

What did the slug say to the snail? *Big Issue!*

BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Trash #55 Winter 2000

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. no.
09-October-00	1164	Bull	Shermanbury	212182	Hugh Martin	01273 494200
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next round- about. Pub is on the left hand side about 1 mile past Henfield on the A281 Cowfold Road. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins.						
16-October-00	1165	Thatched Inn	Keymer	315158	Louis & Steve	01273 845899
Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 towards Ditchling. Take left turn after 1 mile, then left at t-junction and immediately right up Ockley Lane. Pub is set back about 1/2 mile on left. Est. 15 mins.						
23-October-00	1166	The Wheatsheaf, Mannings Heath		239286	Bouncer & Ray	01273 592885
Directions: Take A23 to Handcross, then A279 west towards Horsham. Wheatsheaf after 1.5 miles. 30 mins.						
30-October-00	1167	Sportsman	Goddards Green	286202	Ed & David	01273 884283
Directions: Take A23 to A2300 Burgess Hill turn-off. Turn right for Goddards Green at first roundabout. Pub is on left hand side after 1/4 mile. Est. 15 mins.						
06-November-00	1168	The Castle	Bramber	195105	Don & Theresa	01273 385637
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next round- about. Turn left at mini-roundabout and again at next one and pub is 300 yards on left-hand side. Est. 25 mins.						
13-November-00	1169	The Gun	Findon	122092	Jo (ssshh!!)	01903 765163
Directions: Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right about 2 miles up. Pub is in centre of village on left hand side. Est. 25 mins. Top secret run: find the hidden clue in this issue.						
20-November-00	1170	Downlands, Lyons Farm, East Worthing		151053	Two Lyons	01273 707182
Directions: Take A27 to Worthing. Pub is on right-hand side at Lyons Farm traffic lights. Beefeater. Est. 20 mins. Very funny Ivan & Steve! Can we now expect an Ian & Brenda run in Southend?						
27-November-00	1171	Ram	Firle	469074	Tony & Chris etc.	01273 385755
Directions: Take A27 east towards Eastbourne. Stay on A27 after roundabout for the A26 to Newhaven. 2nd right is Firle. Pub is 1/2 mile up on left hand side. Probably a live run from the Greyhounds. Est 20 mins.						
04-December-00	1172	Snowdrop	Lewes	425100	Dave, Sasha & Julia	01273 473622
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. Est. 20 mins. Parking difficult. Excellent pub with jazz on Mondays; good grub, good beer, and more than likely real hash!						

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40ish start.

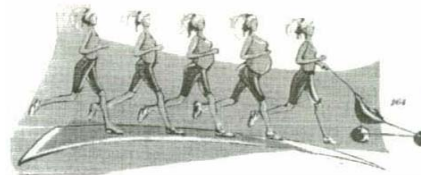
All directions/ timings (unless stated) start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction.

The editor can be held irresponsible, but pleads the fifth amendment on all counts.

ALL CHANGE



- A SPROGS EYE VIEW.



*Crackerjack spouts off.
Or Bouncers issues issue.*

whilst dad's reeling from the shock of phil 'the mint' mutton losing his 'the mint' tag to be replaced by aunty julia, i'm grabbing hold of his editorial column to share with you my experiences of hashing so far, and save you from the old whinger. just because nobody went to play on his beloved treasure hunt he's been moping around the house like the last kid in the class to get playstation 2! (mum says i shouldn't be so cruel because he fell over and grazed himself. diddums!). at least i made my contribution as everyone had to drink out of baby bottles and guess the drink.

well, that is of course the big news so good luck julia, and everyone's looking forward to the accounts! dad just keeps going on about having an annual general piss-up from hash funds but i reckon its just an excuse to slag off all the working hounds section for keeping the whole thing ticking over. 'course once i get on to the beer (not without trying so far but they won't let me tilt the bottle yet. parents, who'd have them eh?), i might feel differently about a night on the p*ss gratis.

it was always going to be tough to avoid the hash what with those two, and the amount of hashers who came to my birthday party, not only at the hospital but also those who **went** to dad's run from 8 bells at bolney (cos i wasn't allowed)! [much thanks to everyone by the way for all the wonderful gifts.] so, after a false start at the grapes at pease pottage, i finally got my first trail in at the milton keynes 10th anniversary run on 28th may. mum really didn't expect this but the idea was to follow the original trail as closely as possible and from what i hear the first brighton run was a pretty sedate affair too, so not surprisingly she kept getting ahead of dad at the checks. wasn't long before they were sharing the pram as it was over very easy terrain (except the field full of animals in the centre of town where mum took the short cut making dad shove me up the hill tee hee.). i also had my first race on the on-inn versus another young hasher a couple of months older than me but with only 3 wheels on their wagon, as dad spotted the thunder rolling in. other highlights were meeting my uncle sheila for the first time and the little girl who had just started teething. i especially like the cute mkh3 cow style gear she was in!

although mum & dad took me on a reconnaissance walk for dads portslade run my first brighton hash was from the crown & anchor near preston park. i say from, but not to, as phil the landlord wouldn't let me in. nor would he let anyone order any food. then he told the girlies off for using the loos, and the boys for using his nice clean car park. daddy knew him as he used to be a regular there and attempted to make him see reason on account of the amount of filthy moolah(?) we were likely to be spending, but to no avail so we decided to head off to the black lion instead. the run was fun in my new jogger and terrain quite manageable. mum took me on a short-cut whilst everyone went off into the woods then there were a couple of hilly bits and a beer stop. i felt like a king with all the hashers standing like a guard of honour until dad stopped me from sharing his beer. back at the pub there were no problems getting in and it was fun hearing all the late arrivals telling us how empty the crown and anchor was.

next time i came was 2 weeks later on 3rd july at the black horse, amberley. this was very bumpy at the beginning and mummy and daddy fell such a long way behind the pack that they decided to stick on the road for a while. i thought it was fun but they and dr. tim thought i'd bang my head and knock half my brains out. daddy says if you want to hash and you've only got half a brain you're overqualified, so i don't know why we didn't carry on. anyway dad guessed at the on inn and so we walked up the hill to meet everyone coming in. i had a joke here as i was thirsty so everyone thought it was a beer stop but it was only milk and i wasn't sharing. silly dad lost his keys so we had to come back to the pub the next day too!

on the 15th july mum went away for the day to see a wedding in london. dad and i went to peter eastwoods for the family hash. i was youngest there but only just as i got to meet eleanor thomas for the first time and we played on the bouncy castle together. dad took me on the run in my buggy but kept getting me out to get through the deer gates. we took a short cut to catch up, with my friend mike who had helped mummy push me at the black lion run, and he saw a naughty mushroom called a stinkhorn, but aunty jo wouldn't photograph it. we had lots of fun at pete's with games of volleyball and rugby, and a barbecue and fire, and even a band. just like daddy i was seen with a little beard for most of the day (sarah)!



next we went on holiday and went to the WaNK hash weekend at holland near oxted. daddy won't let me count the friday night pub hash as we only did a very small amount of it, and i was asleep anyway. on saturday 12th august I met my aunty hernietta for the first time (see piccie) we all got on a coach and went down to ashdown forest for a point-to-point run. daddy had decided to try me in the pack for the first time so i got all strapped in, loads of sun-cream and off we went. lots of hashers were walking but even so they and mummy soon left us behind. i wasn't very comfortable though and really wanted to go to sleep but kept slipping sideways so dad took me out and carried me whilst uncle sheila looked after the pack. this was much better although dad needed a walking stick to get through the shiggy without falling over. we caught everyone up after 5 miles, at the beer stop (milk stop for me as mummy was there, but she wouldn't let uncle sheila share even though he'd been so nice). dad swapped places with uncle chipmonk who wanted to run so we missed the last couple of miles. i was sad because i thought they were going to pooh bridge but they didn't in the end so daddy's promised to take me when i'm bigger like tigger.

at the end we had a circle with down-downs for lots of silly people. daddy made mummy drink one to give her a proper hash name. as her birthday is the same as the queen mum's everyone thought she was a hundred too, but really that was gladys stickland, so daddy wanted to call her either nurse gladys (as she is a nurse) or angel but she ended up as angel gladys! then someone else named me crackerjack as i was born at 5 past 5 on a friday. i really thought i would get a beer this time but as i was drinking already they

made dad drink it for me. i enjoyed my first brush with fame as they put a photo of me with uncles chipmonk and fyos on the back of the magazine and everyone had to guess who my real daddy was. i got confused too as on sunday someone called bouncer from the isle of wight had to do a down-down for being my real dad, but dad said that was a joke because there were two bouncers. daddy was funny when he bought some raffle tickets as he won a set of anne summers lingerie! mum won a camera and i won a purse but aunty cathy radio soap didn't win anything at all. i also got a little yellow bear from made marion which daddy put on the car to hold the aerial on. he wasn't quite strong enough to cope when mummy blew up the air mattress and the aerial with it though. ooops.

after that we went away to recover for a couple of weeks but dad managed to find something on the way home as the first uk full moon hash house horrors were having their 50th run celebrations. as dad's first horror (he says that's what they call hashing kids, and he doesn't really mean it!), he decided to take me on the runs on sunday 27th august and mum on monday 28th. both runs were nice woody trails on very easy terrain, and on sunday i had to carry a balloon all the way round without bursting it. mum got stung by a wasp so had to drink lots of beer (must remember that one), and dad taught everyone lots of rude songs around the campfire later. on monday i won lots of goodies in the raffle including a hat for my head (this years hash phrase is to respond with head? who said head? i'll have some of that!) and i also got given my first ever hash t-shirt.

i managed to help out with daddy at the WaNK hash beer stop on sunday 3rd september which was embarassing for auntie soapie who got a horse a bit excited and his willy went all big. then on 17th we went to auntie layby's birthday WaNK run at edenbridge. uncle sludge and auntie soapie came with us but after lots of different people helped us over the styles we missed a check and a sweetie stop. daddy went and had bucks fizz too then he sang a new song for everyone about the british olympic squad before making lots of people drink olympic down downs. there was lunchbox for having an olympic birthday, glass cruncher because he looked as happy as queally when he finally caught up with me on the hash, jailbird needed a dope test because he couldn't tell the difference between rape and maize and leather back for running too fast for an englishman and causing everyone but daddy, aunty rooster and a couple of others too miss the sweetsies. daddy was given a drink but couldn't drink it as his arm is broken but uncle sludge was told off for gullibility and auntie soapie for samosa abuse.

just under 2 weeks later i had a shock. mummy and daddy woke me up. next thing is aunty jo driving us, uncle don and sister theresa (er.. nearly) to france via a big hole in the ground which gave me earache so i shared this with everyone else and gave them earache too. daddy and don battled each other to tell jo where to go so that we could meet the cyclists. as i cycled last year it was fun to sees them struggle like i did whilst in mummys tummy. next we saw niel and tony setting the hash on bikes and then i went to number 10 to meet lots of new people including lin mccallum and callum fallowfield so lots of callums there. after lots of photos i got into the backpack for the hash and off we went. niel sent us on a short cut round the battlements early and dad went into some monologue about soldiers firing arrows through the holes, ancient battles and some guy called napoleon who gave his name to a complex. think he was trying to engage my enthusiasm. i just got myself comfie and nodded off! meanwhile everyone else went off to run up a railway line (like jenny agutter's hash in the railway children said dad), then caught us along by the river. daddy was moaning about not bringing his beer belt but uncle tony came to the rescue with a much better idea - a survival pack from america full of beer which lots of people carried round. we then left dr.tim chatting to some local boys and scb'd to the kayak course with pete e. in tow and aunty sasha woke me up trying to get me to sit more uncomfortably (at least one leg in the pack). back at the house we all had a drink the usual beer for everyone but me boo hiss and uncle niel got a presentation for his 60th birthday - a little tankard just my size, a bib (*hey!*) and a catheter and bag for all those long haul flights. after that i went to bed but got up at 11.30 to say goodnight. after a game of boules the next day i said goodbye to my new friends callum and ellie and we all went home. i'll see you in the spring as mummy wont let me run in the dark.

AN ALL NEW FEATURE IN THE TRASH - HASH PROFILES: THIS ISSUE - NIEL ROBINSON

Currycallum Hashae

Name: Niel 'Robbo' Robinson, also one of the 'Greyhounds' though probably more for hair colour than speed.

Date of Birth: 22.9.1940 - *well into his second century!*

Education: Brumming-ham - eminently likeable because of it due to his humility and your superiority.

Sexual Orientation: Yaks. Oh and the ever lovely Candy on his rare visits to her country.

Appearance: Aussie swimmer - well known for his tight shorts.

First impression: What the hell does he look so happy about?

Habitat: Hash pubs all over Sussex; Europe; and indeed the World, being our most travelled hound seen in flung far places such as Mongolia; Venezuela; Guyana; Montserrat; Barbados and the Falkland Islands in search of Yaks.

Medical Notes: Always first to yell 'who's got the hash specs?' which means he probably can't read this lot! Hahses using a radar technique learnt from the Yaks. Received a bib and catheter + bag for his birthday gift from the hash. No doubt well researched.

Behaviour: Well he claims it's his job to keep the runways of the World clean just in case the Pope pops in for a snog, but how does that explain the gravel-sniffing?

Hobbies: Yaks; bimbling; arrange international transport of hash between nations, and indeed yak cheese and gravel sniffing.

Habitual Sayings: Better check with the management.
Howze (*insert name here*)? (*ditto*)ing along?

Commendations/Awards: Mongolian 10k champ. Famously.
Invented new recipe for Yak cheese in an encounter that probably got a bit *too* close.



Mongolian is best read with the head on its side: (a message from Niel when he found out about this article!)



Messages from the net....

To all Hashers out there!!

London Hash House Harriers are celebrating their 25th on 11-13 May '01 in the heart of the Docklands area of London - right on the river Thames.

Lots of scope for boat trips, Jack the Ripper runs, Greenwich, Hampstead Heath and all the best of London's attractions. Two nights accommodation with full english breakfast is included in the price.

We are offering a special opening price of 85UKP until the end of November - see the registration form on the UK H3 website and get your cheques off to us now.

ON! ON!
Kathy (Ryde) Godfrey
Kathgod@aol.com

to all Bash Hairs/ Hair rasers looking for a venue

We are situated among some of the best mountain biking areas in the world! (well nearly- if the sun shines!).
For any one wanting to set a bike bash trail I have a few routes. Pay me with lots of beer and I may agree to set it, if I sober up.

Or I could give you a route plan and you could set it yourself, taking all the credit and blame!
Reply via email or phone hose pipe 01495 718422

Wimpy has confirmed our dates for the Norfolk 900th run as the 8th to 10th of JUNE, NEXT YEAR
Prices and venue details will be posted shortly.

On On Dex

Hi Guys

Due to a Hash wedding that I forgot, the 900th will now be on the 29th June to the 1st July 2001. TBC.

ON_ON
Wimpy

I've been receiving enquiries as to whether it's possible to buy a copy of the International Hash Directory which was issued free to those who were able to go to Tassie.

There are indeed some surplus copies available, price 10 AUD (about 4 UKP) plus 9AUD postage(!), total about 7.5 UKP. Unfortunately credit card payments can't be accepted so the alternatives are either to send the sum in cash obtained from your local Thomas Cooks (maybe a wee bit risky), a banker's draft (v. expensive! bloody banks!) or to send a pre-signed travellers cheque (not officially recommended but it does work in most countries).

Orders (with payment) should be sent to:

Trevor Wailes
204 Summerleas Rd.
Kingston
Tas.7050
Australia

e-mail: trite@ozemail.com.au

You can download free, full and complete hash songs for MP3 players from

<http://www.tmechan.freereserve.co.uk/hashmp3.htm>

On On

Deep Throat

G' day One and All,

As a result of a very popular request by many of you in Tasmania, I will again chair a Bid for Interhash in the UK 2004, at Cardiff, (Supported by the rest of Europe).

The British Tourist Board, Guinness, Virgin and a host of backers will again back us and help ensure an event equal to Interhash in TASMANIA, in 2000....We will endeavour to improve the performance of the Taz crowd?. At the same time, provide for the 'Back to basic Antics' required by those who enjoy this side of Hashing!. With the prospect of many, buses, trains, boats and planes to provide journeys "FROM HELL", throughout the European communities of Hashing to the Interhash 2004 event!

Yes, the London and South of the UK is more expensive, but remember! The Cardiff Marketing offered Five Star accommodation at £13.50 cheaper than in GOA!, and about two weeks ago I was drinking "Spitfire" at £1.49p a pint.

The north and other areas of the UK, and Scotland can better this price I'm told. These prices are cheaper than CIRCUIT BREAKER and myself experienced downunder, and in Malaysia.

We are selling a limited number of Pre. Registrations at £50 (FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS EACH) (A steal of the GOA ideal- THANKS!) and Debentures at £100....which offers free reg. + money back if we are successful!)

Should you be interested, please let me know and arrangements will be made to supply further and more comprehensive information, which is all available as you know on our web site www.hasher.net.

A BIG THANKS to all for your support.

ON - ON to Goa 2002.

Dear Hashers,

In a unified effort by the hash regional webmasters, we have compiled a list of links to support your hashing habit no matter where you are traveling. No longer will you have to remember some long web address when you are on the road, simply type in on any web browser:

<http://go.to/thehash>

or

<http://thehash.go.to>

You will instantly see links to hash information for all corners of the world. This is a free source of information provided by the folks listed on the website. Feel free to share this link with all hashers.

If you think this is not generic enough, or needs some tweaking, please let me know. Or, send it out to your corner of the world.

On-On,
Hazukashii

BUNTER & MUTTON - Incentives page

As we enter the last few weeks of the cosmic battle to lose weight between these two gargantuans of the hash, it's time to add incentive to the mission (other than the Magnum of Champers, which is, let's face it, likely to suffer a very limited life) with a few pointers in the line of sex, exercise and overindulging.

Mutton is fresh back from his annual cycling week on the continent so should be lean and mean. Except that the biking is usually rapidly followed by carbo-reloading of such that our hero is more likely to add to his fine figure than detract.

Bunter is feeling good after several weeks on a fruit-only diet. Banana for breakfast etc. Whether the feel good factor arises because he's shrinking rapidly in readiness for the run or because he's been imbibing vast quantities of fermented grape, ensuring a permanent, but undeniably fruit induced, light headed state is a little unclear.

Weight-in will be **after** the Seven Sisters Marathon to ensure neither man sacrifices essential fluids and carbo in order to win. Be bright guys you both know all the work will be done by three or four days before so load up properly and have a great run.

NEW YORK - New proof of the ultimate nightmare. Eating all that fatty food, saturating your blood with cholesterol and hardening your arteries can also shorten your penis. That's according to Dr. J. Francois Eid, Director of the Male Sexual Function Unit of New York Presbyterian Hospital.



Blood supply is reduced when your arteries become lined with cholesterol. And your penis needs fast-moving blood flow to become erect. Says Dr. Eid, "[Overweight] men carry their weight at their abdomen, and this shortens the shaft...for every 35 pounds of weight loss, there is an apparent increase in penile length of 1 inch."

For those thinking of exercise.....

For my 35th birthday this year, my wife (the dear) purchased a week of private lessons at the local health club for me. Although I am still in great shape since playing on my high school softball team, I decided it would be a good idea to go ahead and give it a try. I called the club and made my reservations with a personal trainer named Tawny, who identified herself as a 22-year old aerobics instructor and model for athletic clothing and swim wear. My wife seemed pleased with my enthusiasm to get started. The club encouraged me to keep diary to chart my progress.

Monday: Started my day at 6:00 AM. Tough to get out of bed, but found it was well worth it when I arrived at the health club to find Tawny waiting (She is something of a goddess with blond hair, dancing eyes, and a dazzling white smile. WOO HOO!!!) Tawny gave me a tour and showed me the machines. She took my pulse after five minutes of walking on the treadmill. She was alarmed that my pulse was so fast, but I attribute it to standing next to her in her aerobic outfit. (I enjoyed watching the skillful way in which she conducted her aerobics class after my own workout today. Very inspiring.) Tawny was encouraging as I did my sit-ups, although my gut was already aching from holding it in the whole time she was around. This is going to be a FANTASTIC week!!!

Tuesday: I drank a whole pot of coffee, but I finally made it out of the door. Tawny made me lie on my back and push a heavy iron bar into the air...then she put weights on it! My legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made the full mile. Tawny's rewarding smile made it all worth while. I feel GREAT!!! It's a whole new life for me.

Wednesday: The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the toothbrush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. Believe I have a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was OK as long as I didn't try to steer or stop. I parked on top of a Geo in the club lot. Tawny was impatient with me, insisting that my screams bothered the other club members. (Her voice is a little too perky for early in the morning, and when she scolds, she gets this nasally whine that is VERY annoying.) My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Tawny put me on the stair monster. (Why in HELL would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by the elevator!) Tawny told me it would help me get in shape and enjoy life. She said some other shit too.

Thursday: Tawny was waiting for me with her vampire-like teeth exposed as her thin, cruel lips were pulled back in a full snarl. (I couldn't help being a half hour late. It took that long for me to tie my freaking shoes.) Tawny took me to work out with dumbbells. When she was not looking, I ran and hid in the men's room. She sent Lars the Big Swede in to find me, then, as punishment, put me on the rowing machine... which I sank.

Friday: I hate that BITCH Tawny more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. (Stupid, skinny, anaemic little cheerleader wanna-be BITCH). If there was a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would beat her with it. Tawny wanted me to work on my triceps. I don't have any triceps! And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me freaking barbells or anything that weighs more than a sandwich. (Which I am sure you learned in the sadist school you attended and graduated magna cum laude from, you Nazi Bitch.) The treadmill flung me off and I landed on a health and PE teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like the drama coach or the choir director?

Saturday: Tawny left a message on my answering machine in her grating, shrilly voice wondering why I did not show up today. Just hearing her made me want to smash the machine with my planner. However, I lacked the strength even to use the TV remote and ended up watching eleven straight hours of the son of a bitching weather channel.

Sunday: I'm having the church van pick me up for services today so I can go and thank God that this week is over. I will also pray that next year my wife will choose a gift for me that is fun...like a root canal or an anal cavity search.

Advance on this years Darwin Awards.

(August 1999, Australia) Drinking oneself to death need not be a long lingering process. Allan, a 33-year-old computer technician, showed his competitive spirit by dying of competitive spirits. A Sydney, Australia hotel bar held a drinking competition, known as Feral Friday, with a 100-minute time limit and a sliding point scale ranging from 1 point for beer to 8 points for hard liquor. Allan stood and cheered his winning total of 236 (winners never quit!), which had also netted him the literally staggering blood alcohol level of 0.353, 7 times greater than Australia's legal driving limit of 0.05%. After several trips to the usual temple of overindulgence, the bathroom, Allan were helped back to his workplace to sleep it off, a condition that became permanent. A forensic pharmacologist estimated that after downing 34 beers, 4 bourbons, and 17 shots of tequila within 1 hour and 40 minutes, his blood alcohol level would have been 0.41 to 0.43, but Allan had vomited several times after the drinking stopped. The cost paid by Allan was much higher than that of the hotel, which was fined the equivalent of \$13,100 U.S. dollars for not intervening. ..He didn't require any further embalming.

Current Affairs	
<p>Alternative British National Anthem (to the tune commonly known as Monty Pythons Flying Circus)</p> <p>We're really not very good at sport, We're not very good at all, We hate the thought of track and field, And things with bat and ball, The Swimming Pool just makes us pee, We fear the starter's gun Yes we're the British Olympic team, We're only here for the sun.</p> <p>It can't be good for your health to run that fast, I'd rather enjoy the view and get there last, Why cram with carbohydrates I'd sooner jam and scones, Bugger the gold and silver, I'll take bronze.</p>	<p>What's the difference between paraffin and petrol? There's two f's in paraffin but no effin petrol!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!</p> <p>A friend had to go to London yesterday, but the traffic came to a dead halt just by Hammersmith. She thought to herself, "Wow, this traffic seems worse than usual. Nothing's even moving." She noticed a police officer walking back and forth between the lines of cars so she rolls down her window and asks, "Constable, what's the hold up?" Plod replies: "The Prime Minister is just so depressed about Mo Mowlam's resignation, the fuel blockades, his kids getting into trouble here and abroad, and his general dive in the popularity stakes, that he stopped his motorcade in the middle of the road and he's threatening to douse himself in the last bit of petrol in the Prime-Ministerial Rolls and set himself on fire." "He says his cabinet hates him, Gordon Brown's not even talking to him, he doesn't have the money to pay for Cherie's next shopping trip for Baby Leo, and the Royal Flight has refused to provide the transport for his Christmas holiday. I'm walking around taking up a collection for him." "Oh really? How much have you collected so far?" "So far only about three hundred gallons but a lot of people are still siphoning."</p>
<p>FIFA have just announced that this year Champions League games will only be played with squads of 11. This is as a mark of respect to the Russians who have no subs left</p>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Hear about the new Concorde pilot uniform - blazer & flares. - Apparently the German relatives are complaining because they only got 5 airmiles. - The wife of the Concorde pilot asks him where he's flying to and he replies "well, we're off to New York, but will probably crash at a hotel for the first night" - The French have finally managed to kill more Germans than they did during two World Wars. - They found the black box recorder undamaged because it was already wrapped in 109 beach towels. - Affluent German tourists choose to fly on Concorde. They wouldn't be seen dead on anything else. - So many German Tourists, so few concordes! - Air France have just introduced a new express service for the premium travellers. It guarantees you can be off the plane and in your hotel in just two minutes. - Why is Concorde such good value for money? You get the hotel thrown in! - Overheard at the Hoteilissimo Gronesse: 'Waiter, there's a Concorde in my soup.' 	<p>A couple on holiday in Blackpool, decide they have had enough of fish & chips so they go to a Chinese takeaway. After getting their meal they are walking back to the car when the man notices that there is curry and beansprouts running out of the bottom of the bag all down his leg, he says to his wife that he is taking it back to the shop. When he gets in the shop he explains that the meal is running out of the bag, the man behind the counter explains since the trouble they had in Dover they are not allowed to put Chinese in containers any more.</p> <p>Paula Yates - News Just In: Police have just issued a statement saying that they found Ecstasy, Amphetamines and Angel Dust in the house but there was no sign of the other daughter....</p> <p>Have you heard about the film they are planning to make about the life of Dr. Harold Shipman? They are planning to call it the old dear hunter!!!!</p>
<p>The following article has been edited as the 'day of protest' was a Monday, obviously useless to the hash. As sufferers of the system though it was deemed worth making hounds aware of the action that is taking place so that if any more realistic form of protest arises you may choose to take part. Course you could always bring tinnies to the hash and dive out to the car every time you're thirsty!</p> <p>Forget the fuel dispute, could you live a whole day without beer. Act now.</p> <p>Fact 1: If you live in the UK, taxes add 66% to the price of your beer. In many places, Beer is now over 200 pence per pint. That's nearly £16 A GALLON. For every £10 you spend on a night out, you're giving the government nearly an extra £7 out of your own pocket!! For every three pints you buy for yourself, you buy two pints for Gordon Brown. Mr Brown - BUY YOUR OWN!!!</p> <p>Fact 2: When the beer price was hiked in America last year, people got together. NOBODY BOUGHT BEER FOR A DAY. The loss of revenue was crippling for some of the big players. They rallied round and forced the prices down again.</p> <p>Fact 3: Nearly £10 Billion is sucked out of drinkers' pockets each year in tax. You buy some of the planet's most expensive beer, but do you see that money going back into the pubs? NO YOU DO NOT. A recent study pointed out that most of Britain's pubs are up to 15 years beyond their structural refurbishment date. Recently, many have been "done-up" on the cheap into tacky Irish theme bars. Much of the tax on beer is spent on Schools, Roads and Hospitals (see website).</p> <p>Fact 4: The average household pays nearly £500 per year in alcohol tax. [up to £1000 in Shoreham] That's nearly £10 a week. Why should we, the ordinary citizens, be targeted by this "poll tax in bars"???</p> <p>Fact 5: Alcohol duty has little to do with health. A liter bottle of Whisky has almost £8 of tax, this works out at OVER £35 a gallon!!! Meanwhile methylated spirits is ludicrously cheap. Organic wine is taxed at EXACTLY THE SAME RATE as non-organic - so where's the health discount, eh Mr Brown????</p> <p>Fact 6: Hotel companies are suffering - so is the whole tourism trade. When a pub has to fill its bars with beer taxed as such a ridiculous rate, its drinking price become so expensive that tourists take their business to the continent - and with sky-high prices, who can blame them!!! That in turn means a LOSS OF INCOME for our country.</p> <p>Fact 7: Home Brew is not an option. Beer and wine kits require complex equipment, heating and HOURS of your time for a product which doesn't reach the standard the BRITISH DRINKER expects. If the government wants people to move to home-brewing and away from public houses they'll have a fight on their hands. The British Pub is OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE, and we, the people of Britain, just won't stand for this kind of Nanny State. There is no major organization that represents the British drinker when it comes to matters of alcohol duty. The government are bleeding drinkers dry. Why? BECAUSE THEY CAN. As long as public apathy continues, and we keep paying ludicrous prices for our beer, the government will keep laying on the tax.</p> <p>Spread the word and force the government to listen. For once, let's stand up with a unified voice and make them understand that we will no longer be quietly steamrollered into a pub system that's crumbling under our feet whilst we pay for it through the nose. Tell them you have had enough of Rip-Off Britain.</p> <p>If you work in a pub and support us: I suggest you start printing on the receipts how much your punters just paid in tax. If people start getting receipts that read £10 (+ £6.60 tax), then they'll start to take notice.</p> <p>Check out the latest actions: http://www.DumpThePubs.com Remember: Beer is a BASIC HUMAN RIGHT</p>	

Airspace

BRITISH AIRWAYS

As we know, we see discrimination in some form or another almost everyday and often times it leaves a sour taste in our mouths. The following story is a true story, which shows us the side of diversity that we are all working for. It is a pleasant twist to see that there are companies and individuals who face discrimination head on, if only one small step at a time. Enjoy reading the positive side of diversity...I applaud British Airways for their action in this situation on a British Airways flight from Johannesburg, A middle-aged, well-off white South African Lady has found herself sitting next to a black man. She called the cabin crew attendant over to complain about her seating.

"What seems to be the problem Madam?" asked the attendant.

"Can't you see?" she said " You've sat me next to a kaffir. I can't possibly sit next to this disgusting human. Find me another seat!"

"Please calm down Madam." The stewardess replied. "The flight is very full today, but I'll tell you what I'll do-I'll go and check to see if we have any seats available in club or first class." The woman cocks a snooty look at the outraged black man beside her (not to mention many of the surrounding passengers). A few minutes later the stewardess returns with the good news, which she delivers to the lady, who cannot help but look at the people around her with a smug and self satisfied grin:

"Madam, unfortunately, as I suspected, economy is full. I've spoken to the cabin services director, and club is also full. However, we do have one seat in first class."

Before the lady has a chance to answer, the stewardess continues: "It is most extraordinary to make this kind of upgrade, however, and I have had to get special permission from the captain. But, given the circumstances, the captain felt that it was outrageous that someone be forced to sit next to such an obnoxious person." With which, she turned to the black man sitting next to the woman, and said: "So if you'd like to get your things, sir, I have your seat ready for you..."

At which point, apparently the surrounding passengers stood and gave a standing ovation while the black guy walks up to the front of the plane. ... people will forget what you said people will forget what you did * but people will never forget how you made them feel.

Sydney Morning Herald Monday, June 15th 1999:

"An employee for Ansett Australia, who happened to have the last name of GAY, got on a plane recently using one of his company's "Free Flight" programs. However, when Mr. Gay tried to take his seat, he found it being occupied by a paying passenger. So, not to make a fuss, he simply chose another seat. Unknown to Mr. Gay, another Ansett Australia flight at the airport experienced mechanical problems. The passengers of this other flight were being rerouted to various airplanes. A few were put on Mr. Gay's flight and anyone who was holding a "free" ticket was being "bumped".

Ansett officials, armed with a list of these "freebee" ticket holders boarded the plane to remove the free ticket holders. Of course, our Mr. Gay was not sitting in his assigned seat as you may remember.

So when the Ticket Agent approached the seat where Mr. Gay was supposed to be sitting, she asked a startled customer "Are you Gay?". The man, shyly nodded that he was, at which point she demanded: "Then you have to get off the plane". Mr. Gay, overhearing what the Ticket Agent had said, tried to clear up the situation: "You've got the wrong man. I'm Gay!". This caused an angry third passenger to yell "Hell, I'm gay too! They can't kick us all off!" Confusion reined as more and more passengers began yelling that Ansett Australia had no right to remove gays from their flights. Ansett refused to comment on the incident.

THE IRATE CUSTOMER

For all of you out there who've had to deal with an irate customer, this one is for you. An award should go to the United Airlines gate agent in Denver for being smart and funny, and making her point, when confronted with a passenger who probably deserved to fly as cargo.

A crowded United flight was cancelled. A single agent was rebooking a long line of inconvenienced travellers. Suddenly an angry passenger pushed his way to the desk. He slapped his ticket down on the counter and said, "I HAVE to be on this flight and it has to be FIRST CLASS."

The agent replied, "I'm sorry sir. I'll be happy to try to help you, but I've got to help these folks first, and I'm sure we'll be able to work something out."

The passenger was unimpressed. He asked loudly, so that the passengers behind him could hear, "Do you have any idea who I am?"

Without hesitating, the gate agent smiled and grabbed her public address microphone. "May I have your attention please?" she began, her voice bellowing throughout the terminal. "We have a passenger here at the gate WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHO HE IS. If anyone can help him find his identity, please come to the gate."

With the folks behind him in line laughing hysterically, the man glared at the United agent, gritted his teeth and swore, "F*** you!"

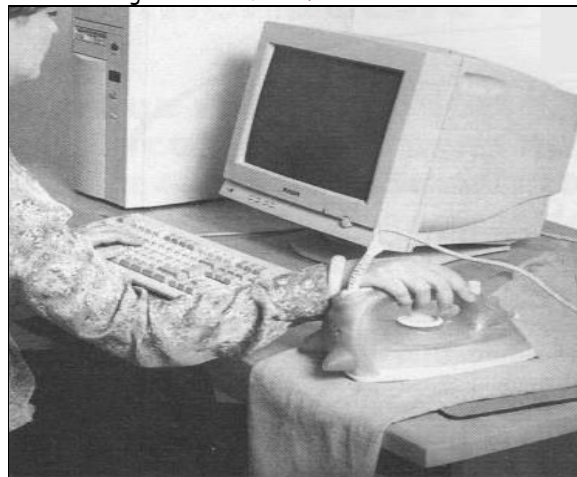
Without flinching, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to stand in line for that, too."

Stuck for the perfect gift for your female friends?

Then try the new and improved 'Mouse for Women'. Given the difficulties with the utilisation of the standard mouse experienced by women, the leading computer companies IBM and Microsoft have joined forces to try to find a solution to the problem.

Both companies, after many years of research and experimentation into the needs of women of all ages, have created a new mouse (ergonomically designed for female hands) and it has already had a great impact among the female population of computer users, finally ending years of problems caused by previous designs.

Introducing the new 'Mouse for Women'....



Aer Lingus Flight 101 was flying from Heathrow to Dublin one night, with Paddy the Pilot, and Seamus the co-pilot. As they approached Dublin airport, they looked out the front window. "B'jjesus" said Paddy "Will ye look at how short dat runway is".

"You're not flippin' kiddin, Paddy" replied Seamus

"Dis is gonna be one a' de trickiest landings you're ever gonna see" said Paddy.

"You're roight dere, Paddy" replied Seamus

"Roight Seamus. When I give de signal, you put de engines in reverse" said Paddy.

"Roight, I'll be doing dat" replied Seamus

"And den ye put de flaps down straight away" said Paddy

"Roight, I'll be doing dat" replied Seamus.

"And den ye stamp on dem brakes as hard as ye can" said Paddy

"Roight, I'll be doing dat" replied Seamus.

"And den ye pray to de Mother Mary with all a' your soul" said Paddy

"I be doing dat already" replied Seamus.

So they approached the runway with Paddy and Seamus full of nerves and sweaty palms. As soon as the wheels hit the ground, Seamus put the engines in reverse, put the flaps down, stamped on the brakes and prayed to Mother Mary with all of his soul. Amidst roaring engines, squealing of tires lots of smoke, the plane screeched to a halt centimetres from the end of the runway, much to the relief of Paddy and Seamus and everyone on board. As they sat in the cockpit regaining their composure, Paddy looked out the front window and said to Seamus "Dat has gotta be de shortest runway I have EVER seen in me whole life".

Seamus looked out the side window and replied.... "Yeah Paddy, but look how flemmin' woide it is.

APPLICATION TO GO OUT AND RETURN LATE

Name of Boyfriend/Fiancé/Husband:

I request permission for a leave of absence from the **highest authority** in my life for the following period:

Date: Time of departure: Time of return:

Should permission be granted, I do solemnly swear to only visit the locations stated below. Nor shall I speak to another female other than those listed without gaining verbal permission one hour beforehand. I will not turn off my mobile after two pints, nor shall I consume above the allocated volume of alcohol without first phoning for a taxi or ordering a tandoori. I understand that even if permission is granted, my girlfriend/fiancé/wife retains the right to be pissed off with me the following week for no valid reason what so ever.

Amount of alcohol allowed (units)

Locations likely to be visited

Females likely to be encountered

Strength of curry permitted

I am the low life. I know who wears the trousers in our relationship, and I agree it's not me. I promise to abide by your rules & regulations. I understand that this is going to cost me a fortune in chocolates & flowers. You reserve the right to obtain and use my credit cards whenever you wish to do so. I hereby promise to sleep overnight on a park bench next to a tramp should I not return home by the time approved below. On my way home, I will not pick a fight with a person who only exists in my inebriated mind, nor shall I conduct in depth discussions with the said entity. I understand that the wardrobe, cupboard, washing-up basket, fridge and dishwasher are out of bounds with regards to urinating.

I declare that to the best of my knowledge (of which I have none compared to my BETTER half), the above information is correct.

Signed - Boyfriend/Fiancé/Husband:

Request is APPROVED / TURNED DOWN

This decision is not open to negotiation other than on my terms.

✂.....

Permission for my boyfriend/fiancé/husband to be away for the following period of time:

Date: Time of departure: Time of return:

Signed - Girlfriend/Fiancé/Wife:

APPLICATION FOR A NIGHT OUT WITH THE GIRLS (not used)

Name of Girlfriend/Fiancée/Partner/Wife:

I'M GOING OUT, O.K.

Signed: (me).....

From the Nursery (? !!)

It's a sunny morning in the Big Forest and the Bear family are just waking up. Baby Bear goes downstairs and sits in his small chair at the table. He looks in to his small bowl. It is empty! "Who's been eating my porridge?!" he squeaks.

Daddy Bear arrives at the table and sits in his big chair. He looks in to his big bowl. It is also empty! "Who's been eating my porridge?!" he roars.

Mummy Bear puts her head through the serving hatch from the kitchen and screams, "For heaven's sake, do we have to go through this nonsense every day? I haven't made the bloody porridge yet!!"

Mary had a little lamb
Her father shot it dead
Now it goes to school with her
Between two hunks of bread

Little Bo Peep
Had lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them
A quick search revealed
They were in the next field
With Tony F. right behind them

Mary had a little lamb,
It walked into a pylon,
10,000 volts went up it's bum,
And turned it's wool to nylon.

Simple Simon met a Pie man
Going to the fair
Said Simple Simon to the Pie man
What have you got there?"
Said the Pie man unto Simon
"Pies, you stupid kid!"

Georgie Porgy Pudding and Pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play
He kissed them too,
He's funny that way

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To fetch her dog a bone
Rover drove her
And gave her a bone of his own

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To have a little fun
In the midst of the thrill
She forgot the pill
And now they have a son

Mary had a little skirt
Slit almost in half
And every where that Mary went
The boys could see her calf

Humpty dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty dumpty had a great fall
All the kings horses
And all the kings men said
"Sod him, he's only an egg !!!"

Mary had another skirt
This one slit up high
And every where that Mary went
The boys could see her thigh

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Her clothes all tattered and torn.
It had not been the spider that crept up beside her
But Little Boy Blue and his horn.

Mary had a third skirt
Slit right up in front
But she didn't wear that one.



UGLY BABY

A middle-aged couple, with two beautiful daughters, decided to try one last time for the son they always wanted. Soon, the wife became pregnant, and, nine months later delivered a baby boy. The joyful father rushed to the nursery to see his new son, but was horrified to find an incredibly ugly baby. He went to his wife and said, "I cannot possibly be the father of that hideous child. Look at the two beautiful daughters I fathered."

When his wife blushed, he became suspicious, and demanded, "Have you been fooling around on me?"
His wife confessed, "Not this time."

Bouncer bought a round of drinks for everyone in the bar, announcing that Angel Gladys had just given birth to "a typical family baby boy weighing 20 pounds." Congratulations showered him from all around, and many exclamations of "Wow!" were heard. A woman fainted due to sympathy pains.

Two weeks later, he returned to the bar. The bartender said, "Say, you're the father of that boy who weighed 20 pounds at birth. How much does he weigh now?"

The proud father answered, "Fifteen pounds."

The bartender was puzzled. "Why? What happened? He weighed 20 pounds at birth?"

Bouncer took a slow sip from his pint, wiped his lips on his shirtsleeve, leaned into the bartender and said, "Had him circumcised."

"Little Golden Books For Kids"

1. You Are Different and That's Bad
2. The Boy Who Died From Eating All His Vegetables
3. Dad's New Wife Robert
4. Fun four-letter Words to Know and Share
5. Hammers, Screwdrivers and Scissors: An I-Can-Do-It Book
6. The Kids' Guide to Hitchhiking
7. Kathy Was So Bad Her Mum Stopped Loving Her
8. Curious George and the High-Voltage Fence
9. All Cats Go to Hell
10. The Little Sissy Who Snitched
11. Some Kittens Can Fly
12. That's it, I'm Putting You Up for Adoption
13. Grandpa Gets a Casket
14. The Magic World Inside the Abandoned Refrigerator
15. Garfield Gets Feline Leukaemia
16. The Pop-Up Book of Human Anatomy
17. Strangers Have the Best Candy
18. Whining, Kicking and Crying to Get Your Way
19. You Were an Accident
20. Things Rich Kids Have, But You Never Will
21. Pop! Goes The Hamster...And Other Great Microwave Games
22. The Man in the Moon Is Actually Satan
23. Your Nightmares Are Real
24. Where Would You Like to Be Buried?
25. Eggs, Toilet Paper, and Your School
26. Why Can't Mr. Fork and Ms. Electrical Outlet Be Friends?
27. Places Where Mummy and Daddy Hide Neat Things
28. Daddy Drinks Because You Cry

BABY KNOWS ALL

A baby was born to a couple. When he was one, he could talk like an adult. When he was two, he could read anything. When he was three, he could do advanced calculus. When he was four, he could predict the future. One day, he made three predictions: "One year from today, I will die. Two years from today, my mother will die. Three years from today, my father will die." Sure enough, a year later the young boy died. The father, getting the picture in a big way, loaded up his wife with a million dollars in life insurance. A year later she died. The father collected the million dollar insurance benefit, and, figuring he only had a year before his own death went on a 364-day binge. Fast cars. Faster women. Exotic vacations. Flings with supermodels.

His timing was perfect, for on the 364th day, he blew the last penny on a Blue Sapphire martini and an exotic dancer with a taste for overpriced champagne and sexy lingerie. At midnight, he toasted himself, "What a way to go," and slipped off into what he assumed would be his big sleep.

To his amazement, he woke up the next morning. He had cheated death! He was invincible!

Then the exotic dancer with whom he'd spend the night broke the news. "Honey, better come quick, the pool boy's dead."

Warning: From the FBI's top 20 homicides of the year - don't mess with the kid!

Mary-Lee Cooper, 11 years old, was killed by her one-year-old sister who climbed on top of her while she was sleeping, suffocating her.

BLONDES

Three women escaped from prison. One was a redhead, one a brunette, and one a blonde. They ran for miles until they came upon an old barn where they decided to hide in the hayloft and rest. When they climbed up, they found gunnysacks and decided to climb into them for camouflage. About an hour later the sheriff and his deputy came into the barn. The sheriff told his deputy to go up and check out the hayloft. When he got up there the sheriff asked him what he saw and the deputy yelled back, "Just three gunnysacks." The sheriff told him to find out what was in them, so the deputy kicked the first sack, which had the redhead in it. She went, "Bow-wow", so the deputy told the sheriff there was a dog in it. Then he kicked the sack with the brunette in it. She went, "Meow", so the deputy told the sheriff there was a cat in it. Then he kicked the one with the blonde in it, and there was no sound at all. So he kicked it again, and finally the blonde said, "Potatoes".

A blonde dials 000 to report that her car has been broken into. She is hysterical as she explains her situation to the dispatcher. "They've stolen the dashboard, the steering wheel, the brake pedal, and even the accelerator!" she cries. The 000 dispatcher says, "Stay calm. An officer is on the way. He will be there in two minutes." Before the police get to the crime scene, however, the 000 dispatcher's telephone rings a second time, and the same blonde is on the line again. "Never mind," giggles the blonde, "I got in the back seat by mistake."

A blonde and a lawyer are seated next to each other on a flight from LA to NY. The lawyer asks if she would like to play a fun game? The blonde, tired, just wants to take a nap, politely declines and rolls over to the window to catch a few winks. The lawyer persists and explains that the game is easy and a lot of fun. He explains, "I ask you a question, and if you don't know the answer, you pay me \$5.00, and vice versa."

Again, she declines and tries to get some sleep. The lawyer, now agitated, says, "Okay, if you don't know the answer you pay me \$5.00, and if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500.00." This catches the blonde's attention and, figuring there will be no end to this torment unless she plays, agrees to the game. The lawyer asks the first question. "What's the distance from the earth to the moon?" The blonde doesn't say a word, reaches into her purse, pulls out a \$5 note and hands it to the lawyer.

Okay says the lawyer, your turn. She asks the lawyer, "What goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four legs?" The lawyer, puzzled, takes out his laptop computer and searches all his references, no answer. He taps into the air phone with his modem and searches the net and the library of congress, no answer. Frustrated, he sends e-mails to all his friends and co-worker, to no avail.

After an hour, he wakes the blonde, and hands her \$500. The blonde says, "Thank you", and turns back to get some more sleep.

The lawyer, who is more than a little miffed, wakes the blonde and asks, "Well, what's the answer?" Without a word, the blonde reaches into her purse, hands the lawyer \$5, and goes back to sleep. And you thought blondes were dumb.

A ventriloquist is touring the clubs and stops to entertain in a small town. He's going through his usual run of off-colour and "dumb blonde" jokes, when a well-presented blonde woman in the fourth row stands on her chair and shouts:

"I've heard just about enough of your stupid blonde jokes, DICKHEAD! What makes you think you can stereotype women that way? What connection can a person's hair colour possibly have with their fundamental worth as a human being?" "It is morons like you that prevent women like myself from being respected at work and in our communities and from reaching our full potential because you and your anachronistic kind continue to perpetuate negative images against not only blondes, but women in general, for the sake of cheap laughs."

"You are a pathetic relic of the past, and what you do is not only contrary to Discrimination laws in every civilised country, it is deeply offensive to people with modern sensibilities and basic respect for their fellow citizens. You should hang your head in shame, you pusillanimous little maggot." Flustered, the ventriloquist begins to apologise, when the blonde yells, "You stay out of this Mister! I'm talking to that little bastard on your knee!"

A guy is having a drink in a very dark bar. He leans over to the big woman next to him and says: "Do you want to hear a funny blonde joke?"

The big woman replies: "Well, before you tell me that joke, you should know something. I'm blonde, six feet tall, 210 pounds, and I'm a professional athlete and bodybuilder. Also, the blonde woman sitting next to me is 6'2", weighs 220 pounds and is an ex-professional wrestler. And next to her is a blonde who is 6'5", weighs 245 pounds, and she is a current professional kickboxer. Now, do you still want to tell me that blonde joke?"

The guy thinks about it a second and says: "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it three times."

A neighbour is outside gardening and the blonde next door comes out and checks her mail. A little while later she comes out and checks her mailbox again. This continues for 1/2 an hour until finally the neighbour walks over to the blonde and asks if she's expecting a package.

The blond reply's, "no, my computer keeps telling me I have mail."

A blonde was hired to paint the yellow stripes on the highway. Her first day she painted 10 miles. The second day she only painted 5. Her boss, seeing how she was getting slower decided to give her a day off, thinking that she needed a rest. When she came back the next day, she only painted .5 miles. Her now discouraged boss came up to her one day and said, "Excuse me, but why have you been painting less and less each day, even after I gave you a day off?"

"Simple," the blonde answered, "I've been getting farther away from the paint can!"

A woman walks into the doctors office and says, "Doctor I hurt all over."

The doctor says, "That's impossible."

"No really! Just look, when I touch my arm, ouch! it hurts. When I touch my leg, ouch!, it hurts. When I touch my head, ouch!, it hurts.

When I touch my chest, ouch!!, it really hurts," she replies.

The doctor just shakes his head and says, "You're a natural blonde aren't you?" The woman smiles and says, "Why yes I am. How did you know?"

The doctor replies, "Because your finger is broken."

A judge was interviewing a blonde regarding her pending divorce, and asked, "What are the grounds for your divorce?"

She replied, "About four acres and a nice little home in the middle of the property with a stream running by."

"No," he said, "I mean what is the foundation of this case?"

"It is made of concrete, brick and mortar," she responded.

"I mean," he continued, "What are your relations like?"

"I have an aunt and uncle living here in town, and so do my husband's parents."

He said, "Do you have a real grudge?"

"No," she replied, "We have a two-car carport and have never really needed one."

"Please," he tried again, "is there any infidelity in your marriage?"

"Yes, both my son and daughter have stereo sets. We don't necessarily like the music, but the answer to your question is yes."

"Ma'am, does your husband ever beat you up?"

"Yes," she responded, "about twice a week he gets up earlier than I do, but he always makes me a cup of tea."

Finally, in frustration, the judge asked, "Lady, why DO you want a divorce?"

"Oh, I don't want a divorce," she replied. "I've never wanted a divorce. My husband does. He said he can't communicate with me."