

Advance excerpts of The Downfall: Inside Latham's Bunker.

August 7 2004: Howard's called the election, the cunt. My office is still a total fucking shambles. Mike Richards, my chief of staff, is about as useful as a ladder of opportunity without rungs. I've told him I want a ridgy didge fair dinkum Green Valley set of policies by close of business today or I'll rip up his fucking Qantas Club membership. Wayne Swan then came over to offer advice on the \$600 welfare payment which he reckons isn't real - told that dwarfed goose to fuck right off. I know what's not real - the way his mouth moves. It's out of synch with the rest of his face. And the country. When I become PM I'll make him Minister for Tasmania. Next meeting was with Conroy to discuss the FTA. Fucking Treaty with America if you ask me. Told him I hate fucking Americans - I've tried it before with a skanky ho and didn't like it; told him his head's up some CEO's sphincter and when I become PM I'll make him Minister for Disabilities - his own. Can't trust that bloke, he doesn't drink or wash his hands after he's taken a slash. Rumour has it he's a poof - admittedly I've started these rumours. Then Stephen Smith strutted in. Boy oh boy, that slick stick of shit has pretensions. Pretends to be my friend but I know what he's up to. Him and that fat cunt Beazley, they're jealous of me, they covet my position, they're out to get me. They follow me around, look at me out of the corners of their eyes. Smith will get Sport and Recreation in the first Latham Cabinet.

September 7 2004: Held staff meeting to discuss tactics. Mike Richards is a useless cunt. It's all up to me now, I'll just have to carry them throughout the campaign. Only I can save Labor. Only I can build the Ladder. Media unit told me to calm down and not overreact to questions about my family. Fucking Press Gallery. At today's press conference Samantha Maiden asked if I was up to it, health wise. That fat bull dyke bitch. Decided not to shag her even if she asks for it, again. Hopefully Cynthia Banham will though. Mmmm. Better not mention that to the missus though. Can no longer deal with these personal attacks. So fucking what if I licked cheddar cheese off a stripper's tits at my buck's night - it was nicely matured after all - what's that got to do with being PM? And why don't they go after the Libs? What about Alexander Downer and that goat at the Indonesian Embassy - and I don't mean the ambassador. I'd like to see those hypocritical cunts ask him about that night!! And the goat. When I become PM I'm going to get that Murdoch cunt. I'll fuck up cross media ownership rules so

bad he'll be snorting Piers Akerman's coke stash through Andrew Bolt's arse before printing another biased article again.

Feeling bad this evening - pancreas playing up. Maybe it was the four pies at Aussie's I washed down with a few tinnies. Farted something wicked in front of Julia Gillard during briefing on health. Used *The Australian* to wipe myself afterwards but still didn't feel any better. Media Unit unhappy when they saw what I'd left on Michael Costello's article. Crean reckoned it was an improvement but. Gillard wants to go with a new health initiative; she came up with the name - Medicare Gold. Told her my idea for Medicare Golden Shower, but she wasn't impressed. Said she wasn't a supporter of trickle down economics.

October 1 2004: On the road trapped with the fucking fools they call 'staff' and the fucking media cunts. There isn't a good looking bitch in the whole media pack, although after about a dozen vodkas Annabelle Crabb gave me a stiffy. Did a child care centre (worker) and didn't get caught. Read a Mem Fox book to the kids and talked about *The Ladder*. Went to the bathroom and eased the squeeze, then cheered like a fucking hero at a pineapple factory. ~~These I Hate Latham ads are hurting. Told Nat Sec to air 'Costello is a Cunt' ads but they're too gutless. McMullan the fucking genius has gone for 'feel good' TV ads instead - he sure as shit won't be feeling good when I catch up with his bald pate. Guts still ache. Fucking chiko roll(s) and beer. Doctor told me to try exercise but masturbation isn't helping.~~

October 7 2004: Smith tells me the polls are bad and I'll lose. God damn fuck shit bum poo dick cock arsecake cuntflap nobache I said. It's the fucking Premier's fault. It's the fucking National Secretariat's fault. It's the fucking media's fault. It's the fucking dingo's fault. It's those fucking leakers like McMullan and Conroy. When I become PM I'll get them all, fuck them up something wicked.

Shitheap. Ran into John Howard outside ABC studio and had to shake his hand. Tried to headbutt the little cunt and now the press gallery have gone apeshit. Fucking monkeys. Must remember to send bananas to Channel 9. Tanner told me he won't serve under me unless he's Treasurer. He'll be lucky to get Defence fucking personnel when I'm Prime Minister. Intellectual Left is a fucking oxymoron. He can mentor my arse. Nicola Roxon does.

January 7 2005: Feel fucking sick as a Costello. My guts hurt worse than ever. Fucking pizza and beer. How come Laurie Oakes is still alive? My fucking staff keep ringing about the wave that's hit Asia. Fuck em. The races are on and the swimming pool beckons. And I've already got a Shadow Minister for Pacific Islands. Anyway, I can't be expected to deal with every fucking problem can I? Macklin's useless. I've been more entertained at Madam Tussauds. I wanted Gillard as Deputy but the bint couldn't cook or have kids. Fucking IVF, I'll have to boost funding when I'm Prime Minister.

Beazley's making noises. Admittedly they sound like a bison's but I'm worried. That fat cunt wants my job. Everybody does. My staff are fucking useless shitheads. I'm going to get rid of them all and replace them with ridgy didge fair dinkum rung climbers. Conroy's leaking so badly I bought him an incontinence pack. McMullan called up to say he's still got petrol in his tank - told that bald fuck he no longer has a car, so who gives a flying fuck about petrol. He can get on his bike, Leo Macleay style. If I have to, I'll make him Minister for Abos. See if he likes sharing a car with 20 of the bruvvers then.

~~January 10 2005: That useless fucking waste of space~~ Barry Jones called me up to pontificate about Knowledge Nation. I'm going to let that boarded clown pick a box - a fucking pine box. After he's gone I've got Carmen Lawrence to deal with. I'll send her to Baxter to check out conditions - from the inside. Maybe Cornelia can teach her German.

Bummer Beazley and his Lady Macbeth called to assure me that he wasn't undermining me. I didn't believe him, not when he was busy measuring up my office. Fat fuck. Can't understand a damn word he says. What the fuck is 'boondoggle'? Fair dinkum ridgy didge ease the squeeze ladder of opportunity - why can't he talk like a regular fucking Aussie?

February 1 2005: Copping grief because of this fucking tsunami. It's Macklin's fault. The bitch should have warned me it was going to hit while I was on leave. Called up Shanahan and called him a stooge (and a cunt too) for bagging me out. Same for Malcolm Farr and that dwarf Milne. Smells like a poof to me. What kind of man wears perfume? Well, Smithy Jones. Speaking of poofs, Alan Jones attacked me on radio today. My media people are fucking hopeless. Faulkner called me, reckoned I'm gone. Puck him. Those big glasses don't scare me. Would have

told him to fuck off but my guts feel like butterflies and my knees go all wobbly when I see him. Called up Alan Griffin instead and called him a fat lazy cunt 63 times before hanging up.

February 3 2005: Rudd wants my support. If it's euthanasia he's proposing I'm all for it. Fucking foreign affairs fuckwit. He can speak mandarin, hell, he can shove a mandarin up his arse for all I care. Fucking leadership baton - they'll be digging one out of his Darfur obsession before I've finished with Mr fucking Sheen.

Bumber Beazley has the numbers and I'm thinking of pulling the pin - on a grenade. Fuck em. After all I've done for the ALP. I introduced them to The Ladder. I taught them how to read to children. I showed them what's ridgy didge and what's not. I called Conroy a leaking cunt. I deserve some credit.