UK Enters Jokathon

In a surprise move, following discussions with CADS, the UK government recently announced it will hold a nationwide Jokathon on the 12th December to compete with CADS. The results will be announced on the following day in order to align with the CADS announcement of our own Jokathon winner.

In other Jokathon news, the CADS chairman announced that all members must be present on Friday 13th at the KIGC to enjoy a small refuge from the UK nonsense.

A refuge in silliness.

Have you heard the one about the failed comedian who took a job in a steam cleaning company? He couldn’t make the clothes crease up. Ironic, huh?

I told my kids: ‘Stop farting: no whiffs, no butts.’

Why do research doctors get cross? They’re always testing their patients.

A silly language

Dominic Cummings has highlighted to the Prime Minister that the European Union plans to use English as its working language despite having no copyright licence.

Cummings proposes a small payment from every foreigner is levied for use of the English language. As Brits are economical in their use of foreign tongues, both Tory & Brexit Parties predict that Britain will soon be running a healthy trade surplus on ‘Cultural exports’.

This is a moment rather like when car number plates started to be traded. Or when internet domains popped into life – it just seemed a bit too much bother and hype, but if we’d all just reserved the rights to the names Tindr, Grindr and Faceplantr, we’d be made for life.

How will the verbal copyright work? Micro payments made using Blockchain. Charging 0.001p per usage for a top-ranked phrase like ‘foreign pig’ doesn’t sound much, but our Daily Mail Financial Experts are convinced it is an investment winner.

Some words are expected to be reliable bankers: Le Weekend is a perennial favourite. Sandwich is full of commercial possibilities. Holiday, Sex and Santa are all thought to be prime verbal real estate.
Cummings highlighted the potential for licensing car makers who emblazon their European Minis with Union Flag patterns. Cultural capital is not just words, it’s T-shirts.

A French government source said they will counter-sue for the use of Hotel, ‘Bon Appetit’, Denim and Condom, especially when appearing in the same sentence. The use of French letters will require a license. More details here.

The Greek and German government are expected to petition for the return of “certain worn but recognisable ancestral relics” known as the British Royal Family.

Other cultural items to be repossessed by the Germans will be Robinson Crusoe (whose father came from Hamburg with the name Kreutznaer, and multiple Scottish words with Dutch roots: ‘kerk’ ‘blythe’, ‘boss’, ‘booz’ and ‘poppycock’ will have to return home to The Netherlands, unless Indie Ref 2 allows the Scots to secede, in line with Queen Mary’s wishes before she completely lost her head about it.

Silly linguistic news:

The latest European Parliament is pleased to recognise, as a parting gift to English, the following three terms, together with their definitions:

1. Wuwuwu
A wuwuwu is a word whose sound or spelling causes confusion about its spelling, leading to the following examples:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bee</td>
<td>Mild</td>
<td>The full sound of the letter which also starts the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grav</td>
<td>Mild</td>
<td>The full sound of the letter which also starts the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are</td>
<td>Mild</td>
<td>The full sound of a letter which appears in the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vou</td>
<td>Mild</td>
<td>The full sound of a letter which appears in the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sue</td>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>The full sound of a letter associated to the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eye</td>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>The full sound of a letter associated to the word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>Stentive</td>
<td>The sound appears to spell something, but not this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winning</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>The word creates great confusion about its spelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Election</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>The word creates great confusion about its meaning and spelling</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Hemi-semiot
A hemi-semiot is a word whose meaning has half-moved over time and/or which betrays a confusion in understanding.

For example: umbrella, meteorology, creature, September, nurses.

Umbrella: once ‘little shadow’ or ‘parasol’

Meteorology: once ‘the science of how meteors affect the weather’

Creature: once ‘living thing created by God’

September: once ‘7th month of the year’

50,000 nurses: once ‘50,000 nurses’

Readers’ examples are welcome for future editions.

3. Manifesti
Evidence of political delirium, certifiable. Particularly bad cases are brought on by over exposure to Jacob Fleece Smugg’s top hat & cane music-hall act.

CADS Jokathon
The CADS Jokathon this year is in the KIGC Damzaal. The date is Friday 13th, and we will meet in the bar from 1200 hrs. You only need to tell jokes if you want to do so, otherwise you are welcome to just sit and be entertained by the CADS comedians. The participants compete for the CADS trophy, with all attendees invited to help decide the winner 😊

Click here... 😊
Silly Isles This Year?

From our special correspondent, Harold (beyond the grave) Wilson

I holidayed in the Scilly Isles when my energy was low. Today, it is the Tory party’s head that is empty, and the whole of Britain seems to be escaping to the silly isles. Here is a reminder of some of my most serious quotes from 45 years ago, before we joined the EU:

“The pound in your pocket has not been devalued”. Stolen by Johnson, along with various wives and girlfriends.

“50 quid is more than enough cash for two weeks holiday abroad – taking more than this will mean declaring it and paying tax on it”. About to be stolen by Javid to explain the shortage of foreign currency he allows for plebs.

It’s the strangest election in the UK for nigh on 100 years. What do we hear from our opponents? An aching silence. A void like the one in their heads. This is the sound of the Conservative & Brexit party discussing their manifesto. What content is there from the Chancellor, former investment banker Sajid Javid? What ideas from the dangerous pulsing of Dominic Raab? What edits on transport policies can be expected from Grant Shapps, aka ‘Filthy Rich’ Michael Green, banned by Wikipedia for editing his own and his rivals’ biographies?

How many other cabinets have contained 3 people previously fired and disgraced for lying (Johnson), leaking (Williamson) or corruption (Patel)?

The Conservative FewiRisico can be found here. Inside, the Tories disclose: “it doesn’t matter what we promise”

“Because more important than any one commitment in this manifesto is the spirit in which we make them (sic).”

That’s great: one imagines the day when a polling improvement is needed, and the Prime Minister’s consort of the day is persuaded to do the decent thing and accept a proposal of marriage from the blond-mopped bounder. The vows will say: “it’s not love, honour and obey till death us do part, it’s the spirit in which I make them, darling”. Which is as trustworthy as all his previous personal and political commitments.

There can be few occasions when a reasonably sensible, serious country has deliberately taken such a step into the dark.

Remember that underneath it all, the reasons are economic. Brexit or no Brexit, the past 70 years have seen Britain lose its way. The bonds of economic success and social life have weakened, and we have not found proper ways to correct that until now.

What, after all, does every Englishman wish for?

Does every self-respecting citizen want enough money to retire to the country, with a redundant farm, a Labrador, and the fields through which to walk it? Green wellies to wear, and damn the local kids and their aspirations for education and skilled work.

Those of us with the opportunity to work in different national environments have seen other ways of living: more engaged, connected, interdependent and spiritually rich lives. The language of connection seems to remain alien to British life, and there is still much to learn.
And yet, for so long the UK has been a helpful source of difference in the EU, a clean-thinking discipline on the connected, overlapping clutter of European politics. The yin to their yang. In our absence, Europe will have to learn new ways of testing its thinking, and the UK will have to find new ways to connect.

Our own Labour Party manifesto, full of foolishness and fantasy, can be found here.

As for the LibDems, whose manifesto is here with “Jo’s Plan for the Future”... they are lovely people but why not go more tactical and support Labour, in exchange for offering a new leader to them? Which team is actually playing to win?

Well, enjoy your last Christmas in Europe. I’m off back to my grave now, to (de)compose some further writing and speeches. Best wishes for the New Year – you’ll need them 😊

I’d have plenty to say about that too, but restrain myself to just saying that as ever the Labour Party has more careful thinking and deeper economic insights than the Conservatives. The difficulty I and all voters face is our complete inability to believe the current leadership can deliver it, (even the ability to supply decent cabbages from his allotment, knowing Jeremy as I do).

Joke Practice

Get ready for the Jokathon by learning a few jokes:

Starting with the linguistic:

"This Jokathon is about perception and perspective. But it depends how you look at it"

"Let me tell you a little about myself. It's a reflexive pronoun that means 'me'"

"If you don't know what introspection is you need to take a long, hard look at yourself"

"I've just been on a once-in-a-lifetime holiday. I'll tell you what, never again."

"I've got an Eton alumni advent calendar. All the doors are opened for me by my dad's contacts"

"You know when you're working class. It’s when your TV is bigger than your book case."

"What's driving Brexit? Looks like it's the Duke of Edinburgh"

"They’re always telling me to live my dream. But I don't want to be naked in an exam I haven't revised for..."

And finally:

"Someone stole my antidepressants. Whoever they are, I hope they're happy"
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