

10 FAMOUS PEOPLES GARDENS I'VE HAD A SMOKE IN

1. **Denis Law** - The original King wasn't present at the time which was a shame but I don't spose I'd have been able to skin-up with him watching so it's probably just as well. I was mates with his daughter and chilled in the garden after a night out round the footballers hotspots of leafy Cheshire. It would've been futile to try and resist kicking a stray ball through the washing line posts and wheel round the garden clutching me sleeve cuff in the style of the man himself. So I didn't. They accepted my apology for the dent in the Beemer. I threw a deaf un in the morning when Mrs Law was asking why there was a pop bottle with holes cut in it and rubber tube sticking out lying in the garden.
2. **Peter Hook** - He lived not far from me mums though to be fair there was dispute over whether he actually lived there or just owned it. Confirmation arrived for me though when we sat on the wall listening to Blue Monday pumping out of the upstairs window. I doubt anyone in the world plays New Order tunes more often than Peter Hook so it was evidence enough. No one tended to go too close coz although Hooky's known as a nice chap he's also known as a bit of a mad fucker. I only made it into his front garden as local legend had it that he grew cannabis plants so an investigation was necessary. I found none but luckily was prepared so I had a smoke sat on his front wall. I thought I heard discordant basslines emerging from the back bedroom but it might've just been the skunk.
3. **Ludwig van Beethoven** - I had me first 'abroad' cig in the back garden of Beethoven's Bonn birthplace. I had twos with an older lad who was on the same school-trip. It wasn't much of a garden from what I remember, more of a big yard with a rusty fire-escape that none-the-less provided a good spot to stop for a snout. Ludwig himself wasn't there, him being long dead an that but I doubt he lived there long anyway. He liked his narcotics and a kid we were with tried to score all over town and found nowt. Ludwig would have moved nearer some action.
4. **Bernard Manning** - The roly-poly comic / fat racist twat lived next door to a lad I used to work with. After getting pissed up one night, chatting about Bernard and deciding that he was indeed a fat racist twat we went in his garden to generally fuck about and find a way of pissing him off. We moved some stuff about to do his head in but soon got bored and sat on his swing-seat and had a smoke. We decided that the swing-seat must've been put there for that very purpose coz it would never have supported that fat bastard (Im not being fat-ist. It's only a joke innit Bernard?).
5. **Sigmund Freud** - I went on a field-trip to Siggie's London gaff when I did a psychology course at college. While the guide got all psychoanalytical on the landing I got busy with the Rizla in the garden. As I sat there enjoying me mellow Hampstead hash-hit, I watched another kid on the trip, a mixed-race lad who wore an army greatcoat and purple eyeliner grafitti 'Sigmund Frued was a dirty motherfucker' on the back fence.

6. **Gary McCallister** - He lived next door to me uncle in a sleepy little village near Wetherby in Yorkshire. I was a sulky teenager when I met him, even more sulky than usual as our meeting occurred about a fortnight after his Leeds side pipped United to the title in 1992, so I was in no mood for exchanging pleasantries with with the Scottish/ Yorrkshire-ish twat. I had to have a sneaky cig round the side of his house as me mum and dad hadn't found out I smoked yet. Not very cool hiding round corners when you're 16 but it did mean I could piss on his white roses without the bastard clocking me.
7. **Ted Hughes** - Ted's was the most recent garden I visited. English Heritage unveiled a blue plaque there a few months ago but the house is still empty while they decide what to do with it. Its only the back-yard of a terrace in Mytholmroyd in Yorkshire but I had to nip in for a quick burn as it's empty and on the street where me mate lives. It would be nice to say I read some of his poetry or a chapter or two of the Iron Man whilst I was in there but as it was Yorkshire it was raining and it was all I could do to keep the Rizla dry without pissing about with books an that.
8. **Foo Foo Lamaar** - The bloke who managed our under-15's team was pals with Foo Foo, Manchester's premier drag artiste, club owner and local legend (Otherwise know as Frank) and he got us to shift a load of hardcore (insert your own joke) from his back garden.

It had a heart-shaped pond with pink goldfish in it (They'd be pinkfish I spose but if I'd wrote that you might think they were any old fish and these were goldfish. Except they were pink). We shared a toke on Foo Foo's love-seat pondering what he kept in his shed (We reckoned it was probably tools in a variety of sizes) and how you make goldfish pink.
9. **David Burrows** - I met a girl on holiday in the former Yugoslavia when it was still just Yugoslavia and when I went to visit her in Formby it turned out the bug-eyed, TinTin-headed, former Liverpool shitbag was her next-door neighbour. At the bottom of her garden was a bit with no fence so I had a quick sneak into his to have a nosey. I wanted to tell the lads at home that I'd graffiti'd his fence, done his windows or shit on his lawn. The best I could manage though was stubbing me cig out in one of his borders. There's a part of that flower bed that is forever Mancunian-trodden Silk Cut. I'm sure he was arsed.
10. **Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands.** - To be fair I should point out that her gardens a park so it's hardly a unique experience but I ran out of gardens at 9 and lists of 9 are shit. Using the same criteria I've probably sat in other parks that are the gardens of some royal or other but Queen B's park was very nice and she's got the coolest queen name. I had a mate living in Den Haag and we strolled through the garden quite a few times. I had me first 'whitey' in there and ended up talking to the locals like, how you say, Schteeve McClaren.