



DICKHEAD DAVE

**GREAT RECIPEES FOR POT-HEADS
LIVIN ON THERE OWN**

Edited by Charmaine Snell



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“It’s a holy plant given by God, the spirit of His son
reincarnated in the soil.”

A Rastafarian in Brixton

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FANKS 'N' THAT

Cheers to Mad Mick McGregor, Rob The Knob, Pogostick Pogson and all my uvver mates wivout whom this book would never have got wrote. Cheers also to Paul 'Porky' Hamon for loanin me his keyboard, Scenic Sid for writin such a warm and genrous forwood, and special cheers to my beautiful daughter Charmaine for helpin wiv the spellin and grammer. I fuckin loves yer I do!

FORWOOD

by Scenic Sid

I've known Dickhead Dave for a number of years and can honestly say he's a complete and utter arsehole. In truth, there's very little to recommend him. He's a lazy, rude, arrogant piece of shite. He has no decency, loyalty or respect, no morals or scruples, as demonstrated when he tried to distribute pornographic material starring one of his relatives.

He treats women like dirt, sponges off his mates, steals from shops, and fucks anything with a pulse, including his brother's wife (fact), his best mate's mum (fact), and even a debauched one-off with Janet Street-Porter (hearsay). Apparently they met in a bar, got totally rat-arsed, then went back to hers where he rode her like an horse. Given the size of her nashers that sounds about right, but personally I don't believe it. I mean, why would a TV celeb have anything to do with a scruffy, smelly scumbag like Dave? On the other hand, why would anyone boast about pulling a bird that looks like she's escaped from the 3 o' clock at Goodwood? Either way, it don't bear thinking about.

The only good thing you might say about him is that he's not in the least bit aggressive. In fact, I'd go as far as to say that there isn't an aggressive bone in his body, but I think that's because he's always stoned.

I met him at a dealer's where we were both scoring some weed and was immediately struck by his directness and candour. I mean, there aren't *many* blokes who'll give you a list of all their convictions within five minutes of meeting them. But Dave is one of those rare, open, frank individuals who not only recognise their failings but nobly admit to them with an honesty and integrity that borders on heroic. In short, he's a cunt and he knows it.

When he told me he was writing a book, I have to admit I pissed myself laughing as I didn't think he could write his own name, let alone a book. But having read it I must say I was actually quite impressed, though hardly relevant to myself as I don't live on my own and *certainly* don't need tips on how to cook. I share all the cooking and household chores with my fiancé Petunia. Even so, it's amazing that he started it and even more amazing that he finished it. It's about survival, which in his case is a bit of a miracle given that a lot of people want him dead.

So when he asked me to write a 'forword', though initially reluctant, I finally agreed on the proviso it would be a no-holds-barred, unbiased critique with no interference from

Dave himself (not difficult as I don't think he can read). He agreed and here we are. And who knows, if he sells a few copies and gets some royalties, the tosser might even pay me back the five hundred he still owes me.

Good luck with it, Dave, may you continue to shag and prosper, and let's hope the police don't catch up with you in regards to the porn video of your granny that you tried to sell to the local vicar.

Sidney Dubois

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EDITOR'S NOTE

My dad is dyslexic. No doubt about it. It's never been diagnosed and hardly been relevant until now. I'd never seen him read a book or even write a card. But when he told me he'd written a cookery book and asked me to help him with it, my initial reaction, after almost dying of shock, was to oblige and assist in any way I could. I've always been good at English and fascinated by the written word. I also found it amazing and rather touching that he'd actually gone to all the trouble of borrowing a computer and written an entire book, whether good or bad, all by himself when he'd never even seen a keyboard before. It must have taken him weeks, possibly even months.

However, as I started to read it, I have to admit my heart sank and my literary high-horse started to gallop. It was *dreadful*! The spelling and grammar were *atrocious*! I soon realised that this was no *ordinary* case of illiteracy, this was something akin to a medical malfunction. There was absolutely *no* punctuation, he seemed incapable of differentiating between 'there', 'their' and 'they're', likewise 'your' and 'you're', 'threw' and 'through', and tended to spell words the way he heard them, for example 'masserkisstic', typical of dyslexics. Strangely, he'd sometimes get a word right then in the next sentence get the same word wrong again. Conversely, other more complicated words he actually spelt correctly, while *other* words were so unintelligible it was impossible to

spellcheck them or find them in the dictionary. I amended and corrected everything the best way I could, adding commas and apostrophes etc. Then I suddenly had a change of heart. I stopped worrying about the grammatical errors and began to read it for what it was – a moving effort by an illiterate, dyslexic middle-aged man to make some sort of difference to someone’s life. Everything else was superfluous. The spelling was immaterial. His voice and attitude were the important things.

Sometimes imperfection is perfect, and by trying to perfect imperfection you rob it of its impact and zest, a bit like adding a 90-piece orchestra to a track by LL Cool J.

I have therefore refrained from changing it beyond what I felt was completely necessary for you, the reader, to comprehend what the hell he’s on about. For example: “To illystrait the poynt and for the perpurses of this book I actchilly kept a dairy” translates into “To illustrate the point and for the purposes of this book, I actually kept a diary” The rest is ‘as it was wrote’ apart from the punctuation marks, pronouns, adverbs, possessions and contractions which I felt were essential for clarity.

Happy deciphering, and I just hope and pray it doesn’t all come back to bite him in the arse.

Charmaine Snell

PROLOG

People started callin me Dickhead Dave after a night out wiv some mates in the West End. Stormcloud Croucher had just got off his assault 'n' battery charge so we was havin a quick one to celebrate. This was around 12 noon, strait after the courtcase. Course one pint led to anuvver, then anuvver, wiv several spliffs and lines of charlie in the bog, and before I know it it's 11.30 at night, I'm off my face, and a desprate dash for the last train home looms.

I was livin in Watford at the time wiv the missus and her two kids, Daisy Mae and Romeo. Daisy Mae was four and quite sweet, but Romeo was a right little bastard. Six years old and built like a brick shithouse. He was already beatin up kids twice his age. He fort nuffin of punchin grown men in the bollocks. I once saw him bite an alsation who was quietly sniffin anuvver dog's arse - the poor fucker yelped in pain and ran off petrified (the dog, that is, not Romeo). Course I blame his muvva. Not only did she never tell him off, she hardly even *spoke* to him. She was too busy on her fuckin phone catchin up on all the latest showbiz gossip. She could tell you everyfin about Victoria fuckin Beckham and her silly bloody marriage to David, but fuck-all about politics or what was goin on in the world. Wars, famine, hurricanes, floods,

and all she could talk about was Victoria's weight-loss and David's latest haircut.

Anyway, I didn't ring her coz I knew I'd get a rollockin. I was supposed to be back by six to babysit while she went to bingo wiv her best mate Beryl, the one with the itchy fanny. Apparently she had thrush or somefin. She'd scratch it in front of *anyone*, even complete strangers. She'd suddenly grimace and tear at it furiously wiv her nails, a mixture of pain and relish. I sometimes wondered what the inside of her nickers must have looked like, but it was too horrible a fort to contemplate.

Anyway - where was I? - oh yeah! - I switched me phone off and carried on drinkin, assimilatin the bollockin I'd get when I finally returned.

I was in a great mood havin sold a bent Rolex to an American tourist. Immaculate it was, *and* it told the time. Three hundred beautiful smackers in the backpocket of my jeans. I was lookin good, feelin good, and *definitely* ready to party, preferably wiv the barmaid wiv the big tits who'd bin eyein me up all night. A right little darlin she was, one o' them beautiful, brassy blondes, fit as fuck, wiv a low-cut top and a sexy mouth what you wanted to shove yer knob into the minute she opened it.

It was late November and fuckin freezin. Like a prat, I was only wearing a skimpy lightweight jacket coz it