



# A Season of Happiness

nothing too serious

# Popcorn



P09



**Don't Say It! Don't Even Think It!  
Where's all the naughty stuff gone?**



Free speech, free expression...? You've got to be kidding! There was a time when we could have a laugh and a joke at someone's expense without ending up in court. Not anymore; not unless you really mind your P's and Q's. You can't call a person a moron, even if it is patently obvious to every man and his dog that they are. Describe them by the colour of their skin and you could be accused of racial prejudice. And if the incident is remotely newsworthy, chances are the mild-mannered reporter won't state specifics, being bound by propriety to merely allege what took place, including the various allegations told them by the police, who will, in turn, carry on alleging possibilities till the cows come home. Dear, oh dear, whatever happened to plain speaking? I'll tell you – the political correctors strangled it to death!

Some call them public watch-dogs; although the term may be questioned if the one laying down the law is a woman. She, I guess, ought to be referred to as a watch-bitch. Sorry, can't say that either. How about a watch-lady-dog? Still no good, probably. Okay, I give up. Let's simply call them indescribable persons of no fixed gender who don't have much of a life and are bending over backwards to ensure nobody else does. She, he, they are happily destroying our culture.

Remember Popeye? We don't see him around now, despite being a defender of the righteous and a really cool dude. I concede his turn of phrase wasn't exactly correct English, and he resolved most problems with a display of brutal violence; but only when he had reached the end of his tether, declaring: "This is all I can stands, cos I can't stands no more!" Consider the fact that he could never have committed these anti-social indiscretions without the aid of spinach. The green stuff that kids hate anyway should have had the axe, not the likeable sailor with a battleship in his bicep!

Take other kid's stories that they bagged. Noddy was frowned on because he was living with Big Ears, a bloke they reckoned might be gay. I guess someone must have asked him and he said: "Mind your own!" so they naturally assumed he was. Thomas the Tank Engine was declared chauvinistic, having predominantly male characters, including the Fat Controller who seemingly didn't mind being called fat. Perhaps the person who complained was also a little large and didn't like being reminded of it. Then there was Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Niggers" which was deemed racist and was subsequently changed to "Ten Little Indians," finally winding up as "And Then There Were None." This was a whodunit about a homicidal maniac systematically murdering a bunch of relatives, nothing presumably inappropriate in anyone's book, with the exception of the title.

One last thought: how about those traditional fairy tales where wicked witches eat children, and a wolf in drag endears himself to a young girl in a red hood for the express purpose of having her for lunch? Watering them down might be a bit Grimm, but they could very well do just that.

And so to bed... We aren't left with much by lights-out, but don't fret: there's a government white paper that's bound to captivate the kids: an astoundingly long address to the senate about bio-diversity in fungus farming. That's got to be politically correct, surely? And it's guaranteed to have every single listener asleep in minutes.

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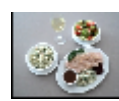
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