

The Earl of Foulmouth



Official Place of Residence: The Peninsular

What is your favourite Cheese? Damn your eyes Sir! Cheese is the fetid produce of Satans tit!

What is your marital Status? Devoted but bound by no law to the beautiful Condesa Cecilia de Catalunya.

What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage? Sink me! Never ask a gentleman to choose his favourite beverage for fear of upsetting those left out.

Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event: Following our outright destruction of the Hun in the Euro 2000 Championship, one celebrated by becoming intoxicated and riding a spacehopper. The infernal

orange creature proved to be a damn tricky steer resulting in a broken coccyx. Damned painful.

What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written? The worst-case scenario survival handbook. Although the omission of any advice regarding spacehoppers is frightfully annoying.

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading? While it is possible to sleep and copulate practically anywhere, the bed should be solely reserved for said occupations.

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? The life and death of Colonel Blimp.

And for Late Night viewing? Some Sharpe!

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? Tax? I know not of what you speak. My cherry bombs are what dragged me to the peninsular.

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? I dare say it has never crossed my mind. Forced into such an infuriating situation I should think a gentleman of my standing could always become an ambassador. The chap here is a most agreeable fellow, but knows not quite how to spoil one at a party.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? It has to be "The orgy" by William Hogarth. The sheer frivolous nature of such fanciful could not have been caught more happily. I am delighted to say that every last subject is captured in state of high inebriation. Furthermore I am particularly fond of the large filly necking booze from what can only be described as a cauldron.

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? Decadence

Blondes, or Brunettes? Damn it all to heaven. A woman may come in any shape, size or colour and always be a pleasure on the eye.

In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral? I think The Who, if revitalised by their deceased rhythm section, should whip up quite a storm.

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? The Duke

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? Football is a fine game but I do find it a little dreary these days when every damn footballer in England is an over-paid ponce. The lower leagues are far more gutsy I am led to believe, but alas, I cannot comment upon this, as such realms are inhabited by the working classes, and therefore are not the sort of venues one would find a gentleman in.

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? No.