

► US PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION HEATS UP AS ROMNEY CALLS OBAMA A "BIRTH CERTIFICATE FLAPPING GANGLY ASSHOLE", WHILE OBAMA CALLS ROMNEY A "GOLDEN TABLE BASHING MUTHAFUKKA"

► FETA TO BECOME NEW GREEK CURRENCY. ONE TUB OF SUPERMARKET OWN BRAND TO FLOAT AT 7 P (5 ¢). SHEEP REPRODUCTION TO INCREASE EXPONENTIALLY. LOCAL FARMERS DOING THEIR BIT TO KEEP SHEEP FERTILE AND SEXY.

► TEXAS FLEXES ITS SEXIST REXES IN SOLAR PLEXUS NEXUS LEXUS. SOUTHERN US STATE PARADES MYSOGYNISTIC DOGS IN NEW CHEST/ENERGY RIBBON THEMED LUXURY JAPANESE SEDAN



# THE CHUNT

## GUNS AND SEX EDITION

SEVERAL COLUMN INCHES OF HOT THROBBING NEWS



And loves it

# Small thin man

# buys BIG FAT GUN

A SMALL man with an even smaller manhood and a huge ego has bought an even bigger fatter gun.

Colin Allcars, 28, a sales manager for a reputable firm of drill pipe manufacturers, bought the offending weapon while on holiday with his girlfriend in the Ukraine.

"I've always had problems being bullied at school, at work, at the bus stop, in the gym, at home and in the car. Then I walked into this "memorabilia" store in Letychivka and I thought, 'problem solved', " bleeped the weedy substrate.

Mr Allcars handed over £100 (100 Hyrivnia or GB£7.50/US\$12) to Viktor Lutushenko who looked shiftily from side to side before handing over the firearm:

"He give me more money than I dream possible. He very good man so I give him good price. I know he not use gun on good people. Only bears," he slanted in a fake accent he puts on for tourists.

The gun was then successfully smuggled across the Ukrainian-Polish border, hidden inside a stack of pornographic table mats and 3 kg of chickpea flour. Once in the EU, Mr Allcars ditched his okay-looking girlfriend for a 6ft (182 cm) blonde Polish stunner after tucking the weapon into the waistband of his chinos, running into the nearest vodka bar and shouting, "Mam wielki pistolet i brytyjski paszport! Proszę byc moim przyjacielem!" (I have a big

gun and a British passport! Please be my friend!) after using Google Translate on his massive android phone.

Mr Allcars and his new paramour, Ms Malgorzata Szczepanska, were then free to drive without let or hindrance across the UK border, causing a flurry of activity in the newsrooms of most British national newspapers, which wrote of "gaping holes in Britain's borders", "excessive gun control" and "too many bloody Poles still flooding this country".

Deputy Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Denise Twoplanks, said of the incident, "Mr Allcars has been arrested and charged with thinking he's cool."



A sappy, pre gun owning Colin Allcars

## Secretaries 38% less sexy than 40 years ago



PERSONAL assistants and secretaries are more than two-thirds less fit than they used to be, claimed some men down the pub at the weekend.

Corpulent bitter nudger and sexist flange, Stansworth Meinzaepint, polled over 3 members of his darts team at the *Ratcatcher & Racist* public house in Balls Cross, West Sussex. The consen-

sus that "birds wot type is more mingin' than they woz in the 70s" was ratified over 17 pints of *Bishops Finger* ale, 3 packets of *Benson & Hedges* fags and a box of *Space Raiders* crisps.

After a further evening of drinking, groin adjusting and thinking they were right about everything, the focus group quantified their findings by calculating

the number of men that were employed in the profession these days and the lessening tumescence of their penile organs (adjusting for changes in age, blood pressure and the ubiquity of online porn).

"Then after that we went for a curry and I punched the p\*\*\* behind the bar," the fat twat slurred.

# Life On Mars: Bowie's burning question finally answered

By our kooky Mars correspondents Colin "Quicksand" Crichton (Houston) and Dave "Oh You Pretty Things" Phillips (Mastrick)

## GALACTIC EXCLUSIVE

SCIENTISTS have discovered life on Mars, more than 40 years after the theory was posited by David Bowie.

Finkelstein P. Twatburger, senior conspiracy boffin and Bowie expert at the Daily Mail Institute for Science and Benefit Fraud, spluttered "We finally have the photographic proof: we are not alone in the Universe. There's a star-man, or star-men, waiting in the sky."

Dr Twatburger's claims stem from a single slightly fuzzy image from NASA's Curiosity rover, which clearly shows 4 small dots in the background of a dusty Martian landscape.

President Obama confirmed the amazing discovery, trumpeting, "This is a both a 3-pointer and a slam-dunk for humankind. Government scientists and other clever people have confirmed that there really are dots in the picture. This is the biggest achievement what I have done since training some seals to kill an unarmed man in a beard."

Popular singer-songwriter, David "Wuzzawuz" Bowie cat-erwauled:

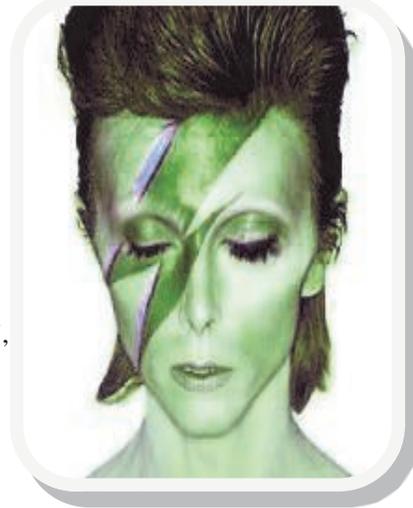
"I knew there was life there all along, Those small dots have proved the cynics wrong And the Bewlay Brothers will march in style, Heralds of this Martian isle.

Super-browed and chameleon, Caricatures of our perihelion," he sang to confused sell-out crowd at Wembley Arena

Real egg-heads working on the actual Mars Science Lab project somewhere in America suggested that the small dots may actually be inactive pixels on their camera but their comments were dismissed out of hand by right wing newspaper readers and Bowie devotees alike.

Retired archery teacher and Bowie fan-club member #34267, Captain Herbert O'Shingle ranted, "It is well known that anyone who works for NASA is actually involved in loads of super secret stuff and they come

up with all kinds of reasons to pretend that there aren't any space aliens. There are. And here's what they look like:"



# Blind bigot in court battle for right to sensory racism

A BLIND woman has launched a legal appeal to assert her right to be racist using her other senses.

Natalie Tutsatnurses, 53, an air breathing former wife and mother from some god-awful town near the English Lake District, became blinded when her copy of the *Daily Mail* got caught in a mini tornado and coincidentally gave her paper cuts across both eyes.

Before the accident, Ms Tutsatnurses used to peer from behind her cream net curtains, noting down the descriptions of anyone whose "skin was darker than that chap from that *How to Look Good Nude* show" and report them to

the police in case they were illegal immigrants or criminals intent on speaking "mumbo jumbo" before having their wicked way.

Since being blinded, she has had to fill her days taking people as they come:

"These days, although I'm pretty mobile, I hate going out and about as anyone



Ms Tutsatnurses's home help, Nora, yesterday

could be helping me across the road.

Even one of them different people.

"At first I tried to feel their heads to see if they had a teatowel or one of them burmas on but then the injunctions started piling up.

"Then I used the subtler method of trying to smell curry or hummus on their breath but it seems everyone is eating that foreign shit

these days," the daft old bat wittered.

Ms Tutsatnurses has since begrudgingly gone to the European Court of Human Rights to insist that the "shadier" local residents have their ethnic origin tattooed in Braille on their forearms, possibly using the vernacular wherever possible.

"I want the \*\*\*\*s to be called \*\*\*\*s and the \*\*\*-\*\*\*\*s to be called \*\*\*-\*\*\*\*s. I think a spade should be called a spade. And if I have to whore myself out to Monsieur Europe, then I bloody well will. And that's swearing," she harrumphed.



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# POST BARRAGE

**GUNS: BANG! SEX: BANG, THUD, SQUELCH!  
WE NEED TO HEAR WHAT YOU THINK FOR  
SOME REASON. HERE IS THE BEST OF A TICK-  
INFESTED GUNSHOT BROTHEL'S WORTH**

## Gaping Wound of the Month

I LOVE my guns and I like to think I use them safely and they are there to protect me, my car, my home and family. Being a fully paid up member of the NRA (\$1000 for life membership), I get "24/7 defense of my 2nd amendment freedoms", "gun and life insurance" (just in case), "a shooter's cap" (for those difficult sartorial situations) and my kid gets a subscription to *NRA Insights* magazine "for young shooters."

It's just like any other club-except it's all about guns. They teach us about responsible AK-47 ownership, best use of automatic weapons and how to shoot straighter than a wedding in a Baptist church.

I am not giving up any of that for no man. I am a happy, well adjusted citizen but I would not hesitate to use my gun on any invader.

Obviously if they were flying in jumbo jets, there's not much I can do about that. That's what praying's for.

**C. Deadhands  
Spunky Puddle, Ohio**

noise he makes is the occasional loud bang and chainsaw rev. His old battered white van could do with a

new mattress while he's at it.

**Sally Nextvictim  
2845 Georgia Blvd, Denton, TX**

ALL of this talk of guns is really getting to me. I mean it's so offensive but such a turn on. I'm not allowed to own a handgun in this country but there's nothing I like more than to make sweet sweet love on top of a pile of my back copies of *Bang Bang-- F\*\*k Yeah!* while watching endless war films and then playing *Duck Hunt* on my trusty old NES. That's on the few occasions that I can coax a lady back to my house and to stop her laughing at my less than impressive penile verisimilitude. Sorry, I have to finish up as *Top Gear* is on.

**J. K. (47)  
Walsall, W. Midlands**

I think all guns should be banned, even for the police and army. Then they should go back in time and confiscate all the crossbows from longbows at Agincourt. Next stop, slingshots, flint axes, monkey bones and rocks bigger than a child's nose. Then everyone should have their fists amputated and, for those in Glasgow, foreheads too. This all depends on some bright spark inventing a time machine and my coming off the medication and getting a good report from Dr. Cartwright. He's been very good you know. He writes all of it down.

**Emma Entalpatient  
Ward X, Caister St Edmund**



I ADORE all forms of sexual experimentation and always go on a pilgrimage to Thailand every year with my colleagues from the force. After taking down several dozen young ladies' particulars and taking them up the cell block, we write down our experiences and publish them in a special column of the *Police Gazette* called *Bangkok Nights: As Good As It Sounds*. We've contacted *Vintage Books* but they're currently occupied promoting some piss poor pom written by the world's oldest *Twilight* fan.

**PC Beasley,  
NYPD (North Yorkshire PD)**

MY GUNS are my pride and joy. I have no children to speak of nor wife to keep me warm at night but I find that the cold, hard steel of the barrels and chambers more than makes up for any lack of human contact. In fact I prefer humans to stay away which is why I put this sign up in my front yard. I would



give you my name and address but you'd be unwise to visit. You may as well make one up.

**R. Sole  
Smalldickton, TX**

I LIVE next to Mr Sole and I have to say he is no trouble at all. He keeps him self to himself and the only

## PARALYMPIC CHUNT



### Paralympic Legacy Roundup:

- ⌘ Frankie Boyle to have legs amputated by Oscar Pistorius and forced to train for the Rio Olympics and Paralympics.
- ⌘ No one in Britain to park illegally in disabled spaces. Not even for the cash machine.
- ⌘ Wheelchair users allowed to drink can of soda on the street without people trying to put coins in it.
- ⌘ All blind people to have Doberman Pinschers as guide dogs.

## DR PHIL'S GUNSHOT VICTIM'S CASEBOOK



Dear Phil,

I RECENTLY received a bullet wound to the abdomen- a result of which the doctors had to do an emergency hepatography (stitching up my shattered liver).

Due to some complications following surgery, I then suffered chylothorax (massive disruption and build up of chyle (a milky bodily fluid consisting of lymph and emulsified fats) in my pleural spaces (where my lungs are).

While I am under heavy local anaesthetic and my trauma team, who should be treating crash victims, are scratching their heads. I'd like a second opinion from you, O Wise One.

The interventional radiologists have suggested a lymphangiography but the surgeons want to ligate the retroperitoneal tissues to the right of the supraceliac aorta.

Can you help?

**Jonathan Doe  
Ward 5, King Faisal Hospital,  
Kigali, Rwanda**

Dear Jonathan,

I'M AFRAID there's nothing those highly trained specialists can do for you now. It's all on your own head (or thorax). You should have been more careful while being shot. I'm sure that your assailant had every right to own that gun and it was his/her right to shoot it. Your standing in the way was not his/her fault.

I suggest that you buy a gun yourself. It may not have prevented your unfortunate demise but my goodness you would have looked so noble going down with a smoking piece in your cold, dead hands.

Hope this helps.

**Dr Phil**

# Fifty Shades of

An exclusive extract from  
the latest sensation in lique-  
fiable mastic composition  
erotic literature by  
**Ida Ratherwatchpaintdry**

# Paint

\*Sponsored by the brand names listed below

DOCTOR Pensford Black eased into the parking space at his local branch of *Do It All* in his Porsche Carrera and swept the lustrous chestnut hair from his sapphire blue eyes. He strode proudly into the DIY store and all eyes were on him as he gazed upwards enigmatically, looking for the aisle sign for interior paint.

Literally within seconds a young, beautiful blonde assistant rushed to his side and opening her red, pouting *Rimmel*-painted lips, she breathlessly asked, "Can I help you with anything, Sir? Anything...at all. In *Do It All*?"

Dr Black bored his wicked blue stare into the eyes of the 28 year-old shelf stacker from Smethwick in the West Midlands and said, rather enigmatically, "I need 5 tins of milk white breatheasy matt emulsion. I'm repainting...my bedroom. Tonight."

The nubile orange-clad shopworker somehow managed to respond, "Follow me" and worked her jellied legs to accompany her new companion on their new adventure. He watched her lithe 36-inch waist as it swayed down aisle number 6, "Decor and Interior Fixtures".

Handing him the requisite tins of creamy white liquid, a smile never leaving her blushing, slightly podgy face, she decided to chance her arm:

"If you need my assistance with this...in the bedroom...please give me a call. My name is Shanelle," she hurriedly gasped, her workshirt-clad bosoms heaving beneath the copywritten logo. With this, she reached into her apron and pulled out a company pencil and notepad, writing the precious digits and then handing them to the man that stood before her—a man of considerable substance in that he could carry 5 tins of *Crown* paint and grasp a piece of quivering paper all at once.

"Why wait for a phone call? My car is just outside," Dr Black intoned.

"B-b-but my job. My career!" she stammered, then exclaimed.

"It's now or never, Shanelle. You'll lose your £6.80 per hour but you'll get me for a whole evening," he calculated.

The temptation was too much for the winner of 3 consecutive customer service awards and she marched back down aisle 6, untying her work apron as she determinedly headed for the returns desk.

"Alan. I quit! Here is my apron and my badge. You will never hear from me again," she informed the confused senior supervisor.



Walking from the store and her former life, Shanelle grasped Dr Black's *Armani*-suited arm and joined him in the plush leather seats of his limited edition sports car. The ride to the Black residence was a blur as her mind raced along with the 3.6 litre H6 engine, pondering the endless possibilities that lay ahead.

As soon as the paint was unloaded from the small yet adequate boot, Dr Black tore off his regularly dry cleaned suit showing his muscular vested back and pristine silk boxers to the expectant gaze of his new companion. Shanelle took the hint and did the same, stripping down to her "Foo Fighters" T-shirt and her *Ladyshapes* figure enhancing underwear.

Once they had both donned the white, paint splattered overalls, they ran upstairs to the bedroom with the weighty tins, painting accessories and a rush of anticipation at things to come.

Firstly, Dr Black inserted his penknife under the lid of one of tins and expertly prised it open with a surgeon's precision, even though he was just a haematologist at the local public health department. Shanelle

nearly fainted in pleasure when she saw him dip his firm, spotlessly clean 8-inch pig bristle brush into the semi-turgid creamy liquid.

He then proceeded to give a master class in interior bedroom painting using Mr Miyagi inspired strokes on the wall adjacent to the open bay window. His soft yet strong wrists moved in gentle sways, spreading the glutinous substance all over the compliant surface.

Soon, Shanelle grasped the open tin and poured an aliquot of dripping emulsion into a shallow black tray and vigorously went to work with a 9-inch double-armed roller: quicker than the brush but leaving streaks with less character and purpose than the brush alone, especially in the supple hands of Dr Pensford Black!

For nearly 45 minutes they sweated before completing two-thirds of the bedroom's designated paintable surface. Sitting on the smeared coversheets on Dr Black's satin effect water bed, they paused for breath and cups of milky *Twining's English Breakfast Tea*, garnished with a packet of *Fox's Gypsy Creams*.

Some of the crumbs fell into their tea, their white denim covered laps and even the gaping paint tins- but they didn't care. The world was theirs and they were too mesmerised by the drying paint and intoxicated by its pungent fumes to pay much heed to the contamination and possible wall damage by foreign particulates in the emulsion mixture.

Then suddenly they both innocently reached for the last biscuit together and their hands met in a frisson of tender excitement. Shanelle then edged closer to Dr Black, knocking over a tin onto his uncovered Italian shoe.

"Make love to me, Dr Black," she heaved.

"Sorry, love. I'm a homosexual— 36 years, man and boy," he revealed.

And as Shanelle turned away in near tears, he added, "What the hell. There's a first time for everything..."

**FSOP is being released next month by Tintage Books into the Atlantic Ocean due to anticipated poor sales.**