



Flying Pigs

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Flying Pigs, Is a collection of adult humour presented as short stories for tall people and tall stories for short people.

Chapter 1

Lunar Lunacy

"Neil come in please." *peep*. "Neil where the hell are you, come in please." *peep*. "I think we have lost Neil, over." *peep*. "Calm down commander, I am in the little boy's room taking a pee." *peep*. "It's not easy in this space suit." *peep*.

It was a vista of total tranquility which touched the very soul. An endless landscape of utter peace with a backdrop of Mother Earth. This barren place looked awesome and forbidding, with dust and rock everywhere. "Alright Neil, the light is perfect the cameras are set at half speed, you can climb out now." *peep*. He searched the barren landscape for signs of life. Nothing moved, nothing stirred. It was a sterile place, where the vastness of the Universe hung like a timeless mantle.

The months of planning and training had been worthwhile. The crew were in top physical condition and they needed to be to operate in the cumbersome pressure suits. Each man had been corked to prevent the escape of noxious bodily gasses which could prove fatal in such a confined space. However Neil still marvelled at the ingenuity of God's creativity, what a clever idea, he thought, to put the nose at the opposite end to the bum.

"Alright Neil, jump up and down a bit, then do your giant step speech. After that plant the flag, did we remember to bring the flag?" *peep*. "Roger, Roger," *peep*. "And please stop calling me Roger, Neil." *peep*. "Sorry mate but Virgil sounds more like my little sister than a mission commander." *peep*. "Roger, Neil just plant the bloody flag will you." *peep*. "You are not going to believe this, the surface is quite soft just like, dare I say it? Yes the Moon is actually made of cheese." *peep*. "Look Neil will you stop prating around, half the bloody world will be watching this." *peep*. "Roger, Roger," *peep*. "For Christ's sake Neil I told you not to call me Roger." *peep*. "Roger Virgil." *peep*. "OK Buzz, you go out now, dance around a bit and then collect some rocks. Then we will send out the rover, that should create some good footage." *peep*. "Yea Heath Robinson would be proud." *peep*. "Hey Neil why is that flag flapping around?" *peep*. "It's the wind coming off the San Bernadino mountains." *peep*. "Well someone get some starch on it, we are supposed to be on the bloody Moon. It doesn't have an atmosphere. And what is that flock of birds doing in the background?" *peep*.

"CUT, CUT, it's all going wrong. Buzz, stop prancing around like a lunar lunatic. Let's take a lunch break and start again in an hour." *peep*. "And will somebody turn off that bloody *peep* machine, it's doing my head in." *peep*.

After an extended break they started again. "All right crew, standby, lights, camera, action. Now will you lot try to get it right this time, this footage is costing the US government a fortune. And you know that it needs to be finished before the Russians finish theirs. And I really hate the Mojave Desert; it's always stinking hot at this time of the year. Alright Buzz, pick up some rocks, remember to do it slowly and don't look at the camera Buzz." *buzz*. "Is that you buzzing Buzz?" *buzz*. "No the crappy *peep* machine has gone on the blink, now the damned thing is buzzing." *buzz*.

"CUT, CUT, CUT! What the Hell is going on, where did that stray dog come from? Look it's cocking its leg, don't let it pee on the space ship, it will ruin the cardboard. Holy shit Neil what is that?" *buzz*. "What,

Roger?" buzz. "That ticket stuck on the side of the space ship?" buzz. "Oh that's a parking ticket, it must have been slapped on by a traffic cop while we had our lunch break." buzz. "THAT'S IT, THAT IS IT! I have had enough, I am not doing this anymore. Get me Tricky Dicky on the phone." "Hello Mr President is that you?" "Well it might be and then again it might not be. I am not confessing to anything." "It's Virgil here, no Mr President, the mission commander, not your little sister. Look this is all going wrong and I am not prepared to help you to pull off the biggest scam in history. Next time that we do this it will have to be on the Moon. I am quitting the Mojave Desert. Yes, Yes, Mr President, I promise to close all the gates, even though this place is completely devoid of water." buzz.

Chapter 2

Monkey Business

He removed his shrunken jacket from the washing machine in Dung's Laundrette and held it at arm's length. "What the Hell has happened to my best jacket, it would hardly fit a bloody Chimpanzee now. That stupid machine has shrunk it down to a quarter of its proper size. Just wait until I get my hands on the owner of this place. He must be Chinese with a name like Dung. I'll give him bloody dung! I bet that he lives in the flat upstairs."

The bully stomped out of Dung's Laundrette and up the metal stairs to the flat. He banged his fist on the scruffy door but no one answered. He peered in through the dusty window. "Well bugger me, well I never; it's just like the tea ads on the tele." Inside there were a troop of the best dressed Chimpanzees that he had ever seen.

He turned to leave but just as he got to the bottom of the stairs a little Chinese man appeared. "Hey are you Dung?" "*Me Dung why you ask mister?*" "Right Dung, your bloody washing machine has ruined my best jacket and I have got a hot date tonight." "*Who the lucky girl?*" "Never mind that, I have a good mind to beat the shit out of you." "*Ahh so, beat the shit out of Dung, that not good idea, I am Grand Master of ancient Chinese martial art Kung-Poo.*" "Kung-Poo, you're making it up, I have never heard of it." "*Oh not vely well known in the West but I could kill you at ten paces with just one Bol of special Bonk.*" "Bol of special Bonk, what the Hell is that?" "*Oh this vely secret recipe, Bonk is vely powerful medicine, it make men strong and fearless and when dried and made into powder men become great lovers, this the most powerful aphrodisiac in the World.*" "Are you seriously telling me that this Bonk is more powerful than Viagra?" "*Oh yes mister ten times, why you think there are so many Chinese? With just one spoon of Bonk men become bedroom stallions, some have been known to perform for two days not stopping.*" "Two days, that's unbelievable, are there any side effects?" "Well I only heard of one fatality, *a man took two spoons of Bonk and next morning found his wife dead from exhaustion. And another man got some stuck in his throat, he couldn't perform but he had a stiff neck for three days.*" "Look Dung I don't believe any of this, but if I did want to try this special Bonk where would I get it from?" "*You vely lucky man my flend, I just got special delivery from China, it vely expensive but as you are good flend you can have it for only fifty pounds.*" The deal was done, Dung handed over the packet of special Bonk and they both went away happy.

Dung went into the flat and was greeted by his wife. "*Hey Dung when can you afford to get this heating fixed, my monkeys are freezing their nuts off in here and they look so stupid dressed up to keep warm.*" "*Oh fix it soon Lotus Blossom, I made fifty pounds today by selling another packet of their shit.*"

Chapter 2

Monkey Business Too

It was a cold and wet morning, black as your hat over Will's mothers, I really felt sorry for her, she always got awful weather. I approached Dung's laundrette from behind the gas works; something reminded me that the landlady would be cooking sprouts again tonight.

What a boring life I had led since the company's canteen vending machine had broken down. Now I spent most of the day inside it, staring out at the same boring people at work. Well, all boring except for the new accounts secretary, Cupid Stunt. I really fancied her. I trembled as I peered out at her long sexy legs through the machine's delivery chute. What I would give for a date with her. But why should she look twice at me, a balding, middle-aged, cross-eyed Albanian midget with a wonky leg.

I suppose that in some ways I was lucky, it was only my diminutive stature that got me this job. No one else could fit inside the vending machine and make such convincing clunking and gurgling noises. And it was cheaper to employ me than to get it fixed.

Thank god for Billy the Bully from the warehouse. One tea break I overheard him boasting about his hot date and the amazing effects of some bonk that he had bought from Dung's Laundrette. I hatched a cunning plan to acquire some and put it into Cupid's coffee, and then I would ask her for a date. I approached the Laundrette with trepidation and reached up for the door handle, damn it was not open. I stood on tip-toes and read the sign, Closed. But I had come this far, it had taken a lot of courage I couldn't give up now. I looked skywards to the flat above the Laundrette then summoned all my resolve and climbed the metal stairs.

I knocked on the scruffy door and waited patiently for a response. The faded net curtains parted and a little yellow face peered out, she didn't see me. I shouted through the letterbox. "Hey I am down here." She shouted back. "*What you want?*" "I have come for bonk." "*Vely solly girls don't start work till ten.*" "No you don't understand I want to buy some bonk to arouse a woman and fill her with passion and lust."

I put my good ear to the letterbox and heard her talking to someone else. "*Hey Dung there's an Albanian midget squinting through the letterbox, he want buy some monkey shit.*" I understood that such a powerful aphrodisiac had to be referred to by a slang name. "*OK put fifty quids through the letterbox.*" I obliged and a little packet of magical bonk was returned. I was so happy that I tried to skip back to the factory but the wonky leg came into play and I kept falling over.

My big opportunity came at tea break the following morning. As I peered out through the pouring spout the accounts secretaries arrived. I could just catch glimpses of Cupid's long legs around one edge of the monstrous agricultural frame of Big Sissy, who had all the grace, charm and sex appeal of a Russian shot putter. She was a big woman in every way; her mountains of flesh supported a full tattoo of the Alps, with a St. Bernard peeping sheepishly from the crevasse of her huge cleavage.

I didn't dare to imagine what pictorial wonders were hidden beneath the acreage of her bell tent dress. Her sole attribute that I could see, was that she didn't sweat too much for a fat girl. But over the years I had developed a general aversion to women who chew tobacco and spit the juice into the fire, especially the ones who miss.

Cupid made her move; she approached my machine, inserted a pound coin and pressed the coffee button. I spooned in one of instant then half filled the cup from the boiling kettle, then I put in the precious bonk and stirred it. She lifted the cup in her delicate hands and placed it on the table. Then she pressed the coffee button again, I hadn't anticipated this but I had to oblige with another cup of instant, even though this one was bonkless. I slid a few coins down the change chute. She took both cups back to the table but I couldn't see anything more than the huge backend of Big Sissy with a snow-capped Monte Blanc heaving between her shoulder blades.

Now I had a dilemma, I had spent fifty pounds on the magic ingredient, but dare I ask her for a date? Tea break was over so I opened the flap at the back of the vending machine and crawled out. I limped along the corridor and went through the cat-flap into the accounts typing pool. I peered over the first desk and there she was. Her beautiful almond eyes looking down into mine, her cherry lips quivered. "Hello Shorty what do you want?" "Well Cupid," I stammered, "what I really want is a woman." "This must be your lucky day mate." My heart raced. "For some reason Sissy is really in the mood this afternoon, hey Sissy theres a little feller down here who wants a woman." "Does he now! Come on son show me to the broom cupboard." "I am sorry, you don't understand, let me finish, I want a woman for Bully Billy in the warehouse." "Billy in the warehouse hey, I have heard him boasting that he can go all night, let me at him." With that her huge decorated frame disappeared in his general direction. Billy didn't make an appearance at work for several weeks and used up all of his sick leave. Rumour had it that he had been crushed by an escaped Hippopotamus, but I knew better. Big Sissy had certainly softened his ardour. The power of bonk was undeniable.