

CHAPTER - 38 Judah fucked this Canaanite sheila called Shua who had three boys to him: Er (as in 'Fuck I'm dumb') Onan, (as in, 'Oh, Nan, can I fuck you, cos we're only allowed to fuck relatives?') and Shelah (as in 'Sheilas 'ain't worf much in the Middle East.')

Er was such a cunt that NANCY dropped him deader than a two-bit root (no reason given). Judah told Onan, 'Since fuck-face is dead, you go service his missus, but Onan thought, 'Fuck that. I'm not rootin' her so that his offspring get the reward. So what does he do? He wacks off before every time he sees her so he can't get it up to root 'er. NANCY sees this and drops 'im like a poofter prize fighter. Now Judah's only got one boy left and he is determined that one of his boys is gonna service the bitch, so he tells her to live wif her old man until Shelah, his youngest, has a cock mature enough to do the deed. So she does. I'm really not sure why this bird, Tamar, Judah's son in law, was the only in town worf fucking, but there it is.

Unexpectedly, Judah's missus, Shua, shuffles off her Middle Eastern coil and Tamar thinks, 'Right – I wanna root and that kid of Judah, Shelah, is already old enough to slip me a bit of the old blue vein steak. His old man is fucken' wif me.' So she takes off her widow's garments, covers her face with a veil and sits by the side of the road to Timnah until dickhead, Judah, comes along. He thinks she's a pro and since his wife has recently died, decides he'll have himself a quicky wif a hooker. (See, it's okay 'cos he didn't know she was his daughter in law.) He says, 'If you give me a root, I'll give you a kid from the flock.' She says, 'I also want the signet on your cord and your staff.' He says okay; they fuck; she gets preggers immediately and takes off and puts back on her clothes of mourning, with Judah none the wiser. Judah sends a mate to give the pro her kid but she's fucked off. All the local blokes say that there was no whore in the vicinity (and I think that they would have known if there was, based upon the protagonists in these stories). It's all very puzzlin' until she starts showin' and gets caught out for bein' a whore. (See, she was the whore, even though Judah fucked her almost immediately after losing his missus.) Judah is basically a decent bloke. He arranges to have her burned alive until she coughs up the cord and the staff. But she's got 'im by the proverbial. He's fucked. He admits he shoulda given her to Shelah to marry and, what's more, he's such a decent bloke he says (wif magnanimity) 'I won't fuck you again.' What a gentleman.

When Shua gives birth, fuck me but one kid shoves his hand out of her cunt first. So, quick as a flash, Shua wraps a bit of crimson thread 'round its finger and says, 'This one came out first,' (cos you know how fucken' important who came out first is to these pricks – you get the family fucken' jewels for barging first into the queue). But wait! Fuck me he withdraws his hand and the other fucker pops out first. Some sort of breach. Then the kid with the crimson thread comes out a poor second. No prizes for that, mate. The first born is called Perez and the crimson thread fella is called Zerah. I think there was a song written about 'im 'Que Zerah, Zerah' wasn't it?

CHAPTER - 39 Back to Joseph who, as you will recall, was sold off to a Gippo called Potiphar. Cos' NANCY had blessed Joseph everything he did prospered and the Gippo, seeing this, looks after 'im' realising that NANCY will probly look after 'im too – which SHE does. Unfortunately, Joseph was a top sort and Potiphar's wife was as randy as an eighth grader watching Johnny Depp dressed up as a pirate. Every day she says, 'Lie with me' and she wasn't talking about tellin' untruths neither. She wanted him clean up her clacker. But he's a good Jewish boy in the service of NANCY and he says no, repeatedly. No matter how much she asks, he turns 'er down. (I think he's the first bloke in this whole story so far who's turned down a root. I bet

she wasn't a stunner) One day he comes in and her cunt's as wet as a pussy in a swimmin' pool. He breaks her embrace, but she catches a piece of his garment in her hand as he goes. Well, fuck me, she cries rape. 'That Jewish cunt shoved his pecker in my pork!' she cries. She tells everyone and then tells the old man and now there's hell to pay. Joseph is thrown in the can but the chief jailer loves him and sees that NANCY is wif 'im. So he very kindly lets Joseph do all his work for him. He lets Joseph take charge of all the prisoners. Put your hand up if this sounds like a good idea to you.

CHAPTER - 40 While Joseph was in prison a couple of fellas ended up in there under his care. One was the cupbearer to the Pharaoh and the other was his baker. They both had strange dreams and Joseph said he'd like to have a go at interpreting them. He wasn't Sigmund Freud but he did have NANCY on his team. So the cupbearer tells his dream about three vines blooming grapes and him pressing 'em into the Pharaoh's cup and Joseph, quick as a flash, says, 'You're right, mate. The Pharaoh is gonna pardon you in three days and you'll score your old gig back. But listen, when this happens, put in a good word wif the Pharaoh for me.' When the baker heard this good news he told Joseph his dream about three cake baskets on his head with the birds eating out of it and he musta sat there for minute waitin' for Joseph's verdict. He probly had a fucken' big smile on his dial thinkin' he's as good as home and hosed (This is all conjecture on my part and really inserted here to build tension and possibly create humour. Although by adding this parenthetical I've kinda lost the tension. Oh well. I told ya I wasn't gonna edit this stuff.) So there's the baker with a smile as wide as Sydney harbour waiting there but Joseph says: 'Mate! You are so fucked! You are fucken dead meat. The pharaoh is gonna string you up and let the birds eat ya. Cop that, you cunt!' The baker's reaction isn't mentioned in the translation I've got but we can imagine he wasn't exactly chuffed. Anyway, guess what? Both things happen exactly as Joseph says but, of course (you must create problems to be solved in any narrative) the cupbearer completely forgets to mention to the pharaoh what a nice bloke Joseph is and how he interpreted his dream.

CHAPTER - 41 Two years go by and the pharaoh has two separate dreams: one about fat cows gettin' eaten by thin cows and seven ears of full grain bein' swallowed by seven thin ones. No one can interpret the dreams until the cupbearer remembers Joseph. The pharaoh calls for him and tells Joseph his dreams. He says to Joseph, 'They tell me you can interpret dreams. What the fuck are these two all about?' Joseph says it's not him its NANCY who does the spade work and then Joseph tells him this. 'Right. NANCY doubled your dream and that means SHE'S fucken' serious. This is gonna happen. The two dreams mean the same thing - seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine are about to hit Egypt. Here's what you do. Grab a good administrator and get him to store one fifth of the produce that'll come in durin' the next seven years and reserve it as food for the cities in the seven years that follow, 'cos they are gonna be real pissers. If you do this, you'll make it through the seven famine years.'

Well, fuck me! Who says dreams can't come true? at least for Joseph. The pharaoh is so pleased wif Joseph's interpretation that he makes him 2IC – only the pharaoh is higher than 'im! He gets the pharaoh's signet ring; he scores a gold chain and fine clothes; he rides in a chariot and every cunt, apart from the pharaoh, has to do as he says. No one can lift a hand or foot without Joseph's say so. (Mind you that would be hard to police and it would mean that no one could physically move without Joseph agreeing to it, but I'm figuring that at least some of this stuff is metaphorical.) Then the pharaoh changes Joseph's name (he's at it too)

to Zaphenath-paneah, which sounds like a cross between a made-up name in a Douglas Adam's novel and some sort of medical disorder affecting the pancreas. And he gives him the local priest's daughter as a wife. It don't say how the local priest reacted to that news.

Joseph was thirty at the start of the seven years, which is lucky 'cos that makes it easy to remember and calculate the next fourteen years to follow. Joseph administers and organises like a champion, storin' grain for a rainy day (or seven dry ones) and when the famine hits, just like he said it would, he makes a fucken' killing. These Jews know their stuff alright. Not only does he sell grain to the Gippos but, since the famine hits the whole Middle East, he fucken' sells it to every cunt. Actually, my translation says that he sold it to all the world but I find that unlikely given the time frame. I mean it would've taken the Abos too long to get there. And what would they travel on that could store enough grain? You see the problem. But, just the same he had a fucken' monopoly. You fucken' beauty! And believe me he wasn't givin' away any discounts.