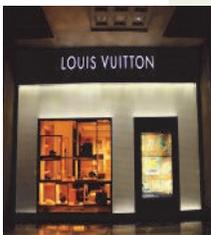


▶ MO FARAH STILL DOING LAP OF HONOUR ROUND THE WORLD. LAST SEEN IN THE BANGALORE BRANCH OF LOUIS VUITTON SHOUTING "GET IT RIGHT UP YOU!" WHILE CLANGING HIS MEDALS TO THE TUNE OF "WINDS OF CHANGE" BY THE SCORPIONS

▶ "GOLDEN BOY SIR CHRIS HOY" TO BE THE CYCLIST'S OFFICIAL NAME IN QUEEN'S BONKERS NEW HONOURS LIST. ALSO NAMED ARE "JEWEL IN THE CROWN JESSICA ENNIS" AND "NOT SO MISERABLE NOW ANDY MURRAY"

▶ LORD COE IN SLOWMO TAEKWONDO DOJO DODO PROMO. OLYMPIC EMPEROR TO PREVIEW REPLAY OF MARTIAL ART SCHOOL'S EXTINCT BIRD MASCOT. FOR SOME REASON.



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THE CHUNT

POST OLYMPIC ORGASMATHON

WELL DONE TO TEAM GB: MAY YOU NEVER HAVE TO EBAY YOUR MEDALS



Britain officially the best country in the

world "All the others can f**k off," says Cameron



"OMG like the bestest flag ever!" - Lord Coe

BRITAIN is now the best at everything according to everyone who lives there.

Despite leaving out the "United Kingdom of" and the "and Northern Ireland" bit of the name to save on printing costs, Great Britain, even parts of Lanarkshire, are awash and frothing with national fervor.

Farry Bant from the only phone in Somerset flapped, "I used to think my homeland was a pissy stinkhole of (King James) biblical proportions. Now after 29 or so superfit people came first at things and Ed Sheeran lumped along to Pink Floyd, I think we are shit hot, and not just at robot wars and tea... We came first in the medals table, right? Hello? Hello?"

As Prime Minister David Cameron was busy building a Death Star for Lord Coe, and Nick Clegg scrambled around for a defence against psychic strangulation, sales of Union Jacks went up 7000%, only eclipsed by those of US and Chinese flags which consumers used in jingoistic ritual bumings across the country.

In a statement from the balcony of his 3-star hotel in Bratislava, Mr Cameron pledged to build on the Olympic success and make Britain the superpower it once was:

"I hope to show the rest of the world that we are not to be trifled with. We have the best cyclers, tennisists and boat people the world has ever seen.

They are as hard as the levels I can complete on Fruit Ninja and just as frustrating. We may not have the population, nuclear capability or medal tally of China and the US but by jingo we have Mo Farah and free healthcare (after tax and insurance)," he rified.

Primary schools are also to adopt the US system of singing the national anthem while throwing copies of the Bible at Deng Xiaoping's face. In Steiner schools, the Sex Pistol's version of God Save The Queen will be allowed along with spitting and the use of the term "cowboy faggots".

Johnny Rotten's soul was unavailable for comment as it was now the property of some coked up butter merchant.



Hit Deng Xiaoping's Face: 3 goes for a pound

"Houses should be cheaper, except the one I'm selling," say homeowners

HOUSE prices are going through the roof, it was said for the 700,000th time yesterday.

Everyone agreed that the price for a few bricks stuck together with a mordant cement was "so steep it's f**king vertical", apart from when trying to offload their own home on an already saturated market.

Emily Shabbagat, a mother of 3 and lover of none, produced from her gob, "I'm trying to buy a four bed semi in some dirtbag area in North London and the prices are beyond Ridiculous (another area I was looking at). Of course I would like to sell my own nest for as much as I can get away with. Why can't I find a nice

rich Asian family who would want a 2 bed apartment with 1 bath and free lead poisoning for £300K?"

Housing Minister and general tit, Thomas D. Tankenzin, appealed for calm:

"As long as I get my salary, pension and 13 weeks holiday, the market can do what the f**k it likes."



1 Room; No bath: £225K (actual size)

Prince Philip in hospital with bladder infection: doctors “took the piss”

PRINCE Philip of Macedonia has been admitted to an Aberdeen hospital with an ironic piss infection.

The Queen’s consort and former Mr Universe was rushed from Balmoral Castle, in a Range Rover most likely, to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary where a special ward was prepared and all medical staff with more than a tan were given the week off.

The 91-year-old Greek was still in good spirits even when given a high dose of ketamine by local paramedic Hashad Azif just to get him to shut the f**k up.

“He joked that I must have had a good summer holiday as I seemed to have ‘fallen asleep on the beach for more than a few



The Royal Prince having a piss in happier times

days’. When I asked him what he meant, he pretended not to understand me, saying, ‘Do you go through a lot of tea-towels in your house?’ At that point I gave him a copy of *Razzle* and went into the front to read the *Daily Express*,” said a clearly shaken Mr Azif.

Doctors at the hospital were bound by the Hippocratic Oath not to reveal any details of Mr Windsor’s condition but it was a different story with a ward janitor to whom we’d slipped a tenner. Mickey Frisco, 47, of 20 Benson & Hedges Road, Portlethen only agreed to talk to

The Chunt if he could remain anonymous:

“Prince Philip was admitted with a secondary pyloric infection of the epithelial lining of the bladder and ureter. He is being treated with amoxicillin and, at his request, ketamine sulphate. He’s a perfect gentleman. He even signed my copy of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* for me. All he wrote was ‘Those were the days! Love Big Phil x’,” mumbled Mr Frisco with an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

The rest of the Royal Family sped in other Range Rovers, black ones it’s assumed, to the prince’s bedside. However, protocol dictated that they weren’t allowed to be in the same room together in case Al Qaeda still gave a shit.

Scottish Cardinal refuses to meet First Minister: “Gayness is catching, you know”

CARDINAL Keith O’Brien has refused any contact with the Scottish leader, Alex Salmond, in a row over gay marriage.

The head of the Catholic Church in Scotland claimed that the government’s stance on same-sex unions was discriminatory to the Church as well as a clear indication that Mr Salmond was a bum bandit of the highest order.

Father Jimmy Filch, a spokesdouble for the candid Cardinal, in a statement whispered through a wire mesh, said:

“His Eminence has a low tolerance for this sort of behaviour. The Catholic Church has long been accused of turning a blind

eye to sexual misdemeanours within our numbers but it’s time to crack down. If we find out any of our priests are planning to gay marry any gays or gay lovers like Mr Salmond then, instead of keeping quiet for 30 years while countless victims suffer, we’ll probably kick them out. We mean it this time. We take this sort of immorality very seriously. The other sort? What’s done is done. Now who’s up for some free wine and biscuits and stories about flagellation?”

Mr Salmond, however, was unrepentant:

“I admit that I am a bit of a

handsome chap but my entirely correct views on same-sex marriage do not make me a gay by default. Neither does the fact that I played—and enjoyed—rugby at school.

“If the Cardinal doesn’t want to meet me then that’s his too bad. I make a mean mushroom risotto and I have a beautiful bottle of Prosecco chilling in the fridge. I can do better than him. He’ll be weeping into his cassock when I become prime minister of a free Scotland and he’s still gathering up hymn books after mass,” huffed the slightly sweaty politician.

Cartoon based Cardinal Riche-



Cardinal Richelieu, about 400 years ago

lieu of *Dogtanian* fame refused to comment as he was busy plotting the overthrow of Louis XIII.



A Daffyd Production. Edited by D. Phillips. No apologies are offered to the British Royal Family, Catholic Church, Scottish Government, British Olympic Committee or Simon Cowell, the vacuous cock smear.

For subscriptions, go to <http://insiderphil.wordpress.com> and click on the, yes you guessed it, “subscribe” button. Send any comments or suggestions to insiderphil@live.com. We’d love to hear your inane ramblings and tips on how to do things so much better. Libel lawyers, please email; Sir Ian Hislop at Private Eye as it’s probably his fault.

All consumer rights and privileges protected. The photos of Deng Xiaopeng and Cardinal Richelieu were obtained without proviso. One’s dead and the other’s a coloured and inked line drawing so we though it was a safe bet.



LETTER SPRAY

DO YOU THINK THAT THE OLYMPICS WERE GOOD FOR BRITAIN? GOOD FOR SPORT? AS GOOD AS GOLD? AS GOOD AS 50 SHADES?

THIS is an open letter to all who doubted that the games in London would have been a failure. Shame on you and I hope you are literally eating your words right now as I've had to do. I'd always said the games would be a disaster from start to finish and I've had to eat every copy of the *Daily Mail* printed on the day that my letter featured.

**Norris Strokes,
Wooton Bassett**

I REALLY had a great time watching the Olympic beach volleyball. I am 72 and can't afford a decent broadband connection. But thanks be to the Lord of Lords in the BBC for bringing this televisual feast literally into my lap. And it cost me nothing whatsoever...apart from 16 rolls of proprietary brand toilet tissue and 3 tubs of Avon cocoa butter. And that was just for the men's.

**Arthur Harbinger,
Bendy Hollow, Berks.**

DANNY Boyle is a hero. Not only did he direct that documentary on Edinburgh but he promoted London pretty well in the Olympic opening ceremony. What is a better summation of our capital than stinking chimneys, nurses running around not knowing what's happening, line dancing industrialists, *iPhone* twats and lesbians? I think the Queen should give him some sort of

knighthood or special gold medal or something. Although she may be a

Drugless Gold Medal of the Month

THREE cheers for Team GB! They did us proud running and jumping and sitting on horses. They have not only made this country deserve the "Great" again but have also inspired me to try all of the sports featured at this year's games.

I've just had a kick-about in the back garden with my gnomes and I'm away to the day centre to try a bit of ping pong.

For rowing and tennis, I'll just be jiggling on my armchair with one of them boing the bat-and-ball-on-elastic games.

Next up it's a bit of trap shooting but it's taking my mate a while to get me a gun as the courts won't get me a licence. I've had to resort to throwing lumps of metal at real pigeons in the street. Only the foreign ones mind. The ones that look at you funny and are limping. Scum.

Well done Team GB. My probation officer is well pleased with my progress.

**Buster Oldfield,
Sutton Coldfield**

tad pissed off that she was forced to jump out of that helicopter and to act with Daniel Craig. On second thoughts, stick him in the tower until he makes proper films again. Like *Slumdog Millionaire*. No wait...

**Mrs D. Boyle
East London**

I WAS a volunteer outside the Olympic swimming centre. I was forced to work 10 hour days for 2 weeks and I wasn't even paid. They told me to wear a permanent grin and to make up little songs while holding a big foam index finger. It was so humiliating. Volunteer is just another word for slave labour, although according to my dictionary it says:

"To perform or offer to perform a service of one's own free will"

Even though I'd agreed to do this job and I could have gone home at any time, I still refused to give in to the so-called organisers.

I am British after all.

**B. Ishafterall,
Stonewall, Walsall**

OLYMPICS. Overblown school sports day. London-centric. Billions wasted. Boris Johnson. Seb Coe. White elephant buildings. Too many foreigners in one place. Terrorism. Traffic. Disruption. Special lanes. Saturated TV coverage.

The Paralympics? Can't wait.

**Mona Ingot,
The Village, Portmerion, Wales**

DR PHIL'S OLYMPIC CASEBOOK



Dear Phil,

We recently competed in the Olympics in London, representing our country (the People's Republic of Lithuania) at synchronized diving. There are, as you can see from the enclosed photo, that there are 3 of us.

This has led to some arguments between us as which 2 should compete in the final. We've tried eenie-meenie, games of Scrabble, drinking competitions and even all nude mud wrestling for visiting business delegates but to no avail.

In the end we had to tie up one of us (I won't say which) and anchor her to the bottom of the pool. The games came and went. We did well: 10th out of 12- which is great at our age.

The problem is that we're worried our erstwhile team-mate will be discovered once the diving centre is shut down and the pool drained to open up a branch of *TK Maxx*.

I already have a criminal record and my still breathing friend is on her second strike with her parole officer. We can't afford this rap and we won't be taken alive by no cops.

Can you help?

**Jadvyga and Jurate,
Brankas, Lietuva**

Dear Ladies,

Try not to worry. I know for a fact that it is *TK Maxx* policy to fill every hole with concrete without looking so you should be safe for the next 25 years. Looking at your picture, this is more than enough time.

Hope this helps,

Dr Phil

PARALYMPIC CHUNT



Mascot Latest:

THE British Paralympic Committee have unveiled a controversial new mascot yesterday: a one-legged pirate called Peggington Phosphate (image left). Respected paralympians were up in arms yesterday, decrying the use of the pirate's image as unfunny, exploitative and ill thought out. Seven time gold medal winner, Marjorie Hardnut, said:

"We haven't used wooden legs for years as they are heavy, worm riddled and offer an unfair flotation advantage to the swimmers. My leg is made of a titanium-chromium alloy and I could use it to beat that pirate's ass any day of the week. Come on then," she raged. Peggington was unavailable for comment as he was at the Lewisham branch of *B&Q* buying some *Cuprinol*.