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# Don't Tell Mum I Work On The Rigs...She Thinks I'm A Piano Player In A Whorehouse



## Synopsis

'Great two-fisted writing from the far side of hell.' - John Birmingham, bestselling author of He Died with a Felafel in his Hand'A unique look at a gritty game. Relentlessly funny and obsessively readable.' - Phillip Noyce, director of The Quiet American and Clear and Present DangerPaul Carter has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage.He's almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia, watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia, lost a lot of money backing a mouse against a scorpion in a fight to the death, and been served cocktails by an orang-utan on an ocean freighter. And that's just his day job.Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions, not to mention some of the roughest oil rigs on the planet, Paul has worked, gotten into trouble and been given serious talkings to in locations as far-flung as the North Sea, Middle East, Borneo and Tunisia, as exotic as Sumatera, Vietnam and Thailand, and as flat out dangerous as Columbia, Nigeria and Russia, with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet.Strap yourself in for an exhilarating, crazed, sometimes terrifying, usually bloody funny ride through one man's adventures in the oil trade.When not getting into trouble on the rigs Paul lives a quiet life in Sydney.

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

I don't ever write reviews about books, this one being my first on here but I just had to on this book. I bought this at an airport on a return trip from Australia and I'm not really sure why I got it, or what stuck out that compelled me to purchase it. I don't read fiction and to be honest it was the only thing there that was non-fiction that seemed different (the title alone should tell you all you need to know about this read). Within 20min of reading this book I was laughing so hard that I had people looking at me like I was crazy. I couldn't hold the tears back as the author had me rolling with his Seinfeld life. It's all about an average Joe who makes a living on an oil rig and always has something go wrong. A true roughneck job but written in such a comical way that you can't put the book down. It's the kind of read when you get done that you close the book and go look for someone to say "Hey you GOT to read this book man!"

Carter's tales of his adventures on various oil rigs around the world make for entertaining and undemanding reading. The book is ideal for an aeroplane trip. The oil industry is a mix of high anxiety and stultifying boredom, and the people who inhabit its odd world are fairly weird as well. Carter seems to have met most of them at one time or another, as they let off steam in numerous unsalubrious watering holes in seedy parts of the planet. Carter offers some unflattering but humorous depictions of the locals living near oil drilling operations (oil always seems to be found in the most remote and hostile locations, with inhabitants of a similar nature) and brings to life the multinational professional roughnecks who share his world. His impressions of places are naturally affected by the strange nature of the oil business, which doesn't afford its workers anything resembling a normal lifestyle, and he emphasises colour over factual accuracy at times. It is an entertaining and knockabout read.

Paul Carter's "Don't Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs (she thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse)" is the first book I've read in a single sitting in over a decade. This is a hilarious lad book that follows the outrageous life of Paul Carter, who is among those nomadic and enigmatic outlaws who work on oil rigs around the world. Oddly, there is little about rigs in detail chronicled. Rather, Carter builds his tale around the odd characters and the remote and improbable settings of oil rigs, dealing in turn with boredom, drinking, outrageous anti-social acts, elaborate practical jokes and the bizarre pets he and his comrades of the derricks collect along the way. Carter's narrative is clean and direct, something that apparently comes naturally to him (while other authors struggle for years to lean-up their prose reading endless swatches of Raymond Carver to do so). But it is Carter's human and

animal characters that haunt: for indeed any lad who has gone off on adventures (working in Alaska salmon fishing and canning for me) recognizes the human flotsam and jetsam depicted here. Those with a past, those who'd like to forget a past, those who'd like others to forget their past, and those who have no future other than their immediate animal needs in the present are all here, faithfully and fatefully sketched like so many guys you've known. Carter makes rig workers into that odd fraternity of a modern French Foreign Legion.

I'm in the oil business and have spent time on the rigs. I down loaded the book to read on a 3-1/2 flight. It was entertaining for that length of time; I didn't finish it. Someday maybe I will time. I recommend it for a light read and to pick up a little knowledge of the life of rig hand. J Smith

I work in the offshore oil field around the world as a diver. Some of the things in his stories are new to me but for the most part they are things all of us experience in the industry. That doesn't make them any less funny though and Paul Carter is a good story teller. Not only that but the title alone will have people asking what your reading. Another great story about industrial adventures. The reasons i didnt give it 5 stars is, one its a quick read and i was left wanting more, two I am a little jaded to what was described in the book and didnt find it as funny the person who recomended it to me. Neither of those would keep it from being a 5 star read for others who are interested in reading about a job outside there normal 9-5.

There are very few people who know how to tell a tale and keep you entertained and even less of those who know how to write those tales as books. Paul Carter is one of those people. You know how when you sit down at a bar or next to someone on a plane and they just start talking to you about things that have happened to them and even though you know these stories are probably a bit exaggerated, and some even total b s, you just want them to keep telling you more. Well that is exactly what reading this book is like!! I'm not really sure exactly what Paul does for a job on various oil rigs as he never really wastes time getting into that, nor do we delve much into the operational aspects of drilling for oil, what Paul gives us though are the stories of the practical jokes, acts of stupidity that sometimes get colleagues killed and what basically you get up to when your in the middle of nowhere or in a hostile to Westerns culture. He also tells a few stories of things that happened in his down time away from the rigs in places such as Perth and Sydney. Don't Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse is certainly a unique and catchy title even though his mother obviously knows what he does for a job being that she is in the industry

itself. Still the title is an excellent example of the type of humour that fills every page. There's a bit of violence towards animals including occasions betting on fights to the death, humans being murdered as well as killed in accidents which may not appeal to some readers but I think most people will enjoy this great read!

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