

THE NEXT BIT

Well, things are really hotting up, eh? Just two pages ago there was fuck all goin' on. I mean absolutely fuck all. You couldn't even get a head job on a Friday night until NANCY hops into gear. Yes, SHE'S a bit of a lazy fuck but hey, maybe SHE'S a Hawkesbury girl - likes to party; likes to hit the piss; doesn't wanna work too hard; will have a fat arse by twenty; eats too many chips; wears short skirts; wakes up wif seamen drippin' . . . sorry.

Chapter 4 - Back to Aidan and Yvonne. They're on their own, outside the garden, but it's cool for them to fuck, so she has Cain, a shepherd and then Abel, who's a farmer. They both make an offering to NANCY. SHE likes Abel's lamb cutlets but SHE tells Cain to fuck off wif 'is fruit. (Obviously not a vego.) Then NANCY'S got the hide to say, 'What the fuck are you angry at?' to Cain, who's brought a gift to the party and been told to shove it. Still pissed-off he goes out into the field and kills his brother, Abel. (Bit of an over-reaction if you ask me. I mean if you and your brother give your mum a present each for Christmas and SHE favours his present, you wouldn't fucken' kill 'im, would ya? I would fucken' hope not). So NANCY pops back and says, 'Where's your brother?' and what he said was, 'I dunno. I'm not me brother's keeper,' but what he should of said is, 'You know every fucken' thing. You tell me!' At any rate, NANCY got really pissed and turned him into a vagrant and he said, 'They'll fucken' kill me out there!' but NANCY said, 'No they won't because whatever they do to you they'll get back seven fold in return. (He shoulda thought quick and said, 'What if they suck my cock?' but he didn't.) SHE put some sort of mark on him to ensure that no one would fuck wif 'im. But it doesn't say what the mark was, does it? Was it something which made his visage so terrible that people would actively shun him? Maybe like a tattoo in the likeness of Tony Abbott? Who knows, but he pissed off to Nod, which could be a metaphor for Cain havin' a bit of an arvo kip. (I would add, parenthetically, the fact that it doesn't fucken help if someone kills you and is therefore killed seven fold in retribution - you are still fucken' dead!)

Cain has a kid called Enoch and names a city after 'im And then there's a long line of fucken' names no one gives a shit about, except to say that one bloke, Lamech, thought he was pretty special and told his wives if Cain was to be avenged seven fold, he wanted to be avenged seventy seven. I can't see the relevance of that bit - but, still Aidan had another root with Yvonne and they had Seth to make up for Abel. (They say if your dog dies buy a puppy.) And it was at about this time that his boy, Seth, had his own kid, Enosh, and everybody seen the light and started believin' in NANCY.

Yeah, so, it's goin' okay apart from the fuckup wif Aiden and Yvonne, eh? Oh, and Cain killin' Abel was a bit outta left field but otherwise the begetting is going well. And all of these fuckers were long livers, believe me. Here's just a few: Adam 930 years; Seth 912; Enosh 905; Kenan 910; Mahalalel 895 (taken too young); Jared 962; Enoch (2) 365 (a mere child); Methuselah (the daddy of 'em all) 969 and then Noah's Dad, Lamech (which is why he got a mention earlier - famous son and all that) 777,

which is, by coincidence strangely related to the number in his earlier outburst. Last in this line comes Noah, who has Shem, Ham and Japheth, which sounds like a Jewish law firm.

CHAPTER 6 - By this time, NANCY was sorely regretting HER decision to give humans life (sound familiar? Prometheus and consciousness?) Apparently there were Nephilm about in them days (Titans?) and they were randy little cunts who fucked the girls and created warriors who fucked the humans (Zeus and co.?) So NANCY goes, 'Fuck this. I'm gonna kill EVERYONE (a loving NANCY) but not you, Noah. You're alright, son.'

So I might abridge the next bit where everybody begets themselves stupid and NANCY gets pissed off and floods the world. We might overlook the fact that even if all the precipitation fell on planet Earth at once it would only cover it to a depth of about two centimetres and pretend that all this shit really did happen. Although I should mention that Noah had a fucken' hard time gettin' all those micro-organisms on the ark and mate, was it fucken' crowded? Considerin' there are currently about 8.7 million species of animal on Earth (give or take 1.3. million) and Noah's ark was a little over half the size of the Titanic and the number of species on the planet hasn't changed 'cos everyfink was set up exactly as it is now from the beginnin' so humans could fuck the crap out of it - it was very fucken tight wif all them bison and sloths and pigs and . . . well, you do the maths. And what about feedin' time? Fuck me! He was at sea for 370 days and some of them animals would've been eyeing Noah and 'is boys off for a meal. They must've bin fucken' starving.

CHAPTER 8 - Anyway, eventually six hundred year old Noah gets onto dry land and the whole begetting' thing starts again and eventually there's people everywhere. They're inbreds, naturally, which is why I'm thinkin' all this happened in the Hawkesbury in Sydney, Australia. Maybe even in Bowen Mountain where the sixth finger is greatly treasured among the local banjo players. And all of this shit explains why the world is as fucked up as it is today. Praise be to NANCY the previously runny-arsed Elephant who created us all. And fuck that off tuna that held up work for at least two or three days, I reckon. We should all shun the evil one - the off tuna! Actually, tuna are really endangered so that would help reconstitute their numbers. But that is beside the point.

CHAPTER 9 - So, to cut a long story short, Noah gets pissed on wine (the first bloke to do so, they reckon - go Noah) but 'es not used to it. He gets super soused and exposes 'is tackle to all and sundry. Canaan's boy, Ham, thinks this is a great lark and tells everyone Noah's got a small dick. Noah gets the shits and blames Canaan. He puts a curse on the fucker! Bit rough, eh? He never done nuffin. Hey, if Noah's a two pot screamer it's not exactly Canaan's fault, is it? But just the same Noah curses 'im and Ham's in the shit which is why the Jews can't eat pork and why bad actors are called hams. Don't fucken ask me what the connection is it just fucken is, ok? I mean, shit, if you want consistent, logical explanations, ask a scientist. These religious blokes are just like me - they make shit up and some of it sticks 'cos people are fucken' stupid.

So am I. I wouldn't know shit from shampoo, which qualifies me to write this bullshit. Hey, be fair. Over a 2000 million fuckers go for the crap in the Bible, so please extend me the same courtesy, thank you very much. Fuckwits of the world unite!

So, what 'appened next? Oh yeah, so Noah's boys fuck everythink in sight and the world is reborn. They get the population clock started. This is the beginning of the human scourge. Good one, boys. There's now 7.3 billion and counting (and we're all pretty well fucked, by the way). But, good news! For the first time it's cool to eat the animals. Yeah, sure, it's a bit of a pisser for them but fuck, medium rare, thank you very much and pretty soon we can break out the beer. 'Bring it on, Mesopotamia. Lucky we had the ark. I don't fancy the sloth but those two pigs and those two lobsters look pretty good.' But, wouldn't you know it - in steps fucken' NANCY. 'Nup,' SHE says, 'You can't eat the pigs or shellfish. 'Why the fuck not?' Every cunt yells. 'Cos the pigs a got split hooves and don't chew their cud,' SHE comes back at 'em. 'What the fuck has that got to do wif anythink?' they yell back. 'Look, I don't fucken' know,' replies NANCY, 'I'm makin' this shit up as I go along like every other cunt!' Don't fuck wif me or I'll fuck you over!' 'Rightio. Rightio,' the boys reply. 'But what's this shit about not eating animals of a cruel nature so we don't absorb the cruelty? That's gotta be bullshit.' 'Look. I told ya - I dunno. Listen, Newton and natural philosophy is a long way off, okay? Let alone the instigation of the empirical method. Just go wif it.' And that's the problem - people held on to the bullshit for too long and it ended up killin' us all. Or, it will soon. Sorry to be a downer. Let's get back to the story . . .

Chapter 11 - NANCY fucks off back to Heaven, wherever that fucken' is, while the boys fuck 'emselves stupid, populating the Middle East. Now there's your first big mistake. If NANCY had gone for sane people, like the Scandinavians, we would have had a show, but these fuckers scream that the sky is falling every time someone stubs their fucken' toe! The trouble is that the sky generally is falling in that part of the world and if it isn't, it's car bombs. But I'm jumpin' ahead of meself. So, a bunch a cunts come up wif the bright idea of building a great big bloody tower - The Tower of Babel. Now cop this, NANCY is so insecure SHE comes back, sees the tower as a threat to her power, chucks a hissy fit; next thing ya know everyone's speakin' different languages and can't communicate wif one another. What the fuck is that about? You'd think that NANCY would be happy humans are finally gettin' their shit together - building stuff; speakin' the same language but no. SHE turns it into a 'how far can you piss up the wall competition' and Bob's your uncle, some cunts speakin' French and I can't understand a fucken world 'es sayin'! Not only that but 'es got an attitude problem! Fuck the French!

CHAPTER 12 - So now everybody's scattered all over the Earth. How the Polynesians got there, don't fucken ask me: driftwood? Anyway, everyone's scattered and speaking different languages. We didn't have a chance from the beginning. NANCY's ego fucked us up. So what does NANCY get up to next? I swear, this chick's a psycho. SHE gets into Abram's ear. She says, 'I'm wif ya, 'n' I'll curse any fucker who 'ain't. I'll help ya set up a nation.' So, on this say so, Abram sets of wif 'is missus, Sarai and 'is brother's son, Lot, for the Land of Canaan. Eventually they make it to Egypt. Now,

get this - Abram, the dick, says to 'is missus, 'Listen, they'll fuck me over if they think you're me missus and we are royally rogered. So, let's tell 'em you're me sister and she's apples.' Now, Sarai's a good sort, right? Like, she coulda done porn. The pharaoh cops an eyeful, cultivates a massive boner and, thinkin' she's this bloke's sister, fucks 'er stupid. You know, eyes rollin' into the back of the sockets; anal; the works. Then, NANCY fucks 'im over. 'What the fuck!' he cries (with some justification, I might add). "Abram, you lying cunt, you said she was your sister! Fuck off and take your stuff wif ya!"

If you think about it, it's kinda like that movie wif George C. Scott 'The Flim Flam man' - where he and this young bloke con their way across rural U.S.A. durin' the depression? Good flick if ya haven't seen it. But it's like that 'cos they fucked this pharaoh guy over for no real good reason. I suppose he did score a fuck or two out of it. It was like a Hollywood marriage, eh? Good lookin' young bird takes some crusty old cunt for a ride and eventually fucks 'im over. In the meantime he gets 'is end in. Hey, short term gain for long term pain. But when you're in the short term - you fucken' beauty. So, I guess NANCY was fair on that account.

CHAPTER 13 - Abram and Lot hassle a bit. Lot pisses off and takes his sheep over to the plains of Jordan. He ends up in Sodom and NANCY, bein' homophobic and forever the conspirator, says to Abram, 'Listen, fuck him. I'm givin' you all this land.' Then, bugger me, Lot gets himself captured and Abram saves 'im. Fair enough. No, you gotta be fair. Lot might have been an annoying prick but when your mates in the shit, you gotta dig 'im out. So Abram does and he ends up pretty powerful and well-regarded for it.

CHAPTER 14/15 - Unfortunately, Abram's got the shits 'cos 'es got no nippers but NANCY pops back and assures him that he's gonna have a star load of heirs but the pisser is that they're gonna be repressed by the Gippos for four hundred years but the good news is NANCY'S gonna fuck up the Gippos in the end and in the meantime Abram's assured a long and prosperous life. NANCY gives him from Egypt to the Euphrates, which is a shit load of land; I mean, that's a fucken' big block: better 'n' your typical quarter acre, at any rate. And SHE throws in all the 'ites' as a part of the deal - ten 'ites' in all! What a score.

CHAPTER 16 - Abram's squeeze, Sanai, was infertile - couldn't bake the bun, so she says to Abram, 'It's okay. If you want kids, fuck the slave girl.' So he does and, typical, after the kid's born, Sarai chucks a wobbly and beats the fuck out of the slave girl. Abram's cool with that. He scored a fuck, a kid, and he gets rid of the incubator. Fuck is this guy lucky or what? A covenant wif NANCY and a shitload of worldly possessions.

But, no, it doesn't exactly work like that. (This is the first time I've read this shit) The slave girl is hangin' by a waterhole when an angel tells her to go home, say you're sorry (what for I don't fucken' know) submit to Sarai and she'll have a truckload more kids wif' Abram (which, as I don't need to tell ya meant a whole heap more fucks for

Abram's eighty-odd year old, previously wrinkled piece of tackle). When 'es eighty six he begets Ishmael, who the angel had warned the slave girl, was gonna be a handful.

CHAPTER 17 - NANCY turned up again when Abram was just under the ton and drops a biggun. 'Abe,' he says, 'you need more letters in your name. You're changin' your name by deed poll. Henceforth you will be known as Abraham.' (No fucken' consideration for a bloke who's had the same name for ninety nine years) And then SHE goes on to say, 'Abraham, you are gonna be the father of an entire people - (I've got my money on the Jews) 'cos then SHE says, 'Slice off a bit of their cocks when they're eight days old and can't do nuffin' about it and they'll all be in the covenant.' Some people say when they threw away the foreskin they chucked out the best bit of those fellas, but I 'ain't judgin' 'cos me old lady was a Red Sea Pedestrian. And that's why I can say whatever I like about the Jews. That's the rule, for some reason, you can't say nuffin' about no-one, unless you are one, and then you can say whatever the fuck you like. Hey, I don't make the rules - I just enjoy 'em when I can. After all, everything else in this fucken' country is censored.

And get this - every poor bastard in Abe's house had to have his cock trimmed! Even the fucken' slaves! As if bein' a slave's not bad enough. Ya turn up - 'Yo bro. Whassup?' And the next thing you know your cock's bleedin'! Fuck that! But that's what happened. And Sanai scored the name Sarah, whether she liked it or not, and NANCY told her she was gonna finally have a kid, even though she was ninety. I bet she was real impressed about that. NANCY then tells Abe that although Ishmael is gonna sire twelve princes, the big one goes to Isaac (not Newton, unfortunately) who will carry on the covenant. Hey, if it means you end up with a bloody old-fella, you can keep it, but apparently Abraham was happy enough to have the flaccid flesh clipped from his old fella. Seems a bit unnecessary but at least there would be plenty of loose flesh hanging about at that age, eh? Give the trimmings to the pigs, I say. I mean Abe and the boys couldn't eat the fuckers anyway.