

**POLITICALLY
INCORRECTED**

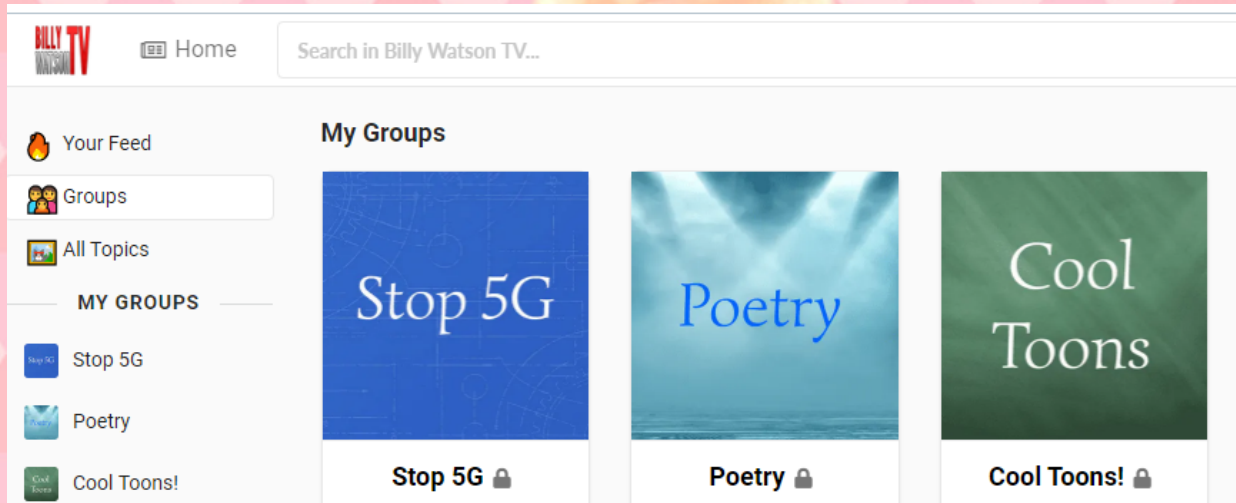


BILLY WATSON

Join My Tribe

Thank you for showing an interest in reading my book.

I would like to build up a network of interesting people who can share ideas about the topics I talk about in my writings which is more or less anything goes. Lol.



If you would like to join the party please enter your details in the form on the link below.

<https://billywatson.tv/signup>

I would also like to offer you a video logo intro video similar to the ones I have on my videos. Just mention it to me in a message after you sign up for the tribe.

I look forward to getting to know you better and I hope you enjoy my work.

Billy



Adverts

You know the thing I hate most about Television, it's the goddamn adverts.

And these magazines like Loaded for the men and woman's magazines like Cosmopolitan, She, Vogue and Hairy Twat, are the same.

For they all set impossible standards for us to live up to don't they?
I mean no matter how hard you try, you can never meet these imaginary standards

I for instance have a problem with Cd's. I've got far too many Cd's.
If I were to listen to all my Cd's consecutively, one after the other, starting now, I would still be listening to them by the time politicians finally start telling the truth.

And the Sun would have run out of hydrogen to burn by the time that finally happens....assuming that what the lying bastard scientists are telling us is true and that it isn't just a big warm light much closer than we think in a flat earth plane.

But every month I've got to buy at least another 10 Cd's as recommended by the latest cool and trendy music mag or else I feel as though my poor little life is just not complete without them.

Everyone is affected by adverts, or image one way or another.

I mean, take you ladies for example, if I may be so bold, you could spend half your waking life trying to get your hair just like your favorite Friends character, and still look like you've been dragged through a hedge backwards.

You could have your ears, nose, tongue, lips, nipples, bellybutton and clitoris all pierced so many times it's a wonder you only bleed once a month!

Adverts

You could have your skin treated by the Galaxy's most renowned laser surgeon, Dr Darth Vader, although his aim is not what it used to be and you may end up scarred for life, or worse still you could lose a limb altogether but your insecurity dictates that 'it's worth the risk' just so that you can look in the mirror and not hate yourself.

You could join a Health club and go on a diet until you make Geri Halliwell and Posh Spice look like The Fucking Weather Girls.

Hallelujah, it's raining Lettuce.

You could have your nose reshaped to the perfect nose, whatever the fuck that is; I can breathe and smell through mine, It does me alright.

You could have your tits inflated to such a size that Richard Branson makes you an offer you can't refuse to buy your underwear off you, so that he can try to set a new world record.

First man to circumnavigate the world in a hot air Bra.

You could have so many dolphin tattoos; that you can no longer sunbathe on the beach, for fear of a team of do-gooders coming along and throwing you back in the water repeatedly until you drown.

You could never ever go to bed again, just to make sure that you're never ever seen without make up....and with good reason.

You could send and receive so many text messages that you never know, you may even read the equivalent of a book someday.

You could have such a huge expensive jewelery collection that even Bobby George is green with envy.

You should feel the weight of his cock ring.

Adverts

You could own so many mod cons that you could spend every minute of every day sitting on your fat arse watching inbred family members actively being encouraged to beat the crap out of each other on national TV and still you'd think Jerry Springer is a nice guy.

You could have so many posters of the latest Boy Band on your bedroom wall that even your 8-year-old sister spews her ring at the sight of them.

You could go for your typical 2 week holiday in Spain every year, have so much sex with well, you don't care who, as long as it's got a cock, that you never know one year you might even shag a Spaniard.

You could buy so many designer labels that the poor exploited Korean lady who actually makes them gets a 3p Xmas bonus that year, mind you that's 3p more than we get.

You could have the latest 'must-have' sports car, of course you won't be able to drive it, cause you won't be able to afford the petrol, let alone the road tax and insurance.

But your friend's will be suitably impressed nonetheless.

You could see every 'must see, unmissable, miss this and you're bonker's' Hollywood movie that comes out and you'd still be bonkers with the IQ of the average George Clooney fan.

You could do all that to try and be cool and hip and happening
And then you find out to your Horror...that you're not Gay!

"You bastard God, why didn't you make me Gay?"

Because homosexuality is the latest craze now isn't it? It seems to me like every woman's a fucking carpet muncher!"

Adverts

So you say to yourself "Oh well every other girl has got a face full of pussy, I better get in about it" Pussy juice all over your face.

"Everybody else is doing it, it must be good"

And just so you don't think I'm picking on all you lovely ladies, the men could be the same.

They could watch so much football that they can give full player history of the Latvian Under 21, second eleven and they've still got the cheek to complain when their wife wants to go out for a drive on Saturday afternoon when Football Focus with fucking, Dan 'Bore You To Tears' Walker.

They could drink so much beer that Budweiser withdraw their "Whassup, Whassup" advert cause the fans have taken the joke too far and are embarrassing themselves and the company beyond all hope of forgiveness from the rest of the population.

They could..... well that's about it really, most men can't handle more stimulation than that in their pea brains, so now they can start sucking on a big cock.

"Everybody else is doing it, it must be good"

All the spunk coming out there mouths

"Everyone else is doing it". Taking it up the arse.

"Look, everyone else is doing it, I can't be left behind"

By the way, I have nothing at all against Gay people.

I'm actually glad to see that there are still some happy gay people in the world.

Obviously they don't watch any fucking adverts.

Charity Collectors

I'd like to talk about charity collectors. Do you like charity collectors? No? I didn't think so cause they are a pain in the fucking arse are they not?

BIG ISSUE SELLERS

You can't walk up the high street these days without somebody trying to take your hard earned dole money off you.

It all started a few years ago with the Big Issue sellers. They were like the pioneers of the 'harass you in the street' Charity collector dudes. Weren't they?

I've got a problem with those guys. For a start, they're better dressed than I am!

Not that I'm grudging them good footwear. It's just if you're going to beg... you could at least do me the honour of dressing down. Eh?

For Gods sake, make an effort.

Let me feel a tiny bit superior when I'm giving you my charity.

That's all I ask, just a little forethought to help me look down on you.

Play the game, eh?

There is a protocol to follow here.

You won't see me running up to the Queen to give her a Tenner.

Mainly cause I haven't got a spare tenner but also because she's wearing a dress worth more than my house.

Charity Collectors

The Big Issue collectors I've seen are almost as bad, standing there looking like a Catalogue Model.

And they always stand in the same spot don't they?

Day after day, week after week, year after goddamn year.

If they put that amount of time into actually looking for a real job, that would save me the hassleof every time I see them.....having to cross the fucking street.

I think they're under the illusion that the public is some kind of cash cow.

Or that selling that magazine is some kind of public service.

It's not as if people are going, "Oh, is that the first of the month, I must get up the High Street for the latest edition of the Big Issue!"

If people really wanted it that badly then these guys I think should made to deliver it.

For two reasons, the first one being to at least make them at sweat a bit.

That has got to be the easiest job in the world isn't it?

They just stand there holding magazines in one hand and holding their other hand out in expectation someone feels sorry for them in their designer clothes.

You're probably thinking 'That's not a job Billy.'

That's how they get buy in life, it's a fucking job, a'right?

Christ, is there a job in the world that you do less than that?

Even a whore has to push back a bit.

Charity Collectors

The second reason they should be made to deliver it is to let them see what money from a real job can buy.... aye that's right, it can buy a fucking house.

Then I could walk up the High Street in peace while they are up to their eyeballs in debt like the rest of us.

Hallelujah!

How do these guys get off Scot free?

"Oh, it's so tragic being homeless. I live in a hostel and only get three free hot meals a day"

Aye, but ye don't have to go to a crappy job every day and take it up the arse from some arsehole boss just cause your wife wants to live in a 3 bedroom semi-detached house that comes with a 25 year death pledge...sorry Mortgage.

Poor you, poor you. I bet you get some good sympathy shags on the back of your hard luck story as well, aye?

I'm amazed I've not been decked yet.

Shows you how hard up they must be. They've not got the energy to lift their arm above begging height.

The guys like, "If I could just raise my arm a bit more I'd deck you one, pal" I'm like "Neh, neh, neh, neh, neh" sticking my hands out like big ears, for some reason.

There's a guy that stands outside Queen Street Station every morning that hands out flyers saying, "Work from home, ask me or phone for more information".

I was like "Are you homeless, Pal?" "No"

Well, then you're not really working from home are you?

Charity Collectors

No, you're standing on the fucking street hassling people every morning, aren't you?

Your flyer should read, 'Work From Street'

Those guys you walked past sleeping in Sauchiehall Street should be handing out your flyers. Now fuck off home and let me walk along this street and be harassed by genuine hassle merchants only.

But to be honest the Big Issue sellers don't annoy me now as much now as they used to because at least you know where you stand with them.

I'm like "Right, aye, Ok, there's yer Pound. Now, Fuck Off! Go on, away you go. Go and do us all a favour and take a long walk off a short pier. Cheers"

I suppose the magazine is good for a brief glance.....before offering it to a REAL homeless person.....to use for toilet paper.

Don't say I'm not charitable.

Actually, I'm unemployed myself right now so sometimes don't even give them their pound. I can say with a clear conscience,

"Sorry Pal, can't help you. I'm a bit skint at the moment. I'm so skint I'm actually thinking about downgrading my Sky package. Either that or my super speed broadband. One of them has got to go. It's a tough choice."

The guys like, "Skint!! Skint!! I'm fucking homeless. You see that cardboard box over there.... aye? Well, that's my lunch!!"

Sometimes they lay it on a bit heavy, eh? To make you feel all guilty.

"Is right pal, aye. Ah, tell you what then, I'm on my way to Burger King right now. What say I bring you back some Ketchup? Eh? It might make that cardboard go down a bit easier. You can wash it down with the melted ice from my cola".