

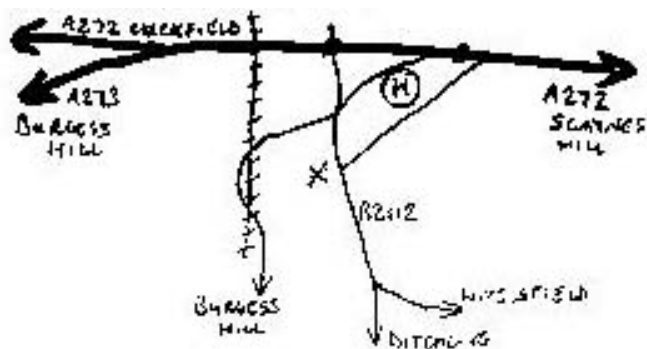


IVAN TO RETIRE

SHOCK? HORROR? RELIEF!

Yes as Hash Trash penetrates its 2nd year it looks like being a great one for Hashers with the announcement of Ivan "Skill mate, not" Luck's retirement! We'll be seeing him off on 21st February as he celebrates his 100th hash and 21st Birthday bash. The big bang will be held at the Fox and Hounds, Haywards Heath.

Gifts welcome and you may like to get Ivan something also, which I'm sure he'll appreciate in his usual grumbling fashion. God, anyone would think it was his 100th birthday and 21st run the way he goes on about how all this shiggy, all this water, the not quite immediately clear trails and beer, is not hashing. Wrong Ivan, 'fraïd it is! Seriously though, the boy hopes to take up a new career in the RAF shortly and we do wish him all the very best. You'll always be welcome to join us anytime Ivan and we hope you'll continue to carry the flag for the club in the SD relays, the Grand Prix ('specially when you win) and other events normally only the domain of 'proper' running clubs. Good luck Luck!



Some unwritten rules

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

21st FEBRUARY 1994 - FOX & HOUNDS, HAYWARDS HEATH
Run #818 - IVAN'S 100th - M.R.1219337



As you can see a fair amount of this issue has had to be handwritten. This is due to the change in my work circumstances which means that I now require assistance with typing articles and run reports for the trash as I don't have the opportunity to use the office system as much.

Christmas has gone for another year and the hangover returns to its usual Tuesday morning slot. What a party at the White Horse and thanks to Simon and Les for a superb run and great night. I reckon this pub would make a great HQ if we feel one is necessary. Any hashers new to the area who wished to join us could then go there for full info of our runs. I'm sure Ian would be open to the idea. Thoughts?

The raffle went far better than expected so thanks to everyone for their generosity. We raised £18 for the Alzheimers Disease Society.

The Grand Prix presentation was a great night for the hash. We may not have won all the prizes but it certainly seemed like it as we were definitely the LOUDEST. Well done John but it's a shame non-hasher Keith Pomme Frite had to spoil it by saying that if it wasn't for him we wouldn't be there. It begs the answer to the oft asked question about these people, marked (*) on the results, who never make a contribution to the hash but still get a50p a race (minimum) discount by claiming to be hashers.

Read ON ON and enjoy.

SEW FAR SEW GOOD

The man whose penis was sewn back on after his wife cut it off, Virginian John Bobbitt, says he is reacting well to tests involving saucy snaps.

Knicker man nicked

Police in Tokyo have arrested three men who allegedly sold used schoolgirl panties, a favourite Japanese fetish, from vending machines without an official permit. — Reuter.



THE MAN WHO ASKED FOR
A PINT OF RED BARREL

The National Association of Indian Restauranteurs

Code of Practice

We hereby pledge:

To position the payphone inside and/or underneath the coat rack.

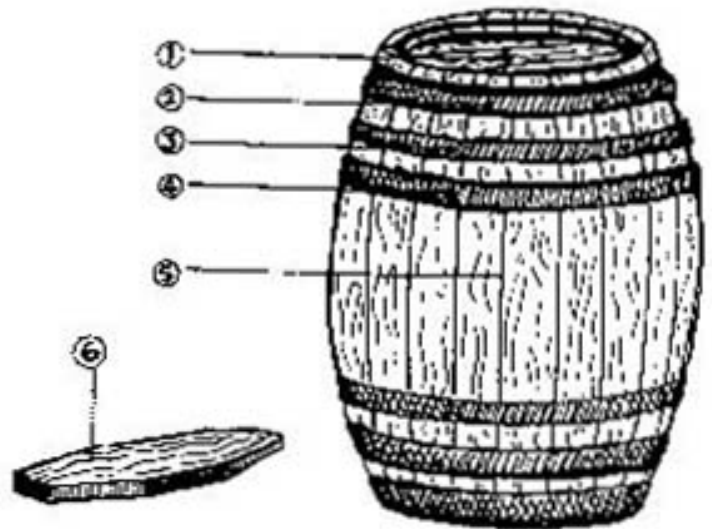
To store cooking oil in cans in the toilet.

To employ six waiters to each guest, of whom five shall be employed solely to pass messages on to the sixth.

To always appear about to close but never to do so.

To take customers at their word when they say "the usual kattomeat Abdul and some of those things that look like slices of stale Yak's turd."

① TOP BIT. ② METAL BIT. ③ MIDDLE METAL BIT.
④ ANOTHER METAL BIT. ⑤ FAT BIT. ⑥ SEPERATE
WOODEN BIT.



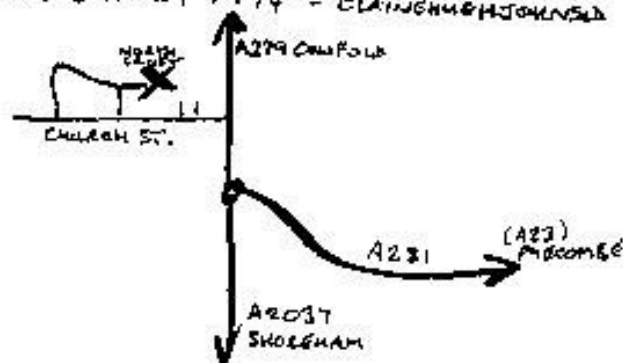
How to make a beer barrel

1. Cut down an oak tree, being careful to avoid the Department of the Environment.
2. Saw the tree into logs, rive the logs into billets, sunder the billets into staves.
3. Shape the staves with a jigger, shooting them at the right angle.
4. Chip out the beads and dowel together, before rushing the flags into grooves and rivetting the hoops.
5. Raise it up and bang on the chime hoop, before bending the ash runner, poking it over the cresset and banging down the quarter and boogie runners.
6. If it's a stinker, pickle it, if it's a sour cask, unplank the head and shave it.

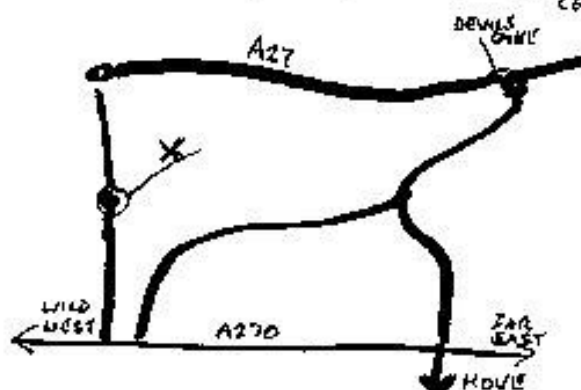
RECEDING HARELINE



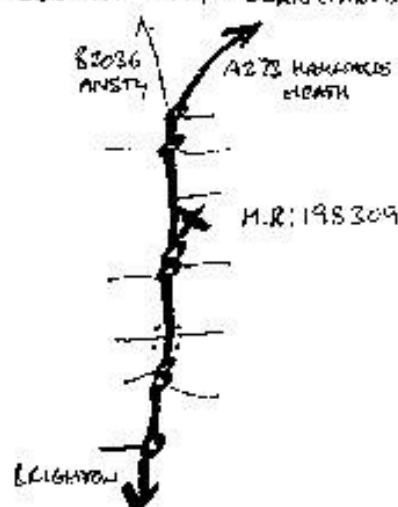
Run # 814 HENFIELD SPORTS CENTRE M.R.: 164 212
24TH JANUARY 1994 - ELAINEMHJJOHNSON



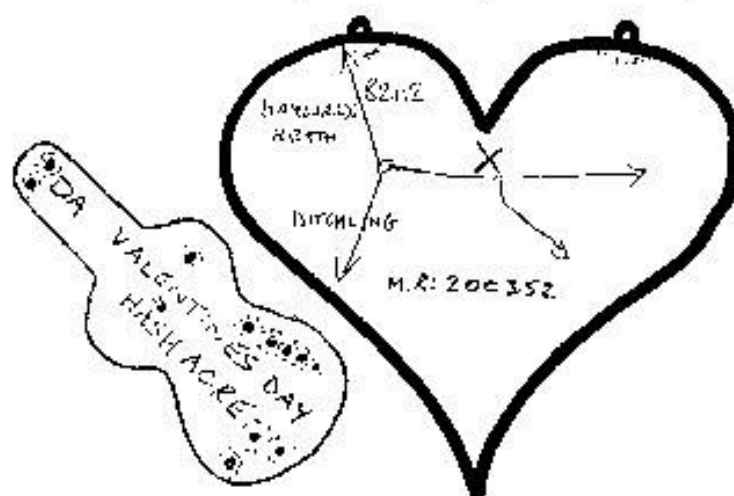
Run # 815 HANGLTON MANOR, HOVE
31ST JANUARY 1994 - RIK M.R.: 069 263:24



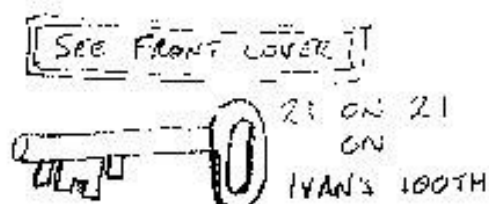
Run # 816 KINGS HEAD, BULLOCKS HILL
7TH FEBRUARY 1994 - JOHN GARVEY'S 100TH



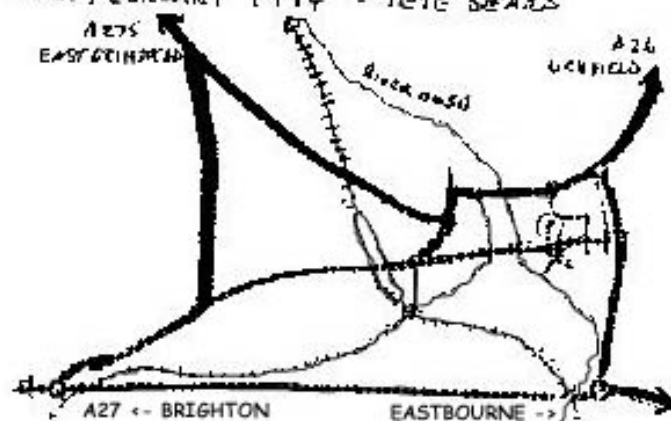
Run # 817 THE COCK, WIVELSFIELD
16TH FEBRUARY 1994 - SIMON & OLD PUGH



Run # 818 FOX & HOUNDS, HAYWARDS HEATH
21ST FEBRUARY 1994 - IVAN



Run # 819 GARDENERS ARMS, LINES
28TH FEBRUARY 1994 - PETE BEARD



Round my cardboard heart, they wrap the gentle paper of my substance.

Tight, tight, I am turned again and again, till I am complete. Singular, whole. But what is this? Another such as I, placed beside me. A pair proud. But always the nagging question: what am I for? For what purpose have I been brought onto this planet? Suddenly the two of us are bound, in paper rougher than ourselves. On it, writing, hieroglyphics. If only I could read them, then perhaps I would know. I can see that my name is something like Andrew.

But let me be patient. A crowd of us, in pairs, are placed into darkness, we seem to move and are soon taken out again. All around me I can see other beings, tall and plastic, rough and wiry. A human hand reaches out to touch me, hold me, place me in a metal prison. Another journey surrounded by other beings, many most strange.

Surely the moment of truth is approaching. I am separated from the other beings and taken to a place, a room of my own. And suddenly the wrapper is off me. I can see clearly once more. As if in pride of place, I am hung up on a wooden roller, surveying all about me. Soon all will be clear, soon I will know the purpose for which I was created, mind out of matter. I notice a light clear substance, revealing a mass of blue. A strange ceramic shape sits on the floor below me. I must wait. Patience is all.

Suddenly, a human enters the room. He sits on the ceramic: suddenly he reaches out for me: the moment is arrived. Why am I here? What am I for? O God, o no. O SHIT! I'm not joking. All over me. Wait a minute, I can't swim! Particularly with all this muck smeared over me! Pwooooooosh!

The rest is sewerage.

Another handy extract from
ROGER'S THESAURUS
PEN Pencil, biro, fountain pen, quill.
PENILE Pen-like.
PENIS William, Willie, John Thomas, Bernard, Prince Charles, Ayatollah little chap, big chap, hairy banana, dangler, dong, Donald, dingle-dangle, dingle-dongle, urinator, Percy, piddle-me-ree, it, thingy.

How Romantic is your chap?

Complete the quiz below and find out just how high he scores in the romance stakes!!!

His favourite name for you is . . .

- a ☐ Sweetness, prettiness, honeypie, petal.
- b ☐ Babe, baby.
- c ☐ Bunny, squirrel nutkin.
- d ☐ Cunt.

He wants to make love to you, he says . . .

- a ☐ Nothing – but he tells you with his eyes, his hands.
- b ☐ Hey babe/baby – lets get down on it.
- c ☐ Kissy kissy.
- d ☐ Get your frock off, cunt.

You're in the middle of a blazing row,
You're most likely to end the evening . . .

- a ☐ Laughing and hugging.
- b ☐ Sharing a joint, injecting each other.
- c ☐ Over his knee getting a good spanking.
- d ☐ Unconscious/Told to fuck because you're a cunt.

His favourite part of you is . . .

- a ☐ Every little bit of you.
- b ☐ Breasts, buttocks.
- c ☐ Your funny little nose.
- d ☐ Cunt.

PENIS (*cont*) rooster, cock, shaft-throbber, chipolata, prime porker, King Prawn, pinkie, widdler, twig, sequoia, black pudding, whang, tinkler, knob, blushing marrow, one-eyed trouser snake, courgette, Proby, drink-on-a-stick, steaming poker, kebab, Wurst Max, the little gentleman in the pink polo-neck, caber, Mother's Ruin, highball, Bonio, wolfie, spitfire, Flying Scotsman, weenie, offal (*Lesbian term*), cocktail sausage, shank, chitterling, parsnip, porterhouse snake, stigwood, fellow, small brown hovis, prodder, oddment, item, organ, tool, pork-sword, dick, princely pestle, member, root, stalk, phallus, part of shame, chopper, woggle, tail, carrot, Tom Thumb, jiminy, flue, pisser, dingaling, pecker, spout, stiffie, length, Horizontal Henry, wedgie, after dinner mount, noble pile, Cleopatra's nodule, Tower of Babel, pant-slimer, pikestaff, prick, Third Leg, Lloyd, Long John Silver, millimetre, micron, protractor, stem, flying buttress, jackstaff, jacko, frigger, weedon, outrigger, pedicle, periwinkle, springbok, peer, sprag, stang, batten, alpenstock, world-bearer, helper, haft, pommel, lugworm, fleshy fulcrum, Our Man In Havana, naughty Nureyev, horn o' plenty, swelling billy, tongue of flame, his hard sex (*romantic usage*), antler, urinary utensil, bare bodkin, Bovis, tablet, croquette, circs animal, performing flea, brawny Brian, Yorky bar, Pinnocchio, stout stem, Jolly Roger, Sam stench, Velvet viper, purple plunger, dog end, hole hog, micro chip, Black and Decker, plump pumper, caterpillar, maggot, minimoke, mighty zeppelin, trouser torpedo, spunk splasher, drum stick, wick, pistol, Mr. Mouse, slender doris, yang, pod, Peter, poffle, trundling Timothy, spode, wife's best friend, omo, nimrod, bush-bunny, bunkhouse Bertie, Indian rope trick, boss, baby bottle, questing Quentin, happy handful, Horace, Geoffrey, what? That pathetic little thing?, that bit of spaghetti, the bald-headed mouse, pussy-rat, Belgian uncle, bully-boy, bone loaf, hackle, panty horse, beef-bedstead, pit-prop, negligible asset, nether cherub, ripe robot, pungle, bud, swizzle-stick, person, Old Bob Mellish, hedge-sidney, pink mamba, Sir Geko, Ishmael the Nail.

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE MENS OPEN FIRST TEAM

FIRST 10 Runners (IF 10 Qualify!)

FIRST NAME	SURNAME	VET	POS	PTS	
JOHN	FALLOWFIELD		1	3955	1
IVAN	LUCK		8	3905	2
KEITH	POMFRETT		11	3875	3
SIMON	RUSSELL		12	3776	4
TERRY	SMITH		20	3721	5
BOB	LUCK	V1	22	3705	6
TONY	FALLOWFIELD	V1	28	3663	7
CHRIS	DAUNCEY	V2	30	3659	8
DAVID ROY	JIGGENS	V2	41	3410	9
STEVE	LEDWARD		51	3244	10
Club Total Points:				36913	

HASH TEAM SCORES:-

Mens Open	1st
Ladies Open	3rd
Mens Vets	4th
Ladies Vets	4th

Mens top vet runners:-

<u>Vets</u>		
<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>In class</u>
7th	Bob Luck	2nd (V3)
12th	Tony Fallowfield	7th (V1)
13th	Chris Dauncey	4th (V2)
?	David Taylor	5th (V3)
?	Les Courtney	6th (V5)

Ladies top vet runners:-

<u>Vets</u>		
<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>In class</u>
13th	Lin MacCallum	1st (V3)
17th	Rosemary Noakes	3rd (V4)

Sussex Grand Prix 1994

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Hastings 10k	16/01/94	
Chichester 10k	06/02/94	
Brighton Half Marathon	27/02/94	
Hastings Half Marathon	13/03/94	
Worthing 20 mile	20/03/94	
Burgess Hill Quarter Marathon	01/05/94	TBC
Worthing 10k	08/06/94	TBC
Hellingly 10k	11/09/94	TBC
Brighton 6 mile	18/09/94	
Barns Green Half Marathon	23/10/94	TBC
Phoenix Races	13/11/94	
Brighton 10k	20/11/94	
Crowborough 10k	27/11/94	TBC
Worthing 10 mile	04/12/94	TBC

Scores are based on your best 8 events.

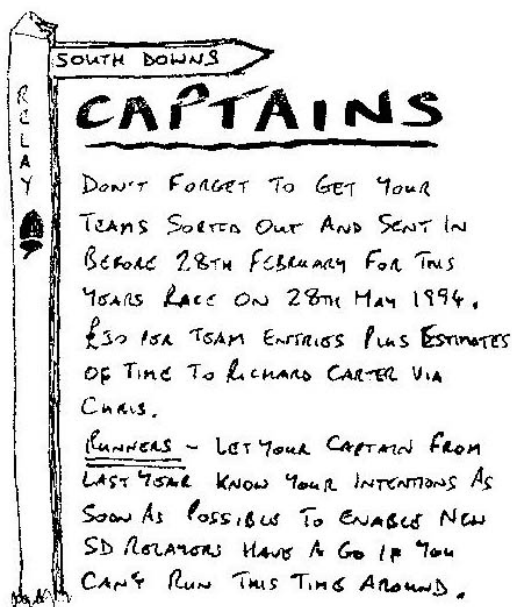
Please try and plan the minimum 8 events you can complete in the season.

Grand		Sum of							Mens &
Prix		Mens &	Mens	Ladies	Last	Mens	Ladies	Ladies	
Posn	Club	Ladies	Team	Team	Team	Team	Team	Team	Total
1	CROWB	4	2	2	2	36676	19648	56324	
2	BHASH	4	1	3	3	36913	17571	54484	
3	HAILS	7	3	4	4	35490	16398	51888	
4	ARENA	7	6	1	6	24575	19834	44409	
5	BR&HO	9	4	5	5	35152	14635	49787	
6	HAYHE	11	5	6	6	25495	12808	38303	
7	HASRU	14	7	7	7	21589	10559	32148	
8	WORTH	18	9	9	9	18179	6139	24318	
9	LEWES	18	8	10	10	21316	3357	24673	
10	GORIN	19	11	8	11	13005	6566	19571	
11	HASAC	21	10	11	11	15941	2375	18316	
12	PHOEN	25	12	13	13	12176	1887	14063	
13	EASTB	26	14	12	14	4801	2340	7141	
14	UTOPI	27	13	14	14	10088	0	10088	

NOTE: As there is a tie between Crowborough Runners and Brighton Hash House for first place (ie both clubs having 4 points) the following rule applies to decide the winning club:

The Grand Prix placing is decided, based on the clubs positions in the Mens and Ladies League. Where points are equal, the club with the highest placed last team wins. (In this case Crowborough last team 2 points Brighton Hash last team 3 points).

So CROWBOROUGH WIN again this year and Brighton Hash are second.



SUSSEX GRAND PRIX 1993

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FIRSTNAME	SURNAME	CLUB	C L A S S	A G E	CH10K 07/0 2	BR1/ 28/0 2	HA1/ 14/0 3	W20 21/0 3	BH1/ 02/0 5	W010K 09/0 6	HE10 12/0 9	BR16M 19/09	BG1/2 24/10	H1066 CANC'D	PHN7K 07/11	BR10K 21/11	CR10 28/1 1	W010M 05/1 2	R N S	TOP U S COR S E			
1	JOHN	FALLOWFIELD	BHASH		19	493	492	0	0	492	0	498	496	0	0	494	0	498	492	8	3955		
8	I VAN	LUCK	BHASH		19	0	488	0	0	500	493	475	490	0	0	493	471	495	0	8	3905		
11	KEITH	* POMFRETT	BHASH		35	487	482	469	0	491	481	481	486	478	0	0	472	489	0	10	3875		
12	SIMON	RUSSELL	BHASH		32	482	468	0	466	471	479	464	472	0	0	474	0	449	0	9	3776		
20	TERRY	SMITH	BHASH		34	0	474	440	483	0	455	0	479	0	0	473	445	0	472	8	3721		
22	BOB	LUCK	BHASH	V3	50	0	0	439	474	470	441	460	461	0	0	461	410	472	466	10	3705		
28	TONY	FALLOWFIELD	BHASH	V1	44	463	446	0	0	469	0	444	462	0	0	458	428	468	453	9	3663		
30	CHRIS	DAUNCEY	BHASH	V2	47	0	0	0	0	0	460	462	469	433	0	463	436	474	462	8	3659		
41	DAVID ROY	JIGGENS	BHASH	V2	49	454	436	385	456	0	0	426	430	0	0	0	384	439	0	8	3410		
51	STEVE	* LEDWARD	BHASH		35	434	405	282	0	0	400	399	425	398	0	0	362	421	0	9	3244		
52	TERRY	* AVEY	BHASH	V1	41	469	430	444	0	0	471	0	0	466	0	0	455	480	0	7	3215		
59	MICHAEL	COCKCROFT	BHASH	V2	45	0	0	346	0	0	436	443	454	451	0	0	420	0	448	7	2998		
61	NIGEL	* ADAMS	BHASH	V2	47	452	417	0	0	0	422	0	0	0	0	436	390	446	424	7	2987		
70	DAVID	TAYLOR	BHASH	V3	52	439	0	0	0	0	0	388	419	0	0	426	356	422	417	7	2867		
80	SID J.	WELLS	BHASH		0	0	399	267	0	0	397	402	0	0	0	428	375	0	0	6	2268		
104	LES	COURTNEY	BHASH	V5	66	0	0	0	0	0	0	376	410	0	0	416	341	408	0	5	1951		
118	JOHN	SCOTT	BHASH		0	421	389	216	0	0	0	0	424	366	0	0	0	0	0	5	1816		
131	RAY	NOAKES	BHASH	V3	54	436	418	0	0	0	389	400	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1643		
171	G.B.	COOPER	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	416	435	412	0	0	0	0	0	3	1263		
198	WILLIAM J.	* GASSON	BHASH	V5	66	0	0	296	0	0	0	0	0	375	0	0	0	411	0	3	1082		
242	LOUIS	TAUB	BHASH		0	433	0	0	0	448	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	881		
284	NEIL	ROBINSON	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	0	410	0	0	0	0	429	0	0	0	2	839		
353	RIK	TAUB	BHASH	V2	47	0	0	0	0	0	424	0	0	0	0	0	402	0	0	2	826		
381	JOHN	BIGGINS	BHASH		0	0	0	286	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	432	2	718		
388	DAVID	RANGER	BHASH		0	0	408	271	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	679		
392	HUGH	MARTIN	BHASH		0	0	397	255	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	652		
399	JOHN B.	GARVEY	BHASH		34	423	0	203	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	626		
457	S.	BROWN	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	454	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	454		
475	A.	* WHITMAN	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	450	0	1	450		
481	NIGEL	WILCE	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	0	445	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	445		
525	J.	* HEMING	BHASH		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	415	0	0	0	0	0	1	415		
583	MICHAEL	* BIDDULPH	BHASH	V2	48	0	0	183	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	183		
590	MALCOLM	MAXWELL	BHASH	V1	42	0	0	182	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	182		
600	JOHN	* GASSON	BHASH		0	0	0	161	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	161		
607	PHILIP	MUTTON	BHASH	V2	46	0	0	154	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	154		
14	SARAH	RUSSELL	BHASH		26	486	484	470	484	0	474	0	482	0	0	485	0	479	484	9	3858		
16	ELAINE	SCOTT	BHASH		0	483	478	459	0	489	477	483	480	478	0	484	0	0	0	9	3852		
18	LINDA	MacCALLUM- STEWART	BHASH	V3	45	482	482	464	0	0	162	477	0	464	0	0	456	475	474	9	3780		
23	ROSEMARY	NOAKES	BHASH	V4	50	476	472	0	482	0	459	473	0	0	0	0	0	469	469	7	3300		
29	MARIE	OSBOURNE	BHASH	V1	36	0	0	445	0	0	0	0	475	463	0	0	452	473	473	6	2781		
FIRST NAME	SURNAME	YET	POS	PTS					FIRST NAME	SURNAME	YET	POS	PTS					FIRST NAME	SURNAME	YET	POS	PTS	
SARAH	RUSSELL		14	3858					BOB	LUCK	V3	22	3705					LINDA	MacCALLUM-STEWART	V3	18	3780	
ELAINE	SCOTT		16	3852					TONY	FALLOWFIELD	V1	28	3663					ROSEMARY	NOAKES	V4	23	3300	
LINDA	MacCALLUM-STEWART	V3	18	3780					CHRIS	DAUNCEY	V2	30	3659					MARIE	OSBOURNE	V1	29	2781	
ROSEMARY	NOAKES	V4	23	3300					DAVID ROY	JIGGENS	V2	41	3410										
MARIE	OSBOURNE	V1	29	2781					TERRY	AVEY	V1	52	3215					Club Total Points:				9861	
					-----									-----									
				Club Total Points:				17571								Club Total Points:				17652			

LES COURTNEY'S CORNER:-

I am grateful to Les for the following contributions:-

CROWBOROUGH 10K – Sussex Grand Prix – 28th November 1993

A hilly course including a ford crossing of Jarvis Brook (with 'escape' bridge diversion for deviants). Cold east wind but dry on the day and the water was low and clear.

There were 322 finishers and the Hash did really well with an enjoyable turnout, although Sarah found it wasn't one of her better days, but stuck it out to the finish – into the arms of Simon. Aah!

Jonathan ran as if one of his medic colleagues was brandishing a scalpel at his tackle to a brilliant scoring 4th place in 35' 08" and All Balls Ivan also went great guns to claim 8th place with Keith scoring 14th. Fantastic Daddy Bob was 2nd in the Vets 3 (over 50) and Chris scored 4th in Vets 2 with Terry Avey 5th in V1. Dave Taylor beat a chap called Brown by two seconds. It is the first part of your torso crossing the line that counts and even though they were neck and neck the Wigan Corporation carried the day, proving that it pays to train on Harveys!

Old Les tried hard to catch Linda as she walked up the hill on the second lap but she heard his white stick tapping the ground (like Old Pugh) just as he reached out to serve her with the black spot – (I think that was what he was holding out to her) – and escaped his evil old clutches by seconds. But perhaps the greatest was that BH7 was second team overall behind Brighton & Hove AC and 1st Vets team! That training hash at King & Barnes Brewery was our secret weapon.

Here's the list of the nutters: Nigel Adams, Terry Avey, Les Courtney, Chris Dauncey, Tony and John Fallowfield, Bill Gasson, Dave Jiggen, Steve Ledward, Bob and Ivan Luck, Linda McStewart, Rosemary Noakes, Marie-Anne Osbourne, Keith Pomfrett, Sarah and Simon Russell, Dave Taylor and A. Whitman (who?).

A JOKE - A French Ambassador to Washington threw a big party for the US Secretary of State. His Chef thought the truffles, specially flown from La Belle France were a bit naff so the Ambassador tried one out on his dog. The dog loved it so reassured he instructed the Chef to proceed.

Just as the dinner was concluding the Chef came in looking like a footballers parrot and whispered that the dog had just died. Panic - but ever the diplomat the Ambassador hurriedly arranged for his doctor to bring emetic pills and explained to his guests the unfortunate demise of the dog. The ladies and top men then puked up in the washrooms while the serfs used the garden.

After coffee the Secretary of State hoped that the dog had not suffered and the Ambassador called the Chef "Did he take long to die?". Non, monsieur, the truck 'it 'im right on the head. 'e died instantly".

GREAT JOKES OF OUR TIME



GIRLS! FREEDOM AT LAST!

Say goodbye to pads and pins with this elegant all-British Appliance. The Tampola, invented by a Famous London Doctor, incorporates a host of hidden features as well as the ones that stick out at awkward angles, inc Map reading Magnifying Glass, 24 Hour Stay-Repairer and some Blue Glass Jars containing dangerous chemicals. Fits on the lap when needed, then stores away neatly under a medium size snooker table. Provokes hours of embarrassed silence
Maltese pat. No. 47

1. **The Old Man at the Gates of Heaven as told by Dr. Robert Runcie**

And it came to pass that an old man of no particular interest to anybody died of natural causes. And being an uncommonly goodly man and one who had scorned the ways of mammon he came to find himself before the great wrought iron gates of Heaven, which were amazing to behold.

And Lo, after no more time than takes the beating of a raven's wing a man. No more than a man, appeared in shimmering white robes beyond the holy barrier. It was Jesus, and he spoke thus:
"What do you want old duffer?"

And the old man drew himself up and replied with pride and dignity as befits people who have died of natural causes;
"I seek to gain entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven."
Now Jesus, He that is supposedly born of Mary and no other, pondered upon this, and was greatly impressed by the old man's bearing and general disposition.

And Jesus Sayeth to him after his cogitation. "Tell me old rodger, what have thee done with thy life that I should open these great gates and let thee sup ambrosia at the feet of God?". The old man grew melancholy at this and looked humbly at his feet which were gnarled and wizened with age and stank as well.

And he looked upon Jesus with tears misting his eyes and said.
"I have done little to ease the suffering of my fellow human beings, for I have devoted my life to finding my son, who went away when he was very young."

And Jesus came up to the great gates, and gripped them until his knuckles were the same colour as his robes, and gazing keenly at the old man saying unto him;

"Quickly old person, what did thy son look like"

And the old man, his breath shortening in the thin atmosphere which is noticeable about Heaven stepped forward and said;
"Why, he had holes through his ankles and his wrist and..".
But Jesus would let him go no further, and, flinging back the great wrought iron gates he caught up the old man in his arms and shouted joyously, "Daddy!"

And the old man exulting in the love of God and love of man and in all creatures that inhabit the world clutched himself unto Jesus and cried;
"Pinocchio!"