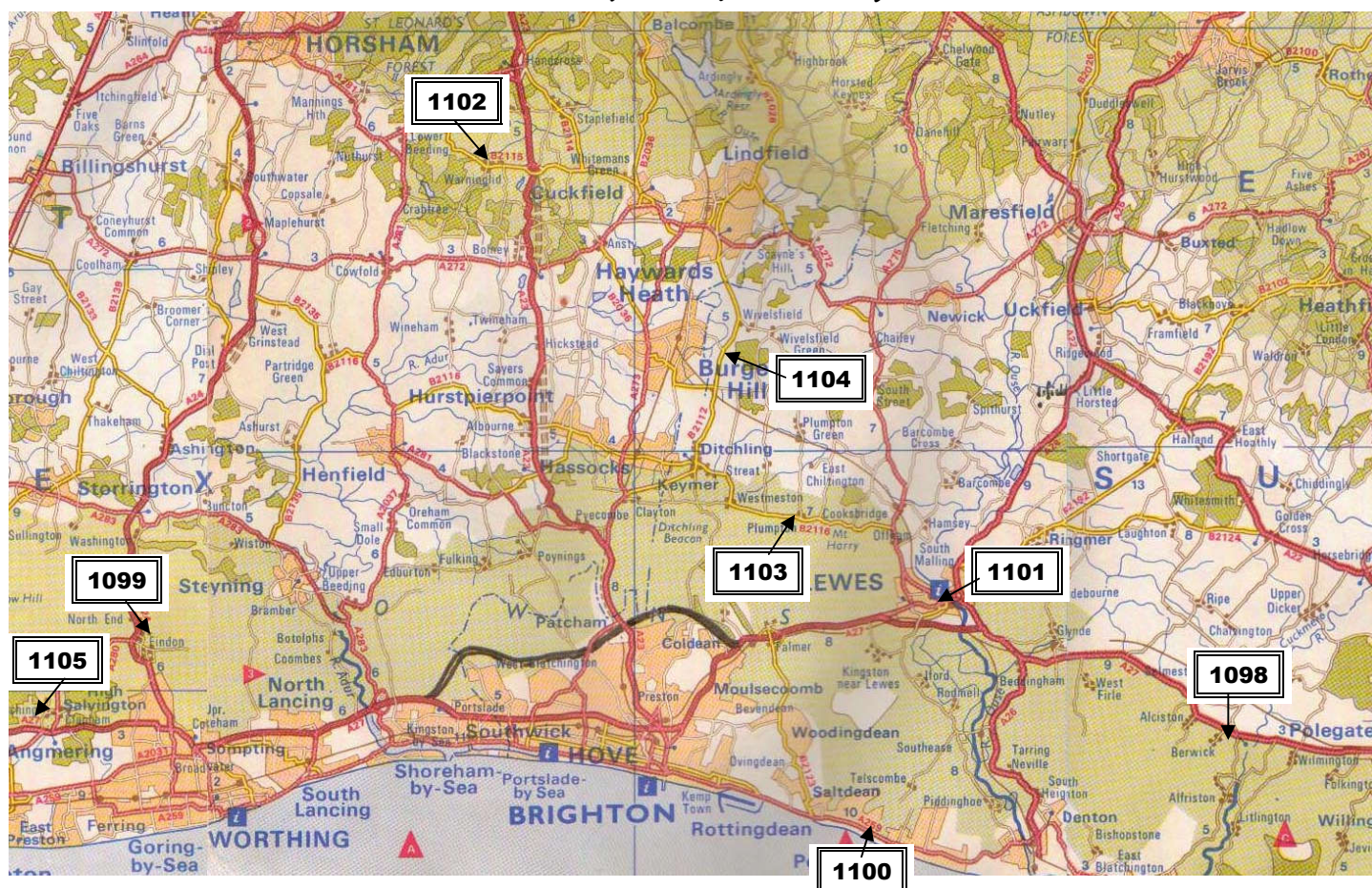


THE BOGGY SHOE



*THE MAGAZINE OF B77 HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
JULY & AUGUST 1999 RUNS*



<u>Date</u>	<u>#No.</u>	<u>On On</u>	<u>Area</u>	<u>Map ref</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Tel. no.</u>
05-July-99	1098	Cricketers	Berwick	518053	Terry & Dave	01273 883986
12-July-99	1099	Gun Inn	Findon	122092	Ed & Chris	01273 884283
19-July-99	1100	Badgers Watch	Telscombe Cliffs	397014	Peter T's 100th	01273 309562
26-July-99	1101	Lewes Arms	Lewes (near Castle)	413103	Pete B./Dave E.	01273 887579
02-August-99	1102	Half Moon	Warninglid	249261	Les & Ivan (joint EGH3)	01273 705666
09-August-99	1103	Half Moon	Plumpton (B2116)	363133	Martin & David H.	01273 241829
16-August-99	1104	Royal Oak, Jacobs Post, Ditchling Common		339198	Phil & Bouncer	01273 509958
23-August-99	1105	Horse & Groom	Patching on A27	087057	Mike	01273 556553

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

Words Of Wisdom – Time to have a Mass Debate?

30th June sees the next cost increase for Tasmania Interhash up from AU\$250 to AU\$325 as the event draws ever nearer. The last week of February 2000 sees a whole flurry of hash activity on the southern isle with the first Interhash of the new Millennium (or the last of the old depending on who you believe?), plus the first ever Full Moon and Leap Year Interhashes. The Brighton TITS (towards Interhash Tasmania squad) so far registered consist of Bouncer, Wiggy, and John 'Belcher' Heming veterans of KL 1998, plus 'Big Al' Bray and 'Angel' Gabrielle with a very high probability of John 'Pisses Preece' registering shortly.

As usual through the summer months there are loads of haveitaway weekends which will see a number of BH7 hounds appearing at, in training for the big 'un. Bouncer has already been seen holding a herd of angry cows at bay armed only with a loaded lager, which he threatened to use if they got any closer, at the Westerham And North Kent Hash 5000²th. Look forward also to Herts bash on 17/18th July organised by a member of the hash band On In, and Pete 'PeP' Eastwood will be leading the team to Lundy Island on 14th August. Not forgetting of course our own annual soiree to Niels place in Montreuil France on 25/26th September – see Greyhounds for details (that's Niel, Chris and Tony not Pete and Nigel who are a separate entity known as the Mudlarks, Don).

Naturally I've once again assumed voting rights as GM for the club though no doubt this will be frowned on by Pete who claims the position as the longest serving hasher (what business would survive on that basis?), however, if you want to go to Taz, Pete I will happily hand over to you! Course as we don't have an AGPU or even a definite committee there's no reason why anyone can't just claim the title. I've harped on about this before as since we are affiliated we should actually have a committee and despite the rightly relaxed approach adopted by hashers to organisation we are also one of the few in this country without. There have been a number of things recently that suggests a little bit more formality could be called for:

- Ray's still unpopular withdrawal of the club from the fun run league.
- The continual battering Phil as hash cash receives about finances, despite his visible efforts to put a lot back in to the club.
- The shame list we've found ourselves on for not sharing the 1000th run celebrations with external hashers.
- The rapid loss of form in the Grand Prix series which has forced us to add Ivan Luck to the list of non-hashing hashers in our attempts to recover some form.
- This year, for the first time for many years we were unable to field a team in the South Downs Relay at the last minute due to injury (where were the reserves?) despite the continued growth of Phil's excellent breakaway event.

Thankfully we do appear to be putting on a more friendly face to new hounds as there are a few new faces appearing and staying.

Budweiser frogs advise on the correct use for toilet roll:-



Whilst I personally feel that much of these items are more appropriate for a running club than a hash I believe the traditional hash ideal can work well with more serious running as long as there is structure to pull it together. At present we seem to be failing as a traditional hash and as a running club so let's think seriously about forming a committee to define the clubs direction and set a date for an annual general piss-up and run. Over to you Don.

Bouncer

Ladies and gentlemen of the class of '99 - **Drink Alcohol.**

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, alcohol would be it.

The long-term benefits of alcohol have been consistently misunderstood by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own drunken experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your alcohol tolerance. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your alcohol tolerance until it's faded.

But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself puking in a gutter and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much alcohol you drank and how fabulous it really was. You are not as sick as you imagine.

Don't worry about where the next beer is coming from. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to pull a page three model after 15 pints of Stella. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your drink-addled mind, like the unexpected lack of ale in the fridge on some idle Tuesday.

Drink one thing every day that scares you.

Sing badly.

Be reckless when buying other people drinks.

Don't put up with people who are reckless when buying yours.

Gargle.

Don't waste your time on shandy.

Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind.

The race is long and in the end, it's only to the bar.

Make up compliments you received. Return the insults.

If you don't succeed in doing this drink more beer now.

Keep your old ring pulls. Throw away your old cans.

Wretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know when you might dry-out in your life.

The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 when they would sober up.

Some of the most interesting 40-year-olds I know still haven't.

Get plenty of kebabs. Don't be too kind to your liver. You'll hardly miss it when it's gone.

Maybe you'll pull, Maybe you won't.

Maybe you'll get some bird up the duff, Maybe you won't.

Maybe you'll enter rehab at 40, Maybe you'll dance the nude conga at your 75th University Reunion.

Whatever you do, congratulate yourself far too much and berate others.

Your choices are half alcohol influenced. So are everybody else's.

Enjoy someone else's body. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what the lads might think of it. It's probably the only time you'll ever pull.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but on the street with a can of Special Brew.

Ignore the directions, don't ever follow them.

Do not read beauty magazines, just cut out the pictures and put them on your wall.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you'll have to tap them for some cash.

Be nice to your barman. They're your best link to the bar and the person most likely to stop you getting your head kicked by a bouncer when paralytic in the future.

Understand that favourite drinks come and go, but with a precious flammable few you should hold on.

Work hard to bridge the gaps in strength and consistency, because the older you get, the harder it will be to neck ales like when you were young.

Live in London once, but leave before it makes you a ponce.

Live in Liverpool once, but leave before everything you own gets stolen.

Dribble.

Accept certain inalienable truths:

Beer prices will rise. Bouncers will throw you out. You, too, will get a hangover.

And when you do, you'll fantasise that when you were young, prices were reasonable, bouncers couldn't catch you, and hangovers were NEVER as bad as this.

Respect alcoholics.

Don't expect anyone else to buy you a beer.

Maybe you'll have a huge overdraft. Maybe you'll have a wealthy bird.

But you never know when either one might stop getting you pissed.

Don't mess too much with alcopops or by the time you're 25 you will look like a faggot.

Be careful whose cheap booze you buy, but be patient with those who supply it.

Cheap booze is a form of rip-off. Dispensing it is a way of fishing old stock from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the sell-by date and re-selling it for more than it's worth.

But trust me on the alcohol.



Five Stages Of Drunkenness

Stage 1 - SMART

This is when you suddenly become an expert on every subject in the known universe. You know you know everything and you want to pass on your knowledge to anyone who will listen. At this stage you are always RIGHT. And, of course, the person you are talking to is very WRONG. This makes for an interesting argument when both parties are SMART.

Stage 2 - GOOD LOOKING

This is when you realise that you are the BEST LOOKING person in the entire bar and that people fancy you. You can go up to a perfect stranger knowing that they fancy you and really want to talk to you. Bear in mind that you are still SMART, so you can talk to this person about any subject under the sun.

Stage 3 - RICH

This is when you suddenly become the richest person in the world. You can buy drinks for the entire bar because you have an armoured truck full of money parked behind the bar. You can also make bets at this stage, because of course you're still SMART, so naturally, you will win all your bets. It doesn't matter how much you bet 'cos you are RICH. You will also buy drinks for everyone that you fancy, because you are now the BEST LOOKING person in the world.

Stage 4 - BULLET PROOF

You are now ready to pick fights with anyone and everyone, especially those with whom you have been betting or arguing. This is because nothing can hurt you. At this point you can also go up to the partners of the people who you fancy and challenge them to a battle of the wits or money. You have no fear of losing this battle, because you are SMART, you're RICH, and hell, you're better looking than them anyway!

Stage 5 - INVISIBLE

This is the final stage of Drunkenness. At this point you can do anything, because NO ONE CAN SEE YOU. You can dance on a table to impress the people whom you fancy because the rest of the people in the room cannot see you. You are also INVISIBLE to the person who wants to fight you. You can walk through the street singing at the top of your lungs because no one can see or hear you, and because you're still SMART you know ALL the words.



Till Death Cheer You On

When Philip the Handsome of Spain died almost 500 years ago, having drunk himself to death, his wife Joanna took to drink – and never again became sober enough to leave their marital bed.

For company, she kept Philip's corpse in bed next to her for three years, drinking toasts to his health every morning and evening. Her subjects named her Joanna the Mad.

The smells from the corpse (no longer handsome) finally forced servants to remove it after Joanna passed out one day – and she continued toasting it, never even knowing it had gone!

from *The Hangover Book*

Hangover Clinic

The world's first hangover clinic, which opened in London in 1971 [good location!], offered sufferers the following treatment:

First you have a sauna to sweat out the last of the alcohol still lurking in your bloodstream. This is followed by a fruit-sugar preparation laced with vitamins B1, B6, C and garden mint. Next you are given a few gulps of pure oxygen. Then, to help your screaming intestines absorb all that goodness, you get a "gentle and sympathetic" massage, a spirit alcohol rub and, as a grand finale and tribute to the virtues of teetotalism, a nice strong cuppa tea.

Boasted Managing Director Connor Walsh: "You go out fresh as a two-year old!"



"Don't be upset, Pinocchio – he was only a one-day cricket."

BRAHMS & LISZTS – PART 1 TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE ...

<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE FRENCH:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. When speaking fast you can make yourself sound gay. 2. Experience the joy of winning the World Cup for the first time after drugging the opposition. 3. You get to eat insect food like snails and frog's legs. 4. If there's a war you can surrender really early. 5. You don't have to read the subtitles on those late night films on Channel 4. 6. You can test your own nuclear weapons in other people's countries. 7. You can be ugly and still become a famous film star 8. Allow Germans to march up and down your most famous street humiliating your sense of national pride. 9. You don't have to bother with toilets, just go in the street. 10. People think you're a great lover even when you're not. 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE ENGLISH</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Two World Wars and One World Cup-doo-dah, doo-dah 2. Warm beer. 3. You get to confuse everyone with the rules of cricket. 4. You get to accept defeat graciously in major sporting events. 5. Union jack underpants. 6. Water shortages guaranteed every single summer. 7. You can live in the past and imagine you are still a world power. 8. Bathing once a week - whether you need to or not. 9. Ditto changing underwear. 10. Beats being Welsh. 10a. Or Scottish. 10b. Or N. Oirish. 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE ITALIAN:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. In-depth knowledge of bizarre pasta shapes. 2. Unembarrassed to wear fur. 3. No need to worry about tax returns. 4. Glorious military history prior to 400 a.d. 5. Can wear sunglasses inside. 6. Political instability. 7. Flexible working hours. 8. Live near the Pope. 9. Can spend hours braiding girlfriend's armpit hair. 10. Country run by Sicilian murderers.
<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE AMERICAN</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. You can have a woman president without electing her 2. You can spell colour wrong and get away with it. 3. You can call Budweiser 'beer'. 4. You can be a crook and still be president. 5. If you've got enough money you can get elected to do nothing. 6. If you can breathe you can get a gun 7. You get to be really obese 8. You can play golf in the most hideous clothes ever made and nobody seems to care. 9. You get to call everyone you've ever met "buddy". 10. You can think you're the greatest nation on earth. 10a When you're not. 10b At all. 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE SOUTH AFRICAN</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Being able to win the world cup rugby the first time you enter the competition. 2. Get to eat raw dried meat and call it a treat. 3. Stable and politically safe economy. 4. Thinking that gays only live outside the country. 5. Having a flag which looks more like Joseph's Technicolor dream coat 6. Having 11 official languages and only being able to speak one 7. Having an ex convict as your president. 8. Having one of the most honest postal services in the world. 9. Being able to charge tourists to visit areas of unrest 10. You can drive drunk 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE INDIAN</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1a. Dosai. 1. Chicken Madras. 2. Lamb Passanda. 3. Onion Bhaji. 4. Bombay Potato. 5. Chicken Tikka Masala. 6. Rogan Josh. 7. Popadoms. 8. Chicken Dopiaza. 9. Meat Boona. 10. Kingfisher lager.
<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE CANADIAN</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It beats being an American. 2. Only country to successfully invade the US and burn its capital to the ground. 3. You can play ice hockey 12 months a year, outdoors. 4. Only country to successfully invade the US and burn its capital to the ground. 5. Where else can you travel 1000 miles over fresh water in a canoe? 6. A political leader can admit to smoking pot and his/her popularity ratings will rise. 7. Only country to successfully invade the US and burn its capital to the ground. 8. Kill Grizzly bears with huge shotguns and cover your house in their skins. 9. Own-an-Eskimo scheme. 10. Only country to successfully invade the US and burn its capital to the ground. 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE IRISH</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Guinness. 2. 18 children because you can't use contraceptives. 3. You can get into a fight just by marching down someone's road. 4. Pubs never close. 5. Get to eat potatoes with every meal for the rest of your life. 6. No one can ever remember the night before. 7. Kill people you don't agree with. 8. Stew. 9. More Guinness. 10. Eating stew and drinking Guinness in an Irish pub at 3 in the morning after a bout of sectarian violence. <p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE WELSH</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. You've got to be having a laugh, haven't you? 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE GERMAN</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.
<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE AUSTRALIAN:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Know your great-grand-dad was murdering scum that no civilised nation on earth wanted. 2. Fosters Lager (although it's brewed in the UK!) 3. Dispossess Aborigines who have lived in your country for 4,000 years because you think it belongs to you. 4. Annihilate England every time you play them at cricket. 5. Tact and sensitivity. 6. Bondi Beach. 7. Other beaches. 8. Liberated attitude to homosexuals. 9. Being the world champs at Aussie Rules football. 10. Very well mannered and cultured. 	<p>TEN REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE SPANISH</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Glorious history of killing South American tribes. 2. The rest of Europe thinks Africa begins at the Pyrenees. 3. You get your beaches invaded by Germans, Danes, Brits, etc. 4. The rest of your country is already invaded by Moroccans. 5. Everybody else makes lousy paella and claims it's the real thing. 6. Honesty. 7. Only sure way of bedding a woman is to dress up in stupid, tight clothes and risk your life in front of bulls. 8. You get to eat bulls' testicles. 9. Gibraltar. 10. Supported Argentina in Falklands War. 	 <p>The Vikings, of course, knew the importance of stretching before an attack.</p>

Subject: why did the chicken cross the road?

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER: To get to the other side.
PLATO: For the greater good
ARISTOTLE: It is the nature of chickens to cross roads.
KARL MARX: It was an historical inevitability.
TIMOTHY LEARY: Because that's the only trip the establishment would let it take.
SADDAM HUSSEIN: This was an unprovoked act of rebellion and we were quite justified in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas on it.
RONALD REAGAN: I forget.
CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK: To boldly go where no chicken has gone before.
HIPPOCRATES: Because of an excess of phlegm in its pancreas.
ANDERSEN CONSULTING: Deregulation of the chicken's side of the road was threatening its dominant market position. The chicken was faced with significant challenges to create and develop the competencies required for the newly competitive market. Andersen Consulting, in a partnering relationship with the client, helped the chicken by rethinking its physical distribution strategy and implementation processes. Using the Poultry Integration Model (PIM), Andersen Consulting helped the chicken use its skills, methodologies, knowledge, capital and experiences to align the chicken's people, processes and technology in support of its overall strategy within a Program Management framework. Andersen Consulting convened a diverse cross-spectrum of road analysts and best chickens along with Andersen consultants with deep skills in the transportation industry to engage in a two-day itinerary of meetings in order to leverage their personal knowledge capital, both tacit and explicit, and to enable them to synergise with each other in order to achieve the implicit goals in delivering and successfully architecting and implementing an enterprise-wide value framework across the continuum of poultry cross-median processes. The meeting was held in a park-like setting, enabling and creating an impactful environment which was strategically based, industry-focused, and built upon a consistent, clear, and unified market message and aligned with the chicken's mission, vision, and core values. This was conducive towards the creation of a total business integration solution. Andersen Consulting helped the chicken change to become more successful.

LOUIS FARRAKHAN: The road, you see represents the black man. The chicken "crossed" the black man in order to trample him and keep him down.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.: I envision a world where all chickens will be free to cross roads without having their motives called into question.

MOSES: And God came down from the Heavens, and he said unto the chickens, "Thou shalt cross the road". And the chicken crossed the road, and there was much rejoicing.

FOX MULDER: You saw it cross the road with your own eyes. How many more chickens have to cross the road before you believe it?

RICHARD M. NIXON: The chicken did not cross the road. I repeat, the chicken did NOT cross the road.

MACHIARELLI: The point is that the chicken crosses the road. Who cares why? The end of crossing the road justifies whatever motive there was.

JERRY SEINFELD: Why does anyone cross the road? I mean, why doesn't anyone ever think to ask, what the heck was this chicken doing walking around all over the place, anyway?

FREUD: The fact that you are at all concerned that the chicken crossed the road reveals your underlying sexual insecurity.

BILL GATES: I have just released the new Chicken Office 2000, which will not only cross roads, but will lay eggs, file your important documents, and balance your checkbook.

OLIVER STONE: The question is not, "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Rather, it is, "Who was crossing the road at the same time, whom we overlooked in our haste to observe the chicken crossing?"

DARWIN: Chickens, over great periods of time, have been naturally selected in such a way that they are now genetically disposed to cross the roads.

EINSTEIN: Whether the chicken crossed the road or the road moved beneath the chicken depends on your frame of reference.

BUDDHA: Asking this question denies your own chicken nature.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: The chicken did not cross the road. It transcended it.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: To die. In the rain.

COLONEL SANDERS: I missed one?

The last thing you take off before going to bed: Your feet
Something that makes you scream: A squirrel
Something you have with coffee: The Sunday Sport
Name a song with moon in the title - Blue Suede moon
Something that flies that doesn't have an engine: A bicycle with wings
Something with a red light on it: A Dalek

Have a history teacher explain this----- if they can?

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860.
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

The names Lincoln and Kennedy each contain seven letters.

Both were particularly concerned with civil rights.

Both wives lost their children while living in the White House.

Both Presidents were shot on a Friday.
Both Presidents were shot in the head.

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
Kennedy's Secretary was named Lincoln.

Both were assassinated by Southerners.
Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.
Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.
Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939.

Both assassins were known by their three names.
Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Lincoln was shot at the theater named 'Ford.'
Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford.'

Booth ran from the theater and was caught in a warehouse.
Oswald ran from a warehouse and was caught in a theater

Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

And here's the kicker...

A week before Lincoln was shot, he was in Monroe, Maryland.
A week before Kennedy was shot, he was in Marilyn Monroe.

Actual answers given on 'Family Fortunes'

A famous Scotsman - Vinnie Jones
A famous Scotsman - Jock
An item of clothing worn by the Three Musketeers - A horse
A jacket potato topping - Jam
A food that can be brown or white - Potatoes
A sign of the zodiac - April
A job a working dog does: Slave.
Something with a hole in it - A Window
Something you might be allergic to - Skiing
A type of large cat: Persian
A type of record: Floppy disc.
Something associated with pigs - the police
A non living object with legs - A Plant
A domestic animal - Leopard
Name something Red - My cardigan
A kind of ache - Fillet 'O' Fish
From a contestant who was a SOUP salesman:
A food that can be easily eaten without chewing: Er, chips?
Something you beat: An apple
A dangerous race (i.e. motor race or summat): The Arabs
A number you have to memorize - Seven
Name a famous brother & sister - Bonnie & Clyde
Name something that floats in the bath - Water
Something in the garden that's green - Shed
Something a blind man might use: A sword
Something you wear on the beach: A deckchair
A famous cowboy: Buck Rogers
An animal you might see at the zoo: A dog
A famous bridge: The Bridge Over Troubled Waters
A part of the body beginning with 'N' - Knee
Something you put on walls - Roofs
Something you do in the bathroom - Decorate
A famous Royal: Mail
Something slippery: A con-man
A way of cooking fish: Cod
A form of transport you can walk around in: My foot
A method of securing your home: Put the kettle on
Something you do before going to bed: Sleep
Something a cat does: Goes to the toilet
An animal beginning with the letter B: Bullfrog
Something you open other than a door: Your bowels



This wind-up article appeared recently in an American magazine under the headline "Advice For Tourists". By all accounts it was taken seriously by a lot of people....	
<p>The Brits have peculiar words for many things. Money is referred to as "goolies" in slang, so you should for instance say "I'd love to come to the pub but I haven't got any goolies." "Quid" is the modern word for what was once called a "shilling" -- the equivalent of seventeen cents American.</p> <p>If you are fond of someone, you should tell him he is a "great tosser" -- he will be touched. The English are a notoriously tactile, demonstrative people, and if you want to fit in you should hold hands with your acquaintances and tossers when you walk down the street.</p> <p>Habits - Ever since their Tory government wholeheartedly embraced full union with Europe, the Brits have been attempting to adopt certain continental customs, such as the large midday meal followed by a two or three hour siesta, which they call a "wank." As this is still a fairly new practice in Britain, it is not uncommon for people to oversleep (alarm clocks, alas, do not work there due to the magnetic pull from Greenwich). If you are late for supper, simply apologize and explain that you were having a wank -- everyone will understand and forgive you.</p> <p>Universities - University archives and manuscript collections are still governed by quaint medieval rules retained out of respect for tradition; hence patrons are expected to bring to the reading rooms their own ink-pots and a small knife for sharpening their pens. Observing these customs will signal the librarians that you are "in the know" -- one of the inner circle, as it were, for the rules are unwritten and not posted anywhere in the library. Likewise, it is customary to kiss the librarian on both cheeks when he/she brings a manuscript you've requested, a practice dating back to the reign of Henry VI.</p> <p>One of the most delightful ways to spend an afternoon in Oxford or Cambridge is gliding gently down the river in one of their flat-bottomed boats, which you propel using a long pole. This is known as "cottaging." Many of the boats (called "yer-i-nals") are privately owned by the colleges, but there are some places that rent them to the public by the hour. Just tell a professor or policeman that you are interested in doing some cottaging and would like to know where the public yerinals are. The poles must be treated with vegetable oil to protect them from the water, so it's a good idea to buy a can of Mazola and have it on you when you ask directions to the yerinals. That way people will know you are an experienced cottager.</p> <p>Food - British cuisine enjoys a well deserved reputation as the most sublime gastronomic pleasure available to man. Thanks to today's robust dollar, the American traveler can easily afford to dine out several times a week (rest assured that a British meal is worth interrupting your afternoon wank for). Few foreigners are aware that there are several grades of meat in the UK. The best cuts of meat, like the best bottles of gin, bear Her Majesty's seal, called the</p>	<p>British Stamp of Excellence (BSE). When you go to a fine restaurant, tell your waiter you want BSE beef and won't settle for anything less. If he balks at your request, custom dictates that you jerk your head imperiously back and forth while rolling your eyes to show him who is boss. Once the waiter realizes you are a person of discriminating taste, he may offer to let you peruse the restaurant's list of exquisite British wines. If he doesn't, you should order one anyway.</p> <p>The best wine grapes grow on the steep, chalky hillsides of Yorkshire and East Anglia -- try an Ely '84 or Ripon '88 for a rare treat indeed. When the bill for your meal comes it will show a suggested amount. Pay whatever you think is fair, unless you plan to dine there again, in which case you should simply walk out; the restaurant host will understand that he should run a tab for you.</p> <p>Transportation - Public taxis are subsidized by Her Majesty's Government. A taxi ride in London costs two pounds, no matter how far you travel. If a taxi driver tries to overcharge you, you should yell "I think not, you charlatan!", then grab the nearest policeman (bobby) and have the driver disciplined. It is rarely necessary to take a taxi, though, since bus drivers are required to make detours at patrons' requests. Just board any bus, pay your fare of thruppence (the heavy gold-colored coins are "pence"), and state your destination clearly to the driver, e.g.: "Please take me to the British Library." A driver will frequently try to have a bit of harmless fun by pretending he doesn't go to your requested destination. Ignore him, as he is only teasing the American tourist (little does he know you're not so ignorant!).</p> <p>For those travelling on a shoestring budget, the London Tube may be the most economical way to get about, especially if you are a woman. Chivalry is alive and well in Britain, and ladies still travel for free on the Tube. Simply take some tokens from the baskets at the base of the escalators or on the platforms; you will find one near any of the state-sponsored Tube musicians.</p> <p>Once on the platform, though, beware! Approaching trains sometimes disturb the large Gappe bats that roost in the tunnels. The Gappes were smuggled into London in the early 19th century by French saboteurs and have proved impossible to exterminate. The announcement "Mind the Gappel!" is a signal that you should grab your hair and look towards the ceiling. Very few people have ever been killed by Gappes, though, and they are considered only a minor drawback to an otherwise excellent means of transportation.</p> <p>One final note: for preferential treatment when you arrive at Heathrow airport, announce that you are a member of Shin Fane (an international Jewish peace organization -- the "shin" stands for "shalom"). As savvy travellers know, this little white lie will assure you priority treatment as you make your way through customs.</p>

"Horoscopes" by Adam Sandler	
Aquarius (Jan 23 - Feb 22) You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. You make the same mistakes repeatedly because you are stupid. Everyone thinks you are a fucking jerk.	Leo (July 23 - Aug 22) - You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are an idiot. Most Leos are bullies. You are vain and cannot tolerate criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieving motherfuckers and enjoy masturbation more than sex.
Pisces (Feb 23 - Mar 22) You are a pioneer type and think most people are dickheads. You are quick to reprimand, impatient, and full of advice. You do nothing but piss-off everyone you come in contact with. You are a prick.	Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 22) - You are the logical type and hate disorder. Your shit-picking attitude is sickening to your friends and co-workers. You are cold and unemotional and often fall asleep while fucking. Virgos make good bus drivers and pimps.
Aries (Mar 23 - April 22) You have a wild imagination and often think you are being followed by the FBI or CIA. You have minor influence on your friends and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are a general dipshit.	Libra (Sept 23 - Oct 22) - You are the artistic type and have a difficult time dealing with reality. Chances for employment and monetary gain are nil. Most Libra women are whores. All Libras die of venereal disease.
Taurus (April 23 - May 22) You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bullheaded. You are nothing but a goddamned communist.	Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 22) - You are the worst of the lot. You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. You are the perfect son-of-a-bitch. Most Scorpions are murdered.
Gemini (May 23 - June 22) You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. You are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are a cheap bastard. Geminis are notorious for thriving on incest.	Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 22) - You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on your luck since you have no talent. You are a worthless piece of shit.
Cancer (June 23 - July 22) You are sympathetic and understanding of other people's problems, which makes you a sucker. You are always putting things off. That is why you will always be on welfare and won't be worth a shit. Everyone in prison is a Cancer.	Capricorn (Dec 23 - Jan 22) - You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You are basically chickenshit. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance.

On the day of the wedding, Sophie was getting dressed, surrounded by all her family, and she suddenly realised she had forgotten to get any shoes.

Panic.

Then her sister remembered that she had a pair of white shoes from her wedding so she lent them to Sophie for the day. Unfortunately they were a bit too small and by the time the festivities were over Sophie's feet were in agony.

When she and Edward withdrew to their room the only thing she could think of was getting her shoes off.

The rest of the Family crowded round the door to the bedroom and they heard roughly what they expected, grunts, straining noises and the occasional muffled scream. Eventually they heard Edward say 'God, that was tight.'

'There,' whispered the Queen. 'I told you she was a virgin.'

Then, to their surprise, they heard Edward say. 'Right. Now for the other one.'

Followed by more grunting and straining and at last Edward said:

'My God. That was even tighter.'

'That's my boy,' said the Duke. 'Once a sailor, always a sailor.'

THE PENIS GALLERY



THE BEATLES

LITTLE JOHNNY THROUGH THE YEARS...

Little Johnny, with his Mother & Father is visiting the circus. The elephants walk out into the circus ring and Johnny says to his mother, ""What's that?" "That's the elephant's tail," she replies. "No, under the tail," says the youngster. The mother is clearly embarrassed and says "Oh, nothing." The boy turns to his father and repeats the same question. His father looks and says, "That's the elephant's penis, son." "So, why did mum say it was nothing?" asks Johnny. The father draws himself up to his full height and says, "Son, I've spoiled that woman!"

A salesman goes up to a house and knocks on the door. It's opened by a four-year old boy, little Johnny, who has a lit cigar in one hand, a glass of whisky in the other and a hard core porn magazine under his arm.
Salesman: "Hello sonny. Is your mum or dad in?"
Little Johnny: "What the fuck do you think?"

When he was 5 little Johnny asked his teacher if he could go to the bathroom, so she said yes. When he went to wipe his bum there was no toilet paper so he used his hands. When he got back to class his teacher asked "What do you have in your hand?"
Johnny thought quickly and said, "A little leprechaun, and if I open my hand he'll get scared away." He was then sent to the principals office and the principal asked him, "What do you have in your hand?" So little Johnny said, "A little leprechaun, and if I open my hands he'll get scared away." He was sent home and his mum asked him "What do you have in your hand." So the little boy said, "A little leprechaun, and if I open my hands he'll get scared away." He was sent to his room and his dad came in and said, "What do you have in your hand?" So again Johnny said, "A little leprechaun, and if I open my hands he'll get scared away." Then his Dad got really mad and yelled, "Open your hands!" And the little boy said, "Look Dad you scared the crap out of him!"

Johnny at 6 comes home from school and says to his mom, "Mom, I've got a problem."
She says "Tell me"
He tells her that the boys at school are using two words he doesn't understand. She asks him what they are. He says "well, pussy and bitch."
She says, "Oh that's no big deal, pussy is a cat like our little Mittens, and bitch is a female dog like our Sandy."
He thanks her and goes to visit dad in the workshop in the basement. He says to his dad, ""Dad, the boys at school are using words I don't know and I asked mom and I don't think she told me the exact meaning."
Dad says, "Son, I told you never to go to mom with these matters, she can't handle them. What are the words?" He tells him... pussy and bitch. Dad says, "OK," and pulls a Playboy down from the shelf, takes a marker and circles the pubic area of the centrefold and says, "Son, everything inside this circle is pussy."
"OK, dad, so what's a bitch?"
"Son," he says, "everything outside that circle!"

Little 10-year old Johnny goes for a long weekend with his uncle, a wealthy farm owner.
One evening, as Uncle John and his wife are entertaining guests with cocktails, they are interrupted by an out-of breath Johnny who shouts out, "Uncle John! Come quick! The bull is fucking the cow!"
Uncle John, highly embarrassed, takes young Johnny aside, and explains that a certain amount of decorum is required. "You should have said, 'The bull is surprising the cow'. Not some filth picked up in the playground," he says.
A few days later, Johnny comes in again as his uncle and aunt are entertaining.
"Uncle John! The bull is surprising the cows!"
The adults share a knowing grin. Uncle John says, "Thank you Johnny, but surely you meant to say the cow, not cows. A bull cannot 'surprise' more than one cow at a time, you know..."
"Yes he can!" replies his obstinate nephew, "He's fucking the horse!"

A teacher asked her students to use the word "fascinate" in a sentence. Mary said, My family went to the Museum of Natural History, and we saw all the dinosaurs. It was fascinating."
The teacher said, "That was good, but I wanted the word 'fascinate'." Sally raised her hand. She said, "My family went o the Philadelphia Zoo and saw all the animals. I was fascinated."
The teacher said, "Good, but I wanted the word 'fascinate'." Little Johnny raised his hand. The teacher hesitated because Johnny was noted for his bad language. She finally decided there was no way he could damage the word "fascinate" so she called on him.
Little Johnny said, "My sister's sweater has 10 buttons, but her tit's are so big she can only fasten 8.

The teacher asks her class to use the word 'contagious'.
Roland, the teacher's pet, gets up and says, "Last year I got the measles and my Mum said it was contagious."
Well done, Roland" says the teacher. "Can anyone else try?"
Katie, a sweet little girl with pigtails, says, "My grandma says there's a bug going round, and it's contagious."
"Well done, Katie" says the teacher. "Anyone else?"
Little Johnny jumps up and says, "Our next door neighbour was painting his house with a two-inch brush and my Dad says it will take the contagious".

The third grade teacher was teaching English and repeated for her class, "Mary had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go."
She explained that this was an example of poetry, but could be changed to prose by changing the last line from "the lamb was sure to go" to "the lamb went with her."
A few days later she asked for an example of poetry or prose. Johnny raised his hand and recited, "Mary had a little pig, an ornery little runt, he stuck his nose in Mary's clothes, and smelled her little-"
He stopped and asked the teacher if she wanted poetry or prose. "Prose!" the teacher said weakly.
So Johnny said, "Asshole".

A professor of chemistry wanted to teach his 5th grade class a lesson about the evils of liquor, so he produced an experiment that involved a glass of water, a glass of whiskey and two worms.
"Now class. Observe closely the worms", said the professor putting a worm first into the water. The worm in the water writhed about, happy as a worm in water could be. The second worm, he put into the whiskey. It writhed painfully, and quickly sank to the bottom, dead as a doornail.
"Now, what lesson can we derive from this experiment?" the professor asked.
Johnny, who naturally sits in back, raised his hand and wisely, responded, "Drink whiskey and you won't get worms."

A young punker (you guessed it, Little Johnny – now 14!) gets on a cross-town bus. He's got spiked, multicolored hair that's green, purple, and orange. His clothes are a tattered mix of colorful leather rags. His legs are bare and he is without shoes. His entire face and body are riddled with pierced jewelry, and his earrings are big, bright feathers. He sits down in the only vacant seat, directly across from an old man who just stares at him for the next ten miles.
Finally, the punk gets self-conscious and barks at the old man: "What are you staring at, you old fart... didn't you ever do anything wild when you were young?" Without missing a beat, the old man replies, "Yeah. back when I was young and in the Navy. I got really drunk in Singapore and fucked a parrot. I thought maybe you were my son."

Little Johnny goes to school, and the teacher says, 'Today we are going to learn multi-syllable words, class. Does anybody have an example of a multi-syllable word?'
Little Johnny waves his hand, 'Me, miss, me, me!'
Teacher says 'All right, little Johnny, what is your multi-syllable word?'
Little Johnny says, 'Mas-tur-bate.'
Teacher smiles and says, 'Wow, little Johnny, that's a mouthful.'
Little Johnny says, 'No, miss, you're thinking of a blowjob. I'm talking about a wank.'

One day, a 12 year old boy walks into a brothel, dragging a dead frog behind him and says, "Hello, I'd like a girl for the night."
The madam says, "I'm afraid you're too young for one of my girls."
So he gets out his wallet and gives her £200, to which she says, "She'll be waiting for you upstairs."
The boy says, "But she's got to have active herpes."
"But all my girls are clean!"
So out comes another £200.
The madam says, "Okay."
So the boy goes upstairs, dragging the dead frog. Half an hour later, he

IT IS AN ODD THING THAT ANY ONE OF THE MAORITY OF PEOPLE WHO READ THIS TRIANGLE WILL CARRY ON READING IT RIGHT UP TO THE ABSOLUTE AND BITTER END!!!!!!

comes back down, still dragging the dead frog. By now the madam is curious and asks, "Why did you come in here dragging a dead frog, and asking for a girl with active herpes?"
"Well," he says, "When I get home I'll fuck the baby-sitter, and she'll get it. Then when my parents get home, Dad will drive her home and have sex on eth way, so he'll get it. Later, Mum and dad will make love, and she'll get it. Then, when Dad has gone to work, the milkman will come round and fuck my mum, and he'll get it. And he's the fucker who killed my frog!"

BRAHMS AND LISZTS - PART 2 - BIT RUDE

WORST DRINK:

The most horrible drink to be considered a beverage and safely drunk is Khoona. It is drunk by Afghani tribes men on their wedding night and consists of a small amount of still-warm very recently attained bull semen. It is believed to be a potent aphrodisiac.

MOST OFFENSIVE COCKTAIL:

Available from a few select bars in New York. It contains tomato juice, a double shot of vodka, a spoonful of French mustard and a dash of lime. It is not mixed, but served with a tampon (unused) instead of a cocktail umbrella and is known as a Cunt Pump'.

GREATEST DISTANCE ATTAINED FOR A JET OF SEMEN:

Horst Schultz achieved 18 ft 9 in with a 'substantial' amount of seminal fluid. He also hold the records for the greatest height (12ft 4in) and the greatest speed of ejaculation, or muzzle velocity, with 42.7mph.

LONGEST TURD:

The longest dump ever verified was produced by an American, who produced a staggering turd' over a period of 2 hr 12 mins which was officially measured at 12 ft 2in. The offender is banned from 134 washrooms in his state.

MOST PROLONGED FART.:

Bernard Clemmens of London managed to sustain a fart for an officially recorded time of 2 mins 42 seconds.

LONGEST BOOGER

The longest dried booger trail was found under a table at a well-known pubic school. It was measured at 26 2/3 inches long.

MOST SEMEN SWALLOWED:

Michelle Monaghan had 1.7 pints of semen pumped out of her stomach in Los Angeles in July 1991.

LONGEST PUBES:

Maoni Vi of Cape Town has hair measuring 32 inches from the armpits and 28 inches from her minge.

MOST CAVERNOUS CROTCH:

Linda Manning of Los Angeles could, without preparation, completely insert a lubricated American football into her vagina. (one word: OhMyFuckingGod!)

This one you have to read OUT LOUD....say it...it is funny....

Learn Chinese in 5 minutes

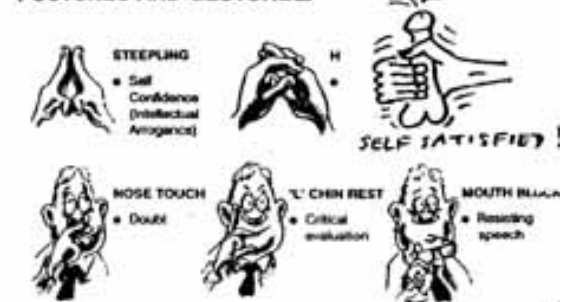
English phrase	Chinese Interpretation
Are you harboring a fugitive?	Hu Yu Hai Ding?
See me A.S.A.P.	Kum Hia Nao
Stupid Man	Dum Gai
Small Horse	Tai Ni Po Ni
Your price is too high!	No Bai Dam Ting
Did you go to the beach?	Wai Yu So Tan?
I bumped into a coffee table.	Ai Bang Mai Ni
I think you need a face lift.	Chin Tu Fat
It's very dark in here.	Wai So Dim?
Has your flight been delayed?	Hao Long Wei Ting?
That was an unauthorized execution	Lin Ching
I thought you were on a diet.	Wai Yu Mun Ching?
This is a tow away zone.	No Pah King
You know the lyrics to the Macarena?	Wai Yu Sing Dum Song?
You are not very bright.	Yu So Dum
I got this for free	Ai No Pei
I am not guilty	Wai Hang Mi?
Please, stay a while longer.	Wai Go Noa?
Our meeting was scheduled for next week.	Wai Yu Kum Noa?
They have arrived.	Hia Dei Kum
Stay out of sight.	Lei Lo
He's cleaning his automobile.	Wa Shing Ka
Your body odor is offensive.	Hu Man Go!
Pew! Does this bathroom stink!	Hu Flung Dung?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



There are 10 differences in the two pictures
Can you spot them.

POSTURES AND GESTURES:



A memo from the controller of the BBC Editorial Policy set out the problems of using swearwords on Television. Just in case staff didn't get the message, it ended with a solemn table showing the percentage chance of words being offensive.

I guess we're in the shit again!

Table of swear words

			%
Fuck	92	Shit	28
Cunt	92	Piss	23
Motherfucker	90	Tosser	22
Wanker	62	Jesus	21
Nigger	56	Bugger	17
Bastard	50	God	15
Prick	49	Crap	12
Arsehole	48	Git	10
Bollocks	43	Pillock	9
Spastic	41	Bloody	6
Twat	34	Damn	3



BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN... AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

A thirty-three year-old blonde was feeling a bit menopausal, so she decided to have a facelift for her birthday. So, she spends £5,000 at a top Harley Street clinic, and really feels good about the results. On her way home she stops at WH Smiths to buy a newspaper. But, before leaving she says to the guy at the counter, "I hope you don't mind my asking, but how old do you think I am?"

"About 25,love" was the reply. Feeling really excited, she tells him she's really 33. After that she goes into a McDonald's for lunch and asks the cashier the same question, to which he replies, "Oh, you look about 22." Again she thanks the man and tells him she's really 33. This again makes her feel real good. So while standing at a bus stop she asks a well-dressed old gent the same question. He replies, "I am 85 years old and my eyesight is going. But, when I was young, there was a sure way of telling a beautiful girls age. If I put my hands down your blouse and play with your tits for ten minutes, I will be able to tell your exact age. It's such a precise art, that if I don't get it exactly right, I'll give you £5,000"

As there was no one around the blonde thought what the hell – the worst that can happen is that I'll have had a free face-lift. So she lets the old man slip his hand into her bra and jiggle her tits about. Ten minutes later the old man says, "OK, it's done. You're 33."

Stunned, the blonde replies, "That was brilliant! How were you able to tell?"

The old man replies, "I was behind you in McDonald's!"

A blonde, a brunette and a redhead enter an elevator. As they walk in they notice a small puddle of white liquid on the floor of the elevator. The brunette bends down for a closer look, and states, very matter of factly, "It looks like cum."

The redhead stoops down a little closer, takes a deep breath through her nose, and proclaims, "Yes, and it smells like cum."

The blonde stoops down yet closer, puts the tip of her finger into the puddle, touches it to her tongue and exclaims, "Well, it's nobody from our building!"

A rather well-proportioned blonde, spent almost all of her vacation sunbathing on the roof of her hotel. She wore a bathing suit the first day but, on the second, she decided that no one could see her way up there, and she slipped out of it for an overall tan.

She'd hardly begun when she heard someone running up the stairs; she was lying on her stomach, so she just pulled a towel over her rear.

"Excuse me, miss," said the flustered little assistant manager of the hotel, out of breath from running up the stairs. "The hotel doesn't mind you sunbathing on the roof, but we would very much appreciate your wearing a bathing suit as you did yesterday."

"What difference does it make," she asked rather calmly. "No one can see me up here, and besides, I'm covered with a towel."

"Not exactly," said the embarrassed little man. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

A blonde woman competed with a brunette woman and a redheaded woman in the Breast Stroke division of an English Channel swim competition. The brunette came in first, the redhead second. The blonde woman finally reached shore completely exhausted. After being revived with blankets and a cup of hot steaming coffee, she remarked:"I don't want to complain, but I think those other two girls used their arms"

A blonde and brunette are in an elevator. On the third floor a man gets on who's perfect: 3-piece suit, great build with a nice butt, the bad part is they both noticed, he had dandruff. The man gets off on the 5th floor. Once the doors closed the brunette turned to the blonde and said, "Someone should give him 'Head & Shoulders.'"

To which the blonde replied, "How do you give 'Shoulders'?"

THE FLYING BLONDE

A blonde, went to a helicopter flight training, wanting to learn to fly that day. The owner agreed to send her up, and instruct her by radio. He showed her the start up, and basic procedures, and up she went. At 1000 feet, she radioed. "I'm doing great! I love it! I'm really getting the hang of it!"

The instructor watched her climb to over 3000 feet, then watched in horror as the helicopter began a dive and crashed nearby. He ran over and pulled her from the wreck asking, "What happened?"

She said: "I don't know! Everything was going fine, until I got cold and turned off that big fan."

HORSEBACK RIDING

A blonde had a near death experience the other day when she went horseback riding. Everything was going fine until the horse started bouncing out of control. She tried with all her might to hang on, but was thrown off.

With her foot caught in the stirrups, she fell head-first to the ground. Her head continued to bounce on the ground as the horse did not stop or even slow down.

Just as she was giving up hope and losing consciousness, the Supermarket manager came out and unplugged the horse.

A bartender was sitting behind the bar on a typical day, when the door burst open and in came four exuberant blondes.

They came up to the bar and ordered 5 bottles of champagne and ten glasses. They took their order over and sat at a large table. The corks were popped, the glasses filled, and they began chanting, "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Two more blondes arrived and joined their voices chanting, "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Soon 3 more blondes arrived and they took up their drinks and joined in the chant, "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Finally the 10th blonde arrived with a picture under her arm. She walked over to the table, set the picture in the middle and the table erupted. Up jumped the others, and they began dancing around the table, exchanging high 5's, all the while chanting, "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

The bartender couldn't contain his curiosity any longer, so he walked over to the table. There in the centre was a beautifully framed child's puzzle of the cookie monster.

When the frenzy dies down a bit the bartender asks one of the blondes, "what's all the chanting and celebration about?"

The blond who brought in the picture piped up, "Everyone thinks that blondes are dumb and they make fun of us. So, we decided to set the record straight. Ten of us got together, bought the puzzle and put it together. The side of the box said 2 - 4 years, but we put it together in 51 days!"

A brunette, a blonde and a redhead are all in third grade. Who has the biggest tits?

The blonde because she's 18.

A blonde, a brunette, and a redhead were lost in the desert. They were driving around in a Jeep when it broke down, because they had nothing else they decided to each take a piece of the Jeep as they continued their journey.

The brunette took the radiator, the redhead took the seat, and the blonde took the door.

After a while of walking the redhead asked the brunette "I'm confused, why did you bring the radiator?"

The brunette responded, "If I get thirsty, I can drink the fluid."

Next the blonde asked the redhead "Why did you bring the seat?"

So the redhead said "If I get tired, I am not going to sit on the sand. I can sit on this comfortable seat."

Finally the brunette asked the blonde why she had chosen the door.

The blonde quickly responded to this question, "Well, when I get hot all I have to do is roll down the window."

Then there was the blonde who got locked into the bathroom.

She was in there so long she peed in her pants