

Blancminge!

By Kate Naylor



A collection of silly conversations overheard in UK pubs, clubs, cafes, shops, restaurants and public transport

Note from the author

“Did you know that if you replace the ‘a’ in blancmange with an ‘i’ you get *blancminge*?”

I’ve been saving snippets of conversation overheard in the UK’s pubs, clubs, restaurants, shops, cafes, hotels, parks, open spaces and public transport for a couple of decades.

Here they are. I hope they give you a giggle!

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“I’ve been responsible for getting us this far. So you’ve got to find a cab and tell him where to go.”

“No way, you can’t make me. If you try, I’ll start speaking in tongues.”

“I’m living in a shared house at the moment, which is OK. But the bloke on the top floor keeps leaving notes on my bedroom door: *‘don’t do this, don’t do that’*. Why doesn’t he just speak to me?

So I don’t read them. I roll them up into tiny balls and put them in a bottle. Whenever I get a full bottle, I seal it and throw it in the sea.”

“I’m selling my car through Friday Ad. The other day this bloke rings me and says,

Nice car mate, I’m very interested. Will you consider taking a parrot in part exchange?”

“I think I’ll have a dance”

“Nah, I’ll leave it... I’m too fat to dance.”

“Mate, *nobody’s* too fat to dance!”

“I wasn’t scared...
I throw ice cubes
down the very
string vest of fear”

“His nickname’s
Biscuit.

His name’s Gary, right,
and he’s bald. Gary,
baldy, Garibaldi...
biscuit!”

“Babies are a *nightmare*.
She’s teething at the
moment. She’s already got
loads of teeth, surely she
doesn’t need more?! And
she doesn’t so much eat as
distribute food liberally around
the house in a fine mist...”

“I was bored so I put my Elvis wig on backwards. Then I put my ‘Billybob’ teeth in. I was just wandering around the house.

I came across some sunglasses without lenses, so I put them on too. A bit later the doorbell rang. I’d forgotten what I looked like.

The bloke at the door was trying to persuade me to join some church. I kept a straight face. To give him credit, he did too. But he didn’t stay long!

“I bought this tooth whitening cream that you paint onto your teeth with a pen, like TipEx.

But it only works on dry teeth.

Which is fine, but how do you keep your lips out of the way for fifteen minutes while it does the work?

We’ve devised a kind of wire headdress that supports two bulldog clips, which in turn hold your lips up and out. Of course, it’s still in the development stage...”

“When I get really cross I squint with one eye at the person I’m angry with from a safe distance, when they’re not looking. Then I pretend to pinch their head between my thumb and forefinger until it pops.

You can’t just do it willy-nilly, you have to respect it. It’s strong medicine.”