

Funny Books FREE Sampler

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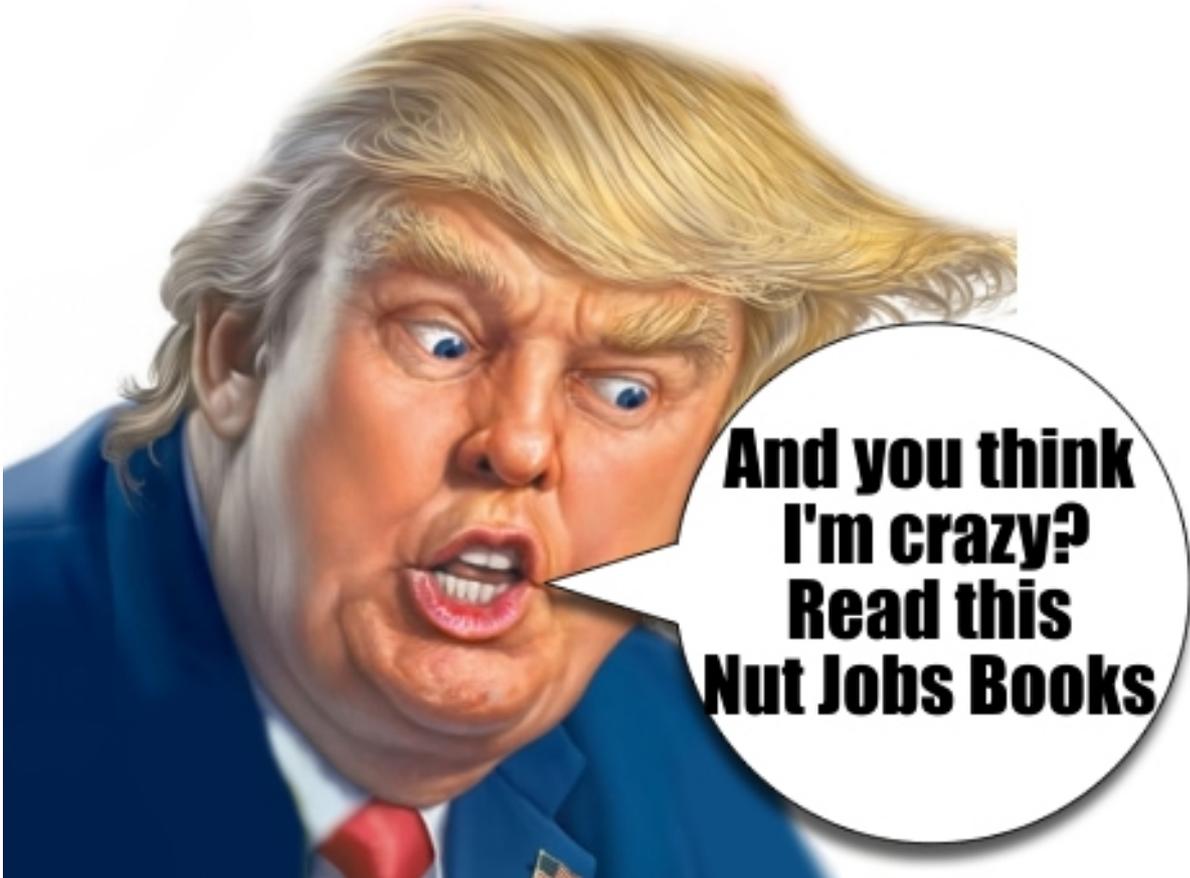
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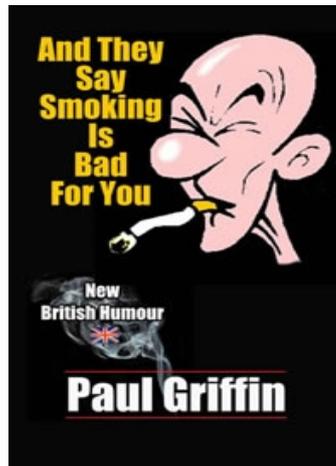
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Extracts from 'And They Say Smoking Is Bad For You' Political Satire- Surreal Humour- True Short Stories



Global Warming-for real Dummies/ Current Affairs/Science 2018

If you are reading this after 2018 then History/ past affairs.....if you are reading this from the new seaside resort of Lewisham or Austin then Prophecy/current affairs..'A good read for your beach holiday' This is more of a thought provoking piece than a scientific document- the main thought it will provoke is 'what is this idiot talking about and secondly why am I reading it'...(because it was a cheap book my friend)



Global Warming

There have been millions of words written about global warming, how, why, the effects and so on- so I will only linger for a while on this interesting subject. Most of the science here I have made up just like the real scientists, but what do I know?

Is Global Warming man made? Probably yes is the answer but there again was global cooling i.e. 'The Ice Age' man made? Probably not due to the lack of people.

Then what about the time the Dinosaurs existed it was hot then wasn't it? So it would appear the planet goes hot and cold in cycles. It appears now we are going hot and cold and wet and dry at the

same time- so something is obviously not quite right! I have no real idea what is going on in truth which sort of fits with everyone else.

As a last thought before moving on, I would have thought the Sun (for UK readers- The big orange light in the sky- it can be seen on rare occasions in the summer months allegedly) has something to do with it- after all it's not an electric light bulb putting out a constant amount of solar energy, it has weather and solar storms and seems to be generally all over the place, so perhaps it has an affect? I have the feeling my article so far lacks the gravitas of a top of the range scientific research paper so feel it appropriate to move on to dealing with the situation we now, and will find ourselves in at a future date. I hope the advertisement below will be useful.

Sponsored Advertisement

The ACME Floating House ACME Environmental Products 'Solutions for a Changing World'



The ACME Floating House- You may be surprised to know this is not a new idea. However the ACME Floating House is unique, in both in its construction and its additional features which make it a 'Stand /float alone product'

This amazingly innovative home is a real boon to living in our ever changing world- Constructed of recycled egg boxes re-enforced with a liquid titanium resin to give it incredible strength and durability even in the most tiresome of environmental conditions. Floods and rising sea levels are one of the main problems facing us in the future. Here at ACME we are always ahead of the game in environmental terms.....and with our team of top scientists are predicting and preparing for these expected climate and environmental changes. We also employ a top clairvoyant Doris from Brighton Pier to give us even further insight into forthcoming events and at £20 a go she has proved invaluable to our research. Doris also does 'extras' when the clairvoyance business is slow, another string to her already tight bow and very large breasts!

No this is not a ship! The ACME Floating House is equally happy on dry land if you can find any.

The House Specifications

- **Totally Self Sufficient**
- **Solar Panels for All Your Electricity Needs**

- **Water Purification Plant Built In**
- **Fully Automated Fish Catching Capability**
- **Ocean Going - Full GPS Tracking as Standard**

Fracking.....

Fracking has been carried out all over the world with no ill effects so far; So far is the operative phrase. The scientific bods say drilling bloody great holes in the ground shoving pipes and what not filled with high pressure water and sucking out the gas is harmless to the environment. Some how or other all this deep below ground (in other words out of sight out of mind) poking around all settles down on its own, making a natural adjustment to the intrusion.

Most people are worried about pollution of the rivers and water supply from the chemicals used in the process. Because this has not been done on such a scale before no one can be certain as to the effects on the structure of the subterranean stuff below- subterranean stuff below is as scientific as I am going to get at this point. However, in twenty years time when huge areas of the landscape disappear or drop ten or twenty feet as a consequence I am sure things living on the surface, or what used to be the surface will make an equally natural adjustment, as will the people living in their new environment, where the ground could disappear from under you at any moment- trees in the back garden go from forty feet to ten overnight and the entire landscape looks like it has been attacked by an infestation of giant moles.

Please dear reader don't worry this is mere flippant fiction. I am sure we can all sleep peacefully in our beds at night in the Fracking regions until some underground fissure opens up and catapults both you and the bed through the ceiling that is.....! As for the earth quakes these are a naturally occurring phenomenon, I know you never used to have them before, but they are only small 'itsy bitsy' ones aren't they?

How to Become a Successful Author

'Stephen King -JK Rowlings William Shakespear- YOU! '

Stage 1 'Write a book!' You've been working on your master piece using all the cognitive powers you can muster. Having turned to the brain stimulating, intellect boosting herbal medications in a last ditch effort to squeeze all you can from your now exhausted mind- your body has now diverted 99% of its blood supply and oxygen to your brain, you are hardly able to physically move, all your other body systems are now struggling to function but thank God your fingers can still type to complete the task. Do these herb things really work... yes they do actually I've been using Ginkgo Biloba and it does seem to have a very strange effect on my thought processes they do seem faster - can't you tell.....

Now it's finished, sixty thousand words of blood sweat and tear stained manuscript waiting to be unleashed on the unsuspecting world! Your heart flutters with excitement, partly from the thrill of it all, but mostly from having to pump all this extra blood upwards. It's time to gather your thoughts and proceed to stage 2. what do I do with this wonderful creation.

Stage 2. You could try a book publisher, there are lots advertising for new books on the internet. I will tell you from personal experience what will happen- If you are lucky the book people will like your initial submissions and send you a very encouraging email asking for the full manuscript which will be passed on to the book board/panel whatever that is. You will be told this takes up to

six weeks.

Next you will receive an email saying the book board/panel didn't like your book. They liked it to start with but now they don't, why? Sorry, this is standard procedure for all books submitted by sad desperate individual authors?

So how do I get a deal? Easy, you hire a slick money grasping corrupt Book Agent who could sell sand to the Arabs, get offered a percentage so low you would need to sell five million copies to earn a living, and kiss their backside for the privilege. Oh dear...

Stage 3. Self Publish why not? Your Mum thinks you are a genius of an Author and the family legend is she read a book once, so have faith. The brain operation you need to repair all the damaged arteries blown apart by all the cognitive enhancing herbal medications is going to cost a fortune so you need to do something.

It's best to self publish an eBook first and see how you get on. Unfortunately there are now probably more people publishing eBooks than there are people who read them, which is a bit awkward.

Be warned. Do not rely on your friends or family to support your book writing efforts, and never your pretend Face Book friends. They would show more interest in an unusual bug they have found under a rock in the park than your book- Trust me on this.

A Serious Bit- yes really!

Get a few people to read your book and give you a serious honest opinion, re- edit if you need to. Make it work for the reader. If you are serious you need a promotional budget of some kind to get things moving a bit. Face Book and Google Ads are not cost effective- flyers are good.....

The best of luck. How's my book doing ha ha ha! same as yours....?

' How To Become a Successful Author' from my forthcoming 'How To' Series

Other books in the series include:

How To End All Wars- How To Turn Lead Into Gold- How To Find A Much Younger Spouse

How To Find The Secret Of Eternal Life (part1)

Currently at the research Stage- contributions welcome ASAP

Buy 'And They Say Smoking Is Bad For You'

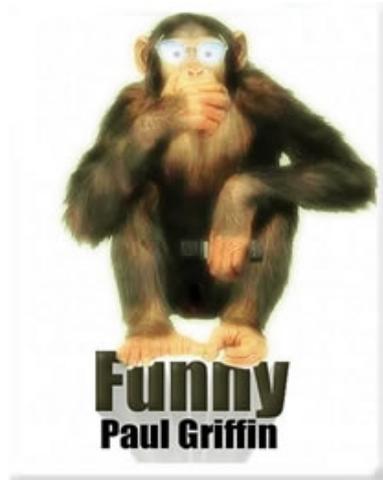
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Extracts from Funny. True Short Stories Plus Persona Colonel Rage



Admiral Nelson (Alias Pete the guitarist) 'Pete's Drug Habit Finally Takes Its Toll

'For those not familiar with British naval history which includes me. Nelson was a British naval commander and national hero, famous for his naval victories against the French during the Napoleonic Wars.'

Back in the day I was in a Rock Band playing the bass, we were all about 17 or 18, were we any good, yes we were. Did we ever get anywhere no we didn't. We did a lot of gigs in some quite big venues, but we had no clue how to make a career of it, which is a shame; Some of the old demo's still sound great (I mean really old) the 1970's. However we did have some of the rock star trappings, for example we had a band yoga teacher, he would come and advise us on diet and yoga postures.

At that time the Macrobiotic diet was a favorite, a strange Japanese diet where you eat mainly whole grains, no white sugar, pulses, seaweed similar in fact to a vegan diet. To start the diet it was recommended you eat only brown rice and water for ten days to detoxify the system, I never tried the detox part, but I knew a few that did, did they feel better, no not really. Though the ten day brown rice diet was recommended, it was not suggested you carry on drinking six pints of beer a night and smoking thirty cigarettes a day whilst on it.

Back to the yoga man, did he look healthy? yes he did incredibly healthy, his eyes shone clear and bright, his skin was perfect and he was generally physically in tip top condition. One day while with us at a rehearsal he sneezed, we were in a bit of a panic was our health guru getting sick, no he was OK. He explained that he must have had one slice of date cake too many the night before, causing the temporary imbalance and the sneeze. Am I making fun of this kind of lifestyle, no definitely not, I took up yoga and a lot of elements of the diet and did feel very well on it. You're wondering how am I today aren't you? So are the doctors!

Pete the guitarist.

The lead guitarist Pete was an exceptional player, he played in a fluid very creative blues style and was everyone agreed an excellent guitarist. He was as good as any other name player around at the

time. Pete lived the rock guitarist life style to the full, women sex, drugs and rock and roll big time. We all drank more alcohol than we should, but Pete also took everything and anything else that was available, uppers, downers, LSD, cannabis, quite often in a lethal combination, I personally had no interest in any of this stuff thank fully.

Eventually it all took its toll and he completely lost his mind, it started with the hallucinations and progressed on from there. The actual diagnosis was Paranoid Schizophrenia, he was in a shocking state. He would chain smoke roll ups (hand made cigarettes) all day long 24 grams a day which is about fifty cigarettes, to give him credit he did reduce his other drug consumption, apart from a weakness for home grown weed. Most people smoke it, Pete used to like to eat it. I remember clearly visiting him at home one lunch time, on the menu that day was cannabis soup, not made from the leaves I might add with a few potatoes thrown in but the whole plant roots and all boiled in a big saucepan. The resulting liquid looked awful, obviously he wasn't using a cook book and personally I would have thought cleaning the mud off the roots might have been a good idea, however he seemed to enjoy it.

Pete becomes Nelson?

As you can imagine none of this was helping his condition improve. One day for some reason he decided he had become Admiral Horatio Nelson, for weeks on end he insisted that's who he was. We were all still great friends with Pete, (what was left of him) and tried our very best to accommodate him. Eventually though this began to get on all our nerves, particularly of one friend called Joe. Joe had a plan to snap him out of this, he would take him to the National Gallery in London and show Pete a portrait of Nelson to prove he wasn't him. Did any of us look at a reference book to see what Nelson actually looked like, well no was the answer!

Off they went, just Pete and Joe. They found the room where the portrait was and approached the picture. As they did to Joe's trepidation it was becoming clear there was a similarity. As they both stood a few feet away, to Joe's horror Pete was the spitting image of Nelson! The same nose, eyes, skin colour, in fact the resemblance was uncanny. If you'd given Pete a curly grey wig, cut off an arm (*Nelson lost his right arm in combat*) and put a funny hat on him Madame Tussauds would have had a live model to make the waxwork from.

So that was that, Pete could have been some kind of bizarre reincarnation of Nelson. As far as we were aware he wasn't a direct descendant and hadn't had cosmetic surgery and asked for the Nelson look, so we were stuck with it... 'Yes Admiral, no Admiral' An astute businessman would have hired him out to the Royal Navy as a tactical advisor.

Reverend Ben and His Waifs and Strays.

Reverend Ben was a great Christian man always willing to help others, I was very friendly with Rev Ben and along with a few others would spend time at his house watching football or just hanging out. He had a weakness for taking in waifs and strays with nowhere else to go. He had two men who stayed with him most of the time and occasionally would take other people under his wing.

One such person was Anton, twenty years old, quite chubby with longish light brown hair, very quietly spoken he did not like to make eye contact. He was a Russian refugee brought up in an orphanage there. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to fight in the Chechen war, he claimed to have been blown up in a tank. After an already very troubled upbringing the final straw in turning

his mind must have been the trauma of war, he was completely crazy.

For some reason he would spend nights in a tree in the local park, I did challenge him one time about this and his reply was that he was hunting. I didn't like to push him further on this issue, it seemed like a reasonable explanation. However, our local inner city park was not known for its wildlife, other than the odd squirrel. At this time he was using a large pointed stick as his hunting weapon of choice.

One day Anton asked me where he could get a gun. I assumed his hunting expeditions had got more serious, but told him alas, I could not help him. Even if I could, I would have thought gunshots ringing out in the local park all night would have attracted some attention. Even the sight of an ex Russian soldier swinging from a tree branch with a flash light and a stick should have caused a few questions to be asked? But no one said a thing!

On another occasion Anton was asking us. 'How do you get rid of something on a computer' He kept asking and we kept saying what exactly do you mean Anton ?.....

Eventually all was revealed whilst Reverend Ben was away Anton had found one of his credit cards and signed the good Reverend up to Sex Express a dubious Dutch Adult site. He had placed an icon on the desktop and made the site one of Reverend Ben's favorites. Usually you can remove these things easily, not this time whatever we tried the offending items would not go. When Rev Ben came back from his trip he went absolutely ballistic. 'I've got the Bishop coming next week if he finds out I'm finished' Anton spent a long time in the dog house and was lucky not to have been thrown out.

Anton was not so lucky with his next and final escapade.

Whilst Rev Ben was on holiday, I received a phone call from Mary the housekeeper she was a sweet seventy year old Jamaican lady about five feet tall and quite thin and frail, she was in a state of real distress 'Anton has gone crazy come quick' I arrived on the scene gingerly opened the door and could see nothing much going on so entered, there was the smell of burning though, that worried me somewhat. I found Mary armed with a very large carving knife cowering in the kitchen. 'Anton has gone completely crazy he tried to set himself on fire'

The carpet in the living room had a very large burn hole in it and pieces of a burnt black shirt in evidence but no sign of Anton. It appeared our Russian friend had set his shirt on fire, in a dramatic suicide attempt or a re-enactment of his war time experiences who knows, but apparently thought better of it when it got too hot. Setting ones self on fire usually does cause a distressing rise in temperature! A fact anyone attempting suicide considering this approach should be aware of..... There were other signs of his rampage, moved furniture, broken pictures and a trail of burnt black shirt pieces but no sign of Anton himself.

Time for the police perhaps?

They arrived on mass in a large van six burly coppers with a Sergeant in charge; they stood outside in the front garden with an air of power and invincibility about them that was assuring. I approached the Sergeant and explained the situation.

'Has he hurt anybody?'

Well no, but he has set himself on fire and appears to have gone completely insane.

'Sorry sir but unless he's hurt someone we don't have the police powers to do anything, it's a domestic matter, give us call if he does hurt someone' The police left?

The whole situation was about to turn into an Ealing Comedy. Two teenage boys turned up hoping to see Rev Ben, they asked what was going on and I explained the highlights so far. Somehow a

plan was hatched, we would arm ourselves with pieces of wood and hunt down Anton. We looked for over half an hour still no sign. The two young lads were really keen on the whole thing, personally I thought hunting down a battle hardened psychopath with three very flimsy pieces of wood was not the best approach.

Eventually bingo, we heard noises from a cupboard upstairs, Anton emerged an empty bottle of Scotch in one hand he seemed oblivious to our presence, and literally threw himself down the stairs. I've no idea why? The large amount of alcohol he had consumed had relaxed his body so much that he was able to perform the perfect stunt man stair fall, fortunately the alcohol had also rendered him senseless prodding and poking we were able to move him onto a settee where he lay helpless.

Time to call Rev Ben

He was on holiday but I had the emergency number. Once again the police were called this time by Rev Ben once again they arrived in force two vans this time twelve policemen! Once again the question was asked.

'Has he hurt anybody'? 'No he hasn't, but he seems to be building up to something.'

'Sorry sir unless he's actually hurt somebody' etc.;

If the house keeper had been lying in the kitchen with a carving knife sticking out her chest, the building was on fire and Anton could be seen leering at us from the top window with an AK-47 in his hands.

Unfortunately the alcohol was wearing off, fortunately the other members of the household returned from work. It was decided to call a local Doctor, God help the poor man I thought, however Anton seemed to be very co operative with him, the small diminutive Doctor showed no fear and seemed to relish his involvement.

His diagnosis seemed pretty straight forward he was a very manipulative psychopath, not the Doctor, Anton. Not a medical man myself it seemed like a pretty fair appraisal. The necessary paperwork to section him under the Mental Health act was signed and for poor old Anton that was that. The men in the white coats took him away. He never did come back, the last I heard he had become a Monk.....very shortly after that an ex Monk apparently.....I can't imagine why!

Colonel Rage



Barking mad, a Christian fundamentalist obsessed with the Military and opposed to modern life- of course I made him up but disturbingly like the horror story where the ventriloquist's dummy comes to life- you get the picture?

Colonel Rage on Space Exploration-

The Colonel is looking forward to developing this exciting new Theater of War for Future

generations!

Outer space the final frontier. Is anybody out there? The Mars probe well the ones that don't crash land or fizzle out shortly after, staggers about on the surface, scratching for rocks and signs of ancient bugs, sends a few messages back and the scientific chappies are all leaping about with joy that there may be life. Ye Gods a couple of drops of water and what could be the remains of a dead prehistoric bacterium buried in the permafrost of some far flung planet doesn't amount to a pimple on a bee, and lets be honest is the average citizen any the wiser, or more to the point really care.

The boffins want to put men on Mars next. To do what exactly, stagger about on the surface gather a few rocks, look for signs of ancient bugs send back a few messages, similar in fact to to probe but more hands on. The ultimate plan of course to bring back in person these samples. I suggest as required reading to all these fellows 'The Andromeda Strain' (A book about a space virus brought back to Earth)

There will be volunteers of course, men looking for fame & adventure, and no doubt a few of these heroes will lose their lives in the process. I know I am an old man now, out of touch with the aspirations of the new keen scientific class, its progress. 'To go where no man had ever gone before,' no man has ever gone into Mrs Rages sister Phoebe's bedroom, my point being some things are best left unexplored. The consequences may not be dire but could be unpleasant to say the least.

The Indians are at it, the Chinese, the Americans the Europeans the Brits, Russians all of them want to have a good poke around up there. Some misguided souls say, I know there is the International Space Station but why can't we do the rest together as well, it would make more sense. 'Why not replace the bullet with the pen and hate with love and man travel on his destiny to the stars as one race. Invent a universal space language, all live happily ever after in the land of the fairy princess, and hold hands as we dance on the rings of Saturn.'

Nonsense, this kind of hippy dippy talk never got us anywhere, if we have to go and I have serious reservations about this, let's be ready! No damned Rusky is going to sneak up on us in outer space old boy. Let's be prepared for this new and exciting theater of war I have already sketched plans for a space worthy version of our tried and trusted Chieftain tank.

The bayonet will work just as well in outer space I'll wager the soft surface of the moon will be ideal for trench warfare. Outer space will give us the room to really expand our fighting capabilities, no bad weather to worry about stopping a sortie, no one whining about using their air space, and a chance to play with all those nuclear weapons with out hurting dear Mother Earth.

“The Colonels nurse says it time for his afternoon tranquilliser, before he gets too excited she doesn't want another episode of his foaming mouth syndrome.”

Later on..... Now where was I? The old blood lust is hard to control, the inner battle between right and wrong, the Black Dog sometimes overcomes me. Space, yes indeed space. It would on reflection be best not to get too involved until we've sorted ourselves out down here a bit. Have a look Patrick Moore style through the old telescope, dream of conquering other worlds and rebuilding the great British Empire on another planet why not. The sound of leather on willow (cricket) on Venus, the taste of fresh fish and chips caught in the sea of Saturn, reading a copy of the Times Mars edition after Sunday lunch.

Let's 'Keep Space British'

GET THE FUNNY APP

- Makes your Tablet or Mobile Funnier.....
- Softens bad news- by turning worrying texts about failing the recent job interview or a relative becoming ill into funny stories and anecdotes.
 - Helps you write funny emails so people think you have a good sense of humour
- Watches you through your devices camera and with our unique face recognition software can send you an amusing text if you are looking sad or depressed or make you an appointment to see your GP to get anti- depressants.

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