

# Blancminge!

By Kate Goldstone



A collection of silly conversations overheard in UK pubs, clubs, cafes, shops, restaurants and on 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 collecting snippets of random 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, gathered together into one very silly volume. I hope they give you a giggle.

Kate Goldstone  
Freelance writer  
[www.helpinthecity.com](http://www.helpinthecity.com)

“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.”

“Pass me that giraffe...”

“Are you going to dip  
your knackers in it?”

“Is he a sailor, then?”

“No, he’s an old scrote.”

“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 threw 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 works?

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.”

“I was at an interview for a really senior job in front of a panel of important people. I went to lean my elbow casually on the arm of the chair, but there *was* no arm. I fell slowly sideways, still talking, and landed on my side on the floor. I immediately got up, sat back down and carried on. Nobody mentioned it. Nobody said a word. I got the job. It was totally bizarre.”

“We’ve had a few tense days but it’s all fine now... we’re back on the boulevard of love.”

“Techno  
saved me  
from  
Jesus”

“My behaviour  
was  
*enormous...*”

“We’re keeping chickens. Chickens are the new rock ‘n’ roll”

“I’ll shut up  
now... I’ve run  
out of things  
to make up.”

“I went to a Tarantino fancy dress party once. I was only twelve so I hadn’t seen any of his films. I wore a dog costume which I wet so I looked like a dog that’d been swimming in a reservoir”

“I used to work as a waitress in a North Laine Cafe. We’d cause all sorts of consternation by rubbing the letter *f* from the word *beef* so the menu said *beeburgers*”

“Don’t mind me, I’m just attempting the World Grinning Championship.”

“There’s a lot  
to be said  
for elbows...”

“You’re such a pessimist... come and live in my head for a while, it’s always full of flowers.”

“As a child I collected caterpillars and pupae, keeping them in jars with air holes and food until they hatched into butterflies or moths.

I found an intriguing white crysalis on the moors one day. I put it in a jar in a cool place and waited patiently. I was most offended by my parents, who would disappear into another room to howl with laughter every time I mentioned my special crysalis: the one I hadn't managed to identify.

Years later I realised, having found a similar 'crysalis' on the Downs, that I'd been incubating a small, white, dessicated dog poo.”

“I’m having a terrible time with sleepwalking at the moment. The other night I ordered a kebab, via text message, in my sleep”

“Does he fancy her,  
then?”

“Oh yeah, it’s a clear cut  
case of blonde force  
trauma!”

“I’d heard that All Bran cake was lovely so I made a coffee flavoured one. I kept adding more and more coffee but the mixture still just tasted of All Bran. A whole big jar of coffee later, I gave up in disgust and bunged it in the oven. It only tasted slightly of coffee but one slice kept me awake for *three days*.”

“This man ran up behind me shouting, *“You’re on fire!”*. I’d been wandering along Foundry Street, completely oblivious, with smoke streaming behind me and flames roaring out of my rucksack. I’d popped into the pub on the way to a barbecue and I guess someone’s fag butt must have fallen into my bag and lit my firelighters, which in turn set fire to my sausages...”

“My key didn’t fit... what was going on? After I’d run at my flat door three or four times in an attempt to break in, my neighbour opened it. I crashed dramatically past him through the hallway into the living room, shoulder first. It was only then I realised *my* flat was on the floor below... ”

“I felt a really odd slippery feeling, then a cool draught. Someone behind me giggled. A split second later I realised that the skirt I’d made the day before had fallen off. Too impatient to put on a proper waistband, I’d used some old elastic. The elastic had broken and my skirt was around my ankles. There I was in Sainsbury’s, trapped in the queue with my knickers, stockings and suspenders in full view.”

“I’m not saying he’s a *big* lad but his natural grazing skills have served him well.”

“I am married to a woman who might as well have trained with the Serbian Gestapo. Apparently I am busy that night but I’m planning to escape. Providing I can evade the Gruppenfuhrer, guards, searchlights and rotweillers, I’ll be there.”

“He’s always on about his great long arms and legs, *“Oh, look at me with my enormous limbs”*.”

It’s ridiculous: they’re no longer than anyone else’s. He just shrinks his clothes in the wash.”

“I’m fed up with my life. I’ve decided I’m going to travel around the world, evangelising.”

“What’re you going to evangelise about, then?”

“I don’t know, I’m working on it.”

“You know that bit at the top of your leg where it joins your body? He says it’s called your *hinge*.”

“I’m not sure about my carbon footprint, but my chocolate footprint is **HUGE.**”

“I’ve got no problem with *gay* people, it’s just lesbians and homosexuals I don’t understand.”

“Look at the state  
of me... I’m kept  
alive by cake  
alone.”

“I’d chosen my outfit while half asleep, with no notion of taste, only to wish I’d never left the house. Or better still, remained safely naked...”

“I couldn’t figure out why my bum felt strangely restricted. And I had these odd buttock-shaped flappy bits at the front. As it turned out, I’d put my trousers - the ones with the side zip - on backwards. I really must get a grip.”

“Did you know that  
Eskimos have no  
word for  
*Eastbourne?*”

“I can’t eat this, it’s far too spiky!”

“I’m OK, I have the gift of teeth.”

“I tried that  
but it set  
my nose on  
fire...”

“She was fine ‘til she had three kids back-to-back, then she went a bit mental... hell hath no fury like a woman spawned”

“I found out that sex really *is* like a box of Pringles... once you pop, you can't stop!”

“You know the  
one, she’s  
that pretty  
cloud-shaped  
girl.”

“I wore an awful  
dress. I looked  
like a  
vol-au-vent.”

“I don’t get it -  
explain again  
in Teletubby  
language.”

“Have a word  
with that bloke  
over there mate,  
*he* speaks fluent  
drunk...”

“I can’t go in that shop. The owner speaks so loudly he makes my ears bleed.”

“If that’s for  
me, tell them  
I’m on the  
moon.”

“I am not  
getting fatter,  
I am merely  
thickening.”

“He wore his shirt tucked into his pants, which were in turn pulled up way beyond his trouser waistband in a big grey lump. As far as I’m concerned there’s a natural order to things around the midriff area with which one should *not* trifle.”

“It’s sunny, I’m on  
holiday and I’m  
going on a cake  
bender.”

“Don’t do that  
darling, you’ll  
make mummy’s  
head explode.”

“He’d stapled  
his ear to the  
bannister...”

“John fell asleep drunk, wearing only his pants. A few hours later he sleepwalked downstairs, taking his pants off and leaving them folded neatly on the bottom stair. Then he let himself out onto the street and set off for work.

He awoke a few seconds later. It was 4am on a February Monday, minus three degrees, and he was naked. He scurried through the North Laine, scaled a seven foot wall and broke into his work van where he kept spare overalls and boots.

It was only then he remembered his mate had crashed out on the settee and would have let him in if he'd rung the doorbell.”

“It’s so great, I’m loving it, I’ve *always* wanted to work in marketing. What about you?”

“Oh, I’ve always wanted to sit on Johnny Depp’s face...”

“What’re you up to on Friday night?”

“I plan to wander around Hove,  
dispensing justice”

“Will you be merciful?”

“It depends. When I’ve had a bad day  
I’m usually filled with righteous fury.”

“I’ve no idea  
what’s wrong with  
my legs today. It  
feels as though  
my knees are on  
backwards.”

“I can’t *believe* you just walked past two of your mates without recognising them!”

“That’s what comes of drinking on an empty head...”

“...so I said  
to the priest,  
*those are my  
trousers.*”

“He wouldn’t know  
a good woman  
if she came over  
and peed in his  
trainers.”

“It has been one of those days. I submitted my Report with the title, *‘The History of **Brian** Surgery’.*”

“That’s the thing about cats. They have no concept of insurance.”

“It’s not fair. I used to save the ‘C’ word for best but now everyone’s using it.”

“That’s an  
*astounding*  
hairstyle! Who  
built it for you?”

“Thank you,  
I am suitably  
nuttled”

“What have  
you lost?”

“My *balance*”

“Ow, what are you doing? That’s *really* bright!”

“I am shining the torch of disrepute upon you”.

“Fine. If that’s the way you want it, I’ll point the pointy finger of gloom at *you*.”

“What’re you  
cooking?”

“Oh, just some  
super-dense fish  
flavoured material.”

“Shall we get  
into the wardrobe?”

“OK”

“It’s all very well  
being a grownup  
but I dislike the  
requirement to  
remain clean, dry  
and upright”

“Why’s that fish swimming upside down?”

“I don’t know. I was going to put it out of it’s misery until I realised it wasn’t miserable, just the wrong way up.”

“Next time we go to someone’s house for dinner, let’s express our thanks through the medium of dance.”

“I set my Facebook status to *launching air biscuits* but that seemed a bit silly so I changed it back to *remaining upright.*”

“I reckon I’m in pretty good shape...”

“What kind of shape’s that then, *spherical?*”

*“Fuck off,  
I explained...”*

“I don’t have a  
public region.  
It has been  
pixelled out.”

“He was either  
mad or *both*”

“We decided to unnerve our dinner guests by offering small bowls of dry rice crispies around as hors d’euvres, saying, *Rice Crispie anyone? No, no... please take two.*”

“I went out with Dave last night”

“What, Chemical Dave or Hairy Dave?”

“He wasn’t so  
much dancing  
as *flailing*”

“At the moment I’m enjoying going into shops and asking for the goods they sell in the shop next door.

This afternoon I’m going to the funeral director’s for some cheese, then to the florists for a tin of tuna.”

“Sorry I’m  
late... I’m  
gay.”

“I knew I was in trouble when a dwarf shot round the corner and punched me on the nose.”

“I am the  
crown  
princess of  
faff.”

“You don’t often see grown men ballet dancing to the Blues. You should have seen my Arabesque. I *know* it was wrong, but it felt so right at the time.”

“My legs are my best feature. I particularly like the way they dangle off the end of my body.”

“You CANNOT  
buy my  
forgiveness  
with  
cheesecake!”

“I’m so sorry it took so long to answer to door. We’d forgotten you were coming round, so we were hiding.”

“He’s not speaking to me.”

“Why?”

“Oh, I sellotaped him to the settee last night. Personally, I think he’s over-reacting.”

“We somehow managed to crawl out onto the roof of the Seaspray hotel for a quickie, with a seagull looking at us. They’re quite big close up, you know.”

“You haven’t got  
the sense god  
gave woodlice.”

“I’ve had to confiscate the secataurs from him. He’s totally indiscriminate and has removed any plant of merit, leaving us with eighty three fledgling sycamores, a few nettles and some ground elder.”

“I’ve just indulged in botox. I look great. But whilst walking the dog round a field this morning I noticed that I have so many holes in my face that, as the wind whipped past at great speed, my forehead was whistling an Al Jolson medley.”

“Why did you split up then?”

“This bloke came up to me on the beach and said, ‘*Can I have a go of your bird?*’ I was so nonplussed my mind went completely blank, and I just sort of gurgled at him. What a gonk. She was livid... it was the beginning of the end, really.”

“He was getting fed up with the other women giggling about how inept men were. So he piped up with *‘I myself am excellent at multi tasking... I can shag my bird and think of someone else at the same time’*. Needless to say, we haven’t seen them socially since.”

“Personally I don’t care where you put it. Just keep it away from the cheese.”

“Every morning my cat wails at me until I give in and run him a two inch cold bath. It’s unbearable, so I give in every time. He sits in it for five minutes, purring, then gets out.”

“Is that why you’re always late for work?”

“I could tell you were nervous. You sounded like you didn’t speak English but were determined to pick it up as you went along.”

“Well, it stands to reason doesn’t it. You can’t call a great big dog *Ian*. You’d call a *little* dog Ian, but you’d call your big dog something like *Dave*, or Steve...”

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

“Just don’t bring that up later.”

“I won’t. But I probably will... I think I’ll be alright as long as I don’t forget what I’m doing.”

“I know what you mean – I never know what I’ve said or haven’t said.”

“I told him to  
put his job in a  
jiffy bag and  
send it to Mars.  
That showed  
him.”

“Victoria  
Beckham? Pah.  
She just  
encourages  
diseating  
orders.”

“His hair looks  
like someone’s  
doodled it.”

“What kind of job are you looking for?”

“I’m going to be the tallest man in the world.”

“But you’re a girl. And you’re five foot two.”

“You don’t know how lucky you are. You should see mine... you could drive a herd of bison through it.”

“He told me to go and shit in an envelope. I was really cross.”

“We’re going  
to build a den  
of iniquity at  
the bottom of  
our garden.”

“Oooh, that’s  
dangerous; I  
could  
easily stab  
myself with  
the cooker.”

“Sorry we’re late. We had to stop on the A27 for tea, cake and an argument.”

“No wonder it all  
went wrong.  
When I got  
home, I realised  
I was  
wearing the  
Vest of Doom.”

“I’m in  
detox. I’ve  
been clean  
for seventeen  
days, but not  
all in a row.”

“What, we  
haven’t got  
any ham? Oh  
no, I’ve  
entered a ham  
cul-de-sac!”

“Didn’t you  
realise that  
Henry the 8th  
invented  
Instant Whip?”

“My balls  
keep sticking  
to my leg...”

“What are  
you, a  
centipede?”

“I only have two  
facial expressions:  
bewildered/happy  
and  
bewildered/sad”

“Don’t you get  
lonely working  
alone at home?”

“No, I’ve got  
plenty of  
imaginary  
friends.”

“Apparently there’s an Italian word which, roughly translated, means: *A woman who, although she has a considerable amount of facial hair, is still strangely attractive’*”

“I’ve discovered that if I set the timer for 30 minutes, it only takes half an hour to cook.”

“There were loads of ugly people doing Karaoke, enjoying a mingalong.”

“I’m not actually *growing* my hair, I’m just going to let it get a bit longer.”

“There is one  
good thing  
about being  
pear-shaped;  
I’m *very* stable.”

“Blimey, what’s that awful scab on your cheek?”

“Oh, the ‘phone rang while I was ironing, and I answered it.”

“What, the ‘phone?”

“No, the iron.”

“He’s a  
really nice  
bloke but  
he sleeps  
with his eyes  
open.”

“Some beer helped me decide it was a good idea to ask her out.”

“Was the beer right?”

“Nope.”

“I’m coming  
straight back  
home... the kids  
put the hamster  
in my handbag.”

“A nice nurse  
syringed the  
cake out of my  
ear.”

