew if a went ter bed wi' her a'd end up lost. A woh wantin' ter fall in love and if a did shi were the type o' girl who'd use it as a weapon.

I went ter bed alone.

Next day, mi cousin Faye came round wi' her little lad Josh. They knocked me up at half nine. Half nine on Boxin' Day. A shudda pretended a woh out. I an't seen Faye in years, but shi tells me shiz down in London on her way out ter t' Seychelles fer an holiday. Mi Auntie May had made her promise ter look me up while she woh in town.

"Who's this little feller?" a sez, bendin' down ter get a good look at Josh. He woh nine an' 'ad one o' them puddin' bowl hair cuts and teeth like an 'orse.

"Give your cousin Dunno a kiss, Josh," sez Faye.

"NOOOOO!!!" screams t' little blister. "A don't like him. Hiz gorra dirty face."

"Yer cheeky cunt," sez I, tryin' to tek it as a joke.

"Please don't use that language in front of the child," sez Faye.

"Aright. D'yer wanna cuppa tea?"

"A bacon sarnie 'd go down well too," she sez. Yer can tell she's family.

We went up an' little Josh did a flyin leap on t' futon right on top o' Frances who woh still asleep.

"You've got a tart on your sofa!" sez the little charmer, pullin' the duvet off Frances so he could gerra look at her boobs. "She in't wearin a bra."

"Leave her alone, Josh!" a yelled. "Yer don't do that to ladies."

"Please don't tell him off," sez Faye. "He's got a sensitive nature."

"Aye a can see that," a said, watchin' him jumpin' up an' down on top o' Frances an' pullin' her hair.

"Gee up Horsey!" he screamed, diggin' hiz heels in.

A went off ter get bacon on t' pan and put kettle on. When a cem back, Franny woh tryin' ter escape ter t' bathroom but little Josh were hangin onter t' cord of her dressin' gown.

"Let me go. I need the bathroom," she said.

"D'yer need a shit or a piss?" he asks her, bold as brass.

"That's none of your business," said Frances disappearing into the bathroom and slamming the door.

"He's a little hyper," Faye explained puttin' her nosebag on and tuckin' inter the bacon sarnies. "Come and have a sarnie, Josh."

Josh shoved two sarnies in his gob at once. "Gorrany Coke?" he sez spittin sarnie on t' floor.

"He only drinks Diet Coke," sez his Mam.

"Well I an't got any," a sez. "How 'bout milk?"

"I 'ate milk!" he yells. "Give me juice!"

I got him some orange juice but he woh havin' a coughin' fit. A bit o' bacon 'd got stuck in t' back o' his throat. He din't choke to death. He ended up spewin' up all over mi tiger skin rug.

"It'll clean off," sez Faye. "Just use a bit of dettol and some elbow grease, Dunno. It'll do you good."

Frances din't come out of t' bathroom until Josh started bangin on t' door and yellin that he woh gonna piss hissen. When shi opened t' door he kicked her hard on shin.

"Wanna fight, bitch?" he sez tekkin' up a kung fu stance.

Frances were too busy hobblin' ter defend herself and he whacked out at her wi' a karate chop that sent her stumblin' forward so she tripped over her suitcase and lay sprawled on t' floor.

"Shiz not wearin knickers!" Josh pointed out to t' world. "What a slag!"

"So what time 're you off?" a asked hopefully.

"Not til this evening," sez Faye. "I hoped you'd show us t' sights o' London."

"He can't," sez Frances. "We're due out for brunch in half an hour. It's a work do, I'm afraid. No guests allowed."

I nodded. "That's right. We're runnin' late."

Faye looked like someone'd just forcefed her a shit sandwich and a felt a bit sorry for her.

"Look love. Sorry a can't get out o' this. There's an important castin' director there. Why don't yer just crash out here for t' day? Help yersen ter stuff to drink an' that."

She brightened up a bit an' a went an' got dressed. Minutes later me an Frances made it ter t' door chased by Josh who woh tryin to beat us over t' head wi mi old guitar.

"Don't break it Joshy," sez his Mam.

But it woh too late. He woh doin' a Pete Townshend on it an' smashin' it against t' airin' cupboard door. A won't too bothered. It won't really my guitar. Ginge had left it here once a few months back and forgotten to pick it up again.

When we woh r' outside a gave Franny a big kiss. "Cheers Franny. A cun't o stood that little shite for much longer."

"So how about treating me to an engagement breakfast?" shi sez, bold as brass.

Shi deserved it. "Aright love. The Dome beckons."

And off we went, arm in arm. Almost like a real couple.

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Little Fucker!

Posted by Dr Dan

Ahh thank you Doc, your usual elequent self I see.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You see? Frances does have her uses.

Posted by Barabus Sheen

A'll take your word fer it Barabus old chum.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I got four of them, kids. None of them acted like that little bastard.

Posted by Bygone

Spare t' rod, Spoil t' child.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, December 28th

COFFEE AND CHEESE

Current mood: 🤪excited

This is supposed ter be t' season o' good fuckin' will but yer could o' fooled me. Over at the Dome on Boxin' Day a reckoned me an' Frances woh finally gonna get it together. We're engaged fer fuck's sake. A shudda known better. We ordered coffees an' a went ter t' bog fer a piss. A dote know about you but a love a good piss in t' mornin'. Next best thing ter sex. Anyway what wi' gettin' woken up by mi cousin an' Little Josh, a never had chance ter go so a woh burstin'. By time a'd emptied t' tank an' got back to mi table mi latte were cold an' Frances had scarpered. There woh no fuckin' sign of her.

I ordered another coffee an' told 'em not ter ferget to put some heat under it an' sat back to ponder what to do wi mesen. A cun't face goin' home, not wi' that little cunt and his mam wreckin t' place. A phoned me Mam.

"Merry Christmas, Mum," a said.

"Dunno! What the fuck do you want callin' at this time? Can't it wait til after six. Cheap rate?"

"No. I need Cousin Faye's mobile number."

"What d'yer think I am a fuckin' phone book? Ring directory enquiries yer dopey cunt," sez me mam.

"Come on, Mam, please."

"Hang a-fuckin-bout then."

She gave me t' number and asked if a'd be up fer New Years.

"I might. Gorra go. Love you Mam."

"Fuck off, yer sobby little fucker."

I rang Cousin Faye.

"Hello?" she sez. A cud hear sound o' summat brekkin' in t' background.

"Could I speak to Ms Faye Garnett please?" a sez, puttin on mi posh civil servant's voice.

"Speaking," sez she, tryin to sound like t' Queen.

"Good morning, Ms Garnett. This is Joseph Darways speaking. I'm calling from British Airways Customer Service."

"We don't need any thank you very much," sez t' silly cunt on t'other end.

"No madam. It's regarding your flight to the Seychelles. Due to the upheaval with the flight schedules due to the recent fog I'm afraid it has been brought forward. You will be departing in two and a half hours from the North Terminal. British Airways would like to apologise for the inconvenience."

"I'd better get a move on then," sez she. "Thank you very much Mr Darwin."

I hung up and felt a lot better. A ordered a bacon an' cheese croissant and another coffee and settled back ter read t' paper and give 'em time to get out o' mi flat.

When a got back t' place woh like Baghdad on a Saturday night. Broken glass and shit everywhere. The little bastard had smeared chocolate fuckin' sauce all over t' telly. Least, a hope it's chocolate sauce. When a woh clearin' up mi phone went.

"Hello," a sez. "Lord Dunno's residence."

"Dunno, have a nice Christmas?" It woh Stormin' Norman, mi agent.

"Not bad. What's up?"

"What do you know about after dinner speaking?"

"If its a good feed a usually just burp mesen stupid. Why?"

"Jenny Tizzy has just been on to me. There's a do at the Cheesemakers Guild tonight at the Guildhall. She had someone booked in to do the after dinner speech but he's pulled out at the last minute. She seems to think you'd be perfect. A few jokes, nothing too racy and there's a cool five hundred in it for you."

"But a dote even like cheese."

"No need for the Cheesemakers to know that. Bluff it old son. I hear they do a slap up feed."

"Count me in."

"Knew you wouldn't let me down. Here's Jenny's number. She'll fill you in on the details."

I took the number down but as a dialled a cun't help thinkin' what the fuck do I know about after dinner speakin' an' also 'ow a wun't mind fillin' in her details one o' these days.

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"Don't even like cheese". Are you mad Sir? How can you not like cheese?

Posted by Jennie Q

To each , their own Pet.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, December 29th

CHEESED OFF

Current mood: 😐 blank

"Hel-lo, Jenny Tizzy!"

"Hello Jenny, it's Dunno."

"Dunno,darling! where have you been ? I've been trying to get hold of you all day!"

"Eh?! Norman's just called me, A'm callin' yer straight away."

"Oh the silly old fool... Look I'm sorry Dunno, I've had to let it go to someone else, to be honest if you have never done after dinner speaking before it would have been really throwing you in at the deep end."

"Ter be honest back, a'm quite relieved. A know fuck all about cheese, apart from the stuff yer get on t' end o' yer cock if yer dote wash it fer a few days."

"Oh stop it Dunno! Don't start me off!! Thanks for being soooooo understanding, luckily one of the people I called, got back to me straight away. He's an actor but he's got his finger in loads of media pies. Has his own after dinner speakers company, lots of names on the payroll, however as a special favour to me he is going to do this one personally. Perhaps you know him Dunno? He's called Jonny Marinelli."

"GINGE!"

"Yes! That's right! His friends call him that. Do you know him Dunno?"

"Yes I know that Titian Tosser. Hiz one o' mi oldest friends." It almost choked me ter say it.

"Wowee!! Small world!"

"How do you know him, Jenny?"

"Well I know him as an actor of course, oh and for a while we were a bit of an item!"

"FOR FUCKS SAKE," a blurted out. "Is there anyone 'e an't fucked? Oh sorry love, no offense like."

"None taken Dunno. It's true to say he's a charmer when it comes to the ladies....having a huge great pork salami of a cock doesn't do any harm either!"... A could feel the day going from bad ter worse ..."Anyway Dunno, sorry it didn't come off, but listen, I might have something for you in a few days. I'm just waiting for a green light, will ring Norman with the details...Ciao ciao!"

"Oh Jenny?"

"Yes?"

"Yer've not run across an actor called Mark O'Hagan Have yer?"

"Caaaan't say I have Dunno. Why?"

"No reason...Tara!"

Thank fuck fer that, a thought...the days not entirely ruined after all...

In light o this information, the New York advert debacle, not working for Bryant and Blessed and the Phillippe connection going quiet, a woh obliged ter keep the appointment 'ad made wi' t' local bank today, wi' a view ter turnin' mi overdraft inter a bigger loan. So a put on mi smartest clothes (Ginge's cast-offs) an' headed down Upper street wi' a view ter tryin' ter sponge a bit more dosh ter tide mi over.

A woh sat waiting, ogglin' one o' the cashiers who woh dead fit, but a could see her gettin' more an' more uncomfortable an' a reckon shi musta thought a woh a robber or summat, casin' t' joint. She looked relieved when a colleague came over ter speak ter me.

"Mr Dunno? I'm Helen Hobbs, Good morning! Would you like to come this way sir? Its a bit more private."

I could think o' nowt better than ter go somewhere private wi' this foxy little hotty an' a followed her inter a recess, eyes hypnotised and fixed on her firm arse.

"Now Mr Dunno, What can we do for you this morning?" she asks, givin' me a professional smile devoid of any feeling or emotion. A've 'ad a few o' those off birds over t' years an' a can recognise them immediately.

Avoiding the obvious answer that sprang ter mind re- her shapely arse, I said in an attempt ter lighten the mood; "And over yer money!" She looked at mi singularly non-plussed and totally NOT amused.

"I was wondering if you could extend my overdraft or draw up a loan that would incorporate my overdraft and free up some more money?" a stammered in mi formal, no nonsense voice.

"How much would you be looking for?"

"About two thousand," a said.

"And how do you propose paying this back? Are you working at the moment?" shi asks.

"Not really."

"What do you mean 'Not really'?"

"Well a did a session in a call centre and 'ad a spell waiting tables. I got down ter the last two in a huge advert campaign!"

"Oh, she said, "and how much did you get for that?"

"Fuck all!" I said.

"...Right."

"I'm feeling really optimistic about next year though," a said. "A reckon it's gonna be my year!"

"Well, Mr Dunno, I'm not sure if your employment position at this moment qualifies you for any sort of loan. There looks to be nothing substantial coming in that could make any inroads into your debt. After all, take away any living allowances and what could you possible pay back?"

"Fuck all..."

"Yes, I wouldn't quite put it like that myself, but I concur with you all the same," she sez, puttin' t' top back on her biro.

"But what does it matter to you love?" a said, "It's not your money is it? I'm an ARTISTE pet! I'm one big job away from being loaded!"

"Indeed, Mr Dunno, but until that big job you are overdrawn and in debt to the bank, with no means of paying it back, and yes, it is not my money but it compromises my position within the bank if I invest unwisely. I am sure you are a very good 'artiste' Mr Dunno, but we are not here to finance or sponsor you between 'big jobs'. However, should you get some regular employment, and we can see evidence of monies coming in, then we will gladly re-assess the position and arrange another meeting. Now, is there anything else the bank can help you with today?"

"Yeh. You are beauuuuutiful Helen Hobbs, How about yer come out wi' me fer a drink?"

Helen Hobbs actually blushed an a woh chuffed that a'd managed ter thaw a

tiny bit o' the ice maiden.

"Thank you very much for the kind offer Mr Dunno, I'm sorry to say that I am spoken for!"

"That's a shame pet, I hope he knows what a stunner he's got."

"Thank you Mr Dunno. I hope she does."

Tchh! Throw an orange outta t' winder in this city an' chances are yer'll hit a lezzer!...So fit too...What a waste o' snatch...

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A Banker is a fellow that lends you his umbrella when the sun is shining, but wants it back when it begins to rain...

Posted by Dr Dan

An a fit Lezzer is still a waste o' snatch.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I have to bow down to your superior wisdom.

Posted by Dr Dan

Everyone does in t' end Doc, there's no shame in it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You should go to the cheese dinner anyway... I wanna know what cheese makers do at dinner.

Posted by Jennie Q

Owt they want Jen, as long as they dote take their shoes off...

Posted by Lord Dunno

I LOVE CHEESE!!

Posted by Aesops Fables

Never mind love, it cart be helped...

Posted by Lord Dunno

Saturday, December 30th

RESOLUTIONS

Current mood: 😞 gloomy

Youseff's got a skip outside. Hiz gettin' the builders in ter fix the place up after all t' boiler damage. A went down ter ask 'im if a could bung a few things in it.

"Oh Mr Dunno, my friend, it would indeed be an honour and a privilege to have your rubbish in my receptacle!"

"Thanks Youseff, yer a pal."

"It is good is it not my dear friend to see your American lodger so happy with her new boyfriend?"

"EH?!"

"Oh yes, I saw her only yesterday walking hand in hand with a big chap, laughing and joking. Most carefree. Very peculiar though, he had a mark on his neck. Most strange, it looked just like...just like...a..."

"Cock?"

"Yes! Thank you Mr Dunno! You know this gentleman?"

" Yeh. I know 'im. It's a match med in Heaven, Youseff."

That's it! It woh time fer a major clear out. Ginge woh ferever tekkin' t' piss about the amount o' clutter in Dunno Towers, an' the time 'ad come ter get ridda the gaudy, depressin' decorations an' all the other crap clutterin up mi life. A went at it fer a good few hours an in t' end I 'ad a good eight black bags worth. A'd packed up the rest o' Franny's stuff. Now would be a good time ter tell her ter call it quits an' go our seperate ways. I 'ad no idea where Clyde lived so a figured the best place ter start lookin' would be' t' Frog. Also there might be a

chance o' Tina bein' there, I really missed her, an' a reckon there's only so long yer can dance naked round Stonehenge before yer get cold, or bored, or both. It woh quiet when a got there so a got missen a pint an 'ad a chat wi Tony the barman...

"You seen much o' Clyde an' Frances?"

"Yeah, Clyde was in yesterday with his new bird, I don't think she was called Frances though. This bird was called Rosanna."

"Woh shi a small cute American bird?"

"As a matter of fact she was!"

"Yeh... That's her. That's Frances."

"She's been in here a few times. A big hit with the fellas that one. For one awful moment I thought even Pig's Foot might have been in there!"

"Shocked he wont mate. Shocked he wont."

I grabbed a paper an' went ter find a quiet corner. Mi concentration woh broken when a shadow moved over me. A looked up ter find a man in a smart suit, clean shaven with a neat short hair cut, lookin' at me.

"Hello Dunno. How's it going?"

"EH?! Fuck me! Pigs Foot! What the fuck's happened...you bin in court?"

"No pal. It suddenly dawned on me one morning when I wuz bein' sick and pissin' blood that there wisnae any point tae given' up the smack if it were only gan tae turn me intae a ragin' alchiholic, pissen' an shitten' misself everyday, an' when ma own family didnae want me back in Glasgae fer Christmas. I were becomen a major embarrassment tae everybody, so a thought the time might be right tae clean up ma act. I've joined AA and w'i the aid of a few meds I've decided tae battle thi booze...One day at a time

Dunno! I've been oot an' aboot looken' for a few jobs. Oh an' ma name's Peter by the way!"

"Wow, good fer you charver...a'm delighted fer yer. Yer look great. Are yer optimistic about finding owt?"

"Aye Dunno, it shouldnae be a problem, This is London Town. Theres always work if ye'er willen' tae do it. Plus I've got a first from Oxford, that'll help."

"Jesus Pigsy...it teks all sorts...Have yer seen owt a Tina. D'yer know when shi gets back?"

"Back? Dunno, she never went away. We spent Boxing Day taegether. I helped her tae pack."

"Pack?"

"Aye, That's right Dunno...she's gone...Taken' a year oot, backpacken'. She went Boxing Day evening tae Thailand."

...Stunned silence...

"Y'allright mate?"

"Yes mate," a sighed. "A'm fine. Pigsy, tell me summat. It turns out yer a smart, goodlookin' fella with a big brain, why did ya get yersen in such a mess?"

"Cos life was shite, Dunno. Life was really fucken' shite..."

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Monday, January 1st

NEW YEAR WASH OUT

Current mood: 😞exhausted

A reckon there's summat in t' old sayin' about us all bein' prawns in a chess game for t' gods. Just' had the shittest Christmas ever. This year, fer the New Year, a decided a wanned ter do summat special so on t' spur o' t' moment a thought a'd go visit an ol' college mate in Edinburgh. Sly is one o them poetic types and a an't seen 'im in five years or so, since we fell out over summat or other involvin' a dishwasher and some dirty underpants. He got married to this Danish bird an' has bin livin' in sunny Edinburgh fer ages. Anyway, New Year an' Christmas bein' t' time o good will an' reconciliation a thought a'd surprise him by turnin' up on his doorstep an' gerrin' him ter tek me out fer a real Scots Hogmanay. Hiz got kids so a reckoned a'd be doin' 'im a favour showin' up an' givin' him an excuse to gerrout o' t' house an enjoy hissen.

Train woh delayed fer two hours cos o' rain or summat. A'd bought mesen one o' them MP3 players fer Christmas burra car't figure out 'ow ter put stuff on it so all it plays is a Westlife song and twelve seconds o' Like a Virgin. Stands ter reason it din't tek long fer me to get bored, so a fell asleep.

Gorrinter Edinburgh about nine-ish which gev us plenty o' time ter get ter Sly's place. Lucky fer me a've gorra good memory so even though a cun't remember t' name o' t' street a knew how to get there. A knocked at t' peeling door o' his basement flat an' waited. A cud hear some kids cryin' inside an' a wondered if mebbe this weren't one a mi better ideas after all.

His wife, the Great Dane, opened t' door. She an't half piled on t' pounds over t' last few years.

"Yer lookin great, Friga," a said, steppin' forward an' givin' 'er a peck on t' cheek.

She took a step back to get away from me. "What are you doing here, Dunno?" she sez. Call me paranoid but it din't look like a woh her idea o' a welcome surprise.

"A've come ter wish yer a Happy New Year. Auld acquaintances an' all that," a sez. "Are yer gonna let me in? A'm freezin." It woh true. It woh blowin' a fuckin' Arctic gale up there an' mi knackers had shrivelled up inter pickled walnuts in mi spacious scrote.

"Sly's not here," sez she, not givin' an inch.

"Eh?"

"Sly's not here."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. He left two years ago. I hope he is in hell. You can go and join him." She closed t' door in mi face.

I rang t' bell. She opened t' door.

"What now?" shi sez.

"Can a use yer toilet?"

She showed me in. A went through t' livin' room. The kids were playin' wi' cars on t' floor an' there were half a dozen Danes in there o' all sexes an ages, starin' at me.

"'Appy New Year," a sez. "Just poppin' in fer a piss."

That seemed to relieve em a bit. When a'd finished a asked Friga if she 'ad any idea where Sly was. An old bloke wi' white hair an' a droopy tash gorrup an' sez, "If you are a friend of his, you are not welcome here. Get out!!"

"Cun't a stay fer a drink?" a asked. "'Ave come a long way and anyway it in't even as if a am mates wi Sly. We an't spoke in five years."

"Out!" he barks.

"Fine. Happy New Year to you too."

A went out inter t' gale swept street and med mi way ter t' City Centre for t' festivities. A mean, who needs a few ex-mates to have a good time, especially if yer in Edinburgh? Got there and guess what? Place woh r' empty. A walked up to a bloke in one o' them shiny luminous steward jackets an' asks, "When's t' bash start mate?"

"Cancelled," he yells over t' wind.

"Eh?"

"Cancelled cos o' the weather, laddie."

Got t' sleeper back to London. Saw in t' New Year in style wi' a bloke from Barrow-in-Furness, who let me share his six-pack o' Tennants.

I fuckin' hate New Year.

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Ring out the old my friend.

Posted by Dr Dan

Aye an' ring in t' new while yer about it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Cheer up Milord. It's a New Year and it's gonna be great.

Posted by Jenny Q

Hark at her...Doris fuckin' Stokes.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Westlife? On your MP3? Dunno shame on you!

Posted by Angel Toes

It in't my fault. It woh on it when a bought it. A an't gorra clue 'ow ter put owt on it fer mesen.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, January 2nd

SHO' ME THE MONEY

Current mood: 😊 thoughtful

Fuck me, Builders are noisy cunts! A cart believe they're startin' now... no doubt in keepin' wi' the tradition of English builders, they'll mek a complete mess o' Youseffs gaff, leave 'im wi'out electricity an' water, then fuck off wi'out trace fer two weeks... Eight o'clock it woh when t' bangin' started. They 'ad their music blarin' out, so consequently they 'ad ter shout at each other... There woh no other choice but ter gerrup an' mek missen a cup o' tea. Was it too early fer a blast on mi pipe? Nah, fuck it! Its still Christmas... A sat on mi throne an' thought 'ow nice t' place looked, all clean an' tidy... DING DONG! Oh I dote believe it... Who the fuck is this at this hour? A stuck mi 'ead outta' t' winder...Ginge!

"Now then, old boy," he sez after mekkin' 'imself a cup o' tea an' surveyin' t' room. "What's going on here then? You expecting royalty? I thought I'd never live to see the day... Apart from that huge fucking tree, that is. Planning on keeping it for next year, are we?"

"Am a fuck, yer cheeky ginger cunt! A just dote know what a'm gonna do with the big fucker."

"Chop it up and stick it in that skip outside...There's prickly pine needles all over the fucking place."

"Yeh. Right. Anyway, what're yer doin' round 'ere so early?"

"Ah, I had a little triste too tempting to resiste! I was just driving back from Hampstead, thought I'd drop in an see how you were. You were'nt looking too clever last time I saw you."

"Yeh, well a'm fine now thanks. Fuckin' hell, what's that horrible smell?"

"Oh, it's this," he sez proferrin' a bag that stunk o' decaying body parts.

"It's a wheel of Camembert, a bit ripe I'm afraid, it's been in the boot of my car, a gift from the cheese makers. It's yours if you want it. So... no mad Americans?"

"Ner... no mad Americans. A'm 'opin' shi might 'ave fucked off fer good. What did yer have ter show me that fuckin' DVD for?"

"Because it was obviously the only way to get it through your thick bonce that you were dealing with an A1 nutter," sez Ginge, relaxin' hissen on mi throne. "It was all her doing Dunno. She came onto me and was all over me like a rash... Oh don't look at me like that! She was cute, and you can't look a gift horse in the mouth. Sure enough, she was dirty as fuck, and when she got the camera out and insisted that we film it all, well, I was all for it at first. Who wouldn't be? She turned Psycho on me when I wouldn't hand it over. I'm no mug Dunno, and I can spot a hustler when I see one. So, where is she now then? Latched onto some other cunt, I bet?"

"Yeh, burrat least he IS a cunt, so maybe they deserve each other."

"Well you should give thanks to the Lord our God that she's out of your hair... if you had any, that is."

A figured while he woh in this benevolent mood, t' timin' might be right ter tap him up fer a few bob. "Ginge, How're yer fixed fer cash? Is there any chance yer can loan us some money?"

"Is there fuck! It would never be a loan with you, would it? It would be a gift. Look mate you're fit, able-bodied, after a fashion, and quite capable of work... and I don't see you in any hurry to give up the dope an booze. Why should I finance that?"

"Alright, dote get yer knickers inna twist. A woh r' only askin'."

"Look, I'll keep my ear to the ground and see if I can find you something... By the way Dunno, Have you still got that guitar I lent you? I had it checked on an auction web site. Apparently it's worth a fair few quid."

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I wouldn't mind having a look at that DVD if you can get a copy.

Posted by Dr Dan

Do yersen a favour an' give it a miss. The sight o' Ginge's spotty white arse heavin' about is enough ter put anyone off porn.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, January 3rd

CAN'T SEE 'T WOOD FER T' TREES

Current mood: 🤨enraged

A ain't both'rin' wi' a Christmas tree next year. Too much 'assle. That Ginge can never leave well alone. He always has ter do summat to niggle at yer. Hiz like an itch that yer can't reach wi'out a stick. His remarks about the fuckin' Christmas tree were festerin' away in mi bonce. It woh true it'd seen better days an' wi'out it's needles it looked like summat yer'd find in t' no go zone around Chernobyl. A gorrit out 'ert pot mekin' a mess o' mud all over mi newly 'oovered carpet an' staggered down t' stairs to t'ert skip. Yer'd a thought it'd weigh less wi'out needles but yer'd bi wrong.

A woh perspirin' like a twat on a hot tin roof when a got inter t' street and heaved it into Youseff's skip. A woh about to go back in an' 'ave a shower when Youseff starts bangin on t' winder an' glarin' at me. He comes runnin' out and leads me back to t' skip.

"Just you look in there please my friend," he sez in a not too friendly tone o' voice.

"What?" sez I, lookin'.

"What do you see?"

"Mi tree and a load a mi old rubbish. Yer said a could put it there yerself, Youseff."

"I said you could use my skip. I said nothing about filling it totally with forests. You must take the tree away at once."

"Eh?"

"The tree, my friend. It cannot stay there."

"Wharrabout t' rest o' mi rubbish?"

"I will allow that to remain because I gave you my word. However, I think you are the one they warn about when they tell us 'Give an inch and he will take a mile.'"

"Eh? Yer cheeky cunt. What yerron about?"

A suppose he 'ad a point. It woh true. His skip woh full o' mi shite. I heaved t' tree out.

"Where'm a gonna tek it?"

Youseff shrugged. "That I do not know, Mr Dunno. That I do not know."

So off a went back down Upper Street lookin' fer a bin fit fer a giant tree. It were goin' 'ome time so t' streets were packed wi' people who kept pushin' past me. One little kid started cryin' cos mi tree poked him in t' eye.

"Soz mate," a sez. "Yer better watch where yer goin'."

A shudda kept mi big fuckin mouth shut cos his mam din't like that. "It was your fackin' fault baldy," shi sez, pokin' me hard in t' gut so that a dropped t' tree on top 'ert kid who started screamin'. Both o' 'em woh gerrin' hysterical now, and as a woh tryin' ter calm 'em down when an 'and fell on mi shoulder. A turned around and it woh wanna the coppers who nicked me a few weeks back when they thought a'd smashed up Youseff's flat.

"Dunno isn't it?" he sez, raisin' an eyebrow.

"Yer know full well it is," a replies.

"And what's going on here, then?"

"He attacked my boy with that fackin tree of his," sez the mother, who were tuggin' her lad out from under t' tree.

"It woh r' an accident, officer," a sez.

"And where are you going with this tree, sir?" he sez, lookin at me like he thought a'd nicked it.

"I'm tryin' ter find a bin to dump it in," a sez.

Copper sheks his head. "Can't dump trees on the thoroughfare sir. You either take it to one of the designated city dumps or you call the council and they'll take it away for you."

"What's t' number?" a asked him.

"Couldn't rightly say, sir. Why not ring directory enquiries?"

A din't wanna drag the fuckin thing all t' way home so a hefted it back up Upper Street ter t' Town Hall. A went inter t' reception. There worra queue an' mi arms woh r' achin' like bastards while some twat in a Brazil football shirt woh fillin' in a form an' tekkin' all year about it. A thought to mesen 'enough a this,' an' a spoke sharp to t' bloke behind t' counter.

"Scuze me mate, a've saved yer lads a job and am droppin off me Christmas tree. Where d'yer want it?"

"Just wait your turn sir," sez the feller, lookin at me like an owl wi his big shiny bifocals.

A waited while t' feller in t' Brazil shirt wrote his fuckin' life story on t' form.

"Now what can I do for you, sir?" sez t' functionary peerin' at me like a woh from Mars.

"A wanna know where a can leave this?" a sez, shekkin t' tree fer effect.

"You can either take it directly to one of our designated dumps, or you can telephone us and we will collect it for you," he sez.

"Car't a jus' leave it wi' you?"

"No sir."

"Burrit weighs a ton."

"I'm afraid I have to ask you to remove it from Council property, sir." He woh glancin' at two uniformed security guards so a knew it were pointless tryin' ter reason wi' him.

An hour later an' a woh back home wi t' tree. A humped it in, and shoved it in t' hallway, then a phoned t' council. After half an hour o' automated limbo a got a living person.

"Excuse me, a've gorra tree that needs disposing of," a sez.

"You can either bring it to one of our designated dumps," sez t' voice, "or we can collect it for you."

"That's what a'd like," a sez. A gave em me address and there worra pause on t' other end 'ert line.

"I'm sorry sir, but you're outside of our catchment area."

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Never let it be said that Lord Dunno does not have wood.

Posted by Dr Dan

Are yer tryin' ter get mucky again, Doc? Or 'ave yer bin gobblin' too many weird pills ?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Maybe you could turn it into some kind of urban bird garden.

Posted by Jenny Q

Aye. Mebbe a cud. An' then again, mebbe a cun't.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Why not chop it up into little small pieces and ask Ginge to take it to the dump for you?

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Cos the lazy fucker'd jus' tell mi ter fuck off. Then a'd bi left wi' tons o little trees instead o' one great big one.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You could give it to someone as a present. It could be a New Year 'treet'.

Posted by Angel Toes

A'm gonna laugh perlately at that cos yer might well be a dead fit bird. Burrif it turns out yer not, then fer t' record yer jokes stink.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, January 4th

BERTIE THE BRUISER

Current mood: 😊bouncy

The morning dint get of ter't best a starts...It woh 7.45am an' some cunt were bangin' on t' door like they woh tryin' ter break in. A went stomping ter answer it.

"What the fuck d'yer want bangin' on mi door at this time?"

"Is that fuckin' tree yours mate? We're tryin ter work in the downstairs flat, we're in and out all day. That tree is in the way!"

"Fucking move it then" a says.

"Where shall we put it?"

"Up yer fuckin arse fer all I care, wekkin' mi up at this time!"

A slammed t' door hard. A went ter mek missen a cup o' tea an' when a looked out o' t' winder a saw that t' builders'd dragged it inter t' street an' left it on t' pavement, a also saw Maggie mi neighbour comin' out of 'er house with 'er tree, wheelin' it all organised like, on a sack barrow.

"Mags," a shouted, "Where are tekkin yer tree?"

"Oh Hi Dunno! I'm just wheeling it to the designated tree dump, just round the corner in Turner's Breakers yard. The council have put three free skips there until Friday. You can borrow my sack barrow if you like!"

GRRRRR!

A got back ter find mi phone ringin'.

"Hey Dunno, How d'you fancy being a model?"

"Eh?!"

"Modelling isn't all just chiselled hunks and body beautiful, there's a market for fat ugly cunts as well, I figured you'd be perfect!"

"Fuck off Ginge you text book tosser...."

"No Dunno I'm serious, old fruit. I've started up an agency, There's a real niche in the market for 'ordinary' looking folk, for leaflets, pamphlets...all sorts. Upwards of two hundred quid a pop. Easiest money you'll ever make...so, give it to me straight, you in?"

"Yes mate, a'm in."

"Smart. Drag your fat arse over to this address this afternoon... oh and Dunno, this project is very close to my heart and it's only just getting off the ground so don't fucking let me down....No matter *who* winds you up."

"Ginge, fer fuck's sake, what sort a person d'yer think I am?"

"I know what sort of person you are Dunno...That's what worries me..."

The address were a studio in East Acton an it took mi ages ter get there cos ' tube were up the spout thanks ter some twat leavin' a sports bag on a train. A walked in an approached a camp little feller behind t' reception desk.

"Alright, mate, I'm Dunno. Am here for t' modelin' sesh."

He gives me t' once over an' turns to his little intercom. "Marcus, your big fat fatty's here!"

"Eh?!"

"You are a big fat fatty, aren't you?"

A wer about ter say, "An' you're a cheeky cunt" but Ginge's words kept echoin' round an' round in mi bonce... "Don't let me down! Don't let me down...dow...do...d..."

"Yeh, whatever you say mate," a said, contentin' mesen wi' a scowl.

One o' them typical media types comes out of t' glass swing doors, complete wi' shit hair an' stupid glasses. He strides over, and pumps mi hand.

"Hello Dunno! Great to meet you...I'm Marcus. Thanks for coming in at such short notice...come on through to the studio and we'll get you kitted out!" He points to a door an' gives me a little bow. "Okay, Dunno, if you'll just go in there, pop your cozy on and we'll get going shall we?"

A went into a small dressing room and laid over t' chair woh r' a costume that looked ter all intents an' purposes like a banana; all yeller rubber wi' a yeller lycra cat suit, brown boots an' a brown top hat.

"Oh and Dunno, Don't let me Down.....Down....Dow.....Do....D..."

A came out looking jus' like a big, walkin' yeller cock.

Marcus was delighted. "You look fabulous... Now this is going to be part of a government sponsored, picture storybook to make the kiddies eat more fruit. You, my friend are Bertie the Bruiser! A bullying banana who thinks he is the best fruit in the bowl...Brilliant! I see you take your work seriously Dunno, because that scowly, aggressive, sullen, sulky face you're pulling is perfect!"

A've gorra admit that the next hour woh strangely enjoyable. Marcus had me shakin' mi fists, growlin' an' grimacing, stompin' an' kickin...It woh a right good laugh. Afterwards he woh explaining how all t'other fruits'd be computer generated over t' top but "If we have to get you all in then we will, which is no bad thing Dunno, because the girl who plays Patsy Peach is an absolute....well, Peach!"

As we woh leavin' I asked Marcus why 't lad behind t' desk were such a cheeky get, callin' mi a big fat fatty, when e' dint even know me.

"Because that's what you are, isn't it?"

A musta looked pretty stunned, cos he added, "We rang your agency 'Anybodies' and told them what we were after and they told us they had the perfect client for us in their section called Big Fat Fatties!"

That fucker Ginge...A'll swing fer 'im...

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Please tell me you're going to post some of those banana photos. I want to get one of those suits for my little boy.

Posted by Jenny Q

Signed photos are available from Anybodies Agency priced seven-fifty.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, January 5th

EYE OPENERS

Current mood: 😊happy

Some of us sleep wi' one eye open. It's next ter impossible to get the jump on yer that way. That's what happened this mornin'. One minute a woh r' off in t' land o' Nod and t' next a woh wide awake watchin' mi doorknob turnin'. We've 'ad a lorra burglaries in our manor of late, so a were up and across t' floor like that fat cunt in Meatloaf, hidin' behind t' door ready fer 'em as they came in. T' door opened an' a pounced on mi prey.

"Yer dirty robbin' fuck!" a yelled pinnin' t' intruder to t' floor. It were only then that a noticed t' intruder had boobs, wi erect nipples an' no bra to hold 'em in check.

"Get off! You maniac!" she woh screechin' like a banshee. It woh mi erstwhile fiancee, and resident nutter, Frances.

"Franny, what the fuck're you doin' here?" a sez gettin off her.

"We need to talk," she sez, gaspin' fer breath.

It woh true. We did need to talk. A were sick o' her disappearin' acts an' shaggin' half t' blokes in London and not me.

"Aye, listen pet, if it's about t' engagement business, well..."

"It is," she sez.

A were wonderin how to brek it to her gently that a'd changed mi mind and din't wanna go through wi' it when shi made a preemptive strike an' beat me to it.

"I'm not gonna marry you Dunno. I don't mean to hurt you but two

thousand pounds is a lot of money and I found someone who'll do it for nothing, because he really loves me."

A thought about that cunt Clyde, who'd bin seen around wi her. "Listen luv," a sez. "Clyde in't even English. Hiz from New Zealand or New Guinea or Australia or South Africa. One o' them places where they talk funny. Yer can't marry him fer his British passport cos he an't got one."

"Clyde?" she laughed. "God you're even dumber than you look."

"EH?"

"It ain't Clyde, lunkhead. It's... well maybe you should meet him for yourself."

"Ner luv. It's alright," a sez. "It's none o' my business."

She looked hurt. "But you've been so good to me, Dunno. You're my knight in shining armour. Please. I want you to give us your blessing."

"Yer can have it, but a ain't meetin' him." To be honest a weren't in t' mood ter met anyone, cos a were still naked and a needed a shower.

As it 'appens a din't 'ave a choice. A shadow moved across t' open door and then a tousled head peeps in. Yer cudda knocked mi down wi a feather. It were Spud O' fuckin' Hagan.

"Happy New Year, Dunno," he sez, turnin' on t' Irish charm.

Mi mouth were open in shock. This were the same cunt who'd bin tellin' me to kick her out just a couple a weeks ago.

"You!" a sez, strugglin to contain the usual mix o' emotions; rage, betrayal, an' a pinch o' relief that a'd off-loaded the crazy cow onto some other poor fucker.

"Yeh. Me. Are you goin' to congratulate us?" He offers me his hand and a

just stare at it. "Come on, Dunno, be a sport. All's fair in love and war now, isn't that right, Fran?"

She nods and gives him a cuddle. I'm still starin'.

"Be a man, Dunno," he sez. "The best man won. What more can I say?"

I wanted to hit him burra din't. He looks around me room and sniffs.

"Fuckin' Hell. Have you got a dead cat in here somewhere?" Without a by yer leave he goes an opens t' window lettin' in a blast a icy air. "Now, I'm starvin'. Franny, why don't I take Dunno out for a spot of brekky while you collect your stuff?"

"Okay," she sez, meek an mild.

"I ain't goin nowhere wi you, yer backstabbin' cunt."

He looks pained. "Don't be like that. I'll buy you all the bacon sarnies you can fit in that fat gob of yours. Come on. We need to talk... In private."

Suddenly every cunt wants to talk. I've never trusted that smarmy Irish tosser, but a bacon sarnie's a bacon sarnie. I yielded.

At the caff, a were halfway through me second sarnie before either of us spoke.

"What's it all about?" a said.

"We love each other," he sez, wi' a cheeseey grin.

"Bollocks. Yer never loved owt apart from yer mirror."

He grins again and shrugs. "Have it your way. She's quite fit. I've shagged worse. It's a business proposition. That's all."

"But she sez you said yer din't want any dosh fer it. Yer said yer'd marry her fer nowt. Yer know yer did."

He flashes his expensive dental veneers at me and laughs his head off.

"Do I look like I need the money, Dunno?"

A din't say owt. A knew he woh only waitin' ferr a chance ter brag about all hiz money and how much hiz flat in Battersea woh worth. "She wants to be able to live and work in England," he sez. "I want to be able to live and work in the States. I think it's abut time I treated Hollywood to the old O'Hagan charm."

"Yer a cunt," a said. "That's why / were goin' through with it."

He refills me mug wi stewed tea. "Face facts Dunno. Me an' Ginge were talking about this the other night. We both came to the conclusion that you'll never be a movie star. Your niche is well...character parts. Small character parts on British TV. A police sergeant in Emmerdale... someone with an eating disorder in Casualty... someone's grandad in Hollyoaks...that's the best you can hope for, really. You're just not movie material. Hollywood's out of your league. It'd just swallow you up."

"Careful, Spud. I an't had a scrap in ages and a really wanna chin yer right now."

"Sorry, pal, but I always call a spoon a spoon. Anyway, forget about it. I want you to do something for me. "

"A dote believe it. He steals mi bird an' then he wants a favour."

"Would you do me the honour of being Best Man at my wedding?"

"EH?"

"Best Man. It'd mean a lot to Fran, and to be honest, it would mean a lot to me too. I've always admired you Dunno. Ever since school. If you'd be my Best Man, well, it'd be an honour."

"But whorrabout Ginge?" a said. "A thought he woh yer best mate?"

Spud shook his head. "Ginge is fine for a laugh. But I've always felt you

and I go deeper than that. Please?"

What could a say? A've never bin a Best Man before. A woh thrilled. Chuffed to bits actually. A shook his mitt and spilt mi tea all over him.

"You clumsy cunt," he yells. Then he shakes his head and smiles. "Don't worry about it. I'm just a bit highly-strung. So I take it the answer's yes?"

"Course it is. Yer can rely on me, Spud."

Who wudda thought it? All these years a thought Spud thought he woh better than me but really he were lookin' up ter me. And there wuz me thinkin' he woh just an arrogant cunt. It must o' jus' bin his way o' copin' wi' shyness. It goes to show how wrong we can be about some folk.

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You'll make a great Best Man, LD. Maybe you could wear the banana suit?

Posted by Jenny Q

Yeh, an' if a bend over an' split the pants a could be a banana split.

Posted by Lord Dunno

At his best, man is the noblest of all animals; separated from law and justice he is the worst. Do you want me to write your best man speech Dunno?

Posted by Dr Dan

Not if it's anythin' like that pile o' tosh yer jus' nicked off Aristotle, a don't.

Posted by Lord Dunno

It just goes to show how wrong we can be about people, doesn't it? I remember I used to think my next door neighbor's son was a real creep and then I ended up marrying him.

Posted by Gorgeous Minstrel

Aye, well thanks fer t' potted life story Gorgeous, but t' jury's still out as far as Spud's concerned. A've spent a quarter of a century thinkin' hiz a selfish twat an' it's difficult comin' ter terms wi' the fact that yer might o' bin wrong.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I'm glad you're not getting married Dunno. It means you're still free for some fun and games with me.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

But yer live in Newfoundland, Carrie love, a can hardly pop on t' bus fer a quick bit of how's yer father?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, January 8th

BERTIE IS BACK!

Current mood: Delighted

"Good morning Dunno. How's tricks old chum?"

"Ginge, you auburn arsehole! A've a bone ter pick wi you. What's wi' all this Big Fat Fatties nonsense?"

"Woah! Steady on there chubby chops! Don't take offence. There's more than one chapter in the "Anybodies" book that you're right for you know? There's 'Hideously Deformed', 'Paedophile Pests', 'Gormless Gets' and 'Billy fucking no mates!' So which do you prefer?"

"Eh?!"

"Only joking me old mucker....No seriously, that was a rush job and I had to think on my feet. Don't be offended it's just a name. Anyway there's no shame in being a porky fat fuck! But enough of this portly patter...They loved you! Marcus has just been on to me. He thought you made a wonderfully aggressive banana. Congrats Dunno, your first modelling job nets you £180, minus our commission of course, which is 15%... So there's around £150 odd notes coming your way. Not bad for an hour's banana work eh?"

"Ace!"

"Now two things Dunno. One, you won't be dealing with me anymore... Now the agency is off and running I'll be handing over the reins to two marvelous girls, Mel and Beccy. You'll love 'em, but you won't touch 'em. And two, they want to use Bertie the Bruiser in a nationwide poster campaign, making you probably the most famous Banana bully boy in Britain. You

interested?" "Well, am not sure..."

"They'll pay you four grand!"

"Am fuckin' interested!"

"Excellent....Not bad for a big fat fatty eh? Come on, what are you?"

"I'm a big fat fucking four grand Fatty, Ginge!"

"Nice one!"

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Sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me.

Posted by Dr Dan

Yer a cheesy cocksucker, Doc, wi' yer silly fuckin' platitudes.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Hey, I could do with a loan to pay my eldest's school fees. Can I tap you up?

Posted by Jenny Q

Yer can tap me up burram not givin yer any o' mi hard earned cash, luv.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Don't take things to heart Dunno. I'm sure that Ginge guy is no beauty either.

Posted by Bygone

'Ang about. What d'yer mean 'either'? He called mi a fatty he never said a wont beautiful.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, January 9th

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HAT ON

Current mood: 🤔numb

Modellin' might pay well, but even though Ginge owned the Agency they weren't in any great hurry to pay me fer cavortin' about in a banana outfit. Bein' skint in't no fun. I 'ad a fiver in mi pocket an' that woh r' it but a cun't stand goin' in fer another session a telemarketin'.

It's funny how much our dreams affect our day ter day lives. Las' night a had a dream about Puzzler, an ol' mate o' mine from college in Leeds. He's a birruva nutter an' works in publishin,' contributin' to them Sudoku an' crossword books people buy fer old ladies an' little kids whenever they've gorra go on a long journey. It were one o' them dead borin' dreams, where me an' Puzzler woh walkin' in a park, chattin' about this, that and t'other. Anyway, when a woke up a gorr an itch to go an' see him. A don't know about you, but when a dream o' people off t' cuff like that, a gerra funny feelin', like, are they alright? 'Ave they died, or summat? A decided to check up on him so a took t' bus to Crouch End, an' made mi way to t' launderette where he lives. He dun't live in t' launderette itself, that'd be silly, even fer him. He lives in a bed-sit on top of it. He wont in, so a went fer a stroll down t' Broadway and a were thinkin about callin into the Railway fer a pint when me attention were caught by t' Cancer Research charity shop winder display. One o' t' manequins woh wearin' a smart pearly grey trilby and a thought it'd look right good on me own noggin. They wanted five fifty for it which'd mean a'd 'ave ter walk home so a set about hagglin' wi t' little old biddy in charge.

"I'll give yer two quid fer it," a sez.

"You do realise this is a charity shop, don't you?" shi sez, lookin down her pince-nez at me.

"Yeh. But a've only gorra fiver on me."

"Well, you can have it for five pounds then and we'll forget about the fifty pence, shall we?" she sez beaming at me in that polite and friendly but I won't take no nonsense way that some old dears have.

"Can't do that, love," a sez. "A know cancer's a great cause and that, but if a give yer a fiver a'll have to walk back ter Islington and it's all up hill."

"The walk would probably do you good dear. Help you lose a few pounds."

"EH?"

"Had a few too many mince pies for Christmas didn't we?" she sez, bold as brass.

"No. I hate mince pies," a said, which between you an' me in't strictly the truth, burra won't gonna tell her that. "A'm fitter than a look luv. A ran t' marathon a year ago."

She din't believe me, so a pulled out mi wallet wi the photo o' me crossin' t' finish line. "Look. That's me. Runnin'. See? A did that fer Cancer Research so surely they can give summat back. Come on, luv. Don't bite t' hand that feeds yer. Give a guy a break."

At last she gave in ter t' old Dunno charm. "Very well, but I still think you could do with the exercise, and Islington from here is mostly downhill I'll have you know"

Tchh! Seven ages of Bird, an all of 'em 'ave to 'ave the last word.

The hat fit perfect and fer the first time since October mi head began to thaw.

"Nice one, luv."

As a were leavin, a noticed an ad in t' winder. ARTIST MODELS NEEDED. CASH IN HAND. APPLY IN PERSON. So, a took a note of t' address. It woh r' a church hall in Highgate and times were for Tuesday an' Thursday afternoons at six o' clock. It looked like the old dear'd get her way after all. A nice walk to Highgate would help kill some time and pay dividends inter t' bargain.

A love Highgate. A passed t' day pokin' around t' cemetery and pretendin' a woh Van Helsing huntin' fer vampires, then a set about findin' the church hall. It woh r' a bit of a dump but who am I to be fussy? The doorbell din't work so a banged on it wi mi fist. After an age wi t' wind howlin' around me, a heard shufflin' footsteps on t' other side. A've gorra admit a were thankful fer mi new pearly grey hat. It woh freezin'.

At last t' door swung open and a found mesen face to face wi' an elderly gent in a cardy wi a paisley cravat an' smokin' a fag wi' one o' them cigarette holders that aged puffs in old movies use.

"Yes?" he sez, lookin at me like a've come to vandalise the place.

"Am here about t' job?" a sez, bitin' me tongue cos me teeth're chatterin' like a pair o' birds at a busstop.

"Job? I'm afraid you must be mistaken, child."

"Child?" a sez, feelin' mi blood risin'. "I'm a man, mate, I wanna be an artist's model."

His face brightened at that. "Ah, of course. Forgive me. Modeling for art

is not a job my b...er...man, it is a vocation."

"Right," a sez. "Mind if a come in? I'm fuckin' freezin' and am gaggin' fer a piss."

"But of course. Forgive me. What am I thinking of, keeping our poor muse standing at the mercy of the elements?"

"Don't worry about it," a sez, followin' him down a dingy corridor wi sticky green lino on t' floor.

We come to a door and he opens it. "If you could get changed in here. Your valuables will be quite safe."

"Changed into what?"

"The nuddy," he sez, a smirk lightin' up his cadaverous old features. "Life classes, dear boy. We need you as God made you. In all your glory."

"Oh." A were a bit taken aback it has ter be said. "Sorry mate, don't mean to be pushy or owt, but if a'm gonna be cavortin' about in t' knack how much do a get?"

"Twenty pounds an hour," he sez. "The session is two hours long."

It woh peanuts compared to mi banana escapades but at least it woh cash in hand and a'd have enough fer a few pints and a kebab tonight. Anyway, yer always get a few tasty birds in art classes so, who knows, a might end up wi' a nice little bellywarmer.

"When you're ready just come through into the hall. We'll be waiting for you. Oh, you can keep your hat on. I think it's rather becoming." With that he shuffled off leaving me alone wi mi thoughts.

The box room stank o' damp and cat piss. Or is it cat spray? Yer know what a mean, that smell that gets right to t' back a yer throat. A think t' Yanks used it as a base ingredient fer Agent Orange. A got stripped off, but there won't no heatin' and mi knob'd shrunk to t'size of a button mushroom. A fluffed mesen up a bit usin' mi sock as a glove cos mi hands were too cold and let meself think about nice arses and bouncey boobs to purra bit o' life inter it. It took some doin' but at last a were ready to give mi public a treat.

I bounded inter t' drafty church hall, determined to put 'em all at ease straight away. "Evenin' ladies," a sez...only there wont any ladies present. It woh r' all blokes and they were all pensioners. A few nervous titters broke out among t' congregation.

"If you could just sit up here," sez the old bloke wi the cravat, pattin' a wooden box on top of a small platform. "Adopt a relaxed attitude please."

I plonked mesen on t' box and yelped as a splinter intrerduced itself to mi dangly bits. I found a relaxed position, wi mi legs crossed but it were cold and a cun't stop shiverin'.

"Please stop twitching!" barks one o' the old timers who wudda looked at home on a parade ground wi his big grey tash.

I'm tellin' yer it int easy gerrin' comfy on a wooden box when yer freezin' yer arse off and yer've got big wooden splinters in yer knackers. A kept on shifftin' about an' every time a did, there woh a chorus a tutting from the old boys.

After an hour a woh allowed a short break fer a cup a tea and another piss. It's funny how t' cold goes straight through yer bladder. Then a had to go through it all again.

"Can a have a look?" a asked tryin to kill some time before sittin' on that box again.

"Later my boy" sez the old feller wi' the cravat. "When we've finished." A were just about to get back up on t' plinth when he reaches out wi' a long boney hand and plucks one o' the splinters from mi arse.

"That's better," he sez, puttin' the splinter in his pocket.

By t' end a were feelin' like shite. A'm sure a've got pneumonia and mi nose were runnin but a cun't even wipe it wi'out them fuckers complainin'.

At last a little buzzer rang out and t' session were over. One o' t' fellers gev me a damp, mildewed dressing gown and put it over me shoulders for me while a went ter look at the pictures. First one almost gev me a heart attack. The canvas woh jus' a mass o' brown paint wi yeller flecks in it. It looked like a paintin' of sloppy shite. The next showed a brown box wi' a grey box on top an' a carrot in t' middle. All of 'em had one thing in common, yer cun't see owt that looked even remotely human in em, let alone bore any resemblance to me.

"EH?" a sez. "What's all this? A thought yer were painting me?"

"We were, in a manner of speaking," sez cravat feller. "You were our muse. This is an expressionist class. We use you as crude material and see what we can fashion from the clay."

"Great," sez I. It wont flattering. All they'd fashioned out o' me woh r' a painting of diarrhoea an' some kiddy shapes. "But why did a have to be naked?"

"To free our imaginations," sez the old boy. "A naked man is so much more inspiring than a clothed man. Don't you agree?"

All t' other old fruits obviously did cos they woh all noddin' away and lookin at

me hungrily.

"Oh. Right. Anyway, mate a've gorra be off. Can yer pay me?"

He handed me forty quid and followed me into t' box room to watch me get dressed.

"Will we have the pleasure of your company again on Thursday?" he asked.

"Err...I'll have to think about it. I'll give yer a call."

"Please do," he sez, handin' me a dog-eared card wi his name, Simeon Draper, and a phone number on it.

I put it in mi pocket and hurried out into t' night.

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Be a sport, we want to see Lord Dunno's carrot. Post some pics. Please.

Posted by Alice in Wonderland

Yer can come round ter Dunno Towers fer a private viewing, anytime yer like.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I've got a blank space on my living room wall. Are there any prints for sale?

Posted by Fruity Beauty

If yer wanna cover yer wall wi' splashes of shite be my guest an' give Simeon Draper a call.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I'd like to paint you, with lipstick and hot chocolate.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Get along ter Highgate on Tuesday an' Thursday evenin's, Carrie my love.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I can picture the scene, clearly. Ahh! The fever dreams of the wretched.

Posted by Dr Dan

Course yer can picture it clearly. Yer woh there yer dirty get. Don't think a din't recognise yer hoverin' about at the back wi' yer pencil sharpener at the ready.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Poor LD. The things we do for our art. I want to come over there and give you a hot cup of chocolate.

Posted by Jenny Q

Yer welcome at Dunno Towers anytime Jen. Burrif yer come a'll be expectin' more 'n' jus' a cup o' hot chocolate.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, January 10th

A TRIP TO THE PRINCE OF LIGHT

Current mood: 😞uncomfortable

After mi adventures on Tuesday night a woke up wi' t' sniffles an' a sore throat. A helped mesen to some honey an' lemon and sat down to watch a bit of Jimmy Cagney in Angels wi' Dirty Faces. A love that film and when a'm feelin' a bit rough around t' edges it always puts a smile on mi face. Until t' end that is when yer'll always find Lord Dunno bawlin' like a baby. A din't see t' end this time tho. A dozed off and a woh woken up by t' phone. It were Norman, mi agent.

"Afternoon, Dunno!" he sez. "Feelin' bright and breezy?"

"Am a fuck," a confided. "A've gorra stinkin' cold."

"Happens to the worst of us," he replies, not wi'out compassion. "Now, heads up, Dunno, Jenny Tizzy's just been on to me. Do you want to do a day on Bomb Squad? It's an army drama they're using as a new vehicle for that tarty girl from the footballer's thing? It's to play a military police man. She's sorry she can't get you anything else but it's yours if you want it."

"What, no meetings or owt?"

"No dear boy, she's shown your picture and CV to the director and he is happy with that. It shoots in a week or so in Aldershot. It'll be £800 plus the usuals... so rounded off you'll probably come away with about £1400...and it'll

do you no harm with your relationship with Jenny Tizzy...You interested?"

"Yes, Norman, a'm interested. A'll do it."

"Super! I'll get the ball rolling. No doubt wardrobe will be on at some point wanting a few particulars."

A woh feelin' so good about mesen that a forgot all about mi snotty nose. It woh time ter celebrate me change o' fortune in style. A phoned round mi mates but Ginge were off out on t' promise of a shag. Puzzler wont in. Spud O'Hagan told me Frances were out for t' night doin' pottery classes and a were welcome to come over to Battersea fer a few pints but a cun't be arsed travellin'. A woh about to head over to t' Frog when t' doorbell rang. Pokin' me head out t' winder a saw Young Al, Spud's little brother. A say little, but he's a gangly streak o' piss, who looks like someone put him on t' rack an stretched him to buggeration.

"Hey Dunno? You in the mood fer pussy?" he yells up in his foghorn Irish voice. Now a aint one ter be prim but shoutin' about pussy in a family street is bang out o' order. There might be kids listenin'.

"Watch yer fuckin' language, yer soft cunt," a said, "a'll be right down." When a woh r' in his car, a sez to him, "What's all this about pussy, then?"

"You're in fer the treat of a life time, Dunno," sez he. "Ever been to the Prince of Light?"

I din't even know what it was. If I had a wun't've gone with him. We woh drivin' fer ages along t' motorway towards Watford. Then he pulls off and turns down some tiny little country lane.

"So what is this place," a asks.

"It's brilliant," he sez. "Girls galore. You'll love it."

He pulls into t' car park of a tiny old fashioned pub in t' middle o' nowhere. There woh r' a big sign on t' door, sayin' GIRLZ EVERY NITE. The pub were full o' smoke and fellers playin' pool and darts. It reminded me a bit o' the Frog. I looked about, me eyes stingin' wi t' fug, but a cun't see any girls anywhere. Young Al pushed his way to t' bar and addressed the barman.

"What time are the girls on?"

"No girls," sez t' barman in a foreign accent, givin' us a flash o' gold teeth.

"What? There aren't any girls tonight?" asks Al.

The barman points at the clock behind him. "Half past seven."

"Ah," sez Al, talkin' slow and loud. "The girls are on at half past seven?"

The barman shakes his head. "Eight o'clock."

"Look mate," sez I. "Are there any girls or not?"

"Not now. Eight o' clock."

"So, the show starts at eight?" sez Al, to clarify t' matter.

"Half past seven," sez t' enigmatic young Turk.

"Just gi' us a pint o' Old Peculiar will yer?" a sez pushin one o' mi hard earned notes towards him.

We woh r' halfway through our third pint when a trim little bit a totty in a green sequin bikini strolls up to us wi' a plastic cup in her hand. It woh full o' small change. Young Al tossed a pound coin in t' cup and I did t' same. Then she went on ter t' next table.

"What's that all about?" a asked.

"You'll see," sez Al, with a wink.

Minutes later, Frankie Goes To Hollywood starts blarin' and t' young girl in t' sequins comes back, only this time she's starkers and gyратin' around t' tables

while t' blokes go wild.

"Not bad for a pound, eh?" sez Young Al.

A had to agree. She were beeeautiful. She comes over to our table wigglin' her wiggly bits.

"It's my friend's birthday," sez Al.

The girl looks at me and climbs on t' table an' shoves her muff in mi face, then she starts jigglin' about in front o' me. It may sound weird but a din't know where ter look so a jus' nods and smiles polite like, and kept mi eyes away from her girly bits. Al din't have any doubts about what he wanted tho.

"Come on, show us yer innards," he yells. That put her off and she moved onto t' next table.

"Good, eh?" he sez.

I nodded. "Aye, but to be honest a ain't too comfortable about it. A feel like a right dirty fucker."

"Don't worry about it," sez Al. "The girls love it just as much as we do. Look there's a damp patch on the table. That's from her snatch. She's well up for it."

"Don't be fuckin' stupid," a sez. "It's just beer."

Young Al puts his finger in it and licks it. "Nope. Definitely fanny batter. No question."

I went an got t' drinks in just as another bird were doin' t' rounds wi' her plastic cup. She comes up to me and a almost fainted.

"Frances!"

She stares at me, gob open. "Dunno. It's not what you think."

"But yer engaged...ter Spud." A woh r' horrified. A knew she woh r' an

odd un but a never thought she woh r' a pound a dance go-go girl.

Young Al comes over, grinning all over his face. "Thought you might show up," he sez. "I saw you here last night, but I didn't say anything."

A woh confused. I downed mi pint and ordered another one.

"Can I have one, too?" sez Frances. She's startin' ter cry.

"Sure."

"Please, don't tell Spud," she sez. "He wouldn't understand."

"Who would?" sez I.

Young Al puts his arm around her bare shoulders. "Listen love, if you're nice to us, we'll be nice to you. Feeling up for a little bit of MMF action, Dunno?" Now a know a'd wanted to shag Frances fer a while, but blackmail just in't my style. A grabbed Young Al by t' shirt collar and pulled him towards me.

"A'll tell yer what yer gonna do, yer cunt. Yer gonna tek us out of here and we're tekkin' Franny home. Got that? Now drink up. Frances, get yer clobber. Yer comin' with us."

While Franny went off to get changed a looked at Young Al who woh glarin' at me, like a sulky little kid.

"We could've shagged her," he sez.

"Lord Dunno, don't stoop to blackmailin' his mate's birds to get his rocks off," a sez.

He nodded glumly. "I'm going to start the car."

"Fine." Ter be honest a were glad. If a had to look at his face much longer a'd've lamped him. Imagine tryin' it on wi yer brother's bird, even if shi is a chizzeler. Some folk'll stoop at nowt fer a shag.

When Fran woh ready we went out ter t' car park and...yeh, surprise sur-fuckin-prise, the rotten lanky fuck had scarpered. We woh stuck miles from anywhere in t' cold and rain.

"You got enough for a taxi?" sez Frances, cuddlin' in close to me.

A'd fifteen quid left an' some loose change. "A taxi'll cost a fortune from here," a sez. "You got any money?"

She shook her head. "There's only one thing for it," she sez, goin' back inside.

I sat in t' corner, readin' t' beer mats while Frances did her naked go-go dance fer t' punters. All t' times a'd dreamed a bonin' her and a were too shy to even look at her. It just wont on. When shi were done, a called a cab. Frances wanted to get a lift back to town wi one of t' punters but a weren't havin' that.

"No fuckin way," a sez.

In t' back o' t' cab shi were all over me til a pushed her away.

"What the fuck d'yer think yer doin'?" a sez. "What the fuck's this all about? Since when were you a fuckin' lap dancer?"

She shrugged. "A girl has to eat."

"Don't give me that. Spud's a lot a things but he in't tight. What the fuck's goin' on?"

"I like it."

"EH?"

"I like it. It turns me on. I like it when men look at me like that. It makes me feel powerful. I can't help it. Do you think I'm horrible?"

"Ner. Jus' fuckin' mad. That in't power. Blokes'd look at anyone who were

shovin' their tits in their faces. It in't power. It's just.... fuckin'.... well..... it's just weird. All that time you woh r' at my place an yer wun't let me near yer and here y' are doin' that every night."

"I don't fuck them, Dunno. I just let them look."

"Huh."

"Promise you won't tell Spud."

A thought about it fer a bit and nodded. "Alright. But a can't say owt fer Young Al."

She laughed. "Spud won't believe a word Al says. He'll just think he's causing trouble."

It were probably true. When we reached Islington, a gave her mi cash, keepin' the small change back fer emergencies.

She gave me a peck on t' cheek and a let mesen out.

"Thanks Dunno," she sez. "See you around."

"Not if I see yer first, love, not if I see yer first."

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You need to think carefully about the kind of people you associate with. Where ever did you find such a collection of unsavoury characters?

Posted by Gorgeous Minstrel

Leeds, luv. They've gorra special offer on unsavoury characters at the Arndale Centre. Ten fer a quid.

Posted by Lord Dunno

A pound a dance sounds like quite a bargain my friend. See you down there on
Friday night?

Posted by Dr Dan

Shunt you be out savin' lives?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, January 12th

MARS, GOD O' WAR

Current mood: 😲shocked

Thursday morning woh cold an wet, an mi 'ead wer bangin' when a popped inter Ali's fer a pint a milk...Once a'd paid fer it a woh left wi 17p in mi pocket ter get through t' rester t' day...I 'ad no choice. I 'ad ter ring Simeon Draper an' see if 'e wanned mi services that evening... Thank's a lot Franny!

"Oh Dunno! How utterly splendid to hear from you. You created quite a stir amongst our little coterie! We've never had a model with such animal magnetism. Please tell me you are ringing to inform me that your magnificent form is available this evening?"

"Yeh, am skint ter fuck, so if yer want mi ter come, I'll come."

"Ooooh! Is that a promise?"

"Eh?"

"Nothing dear boy, nothing. Yes please, come along this evening...same drill as before. Oh, the chaps are going to be so excited!"

"Whatever.." A rang off an' went ter mek a cup o' tea an' neck a few anadin...

A'd come round a bit by t' time a got ter t' church hall. There's nowt like a bit o' cold rain an' wind ter revive your senses. A gev t' door a hefty knock. After what seemed an age, a heard t' familiar shuffle an' the clunk an' rattle of an old key in a big old lock. The door creaked open.

"Ahhh the man himself, come in my child, come in." Simeon Draper

proffered his bony hand in the way one o' them posh birds do when they expect yer ter kiss it. A grabbed his mitt an' gev it a manly squeeze. He winced.

"Oo, such brute strength! I bet you don't realize how strong you are! Come through my dear boy and change."

As a walked down t' corridor a heard him locking t' door behind me. The damp, dank musty smell had, if anything got worse an' a woh surprised ter find someone else in t' changin' room. He woh a big, swarthy, muscle-bound fucker wi' long black hair. He woh wearin' a pair o' black boots, leather wrist bands an' a pair a shiny black leather pants an' nowt else...He woh smearing baby oil on his ripplin' torso an' t' smell of 'is aftershave woh r' overwhelming.

Simeon appeared like magic behind me right shoulder, an whispered softly in mi ear, "This magnificent beast is Mauro. He's from Italy you know. Mauro...amore, I'd like you to meet a dear new friend of mine...Dunno."

"Piacere Dunno, I am a loving to meet you!"

"Right. Nah then."

"Dunno my dear, pop your clothes off! We've got a little costume for you today," sez Simeon. It was the same costume as Mauro's only this had some sort o' black hood ter go with it.

"What's that?" a said pointin' at the hood.

"A hood dear boy. Nothing to worry about. Today we are doing a still life... or a tableau vivant if you like. Mauro is Mars, the God of War and you are his ferocious hound leashed in at his heels!

"EH?!"

"Yes! It also incorporates a gladiatorial theme. Victory in battle! Honour amongst warriors! Man's brute strength!"

"Aye well a dote think there's owt strong about me on all fours, blindfold wi mi leather clad arse in the air!"

"Au contraire my dear boy, au contraire! Your startling resemblance to Marlon Brando...Your sheer visceral vitality! I assure you my dear child, you might think you are in a weak position, but I promise you, all the focus will be on you, one simply cannot help but be drawn to you. Anyway, Its just a pose my boy , just a pose."

"True enough Simeon but pointless all t' same if all yer end up doin' is painting shitty blobs an' funny shapes."

"Not today Dunno. Today, at my command we will unleash creative genius!"

"Alright then a suppose."

As a were tekkin' mi shirt off Simeon were starin' 'ard. "I can't help but notice your hairy chest. Perfect for a hound. Do you know, when I was your age I had a thick mane of jet black chest hair?"

"Really?" a sez, to be friendly.

"Alas, it's all gone now. All gone."

We went out inter t'church 'all an' all t' usual suspects were there...They looked excited, almost giddy, ter see me. They gave mi a cheery wave an' a warm welcome an' a thought, "Fair enough. Indulge the silly old buggers. What else 'ave they got left in their lives?"

It woh r' all passin' wi'out much fuss, a bit borin' wi' the hood on ter be honest, an' after an hour we stopped fer a cuppa...In t' second half Simeon started dolin' out a few instructions...

"That's it...A caged beast! He's wild! Hold him firm oh God of War!" A few minutes would pass and then..."Oh beast! You wild hound! Untamed! Leash him in Mars! Bring to heel this Hound of Hades!"

A could feel Mauro's grip getting firmer an' it woh r'ard ter tell wi' a hood on but a thought a could hear a few moans...

"Control the brute...bring him to heel! Harder! Harder!"

Mauro's grip tightened some more on the hood and his rockin' motions woh mekkin' it ride up. A could now see a small sliver of church hall an' a few pairs o' Hush Puppy shoes.

"Tame that beast, Mars! Punish him! Yes! Yes! Punish that heinous cunt...Make him suffer! Yes! Oh Glory!"

It woh when Mars, God o' War started givin' mi arse some 'ard slaps wi' what felt like a riding crop that a realised summat unseemly might be goin' on an' a brought mi 'and up an whisked the hood off. A woh faced wi' a scene of pure horror! All the old fuckers 'ad their 'ands down there pants an woh rummagin' around ter the best o' their ability, apart from Simeon Draper. He wont standin' on ceremony...His trousers an' knickers woh down by his ankles an' he woh standin' there openly shekkin one off! Lookin' over mi shoulder a could see Mauro. In his right 'and e 'ad his massive purple-headed cock wankin' furiously over mi leather-clad buttocks an' in hiz left 'e 'ad a camcorder, filmin' the whole thing fer posterity.

"What are you doing?" shouted Simeon, breathlessly. "Put the fucking hood back on! You're Brando! Think Brando! What would Brando do?"

So I did what a thought Brando would do... A stood up, turned round an decked Mauro, grabbin' t' camera as he crashed ter the ground. With an uncontrolled gasp, Simeon came...An' I went! A hurriedly grabbed all mi stuff and headed for the door. LOCKED!

A turned like a stag at bay and found t' passage blocked by Simeon Draper, a groggy Mauro an' a handful o' randy old codgers. Stupid a know but a woh r' in a panic an' a kept thinkin,' a woh gonna get gang raped by an' Italian Stallion an' a mob o' dirty pensioners."

"Keep yer distance," a yelled, tryin' to get mi voice to sound deep an' manly an unphased.

"Peace! Peace! We come in peace!" sez Simeon, who'd pulled his pants up by now, thank God. He woh holdin' out an envelope for me. "Your fee, my boy and something else...our apologies. I beg your forgiveness. Don't blame the others. Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa! Perhaps when you reach the autumn of your years you will understand."

A thought about flingin' t' money in his face, but when yer've only got 17p in yer pocket, yer can stand on yer principles. I took it and went to put it in mi pocket but a woh still wearin' t' leather britches.

"Perhaps you would like to get changed? I give you my word, we won't peek."

"Aright. But a'd prefer it if yer all fuck off an let mi change in peace. And no funny business." A made to go inter t' box room, but he stopped me and put his hand on mi chest. A recoiled as if it were red hot instead o' icy cold.

"What?"

He pointed at the camcorder in mi hand. "I think that belongs to me."

"Open the door first."

He stretched out his long boney hand and I thought he woh gonna stroke mi cheek or summat, but it carried on past mi shoulder and there by the door on a big nail was the key. He passed it ter me without another word and in silence they all shuffled back down the corridor out o' sight inter the church hall. Mars, the God o' War gev me a wink an blew me a little kiss before he disappeared from view. A got changed, still in a state o' shock. When a woh ready a pressed eject, pocketed the DVD put the camera down on the floor, unlocked the door, an feelin' decidedly grubby, stepped back out inter the night.

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Oh Dunno. Cry havoc! And let slip the dogs of war.

Posted by Dr Dan

It wont "havoc" a woh cryin', doc. Cry FUCK! 'd be more appropriate in this case. Posted by Lord Dunno

Reading this made me feel really grubby. I'm gonna need a hot bath now.

Posted by Alice in Wonderland

D'yer want me ter come over an' scrub yer back, Alice love?

Posted by Lord Dunno

You are a very dirty boy, Dunno.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Eh? It wont my fault!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, January 16th

SILENCE PLEASE

Current mood: 🤩excited

A've never bin a Best Man before and ter be honest a've got that funny feelin' in mi tummy which could be nerves or could be the trots, cos a've bin shittin' like a bastard fer the last couple o' days.

A decided to have a go at beltin' out a Best Man speech off the top o' mi 'ead, but a cun't think of owt good to say about either of t' happy couple. It's a real problem when yer Best Man to a pair o' selfish cunts. A mean if a just spoke t' truth about 'em Spud 'd hang me by mi knackers from t' church steeple. Stumped fer ideas an' inspiration a headed off ter t' library fer a bit o' research.

Most people think librarians 're jus' borin' old birds, ugly, wi' glasses an' scraped back hair. It in't true in our library. Bird behind t' desk were a petite little Asian chick, wi' freckles, an' hair like summat black n' shiny. Phwoar! She certainly stoked my fire.

"Can I help you?" she sez, lookin' at me. A were lost in them nut-shaped eyes. When a say nuts a mean almonds not walnuts, Shi dint look like a tired old elephant or owt.

"Can I help you?" she sez again, startlin' me from mi poetic revery.

"Eh?"

"What do you want?" she sez again, lookin' a bit worried now as if she thought a were out o' mi 'ead on drugs or summat.

"Oh sorry luv, er... 'ave yer got owt on Best Men?"

She frowned.

"Best Men... weddings an' that. I'm gonna be Best Man at a mate's weddin' but a ain't gorra clue about what a've gorra do."

She smiled at that. "You need the wedding section. Come with me and I'll show you."

Followin' that lovely heart-shaped arse in blue denim down aisles o' books on Gastronomy o t' world a felt a flash of 'air and a kid wi' a mullet hairdo whizzed passed on rollerblades. Before a could tell him to watch where he woh fuckin' goin' another one dashed by and banged right inter t' librarian sendin' her flyin' into a bookshelf and bringin' a pile o' cook books down on top of 'em both.

A ran forward and helped her to her feet. She woh a bit unsteady, but she din't seem hurt. The silly cunt on skates woh tryin' ter get up but his feet kept whizzin' out from under him and he kept fallin' back on t' floor. A went over and pulled him up and gev him a shake.

"This is a fuckin' library, yer silly cunt," a sez, pointin' at t' great big sign that sez SILENCE. "Can't yer fuckin' read? It sez, silence, an that means no whizzin' about on fuckin' roller skates."

"Hands off my mate," sez t' twat wi the mullet who'd skated back to see what t' commotion were about.

"Here, yer can have the cunt," a sez, pushin' him into mullet boy. They both went arse over tit an' brought t' collection o' Fly Fishin' In Cornwall tumblin' down on 'em.

"Fuckin' bald cunt!" they woh yellin' as they tried to get up, so a picked up a big heavy book o' Angling fer Anglers and smacked Mullet boy on t' head wi it.

"A'd sooner be a bald cunt than have a fuckin' shit hairdo like you, charmer," a sez, whackin' him again. "Now fuck off." A picked em both up by t' ears and rolled em up to t' front door and pushed 'em out and down t' steps. A turned round an' saw 'em skatin off round t' corner, flippin me the finger.

Back inside, the librarian woh back at t' counter wi' a book called SIMPLY THE BEST...BEST MAN BOOK EVER by a bloke called Hal Mackintyre PHD BSC.

"This should do you," she sez, stampin' it and handing it over.

"Thanks love," a said and as a woh leavin' a decided nowt ventured nowt gained so a turned back. "Hey love, what's yer name?"

She told me it, but a were feelin' nervous and a din't really listen, so a've forgotten it.

"Do yer fancy havin' dinner wi' me, tomorrer night?"

She looked at me fer a second, weighin' me up. "Okay."

A car't fuckin' wait.

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You are a real knight in armour, milord.

Posted by Jenny Q

Yer've got me blushin' Jen.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Something tells me Dunno's gonna cock this date right up.

Posted by Bygone

Thanks fer the vote o' confidence yer cheeky cow.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, January 17th

TOO MANY BEST MEN SPOIL THE BROTH

Current mood: 🏆accomplished

Hal Mackintyre PHD BSC is the all time King o' wankers and SIMPLY THE BEST...BEST MAN BOOK EVER is the wanker's bible. How the cunt manages to stretch out the fact that a Best Man's gorra give a speech, open telegrams, and organise a Stag do over 365 pages is a work o' genius in itself. Shite from cover to cover and that includes the fly leaf photo o' the prick with his goatee beard and white carnation. Havin' said that, it did give me a fright. A never knew it woh down ter' t' best man ter organise t' stag do, a thought yer just said, "Right let's go out an' get pissed." No such fuckin' luck, it's all gotta be planned wi' military precision or, in t' words o Hal himself 'dire consequences are sure to be your only reward.' Right, thank you Hal... yer can fuck off now.

It woh time ter get mi thinkin' cap on. If a woh gonna do this, a woh gonna do it properly and give Spud O'Hagan t' best Stag do o' his life. The Frog woh mi first choice. Cheap booze, a good jukebox and it's close to home. Well, to my home anyway. But nah, the Frog's alright but it in't classy and it's hardly crawlin' wi birds which is what yer want on a stag do. Suddenly a remembered Frankies in Tottenham .A went a few years ago when a woh r' out wi Puzzler up is end , as it were.... Frankies is a dive wi sticky floors and it's a bit old-fashioned like, but it's full o' low maintainance totty. A few drinks an they're anybody's. Ace stuff. A felt pretty chuffed wi mesen and decided a'd gerron mi bike an tell Ginge all about it an' see if hiz gorrany ideas for mi speech. He's used ter public speakin'

so it shun't be a problem fer him to come up wi' summat funny an' charmin' that wote offend no-one.

As a woh cyclin' down Caledonian Road a had t' shock o' mi life an' nearly ran inter t' back of a taxi. Right ahead on a billboard big as an 'ouse woh a picture o' ME, shekin' mi fist. EAT MORE FRUIT, it said right over mi head an' under mi brown boots it said OR BERTIE THE BRUISER WILL GET YA!

When a got ter Ginge's he woh r' in t' jacuzzi wi' some blonde little cutey. A stood there like a twat while Ginge did his "Dunno, say hello to Dink, Dink say goodbye to Dunno.....Man talk." routine. She ran off like a startled bunny to get hersen covered up.

"Put some clothes on Ginge, fer fucks sake. Am not comf'table talkin' to yer when yer've got yer tangerines on display."

He sighed like a woh bein' unreasonable and spoilin' hiz day and gorrinter hiz robe. While we woh sat in t' livin' room the girl came back wi' coffee and biscuits.

"So, what can I do for you, Dunno, old sport?" he sez. "I'm a bit snowed under today, so make it snappy."

"It's about Spud's stag do," a sez. "A've 'ad a brilliant idea. A think we should have it at Frankies in Tottenham. It's dead cheap and it's like Aladdin's fuckin' cave fer totty."

Ginge recoiled in horror, splutterin' coffee out hiz nose all over his robe. When he'd calmed down he shook hiz head. "A Splendid notion Dunno, but it's all taken care of. We're spending a long weekend at my finca in Spain. Me, Spud, Young Al and Puzzler, If we can ever track him down."

"Nice one Ginge. Yer've saved me a fuckin' king-size headache. I fuckin' love Spain."

"Not a problem mi old Mucker, between my Finca and what was it... Frankies? A trip to Spain might just edge it...Plaudits for effort though, chum."

"Ace... A trip to Spain. Spanish totty. A'm not missin' that."

"Good. Okay. You'll have to double up with Young Al though, there's only four bedrooms."

"Yeh, one fer you, one fer me, preferably wi' a double bed, one fer Puzzler, if he ever surfaces and one fer Spud an' that cunt of a brother of his together."

"No can do, it's Spuds stag do. Ergo he gets his own room. You'll have to hope Puzzler doesn't show..."

Normally that would've fucked me right off but a were too happy about t' trip ter start complainin'.

"Nice one Ginge. But how come you're organisin' all this?"

"All part of the job, my man," sez Ginge. "There's more to being a Best Man than just writing silly speeches, you know?"

"EH?"

"I'm Spud's Best Man. It's up to me to organise the stag do, old sot."

"But Spud asked me to be Best Man."

This time it were Ginge's turn to go red and splutter, "EH?" He weren't any happier about Spud's behaviour than I was.

"We're going to sort this out right now," he sez, disappearing inter his

bedroom to get changed. After tellin' Dink to mek hersen at home while he woh r'out, we hurried downstairs and sped off ter Battersea.

Spud tried to look thrilled to see us, but a knew he were shitting it really.

"Hello, lads, fancy going out for a beer?" he sez.

"No, we don't," sez Ginge. "What's this cunt's trick you're pulling, telling Dunno he can be your Best Man?"

Spud gave us his little boy aren't I naughty smile, and shrugged. "Oh that. Well, it's like this, boys. It's my wedding and I thought to myself, why can't I have two Best Men? Eh? You know, one who's really top at doing speeches and organising the stag do and taking care of things, and one who's really good at...well, one who's Dunno."

A felt a surge a relief. A hadn't bin sacked. He still wanted me. "So am still t' Best Man?"

"Course you are, Dunno," sez Spud. "You both are."

"Nice one," a sez. "Hey Ginge, looks like yer got t' short straw, cos yer get to do all t' hard work and I just 'ave ter go around bein' me. It's all about charisma, yer've either got it or you 'an't."

"Oh I don't know, at least my job's over after the wedding, old boy. You'll have to go on being you forever. I know which I'd choose."

"Sour grapes, Ginge. Sour fuckin' grapes."

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Thursday, January 18th

THANKS FOR THE PEPERONI

Current mood: 😄ecstatic

The library girl date would soon be upon mi an' a felt that flutter in mi tummy that no amount o' Imodium could remove. A decided that t' best thing'd be a long jog an' a hot bath, in that order, an' then a'd be good an ready.

Wearin' mi best shirt an' the black Armani pants ad purloined off Ginge, a set off fer mi little rendezvous. A felt good. Considering a looked a right cunt when a asked er out an shi still said yes, looking like a do now should mek 'er putty in mi 'ands. She woh there bang on time an shi looked beauuutiful.

"Punctual as a reveille!" a said givin' 'er mi best smile (the one Ginge sez looks like a pilot stuck in a wind tunnel at extreme G force...the cunt).

"Hello" shi sez, all shy an' timid like.

"D'yer fancy an Italian?" a sez.

"Are you Italian?" she asks wi' a twinkle.

"Am a fuck, but they do dead good grub over at Dante's."

"I'll take your word for it, Dunno."

Hearin' her say mi name sent a shiver right down to mi goolies. "A luv it when yer say my name."

"Good. I like it when you say mine too. Go on, say it for me. Please."

Fuck. A were shafted. A cun't remember it. But if a told her that shi'd ju't think a won't interested in her.

"You say it first," a said. "A'm a bit of a twat wi' foreign names an' a don't wanna say it wrong."

"Go on," she teased. "It'll be funny. People are always getting my name wrong. It makes me laugh."

"Oh. Right."

A were saved for t' moment cos her attention were caught by a billboard poster we were passing.

"Goodness, Dunno. That looks just like you."

A looked at it and groaned. "Don't be silly. Why would a be dressed up like a banana?"

"It's a funny world," she sez, philosophically. "It takes all sorts."

"Aye, it does." A cun't help noticin' that some cunt had drawn a pair o' bollocks on mi picture and what looked like a load o' jizz spurtin' out o' the top o' mi head. A speech bubble woh comin' out mi mouth sayin' "Eat this!" I med a mental note ter check the whereabouts last night o' Spud and Ginge...the shifty pair o' twats.

We walked down Upper street an' shi put her arm through mine a'n it felt real nice. Jus' like a real couple.

"So, are you going to say my name then, Dunno?" She said in a flirty voice, looking at mi wi' those lovely smiling eyes.

"Fuck, quick a number 19, lets jump on it!"

We ran an dived on the bus, Dantes wer a short ride ter Highbury. A figured we'd stuff our faces then walk back through Highbury Fields. When we woh comfy a decided t' time woh right to break it to her.

"Look Pet, a've gorra confession ter make. When I asked yer out a woh nervous.Yer name went in one ear an' out the other. I hope yer not offended like."

"Not at all you silly billy! It's Daemon."

"EH?! Demon?"

"Yes, Demon. D-A-E-M-O-N .You were nervous? Why?"

"No reason. Jus' me bein' a silly billy a guess."

When we got to Dante's it woh empty except fer a family wi' two little kids who were playin hide 'n' seek under t' tables. T' waiter handed us t' menus and a tossed mine aside wi'out lookin' at it.

"A know what a want already," a sez. "Can a recommend t' peperoni pizza wi' added French mustard an chillies? It goes down a treat, but yer arse'll pay a heavy price in t' morning."

"You make it sound divine, Dunno," sez Daemon. "But I don't eat pork. The calamari sounds good to me."

"Two verra good choices," sez t' waiter. "The gen'man he no have a the problem with a pork but a don'ta think he likes a the sausages too much." He tips me a wink and suddenly mi appetite woh gone, replaced wi' a feelin' o' cold clammy dread. "I hope a you enjoy your meal... Dunno."

Then he were off with our order to t' kitchen.

"Ooh, you've gone all pale, like you've seen a ghost. What's up? Do you know that waiter?" sez Daemon.

"Eh? Er, no no," a said regaining some composure, "Jus' from here that's all." A cun't tell her t' truth. The last time a'd seen the big greasy fucker he'd been dressed up as Mars God o' War and woh tossin' hissen off over mi arse. Talk about a small fuckin' world.

He were back then to pour us t' wine. I took a sip an' it tasted like vinegar.

"Lovely," a sez. When he woh gone a noticed Daemon's eyes were followin' him across t' restaurant.

"He's very handsome," she said.

"Bollocks. He's borin' lookin'," a said. "He's gorra weak mouth."

"It wasn't his mouth I was looking at," she sez with a giggle. "No, you're right. His mouth is very weak."

After we woh settled in a med the excuse ter go fer a piss, an' out of her sight, a pulled Mauro aside fer a little heart ter heart.

"Listen pal, I like this bird, so don't cock it...spoil it fer me. What 'appened before woh bang out o' order, am not gay or kinky or owt, an a've nowt against that, but a woh jus' tryin' ter earn a few quid. That's all. I'll ferget it if you will."

"Dunno, my friend, I wish for no 'arda fillings. Mr Draper is a regular ina our Highgate restaurant, he likesa me, ask me to model for him. Itsa just 'armless fun. He saida you were okay with it. Its justa sex Dunno, don'ta be so upset. It was just an easy way to earna £300."

"Eh?!"

"Mi promisso, I would not have done it if I knewa you were uncomfortable...We shake a the Hands as friends yes?"

"Aye alright". A shook is 'and an went fer a slash.

When a cem out he woh bent over Daemon whisperin' sweet nowts in 'er ear an shi woh lovin' it an' gigglin' like a schoolgirl. A woh thankful it woh just a piss a went fer, ad it bin a shite they would no doubt o' bin shaggin' by now. I needn't o' worried. When a got back ter t' table, Mauro gave mi a hearty slap on t' back an sashayed off ter t' kitchen.

"He is lovely!" Daemon said, "And he loves you! Telling me all sorts of things about you he was!"

I felt mi toes curlin' up but a din't say owt, the pizza had arrived along wi a plate o' what looked like onion rings fer Daemon.

"A luv onion rings," a sez, helpin' mesen to one from her plate and poppin' it in mi gob. It woh fuckin' horrible. Like chewin' on a bit o' hot rubber. A tried ter swaller burrit woh too big and a cun't bite it properly. Then mi gorge rose up and a did a delicate little puke into mi napkin. A folded it up carefully so she wun't see t' contents, but she woh laughin' her pretty head off. "What the fuck were that?" a asked.

"Calamari," she sez, takin' a dainty nibble wi what musta bin razor sharp teeth. "Squid."

"Fuck me, it's like eatin' car tyres."

A tucked into mi pizza, but what wi the squid an fuckin' Mauro a could feel mesen gettin a bad case o' indigestion. Still a hate to see food go ter waste so a soldiered on and washed it down wi a glass o' red or two.

Mauro bought us some chocolate fudge, and as he woh puttin' it in front o' me he sez, "Does thisa remind you of anything?" He had a cheeky grin an' a could see 'e woh determined to milk mi discomfort for all it woh worth. Daemon finished her nosh and we both ordered a coffee. I were tellin' her about how am gonna be t' new Brando when t' pizza worked it's wicked revenge. It started as a burnin' in mi chest an' then ended as a fuckin' earthquake of a burp that shook t' crockery. I put me hand over me mouth in horror.

"Fuckin' hell. Sorry about that," a sez and then a farted. A great big

horrible echoey fart full o all t' richness o the peperoni.

Daemon were rockin' wi laughter. "Dunno, it's like having dinner with a big cuddly tornado. I think we should go before you blow the place down."

"So where now?" a sez when we're back on t' street.

Daemon looked at her watch. "Oh my goodness. I better get home quickly. If I'm not home by half past ten my father will kill me."

"Is he a bit strict then?"

"Oh yes. And if I'm not home by eleven, he'll send my brothers out to kill you."

"EH?"

"So, do you want to walk me to my door?"

Mi head woh full o' thoughts of her brothers comin' after me wi scimitars and hackin' me head off. But a cun't leave her. "Aye, course a do."

She lived down round t' back o' Holloway Road, so it din't tek us too long to get ter her house. As we reached t' gate, she stopped and kissed me, full on t' lips. It woh like bein kissed by...well it woh like bein kissed by t' hottest bird yer could ever hope to meet. It were gorgeous , and a wanted more.

"Not now, you naughty boy. My brothers might see," she sez, pullin' away and walking down t' path to her door. "You better run."

A din't run. A stayed by t' gate and watched as she opened t' door. Two little kids aged about eight and ten came runnin' out and started jumpin' all over her.

She turned and grinned at me. "You see what I mean? Scarey aren't they? You don't want to get on the wrong side of them."

"Can a see you again?" a asked as she were goin' inside.

"Anytime you want to, Mister Windy Pops." And then she were gone,
chased inside by her mad brothers.

As a let rip wi a fart a'd had brewin for 'alf an hour a cun't help grinnin'. God it's
good to be alive.

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Mister Windy Pops. Ahhh, cute. I like it.

Posted by Dr Dan

Mister fuckin' Windy Pops'll be poppin' you in a minute Doc.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Daemon sounds gorgeous. Just the kind of girl you deserve milord.

Posted by Jenny Q

Thanks, Jen. A hope yer readin' this Dr Dan. Jenny Q gives a master class on t'
perfect comments.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Is she too good to be true? Beware Dunno. I'd hate to see you get hurt.

Posted by Bygone

Thanks fer that little ray o' sunshine, Bygone. It's always a joy ter read yer
positive comments.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, January 19th

WICKED

Current mood: 😊content

A tell yer, am gettin' it bad fer Daemon an' a car't get her out o' mi head, So a went to see her at t' library...

A woh tellin' her all about mi escapades in t' Frog an' she told me she wun't mind goin' wi' me one night. A woh r' a bit unsure at first. It's a rough crowd in there. Normally t' blokes are all in t' tap room drinkin' an playin' pool an that, an t' birds stay in t' snug talkin' shite until everyone's tanked up, then the blokes come in ter join 'em fer a bit a Karaoke or a pub quiz, an' everyone goes home happy save fer a scrap every now an then. I like it , burrit in't ter everyone's tastes.

"If you like it I'm sure I will love it," she sez, and in that moment a wanted to tek her in mi arms an kiss her. A wud've too but she woh stampin' a Catherine Cookson fer an' old dear who looked up at us and told us we should go off an' get a room somewhere. A told her there were nowt a'd like more love, but a doubted her Dad'd be over t' moon about it.

"Don't bring him then," sez t' old girl.

We both spluttered wi laughter at that, but cos a've gorra birruva cold a load o' snot cem out o' mi nose. I wiped it away wi' the back a mi hand burrit just ended all over mi face. T' old lady got her hanky out an wiped mi face for me, spittin' on't hanky an rubbin' mi chops, all rough like.

"Men. They're all grubby little boys at heart, aren't they, dear?" she sez to Daemon, who woh laughin' so hard, some o' the readers were lookin' up from

their desks to shush her.

"Dunno, you're going to get me into trouble. I'm supposed to be working, not chatting up the customers," she gev mi a peck on t' cheek an then a woh sent packing.

A wer back ont street when mi mobile went.

"Dunno its Mel from Anybodies. How ya doin?"

"Am fine thanks".

"Wicked!! Dunno are you free next Friday at 2pm?"

"Yeh, fer you Mel am free anytime."

"Cool an' the gang! The details are a bit vague, It's for a new aftershave. Its gonna be like a piss-take of those agony aunt photo cartoon strips... You know the ones? They tell a story through a series of still photographs. They are looking for...where is it now.....Oh here it is..."A bit of rough!" Are you a bit of rough Dunno?"

"As emery paper, Mel!"

"Wicked!! Basically the story line is a plumber (YOU) going to a house that happens to be chock full of really sexy, horny girls. You are wearing this new aftershave and they can't keep their hands off you and your big plunger... Are you interested?"

"Am a fuck...yeh, course a'm interested."

"WIC-KED! I'll tell them yes and get back to you with a time an place.

CIAO!"

...WICKED!

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Monday, January 23rd

BOMB SQUAD

Current mood: 😊contemplative

A know a've only known Daemon fer a week but a can't stop thinkin' about her. Shi went off up North to visit relatives fer a few days and here a am like a lovesick kid twiddlin' mi thumbs. To console mesen a ordered in a great big peperoni pizza last night wi t' outcome bein' that a hardly slept a wink. I 'ad ter be up dead early too fer a day's filmin' on Bomb Squad. A woke up wishin' a woh dead but after a'd emptied mi bowels an' 'ad a quick swill o' mi nether regions a were feelin' ready to tek on t' world.

A've bin to a few locations in mi time but this worra dump. A disused army barracks on t' outskirts o' Aldershot...Fuckin' freezin' cold an' no creature comforts. The car dropped me off an when a got out, there woh no fucker around ter tell mi owt. A had a little bit of a recce an' a saw some A4 notes'd bin posted on t' doors o' what woh once old barracks. They said 'Wardrobe' and 'Make-up' and 'Production office.' A thought a'd tek mi chances at the production office. There woh r' a youngish kid hunched over a laptop, stupid, long messy hair, scruffy jeans an' T-shirt. A gev a perlite knock.

"Yeah?" he sez, lookin' up from his computer game.

"Hello," a said "A'm filming today."

"Right..." he sighed, like a'd disturbed him doing summat important.

"Name?"

"Its Dunno" a said.

He picked up a list in 'iz own time an' looked down it. "No, can't see you, what are you playing?"

"A military police man."

"Nope! Sure you got the right day?"

"Are you sure you've got the right list?"

"Yeah...Extra...I mean Supporting artistes...No Dunno Here."

"Mebbe a'm not an extra?"

"Oh right!" He picked up another sheet..."Dunno...Dunno..Here you are! Sorry mate, yeah.. Right... Cool.. Ok I'm Rupert, call me Roops! 3rd AD.OK do you wanna make your way over to Wardrobe and introduce yourself? Then once you're in costume and make-up Go to Barrack room "Green." We're using that as a green room, hang out there and someone will come and get you when they're ready."

"Okay," a said. "Tell me who is it yer know that works on this?"

"My dad is the producer...Why?"

"No reason... Roops," a said, leaving his office an' headin' fer wardrobe.

There is a caste system in filming. Get a big part and you are treated like royalty. Get a small part wi' one or two lines an' yer treated like shit on a shoe. You know it's there an' at some stage yer've gorra deal wi' it. I tell misen,"Keep yer 'ead down, keep yer own counsel an' think o' the money." Dote believe yer agent when they tell ya, "I know it's just a bit, but once they've had a look at yer they'll get you in again for summat better." They won't. Or, "You are doing this as a favour to them and they'll reward you next time." They won't. So a woh friendly an' charmin' in wardrobe an make-up. The birds woh cute but a dint

chat em up. Eventually, when a entered t' "Green" room, the lead actress 'bitchy face' from t' Footballers thing woh the only person in there. She looked dropped on ter find her peace might bi disturbed.

A said, "Is this where we're meant ter 'ang about then?"

Shi looked at me an adopted a really false 'I'm really sorry but I don't make the rules look on 'er face an' said, "No, this room is for actors only."

I thought a really cant bi arsed wi' this, so a said, "Fair enough," picked up a paper an' went an' sat somewhere else until they were ready for me, which of course in the best tradition of TV shoots was fuckin' hours.

When a finally turned up ter do mi scene shi wer a bit embarrassed.

"Sorry about that," she said, "I thought you were an extra, why didn't you say something, darling? You must think I'm simply awful."

"Don't worry about it love. Worse things've 'appened."

We got on wi' the scene which basically involved one o' the gang gettin' up ter some jolly japes an' his mates coverin' up fer im when the MP comes along ter investigate.

Between takes a sat on mi tod waitin' patiently fer the next shot. It woh fuckin' freezing! A din't want ter get involved wi' all the banter from the young actors in the scene, an' a dint want ter come over as an old cynic. They woh fresh out o' college an they all believed it woh this easy. Leave college, get a regular part in a big TV series. A woh relieved when they finally called a wrap, an' a went an' got changed an' waited patiently til there woh r' a car ready ter take mi 'ome. I 'ad ter share t' ride wi' some o' t' lads, an' a let 'em do all the talkin'. Hyped up by the excitement an' thrill of it all. I would be the same even at the age a'm at

now, an' it musta bin resentment an' jealousy mekkin mi quiet an' contemplative. The last few days have seen me, professionally speakin', be delighted ter be a fucking banana, and narrowly avoiding God knows what at the hands o' some randy, rancid pensioners and a big cocked latino. I woh the last ter be dropped off. An' a woh glad ter let missen inter Dunno Towers, mek missen a nice cup o' tea an' have a long, well-earned blast o' mi pipe. Then a took a long 'ard look at mi self-pitying self an said, "Lord Dunno, yer silly cunt! There are 'arder ways to earn £1400."

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I bet you'll be the star of Bomb Squad.

Posted by Jenny Q

A only get ter say, "Calm down lads, yer've got some explainin' ter do," but then again, it in't what yer say, it's the way yer say it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Well done Dunno. I hate people who wallow in self-pity.

Posted by Bygone

Aye life's too short.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, January 23rd

MY FIRST IS IN PEE AND ALSO IN POO

Current mood: 🤬aggravated

After mi day's excursion on Bomb Squad a woh in a dour mood but a couple o' pipes an' a bacon sarnie an' a steamin' brew soon 'ad me back in mi customary form. Suitably mellow a checked mi answerphone fer messages. There woh just one.

"Hello Dunno. My first is in happiness but not in joy, my second is in Sun but not in a boy, my third is in gazebo what ever that is, my fourth is in Zion and also in whizz, my fifth is in leg but not in an arm, my sixth is in fear but I'll do you no harm, my final is in rodent but not in a mouse..."

He din't leave a name but it could only be that silly cunt Puzzler, who's always speakin' gibberish like that. A woh burstin' fer a slash, but 'e always takes fer ever to say anythin' so a reached out fer an empty pint pot a'd pinched from t' Frog and emptied mi bladder while Puzzler blethered on wi his nonsense. Sadly a had more 'n' a pint's worth o' piss. Just my luck, now mi carpet's gonna smell just like a lonely old lady's.

"Tonight's my birthday and I'm seeking fun, if you can join me, then please come. Pay close attention, my friend, to the clues, I'll name the place where we can hit the booze. So my tubby blood hound, between an old man's legs I will be found. I won't see you at seven, nor at nine, but in between is the perfect time. See yer, wouldn't wanna be yer," said Puzzler, before ringin' off.

Fuckin' hell, that woh all a needed. A fuckin' puzzle session wi' Puzzler. Mind you a've known him fer years and a know no other fucker would be stupid enough to go an' put 'emselves through conundrum hell jus' fer a few drinks on his birthday. A cun't let the poor ol' nutter just sit there alone so there were nowt for it but to put on mi thinkin' cap an' work out where he was.

Am used to Puzzler's drivell so it din't tek long. What do yer find between an old man's legs? That's right, a cock. A did a quick search on t' internet and after gettin' a long list o' gay porn a found what a woh lookin' for The Cock Tavern, Great Portland Street. Easy.

A got there bang on t' stroke o' 8. It woh packed already and a had ter fight mi way ter t' bar where a ordered a pint o' Best fer mesen an' a Guinness fer Puzzler. There wont any spare tables so a had ter stand at t' bar where a kept gettin' jostled an' shoved about. Most o' mi pint ended up all down mi new jumper. By t' time a were finished there were still no sign o' Puzzler and a were soaked through. A supped up his pint an' thought fuck it, am off.

When a got home, t' phone were ringin'.

"Allo."

"My first is in Present, but not in a gift, my second is in rummage but never in sift, my third..."

"Mi first is in Fuck, mi second's in Off, mi third's in you cunt, Puzzler, where t' fuck were yer?"

"Didn't you get my message?" said Puzzler, sounding annoyed.

"Aye a did. A went ter t' Cock Tavern and a'm sendin you t' bill fer dry cleanin' mi new jumper."

"The Cock Tavern? You moron. I never said I'd be in the Cock Tavern. I said I'd be in Ye Olde Cock Tavern. On Fleet Street. For fuck's sake, Dunno! Could I have made it any easier?"

"Yeh. Yer cuda jus told me where ter meet yer instead a settin' me a fuckin' riddle."

"Where's the fun in that? Now are you coming or what?"

"Am a fuck. Happy fuckin' birthday, Puzzler and good fuckin' night."

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What an infuriating little man.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

You said it, chum.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You mean thing. You could have made the effort. I think he sounds cute.

Posted by Jenny Q

You go out with him then if hiz that cute. A've 'ad enough o' traipsin' across town at his beck an' call.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I was in the Cock last night. We could have had a good bevvv.

Posted by Dr Dan

A yer sure it wont the cock in you? A bet it woh you who spilled mi pint.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, January 24th

DOWN IN THE TAP ROOM

Current mood: 😊drunk

Hooray! Daemon's back so, as promised a med arrangements ter meet her, and escort her arm in arm ter one o' London's finest hostelries, 'The Defeated Frog.' Standing outside mi heart woh palpitatin' like a bastard. Shi looked great an' a really wanted ter whisk her off home an' try an' get her knickers off, but shi'd already told me she wont in no hurry fer a sight o' Dunno's pet python.

"I'm sure it's beautiful, Dunno, but it can wait. If we're going to do this at all then we're going to do it when the moment's right."

The moment looked pretty good to me right then an' there, I can tell you, an' I know once a get her fuse lit, she's gonna be a real little fire cracker. However, shiz perfectly entitled ter choose where an' when an' a'm only too happy ter respect good old fashioned values.

"All good things come to those who wait," she promised, kissin' the tip o' mi nose which fer once wont runnin', thank fuck. "Now Mr Windy Pops, are you thirsty? I know I am."

We entered the Frog, wi' me hopin' against all hope shi'd keep the windy pops nickname to herself. Keith were on duty in t' tap room and he gev one o' them Laurel an' Hardy double takes when he saw a woh with a bird.

"Yer lady friend might be happier in the snug, We'll be having a quiz later," he sez.

Daemon pulled a face. "I'm rubbish at quizzes. This looks lots more fun."

A looked around but all a cud see were Pig's Foot at his table at back dribblin' in his beer and a couple o' builders playin' darts.

"D'yer want a shandy?" a asked.

"Do you?" she sez lookin' amused.

"No. I'm havin' a pint o' Old Peculiar."

"Sounds intriguing."

"Two OPs, Keith," a sez.

"Sure she wouldn't prefer a white wine an soda or a Red Bull?" sez Keith, drawing off mi pint.

"She's quite sure," sez Daemon.

We got our drinks and slopped em over to Pig's Foot's table. He looked up at us bleary eyed.

"Pig's Foot, Daemon. Daemon, Pig's Foot."

"Whakindafuckinnameh Demon eh?" Growled Pigsy.

"Whakindafuckinnameh Pig's Foot?" Returned Daemon, sitting down.

"Toofuckinshay, hen, toofuckinshay."

"Hiz Scottish, but 'e don't mean any harm," a explained. "Hey Pigsy, a thought yer were off t' booze. Last time a saw yer yer'd cleaned up yer act."

"Go fuck yerself Dunno. Afuckinatebeinasobercuntado."

"Delighted ter hear it Pigsy... Yer bored 't arse off mi sober."

We sat down and after a while more people cem ter join our table, the usual crowd o' Frog miscreants an' ne'er-do-wells. Yer could see 'em eyein' up Daemon wi' suspicion an' some curiosity, until finally it becem too much fer Mick, who'sa builder, who broke cover.

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable sat with the lasses in the snug?"

"Why's that Mick?" She sez bold as brass.

"Well in my experience, us fellas tend to hold our drink better than lasses...I don't want you to get too drunk and make a fool of yourself"

"Well Mick I can see by your big red nose that you are indeed a man of experience. I tell you what, let me stay, and if by the time we join the lasses in the snug, I make more of a fool of myself than you do, then I will personally make your lunch and bring it to wherever you are working for the next week...Deal or no deal?"

"Deal," says Mick, "I'm partial to a ploughman's an' a scotch egg."

"Good point, well put!" sez Daemon, "Oh before I forget...if you make more of a fool of yourself than me then your forfeit will be to sing 'My Heart Must Go On' from Titanic, at the next Karaoke".

"But I can't sing to save my life!" sez Mick.

"Better stick to shandies then big fella."

"Ok then," he sez, aware that the eyes of all the table woh r' upon him.

"Good, well, now that these tough negotiations are concluded perhaps we can get down to some serious supping?"

"Here! Here!" chorused the table and in that moment my ace new bird had won everyone over.

We had a right good night, an' seein' as how Daemo is on the petite side a'm fucked if a know where she put it...By t' time we went through to the snug we woh r' absolutely plastered...all exept Daemo who still had a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and of course Pigsy, who having started at 11.30am when Keith opened, woh now in hiz customary foetal position in hiz corner o' the tap

room, under the table...I remember Mick's Missus being none too pleased at the state of her fella, before or after 'e went ter honk up a'm not sure... an' a recall Daemon bein' a big liar when it cem ter sayin shi wer shit at quizzes cos shi seemed ter rattle off answer after answer like an encyclofuckinpaedia.

It can't 'ave bin that late when shi sed "C'mon you big lug, we better get you home".

I recall as a weaved in an haphazard fashion along the Cally Road, the expert way she guided mi towards Dunno Towers, inter the flat, up the steps, Helpin' me out o' mi clothes (chucklin' at the state o' mi undies, and finding it hilarious when a protested that they wer mi best ones...mi pullin' undies!). When a woh tucked up warm an snug she gev me a little kiss on the cheek and whispered softly "Good night sweet prince, let flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

I heard the bedroom door close, her footsteps as she descended the stairs, and finally the front door banging shut .The flashing neon of mi alarm clock the last thing ter register as a slipped into alchoholic oblivion. It read 10.25pm.

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Three cheers for Daemon! She's a real girl's girl. I could go for her myself.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Yer'l have ter wait yer turn, Carrie. Shiz mine an' a mean ter hang on ter her.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I rather fancy her too. Watch your step Dunno. You could have competition.

Posted by Dr Dan

Yer'd need a face transplant first, so dream on, Doc Frankenstein.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Will you take me to the Frog one day. I'm pretty good at quizzes.

Posted by Jenny Q

Anytime, Jenny. Just name the day.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, January 26th

STICK-UP

Current mood: 😊relieved

Is there owt more frustrating than runnin' outa summat? Yer mek toast... No butter! A cuppa tea...No more milk. A fuckin ragin' hangover... No paracetamol. I got up ter find a woh missin' all three, an' a don't know about you but a car't live wi'out tea, so a thought a'd gerra birra fresh air an' walk up the Holloway Road ter Ali's.

Poor Ali...A like him, but he car't run a garage ter save his life. It's off t' main road an' he never seems ter get any customers. I don't drive so a wun't know if it's because he charges too much fer petrol, or folks just don't know he's there. Anyway it suits me that hiz never busy cos yer dote 'ave ter queue or owt. This time were no different. No cars on the forecourt an' fer 11.10 am, deathly quiet. Apart, that is, from the fella brandishing a sawn-off shotgun in Ali's face, which a only noticed on enterin' the shop. It's fair ter say by the look on 'is face Ali woh shittin' his pants, and ter be frank, a wont far behind.

"Fuck!" said the robber. "Get down on the floor!"

"Eh?! Yer jokin'?"

"Am I fuck! Get down on the floor!"

"Steady on mate," a said. "Are yer sure yer know what yer doing? A mean look at the place. Nobody around. Eleven in the mornin', jus' how much are yer plannin' ter rob? A tenner? Twenty at the most."

"Shut the fuck up you fat bald bastard! Its got fuck all to do with you."

"Well it has now annit yer silly cunt, cos yer 'oldin' me up at gunpoint, an'

fer what? Fuck all! You get excited an' pull that trigger an' yer manage ter kill me or yer fella over there an' then what? Yer get fuck all, an' yer become a murderer ter boot. Is it worth it? Look pal we don't know what the fuck yer look like under that mask. Walk away! Walk away while yer still can, before yer do summat daft an' spend t' rest o' yer life regretting it. At this moment in time we are both shittin' ar pants but yer've done fuck all. Don't spoil it."

In the distance yer could hear the howl of police sirens.

"C'mon mate...Chances are that's the police an' they could be headin' this way. Go now while yer've got the chance."

Time stood still while he thought this through, the sound of the sirens getting closer. Suddenly he made up his mind. He made for the door and a stepped smartly ter one side to allow him ter skoot past me, out t' door, across the forecourt and out of sight. Ali an' I exchanged a look an' heaved huge sighs of relief. How long'd we bin 'oldin our breath?

A blast from a car horn brought us to our senses. A bloke stood impatiently wi' a petrol pump in his hand.

"Oy!" he shouted, "any chance of some petrol?"

We hadn't heard the beeping behind the counter. We hadn't heard owt. Lost in that moment of fear there was no sound at all, apart from the sound o' mi heart...beating like a bastard.

Before Ali cud go see t' bloke who wanted petrol, two cops burst in. If they'd've 'ad guns they'd've bin wavin em about like on t' telly, but they din't have guns thank fuck, so instead they shoved me against t' counter an' started friskin' me.

"He's clean," said t' cop who were searchin' me.

"You could've fooled me, stinks of shit in here," said t' other.

A turned an' looked him in t' eye and groaned. It were PC Harrison, t' same cop who tried nickin' me for burglin' Youseff's flat last month.

"Well, well, well, Mister Dunno, isn't it? Can't seem to keep your nose clean, can you?" he sez, tekkin' out his notebook. "This your first stick up? Or were you behind the job in Finsbury Park too?"

"EH!? What the fuck're you on about?"

"No call for that kind of language, sir," sez PC Harrison. Then he takes out his handcuffs and starts to cuff me.

"Please, officer, sir" sez Ali. "You are making a terrible mistake."

"EH!?" sez Harrison.

"If it weren't for my friend here, I may be dead. He persuaded the robber to leave. He was a hero. He is my hero."

Harrison frowned and undid the handcuffs. "Looks like you're in luck again, Mr Dunno," he sez.

"How d'yer work that out?" a sez. "Way I see it, a should be on two community medals by now fer doin' your work for yer, but instead yer keep wantin' to lock me up."

"There's always next time," sez Harrison. "I'm going to be keeping my eye on you."

"How reassuring" a said. "Now a can sleep well at night knowing a big friendly policeman is looking after me."

"Alright, less of that pal. We'll need to take your statements." sez Harrison.

After we woh done, an' Harrison had gone back out to t' car , the other cop winked at me.

"Don't you worry about PC Harrison," he sez. "He's in a bad mood. His wife left him."

"A wonder why?" a sez.

Then he looks at me closer. "Hey, aren't you that guy who dresses up as a banana on those big fruit posters?"

I sighed. "Yeh. That's me."

He started laughin. "You look just like a big yellow cock, mate. I hope they paid you a lot for it."

In terms of abuse an' notoriety, four grand woh beginnin' ter look like peanuts...

"It keeps me outta trouble officer" a said.

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Typical of the police to get the wrong man.

Posted by Angel Toes

Aye. A think they've got it in fer me.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I hope Daemon realises she's got a real hero for a boyfriend.

Posted by Jenny Q

Yer can rest assured a din't waste no time in tellin' 'er about it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

There is nothing more unaesthetic than a policeman.

Posted by Dr Dan

Aye well, there in't nowt aesthetic about PC Harrison, a'll tell yer that fer nowt.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Have you ever thought about a career in the force?

Posted by Alice in Wonderland

Alas, the Force in't with me.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, January 29, 2007

WELCOME TO PUSSY LAND

Current mood: 🌍 accomplished

St John's Wood is one o' them areas a've never really stopped an' looked around in, but merely passed through on t' way ter somewhere else, so a've never seen it beyond t' main road, until last Friday that is. Mel from 'Anybodies' had rung wi' the details of the photo shoot an' it woh r' at an address here in St Johns Wood, an' boy, is it posh. Once yer get off the beaten track yer can see why yer pop stars like ter live here. There are some big old mansions and a total lack o' graffiti an' litter. Money talks, or rather it meks where yer live nicer. A got ter' t studio in good time an' announced misen ter 't bird on reception, a real cutey. "Hello love, I'm Dunno, here fer the photo shoot, playing the plumber."
"Ah yes, here you are, plumber one, 'before!' Go through Dunno and make yourself comfortable, somebody will be along to look after you. Now, can we get you anything...cappucino? espresso?"

"Cup o' tea?"

"Sure. Earl Grey, Darjeeling, green.....?"

"PG Tips?"

"Of course!"

A went through ter a lounge type area wi' plush sofas an' a coffee table. All the latest mags an' today's newspapers woh laid out on it along wi' a bowl o' fruit an' the biggest bowl o' sweets an' chocolate yer've ever seen. I thought it'd be rude not ter, so a waded in, shovellin' a few chocolate toffees inter mi gob at once.

It wer at this point a bird came out an introduced hersen.

"Hello! You must be Dunno. Lovely to meet you!"

Now a know its rude ter speak wi yer gob full but a 'ad no choice cos toffee teks ages ter chew, so a few grunts, not dissimilar to the character 'Oddjob' in the James Bond film Goldfinger woh the best a could offer.

"Ah....Agh Agh!" a said.

She carried on regardless. "I'm Alma, Raymonde Fortune-Caine's personal assisitant. Have you worked with Raymonde before?"

"Ugh!" a said shekkin' mi 'ead.

"Well you are in good hands. He is a wonderful photographer. Simply wonderful!"

"At fuckin' last!" a blurted out as a finally swallowed the last of the toffee. "Sorry about that Alma, yes a'm very much lookin' forward ter working' wi im."

"Come this way then plumber before, lets get you kitted out."

As a woh tryin' ter decipher why everyone woh callin' me 'before,' we stepped through a door an' into dream land. It was a studio, the same as a studio yer film in, an' there woh r' a kitchen set, all knocked up ter look authentic, only this woh spectacular, the sorta kitchen yer see in those 'ouse an garden magazines, right modern an' sleek. Dotted around the studio in various relaxed poses woh six o' the fittest birds a've ever seen, an' they woh r' all in their knickers which yer won't be surprised ter hear woh r' a bit sexier than mine. Some were wearing tight T- shirts an some were wearing vests.

"I'll introduce you later, come and get changed."

A woh shown inter a dressing room an' the costume woh a text-book plumbers type, white T- shirt, blue overall, workboots an' a little black woollen hat.

A gormless looking lad wi spots knocked an' stuck is ead round t' door.

"Your Tea," he said puttin' a big muga PG tips on t' table.

A took a few grateful slurps an went through ter t' studio ter report fer duty. A small fella clocked mi on t' other side o' room an' cem bounding over.

"Ah our plumber 'before' ith here! Perfect! Abtholutely perfect. Clever Jonny really knows hith artistes."

"Jonny?"

"Yeth, Jonny Marinelli"

"Oh Ginge!"

"Oh no, that beathtly nickname! I hope you are not the one rethponthible for that awful moniker?"

"D'yer know, a think a might be," a said, not wi'out some pride.

"Well you are a very naughty boy!" He got mi hand and gev it a light admonishing slap. A med a mental note that if he started bangin' on about Mars an dogs o' fuckin' war then a woh r' outta there. "I am Raymonde Fortune-Caine and you mutht be Dunno."

"Correct." A gev him the once over an' a think the word is Eccentric. Small, skinny, tight trousers tucked into boots, polo neck an' a beret. "You know Gin...Jonny then?"

"Oh yes, clever old Jonny! Known him for yearth, the Dearheart! Well come on....Time ith money! Letth not dawdle when thereth art to create! Come and meet my angelth!" He marched mi inter the centre o' the set an' announced, "Girth meet our lovely bit of Rough....Dunno!"

The girls cem around ter shek mi 'and an a felt like a visiting dignitary to Pussy Land. In't beauty strange? Why is it a certain type is designated as beautiful in yer mind's eye? As a woh intrerduced ter Marsha, Anastasia, Vanessa, Laura, Lena an Devilla a cun't help thinkin' what a spawny get a woh ter do what a do. An a wer almost glad that a had Ginge as a mate... Almost.

"Right," said Alma. "Raymonde is ready. Raymonde!?"

"Thank you Alma. Right people here'th the dwill. The lovely Dunno ith your tough old no-nonsenthe plumber called to the houthe to fix the boiler. Now, it's a hot day and our man stinkth! He stinkth tho bad that it driveth you out of the room... But wait! Our hero hath in hith bag thome cologne and he dabth on a bit...Ah the magic of that muthky thent, hypnotic, intoxicating, irrethistable draws you back into the room...you can't keep your eyeth or your handth off him! OK? Everybody happy?"

"Fuck Yeth! A mean, yeh!" a said, mebbe a bit to enthusiastically.

We woh r' off! There was me, armed wi a spanner an' a plunger, an' there woh the totty in their knicks lookin' lustful, an' there woh Raymonde Fortune-Cookie or whatever is name is, talkin' us through it all.

"Okay, here he ith, the plumber, you've been waiting all day, thoon you'll have hot water and you'll all have a hot naked thoapy bath together...Yippee! Let me thee that happineth in your fatches (snap! snap!) But wait! Whath that awful thmell? (snap! Snap!) Yuch! Ghathtly working clath thtinky plumber! Poo! Let me thee the horror in your fathes! Now, Dunno darling, thee the bottle of cologne, thmile knowingly at the camera (snap! Snap!) beautiful Dunno! I love it, I fucking love It! And thpray!! All over! (Snap, snap!)..... And take five

everybody. Exthellent!" He turned to Alma. "Ok, we're ready." Turning back to me he said, "Brilliant Dunno! Bloody marvellouth... Grab a coffee and thank you!"

A woh gettin' a coffee an a cake when Lena, one o' the models sidled over.

"You're very good at that," she purred. "A real natural."

"Thanks, Pet," a said. "Piece o' piss really, it's just pullin' faces, innit?"

"Yes, now you put it like that, I guess you're right."

"So what's next?" a said. "A spray some o' this shit on and yer all over me like a rash, a suppose?"

"No, Darling, we are all over him!" She nodded towards the studio door as a six foot five chiselled hunk, sauntered in, who, despite the fact he too woh wearin' blue overalls, black boots, white T-shirt and black woollen hat, looked fuckin' amazing and in a strange way looked a bit like me if a'd a bin a six foot five chiselled hunk wi' a thick mane o' luxurious healthy hair. "Meet plumber after!" said Lena laconically.

Of course! How shitty... 'Before' an 'after' The spray meks a man turn from me ter him in the eyes o' totty... Fer fuck's sake! Yer need skin like a rhino in this game.

"What's up?" said Lena, seeing mi slapped arse face. "Don't be fucked off, Dunno, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I know Tristan, that model. He's a nice enough guy but he's boring. I am sick of hunky gym bunnies... They drive me fucking mad! I like my men real." She fixed me wi' a long lingering look. "Like you! I'm not being funny but I think you are gorgeous. You look like a man who knows how to handle himself. I hope you don't think I'm being forward

but my place isn't too far from here in Regents Park. If you wait for me to finish maybe you can come back for.....?" She let the sentence trail off.

"Dunno we are done!" It woh Alma. "Raymonde is delighted! Thank you so much for your hard work! Excellent!" (Hard work?!? Fer fucks sake!) "You can get changed and shoot off if you like!" she swanned off.

A turned back ter Lena.

"A'm gonna say summat now that a will probably regret fer the rest o' mi life, cos a will NEVER meet a woman as beeeautiful as you again, I know that fer a fact, but am going out wi' someone. Wiv jus' started goin' out an' a really like her.. Am really sorry Lena."

"That's alright Dunno! It doesn't surprise me. All the best ones are attached." She gave mi an ironic look. "See you around!"

"A really hope so." A felt a real pang o' regret as a watched that perfect arse move smoothly back to the set. She din't look back, quality birds dote need ter. A went back ter mi dressing room an' changed. Leavin' mi cozy neat an tidy, a slipped away inter the rarified atmosphere o' St Johns Wood. Lena's words woh strangely comforting as mi thoughts turned ter Daemon. What does shi see in mi? Beauty is indeed in the eye o' the beholder...

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Your chivalry knows no bounds milord.

Posted by Jenny Q

It does love, but Daemon's well worth it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You should have grabbed the opportunity to sample the fair Lena's wares while you had the chance my boy. Seize the day.

Posted by Dr Dan

Yer've gorra cheek handin' out relationship advice, Doctor 'never had a shag since the end o' the Korean War' Dan. I'll be seizin' your knackers if yer don't give it a rest.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You can plumb my depths any day.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

A'll be right round wi' mi plunger.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You are the perfect gentleman. I don't suppose you've got any single brothers?

Posted by Alice in Wonderland.

Aye but a wote be puttin' yer in touch wi' them, coz a like yer too much.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, January 30th

SKELETONS IN T' CLOSET

Current mood: 😞distressed

A met 'er at t' corner of 'er street, out o' sight of 'er house so 'er brothers wun't tell her dad about her new boyfriend.

"So, what d'yer fancy?" a sez, kissin' her smooth cheek. A woh surprised at how warm it woh cos the weather were freezin'. "We cud go to t' movies?"

"No. Don't want to."

"What about the pub?"

"No, don't wanna do that either."

"Right. That show at the Old Red Lion's got good reviews. D'yer fancy that then?"

"Nah!"

Tchhh, Birds! "What do yer fancy?" a said tryin' not ter sound narked.

She fixed me wi them deer in headlights eyes o hers an' said, "You, Dunno! I think the moment's right. Don't you?"

"EH? What moment?"

"THAT moment."

She reached up and kissed me, full on the lips. In spite o' mesen a pulled away.

"What? Here?"

She started laughin'. She's always laughin'. "You're such a sausage." I liked that. She's great wi metaphors. Must come from workin' in a library.

"Where then?" a asked, tryin not ter pant in a desperate, unseemly way. Mi hands were shekkin and a wondered if mi heart'd tek such excitement.

"Dunno Towers of course, Your palace of love."

"Then come with me, my Princess. Pleasure Land awaits," a said in mi Shakespearean King voice, sweepin' her up in mi arms and staggerin' along the road. Fuck knows how they manage to carry birds for miles in films cos a woh fucked after about twenty steps an' shiz only a dainty little thing.

"Poor old man," she teased as a dropped her like a sack a spuds. "Come on, I'll race you."

And she woh off like one a mi old man's whippet's after a rat out on t' green where he keeps his 'osses. Now a may not be much cop at carryin' lasses but a've run a couple o' marathon's in mi time, an' a love a good jog, so a let her keep the lead til shi were just a few yards from Dunno Towers, then a imagined Vangelis poundin' in mi head an' a put on a spurt an' reached t' finish line ahead of her.

We both collapsed on t' doorstep, me pantin' fer breath and her gigglin' away like a nutter. While a rummaged fer mi keys, t' door opened. It were Youseff. He stopped an' stared at Daemon in horror and rattled summat off at her in hiz own language. She rattled sommat else back at him and he scowled at me.

"You take good care of that girl Mr Dunno," he sez. "I have warned her that you like to walk around in your undergarments, but I don't think she believes me. Please, I beg of you, do not subject her to that. She is a good girl."

"Aright, Youseff," a sez. "Keep yer milk fresh. Shiz a lass o' the world, a'm sure shiz seen a bloke in iz knickers before."

"Yes, Mr Dunno, But not *your* knickers!"

The cheeky cunt! He muttered sommat else but a din't catch it, a woh in too great a hurry, racin' after Daemon up t' stairs.

She plonked hersen down on t' tiger skin rug an' a woh gonna join her but a stopped mesen just in time. The back a mi shirt woh cold an' wet wi' sweat an' mi thighs were chaffin'. Shi were always goin' on about t' right moment an' that, and a din't wanna spoil it wi' a pair o' rank, sweaty bollocks. A decided mi nether regions needed a bit a spit an' polish afore they went out on display.

"A'll be right back," a said. "Just gonna freshen up. Mek yersen at home. Put a DVD on if yer like...a've got some classics."

I wish ter fuck a had one o' them bidet things t' French use to swill their shitty bits with. I din't wanna waste time on a bath so a used t' sink and a plonked mi knackers in t' hot water an' almost scalded 'em. Then a slooshed some up under mi pits an' used a face cloth to cleanse the old crack of doom. A were towellin' mesen dry when a heard t' door o' the flat bang shut.

"Fuck, a hope it in't Ginge," a thought to mesen. "Hello?" a called out, but there won't any reply. A wrapped t' towel around me and went out of t' bathroom. "Hello?"

From t' livin' room a could hear t' telly. A din't think owt of it at first until a heard a chillingly familiar voice cryin' out, "Tame that beast, Mars! Punish him! Yes! Yes! Punish that heinous cunt. Make him suffer!"

I ran ter the lounge, droppin' me towel, but mi worst fears wer confirmed. The room were empty. Mars God o' War and his army o' pensioners were wankin' theirsens stupid over my arse on t' telly and Daemon had scarpered.

A hurtled down t' stairs after her. I looked up an' down t' street but it woh deserted, which is just as well cos a woh stark bollock naked. As a walked back in, Youseff's door opened and he stopped in his tracks, his face grim.

"Mr Dunno. You have no shame," he sez, shekkin' is 'ead sadly, before stepping back inside an' slammin' the door.

Back in mi flat a took t' DVD out a the player an looked at t' title; MARS AND THE HOUNDS OF HELL. Of all mi DVDs why did Daemon have ter pick that one ter watch? Why the fuck 'adn't a just got rid o' the fuckin' thing? I snapped it in two and tossed it inter t' bin. A wudda run after her, but what woh the point? Shi'd asked mi if a knew Mauro when we were at Dante's t'other night an' a said No. Shi'd jus' put two an two together an' mek five. Plus a din't wanna face her Dad, or her brothers fer that matter. There woh only one thing ferrit... A pipe or two, an' a strong cuppa tea. If life woh simple, we'd all die in cemetery's...

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Get after her you big dope. Go and make it alright...NOW!

Posted by Jenny Q

Hey! What's happened ter the nice Jenny Q a knew so well? Mean Jenny Q is 'orrible.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind LD.

Posted by Jenny Q

Have yer bin tekkin' silly quotes lessons off Dr Dan or summat?

Posted by Lord Dunno

The course of true love never did run smooth, old chum.

Posted by Dr Dan

Cheers Doc. Yer words're always such a comfort.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Stop moping about in Dunno Towers and take the bull by the horns.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

God 'elp us. They're all at it terday. Which bull am a s'posed ter be tekkin'?

Posted by Lord Dunno

If you lose that girl you only have yourself to blame.

Posted by Bygone

How d'yer work that out? A an't done owt wrong?

Posted by Lord Dunno

I think subconsciously you wanted to get rid of Daemon. That's why you kept the DVD. It's more than likely you feel dirty and unworthy.

Posted by Gorgeous Minstrel

No a dote, an' no a didn't. So put that in yer armchair psychologist's pipe an' smoke it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, January 31st

BUILDIN' BRIDGES MENDIN' FENCES

Current mood: 😞rejected

I 'ad ter talk ter Daemon an' get her ter see sense. T' last few days were t' happiest o' mi life an' a din't wanna lose her over some stupid DVD. If a could only explain that a din't know them old men an' that big Italian fucker were doin' owt dodgy until it woh too late, then a'm sure she'd come back ter me. A just wanted 'er ter know that a'm norra gay porn actor.

A went over to her house. I were about ter ring t' doorbell when t' door opened an' out cem an' old feller who must o' bin Daemon's Dad. He won't alone. He woh with Youseff.

"Yes?" sez Daemon's Dad squintin' at me through his specs.

"That's him," sez Youseff, pointing at me. "This is the one I was telling you about."

I din't like the sound o' this. "Good morning," a sez in mi best unthreatenin' cultured voice. "Is Daemon at home?"

The old feller glared at me.

"Don't let him see her," sez Youseff. "He chased her out of the house naked. The poor girl was horrified. I saw it with my own eyes. I have been unfortunate to see a lot of unpleasant sights in my life, but this was the worst."

"A won't naked 'til shi'd fucked off!" a said. "Honest."

"I think you better leave, please," sez Daemon's Dad.

"But if a can jus' see 'er a can explain everythin'."

"Now please," sez the old feller, his eyes cold.

"A thought we woh mates?" a sez turnin' to Youseff an' pleadin' a lost cause.

"And you are right, Dunno, but I cannot stand idly by while you terrify young women. It wouldn't be right. You have a good heart but it is in the wrong place. It is in your trousers, which you prefer not to wear."

I turned to the old feller. "Come on mate. Be reasonable. There won't owt funny goin' on. A woh just cleanin' mi shitty bits, that's all. Shi never saw owt."

"Good day."

"But..."

"I do not wish to call the police but I will."

Another encounter wi PC Harrison were t' last thing a needed. A walked back down t' path.

"Will yer at least tell her a called?"

They din't answer. They'd gone back inside. As a walked down t' road a turned back an' saw Daemon lookin' out of an upstairs winder. A were goin' ter give 'er a wave but she moved back out of view and out of mi life...

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Call yourself a man? If you really want the girl get back there now and climb up the drainpipe to her window and don't go away until you've explained everything...EVERYTHING, do you hear me?

Posted by Jenny Q

Fuckin' 'ell. Ever think about joinin' the army, Jen?

Posted by Lord Dunno

I'm in full agreement with Jenny Q. Get up that drainpipe now or stop whinging, you pathetic excuse for a man.

Posted by Doctor Dan

Burra wont whinging. A woh jus' tellin' yer what happened. If a thought a woh gonna get a bollockin' from a load o' people who dote even know me a wun't a' bothered.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Go on Dunno. Fight for the right to love.

Posted by Angel Toes

Fight who? Daemon's Dad? A dote think that'd go down well. Mind you, a wun't mind givin' Youseff a smack fer all his interferin' ways.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, February 1st

LEAVE IT TO PUZZLER

Current mood: 😞 apathetic

After t' disastrous interview wi' Daemon's Dad mi plan woh ter go back to Dunno Towers, stuff it in mi pipe an smoke it as it wer, an' then plot mi best course of action ter get Daemon back. The last person a wannad ter see outside mi door woh Puzzler.

"Oh fer fucks sake! No-one's seen yer fer years an' now yer suddenly everywhere!"

"Ah, nights may be long, but the day is still young, you diminish your splendour with such vicious tongue!"

"Well, a'm a bit sad, an a'm a bit blue, an a'd rather be dead than spend time wi you." And wi' that a popped t' key in t' door an' entered Dunno Towers.

"Tarry knave," booms Puzzler, doin' a Brian Blessed on acid.

"Puzzler, yer forty-fuckin'-four, can yer not just 'ave a normal conversation like any other cunt? Honestly, today's norra good day. A've no time fer it."

"Fuck me" sez Puzzler, "What a barrel o' laughs you are. A'm only checkin' ter see if yer still on fer España?"

"Nah, av not given it any thought," a said letting out a big sigh. "Am not sure if a wanna go now...Car't be arsed."

"Ridiculous," sez Puzzler, before fergettin' that mi grasp o' basic English in't too shabby an' givin' me a breakdown o' the meanin' o' the word; "Completely unreasonable and not at all sensible or acceptable. Formed from

the Latin *ridiculus* 'laughable' from *ridere* 'to laugh'. Sort your head out man! It's Spud O'Hagan's stag-do and we owe it to the Spanish to honour them with our presence."

"If yer gonna go off on one, yer berra come in an' 'av a cuppa."

Wi' a mug o' tea in front of him Puzzler started doin' what he does best...puzzlin'.

"A letter of the alphabet am I, but so much more, I'm used in golf, but that's a bore. Some like me with a slice of citrus twist, others with cow's milk, get my jist?"

"It's a fuckin' cuppa tea, Puzz. Stop goin' on about it," a said, passin' him mi pipe.

Puzzler shook his head. "You're no fun. I've half a mind to do Spud an' Ginge a favour and just leave you here while we head off to sunnier climes. But that won't do. Won't do at all."

"Why the fuck not? Car't yer jus' leave me in peace? The love o' mi life's dumped me. A'm not in t' mood fer a stag-do."

"Rot, Dunno. Rot and poppycock. This is just what you need my man."

"How d'yer work that out?" a asked an' immediately wished a'd kept mi big mouth shut.

"When Stags meet at night, then all is right, but single men have fun without the fright of a spouse's wrath. For yay, he can take his pleasure in strange broth."

"Strange broth? Is that like supposed to mean pussy, or what?"

Puzzler nodded and smirked at me. "You learn fast, Dunno. Your body belies the quickness of your mind."

"Leave mi fuckin' body out of it."

"As you wish," sez he, drainin' t' last o' the tea. "Now, what is this about a fair damsel having the temerity to leave you? Surely it cannot be? Tell me all about it friend, and we will see if the future truly is as dark as you would have it."

So against mi better judgement a told him everything. Strangely, he din't seem too shocked.

"You silly fuckin' knob, Dunno. Get her on t' phone and yer uncle Puzzler'll soon sort her out."

"Puzz, a'm not sure about that. What good can you do?"

"I'm the voice of light in times of darkness. When disaster threatens you must use all at your disposal to win the fair maid."

"Fair enough," a sez, keyin' in Daemon's number an' puttin' t' phone on speaker mode before a handed it to him.

"Hello?" came Daemon's voice on t' other end.

"Is your first in dog but not in bog? Is your second in rat but never in rot? Is your third in beggar and also in bugger? Is your fourth in..."

"Who is this?" said Daemon, sounding worried.

"My first is in porn but never in horn, my second in..."

"Oh fer fuck's sake Puzzler, stop bein a cunt,,," a said, snatchin' t' phone from him.

"Dunno? Is that you?" sez Daemon.

"Yeh. Sorry about that luv. I just..."

"You're freaking me out Dunno. Who was that nutter?"

"Hiz just a silly twat disguised as a mate. A just wanted to tell yer it's all a mistake. That film. A din't know what were goin' on. It woh..."

"You're a liar Dunno. I thought you were different."

"Yeh, but it's like..."

"Please. I'm not in the mood for any more lies. I think we both need to think about this. Well, I do anyway..."

"Sure but..."

"No buts, Dunno. Don't call me again. I'll call you when I've had a chance to think things over."

"But..." a din't get a chance to say anymore cos Puzzler had snatched t' phone back.

"Enchanted lady, labour not over mischief's mistakes, unwrap the cloud of misunderstanding from your eyes and see the truth blinding bright in the morning sun."

"Oh shut up," snapped Daemon. Click. Brrrrrrr....

I stared at Puzzler in silence fer a minute.

"Well that didn't go as well as it could have," he sez after a moment's cogitatin'. "Still. It could have been worse. At least you spoke to her." He stretched, yawned and fixed his stupid spotty dicky bow straight before gettin' up. "Well, it's been fun, Dunno, but can't stop. Puzzles to hatch. I'll see you at the airport."

A were too drained ter argue. Anyway, a had a feelin' he woh prob'ly right. A trip ter Spain will give 'er enough time ter realise it woh jus' a misunderstandin' an see sense, an' a might as well sit an' mope in t' sun as sit here in t' cold an' wet.

"Alright, but am warnin' yer, a won't be much fun."

"You never are, Dunno. That's what we all love about you."

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You are fun, Dunno. We love you.

Posted by Angel Toes

Thanks Angel. Much 'preciated.

Posted by Lord Dunno

That man Puzzler is a chap after my own heart. The kudos go to him.

Posted by Dr Dan

Fuckin' 'ell. Bein' like Puzzler in't summat yer wanna go shoutin' from the rooftops. Not unless yer want the men in white coats ter come an' lock yer up.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You're going about this all the wrong way. Write the girl a letter and take it to the library. Don't let Puzzler do all your dirty work for you.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Yer actin' as if a asked Puzzler ter do mi dirty work. A din't have any choice in t' matter. A never do.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, February 2nd

A BIRD IN T' HAND

Current mood: 🤔confused

It woh nine in t' mornin' and a woh wide awake starin' at the ceiling jus' thinkin' about it all. A thought Deamon wudda bin able ter see beyond all that funny business, an' a woh a bit shocked an' hurt that shi thought mi such a liar...Mebbe the problem wont that, mebbe shi woh gettin' leaned on by 'er family, me being a lot older an not her 'type'. Meks no difference ter me, a car't bi arsed wi' all that shit...a person is a person regardless. Some people tek it serious though, and a suppose yer've gorra respect that. Spain termorrer is prob'ly fer the best, a birra sun an' a few cold beers and when a get back a can sort it out once and fer all. Just as well a woh awake cos mi mobile went off.

"Dunno its PC Wright."

"Ah, Good cop! Where's bad cop this morning. Giving someone a kickin' at the back o' the cells?"

"Now, now Dunno, steady on. He's not as bad as all that. I was wondering if I could come by this afternoon and show you a few photo fits?"

"Not sure how helpful a'd be there officer, yer fella 'ad one o' them skiing balaclava things on."

"Yes I know, we've got some CCTV stills from other recent garage robberies and it's the clothing and balaclava mask that I want you to look at. Is that okay?"

"Aye, alright."

"Okay then Dunno, I'll see you sometime after lunch."

A got up, an' 'ad just enough milk fer a cup o' tea, so a thought 'ad go ter Ali's garage an' get some more an' see if he woh r' alright. It's fair ter say he woh chuffed ter see me. We ended up 'avin' a birruva laugh about it and when a finally got 'old of a pint a milk he said; "No, no, no, Dunno, under no circumstances must you pay!"

A thought 'ow typical! Why car't he work in an electrical wholesalers? A could do wi a new fridge. By the time a got back ter Dunno Tower's a woh deep in thought, a walked straight past a girl wrapped up against the cold an a wun't 'ave even known shi wer there had shi not tapped me on t' shoulder.

"Well are you not going to say hello then?"

"Tina! Fuckin' 'ell, when did you get back?" I went ter give her a big hug an shi hugged me right back clinging on tight. "C'mon in love, come on in. Let me mek yer a cup a tea."

So, wi two mugs o' tea an' a full pipe, we settled on t' futon an' had a long chat about everything.

"A thought yer woh goin' round t' world ter find yersen?"

"I was, but I ended up feeling more lost than ever. I kept thinking about you and that lovely day we had together at Christmas, and I missed you and I asked myself what is it are you running away from? So I came home. It's time to grow up a bit I think, get a job or do something I really want to do and sort myself out, once and for all."

She looked so vulnerable an lost that a cun't help reachin' forward ter give her a hug, she pushed mi back a bit an' looked me in the eye. Suddenly, her lips found mine an' before yer could raise a fart we woh snoggin' passionately.

There went no stoppin' us, the emotions woh r' all too strong. A grabbed 'er by the 'and an' dragged 'er inter t' bedroom throwin' 'er onto t' bed, as we feverishly ripped each other's clothes off...

We woh 'avin' a post-coital pipe when Tina said, "Bet you' re hungry now, eh?"

"Yer not wrong pet," a said. "Gerrin that kitchen an' rattle those pots an pans. And another cuppa wunt go amiss while yer at it!"

"Yes sir," shi said springing outta bed.

Fuck me shi woh beautiful naked. Shi picked mi T- shirt up off t' floor an' purrit on. Just as shi woh goin' out o' the bedroom, the doorbell rang.

"Bollocks! PC Wright, a'd forgot he woh comin'."

"I'll go," says Tina.

A picked up mi pants an' trousers an' headed ter the bathroom fer a slash. After a while a could hear Tina comin' back up the stairs.

"Tina, can you make the constable a cup o' tea? I'll be out in a minute."

"It wasn't the constable," sez Tina. "It was a girl. A very pretty Asian girl."

"Oh", a said, mi mind racin'. "What did shi want?"

"Nothing. She just said 'Sorry I've got the wrong house' and left..."

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Men! I'm so angry with you right now. When are you going to stop thinking with your prick?

Posted by Jenny Q

But... but... What was a supposed ter do? Daemon broke up wi' me. She wun't let me explain or owt. And a mean, let's face it a never even shagged her.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Call that an excuse? First you let Puzzler scare her, then you go and sleep with the first tramp you can find. It's no wonder you're a lonely little man, Dunno. For God's sake get a grip!!!!

Posted by Jenny Q

Fuckin' hell. It's like that is it? All t' birds stickin' together. Listen, love, a turned down free pussy t'other day fer Daemon and a din't mind too much cos a thought we had summat special. But a'm not a monk. How much more gash am a supposed ter turn mi back on?

Posted by Lord Dunno

I knew the Daemon thing would end in tears. But I thought you'd have the sense to go with someone special. I hate this Tina girl. She's so beneath you.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

That's the way a like mi women, pet. Dote be too hard on Tina. Shiz a lovely lass. And she int a tramp.

Posted by Lord Dunno

The binds that unite another person to ourself exist only in the mind.

Posted by Dr Dan

And yer point is, exactly?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Sunday, February 4th

VIVA ESPAÑA

Current mood: 🤩excited

Airports are horny...an' a pain in the arse at the same time. Horny cos there's always totty on' t' tod an' a general air of excitement in t' air cos everyone is off somewhere. Add a few air hostesses in their uniforms an' yer've got a right 'eady mixture. Also a'd spent the day an' night before in t' arms o' the lovely Tina an' this trip ter Spain 'as come at the right time, cos a really need a few days ter sort out where mi 'ead is at. On t' other 'and, they're a pain in the arse because yer always seem ter bi waitin' around, queuing like a cunt, an' mixin' wi' a lotta people who're shittin' bricks about flyin' an' tryin' not ter show it...and then of course there's Spud O'Hagan an' that streak o' piss brother of his, Young Al, and they're capable o' pissin' anybody right off. Yer cun't miss 'em. They woh standin' in t' middle o' t' airport bickerin' like a couple o' toddlers.

"Where's Ginge an' Puzzler?" a asked, shekkin' Spud's hand an' givin' Young Al a curt nod.

"Ginge is checkin' in his bags," said Spud. "Haven't gorra clue where Puzz is. You better hurry an' get yer boardin' card. Yer late."

I joined t' queue. An' plonked mi suitcase down on t' scales.

"You're carrying too much weight sir," sez t' young bird at t' check-in.

"EH? An you've got spots luv, but yer dote find me sayin owt."

"No, Your bag, sir, you're two kilos overweight," shi said looking' all dropped on. "You'll have to pay an excess fee of £20."

"Yer jokin?"

"No sir, I am not."

"Cart a tek some stuff out an' leave it behind yer desk?"

"No."

"Is it cos a said yer 'ad spots?"

"No sir, its £20 regardless of what insults you hurl at me."

I decided mi best course o' action'd be ter just chuck some o' mi stuff, chances are Ginge'd 'ave a full wardrobe o' summer clothes a could sponge off anyway. So, ignoring a few harrumphs, tuts, an sighs from 't queue behind, a unzipped mi case and transferred what a designated as least important to a plaggy bag that a would then chuck.

At last a were ready to join t' lads who'd gone throught to Departures already. A found em in t' bar, downin' whisky chasers an' pints o' John Smiths.

"Your round, big boy," sez Young Al, as charming as ever.

A pushed mi way through t' queue ter t' bar an' ordered drinks fer us all, an' then called fer Ginge to help me, but they'd vanished. A looked up at t' monitor an' saw they were callin' our flight fer boarding. The sneaky fuckers had left me. Not wantin' to let good drink go to waste, a opened mi gob wide an' downed t' four whiskey's one after t' other an' followed em off wi the four pints o' bitter. Ter be honest a downed three an' a half pints an' then a started ter feel a bit gassy so against mi better judgement a left half a glass, an' waddled off to find mi mates. They were already outside, standin' in line, waitin' fer t' crew to get a disabled lady on board.

"I don't like the look o' this," sez Young Al, all conspiratorial.

"What?" a asks.

"That," he sez, pointin' at a dark feller in a duffel coat who's clutchin' his coat around him like he's on t' point o' freezin' to death.

"What about him?"

"Classic suicide bomber. He's an Arab. What's he wearin' that coat for?"

"Cos it's fuckin' freezin," a sez, through me chatterin' teeth. "You're wearin' a coat too, yer silly twat, why can't he? Anyway, who sez he's an Arab. He's probably Spanish. They look dark too, don't they? He's prob'ly goin' home."

"Huh."

That Young Al's a nasty piece o' work, always lookin fer the worst in folk. Although, when we got on t' plane and a found Ginge, Spud an' Al had seats together on the row behind and a had to sit next to Al's suicide bomber, a began to have second thoughts. At least the seat on't other side o' me woh spare, so a spawned it there.

"Aright, mate?" a sez to him. "Aren't yer a bit hot in that coat? Why dote yer tek it off. Yer'll feel loads better."

He looks at me an' shakes his head. "No." Then he turns an' looks out t' winder.

"Fair enough," a sez, beginnin' to cack mi kegs an' wishin' Young Al'd kept his gob shut an' not put such shit inter me head.

Anyway getting' blown up woh t' least o' mi worries. The beer an t' whiskies 'ad gone right through me an' suddenly a woh dyin' ferra a piss.

As the stewardess walked past, a collared her. " 'Scuse me miss, 'ave a

got time fer a slash?"

She woh Spanish. "Slish??"

"No love, slash." She shook er head mystified. "Yer know, Piss....? Wazz....? No? Wee? Pee-Pee?"

"Ah, Pee-Pee! No sir, impossible. We are preparing for take off. No toilet until we are airborne and the capitano have removed the no seat belt signs.

"But am gonna piss mi fuckin' pants!"

"Sorry." An' she carried on up the aisle.

I seriously woh gonna piss mi kegs by now, an' a woh thinkin' how uncomfortable it'd be ter go all t' way ter Spain soaked in mi own urine, when mi foot touched upon salvation. There, wedged well under the seat an' obviously missed by the crew when they swept the plane before the next flight woh a dark green bottle. I dislodged it wi mi foot an' then bent down as best a could ter pick it up, pressing on mi bladder which woh agony. The neck could 'ave bin a bit wider, but beggars cart be choosers and under mi jacket a poked mi bell-end inter t' neck o' the bottle an' wi' mind-numbing relief, let nature tek its course.

At last we were off, an' mi mind turned ter the terrorist bomber sat next ter mi. A gev him a shifty sideways glance but his eyes woh shut. How can yer sleep when a plane's tekkin off? A cun't face feeling paranoid, a decided that as soon as he 'woke up' a'd confront him...then a thought 'yer silly cunt, how's he gonna get on a plane these days wi' dynamite strapped ter his belly?' It's that fucker Al preying on mi insecurities about flyin' an' wi this rational thought in mi head a decided ter get some shut eye... No such luck! Typically it had ter be our flight ter hit turbulence. Soon we were gerrin' tossed about like we woh r' in a washin'

machine. Whiskies, plus beer plus empty stomach equals sick. The thing about sick is that it's like water comin' through a hose pipe, once embarked on its journey there's no stopping it. A felt it rising from mi feet up an' a only just managed to grab the bag.

"That's right Dunno! Let the flavour flood out!" It was Young Al and he was enjoying every minute of it. "You've gone a great colour Dunno- That shade of green really suits you!" He went off down the aisle gigglin' like a cunt.

A woh feeling too peaky ter do owt about it, especially as a'd just set off a chain reaction an' the suicide bomber suddenly lurched forward an' honked up before he could get ter a sick bag. It went down the front o' his coat an he woh obliged ter undo it and reveal his little secret. Terrorist bomber liked women's clothing and obviously felt more comfy in a bra an silk blouse. As he struggled out of his coat, a held up mi jacket ter give him some privacy.

"Don't worry pal, yer secrets safe wi me."

A took 'is coat while he slipped mi jacket on which hopefully wont too piss stained. Luckily the turbulence'd stopped. A handed hiz coat back an' he shuffled past me ter go ter t' bog ter clean it up as best he could. He cem back wi' 'iz coat back on and anded me mi jacket.

"Thank you señor," he sez.

"No problema, Pal," sez I showin' off mi command o' Spanish.

The rest o' the journey passed wi'out incident. We landed wi'out fuss, taxied down t' runway an' cem to a stop outside the terminal. Everyone unbuckled and stood up ter wait fer t' doors ter open. Ginge stood there with a right mug on.

"Whats up wi you, Ginge?" a asked.

"Fuckin' budget airlines," he muttered darkly.

"I'm thirsty!" whined Young Al like an eight year-old kid.

"Oh Al, yer luck's in. A've got some delicious lemonade."

A passed him the green bottle, which he snatched wi'out a word o' thanks an' it woh worth every minute o' honkin' mi guts up an sittin' next ter suicide bombers just ter watch Young Al raise the bottle to his lips and greedily take a long deep drink... Glug...glug... glug...

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Yeuuchh! Remind me never to ask you for a drink.

Posted by Bygone

It's aright, love. Dunno's Special Brew is only fer the more discerning drinker.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Dunno's pee! A drink fit for the gods.

Posted by Dr Dan

Aye! From what I hear Thor wote' ave owt else.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Ah yes! Your pee is a bit like my penis. Once tasted, nothing else will suffice.

Posted by Dr Dan

That image woh r' enough ter mek me have a flashback ter the nausea a felt in t' airplane. In fact if a had ter choose airsickness o thinkin' about yer cheesy cock, gimme airsickness any day.

Posted by Lord Dunno

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Current mood: 😊shocked

Ginge 'ad 'ired a car to tek us to hiz finca. Of course, Ginge bein' Ginge, that is, a spawny show off, cun't jus' hire a family car or owt like that, no, he 'ad ter get one o' them top o' t' range sports cars. Great, yer might think, apart from it woh a two seater. There woh room in t' back fer two people if they sat up on t' back an' held on fer dear life but that woh r' all. A woh glad that Puzzler'd blown us out.

Ginge got in t' drivin' seat an' Spud slid inter t' passenger seat leavin' me an' Young Al glarin' at each other an' at them.

"Have I got to sit next to that fat maniac?" sez Al. "The fucker tried to poison me with his own piss."

"Ah don't be goin' on about it," sez Spud. "Where's yer sense of humour?" Then he turns to me an' winks. "He's so rancourous."

"Listen lads," a sez. "Am not bein' funny or owt but a'm t' biggest. Shun't I be goin' in t' front?"

Ginge shook his head. "It's Spud's Stag do. He's the guest of honour. It's just not done."

"Anyway, your weight will help balance things out," sez Spud.

"Thanks a fuckin' bunch, yer cunts," a sez, squeezin inter t' back next ter Al whose breath still stank o' piss.

As Ginge steered us around t' Valencian coastline at sound barrier poppin' speed a discovered an unknown truth about Spain. It in't hot in February. T' sky woh overcast an' t' windfactor woh chappin' mi lips . A woh left wishin' a'd

brought a jumper and 'ad summat warmer n' just mi T-shirt ter wear. I wished a had a pair o' goggles too, cos a kept gerrin' flies in mi eyes an' in mi gob.

Spud an' Ginge woh lovin' it though. Especially when we went off road an' down a dried up river that nearly sent me an' Al arse over tit inter a ditch.

"EEEEEE-HAAAAAARRR!" roared Ginge, makin' out he woh Stirling fuckin' Moss. "Hold on boys!"

Finally we pulled inter t' driveway o' one o them spacious hacienda type villa / farmhouses in t' middle o' nowhere. It woh r' all big archways an' palm trees an' reminded me o' the location fer 1980s porn movies. As a rolled off t' car and straightened me wobbly legs a began thinkin, "This is t' life." T' sun 'ad even popped it's head out from t' clouds and woh sparklin' over a massive kidney shaped swimmin' pool in front o' the house.

"Fuck me, is all this really yours?" a said to Ginge.

He nodded. "It's not much but I call it home from home. Come on and I'll give you the grand tour."

As we woh walkin' past t' pool to the main door, Spud suddenly shrieked an' pointed.

"Wow" Look at that fuckin' whale!"

"Where?" a asks, lookin' about.

A felt two strong hands in t' small o' mi back and a woh sent hurtlin' inter t' pool.

"There!" laughs Spud pointin' at me as a floundered an' spluttered fer air.

"Moby fuckin' Dick. Thar she blows!!"

The water were like ice. A clutched at mi chest.

"Ah, fuck! Mi heart. Help me. Fuck."

Spud frowned and reached out a hand to help pull me out. A tugged hard an' he went flyin' past me and inter t' pool.

"Bastards!" he yells, as t' others all pointed an' laughed. "It's me fuckin' stag do. Yer can't do that!"

"Just be thankful we haven't burnt your clothes and dumped you naked in the centre of town," laughed Ginge.

"That's an idea," said Al, hurrying back to the car to get Spud's suitcase.

"Al, no. Don't go getting any ideas," sez Ginge, givin' him a stern look. To mi surprise Al just shrugged an' walked away. I'll say this fer Ginge, hiz certainly got that long streak o' misery under his thumb.

"Don't go treading water all over the house," snapped Ginge as a woh about ter follow him inside. "Get your kit off out here. I'll fetch you a towel."

When a woh naked a realised summat terrible. A only had t' one pair o' trousers, an' they were soaked.

"Lads, anyone got a spare pair o' trousers?" a asked.

Young Al laughed. "Yeh, but none of ours would fit you, yer big pink blancmange."

"Fuck off!"

"Give them here," sez Ginge wi' a sigh. He took me soakin' trousers and hung em on t' back of a chair in front o' the open over door in t' kitchen. "They'll dry off in no time."

Sat in t' Livin' Room listenin' to one o' Ginge's endless CDs of crap 80's bands we began runnin' through t' plan of action fer t' night.

"We'll just freshen up, then we'll hit the town. Valencia's got plenty of totty

on tap," sez Ginge.

"Hang about," a sez, gerrin indignant. "Spud's about to get married. He can't go off shaggin' around."

Spud sprayed coffee through his nose an' brayed wi' laughter like a donkey. "Fuck off Dunno. You know what Frances is like. She's probably fuckin' her way around Battersea right now, if she isn't taking her kit off in some seedy fuckin' bar."

I stared in amazement. "You mean yer know all about Franny bein' a stripper?"

"Course I do. You don't think Young Al'd keep somethin' like that to himself do you?"

I glared at Al. Course he wouldn't. Not if he thought it'd cause some mischief. "Then you don't mind?"

Spud shrugged. "Why should I? It's a business arrangement. She gets to live in the UK and I get a Green Card so I can work in the States. Anyway, she's great at suckin' cock."

"Too right," grinned Ginge, nodding away.

"I wun't know," a sighed.

"So, let's get ready to mambo," sez Ginge, standing up. "There's en-suite bathrooms, so you can all have a shower and then we'll be off."

Me bedroom woh massive an' it even had a telly in it. The bathroom woh r' ace, power shower an' all. After a'd had a quick rinse a went to check mi trousers but they woh still soakin'.

"Too bad," sez Ginge. "Never mind. You can come out with us tomorrow. Come on lads, Andale! Andale! Arriba!"

So, just like that , a woh r'alone. A stranger in a strange land. A sat up fer a bit, drinkin' Ginge's booze an' watchin' an endless chat show on telly wi' people shoutin' at each other in Spanish. Then a went to bed. It woh pitch black an a'd bin dead ter t' world fer hours when a felt summat movin' in t' bed beside me . A turned an' felt a body. Mebbe t' lads weren' t as bad as a thought. They'd brought a lass back for me. Pity a wont in t' mood fer it. Wi' all t' problems o' Daemon an' Tina, another bird on t' go would be jus' too much to handle. A hand came out an squeezed me arse. A woh r' up like a startled rabbit an' switched t' light on. "Fuckin' Hell! Puzzler! What're you doin' here?"

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Yay! I've missed Puzzler!

Posted by Jenny Q

A'll tell him an' see if a can get Ginge ter book 'im on t' next flight ter Wisconsin.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, February 7th

ALADDIN'S CAVE

Current mood: 🤔embarrassed

"Fuckin' 'ell! Puzzler! What're you doin' here?"

"They seek him here they seek him there, those Spaniards seek him everywhere. Is he in heaven or in hell? That elusive Puzzling Pimpernel!"

"Yer in hell now yer cunt, get yer hand off mi arse!"

"Dunno...what a let down! Ginge promised me something soft and warm would be awaiting me upon my arrival. I might have known, I should have recognised those soft doughy folds! I thought for a moment he'd set me up with a nice fat bald bird."

"A've run marathons yer cheeky cunt."

"Yes Dunno, but recently? I'd say you've dedicated your life to eating them... Anyway. Where are our happy band of brothers?"

"Fucked off into town on t' hunt fer totty on' t tod. Where t' fuck 'ave yer bin? We thought yer wont comin'?"

"Ah, ask not the path of the poet...for the flight of fancy hath no end...The tale I have to tell is of wonder and merriment, prey, give me your ear to bend..."

"A'll give yer mi knuckles to chew yer silly cunt. Its 'alf two in t' morning. Jus' tell us straight where the fuck yer've bin? And they're called Snickers now, not marathons, yer silly dickie-bowed bastard!"

"Moody Boots! Lace 'em up! God, Dunno, too much red meat...Had some business to attend to in Blighty. Got a later flight. If you still had hair, I'd

be asking you to keep it on."

"Yer askin' fer a smack, Puzz," a warned him.

"Hmm, well, delightful though the prospect of sharing a bed with you is in your current frame of mind, I think I'll pass and do a spot of moonbatheing by the pool."

The daft sod excused hissen an' wandered off outside to lounge on t' terrace clad in nowt but hiz undies an' ever-present spotty bow tie.

A woke up early fer me at 10 and woh relieved Puzzler hadn't come back in t' night. A went through ter t' kitchen to rustle up some brekky. A found Young Al in there crunchin' 'iz way through a box a cereal. He 'ad a right mug on.

"Na then. Have a good night?" a asked. "T'others not up yet?"

He scowled even more. "No. They found themselves some mucky tarts. They're probably still shagging themselves stupid."

A cun't help but smile. "You din't 'ave any luck then?"

Al sneered. "Fuck off. What do you take me for? I'm not going to wind up with some disease. They'd screw anything, those girls."

"Anything but you yer mean, they're obviously not that desperate," a said, enjoyin' the look o' hate in hiz eyes.

I med 'im a cuppa tea an' decided to try an' be friendly.

"Listen, a know we 'ant always got on. To be honest a think yer a cunt, but if we're gonna be here til termorrer, we might as well try an' get on. Am goin' fer a run. Yer welcome to tag along if yer want."

Al shook his head. "No thanks. Don't you think you should try some other

form of exercise? You're too fat to run. You're a heart attack waiting to happen."

"Cheers, Al," a said, headin' for Ginge's room.

He woh shaggin' away and din't look best pleased to see me.

"What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Soz, Ginge. Have yer got owt a can go runnin' in?"

"Bottom drawer... left ," he panted, turnin' back ter t' job in hand.

A found a nice pair o' white shorts an' some matchin' socks and crept back ter t' door.

"Nice ter meet yer love," a said to t' bird who woh groanin' away under Ginge. She din't bother sayin' owt back.

When a went outside a saw Puzzler curled up in t' arms of a beautiful señorita under a blanket. He woh still wearin' his dicky bow. He opened his eyes and winked at me.

"I knew Ginge wouldn't let me down."

"That's open ter debate" a said as a jogged off down t' hill and through t' dried'up river, enjoyin' the warmth o' t' sun an' a cloudless blue Mediterranean sky.

A went up a mountain full o' almond trees in blossom. It woh heavy goin' and a woh pantin' like a dog on heat by t' time a got ter t' top, burrit were worth it. A woh lookin' down at t' sea, calm an' endless an' below a could see a white sandy beach. There were people on it. A looked carefully... Birds... Lots of 'em. And while a don't have super vision, mi eyes were good enough ter tell me that they woh r all naked. A started runnin' down towards 'em.

A picked up such speed that a ran flat bang inter a wire fence that woh cordonin' off t' beach from t' rest o' t' mountain. A walked along it and saw a big sign that read EL PORTO CLUB NATURISTA. In case a woh r' under t' illusion that it woh referrin' to people that liked flowers an' nature an' that, there woh a cartoon drawin on t' sign of a bird wi her baps out.

"Eureka! Aladdin's fuckin' cave!"

Without further ado a slipped under t' fence and carried on joggin' towards t' beach. It woh full o' suntanned totty, a few pensioners, an' a few young hunks, all starkers. A stripped off mi sweaty shorts and plonked mesen down on t' sand to watch a couple o' gorgeous birds playin' volleyball. A turned face down ter hide t' developin' tentpole and watched a gorgeous array o' golden globes bouncin' up an' down ter t' dictates o' gravity. Fan-titty-tastic!

After a while a woh feelin' so horny a had to slope off an brave t' icy waters ter cool mesen off a bit, then a resumed mi position in t' sand, me knob diggin' deep inter t' beach like a sand spider buildin' a nest. It woh great feelin' t' sun on mi back, until a felt a cloud pass over . Lookin' round a saw two muscle bound Spaniards standin' over me. They din't look too friendly. They woh naked except fer belts wi truncheons, handcuffs and pistols on 'em.

"Blabbadeblabbadeblah!" sez one in machine gun fast Spanish.

"Eh?"

"Have you a member?" sez his mate in English.

"Eh?"

"A card. A member card. You are member, no?"

"Eh? What yer on about?" a sez, mi own member shrinkin' fast.

"This private beach. You are not member?"

"Oh," a sez. "Is it? A din't know."

"Clear," he sez. "You break first rule of naturists."

"Eh? I an't done owt. What rule did a brek?"

"A good naturist, he not stare at the genitals," he informs me.

"A car't help it," a sez. "Yer standin' over me."

"Not the genitals of me," he explains. "The genitals of the girls."

"Oh. Right. Soz mate. A din't know. What's point o' gettin' 'em out on display if yer car't stare at 'em, though?"

"You leave now."

"Right."

"Now," growls t' other one.

A got up an' sprinted fer t' fence as quick as a cud. A woh halfway up t' mountain before a realised a'd left Ginge's shorts back on t' beach. Fuck 'em. He 'ad more. A raced back to Ginge's finca, desperate to tell 'em all about mi adventure, but a woh r' out o' luck. When a got back, t' place woh r' empty. No birds, no Ginge, no Al, no Spud an' no Puzzler.

Thankfully in the best traditions o' tales from yesteryear the front door woh' r open so a let mesen in. A woh givin' mi sandy knackers a right good scratch when a turned round an' came face ter face wi' a Spanish lady holdin a mop. Shi took one look at mi naked form, dropped the mop an' screamed in horror!

"No love...its not what yer think!"

She woh in a bit of a panic an started runnin' round in circles clutchin' her 'ead, an' I woh chasin' after 'er sayin' "Amigo! Friend! Ginge...Jonny Marinelli!" But the more a chased the more she shrieked. It woh gettin' ter the stage where a woh wonderin' how the fuck do a deal wi' this, when from the open doorway

Ginge rattled off some Spanish an shi calmed down.

Ginge explained in soothin' Spanish tones that there woh nowt ter be afraid of an' that a woh r' a mate of 'is. She seemed to accept his explanation, picked up 'er mop an' bustled out. Ginge, Puzzler, Al an Spud stood in t' doorway looking like a fuckin' barber shop quartet. .

"Seems I was mistaken in not bringing you back a señorita last night, old chum, my apologies I didn't realise you were that fucking desperate! What the fuck d'yer think yer doin' runnin' about after mi housekeeper with yer big saggy knackers hangin' out?"

"Never mind that!" a said "Yer've invited me out here an' so far a've 'ad ter 'ang on fer dear life while yer tried ter kill me in yer stupid sports car, fucked off ter pick up totty leavin' me here on mi tod, an' this morning a go fer a jog an' as soon as a've gone yer fuck off again...fuck knows where!"

"Ter get fucking provisions so Encarna can cook us a big slap up Spanish feast, yer fat selfish bastard. It's not my fault you didn't bring any pants an then decide ter throw yourself in the pool like a big blubbery walrus."

"But..."

"It's not my fault you fuck off for a jog without waiting for us all to get up so we can tell you our plans..."

"But...I..."

"And I suppose I'm responsible for you chasing after poor Encarna in the knack? Sometimes Dunno you're a real pain in the arse, swanning around like the fucking world revolves around you. Now shape up, or fuck off!

Right...Young Al, unload all the shopping and take it through to Encarna in the kitchen. Spud, You are responsible for the drink. Get the white wine and put it in

the wine fridge, put the champagne on ice. Fill one of the big black bins with ice and water and chill the beers. Puzzler, you're responsible for the candles for tonight. I want candles all over the ground floor and outside and around the pool. You'll find plenty of them in the dry store. Dunno, I cannot for the sake of my sanity and the whole of mankind stare at your naked form for a moment longer. Get showered. That dried on sand looks so unseemly. Then get some clothes from the wardrobe in my room...third on the right, it's full of spare clothes of various sizes for guests. Then come and set the table. Gentlemen, the ladies are scheduled to arrive in two hours. Now you all know your duties, jump to it...Puzzler put down 'The Best of Showaddywaddy' and step away from the CD rack. Please stick to the task assigned..."

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Shame on you for breaking the first rule of naturism.

Posted by Dr Dan

Jus' cos a han't spent mi youth pervin' about on Brighton nudist beach, like you.

How wuz a supposed ter know?

Posted by Lord Dunno

I never thought of you as a Showaddywaddy kind of guy.

Posted by Angel Toes

C'mon love, Let's go for a little walk.....under't moon o love.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, February 8th

LET'S GET IT ON

Current mood: 😊 bouncy

If there's one thing a do well, it's layin' tables. A'm fuckin' top dog at table layin', even if a do say so mesen. When a woh done, a decided to join Spud an' Ginge on t' terrace, soakin' up some rays. It woh nice n' hot. Not boilin', just perfect.

"Let's 'ave a swim," a said, feelin' t' sweat beginnin' to pool in mi belly button.

"Dunno, you're so provincial," sighed Ginge lookin' up from his car magazine.

"Eh? Wharrava done now?" a asked, a bit peeved.

"Only the English would go swimming in February. A true Latino won't brave the water until mid June. Everyone knows that."

Spud nodded away like he were listenin' to t' wisdom of t' Dalai Lama.

"But am not a Latino, am a? And neither's Spud."

Ginge tutted. "If you want to catch pneumonia that's your affair, but the pool's out of bounds to Spud. He's getting married next month and I'm not having him cry off sick."

"Suit yerselves," a said. "Where's Puzzler? He'll be up fer a dip."

"No he won't," snapped Ginge. "He's in the bedroom working on a piece for Junior Conundrums. He's on a deadline."

Without further ado A took a runnin' jump an' leaped inter t' water sendin' a great big tidal wave over Ginge and ruinin' his mag. Spud started laughin'.

"Come on in, the water's lovely," a said, lyin' through me teeth.

Spud fell fer it like the great big trout he is and leaped on top o' me, splashin' Ginge again.

"It's fuckin' freezin' yer liar!" he roared.

After he'd tried dunkin' me and a ended up sittin' on 'im we both hurried out ter get showered and changed fer t' party.

I looked the biz, in some beige chinos an' a flowery short-sleeved shirt an' some deck shoes wi'out socks. The outfit won't really mi colour burrit helped give me t' air of a sophisticat which went down well wi' Ginge who's big on that.

"Not bad," he said, "you'll do, in a fat Don Johnson, Miami vice sort of way."

"Cheers Ginge!" a said all chuffed wi missen.

He wont so pleased wi Puzzler who woh done up in 'iz best yellor an black spotted dicky bow, check sports jacket an' stripey pink 'n' green shirt wi' pale blue slacks.

"Has nobody ever talked to you about colour coordination Puzz? Are you sure you don't want to borrow something of mine?" he asked.

"No thanks, old sock," sez Puzz. "This is my pulling outfit."

"For pulling what?" said Ginge in the tone of a father disappointed with the effort of an offspring.

The birds arrived just after five, and fuck me they woh breathtakin'. There were ten of 'em, all done up like a dog's dinner wearin' stuff yer normally only see at Hollywood Premiers. Ginge had us lined up as he walked the girls passed us.

"Estrella, this is Dunno."

"Aright luv."

"Encantado"

"Eh?"

"Loli, this is Dunno."

"Na then."

"Ah, que bladipla."

"That's right!"

An' so on and so on. It din't matter that none o' them spoke 'ardly any English, a woh r' happy jus' lookin'. A felt like an art expert in the Louvre, durin' a top totty exhibition. .

We went inside an' Encarna had dished up masses of paella. If yer closed yer eyes so yer din't see t' odd tentacle, it woh dee-lish. I woh sat next ter a bird called Aranxa and shi woh enough to mek yer go blind. Skin like burnt gold an' hair like sommat really really black an' a sexy mouth that woh made to be bitten. I did a mime show wi' me bread rolls that had her laughin' an' squeezin' mi thigh, an' a swear, it felt like all mi troubles had flown out t' winder. Over coffee an' brandy, Spud, the Irish charmer had slid over ter t' sofa wi' three o' the girls an' 'ad started tunin' up an old Spanish guitar that Ginge had lyin' around just fer show.

"You play geeee-tar?" asks one o' the girls, clappin' her hands in delight.

"Do I play?" laughs Spud. "You could say that. I studied the guitar with that Yehudi Menuin feller. Do you girls know him?"

"I thought he was a violin player," sez Young Al, who'd bin quiet an' surly all night.

Spud ignored him and began ter let his fingers do the talkin' as they stroked the neck o' the guitar.

Twang!

"See if you recognise this one...if you know it, then sing it with me," he sez like he woh some sort o' rock god in front of a stadium audience.

There then followed an agonising, clunky version of "What shall we do with a drunken sailor?" It took Spud forever ter find the next chords, bent over t' guitar in fierce concentration like he woh r' a virtuoso.

"What...shall...we...do...with...a...drun...kensail.....or...What...shall..."

As this woh going on, a noticed Ginge wi' t' expertise of a practised smoothie, goin' around lightin' all t' candles and toppin' up drinks an' mekkin' sure t' birds din't want fer nowt. A little soft touch of a cheek here an' a little whisper in the ear there. "...we...do...with...a...drunk...ensail...or...earlie...in the morn...ing! Thank you, thank you very much! Now, here's a song for ya."

"Yes thank you Spud" sez Ginge, not before time I reckon. "That was...charming, now I don't know about you lovely señoritas but I think the time has come to...Dance!"

At the touch of a button the room swelled and filled with up tempo Latin American dance music and with a whoop of delight the girls got to their feet and started dancin' in an astonishingly sexy fashion round Ginge who woh pullin' out 'iz best John Travolta Saturday Night Fever moves. Yer cun't help but join in an' we all had a right old laugh grappling away wi' t' lasses. One look at Puzzler hoppin' from foot to foot like yer elderly uncle at a weddin' woh enough ter mek yer lose all yer inhibitions an' the next hour or so woh filled wi laughter, drinks an wild abandon.

We'd worked a right sweat up when Ginge turned t' music off an declared, "Right! The last one in the pool wi'out clothes on pays a heavy forfeit!"

Everybody stripped off an' went careering inter t' pool in mad abandon, all except that weirdo Young Al who'd sloped off an' woh nowhere ter be seen.

After horseplay an' tomfoolery in the pool, Ginge declared that the time woh right fer the hot tub.

"A'll bi with yer in a minute Ginge, after all that paella, I need ter fire a brown torpedo an a din't wanna launch it in yer pool."

"You're so considerate Dunno, Thank you. That wasn't quite what I had in mind when I talked of paying a heavy forfeit, " said Ginge, findin' it hard not ter show the look of distaste on his face. "Please from now on consider information like that strictly classified, and on a need to know basis."

Fuck me, that carroty cockhead can be so prim sometimes. Anyway it woh r' a good job a din't do it in t' pool cos it turned out ter be a king-size. As a woh sat there squeezing out this turd a could hear shrieks o' laughter coming from t' hot tub. Spud woh givin' another verse o' 'drunken sailor' and cajolin' the lasses inter joinin' in on "Ooray an up she rises, ooray an up she rises," before it dawned on me by t' tone o' their shrieks an giggles of delight what it woh that were actually 'up an rising'. Typical! There they were playing sex games in the hot tub while I woh sat here dropping a brown pay load Enola Gay wudda bin proud of.

A took advantage o' the bidet thinkin' Ginge won't tek too kindly ter any dangly bits but it woh a pain in t' arse gettin' the temperature right...Hot cold... hot cold... fer fuck's sake. By the time a got out there ter join't fun it woh like the last days o' Sodom an' Gomorrah.

Spud woh cavortin' wi' all ten o' the birds in the hot tub, while Ginge an' Puzzler

sat on deckchairs enjoyin' the moonlight.

"Whoah! Am havin' some o that!" a yelled an' got ready to leap into t' fray.

"Not so fast my rotund friend," says Ginge, puttin' his arm out to stop me. "It's Spud's stag do. I've paid these girls to give him the time of his life. If you want something, you can just wait until he's finished, like me and Puzz."

"But that's just greedy," a said. "Puzzler, back me up. There's no way he's gonna get round all o' them. We'll be doin' him a favour. He'll thank us for it in the morning."

Ginge looked at Puzzler and Puzzler shrugged.

"Wisdom often lurks in unlikely places," sez Puzzler. "Although the dullard hides his light under a bushel, that does not mean the light is not there."

"Eh?" a said, feelin' a bit slighted.

"Oh what the hell, have it your way boys," said Ginge. "I've never been one for batting on a sticky wicket. Spud, make way, I'm coming to help you out."

"The more the merrier!" laughed Spud.

Ginge and Puzzler hopped in and immediately two o' the girls detached 'emselves from Spud an' went to join 'em.

"Room for one more?" I asked.

The girls looked up an' one of 'em shrugged in a sort of 'if yer must' kind of way, so in a plunged. Aranxa moved over ter me and popped a little pill in mi gob an' before a knew it a was as rampant as a twenny year old wi' ten cocks! An' wi this quality totty weavin' her dirty magic, let mi tell yer, A needed all ten of 'em!

The madness woh dispelled by a bright flashin' light and when mi eyes had cleared a saw Young Al at t' side o' the hot tub wi his camera clickin' away at us.

"Al, what the fuck are yer doin'?" asked Spud, soundin' fucked off.

"Preparing my pension fund," sez Al takin' another snap. "In the unlikely event that any of you losers make it big as actors I'll make big bucks from these pictures."

That did it. I'd bin in trouble before wi' people filmin' me in strange situations and a wont about ter let it happen again, so a reached out a hand, grabbed Al by his scrawny ankle and pulled him inter t' hot tub, camera an' all.

"You cunt!" screams Al. "You brainless fuck. D'you know how much that camera cost?"

"Al," a sez. "I ain't got yer brother's gift o' the gab and a can't talk shite like Puzzler, and a'm no good at mekkin' people look small like Ginge. There's only one thing a can do in an argument."

"What's that then?" he sneers.

"This." Mi fist lashed out an' knocked 'im spark out.

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OH YES! That snake had it coming! Well done LD

Posted by Jenny Q

Gracias, Jen.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Macho macho man!

Posted by Carrie looves blood

That's me!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, February 09, 2007

ALL REVVED UP AN' NO PLACE TER GO

Clockin' Young Al is one o' the highlights o' mi life, but the second he went down in t' hot tub, a woh fully expectin' Ginge, Spud an' Puzzler to get on mi case about wreckin' the evenin'. The last thing a expected were fer Spud to give us a big manly hug an' toss me a beer.

"Good on yer Dunno. I've been wanting to do that ever since we left London."

"Yes, well done Dunno," Ginge agreed, clinkin' beer bottles wi' me.

"You're a scholar and a gentleman."

Arranxa squeezed mi biceps and cooed "Que grande!"

It woh then that a noticed t' water in t' hot tub woh turnin' a nasty shade o' red.

"Tis not a female in her flows, methinks 'tis Young Al's broken nose," sez Puzzler statin' t' obvious in a round the houses sort o' way.

"Shit 'iz right," a said, lookin' at Al who woh propped up at t' side o' the hot tub wi blood gushin' from his conk.

"It's broken, all right," said Ginge, givin' one o' the girls a playful squeeze.

"Hadn't we berra get him ter hospital," a said, feelin' a bit guilty .

Ginge, Spud an' Puzzler looked at each other an' shook their heads as one.

"Nah!" sez Ginge. "Get him out o' the hot tub though. I don't fancy splashin' about in Al's blood, we don't know where he's been."

A hauled 'im out and 'e woh like a dead weight. He kept tryin' to push me off.

"Get your fuckin' hands off me you maniac. I'm gonna sue you for assault. I've got witnesses."

"Have you?" said Spud. "I saw you walk into a wall."

"Bastards. The lot of you. Fuckin' animals."

"Come on, kid," a sez, pullin' im away.

He woh too shook up ter resist so a took him inter t' kitchen and plonked a load o' ice in a tea towel and told 'im to sit down an' keep 'iz head up while 'e pressed the towel on 'iz broken neb.

A left him an' went ter t' bathroom to wipe off t' blood. When a woh r' in there a came over a bit funny. A've never liked t' sight o' blood so a lay down on mi bed til t' feelin' had passed.

When a came too it woh mornin', the birds had all shipped out an' Puzzler wuz slappin' me around t' face.

"It flies yet is not a bird, it waits for no man and it changes, some say it is money..."

"Time, yer riddlin' twat. Wharrabout it?"

"It's time you got out of yer pit, yer lazy get. We've gorra be in the airport in forty minutes, is that plain enough for you?" he sez, speakin' normal fer once.

Staggerin' out o' bed a went fer a piss an' sighed. Fuckin' Al got the last laugh after all, mekkin' me faint an' miss out on a night o' further sauce an' debauchery, I only got through four a mi ten cocks. I headed fer t' kitchen fer a strong brew an' a bacon sarnie. Al wuz where a'd left him, wi a new tea towel full 'f ice over his nose, which woh purple an' swollen.

"Na then, Al, how yer feelin' today?"

"Fuck off."

"Fancy a cuppa?"

He nodded sullenly and perked up a bit when 'e'd got his tea in him.

"Soz about yer camera mate," a sez. "I'll buy yer a new one."

" Yeh right! You couldn't afford it Dunno."

"Suit yersen."

This time on t' way ter t' airport, Al got ter sit up front on Spud's lap, while Puzzler an' me had ter hang on fer our lives as Ginge tried to brek t' record fer speedin'.

"Wow! This is fun!" yelled Puzzler, lovin' every minute of it.

When we got ter t' airport there woh more bad news waitin' for us. Apparently t' whole UK woh blanketed under two centimetres o' snow bringin' t' whole country ter a grinding halt .Stansted Airport woh closed. Our flight'd bin cancelled.

"We will book you onto the next available flight, as soon as one becomes available," said t' bird behind the check-in desk.

"Intolerable," snapped Ginge. "I've got a business meeting to attend this evening."

"I'm sorry sir," said t' girl.

Ginge turned ter the rest of us. "Look, lads, Gatwick's still open, I'm going to book me and Spud on the next BA flight. The rest of you'll just have to wait. Sorry, but that's budget airlines for you."

"Eh? Why can't we go to Gatwick with yer?" a asked.

"Because this holiday's already cost me a fortune and my pot of gold isn't bottomless," said Ginge. "If you've got a couple o' hundred quid, then be my guest. So, put up or shut up."

That put me firmly in me place. Ginge an' Spud woh just in time fer the next

flight ter Gatwick. Me, Puzzler and Young Al were left, stranded.

"Any idea when Stansted'll open again?" a asked the check-in bird.

She shrugged. "Could be later this afternoon. But there's no more flights until tomorrow anyway. I'll book you on the 10.30am for tomorrow morning."

"Fine. Are there any cheap hotels near?"

"No."

"I've never slept in an airport before," sez Puzzler all excited, as if it woh somehow a good thing.

"Yeh, aren't we lucky?"

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Four of your ten cocks? What a waste.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

A know. A had ter go an' pull one off in t' bogs in t' airport. Not pleasant.

Posted by Lord Dunno

What type of camera does Young Al use?

Posted by Barabus Sheen

How the fuck should I know?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, February 12th

HOMeward BOUND

No matter where yer roam there really is no place like fuckin' 'ome. An' a heaved a huge sigh o' relief after a'd let missen in ter Dunno Towers. Peace at fuckin' last. It's not that I an't 'ad a good time. Truth told it woh beauty an' the carroty cock'ead 'ad done us proud wi' 'iz plannin' an generosity... But sometimes only yer own company will do, an' a really benefited from a bit a forward thinking. A'd pre-prepared a pipe an' left a mug out wi' a tea bag in. There woh even milk in t' fridge.

The flight back went too bad in t' end, just when it woh startin' ter get uncomfortable waiting in t' airport, the bird on t' check-in desk shook us awake ter say they could get us on t' first flight o' the mornin' which went at 6.30am. So we all got on, got settled, an kipped 'til Stansted. We read papers on t' train inter London an' at Liverpool Street Station we said our goodbyes an' went our separate ways...

Once a woh sat on mi throne, first blast on t' pipe initiated, first few welcome slurps o' tea swallered, a pressed play on mi answer phone...

Beep! "Hello Dunno, It's Tina, ring me when you get back.....Bye!"

Beep! "Tut... Hello? Hello? Oh Fer fuck's sake! It's yer fuckin' mam...Dote you ever answer that fuckin' phone?"

Beep! "Hello Dunno, Norman here, can you ring in? Got a meeting for you for Tuesday. Thank you."

Beep! "....."Click brrrrrrrrrr.

Beep! "Dunno, it's Mel. Listen your cologne ad will be in next month's copy of 'Knackers!' Wic-ked! Give us a ring if you want to talk money. Ciao!"

Beep! "....."Click brrrrrrrr.

Who the fuck woh that not leavin' messages? Daemon?

Next ter 't post. Eighty-five percent of it woh junk. Applications fer credit cards, estate agents toutin' fer business, pizza, Chinese, Indian menus, a note an' a flyer from Mags across t' road wanning ter know if a wanned ter see her in a play shi woh r' in at the Kings 'Ead. It woh set in Guantanamo Bay an woh called "WITHOUT TRIAL," Great...nowt 'eavy then. An' there nestled amongst them all, one neat hand written letter, no stamp, delivered by hand...from Daemon. It would be wrong o' me, an' not fair on Daemo ter divulge its full contents, but the gist of it went along the lines of...Yes mebbe shi was a bit hasty jumping to conclusions after seeing the DVD...Things're more complicated than shi would care ter admit regardin' family, an' her choice of boyfriends... Impossible for 'er ter go against the wishes of her father... especially since her Mum's death (never knew that)...Didn't realise you woh seein' somebody else... the usual, it's not you, it's me... the timing is all wrong...I really like you Dunno, you are not like all the others...but...

An there it was, mi first Dear John letter. A suspected that things might not o' gone down well wi' her family, her seeing me. It's easy fer me though. A'm not a religious man. A find it all bollocks ter tell yer the truth, but as a've said before it dun't mean a dote respect those that do tek it serious...it's just a shame. Yeah the timing o' Tina din't help. An a've nobody but missen ter blame fer that. But a like Tina a lot so... A tell yer what though, fer one week or ten days or however

long it woh, me an Daemon had a fuckin' great time an shi woh r' a crackin' lass, an' a'll write back an tell her just that.

So....Next month's edition a Knackers, eh? Hows about that then guys an gals? Mi meditations woh interrupted by the ring o' mi doorbell. A went down t' steps ter deal wi' it in person. It woh a feller a'd never seen before, middle-aged, lookin' very well groomed an' smart in a suit, immaculate shiny black shoes, black overcoat, silk scarf, black leather gloves.

"That's pretty good timing pal, a've just got back from holiday!"

"Indeed. Mr Dunno?"

"Aye, that's me."

"I wonder if you could possibly help me. I'm looking for a woman, a Miss Abigail Balgowan?"

"Soz pal, a've never 'eard of 'er.

"I was told she might be staying here?"

"Then yer were told wrong."

"Perhaps if I showed you a photograph, you could take a look?"

"Aye a'right."

He slipped hiz hand in 'iz inside pocket an' smoothly withdrew a colour photograph, holdin' it up fer me ter look at. Fuck me sideways wi' a Coke bottle. It woh Frances. I med an effort not ter let mi surprise show.

"Ner...dote know 'er. What's this about? Why yer looking forr'er?"

"I can't say at this moment in time, Sir. Have you seen her?"

"Ner," a said. "A've never seen 'er before in mi life."

He gev mi a look that said a dote believe yer but a'm too professional ter question it.

"Well if you see her, or suddenly recall seeing her perhaps you would be so kind as to give me a call?" He passed his card over.

"Aye a will," a said tekkin' it from him.

"Good day, Mr Dunno."

"Good day Mr..." A looked down at the card..."Walsh."

Dennis Walsh - solicitor.

What the fuckin' 'ell 'as mad Franny gone an' done now?

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I knew that girl was bad news.

Posted by Bygone

Well, thanks a lot fer keepin' it ter yerself. Yer cuddy warned me.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Maybe you should ask Puzzler for some advice? I bet it won't take him long to get to the bottom of the mystery.

Posted by Jenny Q

Fuckin' 'ell. What is this? The Puzzler Fan Club?

Posted by Lord Dunno

We all wear a multitude of masks. Who can truly say he knows his brother?

Posted by Dr Dan

A know my brothers well enough, sad ter say. They're a right bunch o' cunts.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, February 13th

BOX WITHIN A BOX...LIKE A CHINESE TOY

Current mood: intrigue

After a'd 'ad a long jog, shekken one off, an' 'ad a nice hot bath, a woh ready ter face t' world. However, first things first. A mug o' tea an' a pipe an' then mi first task, a letter ter Daemon. I always find wi' letters of an emotional nature it's best ter 'old on to 'em fer a day then read 'em next morning...if yer still happy wi' what yer wrote, then send it.

Letter done an togs on, a took a stroll down Upper Street fer a read o' t' papers an' a tea in t' Dome. A rang Tina ter see if she wanned ter meet me there an' shi said shid be along in twenny minutes, enough time fer me ter come ter a decision regarding what to do about Dennis Walsh, the solicitor. I decided ter ring Spud.

"Dunno! So soon? Can't get enough of me eh? What can I do for you?"

"There's some feller lookin' fer Frances, he woh knockin' on mi door yesterday."

"My dear fat thing, this is hardly news is it? There's always fellers looking for Frances. She's a veritable cock magnet."

"Aye, but this feller wont lookin' fer Fanny. He woh a solicitor. He also said 'er name woh r' Abigail Balgowan."

"Eh?" said Spud, his tone changing. "What did you tell him?"

"Told him nowt mate. Why? D'yer know summat?"

"No. Course not", said Spud regaining his composure. "Truth told, there's no fuckin' sign of her. It looks like she hasn't been here at all while we were

away. Look Dunno, if yer see him again, carry on doing what you do so well... Play dumb."

"Yer a cheeky get..." A could see Tina coming in't through t' door. "Gotta dash. See yer."

Tina woh wantin' ter hear all t' news o' our foreign sojourn but a could hardly tell 'er all about Arranxa and t' others, and afore any of yer get all militant about it yer've gorra remember Tina's one o' them free spirits who loves shaggin' about but a doubt shid be the same if it woh me doin' t' shaggin. Besides, the Frances biz had got me unsettled. Frances is a right weirdo, but 'ave grown fond of 'er, an' a cart shek off the fact that her welfare is somehow my responsibility, an' when strange solicitors start searchin' for 'er a start ter worry. What did 'e want wi' her? What had shi done? Where woh shi? It woh r' a puzzle. There woh only one man who could crack it. The master o' the inexplicable, the regent o' riddles, the prince o' paradox... Puzzler.

"Tina, a've come over a bit funny," a said. "A've gorra go 'ome before a shit mesen. Can we meet up later?"

"Of course. I can come back and brew you up a herbal diaretic if you like?"

"NO! No, yer alright, a jus' need to gerrit out o' mi system. Come over later on."

A ran out afore shi could stop me, an' called Puzzler on mi mobile. Hiz phone wont on. Oh well not much a could do about it on mi todd. Jus' then there woh r' a beep of a car horn and a flash mini whizzed past. It woh Puzzler! He wound down t' winder.

"Dunno, get in. Tarry a while and lend me your ears, for the tale I have to

tell is one of great wonder and intrigue. A box within a box, a circle in a spiral, a puzzle wrapp..."

"Fer fuck's sake, Puzz!"

"Alright, alright Dunno, fuckin' 'ell! Yer so stroppy, Can we go ter your place?"

Finally settled piped up an' tea in hand Puzzler decided he woh ready ter get down ter brass tacks.

"To begin at the beginning. Back in 1901 a nineteen year-old man by the name of Alexander Mackerchar made a decision to escape the crippling poverty of his Glasgow tenement to seek his fortune overseas in America. Leaving behind his childhood sweetheart and new baby he set off. He arrived six months later, to arrive penniless and destitute in New York City, with a lung disorder that a doctor said would benefit from a warmer clime. So he rode the railroads from the East coast to the West, Pitchin' up in California, starvin' hungry without a pot to piss in, he crashed out one night in the grounds of a big ol' pile in the middle of nowhere. In the early hours of the morning he was awoken by an elderly, game old bird who was prodding him with a big stick, asking him what the hell he was doing trespassing on her property. It was then that his luck changed dramatically. For when he opened his mouth to apologise profusely the old dear said suddenly."I thought I would never hear that accent again!" Turned out she too was from a poor background in Glasgow. Being feisty and extremely beautiful she had turned the head of an American businessman whose ships were being built on the Clyde. He fell for her in a big way, married her and moved her into his big old place in California. They never had children and when she was only 38 years old, he died, leaving her rich beyond the

dreams of avarice."

"A'm not bein' funny or owt, Puzz, but a'm not in the mood fer yer silly stories. Since when did yer start writin' fer Mills an' fuckin' Boon anyway?"

Puzzler gev me a scowl. "Dunno. Please. This is important. Bear with me, and shut yer fuckin' cakehole. Now where was I?" He started fishin about in a notebook. "1901...lung disorder...California..."

"The old bird's feller's died an' left her rich beyond t' dreams o' avarice," a said wi' a sigh.

"Oh yes. Thanks. Right. So shiz a widow and shiz thirty-eight. Now, shiz loaded and shiz got all these fellers sniffing around, but she wont interested. She got a reputation for being formidable. A loner who worked tirelessly for many charities but shunned both the limelight and company...until now. She believed it was destiny that brought Alex Mackerchar all the way from Glasgow to her door and took him in without question and gave him employment as her 'man' responsible for the upkeep of the house and grounds. He lived in a workman's cottage within the perimeter and once settled, she insisted he send for his girl and their child. It was a new lease of life for the old bird. They became the family she never had and they in turn loved her. The child grew up calling her nana. Alex was no stranger to hard work and was very canny. After being with the old lady for ten years he could see there was a big new industry on the horizon. Films were beginning to take off and Alex got in there first, buying huge chunks of California real estate acre after acre. By the time their beloved old lady died leaving him all her wealth and possessions, he didn't need it as he had become immensely wealthy in his own right. The child, Robbie, grew up to be as astute as the father and carried on building the family

empire branching out throughout the whole of America. At the age of twenty-one, he gets married and has four strapping boys, but then the family luck runs out. Three of them get killed in the Second World War. Leaving just the youngest Gordon. Robbie never recovers from the shock and dies broken hearted. Gordon however is fortunate to inherit the family savvy and flair and with the guiding hand of his grandfather, Alex, the Mackerchar property empire becomes one of the top five American business empires. Gordon, however is a bit of a Howard Hughes and it came as a massive shock when at the age of 55 he announced his engagement to his fiercely loyal housekeeper. They married and a year later they had a daughter. Again tragedy strikes as his new wife Helen dies in child birth. The poor child is shoved from pillar to post, one European finishing school after another, rebellious and wild, until changing her name from Emily Mackerchar to Abigail Balgowan, the name of the old bird in California, to avoid unwanted and constant press and media attention, she disappears off the radar altogether..."

Puzzler settled back in mi armchair, an' closed hiz eyes. A woh thunderstruck.

"Fuck me Puzz. Frances?"

"Yes Dunno, Frances."

"So where does this solicitor Dennis Walsh fit inter it all?"

"Gordon Mackerchar is terminally ill, racked with guilt and with no-one to leave the family business to. There's a whole army of top lawyers scouring the world for her. I assume he is one of them. "

"So Franny is rich?"

"Well, unlike your good self, she doesn't need well endowed Italians cuming on her arse fer a pint of milk, if that's what you mean. She just does stuff

like that fer pleasure. Yes, yer could say shiz rich. She stands ter inherit a billion dollar empire."

"Hang about. Just a second. How come you know all this?"

"It was Ginge, really. When 'e met 'er round at your place an' took her off ter shag her, they were pissing around, post-coital, like yer do and she said 'let's go somewhere and check in to a hotel under false names', and Ginge said 'what'll it be? Mr and Mrs...?' And she said 'Mackerchar.' Well you know what a social climber he is, the rusty ringpiece, he was well familiar with the name from all the socialite mags he reads. He reckoned Franny came out with that name because it is so unusual an' that mebbe it was a cry for help, so when we were in Spain he was telling me the story and asked what did I think? So I went into his office in Spain and spent a whole day on the computer."

"You sneaky fuck! Deadline for Junior Conundrums my arse! So what about Spud? Do you think he knows all this?"

Puzzler gave a snort. "Spud O'Hagan? One of life's great charming chancers... What do you think?"

"So what are we gonna do then? Spud sez shiz done a runner. D'yer reckon shiz okay?"

"That's where you come in. Ginge feels a tad responsible for the girl. He'd like us to find her. All part of his duties as Best Man."

"Joint Best Man," a corrected him.

"Of course. Well then, as 'joint Best Man' you too will no doubt be eager to join the chase. Wrack yer brains and help us track her down. Oh and not a word of this to Spud. Ginge gets embarrassed when people see his kind side."

"Hmmm," a said. "A din't know that."

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I told you Puzzler would sort things out.

Posted by Jenny Q

Aye. What would we do wi'out him?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Puzzler reminds me of Inspector Morse. He's so intelligent.

Posted by Angel Toes

More like Inspector Clouseau, if yer ask me.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, February 14th

SHOW MUST GO ON

Current mood: 🤔 aggravated

"Mel, it's Dunno."

"Dunno WIC - KED! How are you handsome?"

"Well thanks."

"Cool...and the Gang! What can I do forya?"

"Knackers," a said.

"Ha ha! Knackers to you too Dunno! Yes forgot to tell you we had Alma on the blower. Told us Raymonde Fortune - Caine was very impressed, said you had 'something...' Well done Sir!"

"Thanks Mel. So, how much?"

"Is that doggy in the window? Ha ha! They are paying you £650 for the privilege of seeing you and your big plunger! Ha ha ! Obviously if it goes in more than one mag then there will be heaps more. By the way, what a treat it was seeing your big banana on the way to work a week or so ago! I almost crashed the car! Ha ha! Well done Honey Lamb. Will be in touch when something else comes in. So long, farewell, auf weidersehen, Goodbye!"

I'm sure she's on summat.

This afternoon a was ter go inter town fer an audition but a woh findin' it difficult ter get enthusiastic. It woh fer a mid-scale tour, which basically means an' 'ard slog round t' country playin' grubby venues, wi' some split weeks, ie half a week in one town an' the rest somewhere totally different. Dote get mi wrong, a love a

bit o' theatre me, but at this moment in time a reckon a can afford not ter slog mi arse round t' country wi' 'alf a cast o' ultra-keen arty actors who find livin' in a succession a shit 'ole digs really excitin', an' the other half, cynical desperadoes who are jus' gonna moan about everybody an' everythin', an' what a shit business it is and 'ow they're doin' the director a big favour 'being in this shit' cos they should be in summat better. I din't have the balls ter tell Norman a cun't be arsed going. Agents can get a bit arsey when yer sniffy about auditions they get fer yer which are shite, and yer go along anyway clinging to the belief that the director might be at the helm of a load o' baba this time round but in a few years time could be t' next James Cameron. Which of course never 'appens. Also a wun't mind stickin' around here ter try ter get ter the bottom o' this Franny business. A reckon it wunt be long before Dennis Walsh stuck his big neb in again or Franny would re-surface. Mebbe it woh 'er ringin' mi answer phone an' not leavin' messages? Chances are of course that Franny might o' got wind o' what woh happenin' an' split fer good? Time will tell.

Luckily fer me the castin' wont that far away on Grays Inn Road at the Welsh Club. A met the director, who turned out ter be a really decent feller, young an' hippyish in a pebbledash bread eating, long hair and beard, kind o' way. Positive an' energetic.

A cun't help sayin; "Fuck me! Yer look like Jesus," when a first laid eyes on him, but 'e laughed an' took it the right way.

The play an' the part a woh r' up for woh really good. We 'ad a chat, an' then a read fer him. He woh right enthusiastic an' complimentary an' a thought, "'Ow fuckin' typical! When yer dote want summat, yer really relaxed an' easy goin' an

everythin' goes well fer yer, an' the director turns out ter be likeable, an' is in it fer t' love o' theatre an' the text, an' isn't some ego-driven no-mark. I left wi' that usual dilemma actors face when they say they dote wanna do summat, an' that is; Yer may say yer dote want it, but would yer say 'No' if it woh offered yer?

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Tuesday, February 20th

ICED FINGERS

Current mood: 😡annoyed

Can there be owt fuckin worse than not wantin' a job an then not bein' offered it anyway? Norman rang to say Jesus fuckin' Christ really liked me but woh wantin' ter tek the part in another direction. The direction marked 'pile o' fuckin' shite' I'll warrant. In't it terrible that even at t' arse end o' t' acting market there's still hundreds o' fuckers goin' up fer jobs? Mind you a've seen some utter shite chock-full o' really bad actin' an' it's amazed me that in a profession where yer've gorra massive choice yer still get directors who car't tell t' wheat from t' chaff. Anyway once the blow ter mi pride 'ad passed over a felt relieved that a wont faced wi a choice, cos a probably wudda said yeh...

A decided ter head fer t' bun shop an' cheer missen up wi' an iced finger. A woh glad ter see that there woh just an old duffer in there an' it looked like he'd already bin served cos 'is goods woh on t' shelf already. It's the most frustratin' shop in London. When someone goes in an orders a couple o' sarnies the silly fat cow goes inter the back an meks em, so every other fucker has ter wait. Then the next person orders a couple a sarnies an' off she goes again. A woh r' almost barred once cos a blurted out, "Fer fucks sake why can't yer mek sarnies in advance like any other cunt?"

This time round, fatty an' t' old feller woh deep in conversation, but did it break off so shi could do what shiz paid ter do in a bun shop an' serve fuckin' buns? Did it fuck...

"Yes, well to be honest it started on November the first and has just got worse and worse and worse. He's almost given up."

"Oh dear, that's not like him at all, is it?"

"Christmas was terrible! My daughter was round with the grandchildren, but no, he just sat there in front of the telly. You see he never really wanted to retire. He was forced..."

Yer'd've thought a woh r' invisible...

"Yes, it's terrible, isn't it? Experience counts for nothing these days."

"Can't disagree with you there. He's usually so positive, but you see mine died quick, without fuss so I was lucky in a way, but his mum...well it's just dragging on...and he's finding it more and more difficult to cope..."

"So am I love," a said, "I only cem in 'ere fer a fuckin' bun. A don't give a fiddler's fuck about yer husband or 'iz fuckin' mother. Fer fuck's sake yer work in a bun shop. Serve fuckin' buns! Washin' yer dirty laundry in public. Do a come in 'ere an' tell yer about mi fuckin' piles? D'yer wanna hear about mi weekend in Spain when a dirty Spanish bird gobbled mi cock? No. So a tell yer what love, a won't bore yer wi' mi private life if you don't bore me wi yours."

Fatty musta gone inter shock or summat cos shi just went through t' motions of gettin' mi bun, puttin' it in a bag, handed the bag over an took mi money, wordlessly. I left leaving them both, mouths agape. I know her husband too. A'd only bin in Dunno Towers a couple o' days when he knocked on mi door an' wi'out sayin 'Hello' or owt said, "Your tree is blocking my sunlight... Do something about it." Mi mouth woh agape then too. What comes around, goes around or so me old Mam always sez.

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Too right! Can I take you shopping with me, Dunno? All shop assistants should have their tongues ripped out at birth.

Posted by Bygone

Ah! There's nowt quite like listenin' ter the voice o' reason.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Don't count your buns before they're eaten.

Posted by Dr Dan

A never do, Doc. It's too much effort.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Stop thinking about your stomach and find Frances.

Posted by Jenny Q

Fuck me. Are yer sure yer not really mi Mam in disguise?

Posted by Lord Dunno

What are iced fingers?

Posted by Carrie looves blood

The food o' the gods, Carrie my love.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, February 21st

MIDNIGHT CALLER

Current mood: 😊groggy

It's 'ard goin' typin' when yer fingers've bin mangled by some extras from t' Sopranos. A'm tappin' this out now wi mi left thumb which thankfully has bin left unscathed. Anyway, a'm jumpin ahead o' mesen so let's get back to t' beginnin'.

Last night a woh in mi pit, thinkin', or worrit wankin'? about Frances, Daemon an Tina an' how a think a might be a little bit in love wi' all three an' tryin' ter tell mesen that a probably wont in love wi' any of 'em really, but more likely in love wi' t' idea o' bein' in love. Then a got ter feelin' sorry fer mesen. That woh when a heard t' bangin' on t' door o' mi flat.

"Funny," a thinks to mesen. "It ain't t' front door, it's t' door ter t' flat. Wonder what's up wi' Youseff now?"

The bangin' din't stop as a covered up in mi Rocky Balboa dressing gown.

"Hang on, yer noisy cunt, a'm comin'!"

I opened t' door an' two blokes who looked like they woh made out o' bricks an' dressed like FBI agents pushed past me inter t' hallway.

"Hey what the fuck's goin' on?"

"Your name Dunno?" sez one. Sure enough, he woh r' a Yank.

"Yeh. Who wants ter know?"

He din't tell me. Instead, he let hiz fists do t' talkin' as 'e belted me in t' guts an' as a went down, his chum kneed me in t' nose, Jack Bauer style. Normally a love nowt better n' a good scrap, but it 'as ter be said, these guys woh

professionals and a'm only an enthusiastic amateur.

"Mister Walls doesn't like bald fat men touching his fiancée," said one o' the blokes, a big bruiser wi' a silver buzzcut.

"Don't touch her then," a said, offerin' what looked like sound advice.

A shudda kept mi gob shut. Silver shut it fer me wi' hiz fist.

"You think this is a joke?" he sez. "You think we're here to entertain you, pally?"

If they were, they were mekkin' a shit job of it. To be honest, a woh shittin' mesen. A'd jus' bin readin' about the current London crimewave in London Lite, wi' gunlaw rulin' supreme and teens bein' gunned down on every street corner. Okay, a wont on a street corner and a definitely wont a teen but that din't offer me much consolation.

The thug wi' the black buzzcut stepped in for a go, but a shook mi head.

"Wait!"

To my surprise, he waited.

"What?" he asked.

"Who the fuck is Mister Walls? And who's his fiancée? Cos I an't gorra clue, and a'd hate ter upset 'im by accident."

The two looked at each other and black head sighed. "We got us a wise guy here."

I car't believe people really say that, but 'e did, just before 'e gev me a good smack. They let me fall onter t' carpet an' all a cud think of was that mi dressin' gown 'ad fallen open and mi jewels woh r' on display. Silver noticed 'em and gev 'em a good kick wi' his shiny boots. That woh when a woh sick.

They stepped out o' t' way sharpish an' a cun't help but notice how squeamish

they were fer a pair o' musclemen.

"Disgusting," sez Silver head.

"You wanna clean that up before it leaves a stain," said his mate, helpfully.

"Cheers, a'll do it now if yer like," a sez.

They looked at each other then Black head speaks up. "Just tell us where she is and this'll all be over."

"Where who is?" These guys woh worse than Puzzler.

"Emily Mackerchar, also known as Abigail Balgowan, you might know her as Frances Banner. You know who, or are you really as dumb as you look?" Typical. Frances woh gonna be the death o' me.

"Fuck knows where she is, mate. Honest."

"Bullshit," sez Silver . "We know that you two have been seeing each other. Our contact said you couldn't keep your hands off her."

"Eh? Who said that?"

"Alan O'Hagan. He told us all about it when we paid him a visit earlier this evening."

Young Al, that spindly cunt. Well, now he'd paid me back double fer brekkin' his fuckin' nose. Silver head stamped on mi hand. I screamed. Better make that payback three-fold.

"Shut up. I'm gonna go easy on you this time," he sez. "But next time Mister Walls won't want us to be so pleasant."

"Mister Dunno, do you realise what time it is?" came an angry voice from the doorway.

A turned mi head an' saw Youseff standin' there in 'iz pyjamas, wi' a dead

stropy look on his face. A could o' kissed him.

"Hi Youseff," a croaked. "Sorry. A think the gentlemen were just goin'."

They did, pushin' past Youseff an' rushin' down t' stairs.

"Was it drugs?" sez Youseff, standin' wi his mouth open.

"Eh? No. Course not."

"I am calling the police. This is an outrage." Then his eyes went down to mi open dressing gown and he looked away shaking his head. "I have a spare pair of pyjamas if you would like to borrow them."

"Ner. Yer alright mate. Ferget about t' police. It woh just a little misunderstanding. Am alright now."

He stepped in t' pile o' sick on his way out but he din't notice and a din't say owt.

"I'll see yer in t' mornin'. Soz about t' noise. It wote 'appen again."

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Heavy duty. You should get yourself a handgun for home protection, dude.

Posted by Barabus Sheen

Ner. Dote think so. If a had a gun a'd prob'ly end up shootin' mesen in t' knackers.

Posted by Lord Dunno

He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword.

Posted by Dr Dan

And he who talks a load o' bollocks will get a bit o' biff.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, February 22nd

CHILDREN O' THE NIGHT

Current mood: 😞disappointed

Now, yer might think a good kickin' 'urts immediately after, an yer'd be right. It does. But not 'alf as much as t' next mornin'. Fer a minute a thought a woh paralysed cos a wer lyin' in bed unable ter move. Turned out a woh just stiff as fuck, but sadly not in the cock department. It woh t' phone that woke me an' when a looked over at t' clock it said 11.12am. At 11.27am a'd med it ter t' answer phone in t' livin room...a pressed play;

BEEP! "Dunno my fine fat friend? Sly here. How are yer mate? Listen, gutted to have missed you New Years Eve? As you know, Friga gave me mi marchin' orders, bless her, slung me out on mi sorry arse? Anyway, Here I am? A'm coming to London mate, just for a few days? Got some job interviews lined up, wondered if there woh r' any chance of us hookin' up? Can I come and see yer? Maybe crash on yer floor? How's Saturday suit? Fine? Good. See yer then? Ciao?"

Sly's one o' them silly cunts who thinks hi'z an Australian or summat and ends all 'iz sentences wi' a risin' inflection as if hiz askin' yer a question. Someone shudda reminded 'im 'e comes from Leeds not fuckin' Melbourne. Anyway, a 'an't 'eard a fucking thing from him in yonks and now 'e wants sommat. Oh well, berra roll out t' barrel.

After a mug, three painkillers an' a blast on t' pipe, a woh beginnin' ter feel some sensation returnin' ter mi body parts. Mi 'ead looked a bit like a squashy

aubergine, I 'ad a shiner an' a few purple bruises. Warra bummer, a woh gonna go fer a cuppa down Upper Street burra din't wanna frighten all t' old women an kids. Like the Phantom o' t' Opera a decided to wait until nightfall an' mek mi way over ter Ginge's. Hiz bin quiet recently...too quiet, an' when yer dote hear from 'im fer a week or so, it can only mean one thing, The Titian Tosser is up ter summat...besides a wanned to warn him about Mr Walls an' hiz chums an' see if he fancied meetin' up wi' Sly on Saturday.

At 5 pm a reckoned it woh safe ter tek ter t' night. Wearin' mi black velvet jacket (Ginge's) an' a black old-fashioned Dockers Cap (Spud's) a pair o' black sunglasses, (Puzzlers, left behind in that there Spain) an' a large Doctor Who-style scarf (fuck knows, but definitely not mine) a set off. I realised immediately that going on mi trusty steed was a no-no. So leaving t' bike behind a headed fer the bus stop via the cash point. After twenny minutes standin' like a spare part, the bus finally cem.

"Single please."

"Two Quid."

"Eh? Two quid, that's a bit steep innit?"

"Get an Oyster card then. Then it would be a quid."

"Ayant gorran Oyster."

"Two quid then." I 'anded over mi money. "What's that?"

"A twenny quid note, what's it look like?"

"I can't change that mate."

"It dun't wanna change mate, It's 'appy bein' a twenny quid note. So does that mean a get ter ride fer nowt?"

"No mate, it means you and your shit jokes get off and get it changed for

something smaller."

"Yer kidding, its not my fault pal, that's how it cem outta 't cash point."

"And it isn't my fault I've got no change. Company policy pal. You'll have to get off!"

"You jobs worth Chump! Thanks fer nowt!"

" Yeah thanks to you too. Looks like you could do with the walk anyway."

No wonder this city's got a congestion problem.

By the time a got ter Ginge's it woh r' eight o'clock. Admittedly a'd stopped off fer a pint or two ter calm missen down. As a pressed 'iz buzzer a woh r' aware from t' chatter within that he wont without company.

The door opened; "Fuck me ! Its John Merrick! Mither Tweavesth Oh, Mr Tweathes!!!"

"Fuck off, Ginge yer carroty cock'ead, a'm not in t' mood."

"Oh it's you Dunno...Seriously old chum, I genuinely thought it was the Elephant man...What the fuck happened to you old sport, one Guinness too many? Trip over your laces?"

"Hmm, glad yer find it so amusing Ginge. A cem round 'ere thinkin' you could tell me?"

"Me old boy...How So?"

"It's that fuckin' Frances. Shiz done fer me."

"What? Frances did that to you? You're gettin' soft in your old age Dunno," he sez wi' a laugh.

"Ner, course it won't Frances, yer stupid ginger twat it woh..."

"What's going on out here?" comes a voice from inside.

Sly popped hiz head round Ginge's shoulder, then Spud O'Hagan steps up

behind 'im.

"Dunno?" laughs Sly, lookin' tickled pink. "The year's have been kind..."

Fer a minute a woh too stunned ter say owt, but then it all came rushin' out in a torrent.

"Fer fuck's sake! A cem over 'ere ter tell yer Sly's comin' to town on Saturday. Thought it'd be a nice surprise if we all met up over at my gaff. I see now a woh mistaken. Spud too. A din't think you ever left Battersea these days. Well, if yer don't wanna include me in yer Thursday night plans, fuck the lot of yer. Oh an' Sly, yer berra make other arrangements fer Saturday... It in't convenient." Wi' that a turned and limped off down t' stairs.

"Dunno, it isn't like that!" yells Sly.

"Let it go, Sly," sez Ginge. "He's just bein' a big fucking baby...again. He's probably overtired."

Ginge closed the door and as a stepped out inter t' street a could hear t' sound o' raucous laughter comin' from hiz flat.

Oh well...who needs friends like that anyway? I woh halfway home before a realised a hadn't warned 'em about Mr Walls' heavies. Mebbe Silver and Black Head'll be more welcome at one o' Ginge's secret parties than me. Fuckers all! They deserve each other.

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Your friends suck!

Posted by Angel Toes

That's what a keep tellin' 'em, but they never listen.

Posted by Lord Duno

Don't be such a silly boy. Life's way too short for such petty grievances. Go and make up with them. You'll feel much better.

Posted by Jenny Q

As if a will? Yer only sayin' that cos yer've gorra soft spot fer Puzzler. Anyway, yer can rest easy. A'm not narked wi' Puzz, cos he wont there.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, February 23rd

TWO MEALS, A SHAG AND AN INVITE

Current mood: 😊hungry

Friday rolled round bright an chilly an' if anything a woh r' in more pain than t' day before. Ter be honest a woh feelin' t' pain o' betrayal. Ginge, Spud and Sly all havin' fun and leavin' me out in t' cold. A decided it woh time fer some payback. If they wanted to leave me out o' their plans I'd leave 'em out a mine. A got on t' phone.

"Puzzler, how's it goin'?"

"A water deposit, a hole in the ground from which issues water."

"Eh?"

Puzzler sighed. "Well, old friend. It's going well."

"Oh. Right. Listen, am havin' a birruva shindig tomorrer night. Booze, birds an' a game o' Charades if yer up fer it. It's gonna be a blast."

"Sounds great," sez Puzzler. "I just wish you'd let me know earlier. Sly's in town and Ginge is having a shindig to celebrate. I thought you'd be going there. You and Sly used to be like Chang and Eng."

"Who?"

"Chang and Eng Bunker, Siamese twins, used to travel with Barnum's Circus back in the 1830s," explained Mister walkin' fuckin' encyclopaedia.

"Times change, mate."

"Fair do. Anyway, got to dash, puzzles to solve. Maybe next time. Ciao."

"Ciao."

Fuck. So much fer a party. A decided to have a shit but the kickin' t'other night's played merry fuckin' hell wi' mi innards an' a cun't drop any ballast , nor wipe mi arse properly, so a headed off ter t' Frog instead.

Tony makes a great Steak an' Kidney pud an' a woh tuckin' inter seconds when Tina made her entrance in a cloud o' patchouli oil, lookin' great in a rainbow coloured woolly jumper wi' holes in it. She sauntered over an' planted a kiss on mi forehead then scowled at mi plate like a woh eatin' shit instead o' choice cow in pastry.

"You should take more care of your diet, Dunno."

"I do. Tony does t' best steak an' kid, south o' Watford."

"I could fix you up with a really good tofu and lemon grass bagel."

"Sounds temptin', but a've gorra watch mi weight."

"Do you want to go back to your place?"

Horny little minx. A reckoned a roll in t' pit 'd be jus' what a need to ease t' aches out o' mi joints.

"You bet."

"We need to talk."

Uh-oh. Yer know when a bird sez that, it in't football scores she wants ter chat about.

"Alright. Jus' gi' us a sec." A wiped off t' gravy on mi plate wi' a slice o' buttered bread, held back a burp an' followed her back inter t' fresh air.

And then there wer none... Turns out Tina wants ter go on a 'retreat'. A'm not sure what that actually means ter be honest. A lot of hippies runnin' around woods and bathin' naked in icy rivers. Why she car't just book two weeks at

Centre Parks an' fit bike ridin' in as well, fuck only knows. It's part of her long term plans ter find hersen. Shiz gonna go off an do a birra chantin' an howlin' at the moon, livin' in t' open air in a commune wi' other like-minded hippies, mekkin' shit jewellery out o' pebbles an' shells an' all that, somewhere down in Wiltshire, an' then shiz gonna enroll fer a horticultural course miles away in Cumbria. So shi woh round ter say Goodbye. A don't begrudge Tina owt. Shiz a crackin' lass an' a like her a lot , but shiz always bin a free spirit an' a know shiz one o' those lasses destined ter flit in an' out o' mi life an' never stay fer long. It cem as no surprise ter find her here sayin goodbye. We spent a pleasurable day gettin' wrecked and havin' goodbye sex, which involved very little movement on my part I can tell yer, and then come five o'clock shi woh gone.

At 5.10 there's a knock on mi inner flat door an' am thinking it's either Tina who's forgot summat or mi American pals back fer seconds...Neither...

"Mr Dunno, open up, its me, Youseff." A woh r' about ter open t' door when he sez, "Dunno, please inform me that you are wearing your under garments?"

"Oh shit! Hang on mate!"

A few minutes later a woh back.

"Dunno, My wife thinks you would benefit from one of her special curries," he said proffering a big bowl.

"Thanks Youseff, yer a real pal. How's Daemon?"

"Sorry, Dunno, I do not wish to discuss this subject with you."

Oh well, nowt ventured, nowt gained. "Ok Youseff, fair enough. Thank your wife fer the curry. A'll look forward ter scoffing it."

A woh about ter go in when t' doorbell went.

"I will go, Dunno," sez Youseff.

Youseff goes off ter answer the door an' up the stairs comes Sly.

"Hmm something smells good...and something smells bad, have you forgot ter wipe your bottom, or something?"

"What der you fuckin' want?"

"Charmed, I'm sure? You went off in a big strop Dunno? Why?"

"Yer know why, yer leave messages tellin' me yer comin' ter London an' yer want ter see me an' stay over, when yer already at Ginge's wi' Spud havin' get togethers wi' out mi. Yer a set o' disloyal bastards!"

"Blimey Dunno, you are so sensitive? I said I wanted to see you on Saturday? I didn't say I wasn't here already? Did I? Look mate I was round at Ginge's because he was knockin' up a flashy CV for my job interviews? If your computer skills went beyond your two index fingers I'd have asked you? Wouldn't I? Anyway if it was a secret get together, where was Puzzler? So come on? I'm here to officially invite you round to Ginge's tomorrow night? All of us together? What do you say?"

"Alright." It's funny but fer a minute a thought a woh gonna burst into tears. A din't though.

"Good man," sez Sly. "Now...I am starvin' I could murder a curry?"

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Uh-oh! Something tells me Sly is up to the standard of the rest of your friends.

Posted by Jenny Q

A reckon hiz worse, if anything. At least Ginge an' Spud dote sponge off yer.
Sly's like a human leech.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, February 26th

THAT'S MY FRIENDS...IT'S NOT ME...

Current mood: 🤩indescribable

"They told me they woh representatives of a guy called Mr Walls, an' believe you me, Ginge, they won't peddling ice-cream or pork sausages. They woh r'extremely anxious ter find Franny."

It woh the night of Sly's welcome ter London party, an' Ginge'd pulled me aside ter 'ave a private word in 'iz office....

"So a'm tellin' yer Ginge it's only a matter o' time before they come knockin' on your door."

"Well, 'scuse me while I shit my pants. They won't come round here Dunno, not if they know whats good for them."

"Oh yeh, an' when did you suddenly turn inter t' cock o' London?"

"You're forgetting about my Italian ...connections, Dunno."

"Bollocks! The closest you get ter the mafia is when yer fill yer big ginger face over at 'La Cosa Nostra' on t' High Street."

"How little you know Dunno, How little you know," muttered Ginge, darkly. "So you've had no luck tracking her down?"

"None at all Ginge, an' its not through the lack o' trying I can tell yer."

"Well Spud's not seen her since we got back from Spain, most of her stuffs still at his place though. He's contemplating selling it off on Ebay. Mind

you, he tells me he's still anxious that this wedding takes place."

"Why dun't that surprise me?"

"What about this feller Walsh...You seen any more of him?"

"No."

"Fuck me, you're not exactly Morse, are you Dunno? I mean it's not as though your days are full is it? All you do all day is sit on your fat arse drinkin' tea and gettin' stoned and wonderin' who to fall out, or pick a fight with next. I didn't expect a bit of amateur sleuthing to be so beyond your capabilities..."

"Yerra cheeky cunt. For all I know she woh fuckin' normal til you pitched up an' whisked her away, wi' yer olive oil voice an' yer guinea wop charm. Throwin' her out onter t' street when yer tired of 'er. Yer wun't give a tuppence 'appeny toss if she wont super loaded an' you know it!"

"Dunno, Dunno," sighed Ginge. "What did I do to deserve such disrespect? Let's not bicker like old Italian lasses over the price of plum tomatoes."

"Eh?"

"Let's agree to try an' get to the bottom of this mystery and bring it to its natural conclusion...Now, shall we rejoin the party?"

"Gentlemen we must go to the mattresses!"

Ginge woh speakin' ter the assembled throng of myself, Puzzler, an' Spud, and of course Sly, who had no idea what the fuck was going on. "We must make a concerted effort to find Franny so that this wedding to Spud can go ahead as planned...it's in everyones best interests."

"It's not in my best interests."

"Don't be churlish Dunno, you are joint best man...Get her to the church on time and all that..."

"A suppose so..."

"Good. Puzzler, You're the computer whizz, let your fingers do the talking. Find out all you can about this Walls fucker...Is he a big shot or is he just some no-mark on the make."

"Like you," a muttered under mi breath.

"I heard that Dunno! Instead of being a silly fat cunt why don't you get to the bottom of this Dennis Walsh business...Get him to talk, find out exactly what his dealings in all this are."

"An' what 'appens if we do find Franny? What makes yer so sure shill go through wi' it all?"

"Don't you worry about Franny," said Ginge wi' a cold smile. "I'll make her an offer she can't refuse."

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Get out of there quick, Dunno. Ginge has gone mad!

Posted by Angel Toes

One of us 'as, that's fer sure. If only it woh that simple.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Let's hope you don't wake up with Puzzler's head in your bed.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

It in't his head a'm worried about. It's the rest o' the fucker.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, February 28th

MIND GAMES

Current mood: paranoid

Who woh the silly cunt that bought Ginge the DVD Box set o' the Godfather? We couldn't get through t' evenin' wi'out Don Gingeone comin' out with this quote an' that quote... A've gorra blame that Sly. Hiz a walkin' fuckin' Pharmacy, it's prob'ly why Friga slung him out. A can only assume Sly 'ad given summat ter Ginge ter mek him feel invincible along wi' the super-strong skunk weed hi'd brought down from Edinburgh , cos this much a know fer sure, Ginge in't no tough guy, a knew his Dad, a down ter earth hard-workin' Italian from 'umble origins. A Capo di Capo he wont. A've also bin out in public wi' 'im when 'av 'ad ter refrain from givin' someone a well-deserved biff cos a knew it'd effect 'iz effeminate sensibilities. Hi'd prefer ter tell yer hiz a lover not a fighter but the truth is hiz jus' a big, soft, yeller cowardy custard. Therefore a woh r' amazed that when a told 'im two large skin-headed goons woh comin' ter re-arrange hiz delicate features, he din't run around in a 'ap'azard an' 'isterical fashion, screamin' "Not the face! Not the face!" This tough guy approach jus' din't ring true which drew me ter t' chillin' conclusion, aided no doubt by the paranoia brought on from the skunk, that mebbe Ginge was Mr Walls? No....surely not? A

fighter he in't but a chancer? That's a different story, a've seen 'im when hiz gorra sniff o' money in 'iz nostrils an' it's worse 'n when hiz gorra sniff o fanny, an' that's sayin' summat...If 'e thought there woh r' a chance o' trackin' down Frances and devisin' a way ter get 'iz 'ands on 'er untold wealth, either through utilising Spud or marrying her 'imself then wi'out question he would. Mebbe Spud an' Ginge're in it tergether? Fuck! Mebbe Spud, Ginge, Puzzler an' even Sly 'ave 'atched some fiendish plot an' I'm t' expendable Patsy fer their nefarious activities? Mi 'ead woh spinning wi paranoid thoughts an' a started sweatin' an' feelin' 'ot an' cold, a combination o' drugs an' alchohol an' still not 100% percent recovered from mi beatin'. I 'ad ter get out o' there an' get some air. A lurched down t' corridor an' opened t' big oak penthouse door...

"Where do you think you're going?" It woh Ginge. He woh frownin'.

"A'm jus' gonna get some air Jonny, Sly's drugs 'av gone ter mi 'ead, a'm not feelin' too good."

"You must be feelin' really bad if you're callin' me Jonny old chum, but you are right, Sly is a little reckless with his pharmaceutical administration, I was feeling pretty strange myself an hour or so ago. I hope I didn't embarrass myself too much with that Godfather talk!" He started ter turn on t' charm. "Please don't go Dunno, Puzzler's devised a little game show, it should be a hoot, I'd hate for you to miss it. Close the door old boy. I tell you what, lay off the heavy stuff for an' hour or so. Let me get you some chilled water an' a big iced bucket to dip your fat head in, that'll soon have you ship-shape and Bristol fashion!"

He took my arm and lead me back down the corridor... Just when I thought I was out, they start pulling me back in...

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You should lay off the weed my good man!

Posted by Jenny Q

Yes mum.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, March 1st

A TURN UP FER T' BOOKS

Current mood: 🤩excited

Woke up exactly where a'd crashed out, namely on Ginge's ridiculously big comfy sofa. Thick-headed but less paranoid after what turned out ter be a fantastic night amongst old friends. Puzz 'ad done us proud wi' t' quiz, as usual tekkin' it completely serious with buzzers an' a big screen fer the 'picture' round. He woh dressed as a game show host, but as 'e looks like a game show 'ost at best o' times anyway it din't require that much more effort on hiz part. A felt a bit sheepish fer thinking one o' mi oldest friends would 'ave me beaten up fer dosh an' after tekkin' full advantage o' Ginge's hospitality, (a full English brekkie cooked ter perfection) a med mi way inter t' cold, crisp, bright winter sunshine, an headed fer t' bus stop.

It woh from t' top deck o' the number four bus as it went past Lincoln's Inn that a spotted 'im, an' a flew out o' mi seat an' dived off at t' next stop, bombin' it across t' road, narrowly missin' a motor cycle courier who wont best chuffed until finally a caught up wi my prey....A tapped him on t' shoulder an 'e turned ter face mi.

"Remember me?" a said in a challengin' manner.

"I do indeed Mr Dunno, what can I do for you?"

"Yer can convince mi why a shun't deck yer, yer shifty cunt or 're yer not so 'ard wi'out yer American chums?"

"Two things, Mr Dunno. 'Decking' me as you so charmingly put it would put you severely out of pocket and would be extremely ill-advised, and secondly, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Like yer dote fuckin know! Yer pay me a visit, an' a few days later a get mi 'ead kicked in. Yer tellin' me the two're completely unrelated?"

"Yes Mr Dunno, Absolutely. Look, we're outside my place of work, why don't you come in and we'll discuss this over coffee?"

"And biscuits?"

"If you like."

"Will t' meter be on or off?"

Dennis Walsh smiled, "Off, of course Mr Dunno, you are not a client. This is strictly an informal chat."

"Then Lead on Macduff."

Denis Walsh is doin' well fer 'imself is all I can say. Hiz office woh big an' posh an 'ow he gets owt done wi' the posh totty swannin' about t' place is beyond me. Fuck me, a'm a sucker fer that dirty secretary look.

"Cheryl, coffee for myself and Mr Dunno please."

"Of course, Mr Walsh."

A watched Cheryl's magnificent arse all t' way out o' the door an' when a turned round Mr Walsh 'ad the trace of a smile and 'iz eyes said "I may be a professional but even I know a magnificent arse when I see one." Tchh, lawyers, they're good at what they dote say.

Once settled a told Mr Walsh everythin' a knew. How Franny 'ad landed on me one day, 'ow shi woh a bit mental like, an 'ow after iz visit we found out who Frances really woh. More importantly, I explained that since Mr Walsh's first appearance on t' scene, Frances had seemingly dropped off t' face o' t' earth. There woh r' a short half-time break fer arse appreciation as the lovely Cheryl brought in coffee (Italian) an' biscuits (Waitrose; Yer wote get no cheap bickies in a joint like this) an' then Dennis Walsh told his side.

"I congratulate you Mr Dunno. Gordon Mackerchar is indeed our client and he is desperate to find Emily, or Frances if you will, and as you have been candid with me, I will be candid with you. To the person who brings Emily back safe and sound, Mr Mackerchar is willing to pay £250,000."

Now in the movies a wudda sat there wi' a poker face givin' nowt away. Sadly in reality a cun't stop missen exclaimin,' "Kiss my big fat arse, yer fuckin' jokin!"

Mr Walsh smiled.

"Well," a said, "that's certainly enough motivation ter pull mi finger out ter try an' find 'er for yer. Can a tek a photo ter show people like?"

Mr Walsh rose to his feet. "I think that might be possible," he said, wryly. He withdrew a large file and from it took a selection o' photos, "Here you are, Mr Dunno, as you have seen her not so long ago take whatever likeness you consider the most accurate."

I spread the life o' Frances out on t' desk, from small girl in ballet dress to teenage punk rebel, right up until what I assumed woh r' about two years ago, the same photo Walsh showed me on t' doorstep.

"This one's the most accurate," a said, pocketin' t' photo.

Mr Walsh walked me ter t' door an' a told him a'd keep 'im up ter date wi' any developments. Partin' on a handshake he told me not ter pin mi 'opes on finding 'er first as private detectives 'ad bin assigned specifically fer that purpose, but yer never know. What a did know was that a quarter of a mill is a big incentive ter get ter Franny first, an' a better not waste any more time in goin' about it...

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A word of advice dear Dunno: To be clever enough to get all that money, one must be stupid enough to want it.

Posted by Dr Dan

A wish a could say a've missed yer over t' last couple o' weeks, but a cart. Yer wanna check that green skin complaint o' yours. A think it's called envy. Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, March 2nd

COR BLIMEY, MR 'OLMES!

Current mood: 😞restless

A'd decided ter spend t' evenin' explorin' as many local fleshpots as a could (in search o' Franny, not cos a'm a dirty perv) and a'd enlisted t' help o' Puzzler an' Sly ter drive me about an' provide us wi' some cover. Three middle-aged blokes on t' razz is a lot less suspicious than one saddo in these kind o' places. A told 'em about the reward money though a may 'ave bin economical wi t' truth over t' actual amount.

Our first port o' call woh r' in a place off Myrtle Walk in Shoreditch. Puzzler'd bin doin' a search o' the seemier places an' 'e woh sure that the 'SHAFT' woh just t' sort o' place Franny might be plyin' 'er wares in.

"In their flyers they say they pride themselves on the fact that all their customers will get blowed away," Puzz explained to us in t' car. "Obviously they're talking about blowjobs, and from what I hear, la belle Mackerchar can't resist the taste of a good cock."

"She resisted mine easy enough," a reminded him.

"Then perhaps she is not as far gone down the road of mental illness as we feared," sez 't cheeky cunt.

He stopped t' car an' Sly gev Puzzler one of his pleading looks. "You're not really going in there dressed like that? Are you?"

Puzzler woh wearin' a deerstalker an' plaid overcoat. He even 'ad a huge pipe an' a magnifying glass which 'e tucked in 'iz inside pockets. Yer could tell 'e woh

enjoyin' hissen no end.

"But of course dear Sly. Now enough chatter. The game is afoot my friends and we haven't a moment to lose!" He peered through the windscreen inter the misty evenin' gloom of a London winter. "Pshaw, 'tis a real pea souper out there this e'en."

Sly glanced over 'iz shoulder an gev mi a look that said, "How long's he bin like this?"

The poster on the window o' Shaft showed a leather clad arse wi' t' cheeks removed.

"I think the game's more like a fuckin' arse, than a foot, Puzz," a sez, as we knocked on t' big black door.

One o' them hole things in t' door slid back an' a tough lookin' fella wi a scar on hiz cheek peered out at us.

"Are you members?" he asks us.

"I'm affaid not," sez Puzzler. "However, my colleagues and myself are down from the northern wastes and could not possibly return home without a visit to this citadel of sex, this emporium of erotica, this..."

"Entry is twenty-five pounds each an' the first drink is on the house," sez scar-faced fella.

"Think of the reward lads?" sez Sly. "Er...I left my wallet back at Ginge's. You don't mind subbing me do you, Dunno?"

"Look mate, why don't yer jus' wait in t' car?" a sez. The tight twat woh r' always leavin' hiz wallet behind.

"That will never do," sez Puzzler. "The Three Musketeers without Aramis? It can't be done, old chum. Now hand over the lucra, Dunno and think

of the treasure that awaits us at the end of the rainbow."

After handin' over t' cash, tough guy let us in and stamped our hands wi' an image of a red arse wi a hand print on each cheek. An endless flight o' stone steps led us down an' down and t' red shiny paint on t' walls med me think we woh r' on our way into hell.

Puzzler must o' felt t' same cos he sez to us, "Like Orpheus we have paid Chairon and must enter the Underworld my friends."

"It woh me who paid fuckin' Chairon," a grumbled. "Yer Fuckin' pair o' freeloaders."

Shaft wuz a dark dungeon wi' chains on t' wall an' a stage an' a load o' tables full o' well ter do cosmopolitan middle-aged men. T' waitresses went from table to table, and fuck, they woh hot in that dirty, fuck me an' fuck off way. Stilletos, fishnets an' basques. Phwoar. Some doll woh singin' Dusty Springfield on t' stage an' slashin at t' air wi' a whip.

"Could you see this Frances bird workin' here?" asks Sly.

"Aye, shi'd love it," a sez. "Well done, Puzz. This could be t' place."

"Save the plaudits til we hold the prize within our grateful grasp," sez Puzz, gesturing to a waitress. She woh a sultry brunette an' tall enough ter play fer t' Harlem Globe trotters.

"Boys," she sez, in a low husky voice that med yer think o' whisky an' fags an' blowjobs.

"Have you seen this lady?" sez Puzz, flashin t' pic o' Frances.

"Who needs her?" sez t' waitress. "She's not got lips like mine."

"That's true enough?" sez Sly who were clearly taken wi' t' waitress.

"Hey, is it true what they say that you're guaranteed to blow our minds?"

"I'll blow more than that, handsome," shi sez. "But first, how about some drinks? Then you can nip to the big boy's room and freshen up down below."

"Ha, she don't like yer shitty bits, Sly," a sez.

"I wouldn't mind a nibble on yours, big boy," shi sez, givin me a cool, lingerin' glance.

Shi went off to get t' drinks.

"Bags I go first?" sez Sly.

"Fuck off," a sez.

"Gentlemen," sez Puzzler, whispering. "I think we should revise our plan of action."

A woh busy watchin another waitress disappear under a table o' Middle Eastern businessmen.

"Fuck me, this place is mad," a sez.

Puzzler handed me t' menu and pointed to a line below t' establishment's logo.

'It takes a man to be a real woman.'

"Eh? What the fuck's that supposed to mean?" a sez.

Sly wont so slow on t' uptake. "It means they're lady boys? That bird we were chattin' up, shiz a feller?"

"And the bird under the table over there sucking cock?" a asked.

"A feller," said Sly an' Puzz together.

"No shit, Sherlock!!"

A woh r' up them steps so fuckin' fast that there woh still a Dunno image sittin' beside Puzz an' Sly before it caught up wi' me, an' Sly an' Puzz wont far behind.

Out on t' street, Puzz began consultin' his notebooks. "Where next, Gentlemen?"

"Home," a sez. "Am fuckin' skint."

"We can't go anywhere if Dunno's not paying?" sez Sly.

"Then home it is," sighed Puzzler. "When shall we three meet again?"

"In thunder, lightning, or in rain?" asks Sly.

"When you've got yer fuckin' wallets," a sez, walkin' away.

Back home wi' a pipe an' a cuppa it woh time ter check mi messages. There woh one from mi Mam.

"Hello? Hello? HELLO? Answer the fuckin' phone. Yer Dad's dead. If yer wanna pay yer respects get yer fat arse home."

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Condolensces, dear friend.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Thanks, pet.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You're in my thoughts.

Posted by Angel Toes

Cheers. If only yer could come over an' gimme a cuddle.

Posted by Lord Dunno

If you really exist then please accept my heart-felt condolences on your loss. If you don't then good write.

Posted by Barabus Sheen

Eh? What d'yer mean if a really exist, yer silly cunt?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, March 5th

MOTHER'S LOVE

Current mood: 😞 drained

Mi Dad left 'ome when a woh fifteen to live wi' Norah t' barmaid at t' Royal Crown in Halton Moor. We din't speak fer years but when a woh r' in mi twenties a happened ter see Norah down t' market and a thought to mesen "A don't blame the old chancer." Shi 'ad t' biggest tits this side o' Kilimanjaro an' an arse yer could eat yer dinner off. When a compared 'er to mi mam wi' her special brand o' tough love a cun't help but sympathise. Shi got run over by a milk cart two years ago an' since then we'd bin buildin' bridges an' gerrin' pretty close. Hearin' he woh dead woh like gerrin' slapped in t' chops by an angry barracuda. It stung an' it stank. A tried ringin' mi Mam an' our Wayne but they wont pickin' up. As a sat there, a remembered the ol' feller an' 'ow 'e used ter build us these great soap box carts and taught us to ride a bike and an 'oss. He liked ter think of hissen as a gyppo, but he woh jus' a birruva layabout, but he loved his 'osses. He even med me a skateboard once. It woh shite. It 'ad castor wheels from mi Mam's sofa an' it squeaked like a nun's twat when yer tried ter gerrit goin'.

It woh late. Too late ter gerra train or coach. So a rang Ginge.

"Ginge. Mi Dad's dead. Could yer give us a lift up ter Leeds?"

"I didn't know you had a Dad, Dunno. I thought you just appeared one day, like a big fat Christmas Cake in the oven," sez Mr Sensitive.

"Come on Ginge. Don't be a cunt."

"I'm a bit tied up at present, Dunno. This Frances thing, and I'm just

setting up a development company in Croatia. It's really not a good time for me.

Sorry, old sport."

"Oh. Okay." Mi voice cracked a bit on the okay.

"If you like I'll let Sly borrow the Rover. He's just got in. He can drive you up. How's that grab yer?"

"Yer a prince o' gingers, Ginge."

"I know I am. Sincere condolences, sport."

"Ta."

It woh half one int mornin' by t' time Sly rolled up. A woh pleased Ginge hadn't lent him t' convertible, but he woh mekkin' good use of t' sound system wi' Leonard Cohen's 'Ain't No Cure Fer Love' wekkin' up t' neighbourhood as he tooted t' horn again an' again an' again ter let me know he woh here.

"Back to the old country, eh Dunno? Sorry to hear about yer Dad?" he sez as a shoved mi bag in t' boot.

Terry t' builder across t' road opened his bedroom window. "Shut the fuck up you pair of cunts!" he yelled.

"What's up?" yells Sly. "Do you wanna sleep yer life away? This guy's Dad's just died, do you think he's worried about a bit of quality music?"

"Come on Sly," a sez. "A've gorra live wi' these people."

"Fuck 'em?"

"No a don't a jus..." then a realised he won't askin' a question. He woh jus' speakin' in his normal retarded way. "Jus' drive will yer, yer silly cunt."

"Fucking hell, am I a taxi driver now?"

We passed t' time playin' eye spy an' guessin' how many miles to Leeds t' next

road sign along t' M1 would show and before we knew it we were drivin' in ter Yorkshire's capital city (if yer don't count York, that is). I'll say one thing fer Sly. he certainly knows how to put his foot down when he wants.

It were a little after four am when we pulled up at me Mam's house. A banged on t' door an' after 'alf an hour me Mam comes down in 'er curlers an' gives us a right mouthful.

"Yer silly fucker. What time do yer call this? In't it bad enough yer old feller dyin' an' givin' me a bellyful of stress, wi'out you rollin' up like a bad smell?"

"Aright Mrs D?" sez Sly, comin up an' givin' her a peck on t' cheek. "I swear you get younger all the time? How do you do it?"

She beamed wi' pleasure. "Sly. I 'an't seen yer in years. Yer look like yer need fattening up. Unlike some a could mention if a wont so polite. Come on in an' I'll fix yer up a bacon sarney."

"Nice one Mam," a sez.

She looks at me wi a sneer. "A might 'ave known you'd wanna fill yer face too. The way you carry on it wote be long before yer join yer father."

"I think you've been through enough, Mrs D?" sez Sly smarmin' inter t' kitchen. "How long has it bin since someone made you a bacon sarnie? Dunno, put the grill on?"

"Bless," sez Mam, tearin' up an' pipin' her eye. "Why car't my son be more like you?"

"How'd he die, Mrs D?" asks Sly, butterin' t' bread an' pourin t' hot water into t' teapot.

"Heart attack," she sez. "I'll bet yer twenty quid, fatso there has a heart

attack too before he's fifty. A know the useless cunt'll never give us any grandchildren. A reckon it woh that what broke his Dad's heart. D'yer reckon hiz gay? You know what they say about actors?"

"Ner," sez Sly. "He's jus' too fuckin' ugly?"

Mam nearly shit hersen she woh laughin' that hard. Shi ended up givin' the slimy tosser a kiss on t' forehead as he 'anded her t' sarney. "You're a card, Sly. It should've bin you what took ter t' stage. Yer'd be great."

"So when's t' funeral?" a asked, wantin' to butt in on t' love fest before they started snoggin'.

"Fuck knows. I've fixed an appointment for you an' Wayne to see Ed the Dead tomorrow and fix it all up."

"EH?"

She looks at Sly an' raises her eyes to heaven. "Ed the Dead, yer silly cunt. The Undertaker. He buried yer Uncle Ted and yer Nan. Hiz very good. Sly, what did a do ter deserve a son like 'im?"

"He's not that bad, Mrs D?" sez Sly. "I think he means well?"

"What time 'ave we got to see him?" a sez, flashin' Sly a warnin' look.

"Wayne'll be over at nine-thirty," sez Mam. "Make sure yer up an' washed. A dote want yer keepin' 'im waitin'. He's gorra family to feed. He car't be waitin' around all day while you lie in yer pit like a pig in shit."

"Alright, Ma. A'll go an' get mi head down."

"Sly," sez me Mam, "you must be worn out drivin' all this way. You sleep in Dunno's bed. He can have the sofa."

"Nice one, Mrs D? Yer don't mind, do you, Dunno?"

"What you askin' him for? It's my house. Course he dote fuckin' mind, do

yer son?"

"Well..."

"Selfish...jus' like yer Dad. See where that got him?"

"Aright Ma. G'night."

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Having to sleep on the sofa? You poor thing. That Sly's a card alright...

Posted by Off with the leprechauns.

A can think of another word beginnin' wi' C that describes 'im better.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, March 6th

ED THE DEAD

Current mood: 🤔 confused

Mi Mam's sofa's older n' Methuselah an' twice as smelly an' a think t' horse hair or whatever they stuffed 'em wi' in them days has turned inter petrified rock. A woh so uncomfy it woh like a relief from torture when our Wayne rolled up in 'iz painter an' decorator overalls at quarter past nine.

"Gerrup fatty, a've gorra job on this mornin'."

There won't no room in t' front seat o' t' van cos Wayne'd it filled wi' paintpots an' wallpaper scrapers an' that.

"Where am a gonna sit?"

"In' t back, Einstein."

So in a got. It's one o' them vans wi'out seats so a woh knocked about wi' all hiz big brushes an' tools an' bits o' decorator's shit while Wayne took us ter see Ed the Dead. Wayne dun't like chattin' or owt so we din't say owt on t' way over except fer him tellin' me not to squash all his tools, the grumpy cunt.

Ed the Dead's place woh dead weird. It's gorra massive sign outside sayin' Funeral Services...The Brighter Side Of Being Dead. And 'iz front garden woh filled wi' little garden gnomes an' stone rabbits an' little mushroom houses. Wayne knocked on t' door an' out comes what looks like a gnome himself only wi' big gnarly hands.

He pumps mi arm an' cackles, "Dunno. You were knee high to one of mi

ornaments when a saw you last at yer Aunty's do. Or was it yer Uncle's?"

I shrugged, cos a din't remember him at all. Wayne did tho.

"Didn't do too good at bowls last night, eh Ed?" he sez.

"Don't you go gettin' too big fer yer boots, Wayner there's always next week. If I 'aven't joined yer Dad by then in t' land o' the little people."

"Eh?" a sez.

"Ed thinks we become fairies when we die," sez Wayne. "Tho' some of us dote need ter wait that long eh?" He sez givvin' mi a pointed look.

A rose above 'iz cheap shot. "Oh. Right," sez I, wonderin' why a can't ever meet anyone who's fuckin' normal.

"Don't let's stand out here, in t' cold," sez Ed. "Or we'll be joinin' yer Dad before we know it."

He shuffled inter t' kitchen where a young fat woman who looked a bit retarded woh sittin' cuddlin' an ancient poodle.

"Lads," she sez, noddin' at us.

A went to stroke t' poodle but it jus snarled an' bared it's yellow fangs.

"Mrs Poo doesn't like baldies," she sez, wi' a look that told me she wont keen on 'em either.

"Right, service is Wednesday, so lets go through t' order of service," sez Ed, handin' Wayne a birruv paper to fill in. "Crem, hymn to get us in. Then commital, then a hymn to get us out and off to t' reception. Any favourite hymns, lads?"

Wayne looked at me. "What's your favourite hymn?"

"Swing Low Sweet Chariot?" a sez, wrackin' mi brains.

"It's not a hymn as such but we can do that for yer," sez Ed. "I suggest

we do that as an out."

"And Amazing Grace for an In," sez Wayne.

"Right you are. Good choice. Yer Dad loved that one."

It woh news ter me. A cun't imagine mi old feller singin' hymns.

After t' paper work, Ed leads us through inter hiz garage which he called t' Chapel o' Rest.

"Come an' have a look at the man o' the hour," he sez.

Mi Dad woh laid out in a shroud an' 'e looked as old as death, or as old as mi Mam's sofa. It woh like lookin' at one o' them Egyptian mummies in t' British Museum.

"Looks good don't he?" sez Ed, proudly.

"I've seen him look better," a confess.

Ed din't like that. "Oh. Have yer? It's probably t' light in here. It don't do you no favours either."

After that Wayne took me back to Mam's where she an' Sly were watchin' one o' them discussion shows, this one woh about how 'Violence Tore My Family Apart.'

"Oh, he's back," sez Mam. "Listen, I've got enough on mi plate. Why don't yer stay wi' Wayne til all this is over. I'm norra bloody bed and breakfast you know."

A din't fancy stayin' wi Wayne. It woh bad enough tryin' to mek conversation wi 'im fer ten minutes on t' way back from Ed's wi'out bein' stuck wi' 'im all night.

"Don't worry Dunno?" sez Sly. "Ginge lent me the keys to his penthouse in the park? We can stay there?"

"Oh you don't have to go, Sly," sez Mam. "You're no trouble."

"Thanks, Mrs D, but someone has to keep yer son out of trouble?" he sez wi a grin.

"Go on, fuck off, the pair of yer," sez Mam, smilin' though, cos she obviously thinks t' world o' Sly.

We took t' elevator up to Ginge's penthouse. As Sly woh fiddlin' wi' t' lock, the door opened an' out came Consuelo, Ginge's Latin American cleaning woman, a cute little piece o' totty wi' eyes of fire an' a temper to match. Shi looked scared ter death.

"Go away! I call the police!" shi snarls at us.

"Hey Consuelo, it's me, Dunno. Ginge's mate," a sez.

Then she bursts into tears and throws 'erself inter mi arms. Not bein' one ter look a gift horse in t' mouth a gev 'er a good squeeze in all 'er squeezey bits.

"What happened?" asks Sly.

"Two weeks ago a lady come here. A gringo girl. American."

"Worra name Frances?" a asked.

She nods an' sniffs. "She was very nice. She give me the presents.

We...we..."

"Were you lovers?" asks Sly. Maybe that's why everythin' Sly sez is a question. Cos 'es not afraid ter ask 'em.

Shi nodded her head. Now a wun't 'ave minded bein' a fly on t' wall there, thank yer very much. "Last night there was banging on the door," she goes on.

"I go to answer and is two men. Big men with calvo...no skin heads."

"Mr Wall's boys," a said.

Her eyes widened. "You know them?"

A pointed to mi fadin' black eye. "Wi've met."

"They come in, and start destroying the place apart, shouting at me to tell them where she is. When they don't find her they say they gonna rape me, but I scratch one of him and they go away."

"Good on yer," a sez. "So where is she?"

Consuelo starts sobbin' again. "I don't know. She take fire escape and poof. She gone."

"Don't worry?" sez Sly. "We'll find her, won't we Dunno?"

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Don't get distracted by grief, milord. Find Frances and get the cash.

Posted by Jenny Q

A'll do mi best, Jen.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, March 7th

SLY SLY

Current mood: 😞 depressed

Now, a thought Ginge was an accomplished pork swordsman, but yer should see Sly in action. An' ter say hiz a penniless, drug-addled, lazy, work-shy fop jus' meks it worse. God, life can be unfair sometimes...

He woh mekkin' a massive fuss o' Consuelo an' within ten minutes shi woh smilin' away an laughin' at all 'iz jokes an' lookin' deep inter 'iz eyes...it woh mi Mam all over again. A went ter mek a cup a tea. Sly sidled in after mi.

"Golly gosh, don't you just admire those hot-blooded latino types? She is ssssssss...Sizzling hot?"

"Aye, an' obviously a licky lezzy, yer might as well give up now Sly, yer barkin' up 't wrong tree. Shi bats fer t' other team."

"Hmm, I fear you're sadly mistaken there, Dunno mi old mukka? I'll bet yer any money yer like Connie is happy to walk on both sides of the road? She's just too damn sexy to be tied down to one sex? Anyway no offence, but I would much rather stay at this gaff than yer mams? So in light of current events, and the fact that Consuelo's had a bit of a shock, I think we should make a massive effort to get the place organised and then show Consuelo a good time? It'll help take her mind off things and after a few drinks she might be able to tell us more? There are some questions that need answers?"

"Fer once yer talkin' sense, Sly."

"Excellent, so you crack on an' get this place in order and I'll go about givin' the old girl a good time?"

"Eh? Fuck off yer cheeky cunt!"

"Look Dunno, this isn't the time to be churlish and petty, is it? It's important that this place gets tidied up, and it's important that this Connie bird can get away and unwind? She was the last person to see Frances and might be able to help us find her?"

A suppose he had a point. There are worse places ter hang out than Ginges, what wi' 'iz well-stocked larder an' wine cellar. A'd only end up payin' fer everythin' anyway wi' Sly about...

"Oh and Dunno? You couldn't see your way to subbing me a few quid, just until we get back to london? I promise I'll pay you back? You can't expect Connie to pay now can you?"

"Mebbe I should take the lass out then, an' you should stay here?"

"It's a good point Dunno, but this is a delicate situation and it calls for somebody with a light touch and a diplomatic disposition? Anyway according to Ginge aren't you barred from practically every pub in the city? No my friend the poor waif has already had one shock..."

It woh a few hours later, a'd 'ad a few blasts, cracked open a few beers an' set about tidying the place, an' a woh lost in thought. This Mr Walls business. A thought a woh bein' paranoid last week but 'ere we are, once again not a million miles away from Ginge. When a told him Walls' boys woh lookin' fer 'im he wont bothered an' started spoutin' Godfather bollocks. Now 'ere they are at hiz Leeds gaff. How the fuck did they know Franny woh r' here? Would Ginge 'ave 'iz own

'ousekeeper roughed up? More importantly what woh Franny doing here? Does Ginge know shiz here an' 'idin' 'er away til 'e can 'and 'er over an' pocket the dosh? Am a turnin' inter Sly wi' all these questions? The only conclusion a could come ter was that every other cunt seemed ter know a lot more than me, an' it woh startin' ter fuck me right off. A needed ter unwind. A med missen a slap up feast an' opened a bottle or two of summa Ginge's wine. A'm not really a wine man, but this woh lovely. A settled down ter watch a movie, but the events o' the past few days caught up wi' me an' a slipped inter a deep sleep...

A woke at about 3am wi' mi bladder screamin' fer salvation an' a shuffled over ter t' bog fer a piss. I 'ate 3am pisses, cos yer still 'alf asleep so yer longin' fer it ter be a quick one so yer dote wek up proper an' then yer can get back ter sleep easy. Alas this woh r' a big un. It felt like one a those 'oses they water football pitches wi, it just dint wanna stop, gushin' out in a torrent an' by t' time t' drips cem a woh wide awake. Jus' my luck, cos a realised Sly woh back. Hiz evening wi' Consuelo musta gone well coz a could hear her passionate screams o' appreciation echoin' round t' wide oak-floored hallways o' Ginge's Pent'ouse. A looked at mi forty-four year old self in t' mirrer an' heaved a big sigh.

They're buryin' mi dad termorrer...

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Oh Dunno, if only I was there. I'd soon cheer you up.

Posted by Angel Toes

Ah! Wharra great night that'd be.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Great write here, Dunno.

Posted by Bygone

Thanks. I think. A know a'm not one ter talk but wharris all this 'great write' bollocks people put on blogs? What's 'appened ter a good ol' birra English grammar? Why cart yer say Well written Dunno?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Professor Dunno has spoken. Take note students.

Posted by Dr Dan

Bein' a sarkey cunt is the lowest form o' wit, Doc.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, March 9th

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Current mood: 😞sad

Whorra day. A woh up at six an' squeezin' mesen inter one o' Ginge's black Armani suits an' a nice pair o' black shiny shoes which a reckon were at least half a size too small. Sly did t' same coz he'd decided to come wi' me and so 'ad Consuelo, which a thought woh nice of 'er until a realized shi jus' wanned a bit more o' Sly's special brand o' love coz shi woh neckin' wi' him in t' back seat o' t' cab all t' way ter t' Crematorium where we met up wi' Wayne, Eddie, mi Mam an' t' rest o' the family.

It woh a lovely day wi' t' sun pokin' out like an erection, an' daffodils an' crocuses everywhere. A woh 'andlin' things fine til mi Dad turned up in t' hearse wi' Ed the Dead an' 'iz son, who accordin' to Ed wants ter leave t' business and is causin' all sorts o' upset cos it means Ed has ter change hiz business cards ter remove the '& Sons'. It woh lookin' at the coffin that started me wellin' up, burra controlled mesen wi' admirable decorum.

Me, Wayne, Eddie an' Sly had ter carry t' coffin inter t' crem and fuck, it woh r' heavy. As we were purrin' it onter t' rollers in t' front o' the chapel, the 'andle Sly woh holdin' snapped off in hiz mitt an' a swear t' old feller nearly toppled out inter t' aisle, but we struggled wi' it, an' manhandled it onter t' trolley, even though a could hear Sly gigglin' away and me Mam roarin' wi' laughter an' tellin' mi Auntie Jean to; "Look at the silly set'a cunts, they car't even carry a coffin wi'out mekin' a balls-up of it".

Worse woh to come. When t' vicar 'ad run us through t' parable o' the Good Samaritan an' compared mi ol' Man ter a Saint on Earth an' prompted mi Mam inter gales o' hysterical laughter, Eddie an' Wayne dragged me up wi' 'em an' started goin' inter eulogies on hiz life about 'ow 'e taught 'em right from wrong (if he ever did I certainly wont in t' room at t' time) .

Wayne finished off by talkin' about all t' flowers outside an' how they woh r' a more fittin' tribute than bought flowers, wiltin' away in cellophane. Then 'e really took mi by surprise as 'e announced, "Now our kid wants ter say a few words about t' man o' t' hour."

"Eh?" a sez.

"Go on, it's your turn now," sez Eddie.

A looked at t' coffin in t' corner and mi gob went dry an' a million an' one memories came back.

"A'd like to follow on from mi brothers" then t' tears came an' a cunt stop 'em. "Burra c-c-can't. I...I...love yer Dad."

Wi' that a ran back to mi pew an' stood like a lemon, sniffin' and snufflin' while our Eddie cem up an' gev us a cuddle an' a could hear mi Mam whisperin' sotto voce "Silly cunt."

Swing Low Sweet Chariot started up, an' mi Dad woh consigned ter eternity.

As we cem out Consuelo grabbed mi arm, an' much to Sly's horror kissed me on t' cheek.

"My big hero," shi sez.

Wayne cem over. "Arright luv," he sez, givin' her t' eye. "We'll see yer in half an hour at t' White Hart fer t' Reception."

"Eh?" sez I. "Innit over yet?"

"Ner. We need a proper send off fer hiz mates. This woh jus' fer close family," he sez givin' Consuelo a dark look.

"No one is closer to me, than my dear Lord Dunno," sez Consuelo, threatenin' a fit o' latin temper, bless her. "He is hero."

"Yeh. Worrever," sez Wayne. "Anyway, Dunno, don't let us down again. Dad said he din't want any tears, so don't fuck it up, like yer did in there. Yer not a big puffy actor gettin' an award or summat. This in't about you. It's about 'im."

A woh r' a bit worried ter tell yer t' truth. A've bin barred from t' White Hart since 1982, but t' landlord told me a could come in jus' this once if a promised to behave mesen. A were havin' a few drinks an' unwindin' an' enjoyin' t' curled up sarnies when mi brother came up to t' PA system an' announced that a few friends o' mi Dad'd like ter say a few words. A few ol' duffers gorrup an' said the usual stuff about whorra gent mi Dad was an' that. Then this posh feller in a blazer, who a recognised as Ken White, from mi Dad's ol' Rugby Club got up an starts t' most borin' speech ever in a voice yer'd ter strain ter hear. Me an' Consuelo woh right next ter him, unfortunately, so we 'ad ter pay attention.

"I first met Alfred back in 1947 or was it 1948?" he sez. "No, I think it was '47. And I was the chairman of Halton Moor Rugby club and he came along and said, I'd like to play. And I said, 'can you play?' And he said 'yes', so I gave him a tryout and it was true, he could play and I invited him to join the board in 1948 which was unprecedented because normally you have to be a member of the club for five years before you can join the board. Of course it's all different now. Anyone can join the board so long as they have a sponsor. But I like to think

that I was instrumental in bringing about that change. Anyway in 1949 we had a raffle. Or ...no...I'm getting ahead of myself I'll come back to that in a moment. Alfred had a car which he needed for work but he had broken his leg in a game against the West Yorkshire Constabulary. In those days if you played rugby and had an injury you couldn't take time off work, you'd lose your job, so I took Alfred to a lovely little garden centre in Ilkley where they sold bundles of bamboo canes for seven shillings per dozen and Alfred only had a threepenny bit and a sixpence in his pocket and he needed the sixpence for the parking metre so he asked my good friend Harry at the garden centre if he could have three for threepence and he gave him a box of Milk Tray chocolates in part exchange and Harry said, "If you bring him here again I'll go out of business." Sadly, Harry did go out of business in 1958 but I don't think it was due to Alfred. I think it was due to various elements but then again it is a changing world and if you don't move with it you get left behind."

At this point, Sly'd nipped out fer a piss and a woh wishin' a could do t' same when Consuelo kissed me... wi' tongues. A grabbed 'er an' snogged 'er back an' this seemed ter stop Ken White in hiz tracks fer a bit cos he said, "Do you mind, I'm almost finished," an' some wag at t' back shouted out, "Shut the fuck up you old bugger." He din't shut up tho. He carried on. "Now about the raffle...."

A grabbed Consuelo an' took her out ter t' fire exit. Now considerin' shi'd bin at it wi' Sly jus' las' night shi'd a right good appetite on her an' wi'out wantin' ter seem like Ken White, let me say that by t' time a'd got mi cock out she woh pullin' me down inter a puddle an' straddlin' me like a Grand National champion jockey.

When wi'd finished we went back in fer a drink an' a wish we 'adn't.

"...Of course in 1952, it was time for the Christmas Raffle and Alfred came over to the house and said to my wife Sheila, 'Ken's put you down for fifty tickets.' Now fifty tickets at two bob a pop was a lot in those days but the prize was a leg of honey roast ham and two tins of pineapple chunks and a bottle of sherry for the ladies and a nice bottle of malt whiskey for the lads, along with some tinned sardines which always went down nicely and some fruit for the children..."

"Fuckin' hell, where've you bin" sez Sly sidlin' up ter us an' lookin' at t' wet patch on mi trousers. Sly musta bin well fucked off, it wer't first time ad 'eard him say summat that wont a bastard question. Even tho' it was. If yer know what a mean.

"Errr..." a sez...

"Making love, in the rain," sez Consuelo. "I think Frances is very silly girl for not fucking with him."

"Eh?" sez me an' Sly tergether.

"Frances tell me she never fuck you. I say, 'why not?' It was worth a try."

"Ta. A cun't agree wi' yer more love!"

"But what about us?" sez Sly.

"Give me one moment," sez Consuelo. "My legs are woo-woo-woo."

Me an' Sly jus' looked at each other, perplexed like, an' turned back ter t' speaker. No wonder Ginge values 'er so highly an' keeps 'er on t' payroll.

"And then in 1954, Alfred took over the running of the third team and heaven help us if we wanted to use any of his players for the first if we were a player short. He would say, and I'm sure many of you would back me up..."

"So listen, why don't we all head back to Ginge's for a bit?" sez Sly.

"Sure, why not?" sez Consuelo.

"Yer alright," a sez. "A'll catch yer later."

So they left an' when a turned round so 'ad nearly everyone else, but Ken woh still only up to 1957.

"It was the Easter Parade and Alfred wanted us all to make Easter bonnets for the kids in the infirmary..."

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I was going good until the 'woo-woo-woo' bit. Now I have to start all over again.

Posted by Jenny Q

A could get Ken White ter remind yer. Full transcripts of hiz speech are available from t' office at Halton Moor Rugby Club.

Monday, March 12th

ON HALTON MOOR

Current mood: 😊contemplative

It's funny, not piss yersen funny, but funny peculiar. Until yer've lost one o' yer loved ones yer dote 'ave a clue wharra pain in the arse bein' dead can be. Yer'd think a cremation an' a piss-up in t' White Hart'd be enough fer anyone, but t' rites o' the dead won't over yet.

A woh woken up by t' buzzer on t' door o' Ginge's apartment at quarter ter eight. It'd bin a riotous night wi' Sly an' Consuelo, drinkin' t' contents o' Ginge's well-stocked bar. Oh an' fer t' record fer those of yer wi' muckier minds than they should be, we din't have a threesome or owt. Lookin' at Sly wi' hiz clothes on is 'ard enough, 'ave got no fantasies about seein' his scrawny arse ploughin' in an' out o' someone's gash, no matter 'ow much booze yer ply me wi'. So, needless ter say, they'd gone off an' shagged 'emselves silly, leavin' me ter watch the English Patient on ITV 3, which 'as gorra be t' most borin' film ever. Still, at least it helped me get some kip.

So it woh wi' bleary eyes that a opened t' door to mi brothers, Wayne, Eddie an' mi Mam.

"Fer fuck's sake, aren't you dressed yet?" sez Wayne. "They're all waitin' in t' mini bus downstairs."

"Eh?"

"We've gorra pick up yer Dad's ashes an' scatter 'em, yer dozy fucker," sez Mam, explainin' things in her usual calm an' clear way.

"Fuckin' 'ell. Who's 'we'?" a asked.

"Ken an' Sheila White, Father Jim an' his sisters an' Shifty," sez Wayne.

Could it get any worse? Ken woh the borin' bugger from t' reception, an' Shifty woh one o' the blokes mi Dad did time with thirty years ago. Hiz a big shithouse of a cunt wi' a temper that meks me look like Ghandi. Fuck knows who this Father Jim feller is, let alone hiz sisters.

A woke Sly an' Consuelo but they told me to fuck off, so a pulled on Ginge's trusty funeral garb an' follered t' others down ter a mini bus in t' car park. Father Jim turned out ter be an old priest on hiz last legs who'd bin pals wi Dad since they woh kids.

"Yer old fella wanted me to say a few words when we scatter his ashes," sez t' priest.

"Where're we scatterin' 'em?" a asked, hopin' it'd be somewhere near.

"T' waste ground on Halton Moor," sez Eddie.

"It's a fuckin' dump. Why's he wanna be scattered there?"

"Coz it's where yer old man fucked me for t' first time," sez Mam, her eyes shiny wi' golden memories that a wished she hadn't bothered sharin'.

"I woh dead jealous at the time," sez Father Jim. "I woh mad fer yer Mam at school. We woh always snoggin' in t' back row o' t' picture palace. Only snoggin' mind. I never fucked her."

"Too fuckin' right yer din't," sez Mam. Then her an' Father Jim's elderly sisters started cacklin' away.

"It woh a different story wi' me though," sez Shifty. "Cun't gerrenough o' me, could yer luv?"

"That woh different," sez Mam. "I woh older then."

"Yer a dirty sinner," sez Father Jim. "Join the club."

We pulled in at t' Crematorium an' a had to go wi' Wayne ter fetch mi Dad's ashes. They cem in a box wrapped up in brown paper wi' mi Dad's name on it.

"Is tharra bottle o' whiskey, yer've got there?" asks Shifty. "Gi' us a drop."

"It's Alf's ashes, yer silly cunt," sez Father Jim. provokin' more laughter from t' senior citizens.

When we got to t' wasteland next ter t' ring road a had to lead Father Jim over t' rubble an' tin cans an' rubbish an' up several mounds o' dirt. It woh blowin' a fuckin' gale too, an' at one point 'e gets 'iz feet caught in an' old mattress spring an' falls over.

"You'll 'ave ter carry me, lad, a've sprained mi fuckin' ankle," he sez.

So a ended up givin' the old cunt a fireman's lift til Mam found t' right spot.

"Here we are, a know, cos am goin' all tingly inside," she sez.

"Did yer feel that way when 'e stuck it up yer?" sez Shifty.

"Please, Shifty, there are ladies present," sez Ken White, who'd bin mercifully quiet up 'til that point.

"What do you know about it, yer toffee nosed puff?" sez Shifty.

I thought Ken'd 'ave an 'art attack on t' spot and wi' Father Jim on mi back a din't think a'd be that far behind him.

I dumped 'im down on a birro grass an' 'e gorriz churchy scarf out an' hiz book o' the service an' started on wi' t' mass fer' t' departed. It woh freezin' an' he woh goin' on and on and on. Then he got to t' bit where we finished prayin' fer me Dad an' he sez, "Now let us pray for ourselves."

"I'm not fuckin' prayin' fer meself," sez Shifty.

"Why not?" sez Mam. "No other cunt will."

When t' prayers were over Ken stepped forward.

"If I may, I'd just like to say a few words."

"D'yer 'ave ter?" sez Shifty. "A'm fuckin' freezin'."

"Aye, do it later, Ken," sez Mam.

It woh time ter get down ter business an' scatter t' ashes.

"We'll tek it in turns," sez Wayne. "You go first," 'e adds, pointin' at me.

So a unwrapped t' box an' took out t' urn which looked like a plastic pill box. A unscrewed t' cap an' went ter scatter t' ashes out but instead, a plastic bag filled wi' mi Dad's mortal remains plopped ont'er t' ground at mi feet.

"Fuckin' Hell, can't yer do owt right yer great lumporth?" sez Mam.

"He's hiz father's son, alright," sez Shifty.

A picked up t' bag an' ripped a hole in it an' scattered some ash out just as a blast o' wind picked up an' blew 'em back in mi face an' up mi nose. Coughin' like a bastard a handed t' plaggy bag ter Eddie who scattered more an' past it on ter Wayne. He woh jus' gerrin' t' last bits out when a big black dog comes gambollin' over an' starts sniffin' at t' ashes before cockin' his leg over 'em.

"Ahr, yer Dad always loved dogs," sez Mam. "He'd've liked that."

"Aye," sez everyone else.

"Come on horsey," sez Father Jim. "Gi' us a piggy back."

So off we trotted back ter t' mini bus wi' Ken White goin' on about all t' fun they had back in t' day at Halton Moor Rugby Club.

"When Alf couldn't play, he'd always turn out to referee a game for the

fifth team, and boy oh boy, they could be rough. He'd never expect payment though, just a triple Bells at the clubhouse after."

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Well at least it wasn't raining. If that Ken guy had got started you'd all have got pneumonia.

Posted by Bygone

Aye. Like you a always look on t' bright side.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, March 15th

BITING OFF MORE THAN YER CAN CHEW

Current mood: 🤨cranky

Mi days wi Shifty, mi Mam, Father Jim an' all mi fuckin' family come ter mention it, med mi realise why a left fer London in t' first place. A'm feelin' haunted by 't realisation when am around 'em that yer can tek the boy outta Halton Moor, but yer'll never tek Halton Moor outta the boy. A look at 'em, thinking a'd escaped aller that, but comin' ter the conclusion that a'm just the same as them but livin' 220 miles away an' a bit snobbier...Thank goodness fer Ginge's gaff coz it woulda bin a real strain at our Wayne's, or even worse at mi Mam's wi' her choice language an' dirty mouth, a dote know where the fuck shi gets it from.

So now a woh just waitin' at Ginge's fer Sly ter show up an' drive us back ter t' smoke. A can't wait ter get back ter Dunno Towers, but typically the cunt 'ad disappeared an a ant seen 'im fer fuckin' days. No note or owt. A woh well fucked off an' a felt a can't waste another day clickin' mi 'eels in Roundhay. A decided ter tek the bus inter town an check out t' price of a train ticket. At the train station a waited patiently fer t' bloke behind screen ter become available.

"What's cheapest return ter London fer today pal?"

"A Saver Return for today will be £74.70, sir."

"Eh? Fuck me, what's saver about that? How much is a single then, from here ter London?"

"From here to London Kings Cross, single today would be £73.70, sir."

"But that's only a quid difference," a spluttered. "Who the fuck works out that pricin' policy?"

"Not me, sir, so please, don't shoot the messenger. Now, do you want a ticket then, sir?"

"Do a fuck. A'd rather fuckin' walk."

So that' s it then, wait fer Sly ter show up some time never, or check out the price of a coach. There's nowt more depressing than a long trip on a cramped coach, an' if yer hit one o' them traffic blackspots the silly cunts on t' radio're always harpin' on about... but fuck it, a woh in town anyway so a set off fer t' coach station...

"Aright pal, How much would a single ter London be?"

"A single ter London would be £18.50."

"Right! How long does it tek?"

"From here ter Golders Green will take three hours and thirty minutes sir, traffic permitting of course."

"Hey thats not bad, a forgot yer stop off in North London. When's next one, then?"

"It's in twenty minutes, sir."

A decided to grasp the nettle. Fuck it. "Right, gi' us a ticket fer that then,"

"Sorry, fully booked sir, as are all the coaches for today"

"Oh, a dote believe it. Could yer not 'ave said owt at the start?"

"What do you expect for £18.50 sir? Have you any idea how much a train costs these days?"

"Yes a fuckin' do. Yer..." A din't call him a cunt coz these days staff on t'

public transport system get dead touchy about that sort o' thing an' a din't wanna end up gerrin' nicked jus' fer speakin' mi mind. It in't worth it.

So here a woh, in one o' mi favourite cities in t' world, desperate ter leave it. A decided ter go ter Mr Wong's an cheer missen up wi' an 'All yer can eat fer a fiver' chinky. A pulled mi 'at down low in an effort ter disguise missen. If a remember rightly am banned from Mr Wong's cos they tried ter stop me eatin' all a could eat..... said a woh just being greedy.

Luckily they din't remember me so a managed ter satisfy mi 'unger an' a woh on t' search fer a pub that might serve me an ale or two, when a car drew up beside me.

"All aboard! Toot! Toot!"

"Sly you King of Cunts! Where the fuck 'ave yer bin? A've bin hangin' about like a spare twat fer days, waitin' fer you ter tek mi back ter London."

"Ooo Moody Boots? Lace them up? I'm sorry Dunno, when in Rome an all that....? Bin a long time since I've bin in Leeds? Lots of old friends to catch up with? Lots of lovely ladies? Gettin' my drift or do I have to draw you a picture? It's mating season and Sly's bin rutting away like a prize stallion?"

"Goat, yer silly cunt. If yer've bin ruttin' then yerve bin a goat norra fuckin' stallion. Now, if yerve finished bein' a selfish cunt, perhaps we could get down ter London. Won't Ginge be missin' the motor?"

"Not as much as he'll miss the fine wines and beers we've supped? Anyway he's still in Croatia, due back tomorrow? So, if its alright with you we'll go back tonight?"

"Course its all fuckin' right wi' me."

"Then why are you standing on the curb like a big shoutin' lump? Get in? Oh this is Susie and this is Angie, am just gonna drop them off in Harehills?"

Susie, or it cudda bin Angie woh in t' passenger seat so a had to slide in next ter t' other one. Shi woh alright in one o' them dead mucky ways, burra won't interested. Yer could tell jus' lookin' at her shi 'ad problems o' the mental an' personal hygiene variety, an' much as a love a birruv how's yer father, a dote relish plonkin' me knob out on t' clap doctor's slab fer all an' sundry to marvel at. Sly on t' other hand in't so squeamish.

A don't quite know how it started cos a woh mekkin' small talk wi' Angie or Suzie about belly button piercings.

"A've got one in mi clit, yer know," she sez.

"Really? Woh r' it painful?"

"Too fuckin' right, it woh. Imagine if a punched a hole in yer dick. How d'yer think that'd feel?"

"A'd sooner not find out, if it's all t' same to you, luv."

Meanwhile...."That's right baby, suck it?" It woh Sly on the front seat.

"I am suckin' it Sly love!"

"Yeh, he knows love its just 'ow the silly cunt spe..."

CRUNCH!! A reckon Sly musta bin on the pointa shootin' 'is load in 'er gob, an 'ad 'iz eyes shut or summat, coz he dint see the bus in front as he ploughed inter t' back of it. A saw 'iz shocked face in t' rear view mirror. Not half as shocked mind, as the row a school lasses on t' back seat o' t' bus who turned round ter see Sly's shocked, painful face an Angie's mouth full o' half bitten cock. Oh No! A thought, Ginge is gonna go mad...

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Always keep your mind on the road, Dunno. First rule of Driving School.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Yer preachin ter t' converted, love. We woh lucky t' only casualty woh t' front o' Ginge's car an' t' tip o' what Sly likes ter call hiz Pleasure Dome.

Posted by Lord Dunno

A cock in the mouth is worth two in the hand.

Posted by Dr Dan

A'm sure it is, but that's still no reason ter bite it off.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, March 16th

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OME

Current mood: 🤬frustrated

When t' bus driver got out an' started jabberin' an' yellin' like a whirlin' dirvish, Sly put hiz foot down an' almost ran 'im over. We bunged t' birds out at Harehills and fucked off sharpish. Sly the silly cunt woh all fer tekkin em down ter London wi' us.

"But Sly", a sed, "Where will they stay?"

"At yours Dunno?"

"No Fuckin chance mate, sorry, its not convenient."

A woh already itchin like a bastard, an I 'adn't touched 'er. Anyway, a din't want mi futon riddled wi crabs. It's already got enough on its plate. We packed quick an' fucked off after mekkin' sure we left it spik an span coz a know what a prissy little fussy that Ginge can be.

As we got ter t' motorway Sly pulled inter t' layby.

"Dunno, d'yer think we should stop off at Casualty? I think my knob's still bleeding? I think she's bitten right down to the blue vein?"

"Don't be silly. That bus driver'll 've reported us ter t' cops. They'll be on t' look out fer someone wi a mangled cock."

"Oh fer fuck's sake, Dunno! Am fuckin' dyin' here? Seriously, will yer have a look?"

"Fuck off! I'm not fuckin' lookin' at yer cock in a layby on t' M1. Han't yer gorrus in enough trouble?"

He wont 'avin' any of it. He undid his fly, tenderly an' bade me tek a peek. It woh like lookin' at one o' them shark attack photos o' a body, or in this case, a cock, bitten in two.

"It looks fine, Sly. Pop a bit of ice on it an' yer'll be laughin'. Now can we get a fuckin' move on?"

Motorway woh dead quiet at that time an' we med it back ter London in record time. Sly woh drivin' like a nutter down't A1 an' then 't Holloway Road, speed cameras goin' like papparazzi after Princess Di.

"Hey Sly, wote Ginge get done fer speedin'?"

"Don't be ridiculous Dunno, These things are there to scare you, there's never any film in them?"

"A'll tek yer word fer it Sly," a sed.

At last Dunno Towers. Home sweet home.

"First things first, Dunno?" Sez Sly kickin' off 'is boots and settlin' down on t' bean bag, "Get the kettle on? Load the pipe? Get me some ice?"

"A've got 'alf a bag a frozen peas yer bossy cunt, that'll 'ave ter do."

"Beggars can't be choosers, Dunno?"

"A'm not sure if a want your cock in mi peas."

When ad finished mi chores it woh time ter check mi messages.

Beep! "Celebrate good times...Come on! Hello you! It's Mel, Good news darling, Your money is in, you big, rich, ripe banana you! It'll go through within the week. Goodbye, goodbye, wipe the tear baby dear from your eyeeee!!"

Brrrrr

Beep! "You have something that belongs to me...I want my fiancée back Mr Dunno. Don't play with fire...You'll get your big, fat fingers burned." Brrrrr

"Who's that cunt?" sez Sly,

"Tell yer what Sly, when 'e knocks on t' door, you answer it... Yer'll 'ave more than yer cock ter worry about."

Beep! "Dunno, how's my bestest of all best men? Spud here. Listen chum....p, it's all systems go! Ginge has booked Finsbury Town Hall for two weeks time, so you find the mad bitch. Don't leave all the hard work to Ginge. Start pullin' yer own weight for a change, fuck knows, there's enough of it!"

Brrrrr Cheeky cunt....

Beep! Silence fer a bit. Brrrrr

Mi mystery fuckin' caller again. A stomped off fer a piss. Wun't yer know, t' phone started ringing mid-flow.

"I'll get it?" shouts Sly.

"Nah fuck it Sly, Let machine get it, it'll just be some cunt."

Beep! "Dunno...Its Daemon...I miss you." Brrrrrr.

A ran up t' steps leavin' a king-size saucer o' piss stain in' mi kegs an' dialled 1471. Bird said "To return the call, press three."

A pressed three.

"I'm sorry, the mobile phone you are calling has been switched off...I'm sorry, the mobile phone you are calling has been switched off..."

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Things are looking up! Daemon is back on the scene. Don't screw it up big guy.

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Well, a'll try mi best not ter.

Posted by Lord Dunno

You must feel like Ulysses returned from his Odyssey.

Posted by Dr Dan

Now that yer mention it, a suppose a do.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I think you should get a doctor to have a look at Sly's penis.

Posted by Carrie looves blood

Why wudda wanna put some poor doctor through that trauma? Mebbe a'll ask
Dr Dan ter come over an' have a look at it.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Sorry. I don't do house calls.

Posted by Dr Dan

Tchh! It's no wonder t' NHS is goin' down t' swannee if you're t' best we can
come up wi'.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Saturday, March 17th

A ROYAL SUMMONS

Current mood: 🤬 aggravated

A woh woken first thing by t' phone. It woh Norman.

"Ah you're back. Grand! Need you to hot foot it over to Oxford Circus. Got a little something lined up for you on Great Castle Street. It's a corporate about trains. I managed to get you in for a range of parts from train drivers to signalmen. Good eh?"

"Aye. Nice one."

"Oh yes, they want your North London accent. Okay?"

"Not a problem, Norm. See yer!"

Fuck! A've now spent, more o' mi life in London than a 'ave in Leeds, but can a do a London accent? Can a fuck! Dote ask me why. If a'd settled in Dublin, after a year or two a'd 'ave an Irish twang. If a'd settled in Edinburgh a'd 'ave a Scottish burr, burrunder no circumstances 'ave a ever, or indeed do a ever want ter, embrace or adopt in anyway a cockney fucking accent. A cart fuckin' do it ter save mi life. Nor do a ever want ter.

Now a've done some pretty fuckin' 'orrible interviews in t' past an' this ranks up wi' t' worst. When a got there it was an actor's casting nightmare. Waitin' room woh full o' actors, turnin' t' occassion inter a disorganised, chaotic shit fight. They woh runnin' late and t' backlog meant a woh supposed ter sit around like a twat fer ages. How typical. An interview about the British Rail service and they're runnin' late, it'd be funny if it wont so fuckin boring. After nigh on an hour, a'd 'ad enough an' a went up ter one o' t' birds who woh runnin' about wi' a

clipboard. "Look a'm really sorry pet, but a car't wait any longer, a've gorra go."

"Oh," she sez, lookin' dumped on, "but you're next in, I promise you, you'll be done and dusted within the next ten minutes."

As if on cue t' previous actor cem out an' a woh bustled in. A read like a cunt and as a've already explained previously, Dick Van Dyke's cockney accent in Mary Poppins is a hundred times better than mine an' a left t' interview thinking, the best a could do woh ter chalk it all up ter experience.

When a got back ter Dunno Towers a woh barely in t' door when a heard t' sounds o' passionate shagging...from mi inner chamber! Mi sanctum sanctorum...It woh too much, mi back'd bin broke by one too many straws.

"What the fuck are yer doing?" a yelled, burstin' in.

"Oh hi, Dunno" sez Sly, "Wasn't sure when you were coming back? How you doing?"

"A could say fine....but a wote! What the fuck are yer doing in mi bed?"

"Oh mate, have you seen your Futon? I mean, your bed's bad enough, but I can't entertain our lovely Mexican guest on that homage to Lister?"

"Hi Dunno!"

"Hi Consuelo, you all right love?"

"Si gracias! Estoy muy echa pulvo."

"Look, Sly, yer cunt, a'm tired an' a've 'ad a shit mornin' an' a wanna write it off. So yer've got five minutes ter get out, coz I wanna get in....an' yer berrer norrav left any stains."

A went off ter mek missen a mug a tea. A wudda loaded a pipe but when a went ter check mi stash box...empty. RIGHT, THAT'S IT...

Sly shuffled inter t' room after a few minutes, at least he 'ad the decency ter put on 'iz pants.

"Ginge wants us to come round tomorrow?" he sez.

" Are yer tellin' me or askin' me, yer fuckin' free-loadin' scroungin' twat?"

"I'm tellin' you? Wants us all there at 11am, said it was important? God Dunno, who's been rattlin' your cage? You're so moody?"

"That's because yer've only bin around a few days an' a'm practically bankrupt. Yer just take everything. Why dote yer stay wi' Ginge? Hi'z the only one who can afford ter keep yer. Now get yer clothes on an' score me some blow, or a'll sling yer sorry arse onter t' street. Yer've got fifteen minutes."

"But Dunno? Where the fuck am a gonna get some blow? I don't know anybody round here?"

"Yer a grubby get Sly, an' yer like 'anging about wi' other grubby gets. Yer'll manage."

Five minutes later he woh dressed an' reportin' fer duty.

"Right then, I'll see you in fifteen minutes or so...erm, I er... I haven't actually got any..."

"Why am a not surprised?"

A 'ad twenny five notes left. A gev Sly fifteen, an' kept ten back. As soon as 'e went a woh gonna slip o'er ter 't Frog fer a few. A softened a bit, coz I actually wanned a blast sooner, rather 'n later, an' a told Sly a couple o' places not too far away, where he could score. Truth be told in this neck o' the woods

practically every third person is a dealer...or knows someone that is. A woh actually headin' fer t' Frog where there're never less than three of 'em on duty, any given night, but fuck it, it woh good ter let Sly work fer 'iz keep fer a change.

When a entered the Frog I 'ad the feelin' that a might find Daemon there. She wont. So much fer them supernatural feelin's. A gorra pint off Tony, grabbed a paper, found a quiet corner and thought about this 'n' that...

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Accents! I love them. Can you do a Mid-Western Chicago accent without sounding like a 1920s gangster? It's a tough sell, not to sound like Capone.

Posted by Jenny Q

Shucks, honey, my American accent is just swellegant.

Posted by Lord Dunno

When are you going to find Daemon?

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Fuck knows. What is it wi' the birds in my life, all doin' disappearin' acts?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, March 20th

DRESSED DOWN, CARPETED AND TONGUE LASHED

Current mood: 😞rejected

Wonder o' wonders, it's a miracle! When a got back ter Dunno Towers a thought a'd stumbled inter t' wrong 'ouse. A lovely aroma o' home cooked food an' the place woh r' all tidy. A tell yer the bloke that marries Consuelo is a lucky fucker. A domestic goddess, an a real wild dirty whore in t' bedroom, not adverse to a bit o' threeway action too no doubt. Even Sly woh there wi' hiz task completed successfully. A'd ponced an eighth off Pig's Foot in t' Frog anyways, just ter be on t' safe side. The prospect of getting over four grand through t' post this week was startin' ter give me tremors o' pleasure. So it was the pipe o' peace bein' passed around this night...

Next mornin'...

...I woh reminded of a Bond movie an' fer t' record a'll say Goldfinger, it's apt anyway what wi' Ginge bein' a carrotty cockhead. There's a scene where Goldfinger's invited a coach load o' hoods an goons round to 'iz gaff in Kentucky where 'e highlights hiz plans ter rob Fort Knox an' a Mafia Don sez 'Knock off Fort Knox?' in an incredulous fashion an' Goldfinger sez 'It's just a fuckin' bank, pal' or words ter that effect. Anyway 'ere we all were sat round Ginge's big dinin' table. Me, Ginge, Sly, Consuelo, Spud, Puzzler an' Young Al.

"Firstly", sez Ginge all formal like, "Thank you for coming. Let's get down to business...Dunno I have here the cheque for your Bertie Banana ad. As I

knew I'd be seeing you today, I thought I would give it to you personally."

"Ace!" a opened t' envelope all excited like a kiddie at Christmas.
£22.71p "Eh?! What the fuck is this?"

"Well, where shall we start Dunno? Shall we start with the guitar you borrowed for just a few days, that I've never seen again? Do you know how much that guitar was worth, Dunno? One thousand two hundred pounds!"

"Eh?! A wunta fuckin' borrered it if a knew that."

"This is the point I'm trying to raise you fat fool. It doesn't matter if it's a 10p guitar or a ten grand one. The point is you have borrowed it....it belongs to someone else...so you respect it and return it. That guitar belonged to my greatgrandad. Legend has it that he wooed my greatgranny under her balcony with O Sole Mio, playing that guitar."

"Beautiful," sniffed Spud, the arse-lickin' chancer.

"Even if I replace it like for like, it will never be the same. What does it matter to you, eh Dunno, when it's someone else's? So far you have nabbed three Armani suits, summer clothes from Spain and a brand new pair of expensive trainers which you managed to cover in shit within two days."

"Burrav still got those suits, yer can have em back."

"I don't fucking want them now do I? Your fat rotund belly has stretched the waistband. No amount of tailoring or dry cleaning will restore them to their former glory. Why you couldn't just ruin one suit ...oh no, you had to do three. Next and most galling, I lend you my car with a full tank of petrol at short notice so you can attend your father's funeral. What do you do? Against the odds you manage to crash it. The repairs are gonna be three grand!"

"But...But that woh fuckin' Sly."

"Collective responsibility Dunno. The car was laid on for you. You should have made sure it was well looked after...or learn to drive."

A shot Sly a look o' total daggers.

Sly gev me a shrug that said, "Oh well, never mind."

"Also, what the fuck has the death of your father got to do with you staying at my place, wrecking the joint, drinking all the booze and eating all the snap?"

"Eh?! We dint wreck the place, Mr Walls' goons cem an' smashed the place up and attacked Consuelo."

"Oh we're here again with this Mr fuckin' Walls. Make your fucking mind up. Aren't I supposed to be Mr Walls? Are you sure you're not just making this shite up to get attention?"

"Am a fuck...Fer your information me an Sly cem ter Consuelo's rescue. We spent the best part of a week mekkin' t' place spick an span!"

"Spick an fuckin' span! A toilet bowl pebble dashed with your shite. Roach burns in the upholstery. Wine stains on the carpet. God knows what fluids on the sheets. You weren't even supposed to be there. Consuelo, you have always been a hardworking, trustworthy employee. More than that, a family friend, your mother gave the family five decades of loyal service, but this time you have really let me down. You give me no other choice but to terminate your contract. When faced with these two idiots you should have told them to go, or rang me."

"But she was vulnerable?" chirped Sly, "She needed help an' support?"

"And you really made sure she got it, didn't you Sly? When you left for Edinburgh, we were glad to see the back of you. You were a scrounging twat

who took advantage of people. Here you are ten years later, ten times fucking worse. You have a wife and two little kids, you should be ashamed off yourself drifting along like a penniless wanker thinking the world owes you a living. Sort yourself out for fuck's sake. The wine you guzzled was three hundred quid a bottle. I don't get it. Why do you abuse my hospitality an' then resent me? You are not my responsibility Dunno and I am not your Dad, Thank fuck! Otherwise you'd be taking me out in a box too."

Silence. Broken only by t' sound o' Puzzler clearin' his throat.

"Ginge, I think this an apt moment to remind you all of the exact definition of one of the loveliest words in the English language."

"What the fuck are you on about, Puzz?" sez Ginge.

"Friendship," sez Puzzler, standin' up an' tekkin t' floor like a college professor. "A noun. Meaning, being friends, the relation between friends, friendly disposition felt or shown. Let's compare it with the adjective, noun and adverb 'friendly'. Now this as an adjective means acting or disposed to act as a friend. As a friend, Ginge. Characteristic of friends, expressing, showing, or prompted by kindness. Not hostile and on amicable terms with. All of these points are important but I'd like to draw your attention to the words 'kindness' and 'not hostile.' I think at the moment your comments towards Sly and Dunno are prompted by hostility and unkindness. I'd like to take this opportunity to remind you that they are your friends."

Sly clapped his hands. "Nice one, Puzz?"

Ginge just stared at him. "Puzzler. Yer a nice lad. But I'd like to remind you of the definition of the word 'wanker'. It's a noun coming from the verb to wank. Now would you mind puttin' the dictionary aside an' not pokin' yer dicky

bow in where it isn't wanted?"

Puzzler bit his lip, went red an' nodded. "So be it."

"Ginge?"

"Yes Spud?"

"Can I get you a nice cold beer?"

"Thanks Spud, that would be nice."

Spud got up and left the table, releasing a big sigh. Tutting as he moved towards the kitchen, you could hear him say sotto voce, "You boys... you should be ashamed of yourselves." He was lovin' every minute of it, as of course was Young Al.

Me an' Sly felt like a couple a 11 year olds given a dressing down by t' headmaster in front o' the whole school. Consuelo wept softly, her head bowed in shame.

"There you are Ginge". said Spud puttin' down an ice cold beer.

"Thanks Spud. Right. Spud O'Hagan gets married to Frances what-ever-'er-fuckin'-name-is two weeks on Thursday at Finsbury Town Hall, Islington. I have booked Salvatore's restaurant, Camden Passage for a slap up after. Consuelo, I believe you were the last person to see Frances and I have no doubt you know where she is. If you guarantee her appearance at this wedding, you can have your job back and we shall say no more about it."

Consuelo looked up, relief flooding her face. Shi gev Ginge a strong determined look... very sexy.

"You have my word, señor Marinelli, she will be there."

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Phee-ew! That got a bit nasty for a while. Buck up milord. There's a bride to find and a reward to be had.

Posted by Jenny Q

Buck up? Yer beginnin' ter sound jus' like Ginge, bossin' everyone about.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Bossing? Well, I am a Mommy you know. I guess I can't help it.

Posted by Jenny Q

I've said it before about counting your chickens before they hatch. A valuable life lesson has just been learnt, my friend.

Posted by Dr Dan

Cheers Doc. Yer always mek me feel so much better.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Wednesday, March 21st

STARTIN' THE BALL ROLLIN'

Current mood: 😊optimistic

That whole thing wi' Ginge really got t' hairs on mi knackers stirrin'. A dote mind tellin' yer, a woh dead fucked off, but it did one thing for me. It straightened summat out in mi 'ead. A woh gonna earn that fuckin' £250,000 from Dennis Walsh fer turnin' Frances over back to 'er Dad. I'd bin in two minds about t' whole thing. A mean, Frances is obviously a mad slapper, but shi must've 'ad 'er reasons fer runnin' away from Daddy Mackerchar. A mean yer dote give up yer fortune jus' ter shag yer way around t' losers of London (meself excepted o' course cos she wun't touch me) unless yer either totally fucked up or yer've gorra good reason. Then there woh this Mr Walls feller. Fuck knows who he iz, burrit looks like 'e wants ter marry Franny too. Well, she 'an't done me any favours so fuck it, Spud O'Hagan an' Ginge've got enough cash between 'em so they won't miss out if a step in an' help mesen ter t' prize. A keep tellin' mesen it'd be different if Spud woh really in love wi' her. But he dun't give two hoots about 'er, so no loss o' sleep there. Anyway if 'andin' 'er back to 'er Dad keeps 'er out o' t' hands o' Mr Walls an' his heavies then a'll be 'elpin' 'er out in t' long run. Shit, shi'll prob'ly end up thankin' me.

A found t' dog-eared business card in mi jacket pocket an' called up Dennis Walsh, Solicitor.

"Mr Dunno. Long time no hear. I trust you have some news for me?"
came t' voice o' the cheery bloodsucker on t' other end o' the line.

"Come along to Finsbury Town Hall two weeks on Thursday, eleven o' clock, an' bring yer cheque book."

A hung up, feelin' dead chuffed wi' mesen. Ginge mighta stiffed me out o' a few thousand quid but that's chicken feed to what a'll have in mi pocket in a couple o' weeks.

A went inter t' livin' room an' found Sly squattin' on t' floor tryin' to work hiz puppy eye magic on Consuelo who woh sat on t' futon, not havin' any o' it.

"Come on Connie, a bit o' rumpy-pumpy'll soon put the smile on your face?" he sez. "We could have a nice warm bath an' relax a bit? Together?"

"Shit on your mother," sez Consuelo, glarin' at him. "I don't know why I come back here. Tomorrow I go back to Leeds. You two are the bad news. You nearly cost me my job."

"That's a bit much," a sez. "That Ginge jus' wants someone ter blame an' hiz picked on us as t' scapegoats. Fuck 'im, the big carrotty cocksucker." She threw her handbag at me an' her mobile flew out an' hit me on t' nose.

"Don't you speak that way about him. He's worth more than you could pay to clean his arsehole."

"Eh?"

"I think she's tryin' to say we aren't fit to wipe his arse? Is that right Consuelo, dear?" sez Sly, pattin' her knee.

"Fuck you!" A shapely foot shot out an' cracked him in t' eye.

"Mad bitch? Yer could've ruined my face?"

"Go and put it in a plastic bag," she sniffed.

"Listen, Connie love," a sez, movin' safely out o' range. "Am dead sorry about all this. Honest. Burrit in't our fault. Come on. Car't we be mates? Have

yer thought about how yer gonna contact Frances?"

Her glare softened an' then shi smiled an' nodded. "I do it already. I speak to her on my phone. I'm sorry, Dunno. Sly. Is not your fault. Is one of them things. Friends?"

Sly shrugged, like a sulky kid. "I suppose?"

I went one step further an' gev her a hug. "So yer've got her number then, have yer?"

"Yes. But I no give it to you. Or Sly. Not even to Ginge. She tell me keep it secret. I keep secrets."

Sly sat next to her on t' futon. "Dunno, I think we should tell her? About the reward? If we work together on this, she needn't work for Ginge anymore? How much was that solicitor offering again?"

"Er...five grand," a said. "If we can find Franny an' keep her safe from Mr Walls we can split five grand between us."

"That's 1,666 quid each?" sez Sly. "You could tell Ginge to stuff his job?"

Shi shook 'er head. "I love my job. He pay me more than that a week. I'm sorry. I not help you."

A wont bothered. So long as shi got Franny ter t' weddin' on time a'd still be quids in an' a wun't 'ave ter share it wi Sly. After a cuppa an' a smoke, Connie got a message on her mobile an' got up to fetch her coat.

"I goin' out. See you later."

"See yer, pet."

When she woh gone, Sly leaped into action, which is a lot fer him cos he normally does stuff at a stoned snail's pace.

"Come on, Dunno? We'll lose her?"

"Eh? What yer on about?"

"We're gonna follow her an' see if she leads us to Frances?"

"Fuck that, Sly. It's freezin' out."

Sly gev me a pityin' look. "Bone idle, Dunno? That's why you'll never amount to anything? Well don't expect me to share the reward with you?"

And off he went, the cheeky cunt.

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Oooh. This is getting interesting. I can't wait to see what happens next. She is a feisty one that Consuelo, isn't she?

Posted by Angel Toes

Aye. It's that latin tempement. Ginge's got it too an' hiz only half Italian.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I can't believe you're attempting to cheat Sly. Ever hear of karma? What if he reads this blog?

Posted by Off with the leprechauns

Yer jokin' aren't yer? Sly only ever looks on t' internet fer porn.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, March 22nd

COMMANDO

Brilliant! Neither Sly or Consuelo came back last night an' it woh r' ace havin' Dunno Towers all ter mesen again. First off a washed t' sheets which woh covered in Sly's snail trails. From t' amount o' cum that woh r' all over t' place 'e must 'ave a pair o' bollocks like one o' them crop dusters. It woh horrible. Sheets weren't dry when a woh ready fer bed so a wrapped up in an old sleepin' bag that ay'an't used in over twenny years. When a got inside it a found an old porno mag from 1984. It woh dead weird lookin' at it. It woh like lookin' at a period piece. These days all t' porno birds go in fer a well shaved twat but these girls were all au natural. Weird innit? Yer wun't a thought t' world o' porn 'd be so fashion conscious.

A woh woken up by a bangin' on t' door. A checked mi watch. It woh r' half past eight an' the sun woh already up. A poked mi head out o' t' winder an' groaned. It woh PC Harrison an' he din't look happy.

"Rise an' shine, Tub. It's freezing out here."

A waved a hand in one o' them greetings that could mean hiya or fuck off, an' put mi dressin' gown on an' went downstairs to let him in.

"Heavy night?" he sez, lookin' at me suspiciously.

"Ner. A had an early night, burrit's bin a rough couple o' weeks."

"Did I ask for your fuckin' life story?" he sez, pushin' past me an' walkin' up t' stairs.

"Why dote yer come on in, Officer?" A follered 'im up 't stairs.

"We've got a couple of peeping toms, stroke, burglars down the station.

Surprise, surprise, they say they know you and you can vouch for them."

"Eh? A dote know any burglars."

"Really? I thought your kind always stuck together."

PC Harrison's always bin convinced a woh no good.

"So what d'yer want me ter do?"

"Get your fucking kit on and come down the station. See if you can identify them."

"Have we got time fer a cuppa first? Am useless without me first cup o' tea in t' mornin'."

"You'd be useless if you drowned in the stuff, fat boy. Now get a fuckin' move on, you big northern monkey."

He went inter t' livin' room while a got dressed as quick as a could an' hoped he wun't find t' stash o' dope in t' spider plant.

Down at t' station we woh joined by PC Wright, who in't bad fer a copper. It woh him who led me down to t' cells, fillin' me in on t' way down.

"We got them this morning at just after one am. One of the neighbours heard a noise and saw them in a back garden trying to look in through a window. They said they were just checking up on a friend and that you'd back them up. But you should see them. One of them's done up like a commando. Face paint and everything."

He opened t' cell door an' a nearly wet mesen laughin'. Inside lookin' like a couple o' dogs what'd bin left out in t' rain were Sly an' Puzzler. Puzzler were done up in camouflage fatigues an' had loads o' brown streaks all over hiz face.

"Puzzler! Have yer bin rollin' around in shit or what? What's all that muck

on yer face?"

"It's camouflage," sez Puzzler. "We were following Consuelo and I wanted to blend into the background."

"Yer in fuckin' Islington, not Baghdad, yer silly cunt," a said. "Anyway, it's shit camouflage, A can fuckin' see yer!"

"Well obviously I stand out in a police cell, stupid, but on the streets embraced by night's black cloak..."

"Yer an idiot Puzz, Yer might as well o' put a red pillar box over yersen and tip-toed from place ter place."

"Shame on you Dunno, you call yourself a purveyor of the arts yet your mind is closed to..."

"Ladies? When you've quite finished, would one of you care to tell us what's going on here?" sez PC Wright.

"Of course, Officer," sez Puzzler. "There's nothing I would like more. We are more alike than you may think. We too, you see, are investigators. Investigating the movements of a woman."

"Stalkers?" says Wright, reachin' fer his notebook.

"No. You see the woman is an enigma. She's a little like the rainbow with a pot of fairy gold at the bottom. We were searching for the bottom."

"I see," sez Wright, lookin' confused. "So you were looking through that window in the hope of seeing her bottom?"

"Fer fuck's sake, Puzzler," a sez. "Let me do t' talkin'. Officer, these guys are mi mates. They aren't burglars. Silly cunts? Yes! Peepin' toms? No. When a last saw Sly he woh r' off ter follow a friend of ours. Consuelo. She woh r' hiz girlfriend an' 'e thought she might o' bin seein' someone else. He wanned ter

check it out fer himself." It woh r' a crock o' shit but a lot more believable than tellin' t' police how they were followin' Connie in t' hope she'd lead 'em to Frances an' a reward.

"That's right?" sez Sly.

After that, PC Wright shook his head an' went on about jealousy bein' a terrible thing an' that Sly should get a grip before he got hissen into trouble. Then he let 'em go.

On our way out of t' station PC Harrison were standin' by t' door, glarin' at us.

"I'm watchin' you, Dunno. You and your skanky friends."

"Thank fuck fer that officer Harrison. God knows where 'ad end up if it wont fer you watchin' mi back."

Out on t' street a had a go at the pair o' them.

"What the fuck were yer playin' at. An' how come you're involved Puzler?"

Puzler shrugged. "Sly asked for my help. He said you were unwilling to get off your fat arse and track down Franny. I answered the call to arms."

"Well? Did yer find her?"

"Did we fuck?" sez Sly. "We tracked Consuelo to an Italian Restaurant, where she woh joined by a big swarthy fucker wi' long hair? There's only so long yer can spend outside a restaurant lookin' at the menu in the winder before you draw attention to yerself, so we made the descision to retire to the Kings Head for liquid fortification while Consuelo and her beau whispered sweet nothings to each other?"

"So that woh r' it then?" a said, "A complete waste o' time."

"Not exactly," sez Puzzler. "There was quite a crowd in the pub, but you'll never guess who we saw in there?"

"Who?"

"Young Al."

"So? It's a free country. He can drink where 'e wants can't he?"

"It's who he was drinking with, that made us think?" sez Sly. "Two Americans in suits? Buzz cuts? One had silver hair the other was dark? The dark one had scratch marks down his face? Sound familiar?"

"Mr Walls' goons" a said.

"Precisely," sez Puzzler. "Luckily , the pub was packed an' Al had his back to us ,so I could edge closer, to find out what they were chatting about."

"An what were they chattin' about?" I asked.

"Don't know," sez Puzz, "It were too noisy."

"Right. Were they threatenin' him?"

"Not at all, in fact they seemed quite pally. They even bought Al's drinks. Like I say, I couldn't hear much but when they were going, Al definitely said 'Finsbury Town Hall'. He had to shout it over the din coz one of the big chaps didn't hear it. Then they handed him an envelope, shook hands an' left."

"Fuck me," a sez.

"Do you think we should have a word?" sez Sly.

"Haul him in, like a fish in a net," sez Puzzler.

"Too fuckin' right a do," a sez. "So what happened next then?"

"Ha, a heady mix of the thrill of the chase and the green-eyed monster. I had the taste of adventure and Sly wanted to know where Consuelo was going to end up, so it was back to the restaurant..."

"And...?"

"We pursued our quarry to a small basement flat in Highbury. Stealthily round the back we crept, whilst all the households soundly slept, scaling walls, cushioning foot falls. With the silence and cunning of a woodland vole, to the bedroom window we stole, whereupon amongst the candle light, we encountered a wondrous sight..."

"A big Italian arse pumpin' away like a well oiled piston, with Consuelo writhing about like a hell cat, in the throes of a multiple orgasm?"
A woh glad o' Sly's interruption, once Puzz gets going wi' 'iz shite verse, there's no stoppin' 'im...

"The rest you know," added Puzzler. "The long arm of the law proved longer than we thought and as we made our retreat back over the wall, there was quite a reception committee awaiting us."

"Yer both a set a silly cunts," a said, "but well done fer findin' out about young Al. Just one question though Puzz. How many commandos have yer seen dressed fer battle in fatigues and camouflage gear wearing bow ties?"

[3:35 PM](#) - [2 Comments](#) - [2 Kudos](#) - [Add Comment](#) - [Edit](#) - [Remove](#)

What a day! And all without a cup of tea.

Posted by Jenny Q

Dote panic. Am fortifyin' mesen right now wi' an extra-strong cuppa.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Saturday, March 24th

ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN...

Current mood: 😏amused

When we got back ter Dunno Towers, Consuelo woh packin' 'er bag.

"I go back to Leeds now."

"Alright pet," a said, "got time fer a cuppa tea before yer go?"

"Si."

"I shall put the kettle on forthwith." said Puzzler.

"Eh? Who said that? Oh soz Puzz, din't see yer there mate, yer jus' like Predator, blending inter t' back ground!"

"Ha fucking Ha Dunno. Your tired attempts at humour are growing most wearisome." He retreated ter the kitchen.

"Have a good night, Consuelo?"

"Si, Sly why you ask?"

"Just wondering what you got up to?"

"Nothing much. I go and see a friend, that's all."

"Ha!" snarls Sly. "Give it up, Consuelo? A friend? We were watching you? We saw everything? Very entertaining it was too? You put on quite a show for your friend?"

It were the wrong thing to say.

Consuelo flared up. "You spy on me? You are worse than the secret police. Okay. I tell you truth. Last night I go and have the proper cock! Big and thick with someone who know how to use it! You feel better now?"

Sly went red in t' face. "But what about us? Are we not going to Leeds together?"

It's fair ter say I 'ad mi fingers crossed behind mi back...

Consuelo threw her head back and laughed uproariously. "Oh Sly, you joke with me yes? Ginge would rather eat warm shit from the fat donkey than have you anywhere near his house!"

"I'm not saying we'd stay at Ginges...I could get a flat?"

"Sly, you are nice guy, yes? But you are also the big idiot. You bring nothing to table but big trouble. I make mistake, but that is the life. I move on now. A girl needs more from the life than what you have to offer, and I not talk about your little chipolatas!"

Sly looked dropped on. A cun't stop laughin..

"Ha ha ha! Why you laugh señor Dunno? You not much better! You English. No cock! No passion!"

"Eh? Mine dun't count, surely love? Mi arse woh r' in a cold, wet puddle an' a woh grievin'!"

Consuelo gave a snort of derision. There was the parp of a car horn outside...

"My lift is here...We forget the tea. Hasta la vista amigos!" An' with that, she turned on her heels an swept out.

I heard the front door slam an' a opened t' winder ter wave. Consuelo opened the passenger door, threw her bag onter t' back seat, an' got in beside Frances.

"Frances!" I yells, but they woh r' off.

"Was that her?" sez Sly.

"Yup."

"Then what are we waiting for?" sez Puzzler, puttin' down the tea he'd

just come in wi'. "The chase is on."

"Ferget it," a sez. "We know where shi is. Shi'll be fine wi' Consuelo. Jus' so long as shi turns up fer t' weddin'."

T'others nodded. Then Sly started to laugh.

"She was jus' sayin' all that to be a bitch? She must've liked me more than you Dunno? Cos we did it seven times? She only did it with you the once?"

"Yeh, aright, it's not the quantity but t' quality, anyway, shi still thinks yer've gorra little cock."

"Girls just say that to be mean?" sez Sly. "My cock's not that little, look." To my horror he got it out an waggled it around fer me an' Puzzler to have a look at.

"It doesn't look too bad," sez Puzzler, squintin' at it. "Those are rather peculiar indentations, not normally associated with the male member, pshaw they look like teethmarks... Anyway it's hard to tell size when it's flaccid. You'd have to have a hard on really before we could pass judgement."

"Fer fuck's sake, Puzzler, don't encourage him."

Burrit woh too late, Sly were already startin' to fluff hissen up wi' t' tassled end o' mi Leeds United scarf. Puzz wer removin' a magnifyin' glass from hiz Commando kit.

"I can assure you Puzz, there'll be no need fer that when this baby gets angry?" said Sly.

"Aye", a said. "Yer'll need tweezers as well!"

"Fuck off! I can't possible perform under these conditions?" said Sly thankfully putting it back in hiz pants.

"For the life of me Sly, I honestly cannot understand why the lovely Friga ever threw you out."

A left em to it an went ter mi room ter think. Mi mind had switched ter other more important things, as opposed ter looking at Sly's cock that is, and that were Young Al. That little sneaky fucker 'ad a lot ter answer fer an' I 'ad ter keep missen calm otherwise a'd jus' 'ot foot it round ter hiz place an' rip 'iz fuckin' 'ead off. A reckoned t' best plan o' action'd be ter fill Ginge in on this latest development. Ginge seemed able ter handle Al quite well, a'n keepin' 'im up ter date would score me a few brownies. A went an' told t' other two of mi plans.

"An excellent notion Dunno" sez Puzz. "But you must tarry a while for I must source more suitable attire."

"Eh?"

"My dear chap, one cannot ask searching questions without the correct raiments. I must repair to my abode. Await my arrival at the house of the Ginger one, I shall not be long!"

A turned ter Sly. "It's a mystery ter me he's not married."

Sly just nodded sympathetically.

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I've got to say I'm disappointed. I never thought you had a tiny cock.
Posted by Carrie looves blood

'Ang about! It's Sly who's got the tiny cock. Not me. If a'm not sat in a puddle, mi cock's a whopper.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, March 26th

VE HAFF VAYS OFF MAKING YOU TALK

Current mood: 🏆accomplished

When me an' Sly got ter Ginge's, we found Young Al sippin' champagne an' nestin' in t' sofa lookin' calm an' relaxed.

"Whassup, losers?" he asks.

"Ah, gentlemen, I've been waiting for you," sez Ginge. "Shall we get down to business?"

"Sure," a sez. "Why don'tcha jus' ask 'im what he was doin' wi' Mister Walls' mates, t' other night in the pub?"

Ginge turns to Young Al. "Well? Care to cast a little light on the matter?"

Young Al sneers, cold as his champagne. "Don't know what they're talkin' about. Do you?"

Ginge shrugged. "I'm not sure. It seems that Sly and Puzzler saw you drinking with two of our mysterious Mr Walls' pals. I want to know what you were talking about."

"Bollocks. It's bollocks. Sly's just a stoner. He prob'ly dreamt it up."

"Did you dream it up, Sly?" asks Ginge.

Sly frowns. "I don't think so? If I did then it must've bin a shared dream, cos Puzzler dreamed it too?"

"And Puzzler's a lot of things, but he's not a stoner," sez Ginge with a sad little smile.

"Maybe he saw someone who looked like me?" sez Al. "There's a lot of people who look like me."

"Heaven forbid," sez Ginge. "Play straight with me, Al. I'm trying to help you."

"Fuck you," sez Al. "Who do you think you are? Some sad balding Ginger tosser."

Ginge din't look annoyed. He looked let down. "I wanted to avoid any unpleasantness. Come with me."

He gets up an' walks to a door an' opens it. Al gets up an' we follow him inter Ginge's spare room. There's a stool next ter t' bed an' a notice that t' bed is covered wi' a plastic sheet.

"Sit down," sez Ginge, pointing to t' stool.

Young Al sits down.

"Sly, can you tie knots?" sez Ginge, handing Sly a piece of clothesline.

"Not very well?" sez Sly. "I can tie bows? Like in my shoes?"

Ginge hands me the clothesline. "Tie Al up, Dunno."

A din't take t' clothesline. There woh sommat funny goin' on and a din't like it. A woh all fer givin' Young Al a goin' over, but this woh different. It woh creepy.

"Fuck off," a sez. "You do it."

Ginge sighed. "I can't get the fucking help these days." Then he started tieing Al up.

Al din't struggle or owt. He jus' kept sneerin' at us.

"When are you guys gonna grow up?" he asks. "This is just stupid. It's like something my brother would come up with."

"Leave Spud out of this," sez Ginge. "If he knew what you'd done, it'd destroy your family forever. Family's important."

"For fuck's sake," sighs Al, rolling his eyes.

T' doorbell goes. Ginge turns to me. "Go get it."

"Am I yer fuckin' doorman now, Ginge?"

"I'll get it myself, if it's too much bother," sez Ginge, lookin' annoyed.

"Ner, yer alright. It's jus' that a please once in a while, wun't do yer no harm."

A went to t' door an' almost pissed mesen laughin'.

"Puzzler, what the fuck?"

Puzzler woh wearin' a monocle an' a leather raincoat. Hi'd even drawn on a pencil moustache wi' an eyeliner pencil. He looked jus' like one o' them Gestapo agents in t' old war flicks.

"Vere ist der prisoner, mein Dunno?" he asks.

"In t' spare room."

Puzzler stalks in an' stops in front o' Al who's trussed up like a turkey, an' laughin' his rocks off.

"You find zis funny, little English pig dog?" sez Puzzler.

"I'm Irish, yer cunt," sez Young Al.

"You are scum. Zat is vat you are, mein freund," sez Puzzler, slapping Al across t' face wi' a leather glove.

"Ow! Whatcher do that for?" sez Al, strugglin' to get free.

"Because I can, and I mean to show you zat ve mean business. Now, ve haff vays of making you talk. Please don't make us use zem. Vot ver you doing mit zose men in der Kings Kopf?"

"What? Where?"

"Der Kings Head, dumkopf! Vot did you say to zem?"

"Nothing. I wasn't there."

Puzzler sighs. Then he takes a leather pouch out of his coat pocket an' empties it out on t' bed. It's full o' pebbles.

"Sly, hold zer prisoner's mouth open."

Sly forces Young Al's mouth open an' Puzzler pops a pebble inter it.

"Whatcher doin'?" I ask.

"I am going to fill zer pig dog's mouth mit zer pebbles. I keep doing zis until he speaks or until he chokes. Zer concept is simple but effective, nein?"

"How can he fuckin' speak if his gobs full o' pebbles, yer twat?" a ask.

Ginge nods. "He's got a point, Puzzler."

Puzzler thinks about this fer a second an' nods. "I din't think o' that. Go on Al, spit it out."

Al spits it out on the floor an' looks relieved.

"You haff zer ice?" Puzzler asks Ginge.

"Eh? What?"

"Frozen water, in little blocks, good to spice up a G and T. Ice cubes. Have you got any?"

Ginge nods. "Yeh."

"Bring zem please."

"They're in the freezer," sez Ginge. "Sly, go get 'em."

"How many?" sez Sly.

"As many as you can manage, mein freund, mach schnell. Raus!" sez Herr Puzzler.

When Sly comes back wi' a bucket o' ice cubes, Puzzler undoes Young Al's fly.

"Gerroff, yer bunch o' puffs!" yells Al.

Puzzler teks a handful o' ice cubes an' shoves 'em inter Al's fly, then zips it up again. Al is squirmin' around like a ferret on a stick.

"Arggh! Mi nuts! It's freezin'. Gerrem off."

"I ask you vonce again, Herr Al. Zese men. Vot did you tell zem, and why?" He plops more ice cubes down t' back o' Al's shirt an' more down t' front.

"Aright! Aright, yer cunts. I'll talk."

Al spilled t' beans once Puzzler got Sly to fish t' ice cubes out o' his underpants.

"I didn't have any choice. They were going to duff me up. They wanted to know where Frances was. I sent them to you, Dunno. I'm sorry. I was scared."

"Why?" a asked. "Who is this Mr Walls? What's he want wi' Frances?"

"He's some rich cunt. American. He owns a club in Rickmansworth. Frances was a dancer there. He fell in love with 'er an' wanted to marry her. Then she fuckin' vanished. He wants her back. He thinks she was a virgin when he shagged her an' he wants to kill anyone who's been with her. I couldn't tell them she was seein' me own brother."

This pleased Ginge. Loyalty ter family. He understood that. "You did good, Al."

"Did he fuck," a said. "They nearly fuckin' killed me."

"Blood's thicker than...well, blood's almost as thick as you," sez Ginge.

"So what happened next?" a asked.

"They kept in touch," sez Al. "Said they'd kill me if a held out on 'em an' they'd reward me if a helped them. That's why I told 'em about the wedding next week. They gave me a hundred quid for it. I'll share it with you, if you like. I din't have a choice."

Ginge nodded. "Keep the money. One more thing, how did they know about my place in Leeds?"

"They've been watching you all" sez Al. "I din't tell 'em about it, honest I didn't Ginge. I wouldn't do that. You know me."

Aye, we all knew Al too well to believe a word the lyin' twat said. Ginge din't seem too bothered though.

"Let him go, Puzzler," he sez.

Puzzler untied him. Al got up, angry as fuck.

"Yer a set of cunts. I'm through with the lot of yers."

Then he stomped off.

"So," sez Ginge. "Looks like we might have our hands full at the wedding, if we don't want Mr Walls and his boys wrecking it."

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Ice down the pants? Excellent interrogation method.

Posted by Aesop's Fables

Aye. A think Puzzler must've spent some time over in Guantanamo Bay, pickin' up t' tricks o' the trade.

Posted by Lord Dunno

That Young Al has had it coming to him for a while. Three cheers for Puzzler.

Posted by Jenny Q

Steady on, love. It'll go ter hiz head.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, March 27th

GATHERIN' INTELLIGENCE

Current mood: 😊contemplative

"I don't get it?" sez Sly. "According ter you lot, this Frances chick is an absolute crackpot? So why is this fat old American going ga-ga over her?"

"Beats me Sly." replied Ginge, "But you know what these spams are like, they don't need much of an excuse before they're chucking all their toys out of the pram...Look at Iraq!"

"Dote be fuckin' stupid, Ginge," a sez, "There are loadsa nice Americans."

"Oh yeah? Name one."

"Well err....erm..."

"Spiderman's nice," sez Puzzler.

"The point is, I don't want this big fucking baby turning up at the wedding and kicking off. Do we even know what he looks like? Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer..."

"Oh here we go, Don Gingeone's back."

"Don't be facetious fatty! Are you gonna sort it out if they turn up mob handed?"

"No, cos I'll be flat on mi back where you'll 'ave clambered over me ter get ter t' exit first!"

"Gentlemen, peace, for pity's sake, peace," sez Puzzler. "Ginge, with your leave I propose spending a little time in your office, perhaps I may be able to unravel some information pertinent to our adversary and then, who knows,

perhaps we can steal a march upon him?"

"Sure thing Herr Flick, knock yourself out, you know where everything is," sez Ginge, not lookin' too hopeful.

"But Puzz", sez Sly, "Won't you need a different costume for that?"

"I shall ignore that flippant remark Sly. How easily they forget who it was that garnered the relevant information from our unwilling captive in the first place." He clicked 'iz heels tergether, gev us a curt nod an' disappeared inter Ginge's office.

"So what 'appens wi Young Al now Ginge?" A asked.

" Young Al is nothing to me now, not a brother, not a friend, nothing..."

"But he wont 'owt to yer anyway Ginge, it woh always Spud who were yer mate.

"Yeah well..."

"So can a have hiz portions at t' weddin' feast?"

"Crickey! When God gave out friends I must have been right at the back of that bastard queue!"

Before I could tek on board the full meaning o' Ginge's surly remark mi mobile went...it woh Norman, mi agent.

"Dunno, old chap. How are you?"

"Fine thanks."

"Splendid...splendid, are you free tomorrow?"

"A reckon I am. Why?"

"That casting you went for on Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, the corporate about train drivers and signallers. Do you remember it?"

"How could a forget?"

"Well they want you to do it. Dear boy, can you get to Effingham Junction tomorrow morning for eight am? They'll email you the script. Don't worry, there's very little to learn and you'll be finished by twelve. Oh, and it's £300 for the day plus train fares. Ok?"

"Fine Norman, ter be 'onest a'm a bit shocked. Never in a million years did a expect ter get that."

"Well, strictly speaking you didn't. You're standing in for an actor who got a burst ulcer last night."

"Oh right, a'm second choice?" That put me back in mi place.

"Third actually. He was standing in for someone who was run over three days ago...so I suggest you watch your back!"

Fuck me, did any of em fuck Franny?

"First choice or tenth choice, its still £300 dear fellow. Enjoy!"

He rang off jus' as Sly emerged from t' toilet carryin' a newspaper.

"Hey Cats! I'd give that toilet a good few minutes if I were you?"
A could see Ginge rolling his eyes...

The office door opened and Puzzler came out lookin' perturbed.

"So?" sez Ginge, "What have you managed to find out?"

"Hmm, Thaddeus Walls is not a man to mess around with. You can count yourself lucky, Dunno, you got away with a beating. In 1991 he was imprisoned in the United States for pouring petrol on and setting alight a rival who was sniffing round a girl he was in love with. He's got fingers in a lot of pies, clubs, casinos and it seems he has trouble dealing with his jealous tendencies. Let's

just say that he and the green-eyed monster are on rather close terms." A looked over at Ginge who'd gone a bit pale, but it wou r' ard ter tell if it was the info or the smell coming out from under t' toilet door.

"So whats the plan then old Ginger sensei?" asks Puzzler, distributing the photos he'd just downloaded of a short, squat, bull-necked, shaven-headed feller wi' black framed thick lensed glasses.

"Just take his glasses off?" sez Sly. "He won't be able to see a thing?"

"The wedding goes ahead as planned", sez Ginge firmly. Then 'e added enigmatically, "I've too much invested in this to let it go pear-shaped now. Oh, and Sly, that bathroom better be spotless."

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Nice Americans? Does Captain Kirk count?

Posted by Hard-Boiled

Technically, he an't bin born yet so 'fraid not.

Posted by Lord Dunno

I think I'm kinda nice, Dunno.

Posted by Jenny Q

Course yer are, but a could 'ardly say ter Ginge, there's some fit birds on mi blog site that're nice. Hi'd jus' think a med yer up.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, March 29th

DAEMON BREEZES IN

Current mood: 😊hopeful

Talk about money fer old rope... A got ter Effingham Junction in good time on what woh turnin' out ter be a lovely Spring day, an' woh informed by Cathy t' bird in charge that we were filmin' on t' track itself, an' due ter time restrictions we only had forty minute slots, so everything had ter be one take.

A woh then introduced ter Anthony the director. A kindly lookin' older feller, softly spoken, who woh apologetic about me bein' tenth choice or whatever.

In an hour a woh done. Easiest £300 a'll earn this year a reckon. Another hour later a woh lettin' mesen inter Dunno Towers armed wi eggs, bacon, tomatoes, mushrooms, hash browns, sausages, not that the 'ippy cunt deserves it, but me an' Sly woh gonna 'ave a Lord Dunno fry-up. A woh puttin' t' key in t' door when a voice said "Gonna fix yersen a light snack then, Pet!"

"Daemon!! Nice imitation love, fer a minute a thought a woh back in God's own county."

Shi looked beautiful an' mi heart soared.

"I can only see twelve sausages there Dunno, do you think there might be enough for me?"

"Ner, Fuck off an' get yer own..... Only jokin' love, course there is, come in."

We dropped t' food off in t' kitchen an' Sly's fanny alert must o' gone off coz within minutes he cem shufflin' in like a half-dead zombie. Well it woh r' only 'alf

eleven. He soon woke up proper when 'e clapped eyes on Daemon. A'm surprised hiz tongue din't drop out on t' floor.

"Sly this is Daemon, Daemon this is Sly."

"Ding Dong! Congratulations pussy cat, you are by far the sexiest chick Dunno's had in this place by a country mile? Excellent, I see you cook as well?"

"Yer berrer quit while yer ahead Sly, an' if yer want some snap then yer berrer don an apron an' get busy, otherwise sling yer 'ook, me an Daemon need ter 'ave a little chat. Gi' us a shout when its ready."

"Right you are Sir! Three Sly specials coming right up?"

A took Daemon off inter the living room. Me heart woh beatin' a'd missed her a lot an' now it woh r'ard ter get mi head round the fact that she woh standin' 'ere in front o' me.

"Dunno, I miss you and I owe it to you to explain myself. When I saw that horrible DVD I was a bit shocked, but not surprised. Well, not really."

"But a tried to tell yer it wont what it looked like."

She nodded her head an' smiled. "I know. In the short space of time I've known you, I've realised you're not like the other boys."

"Yeh, but not in that way, Daemo. Honest."

"I read that letter you sent. I believe you. Sort of. I think I was just using it as an excuse really. An excuse to break things off before they got out of hand. My life's complicated, Dunno. Too complicated. Try and understand. I was born and brought up in London, but Dad is very old school. When Mum died he made it clear that I was responsible for the upbringing of my two brothers. He's big on tradition and shame and dishonour and family. As far as he's concerned you're just a big walking PR disaster."

"But wharrif 'e got ter know me better?"

"I don't think that'd help, Dunno?" said Sly, pokin' his head round t' door.

"Fuck off back to the kitchen," sez Daemon.

"Right you are?" sez Sly scuttlin' off.

"Anyway," Daemon went on, "Dad wants me to marry , and that means a 'nice boy of similar background and religion'. It 's not what I want and believe in anymore, but I can't go against him. He's my Dad and I love him. Trouble is I think I love you too."

"Eh? But we an't even shagged?"

"You big Lug! you really know what to say to a girl, don't you? So there it is, I've come to tell you that its not you, or anything you've done! I know that sounds like a cliché -"it's not you, its me!" - but in this case its the truth...What do you say?"

"Will yer come ter Spud an' Franny's wedding? Ginge has organised the do so it should be good. A'd love yer ter be mi guest." A handed her an invite.

"I'd love to Dunno. I can't promise anything, but if I can..."

"Just one thing Daemo," a said looking her in t' eye. "If things change in any way then I'll be there fer yer... A reckon a love yer, too."

"TA - DAH!!" Sly burst in wi' two mugs o' tea. God knows where but hi'd managed ter find a plastic apron emblazoned wi' a picture of a big muscle man wi' a huge stiffy.

"D'yer see anything you like?" he said lookin' at Daemon.

"I do," shi said, lookin' at me.

We tucked inter t' fry up. Sly had got t' bacon just how a like it. Burnt to a cinder. Then Daemon gets up an' licks t' runny egg from mi chin.

"I've got to go. I'll see you again."

"When?" a ask, desperate to keep her there wi' me.

"Soon. Leave it with me."

"Phwoooarhhh!" sez Sly when she's gone. "Can I have a piece o' that?"

"Fuck off."

"Come on, Dunno? Fair's fair? I shared Consuelo?"

"No yer din't. You had nowt to do wi' that. So jus' you keep yer mucky thoughts to yerself."

"Fine? No harm in asking is there?"

The phone rang an' Sly went ter get it.

"Are yer mi fuckin' secretary now?" a asked him. "A can answer mi own phone, Sly."

"Suit yerself?" he sez moodily an' curls up on t' futon fer a siesta.

A picked up t' phone.

"Tonight we're gonna party like it's 1999," cem t' voice at t' other end o' the line. It woh Mel from Anybodies modellin' agency.

"Hi Mel."

"Dunno, you great big hunka-hunka- burning love. Are you willin' to fight, for your right, TO PAAAARRRTY?"

Shiz a silly cunt. "When?"

"Tonight, tonight, won't be just any night, tonight there'll be no morning star, tonight, tonight, I'll see my love tonight."

"Ace. Where is it?"

"In the office, my love. We're having an informal get together. Getting to

know you, getting to know all about you. And everyone else. All the models will be there...and me of course. How's eight o' clock sound?"

"Sounds good."

"Wicked. See you then."

Sly jerks back ter life an' rolls off t' futon.

"Hey, man? Did someone mention a party?"

"Yeh. It's a work thing. Jus' models an' shit. Yer wun't like it."

"Models? Like shit I wouldn't? Come on, give me a break? Let me come?

I'll be yer best friend?"

"They ain't models like that," a sez. "They're ordin'ry lookin' people."

"I can dig ordin'ry?" he sez, lookin' all puppy-like. "Go on. I'll make you a cuppa?"

"Go on then, burra want another egg."

"Eggs a la Sly comin' right up?"

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Is Daemon a male prostitute? Just want to get things straight in my mind.

Posted by Jack The Lad

Eh? Are yer askin' fer a bit o' biff, or what?

Posted by Lord Dunno

I fancy an orgy with you, Daemon, Consuelo and Sly.

Posted by Connie looves blood

Grrrr! What is it about Sly?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, March 30th

CRACKED MIRROR IMAGE

Current mood: 🤬 aggravated

Me an' Sly get ter t' Anybodies offices at a little after eight, jus' as a brand new shiny black Porche pulls up an' Ginge gets out an waves at us.

"How're they hangin' ladies?" he sez, givin' us a cheesy grin.

"What the fuck're you doin' here?" a ask.

A wont in t' mood fer Ginge. Ter be honest a wont in t' mood fer a party either. A wanned ter be wi' Daemon, and when a dote get wharra want a've gorra admit a'm a bit like a two year-old in a supermarket when his mam won't let him open t' cereal boxes fer t' free gifts.

"What, am I not allowed to come to my own Agency's party?" sez Ginge.

"Don't forget who's bankrollin' this little crew of misfits."

"So, you got any models on yer books who're lookin' fer a bit of Sly love?" sez Sly, ever hopeful.

"I don't know if I know anybody who would be looking for a bit o' Sly love to be honest, but I'm sure if there is anybody desperate enough or wealthy enough to take you on, it would be here," sez Ginge. "That's what Anybodies is all about. Something for everybody."

We go through t' lobby, an' tek t' lift up to t' top floor. What is it wi Ginge, that he has ter have a monopoly on every penthouse in the country? A dote gerrit. Why car't he get summat on t' ground floor? A 'ate lifts almost as much as a 'ate stairs. We could hear t' music before we woh r 'alfway there.

"Hello, you," sez Beccy, one o' the lunatics Ginge has put in charge o' this asylum. Shi opens t' door an' kisses Ginge on t' cheek then gives me a hug. "How's our favourite Big Fat Fatty?" shi sez, givin' me a playful dig in t' ribs an' then kissin' Sly on t' cheek.

Shiz only five years younger 'n Sly, so shiz a bit too old fer him and 'e in't that interested. He's pokin' his head over her shoulders to get a gander at the other guests. He dote look too thrilled by what he sees.

"What the fuck's up with all these models?" he whispers as Beccy shows us in. "They're all ugly...Like you?"

"Yer a cheeky cunt," a sez. "That's t' thing about Anybodies. Jus' ordinary people. Not yer usual untouchable models."

"Ordinary?" sez Sly. "They're fuckin' grotesque?"

"Let's dance! Put on your red shoes and dance the blues..." sez Mel, Beccy's partner, already a bit worse fer wear an' staggerin' towards us, like someone wi Marfan's syndrome, but lookin' quite tasty in a little red number, wi her hair all loose an' flowin'.

Shi grabs Sly an' starts groovin' around t' office, bumpin' into some o' the fatties an' steppin' on t' toes o' some o the tall thin streaks o' misery. Sly, looking at me over her shoulder, gives me a little wink an mouths, "She'll do!" He woh beginnin' ter enjoy 'imself.

Me an' Ginge med our way to t' bar an' helped ourselves to a paper cup o' wine. As a put mi cup down, mi elbow accidentally nudged t' bloke beside me, knockin' his drink everywhere.

"Watch where yer fuckin' goin' pal," he sez in a thick Scottish accent.

"Soz, mate it woh r' an accident."

He turns to look at me an' frowns. I frown back an' Ginge starts laughin'.

"Fuck me, it's like two peas in a pod. Two Dunnos fer the price o' one!
Somebody please wake me from this terrible nightmare!"

"Fuck off, he dun't look like me," a sez.

"Aye, we don't fuckin' look anythin' like each other," sez t' other, who's
lookin' well fucked off.

We stare at each other. He's big an' bald as an egg. He's like a Scottish Sumo
wrestler.

"Kenny Fletcher," he sez, holdin' out a grubby sweaty paw fer me to
shake.

"Dunno."

Mel an' Sly come over.

"Woah...that's a melon twister, man? Which one's Dunno?" sez Sly.

"Wicked, I see you two have met," sez Mel. "The two faces of the Big Fat
Fatties section, together in one room."

"I think you need a bigger room?" sez Sly.

Kenny Fletcher snorts like a bull an' Mel collapses in giggles.

"Sly, you are...wicked."

"I'm no fat," sez Kenny, which starts Mel an' Sly gigglin' again. "I'm jus'
well built."

It's true. Well, sort of. Hiz fat all right, burrit's hard fat, as good in it's own way as
solid muscle.

"An' I've run marathons," a say.

More roars of laughter.

"I think I'm going to wet myself," gasps Mel.

"Me too?" sez Sly. "Imagine Dunno in a marathon? He'd block the road."

Kenny Fletcher pokes him in his skinny chest. "Watch yer fuckin' mouth youse. Gi' the man a wee bit o' respect."

"It's alright, Kenny. A'm used ter it," a sez, pourin' him another drop o' wine. "Cheers."

"Fuckin' nectar," he sez, gulpin' it down an' lettin' it dribble down his chin.

Jus' then a tall beanpole of a girl wi' frizzy hair an' big googly eyes an' specs the size of her face comes over. She looks like a human insect.

"Ah, this is Alice, she's the Queen of our Bug-eyed Beauty section," sez Mel. "Alice, wicked to see you. Thanks for coming, come an' meet the boys."

Alice glances at me an' sez, "You dancin'?"

"You askin'?" a say, witty as ever.

Shi whisks me off an' we start dancin' away to t' Bee Gees. Then James Blunt comes on an' shiz tryin' ter stick her tongue down mi throat. It tastes o' snot and a pull away.

"Sorry, luv. Am a married man," I lie.

"So? Your wife's not here is she?"

She's got me there.

"No. But..."

"Well then...do you want to have a good time?"

"No..."

"Why don't you want to have a good time?"

"I do. But not with you love. Soz."

Shi pulls away an' runs out o' the room. A turn round an' Sly an' Ginge are

laughin'.

"Uh-oh, Look's like she's buzzed off!" said Ginge.

"Yeah, she doesn't want ter 'stick' around!?" added Sly cruelly, as they broke down in more schoolboy giggles.

Fuck this. What am I? The floor show?

"A've had enough. Am goin' home. You comin'?" a say to Sly.

"No. Not yet?" sez Sly. "I'm just getting to know Mel a bit better?" He gives her a squeeze an' shi let's out an ear piercin' shriek o' laughter.

Shi drags Sly ter the improvised dance floor saying, "Come on you! Ahhh, FFFFreak Out! Les Freak, C'est Chic!"

"I'll see ye at the weddin' then pal?" sez Kenny Fletcher.

"Eh? Are you mates wi' Spud then?" a ask.

"Who?" sez Kenny. "No. Yer man there, Jonny Marinelli gev me a ticket. Never turn down a weddin' or a funeral, that's my motto. Best fuckin' shindigs out. That's what I say."

"Oh. Right. See yer then."

What the fuck's Ginge doin' invitin' these freaks ter Spud's weddin'? Hiz a connivin' ol' cocksucker an' he never does owt fer no reason.

"You comin' Ginge?" a ask. "Yer can give me a lift in yer Porche if yer feel like it."

"It's tempting, Dunno. But I'll have to let it pass. I'm in the mood to party." He grabs Beccy, who in't his type at all an' starts gettin' down wi' Bucks Fizz an Makin' Yer Mind Up.

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Mr Fletcher may look like you, but there's only one Lord Dunno.

Posted by Dr Dan

You said it, Doc!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Haven't you learned yet that when you go out with Sly or Ginge you end up in some totally wack situation. I'd tell you to get some new friends but it makes for interesting times.

Posted by Aes Fables

Tell me about it. But a learned a long time ago that yer cart choose yer friends.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Paper cups of wine...Bowie and Chic? My kind of shindig. All this and the wedding has all the earmarks of the apocalypse.

Posted by Jenny Q

Far be it from me ter call yer a cheap date love, but now yer've set yer stall out, yer can come out wi' me anytime. I'll pay.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Monday, April 2nd

I'M NOT AS SURE AS WHEN WE STARTED...

Current mood: 🤨cynical

Sly pitched up next morning at about Midday lookin' well pleased wi 'imsen.

"Hey Dunno? Any bacon action?"

"Nah mate, finished the last of it 'bout an hour ago" a said, not wi'out some satisfaction. "Delicious an crispy it woh too!"

"Blow," he sez. "I am starving? That Mel is an animal? There's not a single fluid ounce a jizz left in mi sack. A thought a nice bit o' bacon to give me iron? Oh well, I'll just stack a few z's to recover a bit?" With that 'e sloped off ter mi bedroom 'appy as Larry.

How does 'e do it, the miscreant wanker? Here is a guy, best described as a druggy, hippy waster, not dissimilar to those fellas yer see wi' sad lookin' dogs on a birra string. In all the years 'ave known him, hiz never 'ad a penny to 'iz name, nor done a days 'onest work in hiz life... Yet the ladies love 'im...Up ter a point that is. The novelty soon wears off when they realise that he in't in fact the loveable, charming, vagabond, like some latter-day minstrel, a David Essex if yer will, but a feckless, free-loadin', scroungin' cunt.

It woh r' a lovely day an' try as a might a cun't stay away from Daemo, so a strode over ter' t' library ter see if shi wanned ter go somewhere fer lunch. Only person on duty woh a tall skinny fella wi' a gormless look to 'im.

"Hello mate, is Daemon about?"

"No mate, she doesn't work here any more".

"Eh?!"

"Yeah, she served out a months notice a week ago".

"Oh right," a said, trying ter regain mi composure. "Any idea where shiz gone?"

"Yeah, well no actually. I know she's gone into business, with her boyfriend I think, but where, and doing what? I couldn't tell you."

"Right...Her boyfriend?"

"Yeah, nice guy. Maneesh his name is. Friendly, goodlookin'."

"They look lovely together! A very handsome couple," said the black lady coming in behind the counter with a handful of books. "It's been nice to see the smile back on her face, such a pretty face!"

"Aye, a know, " a said, feeling completely an utterly dropped on.

"Thanks."

I left the library inter the North London sunshine feelin' a right misery. So it's all worked out fer the best then. Daddy will be pleased, a thought bitterly. Any sniff of a real relationship is somehow always snuffed out wi' me. Talk about unlucky in love. Why dint shi tell mi? Maybe she cem round ter do just that but felt like shi cun't wi' that dosser Sly in t' way. Here was me fantasising that Franny dint turn up so in order not ter waste the bookin', me an Daemo stepped in...irrational an' impossible a know. Well, when this wedding is over a'm gonna mek some sweepin' changes, startin' wi' Sly. So lost in thought was I that a woh unaware o' the car screeching to a halt by mi feet. The loud toot o' the car horn brought me ter mi senses.

"Wake up fatty! Yer fuckin' miles away!"

"Spud! Hello stranger what the fuck do you want?"

"A nice cold pint or three wouldn't go amiss, I'm all fer parkin' this car an' getting lashed up whaddaya say?"

"The man from Halton Moor...He say yes!"

"Good man, let's drop the motor outside yours an go over to the Frog. Cheap an cheerful."

Outside mi gaff Spud said, "Let me use yer pisser Dunno, am gonna slash mi kegs."

A gev 'im mi door key. "Why don't yer ring Ginge an' Puzzler, see if they wanna come?"

An impromptu piss up. Always the best ones. Ginge wont answerin' hiz mobile an' ter be honest a'd a thought the Frog mighta bin a bit too rough an' ready fer 'iz champagne tastes, but a left details all t' same. Puzz said he woh r' up fer it an' would see us in there. At least a think that's what he said, its hard ter tell wi' 'im sometimes. After a few minutes Spud re-emerged wi Sly. He musta woke Sly up coz 'e looked like a fur ball the cat 'ad just sicked up, but a guess the prospect of a few free ales is worth comin' outta a coma foh any day...

"A've bin workin' on mi Best Man speech," a tol' Spud after t' fourth pint. He glanced over at Sly an' the pair o' them started pissin' 'emsens.

"What?" a asked.

"You're not the Best Man, Dunno. That's Ginge's job," sez Spud.

"But yer said yer'd 'ave two Best Men."

"That was just to save your feelings. Coz I felt bad about nickin' Frances off you."

"Oh. Dote yer feel bad about that anymore then?"

Spud shrugged. "Not really. Life's too short an' I'm too fuckin' pissed. Any way you weren't really going out with her, were you? You never got ter shoot yer wad up her did yer?"

"No, Percy Bysshe fuckin' Shelley, a dint".

"Come on, old chum, no hard feelings then, I'll buy you a pint."

"Mine's the same again?" sez Sly.

I decided not to make 'owt of it. Fuck it. Ginge woh prob'ly best choice fer Best Man anyway. Hiz got t' cash an' a big ginger head fer organisin' stuff. I'd a bin rubbish at that. As a downed mi drink a thought, 'what goes round comes round.' It med me feel a bit better about sellin' Franny out ter' t' solicitor. Then a got ter thinkin' how it's Easter this week an' a began to feel a bit o' sympathy fer Judas Iscariot. A'm not sayin' that Jesus an' his disciples were like Ginge an' Spud an' that, but fer all I know they might have bin. A mean, imagine if like, they woh always tekkin' t' piss out of him an' callin' him a fat, beardy cunt an' that. Well, yer could almost see why he'd go an dob 'em in fer thirty pieces o' silver. Cart see Ginge as Jesus though can you? A mean, Jesus wi' ginger balls? Plus, he's really anal about his nails...

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I've said it before and I'll say it again; There's only one best man around these parts LD! There are non so blind who will not see eh?

Posted by Dr Dan

Too right Doc. In' t' Kingdom o' the blind the one eyed man is king.

Posted by Lord Dunno

LOVE IT Milord! Jesus with ginger balls? I will have to throw in with the good Doctor above on this one. You don't need to give a speech to be a best man. You are already the ONE!

Posted by Jennie Q

Thanks Jen. Why cart a be 'angin' out wi' you an' the Doc instead o' them ne'er do wells?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Tuesday, April 3rd

I AM THEREFORE I SHOP

Current mood: 🤬frustrated

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard," Daemon whispered in mi ear, diggin' her scarlet painted nails inter mi arse. She woh about ter cum an' I wont far behind. A glass of icy water in 't face brought me back to reality. Eh? Wha? Who? Eh?"

A woh in bed an' it woh soakin', but sadly not wi' jizz. Sly woh standin' over me, still holdin' t' toothbrush glass in his hand an' grinnin' his ladykiller grin.

"Sleepin in a tent are we? Come on, Dunno? Surf's up?"

"Eh? What you on about?"

"We're gonna ride the waves on a shoppin' spree?"

"Eh? 'Ave yer swapped brains wi' Puzzler or summat? Stop talkin' shite an' fuck off!"

"It's half past nine? The shops 're open?"

"So fuckin' what?"

"I thought you could buy me breakfast an' then we could go shoppin' fer Spud's wedding present?"

"Eh?"

"He gave us the wedding list last night? Remember?"

To be honest a cun't remember much about last night, least of all Spud and a weddin' list. Sly handed me a printed form. It woh from Harrods an' it informed t' reader that they woh proud ter announce they were dealin' wi' t' gifts fer Spud O' Hagan's forthcoming nuptials. Then there woh r' a list o' the items they wanted what hadn't already bin bought.

"A fuckin' dishwasher?" a said.

"Bit rich for your blood, eh?" sez Sly. "We could get them a set o' towels. Newly weds need lots o' towels man? All that fuckin' and wipin' themselves down? Get my drift?"

He started wipin' his crotch on mi sheet.

"Course a fuckin' get yer drift, yer dirty cunt. An' fuck it, they can mek do wi toilet roll like t' rest of us. Look at t' price fer a set o' towels."

"Hey it's only money, dude."

"Yer cheeky cunt. Yer mean it's only my fuckin' money. Fuck Harrods. We'll see if we can find sommat down t' Caledonian Road."

"Brekky first?"

After Sly'd stuffed hissen wi bangers, eggs, beans ' bacon, toast an three cups o' tea at t' Turkish caff on Holloway Road we set off on our mission. Mi head woh bangin' away but three Nurofen seemed ter be doin' their job. Even so, a just wont in t' mood fer shoppin'. We cem ter an Oxfam shop. There woh r' a china plate wi' a picture o' the Queen on it. It woh celebratin' her Silver Jubilee.

"Bingo! That'll do," a sez. "Frances is American. They love all that Royal Family stuff. Shi'll probably hang it on the wall or summat."

We went inside and a asked t' old dear how much it woh.

"Two pounds and fifty pence," she sez, holdin' it up to her nose as if sniffin' t' quality. "A very nice piece."

"Aye."

"Dunno, can we go halves on it?" sez Sly.

Fuckin' hell. Hiz a cheap cunt that Sly. Wantin' ter lash out all o' £1.25 on a mate's weddin' present.

"Aye. Alright."

"Well, can I owe yer the money? I'm expecting a cheque from mi Mam any day now?"

There's no end ter hiz cheek. A woh r' about ter pay when, Sly grabs mi arm.

"If your lendin' me the money, can a get them that egg cup too?" He pointed at an egg cup that woh shaped like a hen wi' a massive hole in it's back.

"That'll be five pounds," sez t' old dear.

Sly nods his head. "Go on. Yer can't put a price on friendship? Can yer Dunno?"

"Yer fuckin' can," a muttered under mi breath.

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Watch you don't put all your eggs in one basket, my friend ...and watch that Sly, eh?

Posted by Dr Dan

Aye, an' a'll mek sure a do a stitch in time too an' that mi rollin' stones dote gather any moss, yer proverb spoutin' knobber.

Posted by Lord Dunno

A Silver Jubilee Queen Plate?!? Wow, how cool!Is how she will react to a gift like that. Don't forget a little card to let her know who it is from. Wouldn't want Sly to take all the credit for a gift like that now would you?

Posted by Jennie Q

Cards as well? It never ends....

Posted by Lord Dunno

It's the thought that counts eh Dunno?

Posted by Bygone

So you wunt want a silver jubilee plate then?

Posted by Lord Dunno

Thursday, 5th April

WEDDIN' BELLS

Current mood: 😲shocked

It woh a lovely Spring day, an' me an' Sly arrived at Finsbury Town Hall an hour early, lookin' like a right couple o' twats in t' pearl grey mornin' suits an' matchin' top hats that Ginge had us all kitted out in.

"Shall we go get somethin' to eat?" sez Sly. "We've got an hour to kill and bellies to fill?"

"Ner," a said. "You go if yer want."

Ter be honest a wanned him outa the way so'z a could mek contact wi' Dennis Walsh an' get mi two hundred an' fifty grand.

"Sub us a few quid?" Sly begs.

"Fer fuck's sake, Sly. Why dote yer sign on or sommat?"

"I'm not signin' on?" sez Sly, lookin' affronted.

"Eh? Why not?"

"Only scroungers an' layabouts sign on. Anyway, mi Mam's sending me a cheque, should be here any day now, so you'll get it all back?"

"Ok then, a suppose...Wait a minute! Your Mum died when we were at College doin' our 'A' levels!"

Sly just looked at me wi' puppy dog eyes. A shook mi head in disbelief an' gev him a tenner. If all things went ter plan, which they never do, a'd soon 'ave enough tenners ter wipe mi arse with.

He darted off across t' road to a caff, almost gettin' knocked over by some big flashy Merc wi' tinted winders. It blared its horn at him so Sly gev 'em the finger.

"Go fuck yerselves, conglomerate dudes!?" he yells.

The car drove round t' corner an' out of sight.

Finsbury Town Hall in't in Finsbury, it's in Islington opposite the Sadlers Wells Theatre, an' if yer gonna get married in a registry office then it might as well be thissun. Old an' ornate wi' oak panelled traditional rooms reflectin' a grand old splendour a yesteryear. Sat there on mi own in t' silence a woh thinking, 'Its finally come ter this... A med the call.

"All set, Mr Walsh?"

"Indeed, Mr Dunno, all set. You confident she'll show?"

"Aye, shill show."

"I'll be the first to congratulate you if she does Mr Dunno, we've had people on a very generous payroll looking all over for her."

"Well next time yer need ter find someone, pay me."

"I shall Mr Dunno...So, if Emily Mackerchar shows up, you'll come by the office and collect the 'reward' tomorrow, yes?"

"No, bring the money here, if Franny shows up, an' yer happy it's her, give me the money there an then, C.O.D!"

"It's an awful lot of money to be carrying around with you all day, but if that is what you wish..."

"Aye, it is."

"Very well, then I'll have Cheryl put it in an attache case now."

I remembered that ruby red lipstick an' magnificent arse. "Yer cun't throw Cheryl in as well could you?"

Dennis Walsh chuckled indulgently, "It's a lot of money Mr Dunno, but it still wouldn't be enough for the likes of Cheryl." He rang off.

Am not used ter being trussed up in fancy suits an' mi knackers woh gettin' well itchy, a took the opportunity of there being no-one about ter stick mi 'and down an 'ave a right good grope. A woh r' also starvin', so seein' as a'd got the business wi' Dennis Walsh outta the way , a decided ter join Sly at t' caff. He woh sat there looking sheepish with a big fat shiner.

"Fuck me! What 'appened ter you?"

"That Merc that almost ran mi over? Well, I gave them the finger? I thought that was that, but they must have parked up. One of 'em came running back an planted one on me? Bloody road rage. Some loonies have no self control? Guess they weren't so conglomerate after all. Karma, Dunno? They'll get their's."

"Never mind eh? Now 'and over yer change, let me get some snap!"

"But that'll leave me with nothing in my pocket for the rest o' the day?"

"Not ter worry Sly, in half an hour the place'll be full o' gullible weddin' guests, all in a good mood, wi' their pockets full, an totally unprepared fer yer scroungin' ways. Yer could end up minted!"

He handed over what woh left an' a went up an' ordered a coupla bacon butties ter tide mi over.

From our vantage point in the caff, we could see t' guests arriving. Ginge arrived first wi' big fat fuckin' Kenny Fletcher in tow. Fletcher woh done up like me an' Sly in his grey mornin' suit, but Ginge looked like a carrotty version o' Julio Iglesias, all in white top hat an' tails wi' a black carnation in hiz button hole. He stood outside t' Town Hall chattin' away ter Kenny, whose big football of a head woh noddin' up an' down like one o' them spazzy toys knobbers have on their car dashboards.

"Come on, Charmer," a sez to Sly. "Ginge is here."

"Where's yer hurry, big boy? I've not finished mi coffee? What about letting our stomachs do what they do best, and digest? You don't want to be farting all day do yer?"

A waited a bit more an' saw Spud an' Young Al stroll round t' corner, bickerin'. Both of 'em woh r' in identical fuckin' grey penguin suits. They spotted Ginge an' went up ter 'im. Spud woh lookin' nervous as fuck.

"Come on, fuck yer digestion, Sly," a said. "We're off."

As we ambled over t' road towards t' assembled party a could hear Spud sayin ter Ginge in an aggrieved tone. "I thought you wanted us all to look the same, I hate fuckin' grey. It makes me look pale. How come you're trying to upstage us all, Ginge?"

"Hey, ye'll talk tae the boss mon wi' a wee bit more respect, hen?" sez Kenny Fletcher, pushin' his face up close to Spud's.

"Fuck off, Dunno," sez Spud. "Why are yer doin' a shit jock accent, yer silly fat fuck!" Then he does a doubletake as he sees me comin' over. "Eh? Who's the bald gorilla? Yer long lost twin brother?"

"Easy, Kenny, easy," sez Ginge, to a growling Kenny Fletcher. "He's nervous. That's all. Cut him a little slack."

"If ye say so, Mr. Marinelli," sez Kenny, clearly put out about not bein' able to smack Spud in the chops.

"Now, Spud," sez Ginge wi' a hurt look. "Do you really think I wanted to upstage you? Me? You're like a brother to me, man. They had no more grey morning suits. This was the best they could come up with. If you like we could

always swap. But I'm sure you'll look even paler in white."

Spud shakes his head. "You're carryin' a bit more weight than me. Forget about it."

"So, where's Frances then?" sez Young Al, lookin' up an' down t' street. "D'yer think she's gonna jilt him? Leave poor big bro cryin' like a baby at the altar?" He sniggered a bit, but no-one paid him any attention.

"She'll be here," sez Ginge pattin' Spud's arm. "Don't worry."

I hoped so, cos a'd jus' seen a cab pull up wi Dennis Walsh in it. He gorrout, an' a noticed he woh carryin' a nice big briefcase.

"Come on Franny, don't let me down," a thought to mesen as the solicitor paid his fare an' strolled over terwards me.

"Who's this, Dunno?" asks Ginge.

"Eh? No-one. Jus' an ol' drinkin' pal from the Frog," a sez, sayin' t' first thing what cem to me. It woh stupid coz yer could tell wi' one look that Dennis Walsh won't t' type ter gerriz pleasures in the likes o' The Defeated Frog. Lucky fer me, Ginge 'ad other things on hiz mind an' din't press it. A went over ter meet him an shepherd him away from 't others.

"Well, is she here?" sez t' solicitor lookin' at his expensive wrist watch.

"Not yet. Don't worry. Shiz on her way," a sez, soundin' more confident than a felt. Wi Franny yer never can rely on owt.

Suddenly a cheer went up, an' there she woh. All in white too, wi' Consuelo carryin' her train. They both looked really gorgeous, an' fer a brief moment mi loins stirred uncontrollably as I imagined them writhin' around wi' me in a mucky threeway...

Dennis Walsh adjusts his specs an' peers at her. "Well, well, well. You did it. I must confess I had my reservations. As I said, I've had some of my best men looking for her at considerable cost, and you, an enthusiastic tyro succeed in reeling her in. Two hundred and fifty grand, a fee well-earned, my friend. Mr Mackerchar is going to be most grateful."

He hands me t' briefcase. It woh good an' heavy.

"So what happens now?" a asked.

He tapped t' side o' his nose. "All good things come to those who wait. I'll take a discreet place at the back of the room if I may?"

At the roadside, Puzzler woh scramblin' out o' the back of a cab. He woh done up in t' obligatory mornin' suit an' top hat but instead of a cravat like t' rest of us he woh wearin' a yellow an' red spotted dicky bow, an' instead of hiz glasses he 'ad a monocle wi' a bit o' string atached, screwed firmly inter hiz left eye.

"Give us a hand then, chubbs," he sez, noticin' me watchin' him.

I ambled over an' whistled. "What the fuck've yer got there, Puzz?"

In the back o' t' cab woh r' a trolley an' a light projector. A helped him get it out an' wheel it onter t' kerb.

"Fuckin' hell, it's a weddin' Puzz. Yer not gonna give a lecture are yer?"

"Not unless I have to," he sez, shortly. "Where's Ginge?"

I pointed to t' steps, where Ginge, Spud, t' lovely bride an' t' rest were mekin' their way indoors.

"Ginge!" he yells. "Ginge! Over here! It's important!"

Ginge turns, looks at Puzzler an' his collection of luggage an' sheks hiz head, an' comes over looking irritated.

"Not now, Puzzler. We've got a wedding to attend. There's a million and

one things on my mind."

"Listen carefully Ginge...Can a leopard change his spots? Can a die lose its dots? Is all in the mirror what you see? Can a..."

Ginge held up his hand, stopping Puzzler in full flow. "You're a silly cunt Puzzler." Then he turned on his heels and entered t' Town Hall.

Puzzler sighed. "He's going to be sorry," he sez under his breath, a doleful look on his face. "Here, help me up the steps with this, will you?"

I helped Puzz up the steps an' we left the projector and trolley outta sight in a cloakroom area which wont bein' used.

"You go in Puzz, I'll be right behind yer."

A've got ter confess that curiosity 'ad got the bettera me. A just 'ad ter open the case an' feast mi eyes on the dosh. Wi' no-one about a put the case on the floor, dropped down onter one knee, hunching over it; "Click....Click."

"Dunno!"

A quickly snapped it shut again an turned ter see...Frances.

"Frances, you look fantastic pet, really beautiful."

"Thanks Dunno, I just had to come out and see you to say...I don't know...Sorry? Thank you? You've been nothing but kind to me and you kept your eye on me. I always felt safe with you and I don't think I was very nice to you. Well, I'm sorry. I hope you forgive me?"

A could feel missen welling up. "There's nowt ter forgive love, You go in there and have a really good day .If there's owt yer want, I'll always be there for yer, Frances."

Frances chuckled and gave me the sweetest smile. "I'm not called Frances. you know?"

"Aye love," a said, " I know."

We smiled and held a long lingering look.

"Come on Dunno, lets go in and get it over with before Spud shits a brick!"

"You always had a way wi' words Franny," a said following her in.

As the Official woh introducin' hissen and hiz clerk, a cun't help but think about Daemon. It woh obvious shi wont gonna show. It's horrible when yer've bin livin' in hope an' yer suddenly realise it's all hopeless. Even t' briefcase o' cash at mi feet din't mek me feel much better.

The Official woh bletherin' on about marriage an' tradition an' everyone else woh feelin' happy an' relaxed. He asked t' bride an' groom ter step forward an' we were off.

"We are gathered to unite the two of you in marriage, which is an institution ordained by the state and made honorable by the faithful keeping of good men and women throughout all ages, and is not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly. Do you, Jonny Marinelli...."

"Eh?!" said Spud, a split second before me an everybody else. "What's going on, Ginge?"

Ginge gives a sheepish look an' steps forward ter take Frances' hand.

"Sorry old boy, all's fair in love and war and all that. I couldn't invest all this time, effort and money and not claim the prize for myself. After all, who's been looking after her for the best part of two months? Look mate, I know who she is, and it's too good a business opportunity to pass up. Nothing personal."

"But the green card," splutters Spud. "I've got everything set up! I've

already arranged to go to LA an' have a crack at their pilot season! I've a manager and an agent over there ready to take me on!"

"Shush now," sez Ginge in calming tones. "Don't worry about that mate, I can get you a green card, no problem, just bear with me old chum, all will be well, all manner of things will be well."

Not that he's a chancer or owt but the promise of a green card wi'out havin' ter marry Franny woh enough ter quell any rebellious overtones from Spud who sat down smartish, exchanging a smile wi' Young Al who was, it goes wi'out sayin, lovin' it.

"Sorry, Sir," said Ginge to the Official. "Do go on."

"Right...Do you, Jonny Marinelli, take Emily Mackerchar..."

"Eh?!" This time it woh Franny's turn ter mutter the expletive..."Who the fuck is Emily Mackerchar?"

"I am rather hoping that it's you?" said Ginge.

To my left I could hear Puzzler mumbling "I try to tellum...but they never listen...."

He pushed past me an' ran out o' the room.

"No," sez Franny. "You're hoping in vain, my real name's Lisa. Lisa Frances Banner. When I came here I wanted to start all over so I went for Frances. Great name for a dancer, but a bit stuck-up I always thought? Don't you agree?"

"I...I don't know," sez Ginge. "Come on, you dippy cow. This is just you pullin' another one of yer mongy turns. Yer a nutter. Of course you're Emily Mackerchar. Everyone knows it. Yer a fuckin' goldmine. My goldmine now. So no more fuckin' about. Sorry about all this, yer honour," he sez turnin' to t' clerk,

who's lookin' seriously pissed off. "She's bin under a lot o' strain lately, but she is Emily Mackerchar. She is, yer honour, Honest."

"No, I'm fucking not, you cracked Ginger nutjob! Anyway, you're forgetting one vital thing here and that is why the fuck should I marry you? You're an asshole!"

"Ahem! Perhaps I may be allowed to shed a little light on this perplexing little piece of happenstance," sez Puzzler, wheelin' hiz projector inter t' Weddin' Chamber.

"Oh this is all I fucking need," sez Ginge. "No, it's okay Kenny, let him say his piece."

Kenny Fletcher sat back on hiz chair an' glowered at us all as if we woh r' all keepin' 'im from the pub an' he wanned ter hold us all accountable.

"Is there a plug in the house sir?" sez Puzzler to t' official, who jus' nodded an' pointed to a power point behind his desk. "Fantastico! All mod-cons, eh?" He plugged his projector in an' turned it ter face the wall, an' cleared hiz throat dramatically. "Mystery...Puzzling event or situation. An event or a situation that is difficult to understand or explain..."

Up cem a big colour photo of Emily Mackerchar. It woh one o' them high school prom photos of her done up like a young bride. It woh r' a few years old but instantly recognisable as Frances.

"Here we have Emily Mackerchar, heiress," sez Puzzler, pointin' towards the picture on t' wall wi' one o' them little sticks Professors an' Military boffins have fer pointin' at stuff.

"There! I told you all," sez Ginge. "Case closed. Thank you very much Puzzler."

"Woah! Easy Ginger Dobbin!" sez Puzzler, gettin' into his stride. "Now, I ask you all to please pay close attention to the subject's left cheek. See?" His stick pointed at a small beauty spot jus' to the side of her mouth. "In layman's terms a mole. Some prefer to call it a beauty spot. I have here several other pictures of La Belle Mackerchar. Please note the ever-present mole."

He ran through a succession of different pictures of Emily at parties, at home, in a photographer's studio. All of them showed the beauty spot.

"Now, please regard Frances," Puzzler continues. "Please give us a twirl, Frances. You look lovely my dear. Slowly, slowly. It's the mole we're interested in right now."

"But I haven't got a mole," sez Frances.

"Exactly," sez Puzzler, almost pokin' her eye out wi' his stick. "Please note the absence of the mole. Therefore I put it to you, ladies and gentlemen, no mole, no Emily Mackerchar."

"Bollocks," sez Ginge. "It's just makeup. Shiz covering it up." He gets his hanky out, spits on it an' starts tryin' to rub t' makeup off Frances' face.

"Get off me, you big lummo!" roars Frances.

It woh to no avail. No amount o' spit an' polish can mek a mole appear where there int one.

"Secondly may I draw your attention to this." The next slide showed an extreme close up of an ear. "Please note the amount of piercing's in this ear? If I am not mistaken there are definitely two. One, two." He pointed them out with his stick. Let me just pan this photo out now....and there, unmistakably, the very lovely Miss Mackerchar again. Now my darling Lisa, How many piercings in that ear?"

"Just one," said Frances.

"Just one," confirmed Puzzler.

"You're not Emily Mackerchar?" sez Ginge.

"No," sez Frances. "I'm not. You wanna marry me or not you great ginger cocksucker?"

Ginge shakes hiz head. "Not."

She turns to Spud. "How about you?"

Spud, grabs Ginge by t' elbow. "Were you serious about gettin' me a green card?"

Ginge nods, irritably. "Yeh. Yeh. Whatever."

Spud shrugs an' looks apologetically at Frances. "In that case...sorry Franny. No hard feelings?"

A don't know whether she had any hard feelin's or owt but judgin' from t' force o' the blow when she smacked Spud in t' gob, a'd say she had plenty of 'em.

"Screw you, Spud. I didn't wanna marry you anyway. If I'm gonna marry a man, it may as well be someone who can get it up more than once a month. C'mon Consuelo, let's get out of here!"

"Wait!" It was Ginge, sounding authoritarian. God knows hiz good at that. "Ok, It's beginning to look like there will be no wedding, and for that I can only apologise." He turned ter Franny. "Frances, I'm sorry, I forgot myself and more importantly, I forgot my manners. Greed got in the way of common sense and just ran away with me. I hope you will forgive my gauche behaviour? Should you wish to return to Leeds and stay in Roundhay with Consuelo, that is fine with me." He turned to Sly who had his hand up like a kid in class wanning ter say summat, "No, Sly. That offer does NOT extend to you. Look, the restaurant

is booked and everything is paid for. If it's alright with you guys I don't see why we can't make our way there and have a damn good slap up." He turned to Frances "Wha d'yer say?"

"Yeah...Okay!"

There was a burst of spontaneous applause amongst the congregation.

"Thank fuck fer that," muttered Kenny. "A'm dyin' fer a drink!"

A felt the attache case propped against mi leg an' thought, "What the fuck do I do about this now?" Much as I woh loathe to, a felt I 'ad no other choice but ter give it back. A turned ter look fer Dennis Walsh. He woh gone!

"Your Honour?" said Ginge, "I feel we've messed you about somewhat. Would you like to come and join us at the restaurant?"

"Well that was certainly one of the more interesting ceremonies we have had for a while. Yes I would be delighted to join you, although I am not 'your honour'. Michael will be fine."

"Okay, Michael, shall we?"

"After you, Mr Marinelli."

"Please, call me Jonny."

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Have you EVER been anywhere in public when nothing to write home about as ever happened?

Posted by Bygone

As a matter o' fact, now yer mention it.....No!

Posted by Lord Dunno

Friday, April 6th

ALL'S WELL?

Current mood: 🤪high

It woh r' a very pleasant stroll up the road to the restaurant and strangely the overall feel o' the crowd woh relief an' joy. Mebbe it's everybody done up in their finest, regardless o' the outcome? I know fer a fact the prospect of a damn fine slap up at the expense o' the ginger one filled mi heart wi' unbounded joy. We even stopped off in a small discreet, well-manicured memorial garden fer photos. First there woh pics o' the bride an' groom. Franny an' Ginge, an' then Franny an' Spud, an' then Franny an' Ginge an' Spud. Ter anyone passing it looked like the aftermath of a very 'appy occasion. Luckily fer Sly he din't spot the large Mercedes wi' tinted winders cruise slowly past...but I did.

"On your way to the office after this, Dunno?" said Ginge pointin' out the brief case. "What the fuck are you doing with a brief case?"

"Oh yeah...Ha! I err..."

"Hey Mr Marinelli, got someone on yer wee phoney who wants tae talk tae ye."

"Okay, Kenny." Ginge sauntered over to take the call.

"How about a snap o' the sexy pussycats with old tom cat Sly in the middle?" said Sly wi' an arm round Franny an' Consuelo. Fuck me a man could do a lot worse than have his arm around those two beauties. They pouted like Hollywood starlets on a red carpet and in that moment regardless of his big shiner, a dote think a've seen Sly any happier.

"Okay", said Ginge, handing the mobile back to Kenny. "Let's have the

boys from Leeds all together, bloody but unbowed!"

Me, Puzz, Sly, Ginge, Spud an young Al O'Hagan, lined up and linked arms.

"Say cock cheese!" said Franny.

"COCK CHEEEESE!"

Click.....

Inter the restaurant cem our merry band, to be greeted by Phillippe, a brief employer of mine from another lifetime.

"Ahh Jonny, good to see you, and Monsieur Dunno, I 'ope perhaps, today you leave your little bird in eet's nest, yes?"

"No worries Phillippe", a said. "But its more of an albatross than it is a sparrer!"

The comment seemed ter go way over Phil's head as 'e led us through t' bar an' inter the restaurant. Talk about Tardis! From t' outside the restaurant looked like a small cosy establishment, and still did so upon entering. Once through the bar area however, it opened out inter a huge space wi' a glorious conservatory. A wonderful place ter scoff top quality scran. Phil lead us inter a cozy quiet corner. Not willing ter tek any chances a reckon.

Ginge woh r' in his element, on first name terms wi all t' waiters an' waitresses an' crackin' jokes an' exchangin' witticisms in French wi' Albert the sommelier, who woh doin' 'iz best ter try an understand, what wi' 'im bein' Spanish an' all. No doubt this woh oner Ginge's favourite places fer bringin' totty.

"You gonna be doing some homework Dunno?" said Sly pointing out the case. "Whats in the case dude?"

"Hopefully, my future Sly" a said tryin' ter sound enigmatic.

"What, your not gonna start sellin' insurance are you?"

Ginge got ter hiz feet an' tapped 'iz wine glass wi' a fork. "Very beautiful, and sexy ladies and handsome men...with one or two notable exceptions...Well, an interesting day so far wouldn't you say? All that remains then, is to say thank you all for coming on such a special day...Eat, drink, an' be merry!"

A'll say this fer the titian terror, hiz always bin a generous host an' it really was all yer can drink an' all yer can eat. It woh r' as we woh awaitin' the pud that a shadow loomed large over the table.

"Ah my dear Frances. The lengths I've gone to to try and find you. You should know better than to run away from me."

"Thaddeus..." said Frances calmly. "Still not taking 'no' for an answer, huh?"

"I have trouble forgiving anyone who betrays me...."

"Yes, thank you, Fatty," said Ginge. " Now listen up, you specky four eyed, ugly twat! It might have escaped your notice that this is a private function to which you are not invited. Now it's obvious to me that the young lady is not interested in you, and fuck me... can you blame her? So run along now, there's a good chap, you're blockin' the sunlight with your rather large backside. I think that's ass in Americaneze? Capice?"

A reckon Ginge musta had one glass a wine too many or Sly 'ad spiked him again, cos confrontational he in't.

The injured party went purple in the face an' started spittin' flecks o' froth in Ginge's face. "You listen to me you Limey ginger fuck! This girl is mine, and

she is coming with me, and no one is gonna stop me!" He nodded ter a table at t' far end o' t' room where three rather large men got menacingly to their feet.

"Och! That's nae a fair fight," said Kenny wi' a gleam in his eye.

At which point Mr Walls nodded ter t' other side of the restaurant an' two more heavies got up... mi old pals, Mr Black an' Mr Silver hair.

"Now THAT'S a fair fight!" said Kenny with glee. Jock Nutter.

"Hey, those were the two dudes that gave me the shiner!" said Sly.

"Yeah, a've met those two fuckers before," a said. "They ain't the kind o' lads yer wanna tek home to meet yer Mam." Then a thought that a wun't mind if they went to tea wi' Sly's Mam, what wi' her bein' dead an' that.

"Now," said Mr Walls, "I'll forget your insults....For the moment Mr Mari-fuckin-nelli, and take what is rightfully mine." He proffered a hand fer Frances ter tek.

It was at that point that a hard granary bread roll went flyin' through t' air like a bullet an' smacked Thaddeus Walls right between t' eyes.

"Fifteen Love!" crowed Puzzler at t' other end o' t' table wi' a tennis racket in 'iz hand ready ter lob up an' serve another granary roll.

"I say," said Ginge, "That was a peach of a shot!"

It's funny the things that rush through yer mind in moments a great danger;

Where the fuck did Puzzler get hold of a tennis racquet? Did he bring it? How's he managed ter change into tennis whites, bar the obligatory bow tie? Did he bring those too? The other strange thought was, how did all these goons fit in one car? Did two o' them come on the bus?

Mr Black an' Mr Silver hair started pushin' tables out o' the way, as they crossed the floor o the restaurant ter get ter Puzzler when they saw what he'd done ter

their boss. Big fat Kenny loomed up and stood in their path.

"Hey, looky here," sez Mr Black hair. "It's our little playmate. You gonna squeal for us, again, tubby boy?"

"Eh?" sez Kenny. "I've never seen ye in ma life ye daft pair o' scunners."

"I think he's scared, don't you?" sez Mr Silver Hair.

"With good reason," sez Mr Black hair. He pushes Kenny an' sends hiz drink flyin' through t' air.

"Mr. Marinelli?" sez Kenny. "A've taken jus' aboot enough o' these twa. Dae a hae yer permission tae let rip?"

"Go ahead, Mister Fletcher," sez Ginge.

Kenny headbutts Silver hair an' then grabs 'im in a head lock an' starts bouncin' hiz head up an' down off the table, leavin' great bloody smears all across t' tablewear. Mr Black's tryin' ter help hiz mate but I move in, coz a figure a owe those two a right good kickin'.

"Hey, remember me?" a sez, tappin' him on the shoulder.

He turns an' his eyes go wide , an then puzzled, as he recognises me. Then a swing t' briefcase round an' smack him full in t' face wi' it. Teeth an' snot an' blood go flyin', However w'it force o' t' impact, t' case cem open an' all mi lovely dosh went flyin' across the restaurant, like confetti. Go to Jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect two hundred pounds...

"Monopoly money?" a sez. "That fucker Walsh stiffed me."

All o' Mr Walls' men are pilin' into Kenny now, tryin' to get him off Mr Silver hair, whose head looks like a pulped tomato.

"C'mon, ye fuckers! Is that all ye've got?" yells Kenny, as they start attackin' him wi' cutlery. A see one o' them about ter stab 'im wi a steak knife.

"Kenny!" a yell.

A needn't o' bothered. Spud woh r' on hand wi a bowl o' tirami su hi'd picked up off t' dessert tray. He brought it down on t' knifeman's head. The feller turned around in a daze, t' bowl on his head. He woh drownin' in Italian trifle. Spud gev him a good ol' kick in the knackers. As he bent double an swung round, Puzzler smacked him hard across the head wi' a cricket bat...A cricket bat??!!

"Don't bother chasing that, let alone trying to find it! Four runs!" he exclaimed, an' gev me the thumbs up.

"Great do, eh, Dunno?"

"Aye, Puzz. Sound."

Meanwhile, Ginge an' Mr Walls woh busy rollin' around on t' table throttlin' each other. Mr Walls woh bigger an' tougher than Ginge an' he woh r' on top. Ginge's face woh goin' black an' no amount o' screamin' an bitch slappin' from Franny an' Consuelo could get Walls to stop. Consuelo must o' realised that drastic times call fer drastic measures, coz shi reached out fer a bowl o' steamin' lobster bisque an poured it down Mr Wall's fat neck.

"Bitch!" he screams, rollin' off Ginge an' reachin up fer his neck wi' one hand and fer Consuelo's wi t' other.

"That's my woman you're dissin man?" sez Sly, jabbin' Walls in hiz arse wi' a carving fork.

"Santa Maria, I am not your woman Sly, how many time..?"

Walls turns round mad as fuck an' smacks poor Sly who disappears under t' table.

"Sly! Oh Dios mio! What have you done to my poor man!" sez Consuelo, divin' under t' table ter check 'iz alright.

Ginge leaps off t' table like hi'z Errol fuckin' Flynn or summat but Wall's musta heard his war cry coz he dodged aside an' Ginge landed wi' a splat on t' sweet trolley. Two more o' Walls' goons cem in an' started wadin' in ter get him. A glanced around an' saw Young Al, standin' white-faced in the middle o' all this carnage.

"Come on, Al, Pitch in! Ginge needs us."

"Fuck you," sez Al, comin' out of hiz trance an' runnin' out the door.

A shrugged an' piled inter t' scrum on top o' Ginge. A dragged a table cloth off one o' the tables an' pulled it over t' head o' one o' the thugs an' started layin' inter it wi' mi feet an' fists.

"Save some fer me," sez Spud, smashin' a plate o' lasagne down on top o' the head under t' table cloth.

Kenny had finished off hiz lads an' pushed me an' Spud aside an' started haulin' thugs off Ginge, howlin' like a mad man.

"Mister Marinelli? Mister Marinelli? Can ye hear me?"

"More men! I need more men! Now you cocksucker!" Mr Walls woh yellin' inter hiz mobile. He'd moved inter t' corner so he 'ad hiz back to t' wall. Clever, but not clever enough. Puzzler woh standin' behind t' coatstand checkin' out suitable weaponry. He brings out an umbrella an' jabs t' pointy end a good twelve inches right up Walls' arse. Mi ears are still ringin' wi' t' sound o' t' scream. When Puzzler pulled it out, a noticed t' hole in Walls' kegs an' a spreadin' dark stain that cudda bin blood, piss or shit, a wont close enough ter tell fer sure.

"Good job I didn't open it," sez Puzzler. "They say it brings bad luck, you know?"

"Let's get outta here!" yells Walls. "Pull out men! Pull out."

He hobbled to t' exit, but none o' his men woh standin'.

"You haven't heard the last of me," he sez.

"Any one for flambee'd ass?" sez Frances, rollin' a flamin' fondue trolley out o' the kitchen an' sendin' it flyin' inter Mr Walls. The flames caught hold of hiz jacket an' raced up hiz back. He pulls it off but the flames 'ave tekken hold on hiz arse now, an' the last we saw, he woh scramblin' out of 'iz trousers as 'e ran out towards the door.

Phillippe held the door open. "Merci Beaucoup, monsieur, we 'ope to see you again verry soon!"

As Walls staggered past, Phillippe produced a huge silver salver an' twatted Walls really 'ard over t' back o' t' 'ead, sendin' 'im on hiz way.

"EEEEEE-HAAAAA!" yells Ginge, punchin' the air. He looked like shit wi' cuts an' bruises everywhere, but yer cud tell he woh really enjoyin' hissen.

"Now, who's still hungry?"

"Fuck the food, a want another drink," sez Kenny, givin' one last kick ter one o' Mr Walls' unconscious hoods.

"That Kenny's a handy fella ter have around," a said ter Ginge.

"Ah yes, Dear Dunno", he said puttin' a brotherly arm round mi shoulder. "The ace up my sleeve. He got kicked out the S.A.S for being too violent! Well done Kenny! Thank you."

"The pleasure, Mr Marinelli was all mine!" He looked like a ten year-old coming back from 't funfair.

Unsurprisingly the restaurant woh now deserted an' in a right state. Food, broken crockery an furniture every where. Phillippe din't seem too bothered by t' mess, though.

"Hey Phillippe, won't the boss be fucked off when 'e hears what happened?"

"Je ne sais pas mon ami, Why don't you ask him yourself?" he said nodding over in the direction o' Ginge. Tchh! why am a not surprised? "Anyway, Thursdays ees normally ze boreen day. Not any more though eh mon amis? Ees better zan cinema non?"

"Aye," a agreed.

A waitress cem over and whispered summat in Phillippe's ear.

"Oh, but one theeng please. Could you please take care of your friend. He ees makeen a bad impression outside ze restaurant."

"What now?" a thought.

A went outside an' there woh Sly in hiz torn mornin' suit a little bit worse fer wear, sat on t' pavement wi' 'iz battered top 'at upside down on t' ground.

"Alms fer the poor? Alms fer the poor? God bless yer sir?" he woh sayin' ter t' passersby, bowin' his head in thanks whenever one of 'em tossed some change inter t' hat.

"Sly, fer fuck's sake! What yer doin'?"

"Earnin' an honest crust? This lark's great? Look how much a've taken in twenty minutes?"

He showed me t' hat. There musta bin twenty quid in there at least.

"I'm off home soon. Yer comin'?"

"Ner. I'll stick it out here a bit longer?" sez Sly.

After the goodbyes, the hugs, kisses an' andshakes it woh time ter wend mi way back ter Dunno Towers, an' put behind me what can best be described as a dramatic day. Now fer a nice fat pipe an' a much needed mug o' tea. The adrenaline kick 'ad gone an' a woh feelin' pretty achey. All that money eh? Ha! As a turned t' corner a noticed a shape movin' in t' doorway an' a stepped back. Don't tell me Mr Walls is out fer revenge already?

"Dunno?"

It'd bin a day o' surprises but this woh the only good one a'd had so far.

"Daemon?"

"Sorry I didn't make it to the wedding. I was working late. Couldn't get out of it."

"Aye. A heard. So what's it like workin' wi' yer boyfriend then? What's hiz name, Maneesh?"

Daemon started laughing. "Dunno, I think you should cut down on the donuts. You're turning into one. Maneesh is my cousin, silly."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Really." There was a pause. "Well it looks like you had a good time?"

"Yer could say that, yeah."

There was another long pause where we just stared at each other...

"So, are you going to let me in then, or are you going to kiss me?"

"I don't know, how much time we got?"

"We've got all the time in the world."

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Is this the end, my beautiful friend, the end?

Posted by Bygone

Who can say? Yer cart keep a good man down fer long.

Posted by Lord Dunno

His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!

Posted by Dr Dan

OR...I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound'.

Posted by Lord Dunno

Love the James Bond ending...Is it goodbye then?

Posted by Jennie Q

Like all good James Bond endings...Lord Dunno will be back, bigger and better than ever...?

Posted by Lord Dunno

The end