If you can read this without laughing, you must be devoid of laughter

cells......

This was originally shown on BBC TV back in the 70's. Ronnie Barker could say all this without a snigger, though God knows after how many takes.

The irony is, BBC received not one complaint.

The speed of delivery must have been too much for the whining herds. Try getting through it without converting the spoonerisms [and not wetting your pants] as you read.......

This is the story of Rindercella and her sugly isters.

Rindercella and her sugly isters lived in a  marge lansion. Rindercella worked very hard frubbing sloors, emptying poss pits, and shivelling shot.

At the end of the day, she was knucking fackered. The sugly isters were right bugly astards. One was called Mary Hinge, and the other was called Betty Swallocks; they were really forrible huckers; they had f etty sweet and fatty swannies.

The sugly isters had tickets to go to the ball, but the cotton runts would not let Rindercella go.

Suddenly there was a bucking fang, and her gairy fodmother appeared. Her name was Shairy Hithole and she was a light rucking fesbian.  She turned a pumpkin and six mite wice into a hucking cuge farriage with six dandy ronkeys who had buge hollocks and digbicks.  The gairy fodmother told Rindercella to be back by dimnlight otherwise, there would be a cucking falamity.

At the ball, Rindercella was dancing with the prandsome hince when suddenly the clock struck twelve. "Mist all chucking frighty!!!"  said Rindercella, and she ran out tripping barse over ollocks, so dropping her slass glipper.

The very next day, the prandsome hince knocked on Rindercella's door and the sugly isters let him in.. Suddenly, Betty Swallocks lifted her leg and let off a fig bart.  "Who's fust jarted?"  asked the prandsome hince. "Blame that fugly ucker over there!!" said Mary Hinge.

When the stinking brown cloud had lifted, he tried the slass glipper on both the sugly isters without success and their feet stucking funk.

Betty Swallocks was ducking fisgusted and gave the prandsome hince a knack in the kickers. This was not difficult as he had bucking fuge halls and a hig bard on. He tried the slass glipper on Rindercella and it fitted pucking ferfectly.

Rindercella and the prandsome hince were married. The pransome hince

lived his life in lucking fuxury, and Rindercella lived hers with a follen swanny!