

"YES, but I bet you can't do that standing up" - the fall of man and the rise of woman

Dear Sirs,

I have just completed the first in a planned series of books. 13 Years of research around the last male bastions of the west, has produced; "YES, but I bet you can't do that standing up"- the fall of man and the rise of woman. After a couple of beverages the western male has a thing or two to say about the world he lives in, and his changing role with it. Researched and explained through three dimensional thinking by the radio and television presenter, Jason Rushworth. "Do I still open doors for ladies, or is allowing them to open one for me some how emasculating?" why things aren't going mans way. Modern stresses brought about by a gender on the rise has confused man's ego. So here's a smile raiser of a book. Here's a light hearted poke at our modern male lifestyle, with all its angst and grumpy scepticism, as we try to reassess our role in the 21st century. These are the magical observations that can only be delivered by a gender increasingly in the shadow of another.

Written in a formula that delivers both personal connection and reaction to a subject. Each anecdote is divided into three parts.

- 1) A Subject lead in, which hooks the reader.
- 2) The dazzling details, with personal connection.
- 3) A powerful conclusion, much like a punch line would be from a gag. The result being a three dimensional perspective, to each hilarious anecdote.

Please find enclosed the books treatment - a copy of the first thirty pages of the book, plus synopsis, and 'about the writer.' The Book will total 200 pages. I am at the stage of proof reading the rest. This is a continuous piece without chapters, which allows the owner of the book to dip in and out as it suits them. There is also an illustrated version which I can bring to the table.

Yours sincerely

Jason Rushworth
Writer and Broadcaster. www.jasonrushworth.com

About The Writer

Jason Rushworth, worked in civil aviation for 8 years before leaving his life in the air, for a life on the air. He has been entertaining listeners since 1994 across Britain and Middle East, with his radio show, and his cheeky brand of observational comedy. He appeared regularly on many radio and TV stations across the UK in the role of, broadcaster, writer & journalist.

Jason Rushworth has worked in varying roles along side the British broadcasting pioneers of:-

Tony Blackburn, Dave Lee Travis, David Diddy Hamilton, The Emperor Rosco, Benny Brown, Paul Burnette, Ed Stewart, and Steve Wright.

With every paragraph Jason Rushworth reports on man's varied and eccentric views, and translates them into a radio picture for all to share. A Kaleidoscope of banter, reflected across the afternoons, has now finally been gathered together for one rollicking good read.

www.jasonrushworth.com

Synopsis

"Do I still open doors for ladies, or is allowing them to open one for me some how emasculating?" The result of 13 years of observational comedy into why things aren't going mans way. Researched and explained through three dimensional thinking, by the radio and television presenter Jason Rushworth. Modern stresses brought about by a gender on the rise has confused man's ego. So here's a smile raiser of a book. Here's a light hearted poke at our modern male lifestyle, with all its angst and grumpy scepticism, as we try to reassess our role in the 21st century. These are the magical observations that can only be delivered by a gender increasingly in the shadow of another.

The Most recent Comparable Books

- 1) The World According to Clarkson.

The No1 best seller, from Penguin / Non-Fiction
Published 2005.

Similar in common sense none politically correct
Observational comedy.

- 2) Why men don't listen and Women can't read maps.

The No1 best seller by Allan and Barbara Pease
Published 1999 by Orion PTI.

Similar in relation to how the roles of modern man
And Woman hood have changed and subsequently
frustrates us.

- 3) Men are from Mars and Women are from Venus.

By John Gray Phd. Published by Harper Collins 1993

Similar, in its frank no nonsense approach to
observational realism.

**First 30 page examples
without illustrations -**

We Men know when our past has caught up with us. The realisation that we can run but we can't hide. Take that 'friends reunited' web site. I knew I should have left it alone. But it's been so addictive to log onto, and read what others have been doing with their lives. Well it's caught up on me this time, in the form of a letter inviting me to a school reunion. Now we boy's, were right tear a way's at our old school. In fact it was the boys not the girls who ended up having to stand outside in the corridor during lessons for bad behaviour. So if I went to a school reunion, the only people that would recognize me would be the cleaners!!

It's definitely becoming a woman's world, with blokes being forever put down. Why oh why is it completely ok, and even a jolly good laugh, for women to go out and watch men taking their clothes? If a bunch of girls, (mainly work colleagues), go out and shout; "off off off," to a bunch of blokes on stage, and then rub baby oil into them. But if we blokes did the reverse, of that we would be frowned upon by society, and even called names like dirty old men. I don't know why, because we are not even allowed to do those hands on baby oil thing. The time has come my brothers, to unite and reverse this downward trend of down trodden blokes everywhere, and create an all female Chippendales Squad
We could call them: - 'the potato peelers!

The Japanese will invent anything, just as long as it's small and electronic. There's this new device aimed at single people, or people on the pull. What you do is, turn it on (no pun intended), and it emits a low-level radio wave to tell anyone else carrying the device, that you are available. The transponder on the other person's device alerts the carrier that you are available, and you both can break the ice without any put down from that person. So if you can't get yourself a girlfriend or a boyfriend, then get one. So the more people who wear this device, the more it goes off. So at the end of the day it could get quite deafening. Especially when I bought one, and accidentally walked into a train-spotters convention

How we men give 100% of your time to our job.
I take my job seriously. In fact I give 100% of my time to my work. I give: -
12% on Monday
3% on Tuesday
10% on Wednesday
70% on Thursday
And 5% on Friday

School Uniform Parties are the in thing at the moment. Perhaps we are trying to re-live our youth, or pander to a fantasy. I found an old airport uniform of mine, from way back. I felt guilty for not having taken it back. So I did, and now my conscience is cleansed. After all I could never go to a uniform party and pull birds, dressed as an airline steward.

Men always feel really wealthy at the start of the month. It's those who still feel wealthy, once the bills are taken care of that I get jealous of. As every woman knows, these are the Sugar Daddies of society, always rich, no matter what time of month it is. I see it all the time. Blokes, with a flash car and a flashy bird. Several blokes I went to school with are now professional Sugar Daddies. I've no idea how they got their money. Well a new law is coming out in Italy that will allow Sugar Daddies to claim back all the presents they bestowed on their flashy young gurlies, during a separation. Great idea, perhaps we should adopt it here. After all a Ferrari isn't just for your Bimbo, It's for life!!

If you only had one question, what would it be?

Last year I went on a walking holiday among the foothills of Mongolia. It was one of those adventure holidays that you brag about all year. On the last day I had the opportunity to meet Mon-Lomsay, who is reported to be the oldest man in the world, at 121 years of age. It was quite an experience. There he was wrinkled and small, and sitting in the lotus position. My guide acted as translator. I was told that this was the first time since he was 4 that he had met a westerner, and had remained in this remote part of the world all his life. I asked if he had any questions from the outside world, things he may like to know. Well he looked up at me with his one good eye and said; "Is Cliff Richard still in the charts?"

Some languages are just too sexy to learn.

Spanish has got to be the most difficult language to learn. I'm having a terrible time trying to learn the Spanish Masculine- Feminine translations to things.

Despite the cassette I have in my car to help me do this, I have only learnt these very few words, which I hope will get me to where I want to go over there: -

EL Gwapo EL Caberon and of course EL McFurson.

How are your little demons? Every year it's the same. That little demon hides out in my attic and tampers with my Fairy lights. Not just one, but several. Loosening them and blowing a few bulbs. So by the time I realize it, it's too late. I am in a twist around the tree, trying to tighten them all up, in order to find the faulty one, or the blown one. Yet they worked perfectly well last year. During the festive season, that little demon moves house to live in my shed, and tamper with the lawn mower, just in time for the first cut in spring.

Fuel Crisis, what fuel crisis? During that fuel crisis a few years ago, people were lining up at the pumps to fill up, even for stupid amounts like 25pence worth. Nutters! But the biggest nutters were the people who lined up for a pump on the left of the car. Most cars seem to have the filler caps on the right of the car now, and the vain drivers didn't want to stretch the free and remaining pumps across their cars to fill up on the other side, thus the lines of waiting drivers stretched for miles. Finally it was cool again to drive a Morris Minor!

It doesn't matter where it's made, it will break down. Something as simple as a new toaster should be able to work first time. Not so. Fuse in, Leads in place, Bread ready to be baked, and yet still no go. Twelve pounds ninety eight I paid for that including tax. It's enough to make you chew your own foot off. Five hours of turning the air blue before I calmed down and learnt a valuable lesson, and this is my advice to anyone buying something electrical today. If in doubt, read the instructions.

A numb bum is never a good start to a holiday. IF you start squeezing it, you look like a right pervert, especially in airport departure lounges. I reckon I must have spent half my holiday in those places and half my holiday money too. Those delayed flights are so frustrating. All you can do is sit down and spend money. Here is what you do. Get a couple of the bins and put them a few feet apart. If you can't get bins, use a couple of jackets, placed evenly on the floor. Get several of your fellow delayed travelers, and have a kick-a-bout with a beach ball. The security guards will have a field day. Just pretend they are the referees. I wouldn't say we were delayed that long last year, but on the way back we had enough time for a whole tournament!

Sometimes you just have to take the law into your own hands. For six weeks I was onto the council in my old place, to get the street lamps sorted out. They kept on insisting that there were none in existence on my street, when clearly there were. That's council red tape for you. So my then neighbour, and myself, decided to nip down the hardware shop and purchase a few bulbs, and sort it our selves. Bad mistake! Our ladders weren't long enough, so my neighbour had to do a stretch and dangle manoeuvre to reach the casing. Then after he had replaced the bulb there was no way of getting down. Just then the local police pulled up, and I was left to do the talking. "What's going on 'err then?" I thought fast and said; "Umm, just a bit of light relief!"

It's so complicated buying a person a ring. Now I know I don't buy one everyday, so I thought "ah clever, I'll measure the diameter of a ring in use." As every schoolboy knows, you can then get the circumference, multiplying the diameter by Pi (3.14159265). But that's still not good enough for the jewellers. They insisted on me subversively getting hold of a ring in use and bringing it in to measure. Which is difficult if the finger is still attached to it at the time! Which kind of spoils the whole surprise. So it turns out to be a size Y. Y?" Well that's exactly what I said to him. You have to allow for finger expansion during the times her in doors does the washing- up!

Bouncer fashion is on the rise. Our Christmas party took us to a nightclub, and there were these two bouncers standing there both of them must have weighed the same as a London taxi, and just as wide. Hair growing on the palms of their hands yet well dressed. In fact more like a Gorilla put in a suit and strategically shaved. But what was new, is the fad of tattoos on the back of the head. This one had green flames shooting up from the back of his neck. Tattoo your brain while you're at it why don't you! At least if you don't like it you can always grow your hair back. So if you're a Bouncer going for a job, and you want to impress, don't show them you're Qualifications, just show them your tattoos!!

Can't take my mother anywhere! Now it's normally me who gets dragged around department shops, but this time I was doing the dragging. We went into this one place, where they came up to us and sprayed perfumes or after-shaves onto us as we walked by. Normally you can just say no and they will leave you alone, but this place went one step too far with my mother "Would madam, care if I close her enlarged pores for her?" To which my mother replied:-

"Would madam care to close her enlarged mouth?"

That German bloke can change your life completely. That German bloke called: 'Hair Cut!' Three people stopped me in the street today to say hello. This is before I met that German bloke. 15 minutes later and nobody recognized me. Does my hair grow that quickly? Even that German bloke didn't recognize me, in-fact I could have got away without paying! There is always that one sarcastic person who does recognize me after a visit to the barbers, and it's always the same comment I've heard since playground days. "Oh the helicopters flying low are they?" Come the revolution he'll be first against the wall, for a 'Shot - back - and - sides'!

I wonder about dog owners sometimes. Perhaps it's just me, but they must be deaf. Every time you knock on the front door of a house that has a dog, the dog barks loudly, and the owners shout back loudly. "Down! Down! Down! Now! Go on get back in there! Back in there! I said, Now!" Then they feel embarrassed or something, because they are always apologizing for their pet dog. This normally happens after the dog introduces himself to my left leg. "Oh he's harmless, and he makes the kids laugh." Well he didn't make me laugh, I watched that dog for an hour, and not once did that dog tell a joke!

How to avoid spending too much money while shopping. You think its bad shopping on your own, just try doing it with the kids, and on a Saturday, and during the run up to Christmas. I walked into our local Supermarket, and all I could hear was smacked bottoms all around me. It sounded like a bunch of Sea lions flapping their flippers at the zoo. Hell on Earth. I've come to this conclusion. The best survival tip is to go down the pub, and take the kids with you. Let her in doors do the shopping and you don't feel emasculated by the whole experience. This way there are no arguments with the kids when the words arise: "But Dad it's only fifty quid!" When they can be content with a bag of salt and vinegar crisps. "Son it's only 50 pence."

'Oi wait your turn.' When faced with a long line at the Post office there really is only one thing to do. Use the queuing survival guide! Don't look back don't look forward, don't look at any part of the line of people, just look out the window, just like you do when you're in a Pub! So by the time I had got to the till I'd seen two pigeons fighting over a twig, a Traffic warden doing her worst, and a new shop opening up. I got to the Post-office counter, forgot where I was and said; "Two pints of larger and a packet of crisps please."

I've noticed that I've got the latest plague of modern man. I can't write without the aid of a computer anymore. I can look at a blank piece of paper, and have writer's block, but if I look at a computer the ideas just flow. Plus the fact that with a computer I don't have to run upstairs and find the dictionary, the computer does it all for me. I was legendary at my old school for my bad spelling, and chewing pencils. As for the pencils, I was a twenty a day man at one point. The stock room monitor would see me coming and bar me from having any more pencils. My computer on the other hand, is so big; it will take me all year to chew it through!

Hollywood still amazes me. I last went there as a kid in the 70's, and it was strange even back then. The stories I read, that come out of that place, are stranger than fiction. If I made a movie and called it Hollywood, nobody would believe it was a true place. I can't even dress in loud clothing in a built up area or the fashion police will arrest me. One thing I did notice back in the 70's was the way everyone tried to get noticed, by the filmmakers. There was this one girl I remember who had amazing plastic surgery to her body to make this happen. She had a third breast! It worked for her. She was being stared at; left, right, and centre!

How come it never happens to me? It happens to other people, but never to me. What's wrong? Am I not good enough or something? The story that has been in the papers all this week is of the Canadian teacher, who whilst working in England, got arrested for making love to two of her students. Now when I was a lad I really fancied Mrs. Morton, the geography teacher. I was not alone in this, in-fact I remember on a geography field trip, that everybody wanted to be around her. Nobody could fill a wet suit quite like shapely Mrs. Morton. I had the pleasure of following her nether regions down the maze of Lime stone caves in Yorkshire, only to later see fellow pupil Richard Dobson, chatting her up under some interesting stalactites. Now if I had only had a biology teacher that was just as passionate about Reproduction.

I'm developing DJ spread. It comes from eating so much rich food over Christmas. I'm ballooning at the waist. At least that's what I have convinced myself is happening. The only other explanation is I could be the first pregnant male DJ! So the New Years resolution is to go jogging. Seems like a good idea? HA! It was only when I had stepped outside and realized it was -3 degrees centigrade that it suddenly seemed a daft idea. But sub zero doesn't half increase my lap time!

Here's one for 'What's My Line.' Shuffle shuffle, puff puff. Do you know what it is yet? Its office workers standing outside in the cold, smoking a fag. It's not the smoking that will kill them, Or the cold weather either. It's the silly jerky movement they make to keep warm. From a distance, it's the figure skating on ice, with smoke effects.

I don't reckon there is much chance of anyone having a good Pension. May be I'm just afraid of getting old and dying poor, but I reckon you could probably do better investing in property than a pension. I may end up doing both, but around here you can rent out your gaff for a whole load of dosh. In-fact once you've paid of your mortgage you could rent it out and the rent would pay for you to live in a bigger house for free. Then when that's paid off, you can retire on the rent still received from the first house, while living in the bigger house. It's a great idea, and one that came to me in the bath last night. If in doubt about life, have a bath; it works wonders on the brain. Right now my bird and I have one gaff each, and we split the week between the two of them. It's a pity I can't time it right to be in the right gaff at the same time she is.

How can people be so stupid, with crime the way it is today I see it all the time. In restaurants and in pubs, people pull out their mobile phone their car keys, their wallet, and leave it on top of the bar or the table while they have a drink, a bite to eat or just socialize. At some point they have got to answer a call of nature, making them ignore all their stuff. It's asking for trouble I see it all the time. Why don't you just leave your cheque-book, a map to your house or a false limb on the bar as well? People will think you've moved in. I would sooner have a big bulge in my pants by leaving all my valuables in there. If nothing else it makes up for other areas.

It's amazing what stuff you can collect in the attic It's like going back in time with mine. The museum of the recorded sound, before I gave it all away. for instance; quarter inch tape, 45's, Gramophone Cylinders, and best of all the 1972 Ronco Record Cleaner Vac'. Remember hose? All you had to do was place your record vertically into the machine, and it spun round, to clean your record. I can still see the Christmas advert for it in my head, we had just rented a colour TV for the first time, and that was the first advert I saw on it. "Yes Ladies and Gentlemen, the new record clearing vac' can clean Albums. 45's and 78's, with one easy movement." Except it knackered most of my records, but we still had to have one, to keep up with the Joneses. In the end I gave my old Ronco Record Cleaner to the noisy Joneses, and I haven't heard a tune out of them since!

Life's most irritating noise. I had a bit of car trouble this week, so took it into my local mechanic. He took one look at it, and made that tooth sucking noise, dreaded by those who aren't in the know.

"SSSSSSUUUUUXXXXXXXX" He plugged my car into his ECU monitor to see what the problem was, then he let out another tooth sucking noise; SSSSSSUUUUUUXXXXXXXX" as if to indicate, trouble at mill! "Needs a mass airflow sensor, and idle speed control, and engine coolant sensor, a relay for the high speed cooling fan, and a bit of bare wiring fixing." And I said "SSSSSSUUUUUUXXXXXXXX!!!!!!!!!!!"

You won't believe what they are trying to sell to kids they must think kids are thick. 1) A My Little Pony advert with how to comb its mane. Kids know how to comb a horse's hair! 2) The Amazing Pooing Animal. Lift its head and a sweet comes out its bottom. 3) Worst of all that latest girls doll. The Bikini wax doll. Yes, remove those tell tale hairs from your dolly. It must be from abroad, the English Dolly would just let them grow.

I blame the winter Olympics for lack of sleep. I was up until 2am this morning watching some of the strangest sports I have seen in at least four years. The one with the bloke on the single big ski, sliding down this smooth ark, a bit like a skate boarder but on snow. Then there was the speed skaters, they have the biggest calves of any human being on the face of the planet. But what really stood out as a strange old sport, and one that I found really quite fascinating to watch, was the curling. It's a bit like bowls on ice. The female curlers literally were in curlers; they looked so old and haggard. They are really pow-faced and were a bit scary to look at. They have these other women that work for them and sweep the ice before the curling thing slides down on it. I reckon that in earlier career these women really must have been cleaners, with those brooms, and those looks. It's the complete opposite of the Summer Olympics, when we stayed up all night just to watch the female Volleyball players (FWARR)!! So here's what we do to really boost the ratings: We get the female Volley Ball players to take up Curling, still dressed for the beach, and during the interval we can take a look at them and say, "Hey darling, I wouldn't say it was cold, but you could hang a hat on those"!

I'm always impressed by people who can paint I don't mean home improvements, but those who can stand there with paintbrush in hand and create something out of nothing. It's brilliant. In art class at Secondary school, Mr Wood (A well dressed Bohemian art school drop out type) would ask; "So Jason, what have you made?" "I've made a mess sir"! So you can imagine how surprised I was, when I ran into him years later, drawing chalk pictures on the street paving slabs. I bet he's got the world's heaviest portfolio!

There is a series running every Thursday on TV at the moment, called Club Reps. It's more of a Docu'-soap. About the holiday reps, and the holiday makers on a Club 18 to 30 holiday. I have to admit I started watching it to see a bit of flesh, as it is set around topless beaches. But when I see how the British Behave abroad, it embarrasses me, to the point of wanting to become a full Canadian citizen, and disclaim any connection with being British. Call me old fashioned, but girls should be lady like, and men should be Empire builders whilst in foreign parts. That's why we had the biggest Empire the world has seen. The only thing we lead the world at now is getting drunk faster than the Germans.

Many are the tales told of Crafty Bobs the Craft shop seller? Crafty Bob is getting craftier these days. He had these lifelike cat's in the window. He's got so crafty now that I'm sure he is stuffing dead ones for his shop. He's doing such a roaring trade; it's given me an idea. Mow down some of the copious amounts of cats that inhabit my street, and take up taxidermy. That way I can make a killing at a craft!

Crafty Craft Shops. Have you noticed how you pay money for old rope, purely because it sold in a craft shop? In fact half the crafts are made of old rope! Slices of rotten oranges sold as Pot Pourri. £70.00 for a Fleece. Because it had paw prints on. Jewellery made from Pyrex. (Probably some broken old Saucepans). Not forgetting my favorite that I really fell for; a coal miner, intricately chipped out of a lump of coal.

Checks out girls at the supermarket have filthy minds! No matter where I go to the supermarket, I always seem to catch the one that has to 'Rabbit on.' Not talk with you, but talk at you. All I want to do is pay for the goods, and get down the studio, before the show starts. Particularly when there is no one to pack my groceries, I have to stand and listen to her a bit more. Sometimes it can get a bit embarrassing. Here is what was said to me today; "Oooh, I've been up and down on this spring stool all day." "Oooh are those red roses for me darling." "Oooh Madge, what time are you getting off?" Then I made one catastrophic mistake: "Oooh you've split your porridge oats open. You've spread all your wild oats all down my skirt!"

I have a great idea of what to do if someone phones me, trying to sell me something. You must have had it happen to you. Your going about your everyday routine, then you get a phone call from a company trying to sell you something, or to sign up to their schemes. Nobody tells you about the stupid law of the land, which makes it legal, to get you signed up to a deal, purely by saying so on the phone. My grandparents got taken for a ride on this new law, and it is so difficult to get out of. A bit like the Moonies. So use this law to your own advantage. Next time they phone you, tell them, that if they want to use your time they will have to pay for it. Charge them £100 an hour with a flat fee of £100 for starting a conversation. Your time is precious, and I guarantee you will not hear from them again.

American's on TV just don't come across as being sincere Now I know there are some really nice American's but, I found myself watching that Aqua Girl documentary, on last night's TV. All about British lesbians going to an American convention. Well I was watching it for research purposes you understand! The American girls were all enamored by our girl's accents, and raved on incessantly about them. Saying this truly makes this annual convention, international. Next year it's going to be even bigger, and how the British girls had made the convention such a huge success. Praise indeed. It looks like the Yanks like us as a nation after all.

Then, and this is so in keeping with my own American experience, they failed to invite any British girls back the following year. Now how insincere is that. So I invite American's everywhere. Is there a chance you can look me in the eye and tell me how you really feel about England, and please, please do it without a camera crew present! Which reminds me; Millionaire is coming back on TV. It's the all-Lesbian version. Yep. Fastest finger first!

Opticians seem to know times are hard. A trip down my local branch and they are all wearing glasses without the lenses. Just the frames. Nothing wrong with them. Quite stylish, some of them. Times are so hard the budget didn't stretch far enough for lenses. Which makes the management a bit short sighted!

You know you're at a bad movie when the trailers are better than the featured presentation! It's not just going to the movies, where you see this phenomena, you get even more of it on home video rentals, 15 minutes of it in fact, and always in the same deep booming Hollywood voice e.g.: -"It was a time of Heroes." "It was a time of War." "Heroes and War, coming to a theatre near you!" Or "Own it on DVD now!" Next time I go to the cinema, I'm going to ask - What time do the trailers start, what time do they finish. Because that's the only part I want to pay for!

How much, the price of Friendship? The cast of Friends will each receive \$17 Million each for the last series. Now call me a miser, but isn't that a bit extreme, even for American budgets. That works out as \$23,000 per minute, or \$383.33 per second. That's like the blink of an eyelid, and they get paid \$383.33 just for that. If you go down Gatwick Airport, that's the average weekly wage for some people working on Check-in. So combined that's six members of the cast, and it's approximately a twenty minute episode. Which means that's \$23,000 x 6 x 20 = \$2,760,000. Well, my time is precious, and if I give up 20 minutes of it and don't get a laugh out of it, I will demand \$2,760,000.00 from the Production Company of Friends.

We are just way too nice in this country. PM Tony Blair just signs anything that comes over the Channel, and asylum seekers seek any form of transport to get over the Channel. People are always saying how they like the Royal family, but that it holds less significance to them in today's world. This is down to various Labour governments just giving away the Empire as a job lot in the 60's, and Brussels becoming the potential Head of all European States. If Britain were a real bitch, we would be in a better situation. Because you can only give so much away, or let so many people in before you're left with nothing to call your own. The figure of Britannia is a woman with a three pronged fork, a Shield, a Lion and a Bull Dog. For once in her life I would like to see her use that three pronged fork and poke Tony Blair up the backside.

Genetic science has got me worried every week now there seems to be some breath-taking breakthrough in medical science. Some of it good, some of it not so good. Last night I was transfixed on the news report of the mouse with extra muscle. The mouse got the extra muscle, without having to work out for it. Translate that into humans, and a lot of Gyms are going to go out of business quite rapidly. The Olympics will have 50-year-olds winning gold medals. Old age ailments could be thing of the past. But what worries me is, if we become so fit, we may be expected to work an extra two days a week! Longer life "ha", sounds like more expense to me!

When you're drunk, you can always find something to eat in the fridge! Spinach, Carrots, eggs. Moldy old cheese that is so old, that the sell by date was in Roman Numerals! But when you're sober there's nothing eatable in there. But when you've got the larger munches going on, a cat food omelets will sort you out every time!

Ever had an out of body experience? I may have one tonight depending on how much I drink. I'm off to one of those office Christmas parties tonight. It's a professional do, and a bit of a distance by car, so it's ideal if you're tea-total. Besides how can I schmoose the boss if I'm having an out of body experience? I'm really going to have to watch my P's and Q's at this one: Queue for the sausage rolls, and no peeing in the car park.

Sometimes I do feel sorry for women who work in offices! I tell you why; it's having to wear something different every day! Now I know I'm not a bird, and I know I don't work in an office, so I can relax a bit with what I put on in the morning. So much so that I can now get one pair of trousers to last all week! Well it saves on washing, Ironing, and having to buy a new pair every month just to keep up with fashion. But I'm not alone in thinking this way. Throughout history, a pair of armored trousers could last you the entire duration of the hundred year's war. You would be considered a sissy to have changed them after 50 years. Girls, just remember the words of my old man: "It's trendy to be un-trendy." So be a rebel and wear the same outfit to work as yesterday. It could hardly start another hundred year's war!!

When I become a Dad, will I really feel the part?
Oh yes I will, the moment I start putting aside a piece of wood, specifically for the stirring of paint. Oh yes I will, the moment I start looking forward to the cheese board after dinner. And Oh yes I will, the moment I start sitting in the greenhouse with the Sunday papers, and smoking my pipe. Hey wait a minute; I'm doing most of those already. Perhaps there is something I don't know about!!

I liked what Sting said the other day. "People get into music for all the wrong reasons - fame and fame only". If I'd wanted to be famous I'd have robbed the Millennium Dome. In this country we have spent too much time being obsessed by fame, and famous people. It's not the be all and end all. So much so, that more people voted for that Pop Idols TV show than voted in the last General Election. I bet you, that if a meteorite were heading to earth right now, people would sooner watch Pop stars than news updates about the end of the earth.

It's hungry work being a DJ. I'm normally a six sarnie's a day man. There was this snack shop near the Radio station I used to work at, which was just so convenient and filling, that for the amount of time that I spent there I should have bought shares in it. I wouldn't say I eat a lot, but I revisited that place the other day to see if it was still there and it's gone out of business! I shouldn't have moved.

Best invention known to man. The best invention for a winter's night. Even better than the electric blanket. Even better than a hot toddy. The hot water bottle! It's so simple; just add hot water and it keeps you warm. Of course back in my day, they didn't have a furry cover. You just jumped into bed and burnt your bum on it. The best one I've seen is a hot water bottle with a furry pink breast shaped cover, you pour in the hot water at the nipple end. I like it so much, I'm going to get another one, and then I'll have the pair!

The Australians are always saying that we British, are a pack of winging Poms. Winge, winge, winge, winge, winge, and then a bit of a moan for good measure. I reckon they must have been talking about my mate. The one and only Miserable Pete; always winging, and moaning, for example, if you've been ill, he's had it ten times worse, if you were on your last legs, he'd be on his last arms I reckon the Australians were referring to him. Nothing ever cheers him up. Always asking what's in it for him. POM stands for Prisoner of Mother England. PIM 24/7 stands for Pete is miserable, constantly!

Things seemed much more impressive as a teenager! Well it's true they did. When I was a teenager, things like Blake's 7 and Doctor Who. In their day they were streets ahead of anyone else for visual affects. But you look at them today, and they have lost that wow factor, and that scare factor. But they are rather charming all the same. When I was a teenager I could never finish one of those huge milk bars of chocolate. Today they are down in one. Ooooh Lovely! But best of all Page 3 topless girls in the Sun are running Page 3 Gold. The photo of Maria Whitaker that I like so much in my puberty has somehow lost its class and become less thrilling, especially when I see those huge hooped earrings from the 1980's. But still - FWAHH!!! Way hay!

Let's have a food fight. I have a tub of Hula-Hoops, just sitting here looking at me a waiting to be eaten. But I must resist. They are full of fat and calories. I think they should be banned for my own protection. Perhaps there could have a Royal commission into the effects of Hula-Hoops. If they prove bad, the armed forces could use them as a secret weapon. Personally I rather like them. Just imagine it. If a rogue state was ruled by a Bird, we could invade, by force-feeding her with scrummy delicious hula-hoops. We would regain our lost Empire, because female Presidents are soooooo weeeeeeeek for them!

How come Grandparents know the names of all the flowers? Each year when my garden comes into bloom I get the same reaction: "Oooh, look at that, just look. "What?" "It's a Poinsettia." "A what? Or "Aaaaaarh, a Sicklier." A what? Ok then, so what's that on the Kitchen window by the draining board? "Oh, its, its a, it's... it's a Cactus son."

There are some days when DJ's are on Planet Janet Day's when we are not quite with it; you know the ones, when your mind is: One wave short of a shipwreck. Knitting with only one needle. My kettle is boiling over. I'm missing that one final screw. Well filling up my car at the Garage last night, the company must have changed the price at the pump or something, because I always go for that same round figure. That way I'm not messing around for loose change. But by doing this I must have over filled it and let a quid's worth overflow down the side of the car, and I was unaware of it happening. If someone hadn't pointed it out, it could have been well expensive. Talk about dangerous. Perhaps I should have gone the whole hog and stood there chatting on the mobile phone! Kapoom!

Have you ever noticed how defensive people become when they know they have done something wrong. Oh it's true, and in some cases quite hilarious, when you yourself know that it is their fault. I do it too. It's almost as if you don't want anyone to know that it's your fault, so you blame it on anything else. It makes me want to scream and say; "Don't get so defensive, it's not the end of the world!" So how can someone like Saddam, blame his war crimes on? I mean it's no longer the days of Alfred the Great. You can't just lob someone's head off and blame it on the Vikings!

I wonder if your sense of taste changes, as you get older. Do taste buds change that much? When I were a teenager, leaving home and having to eat cheaply. (Well the Airlines don't pay that well). I had to survive on all sorts of strange stuff. I could easily put away a plate of rhubarb and Tuna pasta bake. Or two digestive biscuits with Marge' and jam spread out liberally in the middle. So feeling youthful this morning, I tried out an old favorite of Curried Porridge! And it tasted great! By the Radio Studio quickly developed its own essence that day.

Card companies are really cleaning me out. We have just got over Valentines Day, and then it's another trek down to the card shop for Mothers day. I'm not cheap, just no mug! The card companies don't make it any easier for you by playing Pan Piped Music across the shop. How people can butcher Queen's Bohemian Rhapsody by, re-recording it in a Panpipe version is beyond me. I hated it so much I had to escape into a nearby elevator, to get a more palatable interpretation of the same song...Played on the Stylophone.