

Hello. This time I would like to apologise to the residents of Scunthorpe for suggesting they are scum. Even though joking, I called Scunthorpe 'Scumthorpe' and it was completely unacceptable. I also mocked the place in my Thorpe Park/Scunthorpe gag. However, I'm sure you're curious as to what the joke is. It's like when you hear of a scandal on TV where a presenter says something super offensive and you think 'oh no, that's awful!' Then you immediately search for the clip on Youtube and get the popcorn ready. Anyway, here goes...

Where do trashy people ride rollercoasters? Scum Thorpe.

So there you go. It's arguably not one of my better jokes, but that makes it worse. It suggests I hate the people of Scunthorpe so much, they aren't even worth my time or energy. I could have taken things further, though. You know the 'ant-humour' joke that goes 'Why did the chicken cross the road? To get to the other side'? My version of the style could be something like this: 'What do I think of people who live in Scunthorpe? I flipping hate them.' Wow, where did that come from, right? It's nowhere near as bad as a rant, though. Maybe something like this: 'I went to Scunthorpe and I hated everyone there. I hated the shops, the roads, the cars, the weather and the smell. I wish I had a hammer with me at the time, so I could destroy as much of the place as possible.' Makes you wonder why anyone would post such a thing on a lighthearted website, right? Wiedemannhate.com.

Google says Scunthorpe in an industrial town. Is Slough an industrial town as well? I'm just curious as that would make the two places similar to each other, and if they are similar, the poetry about the places must be similar, too. Where am I going with this? Well, there is a poem that goes 'come friendly bombs and fall on Slough', so Scunthorpe? Brace yourself. Also, would I be a nice person if I said I wanted any kind of bombs to fall on Scunthorpe, friendly or otherwise? No? So what right do poets have? Poets are supposed to be sensitive people. How would you feel if the most sensitive person on Earth called you a twat? You'd be devastated, right? See Scunthorpe, I'm actually sticking up for you!

I've never actually been to Scunthorpe. Judging by the pictures I've found on the internet I'm not sure I'd want to go with the bleak looking factories and all, but if I DID go there, I'm sure I'd feel very manly. Yeah, I'm back home after a hard day's work at the steel plant, now it's time to relax with a nice glass of whisky, cool. I get similar feelings when I'm in some areas of London but when I get home to my leafy suburb an hour or so later, I feel kind of silly. There go my plans of buying leather boots and a set of tools. What would I do with the tools? Not a lot, I'm not qualified. I know, smash up Scunthorpe. Oh yes, my point is in a way I like Scunthorpe. I would clearly make a bad poet. Or would I? Poetry after all, is supposed to be vague and even hard to understand. Here's a section of one of my poems: God I hate Scunthorpe, I want to smash it up. I also want to repair it and wish it the best of luck.

At what point does a bomb stop being friendly? There has to be a limit. Poet John Betjeman doesn't want to NUKE Slough does he? If so, I'm not sure how that's improving things, there'd just be lots of rubble. The only friendly bombs I can think of are water bombs, but even then you have to be careful who you throw such things at. A friend you're annoyed at? Completely fine. A stranger? That's pushing things. A policeman? A big no no. A gangster? That's even worse. Here's another poem

segment from me: 'Friendly water bombs on my friendly friend, John. That's beautiful, like a swan! A water bomb on the local lawman? That's not on.' Not great poetry, BUT not offensive. (Apart from to John).

To end things on a high, there is at least some hope for the future. Say everyone in Thorpe Park went crazy for whatever reason and mugged everyone, beat each other up and stole everyone's cars, and by complete coincidence, everyone in the theme park was from Scunthorpe. THEN you'd have the perfect pun, that being Scum Thorpe. The odds of that happening are obviously exceptionally low, but if you were desperate enough, you could organise it. Just give everyone in the town a ticket to the attraction and then explain everyone in the attraction are poets who not only hate Slough, but Scunthorpe too. And not only that, the poets have bombs of their own. Absolute chaos but again, what a headline! And that's it from me, bye!