

The Bathroom Book II  
When you're in a W/C,  
there's nowhere to run  
They shouldn't have put him  
in the bath if they didn't want

him to be clean!

THE BATHROOM  
BOOK OF  
DEEP + INTELLECTUAL  
THOUGHTS  
—  
PART II + 1/2

INCLUDING EXTRA  
SPOOKY PAGES!  
FREE!

LOOK!

↓  
AN ADVERT

WOULD YOU LIKE

TO CREATE

YOUR OWN

SPOOKY PAGE?

WELL NOWS YOUR

CHANCE! PICK A

PAGE + BE VERY

SPOOKY! + FREAK

YOUR FRIENDS + FAMILY

OUT WITH IT!

ITS GREAT FUN!

BEST SPOOKY PAGE

RECIEVES 5lb of POTATOES

+ A TIN OF HEINZ BEANS!

SERIOUSLY!

NO  
MESSING!

BATHROOM BOOK FROM  
AUGUST 94.

Happy Birthday, Lisa.

Love Kate + Blaine

PS OO, ER, LISA KERR  
SAY OO ER LISA KERR

(Whahey)

When the world grows cold  
and the young grow old  
if the planet is torn  
it'll be reborn

Mike 94.

Happy Birthday Lisa  
lots of big wet sloppy ones

(KISSES THAT IS)

love Dev



Thoughts for the day

If you don't do what you  
~~wish~~ want to do  
Someone else will do it before

you  
Then you will wish  
you'd done it before

they did it  
So do yourself a favour  
Just do it!

Go for it Lisa!

Happy Birthday! Nice!  
One!

All the best

Lobby xxx  
xxx

# Father Diarys of Xenophobic Jones,

- 10:30 Saved the entire population of Belgium.
- 11:30 Sold the lot for £15 ~~note~~.
- 12:00 Went to the pub.
- 12:00  $\frac{1}{2}$  Went to church.
- 12:05 Decided I was God.
- 1:00 Cured 403 crippled children  
Administered to the poor  
and solved the 3rd world  
problem.
- 1:15 Cool + chips from "No & neck's"
- 2:00 ~~Had~~ Had a bath.
- 2:15 Made love to mother (again)
- 3:45 Threw up (again)
- 8:00pm Went to Macca's for Lisa's B'day.

IF YOU ARE IN A BAND THIS IS AN ALPHABET FOR YOU!

A) IS FOR AMPLIFIERS = THESE ARE ITEMS WHICH VERY ~~ARE~~ RARELEY WORK AND IS WHY YOU SEE LOTS OF MUSICIANS BOTTOMS WHILE THEY ARE PLAYING AT GIGS

B) IS FOR BEER (WHAT MORE CAN I SAY BECAUSE I'M PISSED) I HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE BECAUSE IT'S MY BIRTHY-DAY

I'M FINALLY  
/ 8

LOADS A LUV  
N' BEER

WISA

x x  
x x

I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME

Mike 914

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME  
IN THE SAFETY OF MY BED  
THE WORDS ARE CRAMPED INSIDE  
MY HEAD.

THE NIGHTS FORGOTTEN LIKE AN  
OLD POP SONG  
I GUESS I'VE GONE AND DONE IT  
WRONG.

PERHAPS IT'S LIKE A BAD DAY  
DREAM  
I'LL WAKE UP AND IT'LL HAVE  
NEVER BEEN.

GO HOME AND WHISPER IN MY  
SLEEP, LISTENING TOO SOFTLY  
TO THE WORDS THAT CREEP.  
A NIGHTMARE THAT'LL NEVER  
COME TRUE IS THAT NIGHT  
THAT'S OVERDUE

A REAL LIFE  
PRODUCT.

R. LARSEN.

I PUT THE CUNT  
IN COUNTRY MUSIC  
AND PLAY IT TO OLD BIDDIES  
I PUT THE VIM  
IN VIMTO  
AND POISONED ALL THE KIDDIES.

MIKE D

FOR SOME ONE WHO DESERVES  
THE MOON



A BIRFDEE ODE TO LISA.

MY 18TH B'DAY - I WOKE UP AND LOOKED  
AT MY CHEST . . .

AND OH MY GOD I'VE GOT A BREAST.

AND NOW THEY'VE COME OVERNIGHT.

AND OH MY GOD WHAT A SIGHT.

AND NOW I'M A CLEAVAGE PULSIN' CHIC O'DOOM,  
MY BOOBS NOW FILL THE ROOM.

BUT ARGH WELL NEVER MIND . . .

ON MY BIRFDEE WHAT ELSE WILL I FIND.

BUT ARGH WELL HIP-HIP-HOORAY.

AFTER-ALL ITS MY 18TH BIRTHDAY.

TO LISA Dave - SKANS

Hope you  
a happy - happy  
Birthday  
All the best  
lots of love

Love  
Dave

## DOWN THE LANE

Down the lane  
~~There's a blanket of trees~~  
~~There's a pillow of stars~~  
for you to rest your weary body;  
There's a pillow of stars  
And a mattress of mint,  
A dream of love  
And a reality of destruction.

Clare  
Purkin

A 18<sup>th</sup> Birthday is such a farse  
when everyone will kiss your arse  
Everybody shouts hip hip hooray  
and with a wish of Happy Buffday

~~MR~~

QUITE  
NORMAL →

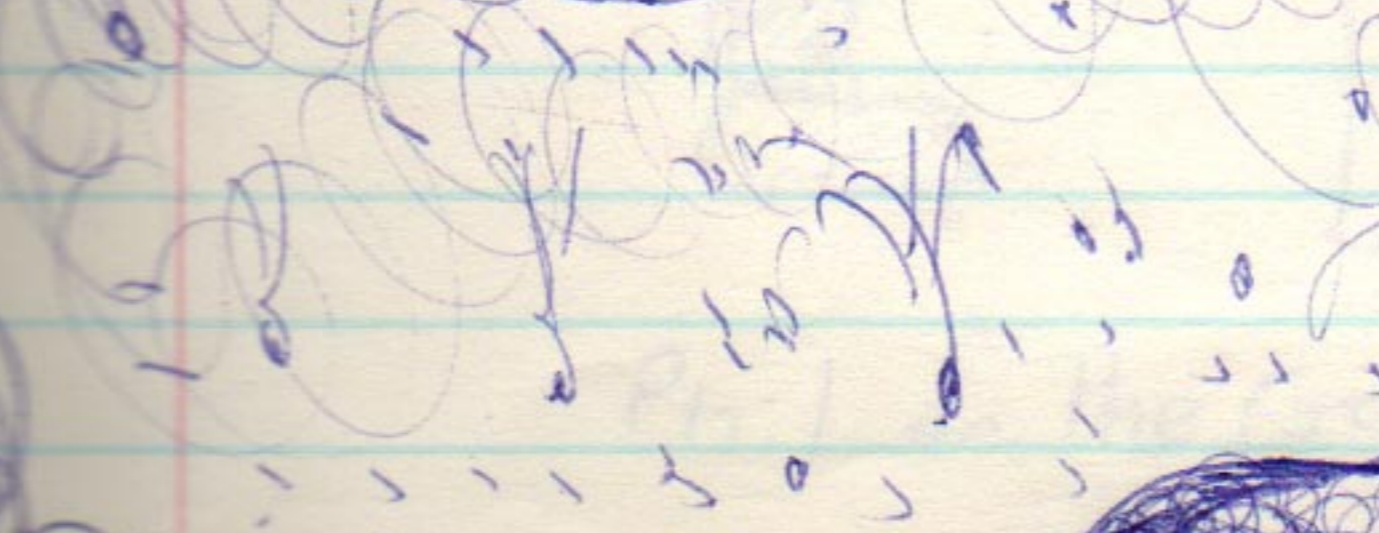


per 1120



STONK  
+  
ROCK  
TILL  
YER  
BRAIN  
GOES  
BOING

S  
S  
S  
S



oi! CHAPS + LASSIES!

USE

THIS SIDE TOO

VA KNOW!

WUW

REMEMBER

THE RAINFOREST!

WUW

you HAVE GIVEN ME LIFE,  
you OF THIS DAY WHOM  
I LOVE BEYOND MYSELF,  
LIKE LIFE MADE HOPE,  
you MAKE GREAT MY HEART,  
my BODY, AND MY SENSES,  
AS TIME SURPASSES LIFE,  
WHEN TIME IS LIFE IT'S SELF.

THATS  
SPOOKY →

DEV 94:



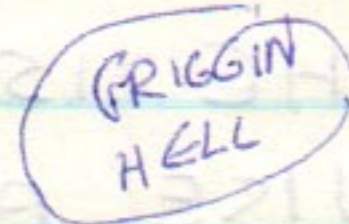
Phil on the God phone

SHE IS STANDING ON MY EYES  
AND HER HAIR IS IN MY HAIR,  
SHE HAS THE FIGURE OF MY HANDS  
AND THE COLOUR OF MY SIGHT,  
SHE IS SWALLOWED IN MY SHADE  
LIKE A STONE AGAINST THE SKY.

SHE WILL NEVER CLOSE HER EYES  
AND WILL NEVER LET ME SLEEP,  
HER DREAMS IN THE DAYS FULL LIGHT  
WOULD MAKE THE SUNS EVAPORATE  
MAKE ME LAUGH CRY SPEAK  
WHEN I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

# THE SPOOKY PAGE!

CHAT UP LINE IN TYPICAL  
BOOTLE PUB



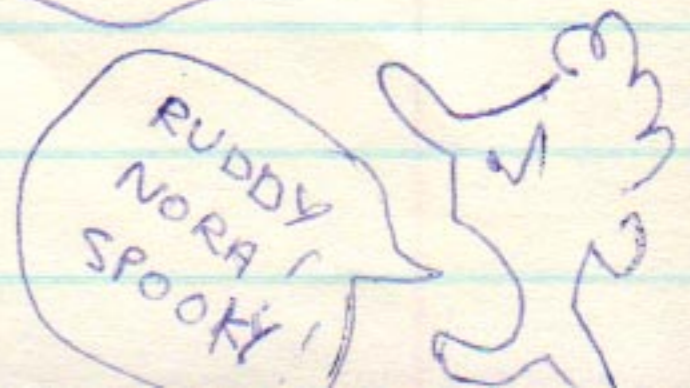
OH! IM !!!  
OFF ME BOX...  
YA BIG SWEATY  
HOB KNOB TWAT!  
COME HERE +  
SUCK ON ME  
TEETH DARLIN!  
IM DEAD SEXY  
ME YA KNOW!!  
DO YA WANNA SEE  
SOME PUPPIES  
SWEETHEART?  
HUR! HUR!

THIS MAN  
FREQUENTS  
SULLIVANS  
REGULARLY! BEWARE!



FART

CAN YOU BE  
SPOOKIER?





WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
DESIGN YOUR OWN

# SPOOKY PAGE?



WELL! GO ON THEN!



Woooo. Wooooooooooo. woo.  
I come from the spirit world and I am  
trés spooky. If you do not obey me  
and abide by my rules, I shall don a  
white sheet, rattle some iron chains,  
say woooo (again) and do all manner  
of spooksome things that'll keep you  
from sleep and chill you to the VERY  
BONE.

WOO.



Shove me  
in a fridge +  
feed me on  
yogurt for the  
rest of me life!!!  
well spooked is me!

All my spiritual essence,

Kreepy Katie

(AHEM)

P.S. Amitiville has NOTHING on me.

Ahh Ha Ha Ha!

Bathroom Book

I love you with a deep + profound emotion. It fills my heart + burns up my soul. If I should go, you will always be with me. Our love can stand the test of time.

Elaine

Deep eh!

Lots of love

ahh! Ha Ha Ha!

You big fuckin pile of mashed up rainforest you.  
Oh, you are lovely.

Yes you are

No, don't argue, you are!

(and I've 'ad ya ma!)

(In the back of a car!)

+ she is a brothel bred fuck pig (~~is~~ veritabily so and  
NO mistake)  
3

Oh no, I think I'm lying.

Oi!  
no  
Blank pages  
please



SHUT IT  
YOU SAD FAT  
TWAT



Friggin' wot! man!  
Well spooky!

# SPOOKY PAGE. (THE MOST!)

Fear me for I am the doer of Jehova's household chores + If your knees do not become jellified in the next 10 minutes, the Lord shall split the clouds in a Monty Python type way and scare you all more than Katie (or Larty's mum) ever could coz I am Yaweh's favourite housekeeper.

So there. Take that + Pacarrttaw!

Elaine

SPOOKED  
OR WOT!

Someone, remove  
my underpants!  
I'm very scared  
+ very wet!

CAN YOU BE  
SPOOKIER?

smell!  
smell!  
smell!

Phenophobia  
Jones's -

# Ode To Maca

That's  
Spooky  
↓

Maca, Maca, you slice of  
spam.

A leg of chicken,  
a side of ham,

A gallon of coffee,  
a bucket of sweets

Strawberry jam and ~~a~~ ~~fine~~  
selection of meat

Sweaty cheeses and ~~a~~  
tins of beans

These are few of my  
favourite things.



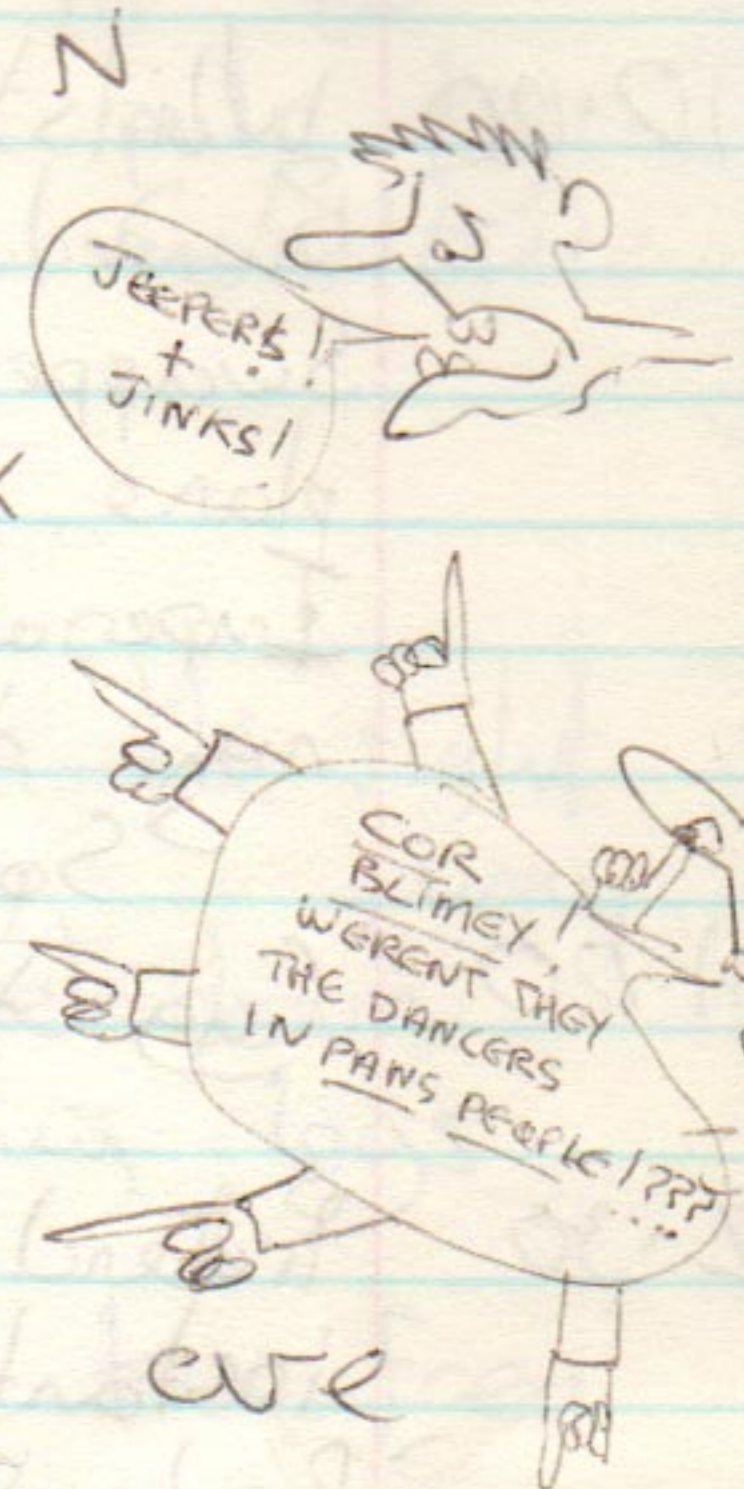


- ⑦ Invade Wales midweek (Early Closing day)
- ⑧ Shake hands with a line of Down-syndrome kids who you've just done a show for, who are really happy and are showing it, and then get to the group leader at the end and say - "Oh God, I don't 'alf' feel as mong".
- ⑧ ~~8~~ Run away thinking she didn't hear you.
- ⑨ Laugh until shit rolls down your legs.
- ⑩ Cover yourself with lard and walk down the high street shouting 'Where's the English channel'.
- ⑪ Pretend to be Welsh,
- ⑫ Write down 12 don'ts on a 10 don'ts page.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM!



Janis Joplin  
Jimi Hendrix  
Jim Morrison  
John Lennon  
Phil Lynott  
Marc Bolan  
Kurt Cobain

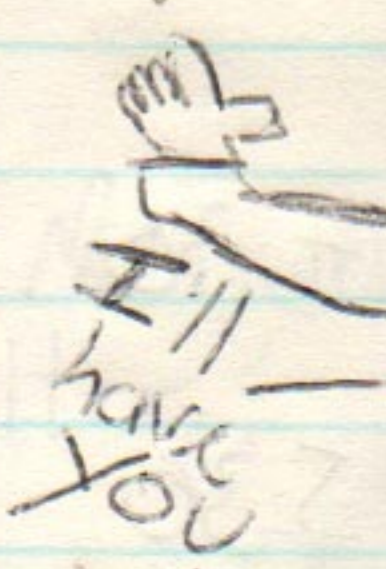


Why... the fuck are

East 17  
Still alive?

HIS POO FILLS THE INNER LINING OF HIS CLOTHES! HE CANNOT MOVE!

POOR CHAP!



©Zerophobe Productions

SPOOKY ADVERT!

CAMBELL'S MEATBALLS ARE GREAT!

Thy Balls, thy balls ah!

-----  
-----

→ FILL IN THE DOTTED LINES SOMEONE!  
Go on!

# Diary of Zerophobia Jones

- 10:00 Whilst walking on Tatooine (SMALL PLANET WITH TWO SUNS in the Veger system)  
Bumped into Droid called R2D2  
Swapped its 'info' disc containing the plans of the ~~the~~ Death Star and Imperial Fleet battle strategies for my disc containing my recipe for 'Spam + Flow' (spooky)
- 11:00 'Egg Fried Rice' from "Wong Kee"
- 2:30 Pretended to be Welsh and was instantly beaten to a pulp by 'Rock Star' - Tom Jones
- 4:30 Stopped bleeding.
- 5:30 Shagged Mother while watching neighbours
- 5:30½ Threw up 'Egg Fried Rice'
- 6:00 Received whip lash while trying a three point turn around Macca's knot,
- 7:30 Plastered myself with lard and

~~and~~ pretended to be swimming the English Channel only to be instantly beaten to a pulp by family celebrity - Duncan Goodhew,

8:30 Had my head sown on,

8:45 Had my head sown on the right way,

9:00 laughed until shit rolled down my legs

10:10 Declared my arse a tax free zone.

10:30 Helped 'sports celebrity' Nigel Mansell move in up my 'Gary Alitter'.

11:30 Died, (and then shouted fooked you)

11:45 Marmite on toast and had an early night.

12:30 Woke up to find Doyle on my face. It was spooky (only kidding) Goodnite.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND      Miles 94

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY I HELD  
YOUR HAND.

WAS IT SOMETHING I POSSIBLY SAID  
WE WERE'NT DESTINED TO LAY ALONE.

WE USE TO SHARE SO MANY SAME  
DREAMS.

COLLECTING OUR THOUGHTS IN OLD  
COPPER CUPS.

YOU SAID I HAD FAILED YOU  
JUST HOW I DON'T KNOW.

WAS I MISTAKEN BY THE GLANCE  
THAT YOU GAVE.

SILENT YOU LEFT ME COLD AND  
UPSET.

I WOKE IN A STRANGE STATE  
I KNEW HOW IT WOULD END..

Miles Cheesbrough  
1994

A REAL LIFE PROPOSAL

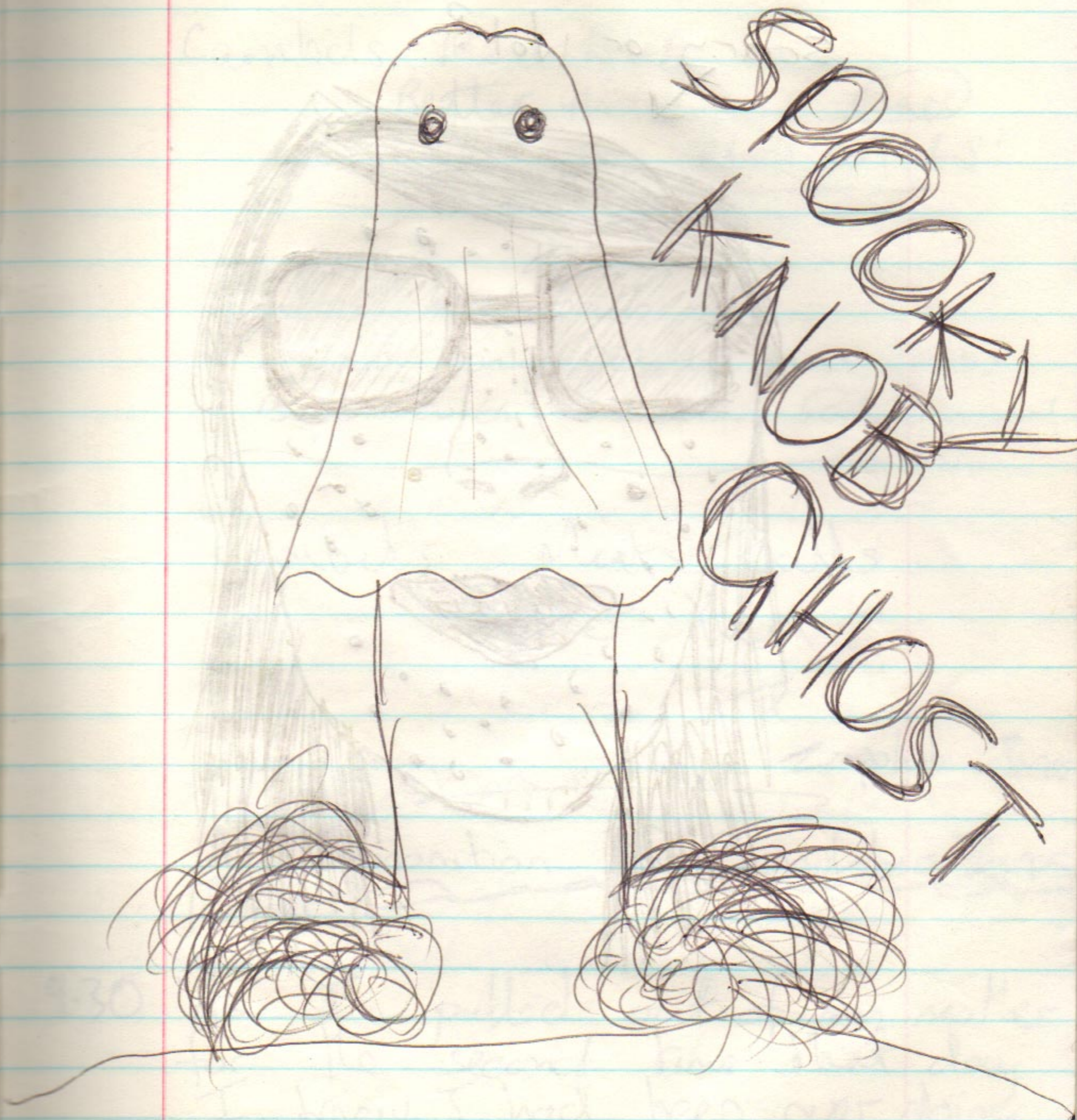
Spooky ~~beta~~ Extracts from  
Zenophobia Jones's Spiritual  
medium trance under the  
influence of Macca's Homebrew.

(Warning - Spooky swirly spook writing)

"I'll begin now, though I feel  
the influence taking effect, I  
don't think I can hold on  
any longer. Beep Beep  
Beep Sucks SATURN'S COCK - YOUR  
MOTHERS FLAPS SMELL OF LEMON  
CHEESEY RINGS SURROUND THE  
MADNESS AND CONDEMN THE  
SPPPP SPINNERS, JOE BLAH BLAH  
GEORGE FORMBY SITS ON MY  
FACE STRUMMING MY BANJO  
FATS WALLER FLIES OVER THE ROOF  
I WANT WALES, I WALES WANT  
WALES UP MY ARSE POUNDING  
POUNDING, I AM THE SON OF OWEN  
GLENDOWER, PENETRATE MY  
GARY, MY GARY GLITTER  
PUBES IN YOUR FACE, SPLIT MY  
MOTHER HA HA HA BEEP BLOOP -

BLIP, BLIP SCRAPE THE LIMPETS  
OFF SCRAPE THE LIMPETS, DOWN  
FORTY METERS UP PERISCOPE  
DIVE DIVE DIVE, OOH MISSUS  
IM POSSESSED BY EATING COMEDY  
RGG, VARNEY IS MY LOVER  
COR! BLIMEY, GET OFF MOTHER  
CARRY ON UP ME SHITTER  
Oooh - help me, get out of  
of my head, NO IM BACK  
I Love SATIN - NITAS  
EVOI I HA HAR HE HE  
BEEP BEEP BEEP BLAAAH-H  
KEH KH ~~blatney~~  
BUM TITS WILLY (COUGH)  
..... (COUGH) .....  
OOh Ive shut me pants

Sorry its too spooky to  
print anymore of the trance  
due to publication law and  
also because such salacious  
Big Sweaty Bollocks Ive  
had you Mew etc etc etc  
THE END



Scary or Wot?



Cambels Meat Balls  
Better than Clare  
Anyone else's BALLS!

---

Cambels meat balls  
you only get the best Lamb's  
Balls with Cambels. Paul Reimann

---

Cambels Meats Balls  
Better than  
life  
Zerophobia Jones

---

A Premonition for Zerophobia Jones

9:30 "As I pulled out of my mother  
for the second time that day  
I knew I had been over doing  
it, running to the bog to re-live  
yet another chinese meal.  
I found the wage to search the

world for the essence of me  
The ~~search~~ search took me to  
Southport on a wet yet crisp  
Wednesday. Immediately I noticed  
a familiar figure, who cannot be  
named, opening a locker in the station.  
Inside the locker I found myself  
staring, almost into my own soul.  
I ~~he~~ had found it. I beat the  
sly person to a pulp but not  
before I removed his wallet  
(Pig skin, Mmm nice!) and keys and  
did what they call in the trade  
as "The runner".

12-30 Steal Pie + Chips from the Jolly Millar

1-30 Realised that life is an eternal  
circle of energy that cannot be  
destroyed, but changed into anything  
the 'self' perceives.

8-30 Had a wank and died.

10-00 Early nite with a good book  
- "The Cruel Sea" (Big Pictures)

TM SAM  
THE SPAM

Katie

Have a very happy birtdee. You are the bestest friend in the whole world and I love you loads (oh please believe me) (oh go on) (oh purteese!) Anyway have some whipped cream a la willie on me and remember, I love ya baby. (hey call me tell Ted sends his love + I'll shag you if you can't find anyone else!

Loadza love + other cheesy wotsit type things

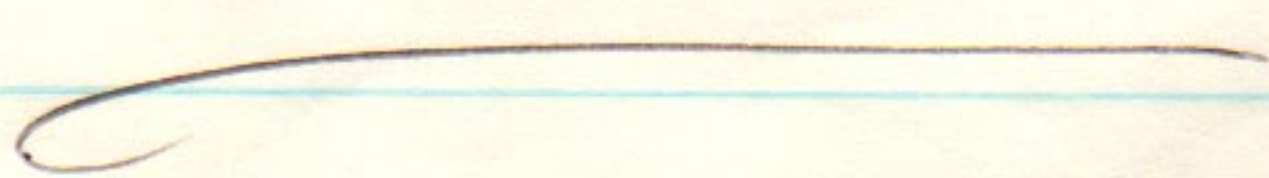
Ken

xxx

Hurray ooplah  
Hurrah Blidoo

Neeeeeeowwmpuchoooo

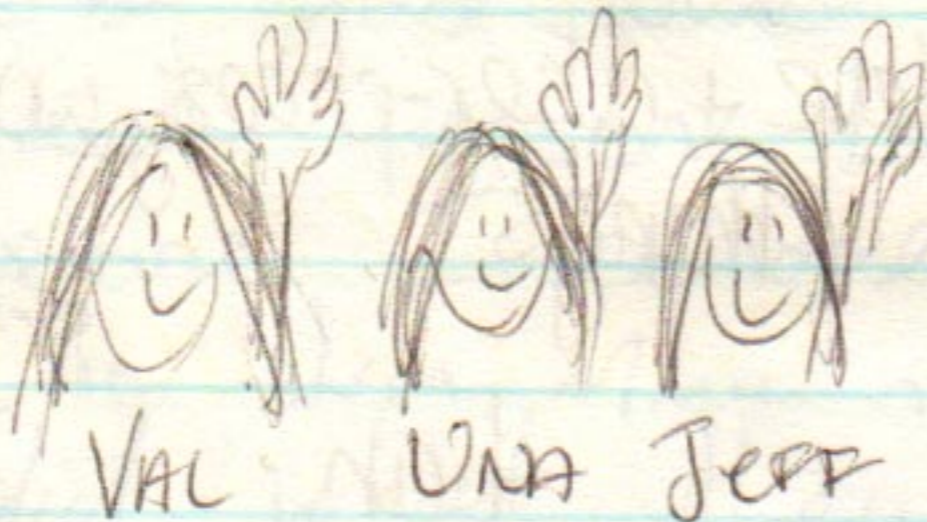
SCHUH!



Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 94 (TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF HAPPY BIRTHDAY)



Happy Birthday to me  
Happy Birthday to me  
Happy Birthday dear Valerie  
I hope I get laid tonight (or 'ever')



(GOOD HANDS)

"Right back atcha, Rainbow Warrior"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR KATIE!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOURSELF!  
AND THAT YOU REALLY GET SLOSHED!

I ALSO HOPE YOU GET EVERYTHING  
YOU'VE EVER WISHED FOR!

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!  
YOU'RE A REALLY GOOD FRIEND!

I'M TRUELY VERY SORRY FOR  
EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED!

PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

SHARRON  
MOUNTAIN

% ROOM 32  
Ann FOWLER  
HOSTEL  
3 FRASER  
ST.  
LIVERPOOL  
3

207  
-0745

HELLO TO EVERYONE!

I'M SORRY FOR EVERY-  
THING THAT'S HAPPENED!

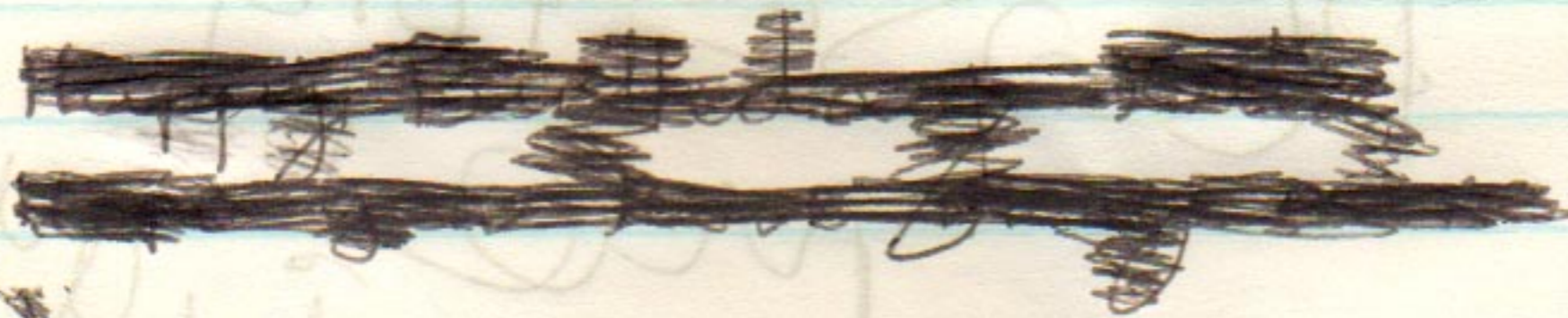
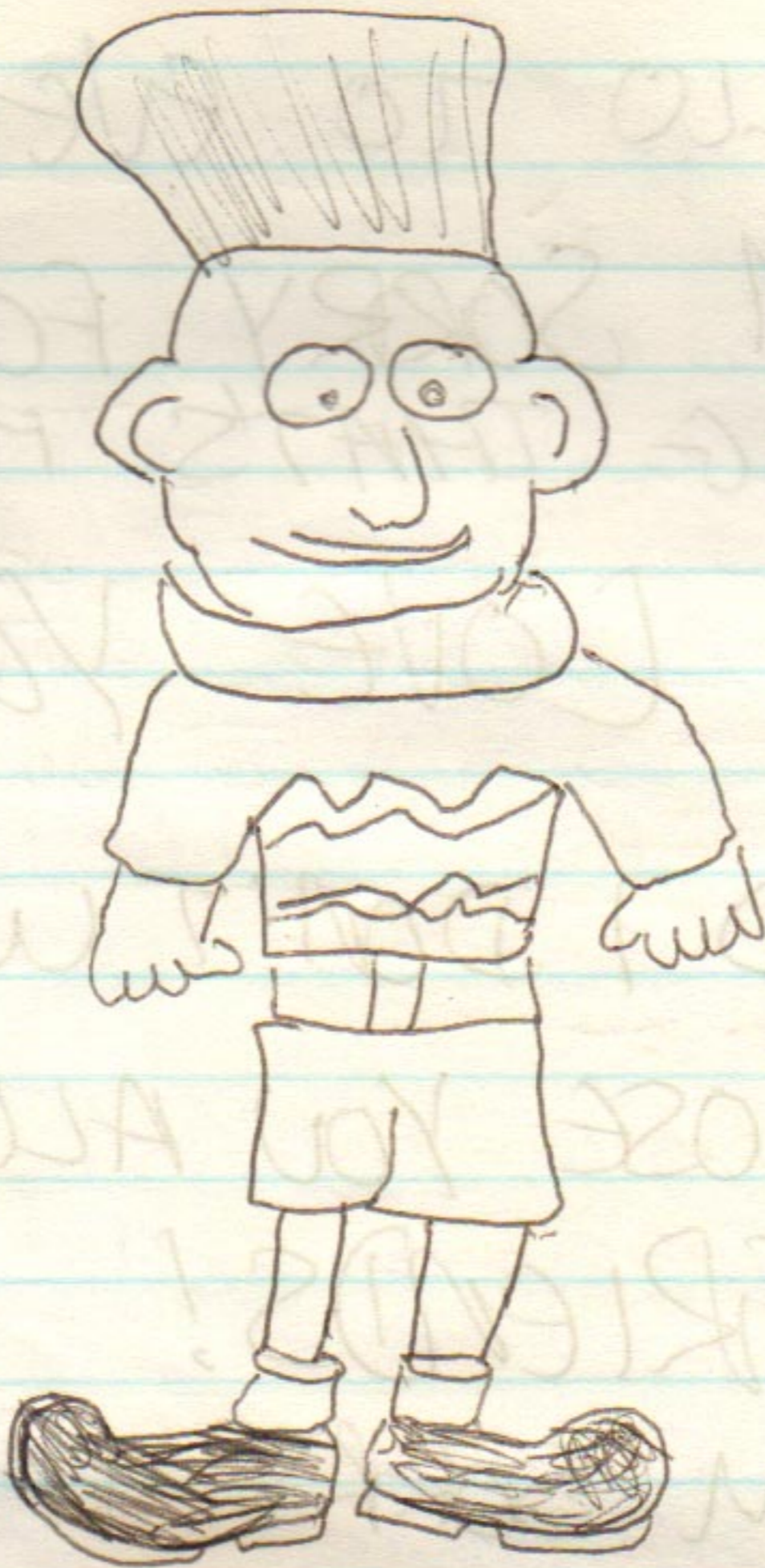
I LOVE YOU ALL!

AND I DON'T WANT TO  
LOOSE YOU ALL AS  
FRIENDS!

I'M SORRY IF I HURT  
YOU!

Please forgive  
me!

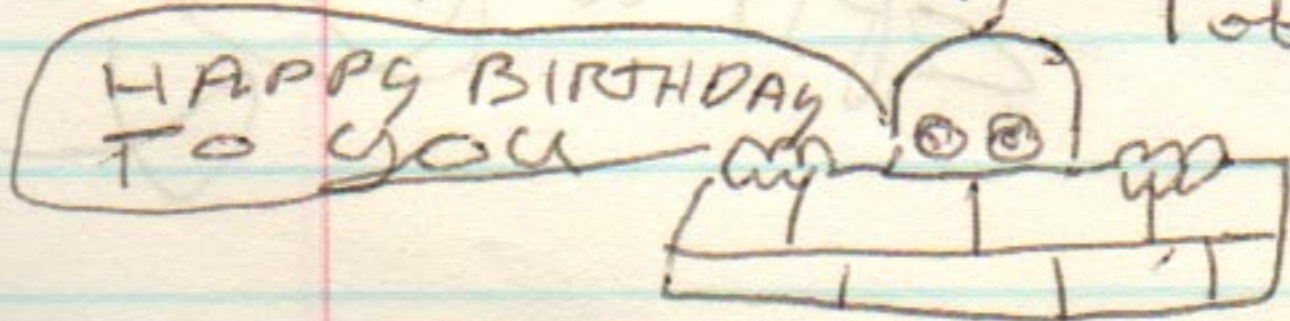
love 'n' hugs  
SHARRON



Happy 19<sup>TH</sup> Birthday katie make the most of you last year as a Teenager

lots of hugs

Dex x



Me - or - To all it may concern

I can quote from shakespeare

Chekoff, Ibsen, Shaw,

I can protect my friends

be a ~~friend~~ mate, and more

And apparently charm the

birds from the trees

A gatherer of spirits with

an attitude of ease!

... But can I give you

a straight answer

Can I cut the crap?

Its hard to see

Through all my bullshit

To try and find ME.

I could drag you down some misty

The doorway dark with deep <sup>memory</sup> regret

A wanting wish ~~to~~ to dodge the

for these on a horse my ego  
sat.

PTO (copy)

I think I used to be  
a nice guy  
In happier years of simple  
smiles,  
But now all I carry is  
my bag of wit,  
A pocket full of sarcasm  
and a sackfull of shit  
And a ~~comprehensive~~ comprehensive  
A-Z of ~~lies~~ very  
clever lies.

I'm an actor!  
In every sense of the word  
Who ~~then~~ else could produce such shite  
You've been a lovely audience  
Thank you very much,  
Good night!

©SIRL 94

(NOT SPOOKY AT ALL)

SHARON



TO SHARON

I HAVE  
MISSED  
YOU

LOADS  
+  
LOADS

LOVE  
PHIL

R. LARSE (CONT)  
FROM PAGE 9 1/2

I PUT THE COCK IN COCKTAIL  
IT STUNG ME EACH AND EVERY TIME  
I PUT THE ANAL IN BANAL  
BY TRYING TO MAKE THIS RHYME

DOYLEY  
X

OI CUNTS!  
RAISE YGR  
GLASSES +  
SHOUT HOORAH!  
FOR KATEY!  
ON HER  
BIRTHDAY



FART //

To WATIE,

HAVE A SPLENDID ONE (OR  
MAYBE MORE) BIRTHDAY THAT IS...

WITH THANX AND ADMIRATION  
FROM

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL SUPREME  
TIGGLE WARRIOR OF THIS PARISH  
(MIKE) (DOYCEY)  
XX XX

(SAID IN A YORKSHIRE-TYPE VOICE)

'EE YER KNOW WHAT?  
IF I 'AD PUDDING YOU COULD  
LICK IT. IF I 'AD BIKE YOU  
COULD LICK ME BIKE. BUT  
I AINT GOT OWT.  
SO YOU CAN'T EVEN LICK ME OWT.

TO SHARON

A MESSAGE!!

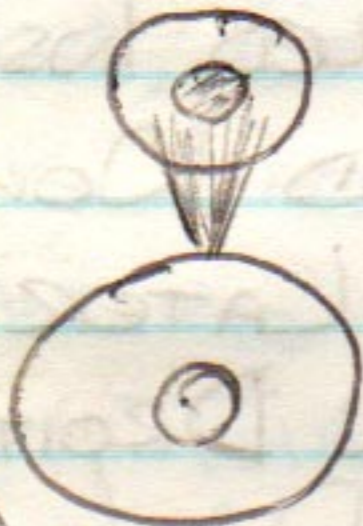
MIKE

WOT ARE THESE.....



① ↗

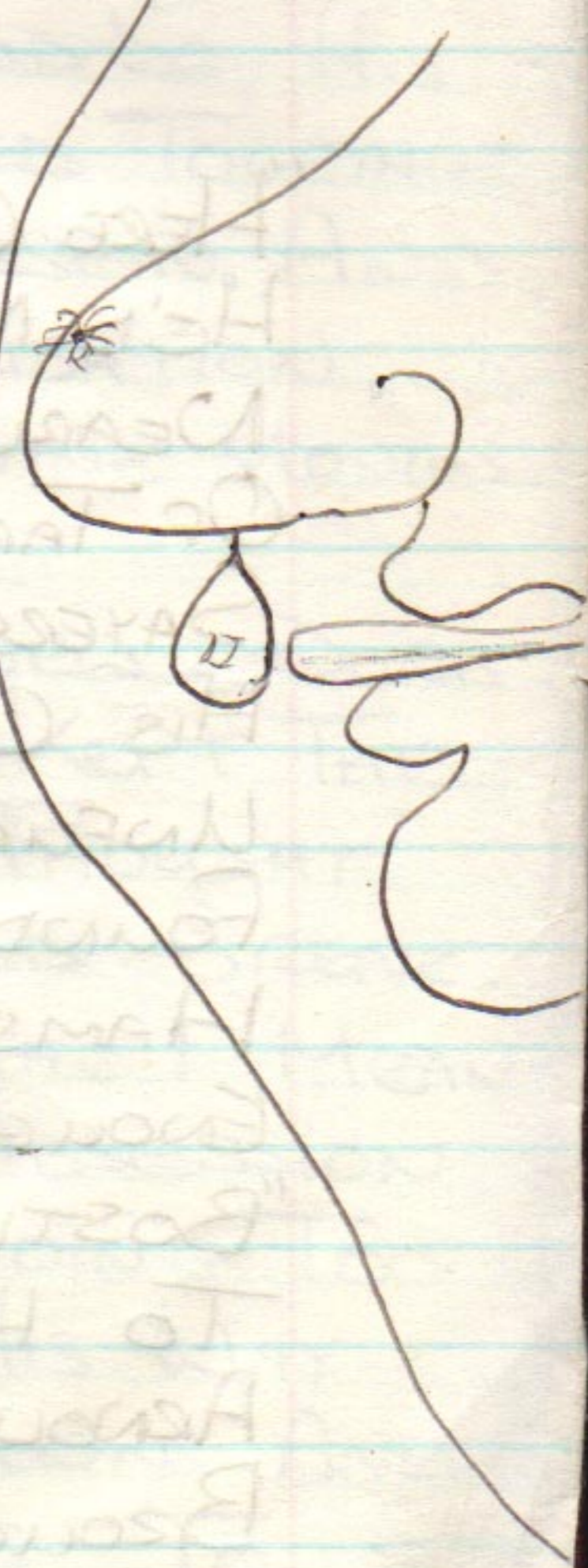
② ↗



③ ↗

④ ↗

P.T.O FOR ANSWERS



## ANSWERS TO COMPETITION

- ① A SPIDER DOING A HANDSTAND
- ② A GIRAFFE WALKING PAST A WINDOW
- ③ A MEXICAN HAVING A WEE.
- ④ A BUTTERFLY SKIPPING.

---

"HERE COME THE LOBSTERS!" I IGNORED HIM. HE'D NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE NEARLY CHOKED TO DEATH ON A PELLET OF TARTAN LINO CONCEALED INSIDE A SAYERS MEAT PASTIE, AND WOKE FROM HIS COMA SIX WEEKS LATER IN AN UNFURNISHED FLAT IN DROITWICH AND FOUND HE SMELLED PROFUSELY OF HAMSTERS. IF THIS WERE NOT BAD ENOUGH HIS MOTHER, IN A "U-H-U" AND "BOSTICK" INDUCED TRANCE ANNOUNCED TO HIM THAT HIS FATHER WAS NOT ARNOLD CREOSOTE, THE MAN WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM UP AND CHERISHED HIM AS HIS OWN, BUT WAS INSTEAD

WORLD FAMOUS T.V. PERSONALITY  
MICHAEL GUAIZE. HIS MOTHER AND  
SIR MICHAEL HAD FOUND THEMSELVES  
TRAPPED IN THE SAME SECTION OF  
THE REVOLVING DOOR AT "SIDES ELEPHANTS  
GRAVEYARD SANDWICH FILINGS AND TRUMPET  
ACOUTREMENTS SUPERSTORE IN MILTON  
KEYNES. THE POWER CUT WHICH LEFT  
THE DOOR MOTIONLESS AND SO HIS  
MUM AND MICHAEL TRAPPED TOGETHER  
FUELLED A MOMENTS PASSION, AND  
THE SUBSEQUENT FERTILISATION  
WHICH BECAME SOME NINE MONTHS  
LATER, GAVIN.

HIS FATHER NEVER KNEW. DORIS  
WANTED GAVIN'S ORIGIN KEPT THE  
WAY THAT ARNOLD HAD THOUGHT  
THAT IT WAS. IT WOULD BREAK  
HIM TO LEARN THE TRUTH. I MEAN  
LOOK AT GAVIN. THIS OBSESSION  
WITH LOBSTERS WAS GOING TOO  
FAR. HE HAD WORKED HIS WAY  
THROUGH SMALLER CRUSTACEANS AND  
SHELLFISH, FROM WINKLES TO  
CRABS. HE SEEMED TO DWELL ON

LOBSTERS. DOCTORS COULD DO NOTHING FOR HIM. HE WOULDN'T TAKE ANY MEDICATION. HE PREPARED ALL OF HIS FOOD HIMSELF, HE WOULD EAT NOTHING BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER X. HIS ENTIRE FAMILY WERE FUNNY EATERS. HIS UNCLE KAREN WOULDN'T EAT ANYTHING WITH ONIONS IN IT. HIS BROTHER COULDN'T EAT TOMATOES. AND HIS DAD WOULD EAT NOTHING AT ALL UNLESS FRANK CARSON SAT WITH HIM AND HELD HIS HAND



ODE TO ALL POT-HEADS!!!

1 THE CORD (THAT CONNECTS YOU TO YOUR WORLD) ©

WE'RE FLOATIN IN + OUT OF IT!!!

FULL ON YER CORD + DRAG YERSELF BACK IN!!

THERE IS NOWT OUT DER BUT...

LACK OF GRAVITY + STARS!!!

PUT YER FEET BACK WHERE THEY OUGHT TO BE!!

BLOW YA!!!

WIERD!

SO YER DRIFTIN?

GO ON DRIFT!

YA BIG DAFTY! (S)

ITS ALLOWED!

BUT DONT FORGET TO LAND AFTERWARDS!!

Zenophobia Jones' Uncanny yet  
thoughtsome ideas

OK! Bear with me. There's a kind  
of glass where you can have  
total painted out glass on one side  
and clear glass on the other, right!  
Mold the glass into a egg/~~straw~~ cigar  
shape, inside place olives - plankton  
and onions, boil in a lager filled  
swimming pool and ship the  
whole lot to the "Bee Gees",  
~~or~~ or alternatively, <sup>alternatively</sup> simmer your  
parents in a nice pair of cords  
with almonds, because "why have  
cotton when you can piles" Speaking  
of which why does my mother's  
face look like a well ridden saddle?  
Frank Skinner should be shot threw  
the head. Anyway why is 'Platfond'  
French for ceiling, surely it sounds  
like 'Platform' meaning standing on  
something, The French need some  
bloody English and grammar lessons!  
Ever noticed the way the Welsh and  
~~lared~~ lared mix well and sausage don't?

Ah! Wales... The land where  
the grass is sweet and the  
women are slug easter egg eating  
nasal whining gin swilling pigs.  
Only kidding I love the Welsh  
Oh Yeh like I love Dennis Healey  
licking me out + sweating ~~food~~  
and shedding skin on me!

Believe it! For instance  
two ~~biscuits~~ biscuits sitting on  
a hill, one says "where do  
you live" and t'other says  
"I'm not telling you, you'll ~~find~~  
rob 'me' washing"

Now THAT  
IS SPOOKY

↓ →  
Sorry  
Don't know  
what came  
over me...


Mike Doyle is god! (sex)  
Macca is a sex god (YES)  
When was the last time  
you were able to scow around  
for a perm without the aid  
of a ~~sp~~ spyglass (stolen John)  
Oh well! Time to lick the  
old table leg,

.....  
..Ohhhhh  
Goddde!

Yours, only at weekends

(2000-10-10)

3/10  
no

Toodle loos everyone  
Sorry I can't get to see you's  
all before I'm back off to  
wooly wolverhampton - but  
abs I'll be back soon with  
avengance. So Take Care  
until then and stay   
see you's all soon.

Ann xxxo

My my address is :- 141 Ewart Road  
~~DEADDOCK STREET~~  
~~WINTHORE REARIS~~ forest fields  
~~WOLVERHAMPTON~~ Nottingham  
~~WV6 2QS~~ NG7 6HG  
~~(0902) 208215~~ (0115) 970 586

*Amended*

just in case anyone wants  
to get in touch

2/Macker, keep us informed  
of the gig etc - & I'll see  
if I can get back up for  
any of them  
miss you's all loads  
Ann xxxo

# The Continuing Saga of Zerophobia Jones.

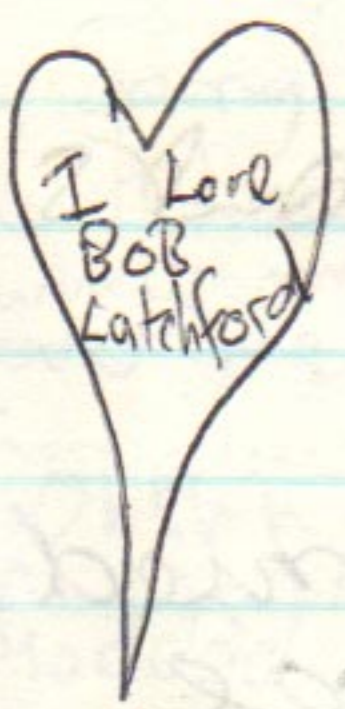
## Cliches

I wandered lonely as a  
cloud!

I have as well, and when  
they say "It works like a treat"  
I've worked as a treat in  
Sammy Simpsons 'Shake and Bake'  
factory where I donned a hard  
crispy shell and went to it  
~~with~~ with a vengeance.

Too many cooks spoil the  
broth!" Welsh cooks are  
reknown for spoiling all sorts of  
broths, stocks, soups and residues

My easiest job ever was  
making hay while the sun shd  
shined, so much so that I  
renamed it "making hay while the  
kettle boiled". Anyway.....



Andy  
King  
Lofty

It was dark frost bitter morning  
that had disturbed my sleep  
Interrupting an unusually warm  
and sweepy dream, My eyes slowly

Duncan McKenzie's shins.

Its "Slug" free. No skin shredders here.

gleamed open to entreat ~~and~~ a new and crisp dawn, In a smooth and clean movement, arms outstretched, I stretched out a long and resounding yawn and in the next move pulled a few sheets of lo paper, wiped and dropped Yes! the slow realisation, Yet another night on the bog.....

"You never know what you've got till it's gone", That's wrong, I ~~remember~~ ~~remembered~~ remember buying the watch, so I knew before ~~that~~ ~~I~~ I had it pinched that I had a watch.

"Size isn't everything", Yeh? Tell that to "me" Mar.

And another thing if "You never know what you've got till it's gone" then after it has gone you won't even realise it's missing! STUPID!

"Only the Welsh smell", True!  
Oh well! Bye, Bye. "Oh the horror"

I will be back!

ES. OI! Machver, where my beans + spuds yer cant!

2/10  
same





## A Day In <sup>THE</sup> Life Of A Scally

"O-OH USA, NAP ATTACK, NAP ATTACK,  
Givin' ut loadza Z's, lah.

So, like, der I woz, KIDDA, clown d' baggy  
gettin a fivers whizz, and, like,  
d' bizzies pulled up. Fuck, lah, me  
'ead was just, like, CHOCKA.

I just gave ut toes, kickda.

An' den I gets 'ome and me ma's  
on me case to tidy me fuckin' room.

So I~~z~~ just went "Fuck IT, LAH," and  
started givin' ut loadza Mr Sheen,  
kickda."

# Poem. (UNROMANCE).

IT'S LATE AND YOU'RE TAKING UP SPACE  
AM I WRONG FOR MY THINKING  
YOU'RE COLDER THAN ICE WITH A BEAUTIFUL FACE  
AND I'M THINKING  
WHAT I WOULD DO JUST TO MAKE LOVE WITH YOU  
SO MUCH FOR YOU.  
WELL IT WOULDN'T BE LOVE BUT IF PUSH CAME TO <sup>SHOVE</sup>  
I'D ADORE YOU..

Who the Fuck is Scully  
I want that TV  
But I can't HAVE it  
But I want it  
PetHubbA

Identify the mule hiding in your cupboard. If it screams attach it to the National Grid. All animals are fun, enjoy them.

lots of love  
guy

# Poem (ROMANCE)

A STRAY AND LOVELY SPARK  
FELL FROM A NEARBY BONFIRE  
LIKE A SNOWFLAKE FROM A STAR  
IT LIT A CANDLE IN MY HEART.  
SO PRECIOUS WAS THE FLAME  
I COULD NOT LET IT DIE  
I SHELTERED IT FROM RAIN  
I EMBRACED IT WHEN THEY BLEW  
BUT THEN THE MOMENT CAME  
WHEN LOVE LIT UP THE SKY  
I WAS WEAK AND CLOSED MY EYES  
A WHILE TO THINK OF YOU.  
BUT WHEN I FOUND MY SIGHT  
MY HEART HAD LOST IT'S LIGHT.  
IT LEFT A TRAIL OF SMOKE THERE TO  
REMIND MY SOUL OF YOU.

The all new (& old)

The Xenophobia Jones Summer Round up!

~~Well~~ folks its time to pack all my worldly belongings into a pig skin wallet and toddle off once again. A summer of laughter and spam, ups and downs, ins and outs. Heres just a few of my personal faves.

- ⊗ Devs sweets + copious portions of chips and other savoury delights (Aingurs, headphone repairs and patience)
- ⊗ Devs videos! (Party Dade Dark waters The Dark, Dark nympho ninja nuns etc)
- ⊗ Dev, (~~Just~~ Just for being him)
- ⊗ The mysterious moving flat, (The shortest yet ~~hit~~ hilariously strenuous removal in the history of...erm...removal)
- ⊗ George Formby infamous Banjo face strumming (Don't care, Don't ask)

⊛ My longest longing, of lust with Peter (Maca) being fully recognised. A summer of sweet, warm and often wet embraces, filled with erotic hints of sublime & ecstatic bliss (Not so sure about this one.)

⊛ My love of the Welsh, growing strange all the time.

⊛ 'Cute as a button' sex ~~sex~~ dwarfs, can seriously damage your health. (But what a way to go)

x  
⊛ Some serious parties, gigs, nights out, cake, drink, (sessions or Monday nights in general).

⊛ ~~The~~ actual size of Maca's knob!

⊛ The legendary ~~is~~ "Mike Doyle."  
(God! I want him)

And possibly many more things that you can't buy in the shops  
Thank you for putting us

with me over the weeks  
I can be a little cutting ~~at~~  
and sharp at times and for  
that I really couldn't care  
Go fuck 'yer' 'maw', who gives  
a shit! Bleep fucking Bleep!  
oh no, not again I ~~will~~  
SHOVE IT UP MY  
ARSE, IVE GOT RINGS AROUND  
DRANDS, UP ME MOTHERS  
TROUT + SPLITSWA MY  
CRACK ON MOTHER TERESSES  
HEAD ~~we~~ BLEEP ALLX ARRAX

Anyway youve been a lovely  
audience, No more Zerophobia  
No more smart arse replies  
No more come on ~~A~~lean (please)  
Remember everyone has a little  
Zerophobia Jones in them (literally)  
So until the next time,  
FUCK OFF.

yours sunny side up


Zerophobia Jones  
WHAT'S PISS SHITTA WHAT


10.10.94

Monday, 10pm.

Hello. I'm not sure what it is that I want to write. Infact, I don't know that I've got anything to say at all. Mind you, that's not to say it's ever stopped me before.

So there, I blow raspberries at you many times and no mistake.

P.  (HOW DOES ONE GO ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF DRAWING HEARTS?)

PPS  (FUCKING TELL ME!)

PPPS. Macker's abode is looking a bit barren of late, is it not?

Lots of Mouse Frolics  
'TwiXt Black silk sheets,

Valerie Vulva

KATIE  
THINKS  
HANDS  
AREN'T  
MEANT  
FOR  
HOLDING...

So we close another diary!

Worra woppa bumper edition eh!

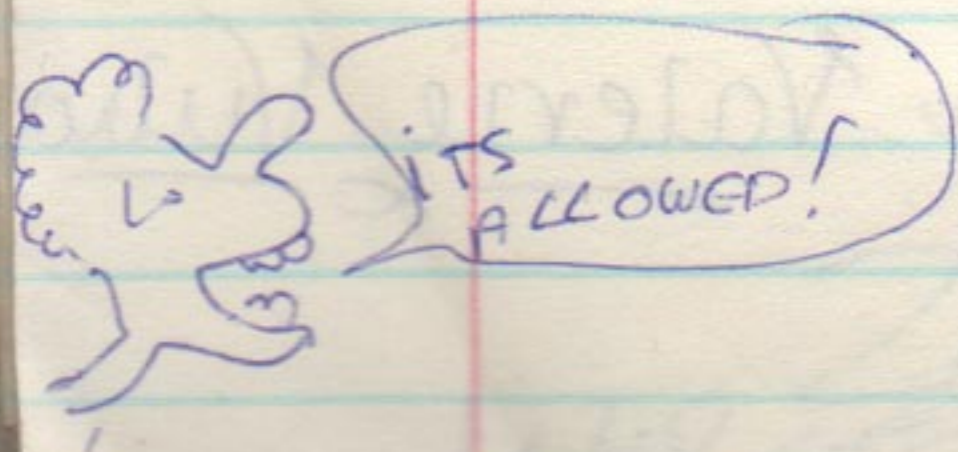
ya've had laughter, tears + a  
little bit of everything really!

Join us again in the next  
fun packed edition of :-

THE BATHROOM BOOK!

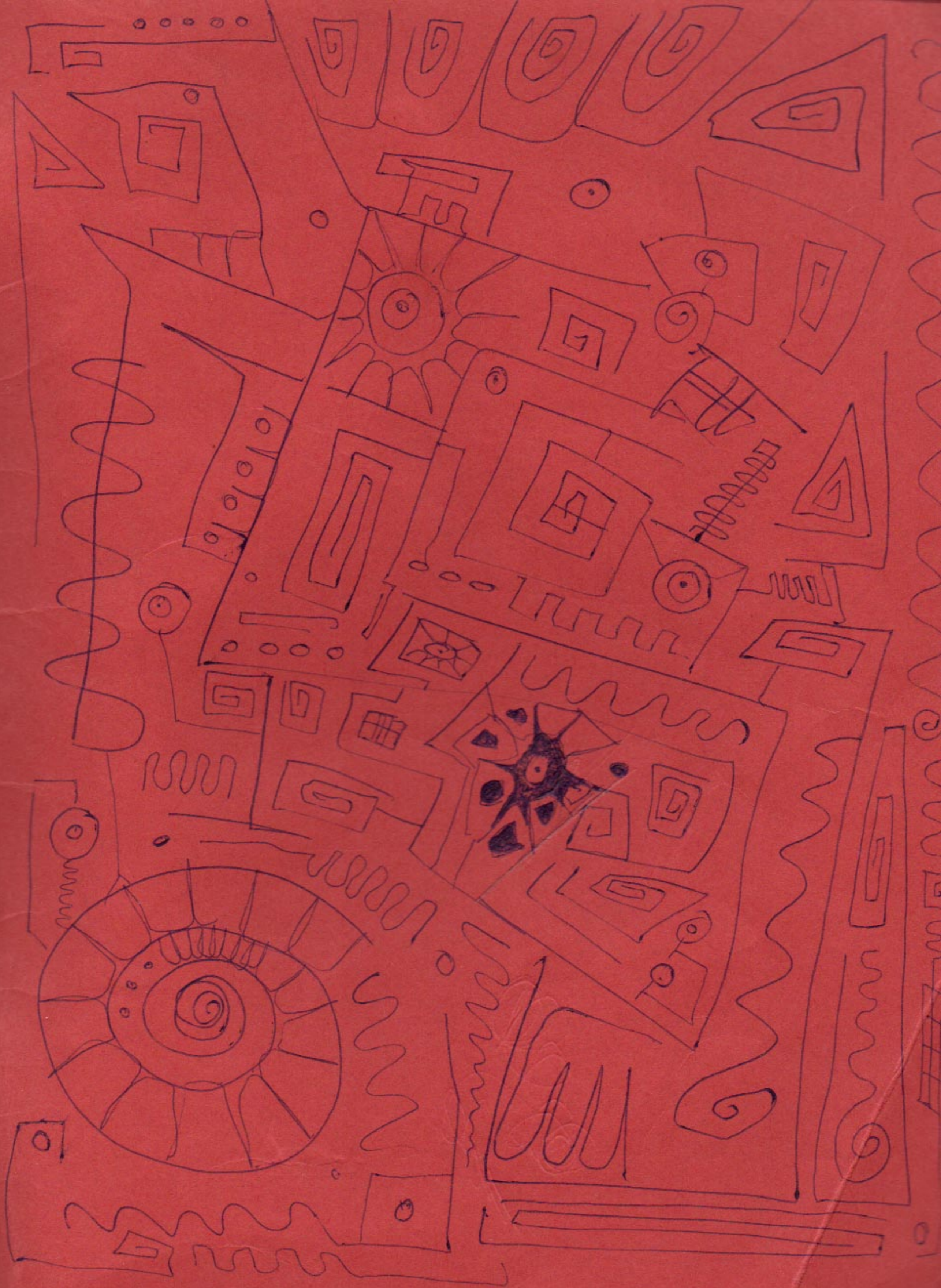
PART III

DATS GORRA  
BE THE BIGGEST  
PILE OF SHITE  
IVE EVER CRAPPED  
FROM ME ME ARSE  
DAT HAS!



who  
won the  
beans + spuds  
then!





The missing