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The Documentary

‘Twas another fine day in Hertford county. The man smiled at this, even though it was irrelevant, as he lived in Perthshire. There was probably a reason he smiled at this, but we’ll never know, as I just realised we’re in the wrong house. Whoops.

Ahh, this is better. Watch out for the flying plates, this man has forgotten his anniversary yet again. Twenty-three glorious years they’d been married. Well, glorious is on word, living hell is another, well, two others that are a bit more suitable to describe this marriage. Wait, my producer just told me that yet again we’re in the wrong house (“in the middle of our street, our house”(argh, get that fugging song out of my head)

Excuse me, sorry, I’ll just deal with these friendly officers of the law. I’ll be back in two ticks.

Sorry officer, what are you saying?

No, we weren’t house breaking.

I don’t care how it looked to you, we were allowed in those houses, we’re doing a documentary for channel 4

That’s all right officer, I’d just love to follow you down to the station. I’ll just go get my camera man.

RUN YOU FOOL

Pant, *Pant*, *Puff*, *Pant*

Ahh, fugg…

Here we are in a 6 foot by 3 hand cell in a central London police station, where we have been manhandled, very nearly beaten and threatened with an ♥ Avril ♥ Lavigne ♥† cassette tape. Cruel and unusual punishment indeed. And for what? A little illegal breaking and entering, stalking, resisting arrest, having a gay haircut, listening to jazz music without license and consenting to proper adult boredom with a minor. Pah, like “breaking and entering” is a real crime anyway. And I promised to get my haircut. Wah, I want my mummy! Oh, sorry, what? Yes, of course I’ll pick up the soap.

OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW

Fade to black

Fín.

† The love hearts on the original hand written manuscript of this text were drawn in by an actual Avril Lavigne fan, yes, there are some. His name is Martinian Stanfield, and he appeared to love Miss Lavigne so much that he actually ran off to Canadaa to live. You can contact him via this e-mail address. masta.z@mytbc.co.uk. I have stuck the lovehearts in for authenticity, so you can experience what the original document was like, without the scribbly handwriting