

BOGGY SHOE

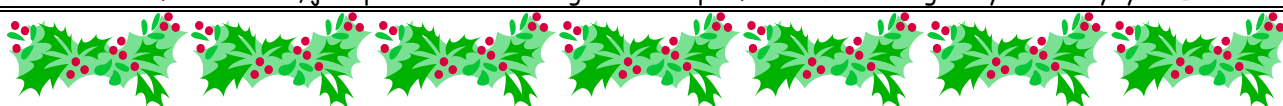


The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Trash #56 Christmas 2000

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40ish start EXCEPT #1175 this year on Tuesday as Christmas Day falls on Monday.

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. no.
11-December-2000	1173 White Horse	Marehill, Pulborough	064184	Brett	01293 403492
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning, stay on A283 west through Storrington. The pub is 3 miles on the left-hand side, just past a narrow bridge and sharp left bend. Park diagonally in the layby's. Est. 35 mins.					



18-December-2000	1174 Circus Circus	Preston Park	308058	Bouncer & Tony	01273 592885
CHRISTMAS HASH: Walk, cycle, bus, or train. Car only as a last resort and share if possible (unless you're not having a beer in which case suit yourself). Directions: Follow A23 into Brighton and alongside Preston Park. Just before the one way system bears left turn right into Anston House car park which will be locked during the run. Run starts just inside the park by the Steve Ovett statue. Circus Circus is about 200 yards into town opposite the Duke of York Cinema. Est. 5 mins.					



26-December-2000	1175 Cat & Canary	Henfield	205163	Jo & Elaine	01903 216293
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Henfield. Right at next roundabout and follow A2037 into the village. Just past a set of traffic lights turn left into Church Lane. Pub is on right approx. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Est. 20 mins. <i>As this is a boxing day a short 12pm family run has been proposed. Please check board in case it reverts to 7.30pm.</i>					

1 st January 2001	1176 Red Lion	Shoreham	208059	Don & Theresa	01273 385637
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins. HAPPY NEW YEAR!					

8 th January 2001	1177 Blacksmiths Offham Arms		399122	Mike & Ivan	01273 556553
Directions: Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is about 1.5 miles on left hand-side. Est. 15 mins.					

15 th January 2001	1178 The Star	Haywards Heath	329239	Louis & Steve	01273 845899
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next roundabout and right again at next. Follow one way system round past the pub and car park is on right hand side. Est. 20 mins. Possible Curry hash?					



Some more of Bouncers old waffle:-

Well having managed to successfully wrestle the trash back from Callum I hope the quality of this issue should be up to its usual substandard. Too many complaints last time that it was too clean, not funny enough, and mostly too good.

The weather has made this an interesting time for the hash starting with Hugh's run from the Bull at Shermanbury. Memories are often short on this sort of stuff but it's alleged this was one of the soggiest runs in the lifetime of BH7. Whatever, it was bloody good fun and one of Hugh's shortest ever.

My own run just got confusing. The idea was to do a joint with EGH3 but their hare booked it for a Sunday as they only run in daylight in winter. Emergency plan was for BH7 to run their trail on the Monday, effectively a joint run anyway. Things got more complicated with the monsoon season and I had to make a quick decision on the Sunday to set a fresh trail for BH7 on somewhat more solid ground. I nearly got away with it but there were a few who ended up finding the false trail and not joining the rest of the pack until well into the run. Hey ho.

Jo's 50th birthday run was superb with fireworks and a champagne stop. Sadly the floods and road works on the A27 managed to prevent the pack from starting together so we again had two runs going on. Following the late start the trail was reduced by a loop which some decided to try anyway, and paid the price by missing the poo.

Possibly a hash first at the Downlands **near** Lyons Farm as Pete and Les came running out of the pub with grins as wide as the Cheshire Cat's to reveal they'd just been given the over 55's discount on their grub.

There was another first at the Ram at Firle on another miserable night (the phrase never rains on the hash is beginning to lose its accuracy) when the hares were caught resulting in an early return to the pub. They said: We were only thinking of you lot. We said: teach you for trying to be clever with that on-back, but basically they were backed into a corner!

Al Bray has finally managed to get his 100 marathons out of the way and celebrated with loads of champagne including a Jeroboam and several Magnums outside the school at the finish of the Seven Sisters. Bunter soundly trounced Mutton at the weigh-in having lost 19lbs to Phils 8lbs. Phil then went on to drink the winnings in a half pint champagne glass thus depriving Bunter, but giving the rest of us a good laugh as Terry and Don led him off with an arm over each shoulder! A new bet has now been made between the two up to Christmas, just for a bottle of red wine this time. Sadly Bunter will be working the night of the party so weigh-in will be deferred.

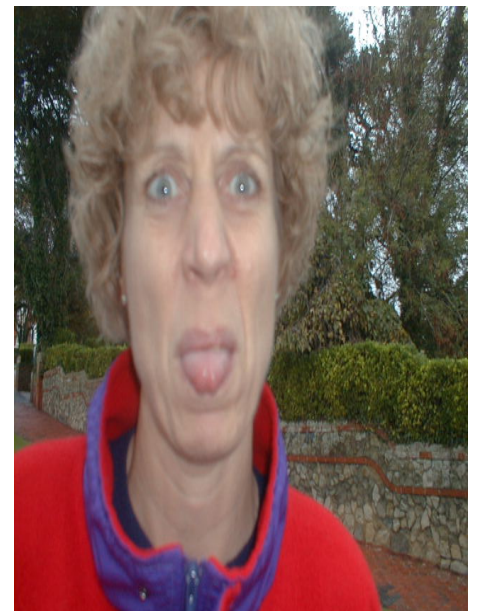
Please read the safety notes further on as the weather has been very heavy lately and needs to be considered.

Have a great Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BOUNCER

Curriculum Hashae

Name:	Jo Jex aka Aunty Jo.
Date of Birth:	13.11.1950 so there's no need to ask her age. It's not polite anyway.
Education:	Convent educated at Syon school in Worthing. Brought up in the Swan at Arundel. Actually that could have been worded better.
Sexual Orientation:	Likes to be chased by the boys on a Sunday and indeed everybody on a Monday as she's invariably at the front of the pack, as she always works hard to get a head.
Appearance:	Well I think you can judge for yourself from the charming picture on the right. Has managed to keep her figure against the odds.
First impression:	Camilla Parker Bowles, with more dress sense. A very nice proper Li-dee, who nevertheless enjoys a good laugh. Always giggly and friendly, but probably a sadist on the quiet as she is after all a Physio. <i>(witness her hash trails if you don't believe me!)</i>
Habitat:	Insists she doesn't like mud but is invariably seen heading for the shiggy first. If you lose your way just follow the muddy footprints.
Medical Notes:	Recently survived a tree falling on her head totally unscathed. Car was seriously damaged but Jo is obviously made of sterner stuff.
Claims to fame:	Represented Worthing in It's a Knockout team in Belgium. Got knocked out. Claims to have run within 5 seconds of a women's world record. On closer interrogation Jo reluctantly revealed this was in fact the 100 metres.
Hobbies:	Sly drinker - only ever seen with orange juice and soda on hash nights but known to slug half a bottle of brandy a night, with her ovaltine. Could also explain the tree thing as an autopsy on the tree has revealed that it fell as a result of a good bang, rather than causing one of its own.
Habitual Sayings: and one more thing..	Oh really Johnny. Don't be so Rude! Her mum got interrogated by the Gurkhas as they wanted to run through her back garden. Which just happens to be the South Downs Way! Jo has a great sense of humour, don't you Jo. Jo? Jo? aaargh...



Boring serious bit... Safety issues

Still reading? Good. As a result of Dave and Hugh, both experienced hashers, losing the trail last Monday, and the recent weather some concern has been expressed about safety on the run. The following are guidelines which we would ask you all to take on board, particularly during winter runs:-

Hares

If running live please make sure the marks between checks are clear. Obviously there wouldn't be much point if the trail was too clear but if there's marks every 20 –30 feet then hounds will be aware when the trail has gone cold and can react accordingly. If setting beforehand it is preferable if you can actually run with the pack and make sure you have at least one other runner who is aware of the route to use as sweeper on the night. The sweeper should run at the back of the pack and ensure all checkers are through before clearly marking the on-trail.

Hounds

Please be aware of who is running around you and keep your eyes open for anyone heading off alone. This should be avoided as far as possible so if you reach a check first, wait for at least one other person to arrive before checking. If you don't want to interrupt your run head back along the trail until you are supported.

If you don't find a mark within 100yards return to the check.

If you can't hear the pack return to the check.

If in any doubt whatsoever return to the check.

Ideally there should be a stream of runners at intervals between the check and the checking hounds so please don't hang back. Even if you only go a short distance from the check you are making a valuable contribution.

At the start of the run look out for new runners and introduce yourselves, if necessary to the extent of setting up a running buddy system.

If you decide to return early or short-cut make sure someone is aware so that you are not missed.

Most importantly – CALL on marks. You may feel shy about this but it is a very important part of the whole shebang so do it.

Your Rights of Way are:-

On rights of way you can:-

You have a right to go for recreation to

In addition:

COUNTRYSIDE ACCESS CHARTER

- Public footpaths - on foot only;
- Bridleways - on foot, horseback and pedal cycle;
- Byways (usually old roads), most roads used as Public Paths and, of course public roads - all traffic.
- Take a pram, pushchair or wheelchair if practicable;
- Take a dog (on a lead or under close control);
- Take a short route around an illegal obstruction or remove it sufficiently to get past.
- Public parks and open spaces - on foot;
- Most commons near older towns and cities - on foot and sometimes on horseback;
- Private land where the owner has a formal agreement with the local authority. you can *use* by local or established *custom or consent*, but ask for advice if you are unsure.
- Many areas of open country like moorland, fell and coastal areas, especially those of the National Trust and some commons;
- Some woods and forests, especially those owned by the Forestry Commission;
- Country Parks and picnic sites;
- Most beaches;
- Canal towpaths;
- Some private paths and tracks.

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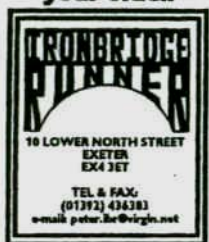
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**We're with you
every step of the way!**

Crackerjacks diary:

On 8th October I managed to find another hash and attended Ray Sterry of EGH3 and OCH3's run from his house. A very entertaining day as everyone brought along a dish and with a barrel of ale laid on made it quite a party. Typically of Dad he got the time wrong thinking it was 11am start but it was actually 10.45 so we had to rush across the fields to catch up through some fairly serious water. Very nice run with plenty of SCB's through the woods back for the grub. Ran into a problem with the down-downs as Dad was called as a representative of Brighton Hash so passed me to Lone Ranger who was called as a representative of EGH3 so he passed me to Layby who was called as a representative of Wank hash who passed me to Chipmonk who was called as a representative of Surrey hash who passed me to Scud who was called as a representative of Barnes, who passed me to Halfway who was called as a representative of Friends of the Mole etc. etc. Didn't know where I was afterwards.

Tried to do the EGH3 run on 22nd October but it was really too too mucky for the buggy so Dad just took me on a run from the Wheatsheaf pub to set the run for BH7 on the Monday. As a result there was loads of road at the start – sorry my fault. Somehow we still got very wet later though so don't know what the point of that was.

Anyway, I've now done my first race. Last year Burgess Hill Runners coach and sometime hasher Andy Brock took their daughter Lucy aged 8 months on the Brighton 10k so all year there's been an on & off challenge between me & her to do it even though she's a year older. By the Wednesday before it was definitely off but as it was a nice day Dad took me down and entered only to find Andy and Lucy there. We started together from the back and gradually I moved up the field to finish in 47:59, one second ahead of Dad and about a minute ahead of Lucy who probably ruined her chances by making Andy sing nursery rhymes to her all the way round (tee hee).

KETTLE ON - LET'S MAKE BEER!

My advice to you is ... don't mess with home-brewed beer. Just send out for a couple of tinnies. And put the kettle on! Yes, to make brilliant real ale in your kitchen, boil a kettle and open a can of beer concentrate. For just 35p a pint you can choose different flavours, such as English Bitter, Irish Stout, Woodforde's Wherry etc. Like Ribena, you just dilute it with water. Then let it go bad, sorry, good, for a week before bottling. After storing for a month or two I was simply amazed how tasty it was. Now, home-brew used to be pretty poor. Any CAMRA member would probably make shandy with it and retire to the nearest pub. I'm sure it was due to a cunning plot by the brewers, executed by Boots the Chemists, to stop you making anything pleasant at home. They did it with ... **sugar!** By telling you to mix some beer concentrate with a bag of Silver Spoon or Tate & Lyle you had no chance of making anything like "proper" beer. Cheap alcohol, yes. Quality real ale, no brewers were safe!

The 3 secrets of easy beermaking are now revealed:

1. Bottles. I used to think "pressure barrel" casks were easiest 'cos I couldn't be bothered collecting and washing all those fiddly bottles! Believe me though, you have to, and you need proper crown corks at 2.5p each. But bottles are free (see later). Your beer conditions and keeps well. Casks being slowly emptied don't keep well.

2. Don't boil. Good beer concentrate can spoil with boiling – delicate hop flavours are lost. Boiling (the brewing bit) should happen before you buy it and not in your kitchen. Mix the concentrate with hot and rinse the can out from the kettle (=2 kettlefuls per can). Your beer has good hop flavours.

3. Malt. It takes great skill to make good beer from half-malt half-sugar – beyond the skills, I fear, of most people! Certainly me. Commercial brewers don't so why try? Just use malt extract (that's all-beer concentrate, no sugar) with just a pinch of sugar to promote fizz in the bottles. Your beer tastes like real beer if left long enough. Magic!

In the supermarket or off-licence, similar beer to your home-made sells at over £1.35 a pint, and you have to buy a new glass bottle each time. Then chuck the empty away. Draught beer is more environmentally friendly of course, with less packaging. You could stand by the bottle bank on a Monday and ask people for all those nice 500ml beer bottles they are going to dump ... but mine have been collected over the years from bought beer, and certain bars who were throwing away empties.

The Continental standard brown 500ml bottle is very good, returnable in many countries, but not here. If anyone wants a set of 40 Sam Smith's bottles, buy me a pint and they're yours (Shoreham 463906). A crown corking device is essential: although snap-on reusable plastic caps are good they don't look authentic! If you choose to invest in a crown corker, it has another use. Bottle any leftovers from beer festivals, weddings, bar mitzvahs etc. a sprinkling of sugar in each bottle helps to fizz it, but not absolutely necessary. Just leave it in the bottle for a few weeks and it will be good. Well-hopped or stronger beers are of course the best for this, but Cheriton Pots Ale was superb after a few weeks in bottle and I'm, sure had gone up a few % of ABV as a result ... still very lively! You won't equal Harveys or Adnams, but you'll come pretty close if you try making beer from concentrate at home, and it's quite fun. I wish you the best of luck and ... enjoy! Use the Hopped Malt Extracts made by Edme or Muntons, about £6.50 per 20 pint can, sold in twin packs as a 40 pint kit (including yeast). From Johnson's, 2 Gratwicke Road, Worthing 233832; Easybrew, 27 Oxford St Brighton 682661; some Boots branches (Woodforde's kits by Muntons at Boots are good). Don't buy the cheap single-can kits that you must add sugar to, unless you're going to make shandy!

Adrian Towler

Brighton & South Downs CAMRA

Jaws – another

Brewery swallowed

After rejecting a bid from Shepherd Neame, King & Barnes have received and accepted, another offer, from Hall & Woodhouse, which sold off it's own Badger brewery a couple of years ago. In all probability the K&B brewery in Horsham will be closed – another prime town-centre brewery site for development! Swallowed and spewed out!

A quick reference guide to 1 Unit

The following measures of drink all contain one unit of pure alcohol

- Half pint of ordinary strength lager/beer/cider (3.5% ABV) = 1 UNIT
- A 25ml pub measure of spirit (40%ABV) = 1 UNIT
- A small glass of wine (9%ABV) = 1 UNIT
Note: Many wines are 11 or 12%ABV

% ABV = Percentage of Alcohol By Volume

The quick reference guide opposite shows 3 measures of drink that are easy to remember and are equivalent to 1 unit. But what happens if drink wine or beer that is stronger than average? Or you drink another type of drink?

You can work out the exact number of units in a particular drink by multiplying the volume of the drink (in ml) by the %ABV and dividing by 1000 – e.g. the number of units in a 330ml bottle of lager with a 5%ABV is:

$$\frac{330 \times 5}{1000} = 1.7 \text{ units}$$

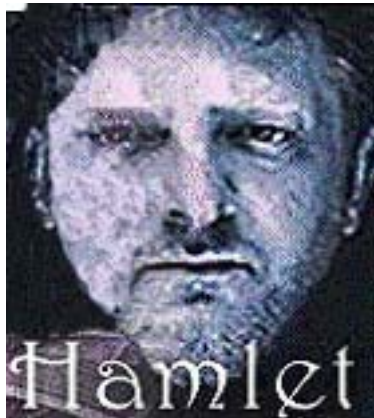
Hagar the Horrible ... by Dik Browne



THE WISDOM OF AGE - For Auntie Jo

Signs that Your Getting OLD

1. The pack catches you on the live run, and you end up discussing safety issues in the pub (Chris, Tony & Niel).
2. You get offered the pensioners discount on the post hash grub (Pete and Les, Downlands, East Worthing).
3. You're asleep, but others worry that you're dead.
4. Your back goes out more than you do.
5. You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room.
6. You buy a compass for the dash of your car/truck.
7. You are proud of your lawn mower.
8. Your best friend is dating someone half their age, and isn't breaking any laws.
9. Your arms are almost too short to read the newspaper.
10. You sing along with the elevator music.
11. You start having dry dreams and wet farts.
12. You would rather go to work than stay home sick.
13. You enjoy hearing about other people's operations.
14. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
15. People call at 9:00 p.m. and ask, "Did I wake you?"
16. You answer a question with, "Because I said so."
17. The end of your tie doesn't come anywhere near the top of your pants.
18. You take a metal detector to the beach.
19. You know what the word "equity" means.
20. You can't remember the last time you lay on the floor to watch television.
21. Your ears are hairier than your head.
22. You talk about "good grass" and you're referring to someone's lawn.
23. You get into a heated argument about pension plans.
24. You got cable for The Weather Channel.
25. You can go hashing without drinking.
26. You have a party and the neighbours don't even realise.
27. Your partner says, "Let's go upstairs and make love," and you answer, "Honey, I can't do both!"
28. Your friends compliment you on your new alligator shoes and you're barefoot.
29. A sexy babe catches your fancy and your pacemaker opens the garage door.
30. Going bra-less pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.
31. You don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along
32. When you are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police.
33. "Getting a little action" means I don't need to take any fiber today.
34. "Getting lucky" means you find your car in the car park.
35. An "all nighter" means not getting up to pee!
36. People introduce you to this list.
37. You start to look like this:-



A man walked up to a little old lady rocking in a chair on her porch.

"I couldn't help noticing how happy you look," he said.

"What's your secret for a long happy life?"

"I smoke three packets of cigarettes a day," she said.

"I also do a gram of coke a day, a spliff every night, a case of whisky a week, eat junk food, and never exercise, and do pills on the weekend."

"That's amazing!" said the man, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

There's a pensioner couple, both about 80, on a sentimental holiday back in the place where they first met. They're sitting in a pub and he says to her, "Remember first time we had sex together, over fifty years ago? We went round the corner to the gas works. You leaned against the fence and I gave you one from behind".

"Yes", she says, "I remember it well".

"OK", he says, "How about taking a stroll round there and I'll give you one for old times sake?"

"Ooh George, you devil, that sounds like a good idea", she answers.

There's a chap sitting at the next table listening to all this, having a chuckle to himself. He thinks, 'I've got to see this, two pensioners having sex against the gas works fence.' So he follows them.

They walk haltingly along, leaning on each other for support, aided by walking sticks. Finally they get to the back of the gas works and make their way to the fence. The old lady lifts her skirt, takes her knickers down and the old man drops his trousers. She turns around and hangs on to the fence and the old man moves in. Suddenly they erupt into the most furious sex the watching man has ever seen. They are bucking and jumping like eighteen-year-olds. This goes on for about forty minutes. She's yelling "Ohhh God!" He's hanging on to her hips for dear life. This is the most athletic sex imaginable. Finally, they both collapse panting on the ground. The watching guy is amazed. He thinks he has learned something about life that he didn't know. He starts to think about his own aged parents and wonders whether they still have sex like this. After about half an hour of lying on the ground in recovery, the old couple struggle to their feet and get their clothes back on. The guy, still watching, thinks, 'That was truly amazing, he was going like a train. I've got to ask him what his secret is.'

As the couple pass, the chap says to them, "That was something else, you must have been shagging for about forty minutes. How do you manage it? Is there some sort of secret?"

"No, there's no secret", the old man says, " fifty years ago that f***** fence wasn't electrified !!!!!!!

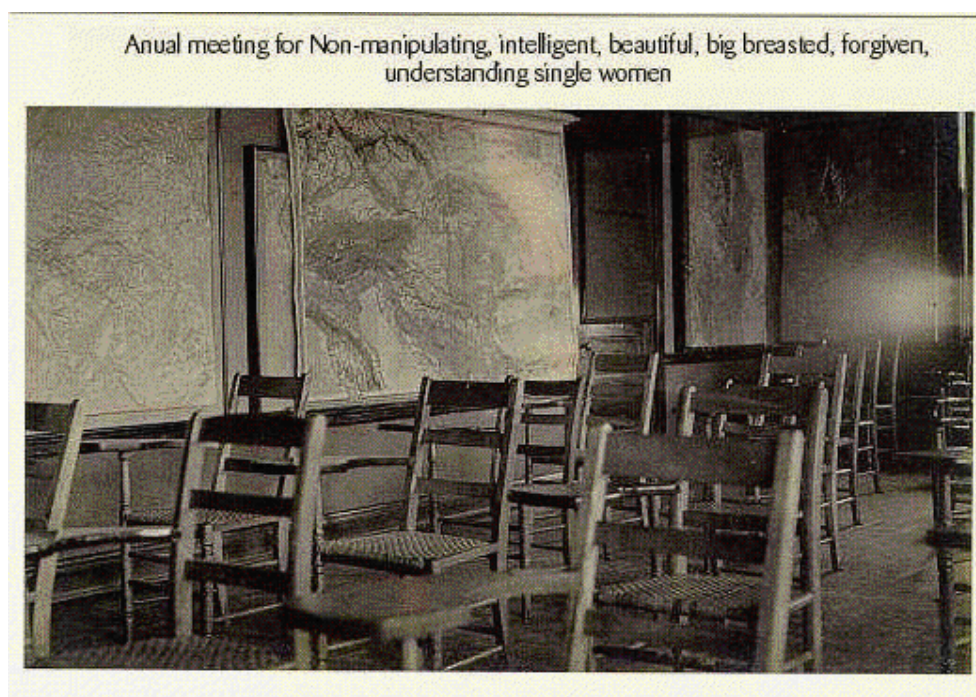
Now That I'm older here's what I've discovered:

- I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
- My wild oats have turned into prunes and All Bran.
- I finally got my head together; now my body is falling apart.
- Funny, I don't remember being absent minded.
- All reports are in; life is now officially unfair.
- If all is not lost, where is it?
- It is easier to get older than it is to get wiser.
- Some days you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant.
- I wish the buck stopped here; I sure could use a few.
- Kids in the back seat cause accidents.
- Accidents in the back seat cause kids.
- It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
- Only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
- If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
- When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone decide to play chess?
- It's not hard to meet expenses. . . they're everywhere.
- The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
- These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter. . .
- I go somewhere to get something, and then wonder what I'm after.

An old lady in a nursing home is wheeling up and down the hall in her wheelchair, making sounds as if she is driving a car. As she is going down the hall, an old man jumps out of a room and says, "Excuse me madam, but were you speeding? Can I see your driving licence?"

She digs around in her purse a little, pulls out a sweet wrapper and hands it to him. He looks it over, gives her a warning and sends her on her way. Up and down the hall she goes again. The same old man jumps out of a room and says, "Excuse me madam, but I saw you crossing over the centre reservation back there. Can I see your licence, please?" She digs around in her purse, pulls out a shop receipt and hands it over to him. He looks it over, gives her another warning and sends her on her way. Again, she zooms off up and down the hall, weaving all over the place. As she comes to the old man's room, he jumps out. He is stark naked and has an erection. The old lady in the wheelchair looks up and exclaims "Oh no, not the breathalyser again!"

APPLICATION FORM FOR JERRY SPRINGER SHOW		
<p>Simply fill in this application to go on the Jerry Springer Show:</p> <p>Last name: _____</p> <p>First name: (Check appropriate box)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Bob</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Joe</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Ray</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Sue</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Mae</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Jack</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Anne-Louise</p> <p>What does everyone call you?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Booger</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Bubba</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Junior</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Sissy</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p> <p>Other _____</p> <p>Age: _____ (if unsure, guess) _____</p> <p>Not sure</p> <p>Shoe Size: _____ Left _____ Right</p> <p>Occupation: (Check appropriate box)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Farmer</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanic</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Hair Dresser</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Unemployed</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Dirty Politician</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Preacher</p> <p>Name of:</p> <p>Spouse _____</p> <p>2nd Spouse _____</p> <p>3rd Spouse _____</p> <p>Lover: _____</p>	<p>Relationship with spouse: (Check appropriate box)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Sister</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Brother</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Aunt</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Uncle</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cousin</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Mother</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Father</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Son</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Daughter</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pet</p> <p>Number of children living in household: _____</p> <p>Number of children living in shed: _____</p> <p>Number that are yours: _____</p> <p>Mother's Name: _____ (If not sure, leave blank)</p> <p>Father's Name: _____ (If not sure, leave blank)</p> <p>Education: 1 2 3 4 (Circle highest grade completed)</p> <p>Total number of vehicles you own: _____</p> <p>Number of vehicles that still crank: _____</p> <p>Number of vehicles in front yard: _____</p> <p>Number of vehicles in backyard: _____</p> <p>Number of vehicles on cement blocks: _____</p> <p>Firearms you own and where you keep them:</p> <p>_____ truck</p> <p>_____ bedroom</p> <p>_____ bathroom</p> <p>_____ kitchen</p> <p>_____ shed</p> <p>Model and year of your pickup: 196__</p> <p>Do you have a gun rack?</p> <p>If no, please explain:</p> <p>Brand of chewing tobacco you prefer:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Red-Man</p>	<p>Newspapers/magazines you subscribe to</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> The National Enquirer</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> The Globe</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> TV Guide</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Soap Opera Digest</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Rifle and Shotgun</p> <p>Number of times you've seen a UFO: _____</p> <p>Number of times in the last 5 years you've seen Elvis: _____</p> <p>Number of times you've seen Elvis in a UFO: _____</p> <p>How often do you bathe:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Weekly</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Monthly</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Not Applicable</p> <p>Colour of eyes:</p> <p>Right _____ left _____</p> <p>Colour of hair:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Blond</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Black</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Red</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Brown</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> White</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Clairol</p> <p>Colour of teeth:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Yellow</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Brownish-Yellow</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Brown</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Black</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> N/A</p> <p>How far is your home from a paved road?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> 1 mile</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> 2 miles</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Just a whoop-and-a-holler!</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> road?</p>



■ "This is an immoral show where humans torture animals and themselves for money" a spokesman for the Pattaya police force told reporters. "It is cruel and demeaning, and that is why we are determined to stamp out these evil sexy shows before they take root in our town."

The Thai police spokesman was referring to the arrest of four go-go dancers and a night club manager for performing an immoral and improper act in a tourist bar. "Before they go on, the girls put ducklings inside plastic eggs, and then insert the eggs inside their vaginas. Then they go on stage, dance around to the music and, at the end of the song, squat down and lay an egg while the customers cheer. It's true that the eggs have little air holes in them, but it's clear that the ducklings can't breathe properly while their inside the girls because, when they're finally hatched, they rush out gasping for air."

The dancers were fined 1,000 baht each and released, there being no specific law against hatching ducks from vaginas in Thailand. (Reuter, 20/3/97. Spotter: N J Rampley)

SPORT LAUGHS

What part of a football pitch smells nicest?

The scenter spot!

Why aren't football stadiums built in outer space?

Because there is no atmosphere!

What's the chilliest ground in the premiership?

Cold Trafford!

How did the football pitch end up as triangle?

Somebody took a corner!

Which England player keeps up the fuel supply?

Paul gas coin!

What does Paul Inces mum make for Christmas?

Ince pies!

What does a footballer and a magician have in common?

Both do hat tricks!

Which goalkeeper can jump higher than a crossbar?

All of them, a crossbar can't jump!

Why are football players never asked for dinner?

Because they're always dribbling!

Why did the footballer hold his boot to his ear?

Because he liked sole music!

A man is out shopping and discovers a new brand of Olympic condoms. Clearly impressed, he buys a pack. Upon getting home he announces to his wife the purchase he just made. "Olympic condoms?", she blurts, "What makes them so special?"

"There are three colours", he replies, "Gold, Silver and Bronze."

"What colour are you going to wear tonight?", she asks cheekily.

"Gold of course", says the man proudly.

The wife responds, "Really, why don't you wear Silver, it would be nice if you came second for a change!".

"The Swimming Head"

Three guys enter a disabled swimming contest. The first has no arms. The second no legs and the third has no body, just a head. They all line up, the whistle blows and "splash" they're all in the pool. The guy with no arms takes the lead instantly but the guy with no legs is closing fast. The head of course sank straight to the bottom. Ten lengths later and the guy with no legs finishes first. He can still see bubbles coming from the bottom of the pool, so he decides he had better dive down to rescue him. He picks up the head, swims back up to the surface and places the head at the side of the pool, where upon the head starts coughing and sputtering.

Eventually the head catches his breath and shouts: "Three years I've spent learning to swim with my bloody ears, then two minutes before the whistle, some prat puts a swimming cap on me!"

"Batistuta gets most of his goals with the ball" Ian St John

"That's inches away from being millimetre perfect" (Ted Lowe)

"Adams is stretching himself, looking for Seaman" Brian Moore

"I can see the carrot at the end of the tunnel" (Stuart Pearce)

"The French are not normally a Nordic Skiing Nation" (Ron Pickering)

"The swimmers are swimming out of their socks." Sharron Davies, BBC

"Without being too harsh on David, he cost us the match." Ian Wright, ITV

"There are the boys, their balls between their legs" Amanda Redington, GMTV

"I'll fight Lloyd Honeyghan for nothing if the price is right" (Marlon Starling)

"In cycling, you can put all your money on one horse." Stephen Roche, Eurosport

"I was in a no-win situation, so I'm glad that I won rather than lost" (Frank Bruno)

"I'm glad two sides of the cherry have been put forward" Geoff Boycott, Radio 5 Live

"Watch the time -it gives you an indication of how fast they are running" (Ron Pickering)

"I can't tell who's leading - It's either Oxford or Cambridge" (John Snagge - Boat Race)

"Ian Mackie is here to prove his back injury is behind him" Commentator at Spar Athletics

"The Queen's Park Oval, exactly as its name suggests - is absolutely round." (Tony Cozier)

"A fascinating duel between 3 men..." David Coleman, Hammer Throw, World Athletics, BBC

"Her legs are kept tightly together: she's giving nothing away" Gymnastics commentator, BBC1

"Just under 10 seconds for Nigel Mansel. Call it 9.5 seconds in round numbers" (Murray Walker)

"The advantage of the rain is, that if you have a quick bike, there's no advantage" Barry Sheene

"If England are going to win this match, they're going to have to score a goal." (Jimmy Hill - BBC)

"I always used to put my right boot on first, and then obviously my right sock." Barry Venison, ITV

"It was the fastest-ever swim over that distance on American soil." Greg Phillips, Portsmouth News

"Bobby Gould thinks I'm trying to stab him in the back. In fact I'm right behind him" (Stuart Pearson)

"Moreano thought that the full back was gonna come up behind and give him one really hard" Ron Atkinson

"A brain scan revealed that Andrew Caddick is not suffering from stress fracture of the shin" (Jo Sheldon)

"So, this movie you star in, The Life Story of George Best, tell us what it's about." George Gavin, Sky Sport

"They (Leeds) used to be a bit like Arsenal, winning by one goal to nil or even less." Nasser Hussain, Channel 5

"As Phil De Glanville said, each game is unique, and this one is no different to any other." (John Sleightholme - BBC1)

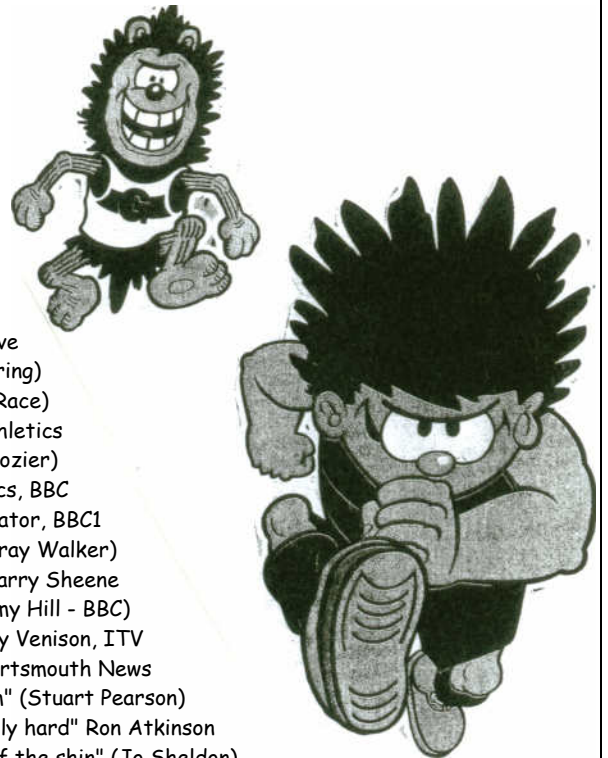
"Playing with wingers is more effective against European sides like Brazil than English sides like Wales" (Ron Greenwood)

Jimmy Hill: "Don't sit on the fence Terry. What chance do you think Germany has of getting through? Terry Venables: "I think it's 50-50."

"Street hockey is great for kids. It's energetic, competitive, and skilful. And best of all it keeps them off the street." Radio 1 Newsbeat

After playing Cameroon in the 1990 world cup finals: "We didn't underestimate them. They were just a lot better than we thought" (Bobby Robson)

"And Nakano tries to avoid being passed by his teammate Trulli, which should in fact be quite easy, because Trulli is going more slowly than his teammate Nakano" Murray Walker, ITV



Horse Racing ---

LINEUP:

1. Passionate Lady

2. Bare Belly

3. Silk Panties

4. Conscience

5. Jockey Shorts

6. Clean Sheets

7. Thighs

8. Big Dick

9. Heavy Bosom

10. Merry Cherry

THEY'RE OFF!!!

Conscience is left behind at the gate. Jockey Shorts and Silk Panties are off in a hurry. Heavy Bosom is being pressured. Passionate Lady is caught by Thighs and Big Dick is in a dangerous spot!

AT THE HALF:

It's Bare Belly on top, Thighs open and Big Dick is pressed in. Heavy Bosom is being pushed hard against Clean Sheets.

Passionate Lady and Thighs are working hard on Bare Belly. Bare Belly is under terrific pressure from Big Dick.

AT THE STRETCH:

Merry Cherry cracks under the strain. Big Dick is making a final drive. Bare Belly is in and Passionate Lady is coming.

AT THE FINISH:

It's Big Dick giving everything he's got and Passionate Lady takes everything Big Dick has to offer. It looks like a

dead heat but Big Dick comes through with one final thrust and wins by a head... Bare Belly shows...Thighs

weakens...Heavy Bosom pulls up... & Clean Sheets never had a chance.

From the Net:-

ukh3notices - <http://www.hhh.org.uk/>

Friends of the Mole

We are celebrating our Christmas Party in Hythe (at a local hostelry) on Friday 15th Dec, price approx £16. Venue has some accommodation and there are other hostelrys in hythe as is crash space. If anyone is interested please contact me either on hotmail as above, or gayeddis@yahoo.com.

Come and join the London hashes at our Christmas Party on 16th December at The Hogshead pub at Ludgate Circus (Blackfriars Tube) - cost £12. Includes the Hash Band, disco, late bar, hot supper, midnight munchies. We can find you crash space if you give us enough notice. See the London Hash website for details: www.londonhash.org ON! ON! Ryde (London H3)

Are you looking for stocking fillas for the hashers in your life or perhaps you are seeking ideas for raffle prizes for your Hashbash Bash? Why not buy them a copy of the UK H3 Directory 2000? Only 1.50 UKP each! (or 1.25 UKP for 10 or more copies) You can pay by credit card if you register with PayPal by following this link: <https://secure.paypal.com/refer/pal=gwilliamsh%40cix.co.uk> or, more conventionally, you can send a cheque to:

Gordon Williams
Plum Tree Cottage
The College
Marsh Gibbon
Bicester
OX27 0HN

Another Hashbash pressie idea for you!

The December 2000 edition of Hash Hack (which first appeared in 1989) has just hit the streets - and a very good read it is, too. Subscriptions for next year are 10.00 UKP for the UK, 14.00 for Europe, 17.00 for the rest of the world. Send to:

Ed Hare Hack Penthouse
25 Pamington Fields
Ashchurch
Tewkesbury
GL20 8LH

(By the way this Hack Hack has nothing at all to do with the on-line magazine of the same name at <http://www.hashhouseharriers.co.uk> run by the Invisible Man. Confused by the False Trail? I certainly was. Hopefully the Invisible Man will concede that Robo has prior rights to the Hash Hack name.)

Dear Hasher

We are cumming to the end of the year 2000 - yes already! tx for those who have contributed to the UK Hash mag on-line. with over 2000 visitors a day - we certainly did not expect such support when we started. as for sponsors we thank you. In particular <http://www.c-i-m-s.com> On On!!

during the year we have established a Hashers only e-mail service - of which the uptake has been more than we expected - tx again. events ? Mostly we have promoted UK based Hash events - though regular web visitors will have noticed there are and increasing number of outside UK events promoted. the latest trial has been concerning launching DVD multimedia on the web site - tx for all those that have been involved in the trials - they will continue for yet - until we are happy. So hashers - being the end of the year - we arrive at asking for your vote - which Hash has submitted the most entertaining Hash Pix of the year....the lucky hasher + friends enjoys a weeks vacation in Portugal, Europe. The online voting form appears in December.

ON ON (recipients by alphabetic assignment from) editorhhh@hashhousharriers.co.uk <http://www.hashhouseharriers.co.uk> on line UK Hash Mag.

Creative Textiles

All you'll ever need for hash Haberdash - printed or embroidered. t shirts, Sweatshirts, polo shirts, caps, fleeces, pacers, cagouls, badges, bike bash gear etc... e MAIL now for FREE CATALOGUE. geoff@creativetextiles.fsnet.co.uk

[Old Coulsdon Hash House Harriers](http://www.sbu.ac.uk/sally/dates.html) Our new 2001 run sheet is now available on the web at www.sbu.ac.uk/sally/dates.html

Taff Bash 3

Date is on Saturday the 17th Feb. Starting at 10:30 from Hobo Backpackers in Tredegar. For those who were with us last year I promise more time in the pub! The costs are just UKP 5 for the return bus, plus your own refreshments or for those who are so mean or so fit, nothing. If they ride back up hill all the way! For those who don't know Tredegar is the centre of the Welsh universe! Between Abergavenny and Merthyr Tydfil on the A465. You can also find us on the web www.hobo-backpackers.co.uk If you want to make a weekend of it, on Sunday there will be a guided ride. There is bed space available at UKP=10, Cheap food and good beer! Depending on demand we either get a barrel in or experience the night life in Tredegar.
On On Hose Pipe Hobo_backpackers@hcliff.freemove.co.uk

ELGIN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 888th RUN WEEKEND 6th to 8th APRIL 2001

Come to the Moray Firth in Spring for 2 great runs in Roseisle Forest beside the sea. The £36 entry fee includes 2 lunches, one dinner, and free real ale, lager and wine at the 2 On Inns at Roseisle Village Hall. Dance the Saturday night away to a live band at the Sunninghill Hotel - Theme - Wild West. For details and entry form see the Elgin H3 web page <http://users.breathemail.net/pew> On On, Sumohash

The UK H3 website has now been completely revamped. No bells and whistles - just the basic facts. In other words it's been designed to load as fast as possible (I hope!). Those of you who have bookmarked various Bicester H3 webpages should now revise these to <http://www.hhh.org.uk/> as much of the information on the BH3 web will be withdrawn shortly. The search facility may not be working yet if you log on to the site within the next 24 hours - the search engine spider takes that long to update itself but by the weekend it should be OK. Thanks for linking. Please let me know of any updates required or problems and also if you have any (constructive, please!) criticisms. (It would be helpful if you could let me know which browser and platform you are using to view the site when reporting problems.)

Your own Hash Website

There are lots of offers out there at present for hosting websites which can cost anything from nothing to megalots of dosh. In my experience you get what you pay for - the free ones sometimes make you carry commercial advertising, have restrictions on what you can install and can be very slow to access at peak times. The following offer is NOT free but has many unique advantages:

- * a website address of the form <http://yourhash.ukh3.org/>
i.e. You wouldn't have to buy a name for your web site.
- * Up to 100 e-mail addresses of the form
"yourname@yourhash.ukh3.org" (If you need more call me.)
- * 100 Mb webspace. More space later.
- * No charge for first 12 months - after that it will cost
7.50 UKP per month or annually, 90.00 UKP

The webserver is "state of the art", has all sorts of bells and whistles and, most importantly, is run by a hasher who will have your interests at heart. Please check <http://www.findmenet.com/> website for server info. The UK H3 website will shortly be fully installed on this server. As an example you can view the Bicester H3 website at: <http://bicester.ukh3.org/> We will host both UK NashHash and InterHash 2004 websites completely free if we get more than 30 UK hash sites paying. Enquiries to: Gadget, tunc@eresen.com

Dear All,

Please link our Lisbon H3 page up to your Hash page and let other Hashers know about it. <http://www.angelfire.com/celeb/lh3/>
Grateful OnOn TAP danielfoster@teleweb.pt



BIG AL'S

100 UP



100 MARATHONS; 100 BOTTLES OF CHAMPERS!

Curriculum Hashae

Name:

Al Bray – aka Big Al; Dorian Bray; Al Zheimers; Mengele; Dr. Death; the old Queen; Marathon Mad; etc.etc.

Date of Birth:

January 1938. 62 going on 19.

Education:

Varndean School, Brighton – rubbed shoulders with Des Lynam at the recent old boys bash. In the urinals. O level German. Double-entry book-cooking CSE grade E. Bit sus. Takes Cider with a dash of orange squash. Has been seen supping Champers in a shell suit and gold lame running shoes at Las Vegas airport. However, has allegedly done no less than 7 sisters on the same day on several occasions!

Appearance:

Manages to remain mud-free on even the shaggiest of runs. Wears scary one-piece tri-suits.

First impression:

Part Jimmy Saville; part Arthur Askey; part Chris Tarrant. All Mengele.

Habitat:

Marathons. Happiest when surrounded by (empty) bottles, magnums, jeroboams and nebuchadnezzars of champagne and several comatose mates.

Medical Notes:

Solar powered. Allsorts of problems manifest themselves during the winter runs when he can barely manage the end of the road, but runs like a stag at the first glow from the big ball in the sky.

Behaviour:

Drinks like a fish; drives like a fish; steers like a cow – witness his personal crash and burn on many a run. Do not upset him on the Hash Relay by being late; being young and female and beating him. Known to scream 'Track' at pensioners and children in his way.

Hobbies:

Collecting champagne labels, corks and glasses; and Nike shoes. Running marathons. Rubbing shoulders with the dead and famous. Good pal of Steve Ovet and once shared a field in Malta with Ollie Reed.

Habitual Sayings:

Mainly repeating old jokes. Very often the same ones week to week.

He says: Get that lard off you and you could be a runner. (to Bunter and Bouncer)
They say: Didn't you used to be Al Bray?

Questionable activities:

Running marathons (again) – has now completed 100 X 26.2 distance in such divers runs as New York, Moscow, Las Vegas, Marrakech, Malta, Frankfurt, Athens and London. Often seen on the Downs in the Windmills, Three Forts, Chanctonbury and seven Sisters runs as well as New Forest and lots of overdistance lunacy such as the South owns 80 & 100; Jack and Jill 30 and London to Brighton 58. Spent all of 1999 collecting enough champagne glasses (Nell Gwynnes because she allegedly provided the mould) from charity shops to make the mother of all champagne fountains on New Years Eve. Got bored after first layer and gave up on the idea. Whether these re-surface to be smashed in the style of a Cossack vodka party at a future hash event remains to be seen. Supping Jungle Juice from cute little sachets.

Commendations/ Awards:

Top customer of Sam Lambourne (and indeed Nike) from 1955 to 2055 (on advance sales).

As part of a 26 man team, each running a mile thus handicapped to see how fast the marathon could be done, Al once held the World Record for running a mile in Wellies full of custard in a time of 6.05. unfortunately lost it 3 hours later as the final man squelched home in 4.45 (an unbelievable but true story!).

Father of Brighton running (sad B*stard says his mate MH).

First hasher to prove mental instability by running not one, not two, not even three but ... 100 x the marathon distance.



just do it. (just bloody did!)

PRESIDENTIAL NEWS

NOTICE OF REVOCATION OF INDEPENDENCE

To the citizens of the United States of America, in the light of your failure to elect a President of the USA and thus to govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective today. Her Sovereign Majesty Queen Elizabeth II will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths and other territories. Except Utah, which she does not fancy. Your new prime minister (The rt. hon. Tony Blair, MP for the 98.85% of you who have until now been unaware that there is a world outside your borders) will appoint a minister for America without the need for further elections. Congress and the Senate will be disbanded. A questionnaire will be circulated next year to determine whether any of you noticed.

To aid in the transition to a British Crown Dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

1. You should look up "revocation" in the Oxford English Dictionary. Then look up "aluminium". Check the pronunciation guide. You will be amazed at just how wrongly you have been pronouncing it. Generally, you should raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels. Look up "vocabulary". Using the same twenty seven words interspersed with filler noises such as "like" and "you know" is an unacceptable and inefficient form of communication. Look up "interspersed".
2. There is no such thing as "US English". We will let Microsoft know on your behalf.
3. You should learn to distinguish the English and Australian accents. It really isn't that hard.
4. Hollywood will be required occasionally to cast English actors as the good guys.
5. You should relearn your original national anthem, "God Save The Queen", but only after fully carrying out task 1. We would not want you to get confused and give up half way through.
6. You should stop playing American "football". There is only one kind of football. What you refer to as American "football" is not a very good game. The 1.15% of you who are aware that there is a world outside your borders may have noticed that no one else plays "American" football. You will no longer be allowed to play it, and should instead play proper football. Initially, it would be best if you played with the girls. It is a difficult game. Those of you brave enough will, in time, be allowed to play rugby (which is similar to American "football", but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full kevlar body armour like nancies). We are hoping to get together at least a US rugby sevens side by 2005.
7. You should declare war on Quebec and France, using nuclear weapons if they give you any merde. The 98.85% of you who were not aware that there is a world outside your borders should count yourselves lucky. The Russians have never been the bad guys. "Merde" is French for "shit".
8. July 4th is no longer a public holiday. November 8th will be a new national holiday, but only in England. It will be called "Indecisive Day".
9. All American cars are hereby banned. They are crap and it is for your own good. When we show you German cars, you will understand what we mean.
10. Please tell us who killed JFK. It's been driving us crazy.

Thank you for your cooperation.

BEIRUT, Nov 9 (Reuters) - A Lebanese newspaper apologised on Thursday for declaring Al Gore the winner of the U.S. presidential election. "We are sorry because we put an end to a matter that was not concluded," wrote As-Safir's editor, Talal Salman. "We are used to a deep-rooted Arab tradition of democracy where results are first declared, then elections are conducted and votes brought in to affirm it," he added. "Gore Becomes President. Lieberman in the White House", read As-Safir's banner headline on Wednesday.

The two major presidential candidates today agreed that Americans are seeing too much inappropriate material in popular entertainment.

However - they disagree on the details.

The Republican candidate, George W. Bush, stated that there is too much bloody violence in the movies and on television. Vice-president Al Gore, his Democrat opponent, stated meanwhile that the media present Americans with too much sex and frontal nudity. In other words, Bush says there is too much gore and Gore says there is too much bush.

Should this guy be president ?! - Great quotes from George W. Bush, Jr.

"Republicans understand the importance of bondage between a mother and child."

"One word sums up probably the responsibility of any Governor, and that one word is 'to be prepared'."

"I have made good judgments in the past. I have made good judgments in the future."

"The future will be better tomorrow."

"I stand by all the misstatements that I've made." to Sam Donaldson 8/17/93

"When I have been asked who caused the riots and the killing in LA, my answer has been direct & simple: Who is to blame for the riots? The rioters are to blame. Who is to blame for the killings? The killers are to blame."

"We have a firm commitment to NATO, we are a part of NATO. We have a firm commitment to Europe. We are a part of Europe."

"Welcome to Mrs. Bush, and my fellow astronauts."

"Mars is essentially in the same orbit...Mars is somewhat the same distance from the Sun, which is very important. We have seen pictures where there are canals, we believe, and water. If there is water, that means there is oxygen. If oxygen, that means we can breathe." 8/11/94

"The Holocaust was an obscene period in our nation's history. I mean in this century's history. But we all lived in this century. I didn't live in this century." 9/15/95

"I believe we are on an irreversible trend toward more freedom and democracy - but that could change." 5/22/98

"Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things. 11/30/96

"We're going to have the best educated American people in the world." 9/21/97

"People that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have a tremendous impact on history."

"I am not part of the problem. I am a Republican"

"A low voter turnout is an indication of fewer people going to the polls."

"Illegitimacy is something we should talk about in terms of not having it." 5/20/96

"For NASA, space is still a high priority." 9/5/93

"Quite frankly, teachers are the only profession that teach our children." 9/18/95

"The American people would not want to know of any misquotes that George Bush may or may not make."

"We're all capable of mistakes, but I do not care to enlighten you on the mistakes we may or may not have made."

"[It's] time for the human race to enter the solar system."

AND FINALLY:- "Public speaking is very easy." to reporters.

The last four U.S. Presidents are caught in a tornado, and off they spin to OZ. After threatening trials and tribulations, they finally make it to the Emerald City and come before the Great Wizard. "WHAT BRINGS YOU BEFORE THE GREAT WIZARD? WHAT DO YOU WANT?" Jimmy Carter steps forward timidly: "I had a terrible time with Iran, so I've come for some courage." "No problem" says the Wizard, "WHO IS NEXT?" Ronald Reagan steps forward, "Well.. Well.. Well.. I need a brain." "Done," says the Wizard. "Who comes next before the Great Wizard?" Up steps George Bush sadly, "I'm told by the American people that I need a heart." "I've heard it's true," says the Wizard. "Consider it done." Then there is a great silence. Bill Clinton is just standing there, looking around, but doesn't say a word. Irritated, the Wizard finally asks, "WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE EMERALD CITY?" "Is Dorothy around?"

WORK

Prison vs Work (*Graphic version at end*)

IN PRISON you spend the majority of your time in an 8x10 cell

AT WORK you spend most of your time in a 6x8 cubicle

IN PRISON you get three meals a day

AT WORK you only get a break for 1 meal and you have to pay for it

IN PRISON you get time off for good behaviour

AT WORK you get rewarded for good behaviour with more work

IN PRISON a guard locks and unlocks all the doors for you

AT WORK you must carry around a security card and unlock and open all the doors yourself

IN PRISON you can watch TV and play games

AT WORK you get fired for watching TV and playing games

IN PRISON you get your own toilet

AT WORK you have to share

IN PRISON they allow your family and friends to visit

AT WORK you cannot even speak to your family and friends.

IN PRISON all expenses are paid by taxpayers with no work required

AT WORK you get to pay all the expenses to go to work and then they deduct taxes from your salary to pay for prisoners.

IN PRISON you spend most of your life looking through bars from the inside wanting to get out

AT WORK you spend most of your time wanting to get out and go inside bars

IN PRISON there are warders who are often sadistic

AT WORK they are called managers *See end.*



**Now you know why people say
they're getting crapped on at work!**

Dilbert's rules of order

1. I can only please one person per day. Today is not your day. Tomorrow is not looking good either.
2. I love deadlines. I especially like the whooshing sound they make as they go flying by.
3. Tell me what you need, and I'll tell you how to get along without it.
4. Accept that some days you are the pigeon and some days the statue.
5. Needing someone is like needing a parachute. If he isn't there the first time, chances are you won't be needing him again.
6. I don't have an attitude problem, you have a perception problem.
7. Last night I lay in bed looking up at the stars in the sky, and I thought to myself, where the hell is the ceiling?
8. My reality check bounced.
9. On the keyboard of life, always keep one finger on the escape key.
10. I don't suffer from stress. I am a carrier.
11. You are slower than a herd of turtles stampeding through peanut butter.
12. Do not meddle in the affairs of dragons, because you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup.
13. Everybody is somebody else's weirdo.
14. Never argue with an idiot. They drag you down to their level, then beat you with experience.
15. A pat on the back is only a few centimeters from a kick in the butt.
16. Don't be irreplaceable - if you can't be replaced, you can't be promoted.
17. After any salary raise, you will have less money at the end of the month than you did before.
18. The more crap you put up with, the more crap you are going to get.
19. You can go anywhere you want if you look serious and carry a clipboard.
20. Eat one live toad the first thing in the morning and nothing worse will happen to you the rest of the day.
21. When the bosses talk about improving productivity, they are never talking about themselves.
22. Everything can be filed under "miscellaneous."
23. To err is human, to forgive is not our policy.
24. Anyone can do any amount of work, provided it isn't the work he/she is supposed to be doing.
25. Important letters that contain no errors will develop errors in the email.
26. If you are good, you will be assigned all the work. If you are really good, you will get out of it.
27. You are always doing something marginal when the boss drops by your desk.
28. People who go to conferences are the ones who shouldn't.
29. If it wasn't for the last minute, nothing would get done.
30. At work, the authority of a person is inversely proportional to the number of pens that person is carrying.
31. When you don't know what to do, walk fast and look worried.
32. Following the rules will not get the job done.
33. Getting the job done is no excuse for not following the rules.
34. When confronted by a difficult problem, you can solve it more easily by reducing it to the question, "How would the Lone Ranger handle this?"
35. The last person that quit or was fired will be held responsible for everything that goes wrong.

Simple physics shows that the amount of work done is the product of the power applied and the period of time involved.

Hence we get: $\text{Work} = \text{Power} \times \text{Time}$

In addition, everybody knows that time is money and knowledge is power.

Re-writing the equation, we get: $\text{Work} = \text{Knowledge} \times \text{Money}$

Re-arranging the equation we get: $\text{Money} = \text{Work} / \text{Knowledge}$

Which just goes to prove that, no matter how hard you work, the less you know the more money you will make!

ALL GOLF

Two men were having an awfully slow round of golf because the two ladies in front of them managed to get into every sand trap, lake, and rough on the course. They didn't even bother to wave the men on through. After two hours of waiting and waiting, one man said, "I think I'll walk up there and ask those gals to let us play through." He walked out the fairway, got halfway to the ladies, stopped, turned around, and came back, explaining, "I can't do it. One of those women is my wife and the other is my mistress! Maybe you'd better go talk to them." The second man walked toward the ladies, got halfway there and, just as his partner had done, stopped, turned around and walked back and said: "Small world."

A man takes a week off and decides to play a round of golf every day. First thing Monday he sets off on his first round and soon catches up to the person in front. He sees that this is a woman and as he gets closer to her on the Par 3, he sees that she is a stunner. He's interested and suggests that they play the rest of the round together. She agrees and a very close match ensues.

She turns out also to be a very talented golfer and she wins their little match on the last hole. He congratulates her in the car park then offers to give her a lift when he sees she doesn't have a car. All in all it's been a highly enjoyable morning. On the way to her place, she thanks him for the morning's company and competition and says she hasn't enjoyed herself so much on the course for a long time. "In fact," she says, "I'd like you to pull over so I can show you how much I appreciated everything." He pulls over, they kiss and she ends up giving him a blow job. The next morning he spies her at the first tee and suggest they play together again. He's actually quite competitive and slightly peeved that she beat him the previous day. Again they have a magnificent day, enjoying each others company and playing a tight round of golf. Again she pips him at the last, and again he drives her home, and again she goes down on him in appreciation. This goes on all week, with her beating him narrowly every day. This is a sore point for his male ego, but nevertheless in the car home on Friday he tells her that he has such a fine week that he has a surprise planned: dinner for two at a candle-lit restaurant followed by a night of passion in the penthouse apartment of a city hotel. Surprisingly, she burst into tears and says she can't agree to this. He can't work out what the fuss is about but eventually she admits the truth. "You see," she says, "I'm a transvestite." He is aghast. He swerves violently off the road, pulls the car to a screeching halt and curses madly, overcome with emotion. "I'm sorry" she repeats. "You ba****d," he screams (rather red in the face),"you cheating f****ing ba****d, you've been playing off the ladies tees all week!".

"If you'd offered me a 69 at the start this morning I'd have been all over you." Sam Torrance (Golfer) , BBC2

Four married guys go golfing. During the 4th hole, the following conversation took place:

First Guy: "You have no idea what I had to do to be able to come out golfing this weekend. I had to promise my wife that I will paint every room in the house next weekend."

Second Guy: "That's nothing, I had to promise my wife that I will build her a new deck for the pool."

Third Guy: "Man, you both have it easy! I had to promise my wife that I will remodel the kitchen for her."

They continue to play the hole when they realized that the fourth guy has not said a word. So they asked him. "You haven't said anything about what you had to do to be able to come golfing this weekend. What's the deal?"

Fourth Guy: "I just set my alarm for 5:30 a.m. When it went off, I shut off my alarm, gave the wife a nudge and said, 'Golf Course or Intercourse?' And she said, 'Wear your sweater.'

A couple went golfing one day at a very, very exclusive course lined with million dollar homes. On the third tee, the husband cautioned, "Honey, be careful when you drive. If we break one of those windows it'll cost us a fortune to repair"

Of course, she tee'd off and promptly shanked it right through the window of the biggest house on the course. The husband cringed, "I warned you to watch out...now we'll have to go up there and apologise and see how much that lousy drive is going to cost."

They walked up, knocked on the door, and a warm voice said, "Come on in." When they opened the door they saw glass all over the place and a broken antique bottle lying on its side near the broken window. A man reclining on the couch said, "Are you the people that broke the window?"

"Uh yeah, we're sure sorry about that" the husband replied.

"Oh, no apology is necessary. Actually I want to thank you. You see, I'm a genie, and I've been trapped in that bottle for a thousand years. Now that you've released me, I'm allowed to grant three wishes. I'll give you each one wish, and I'll keep the last one for myself."

"Wow, that's great!" the husband said. He pondered a moment and blurted out "I'd like a million dollars a year for the rest of my life."

"No problem, you've got it, it's the least I can do. And now you, young lady, what do you want?" the genie asked looking at the wife.

"I'd like to own a gorgeous home complete with servants from every country in the world" she said.

"Consider it done." the genie said.

"And now," they both asked in unison, "What's your wish, genie?"

"Well, since I've been trapped in that bottle and haven't been with a woman in a thousand years, my wish is to have sex with your wife."

The husband looked at his wife and said, "Gee, honey, you know we both now have a fortune, and all those houses. What do you think?"

She mulled it over for a few moments and said, "You know, you're right.

Considering all that, I guess I wouldn't mind."

The genie and the woman went upstairs where he ravished her for the rest of the afternoon. Both satisfied each other repeatedly, and afterwards, as the genie rolled over he looked at the wife and asked, "Tell me, how old are you and your husband?"

"Why, we're both 35" she responded breathlessly.

"No kidding! Thirty-five years old and both you idiots still believe in genies?"

Three guys, Father, Son and Grandfather go out to play a round of golf. Just before the son is ready to tee off, this fine looking woman walks up carrying her clubs. She says her partner didn't show and asks if she can join them. The guys say sure, since she is a really beautiful woman. The lady turns to the three of them and says, "I don't care what the three of you do, curse, smoke, chew, spit, fart or whatever. Just don't try to coach me on my game".

The guys say OK and ask if she would like to tee off first. All eyes are on her arse as her skirt rides up when she bends over to place the ball. She then proceeds to knock the hell out of the ball right up the middle. She just starts pounding these guys, paring every hole. The foursome get to the 18th and she has a 12 foot putt for par.

She turns around and says, "You guys have done a great job at not trying to coach me on my game. I've never shot par before, and I'm going to ask your opinions on this putt.. Now if any of your opinions help me make the putt, I will give that guy a blow job he will never forget."

The guys think what a deal! The kid walks over, eyes up the putt for a couple of minutes, and finally says, "Lady, aim that putt six inches to the right of the hole. The ball will break left 12 inches from the hole and go in the cup."

The father walks up and says, "Don't listen to the youngster, aim 12 inches to the right and the ball will break left 2 feet from the hole and fall into the cup."

The Grandpa looks at both of them in disgust, walks over picking up the ball, drops it into the cup, unzips his fly and says "That's a Gimme."

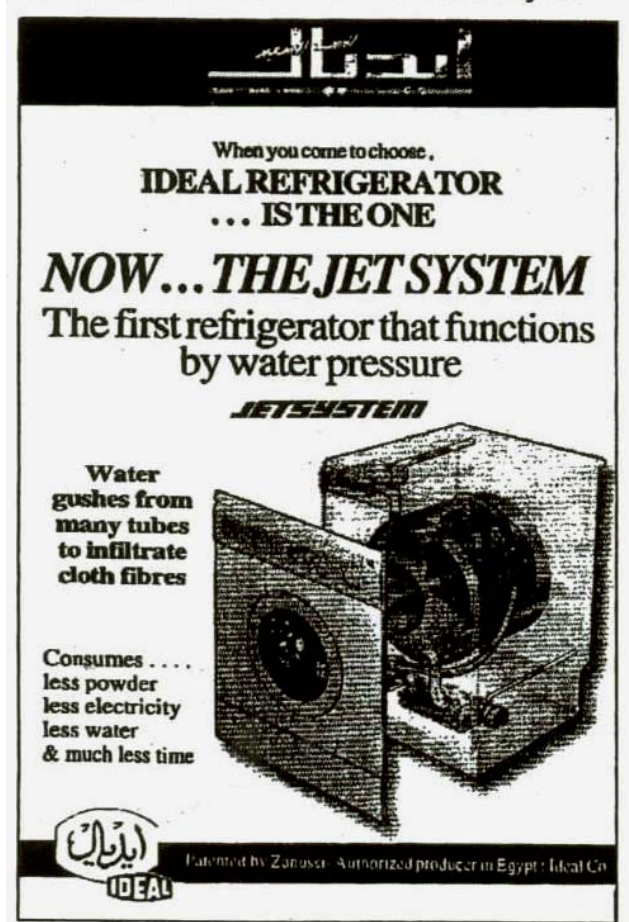
Tiger Woods drives his huge Volvo into a Petrol Station in Cork, on his tour of Ireland. The attendant at the pump greets him in a typical Cork manner, unawares as to who the golf pro. is...."Top of the morning to you etc., etc" Tiger Woods bends down to pick up the pump, but two tees fall out of his top pocket onto the ground. "What are dey Son?" says the attendant. "They're called tees" replies Tiger Woods.

"What're they for?" enquires the Cork man "They're for resting my balls on while I'm driving" says Tiger Woods "Jaysus", says the Cork man, "Dem fellas at Volvo tink of everyting, moind you, dey're not very big!"

PUN TIME & SILLY JOKES

Tired of constantly being broke, and stuck in an unhappy marriage, a young husband decided to solve both problems by taking out a large insurance policy on his wife (with himself as the beneficiary), and arranging to have her killed. A "friend of a friend" put him in touch with a nefarious underworld figure, who went by the name of "Artie." Artie explained to the husband that his going price for snuffing out a spouse was 5,000 quid. The husband said he was willing to pay that amount, but that he wouldn't have any cash on hand until he could collect his wife's insurance money. Artie insisted on being paid SOMETHING up front. The man opened up his wallet, displaying the single pound coin that rested inside. Artie sighed, rolled his eyes, and reluctantly agreed to accept the quid as down payment for the dirty deed. A few days later, Artie followed the man's wife to the local Sainsbury's. There, he surprised her in the produce department, and proceeded to strangle her with his gloved hands. As the poor unsuspecting woman drew her last breath, and slumped to the floor, the manager of the produce department stumbled unexpectedly onto the scene. Unwilling to leave any witnesses behind, Artie had no choice but to strangle the produce manager as well. Unknown to Artie, the entire proceedings were captured by hidden cameras and observed by the store's security guard, who immediately called the police. Artie was caught and arrested before he could leave the store. Under intense questioning at the police station, Artie revealed the sordid plan, including his financial arrangements with the hapless husband. And that is why, the next day in the newspaper, the headline declared: "ARTIE CHOKES TWO FOR A POUND AT SAINSBURY'S."

Egyptian Refrigerator
As advertised in *Al Ahram* 16 May 96



When you come to choose,
IDEAL REFRIGERATOR
... IS THE ONE

NOW... THE JET SYSTEM
The first refrigerator that functions
by water pressure

JET SYSTEM

Water gushes from many tubes to infiltrate cloth fibres

Consumes
less powder
less electricity
less water
& much less time

ایدهال
IDEAL
Patented by Zanussi - Authorized producer in Egypt: Ideal Co

A Jewish man took his Passover lunch to eat outside in the park. He sat down on a bench and began eating. Since Jews do not eat leavened bread during the eight day holiday, he was eating Matzoh, a flat crunchy unleavened bread that has dozens of perforations. A little while later a blind man came by and sat down next to him. Feeling neighborly, the Jewish man passed a sheet of matzoh to the blind man. The blind man handled the matzoh for a few minutes, looked puzzled, and finally exclaimed, "Who wrote this garbage!?"

A farmer goes out to his field one morning only to find all of his cows frozen solid. As far as the eye can see are cows, motionless like statues. It had been a cold night, but he'd never thought anything like this would happen. The realisation of the situation then dawned on him. With his entire livestock gone, how would he make ends meet? How would he feed his wife and kids? How would he pay the mortgage? He sat with his head in his hands trying to come to terms with his impending poverty.

Just then, an elderly woman walked by, "What's the matter?" asked the old lady. The farmer gestured toward the frozen cows and explained his predicament to the woman. Without hesitation the old woman smiled and began to rub one of the cows noses. After a few seconds the cow began to twitch and was soon back to normal and chewing the cud. One by one the old woman defrosted the cows until the whole field was full of healthy animals. The farmer was delighted and asked the woman what she wanted as a repayment for her deed. She declined his offer and walked off across the field.

A passer-by who had witnessed the whole thing approached the farmer. "You know who that was don't you?" asked the passer-by. "No" said the farmer.

"That was Thora Hird"

Jelly baby walks into a pub shaking 'they're after me, they're after me'. Gobstopper goes 'I'll look after you cos I'm well hard'. Door flies open and in comes a packet of Locketts. Gobbie hides and JB has 7 kinds of shit kicked out of him. After the lockets have gone out comes Gobbie to see if JB is okay. 'You promised to look after me. You said you were hard.' 'I am says Gobbie, but those lockets are bloody mentholl'

Tarmac Jokes

Piece of tarmac walks into a pub and orders a pint (honestly it could happen), turns round to another piece of tarmac quietly enjoying a pint beside him and says "Hey you, I'm from the M1, I get 30 tonne lorries driving over me every day. I'm the hardest piece of tarmac there is" The second piece of tarmac puts his pint down and says "Oh no your not, I'm from the M25 the busiest motorway in the country, with the volume of traffic passing over me every day I'm clearly the hardest piece of tarmac there is"

An argument was raging between them and was leading to fisticuffs (asphalt and battery no doubt - ha ha a joke within a joke there) when the pub door suddenly flew open and a pink piece of tarmac walked through the door. The entire pub went silent, the jukebox stopped playing and the pool ball hung over the pocket when M25 turned to M1 and said: "Oh no its a cyclepath".

A lump of black tarmac walks into a bar, orders a pint and as the Barman is serving him, it says to him 'I'm bloody hard I am'.

The barman looks a little taken aback but says to him 'really sir, that's very nice for you'.

The black tarmac sits down to drink his pint. When he is ready, he walks back up to the bar and orders another pint. Again, the barman serves him the pint and again the black tarmac says 'I'm bloody hard I am'.

The barman is finding this more strange but again says 'really sir, that's very nice for you'. This happens a few more times until the door to the pub opens and in walks a lump of red tarmac. Seeing the red tarmac, the black tarmac gets up and runs out the back door of the pub. The red tarmac walks to the bar and orders a pint.

'That's strange' says the barman, 'we had a lump of black tarmac in here just now'.

The red tarmac replies menacingly 'Really, where is he now?'

The Barman has a look round but can't see the black tarmac anywhere 'Oh he must have gone' he replies so he serves the pint and the red tarmac sits down to drink it. The barman goes outside to collect some glasses and finds the black tarmac hiding under one of the tables shaking. 'Hey' says the barman 'I thought you were bloody hard' The black tarmac looks at him and says 'Course I'm hard, but that red tarmac - he's a bloody cyclepath!'

This was allegedly posted very briefly on the McDonnell Douglas Website by an employee there who obviously has a sense of humour. The company, of course, does not have a sense of humour, and made the web department take it down immediately:

Thank you for purchasing a McDonnell Douglas military aircraft. In order to protect your new investment, please take a few moments to fill out the warranty registration card below. Answering the survey questions is not required, but the information will help us to develop new products that best meet your needs and desires.

1. ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms. ☐ Miss ☐ Lt. ☐ Gen. ☐ Comrade ☐ Classified ☐ Other

First Name: Initial: Last Name: Password: (max. 8 char) Code

Name: Latitude-Longitude-Altitude:

2. Which model aircraft did you purchase?

☐ F-14 Tomcat ☐ F-15 Eagle ☐ F-16 Falcon ☐ F-117A Stealth ☐ Classified

3. Date of purchase (Year/Month/Day): 19..... /..... /.....

4. Serial Number:

5. Please indicate where this product was purchased:

☐ Received as gift / aid package ☐ Catalogue / showroom ☐ Independent arms broker ☐ Mail order ☐ Discount store

☐ Government surplus ☐ Classified

6. Please indicate how you became aware of the McDonnell Douglas you have just purchased:

☐ Heard loud noise, looked up ☐ Store display ☐ Espionage ☐ Recommended by friend / relative / ally ☐ Political lobbying by manufacturer ☐ Was attacked by one

7. Please indicate the three (3) factors that most influenced your decision to purchase this McDonnell Douglas product:

☐ Style / appearance ☐ Speed / manoeuvrability ☐ Price / value ☐ Comfort / convenience ☐ Kickback / bribe

☐ Recommended by salesperson ☐ McDonnell Douglas reputation ☐ Advanced Weapons Systems ☐ Backroom politics

☐ Negative experience opposing one in combat

8. Please indicate the location(s) where this product will be used:

☐ North America ☐ Iraq ☐ Aircraft carrier ☐ Europe ☐ Iraq ☐ Middle East (not Iraq)

☐ Iraq ☐ Africa ☐ Asia / Far East ☐ Misc. Third World countries ☐ Classified ☐ Iraq

9. Please indicate the products that you currently own or intend to purchase in the near future:

☐ Colour TV ☐ VCR ☐ ICBM ☐ Killer Satellite ☐ CD Player ☐ Air-to-Air Missiles ☐ Space Shuttle ☐ Home Computer ☐ Nuclear Weapon

10. How would you describe yourself or your organisation? (Indicate all that apply:)

☐ Communist / Socialist ☐ Terrorist ☐ Crazy ☐ Neutral ☐ Democratic ☐ Dictatorship ☐ Corrupt ☐ Primitive / Tribal

11. How did you pay for your McDonnell Douglas product?

☐ Deficit spending ☐ Cash ☐ Suitcases of cocaine ☐ Oil revenues ☐ Personal cheque ☐ Credit card

☐ Ransom money ☐ Traveller's cheque

12. Your occupation:

☐ Homemaker ☐ Sales / marketing ☐ Revolutionary ☐ Clerical ☐ Mercenary ☐ Tyrant ☐ Middle management

☐ Eccentric billionaire ☐ Defence Minister / General ☐ Retired ☐ Student

13. To help us better understand our customers, please indicate the interests and activities in which you and your spouse enjoy participating on a regular basis:

☐ Golf ☐ Boating / sailing ☐ Sabotage ☐ Running / jogging ☐ Propaganda / misinformation ☐ Destabilisation / overthrow ☐ Default on loans

☐ Gardening ☐ Crafts ☐ Black market / smuggling ☐ Collectibles / collections

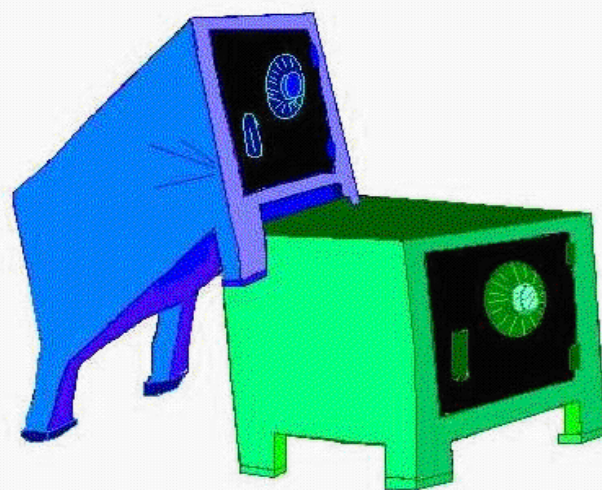
☐ Watching sports on TV ☐ Wines ☐ Interrogation / torture ☐ Household pets ☐ Crushing rebellions ☐ Espionage / reconnaissance ☐

Fashion clothing ☐ Border disputes ☐ Mutually Assured Destruction

Thank you for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire. Your answers will be used in market studies that will help McDonnell Douglas serve you better in the future - as well as allowing you to receive mailings and special offers from other companies, governments, extremist groups, and mysterious consortia. As a bonus for responding to this survey, you will be registered to win a brand new F-117A in our Desert Thunder Sweepstakes!

Comments or suggestions about our fighter planes? Please write to: McDONNELL DOUGLAS CORPORATION Marketing Department Military, Aerospace Division

Passengers on a small commuter plane are waiting for the flight to leave. They're getting a little impatient, but the airport staff has assured them that the pilots will be there soon, and the flight can take off immediately after that. The entrance opens, and two attractive men walk up the aisle, dressed in pilots uniforms -- one is using a guide dog, and the other is using a white cane as they walk up the aisle. Nervous laughter spreads through the cabin; but the men enter the cockpit, the door closes, and the engines roar to life. The passengers begin glancing nervously around, searching for some sign that this is just a little practical joke. Surely, it is. Many discuss amongst themselves the jokes which frequent their emails about funny stories about blind folks and how this must be another one to share with their pals. The commuter plane moves faster and faster down the runway. It is light compared to the big passenger planes and the passengers realize the plane is not lifting off as quickly as it usually does. Some realize that they're headed straight for the water at the edge of the airport territory. As it begins to look as though the plane will never take off and plow into the water, panicked screams fill the cabin--but at that moment, they hear up, up and away jun! Plane lifts smoothly into the air. The passengers relax, some laugh a little sheepishly, and soon they have all retreated into their magazines and laptops secure in the knowledge that the plane is obviously in good hands. Up in the cockpit, the copilot turns to the pilot and says, "You know, Bob, one of these days, they're going to scream too late, and we're all gonna die."



SAFE SEX

Website of the week

Tired of rocket science? Try cow tipping, the forgotten art of sneaking up on a cow and pushing it over while it slumbers. Favourite interaction: tipping a cow into a canyon (www.juris.dk/mtech/cowtip).

Intruder of the week

As hairdresser Nicki Wright, 34, attended a call of nature she reached for the toilet paper and discovered a snake wrapped around the roll. Since 1ft rat snakes are not native to Timperley, Greater Manchester, she assumed it was a toy left by her son as a joke. Then it hissed. "I got out of there like greased lightning," she said.

Hoarder of the week

Over 17 years Jeffrey Springthorpe collected 16 tons of rubbish that filled his house in Sheffield from floor to ceiling, blocking the front and back doors. Officials who evicted him found that water, gas and central heating were connected but could not be used because the

controls were buried. "The only way he could get in and out was through the coal cellar," said one.

Boppers of the week

Despite 11 years' training with the side-handed baton, New York police have admitted they cannot master the necessary kung-fu techniques and have reverted to the traditional night stick. Unable to recall the 19 complex martial manoeuvres, officers have been apt to draw their guns instead.

Strippers of the week

America's first drive-through strip club in Salem, Pennsylvania, is proving a hit with voyeurs who don't want to leave their cars. Students and women are turning up in surprising numbers. Paying £3 a minute, most stay for two or three minutes. "One man paid for 20 minutes," said a stripper. "That can be tough. After a while you run out of things to do."

Flatulence of the week ★

When NATO listening equipment picked up the sound of propellers off

the Swedish coast, a major operation was launched to trace a fleet of "enemy submarines". But tests showed the noise was identical to that of fish passing wind. Supreme commander Owe Wiktorin reported: "Air makes a sound when expelled from fishes' bottoms. Our equipment is so advanced it can detect noises not heard before."

Snorer of the week

To stop his snoring, fitter Graham Wrann had three operations before resorting to drastic action. Now he is building an extension to his house in Totton, Hampshire, so that his wife can get some sleep. He said "There were some sniggers when I appealed to the council, but they understood."

Tax break of the week

A Danish appeal board has allowed a prostitute to claim the cost of her breast implants against tax, accepting that they were an investment to "improve facilities". The board initially rejected her claim, saying it was difficult to differentiate between the professional and private use of her breasts.

Leg Pull of the week

Raymond Middleton, a 47 year old karate instructor who claimed he was crippled with arthritis, was caught on camera kicking his way through a martial arts class. Middleton, of Whitburn, Sunderland, swindled about £4,500 in disability benefits and was given a conditional discharge by magistrates. "I'll take it on the chin and bounce back," he said.

Hitcher of the week

An inebriated man who tried to get home by clinging to the back of a Securicor van sparked an alert that caused the driver to accelerate and the following police to film the suspected robber for a mile. He had climbed aboard near a pub in Pevensey Bay, East Sussex.

Soft landing of the week

Rescuers were astonished to discover a man in his thirties calmly smoking a cigarette after falling 100ft onto a cliff ledge at Beachy Head, East Sussex.

Medical crisis of the week

An accountant who shared an office with a flatulent man has complained to an industrial tribunal, reports the Irish Independent. Paula Levins claimed she was constructively dismissed after the company ignored complaints that she was forced to work with the windows open during frosty weather. Levins and the company, M.A. Whateley, of Ardee, Co. Louth, settled out of court. (spotted by Michael Hooker, of Cross, Co Mayo)

Employees of the week

The most popular sex line in Romania is staffed entirely by policemen's wives, says its owner. Ion Padararu says only policemen's wives sound as if they are enjoying their work. He chooses women whose husbands work a night shift. "If only your husbands were as good at their job as you are at yours," he told his staff, "Romania would have no problem with crime."

Survey of the week

A survey in the magazine Loaded has revealed that 53% of British men would prefer a kebab to sex.

Birdman of the week

David Cooper, 43, from Sheffield was crowned the Birdman of Eastbourne for the second time after he flew 70ft off the end of the town's pier in his self propelled glider.

Tuesday: An American company has lifted women's spirits by marketing what it claims are vital accessories in the seduction arsenal - fake nipples. The monticules, costing £13 a pair, were conceived by Lori Barghini, a founder of Body Perks, who claims men are more interested in perky nipples than cleavages.

Wednesday: Italian police hunting for a height-challenged criminal, Giorgio Avoni, called at his mother's house in Turin five times before they found him hiding in a washing machine. They said he came clean.

Porridge of the week

Colombian police who raided the country's largest all-male prison were surprised to find 511 women, a sauna, gym, distilleries, drugs and dogs. The national police chief described Modelo jail as a hotbed of corruption and prostitution.

Revenge of the week

A woman who caught her husband looking at another woman during a church service in Los Angeles ran him down with her car. After evading two attempts by his wife, the man stood in the streets with his arms crossed. She hit him head-on.

A Russian Submarine (Sung to the tune of the song "Yellow Submarine")

In the town,
Where I was born
Lived a man,
With PhD
And he told,
Us of his job
Making faulty,
Submarines

So we sailed,
Up to the north
Till we found,
The Barents Sea
And we sank,
Beneath the waves
In our Russian,
Submarine

We all drown in a Russian Submarine,
A Russian Submarine, A Russian Submarine.
We all drown in a Russian Submarine,
A Russian Submarine, A Russian Submarine.
Casualties, Radiation,
Jump by the score... Makes us hot...
As we hit, Hypothermia,
The ocean floor... Makes us not...
And the air, Turning blue,
Begins to fade... And glowing green...
In our Russian, In our Russian,
Submarine, Submarine...

chorus

chorus

□ THE POOR Hong Kong businessmen who, as reported some months ago, have created an impromptu village of mistresses across the border in China, look set to have their amorous adventures stopped. The puritanical communist authorities have decided to take a closer look at the men's credentials when they pop over for a visit.

Anyone found to be living without a proper marriage certificate runs the risk of spending time in a communist jail - not one of the better accom-

Escape of the week

A 22 year-old man who tripped and broke his ankle while taking a short-cut across a railway line poutsouth Southampton station escaped without a scratch when an inter-city train hurtled over him. PC Jim Waddingham reported: "He was lying on his side, his eyes were fixed and staring and he didn't say a word."

Doggedness of the week

Bridegroom Mark Melz, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, knew his bride would never believe his Labrador had swallowed the wedding ring, so he produced an x-ray of the dog at the strategic moment of the ceremony.

Light fingers of the week

As the Olympic flame was carried through a Melbourne suburb, the official torchbearer found it snatched from his hands by a teenage spectator. Witnesses said the youth weaved from side to side across the road with the torch before police apprehended him.

Exposure of the week

A nudist, clad only in a pair of sunglasses, attacked a beach warden who tried to take his photograph in an unauthorised section of Studland Beach in Dorset. Paul Barber, 53, told police he assaulted Mike Needham because he thought being photographed was a breach of his human rights. He was given a conditional discharge.



modation options in the Far East. A man recently went down for 10 months for what the court quaintly described as "factual bigamy".

The man and his paramour had a fake marriage certificate, and this was quickly spotted by the cops. Until now the authorities have turned a blind eye to bigamy, so the case has sent shockwaves through Hong Kong's bed-hopping cross-border traders. Of course it will make little difference to the serious tycoons in Hong Kong. They can set a babe up in her own

apartment, complete with Mercedes and maid, using no more than small change.

Meanwhile, the lower-tier businessmen are thinking seriously about their conjugal visits on the other side of the border. There have been warnings of labour camps for repeat offenders.

Also, as every student of Chinese history knows, there is a more permanent cure for sexual dalliances. Eunuchs used to be all the rage in the old imperial household, having been castrated at an early age.

One of the long awaited moments of each new year is the announcement of The Annual Darwin Award. The prestigious recognition of those people who, by their own incredible, conscious actions remove their apparently faulty DNA/chromosomes from the gene pool - making it a safer place or all of mankind to someday swim. This is a global phenomenon and the 2000 nominations reflect the universal appeal and acclaim that this most prestigious award has grown to enjoy. So, without further ado, here are the runners-up for this year's award.

Seventh Runner Up...

(15 July 1999, Alabama) A 25-year-old man died of injuries sustained from a 3-story fall, precipitated by his attempt to spit farther than his buddy. His plan was to hurl himself towards a metal guard rail while expectorating, in order to add momentum to his saliva. In a tragic miscalculation, his momentum carried him right over the railing, which he caught hold of for a few moments before his grip slipped, sending him plummeting 24 feet to the cement below.

Sixth Runner Up...

(11 August 1999 Germany) A 42-year-old man killed himself watching the eclipse while driving near Kaiserslautern, Germany. A witness driving behind him stated that the man was weaving back and forth as he concentrated on the partially occluded sun, when he suddenly accelerated and hit the bridge pier. He had apparently just donned his solar viewers, which are dark enough to totally obscure everything except the sun.

Tie for Fifth Runner up Award goes to...

(25 May 1999, Ukraine) A fisherman in Kiev electrocuted himself while fishing in the river Tereblya. The 43-year-old man connected cables to the main power supply of his home, and trailed the end into the river. The electric shock killed the fish, which floated belly-up to the top of the water. The man waded in to collect his catch, neglecting to remove the live wire, and tragically suffered the same fate as the fish. ..In an ironic twist, the man was fishing for a mourning meal to commemorate the first anniversary of his mother-in-law's death.

Tie for Fifth Runner up Award goes to...

(16 August 1999, Germany) A hunter from Bad Urach was shot dead by his own dog on Monday. The 51-year-old man was found sprawled next to his car in the Black Forest. A gun barrel was pointing out the window, and his bereaved dog was howling inside the car. The animal is presumed to have pressed the trigger with its paw. ..Police have ruled out foul play.

Fourth Runner up Award goes to...

(1999, Nicosia, Cyprus) Under similar Circumstances, an Iranian hunter was shot to death near Tehran by a snake that coiled around his shotgun as he pinned the reptile to the ground. Another hunter reported that the victim, named Ali, tried to catch the snake alive by pressing the butt of his shotgun behind its head. The snake coiled around the butt and pulled the trigger, shooting Ali in the head.

Third Runner up Award goes to... trash #55

Second Runner up Award goes to...

(28 January 1999, London) A flock of sheep charged a well-meaning British farmer's wife and pushed her over a cliff to her death. Betty Stobbs, 67, was charged by dozens of sheep as she brought them a bale of hay on the back of a power bike. The sheep rushed forward and rammed the vehicle, knocking Betty and her bike over the edge of a vacant 100' quarry near Durham, in north-eastern England. "I saw the sheep surround the bike. The next thing she was tumbling down the incline," neighbour Alan Renfry told reporters.

First Runner up Award goes to...

(5 September 1999, Jerusalem) The switch away from daylight savings time caused consternation among terrorist groups this year. At precisely 0530 Israel time on Sunday, two coordinated car bombs exploded in different cities, killing three terrorists who were transporting the bombs. It was initially believed that the devices had been detonated prematurely by klutzy amateurs. A closer look revealed the truth behind the untimely explosions. Three days before, Israel had made a premature switch from Daylight Savings time to standard time in order to accommodate a week of Slihot, involving pre-sunrise prayers. Palestinians refused to "live on Zionist time."

Two weeks of scheduling havoc ensued. The bombs had been prepared in a Palestine-controlled area, and set on Daylight Savings Time. The Confused drivers had already switched to standard time. As a result, the cars were still en-route when the explosives detonated, delivering to the terrorists their well-deserved demise.

And the 2000 Darwin Award winner is.....

(22 March 1999, Phnom Penh) Decades of armed strife have littered Cambodia with unexploded munitions and ordnance. Authorities warn citizens not to tamper with the devices. Three friends recently spent an evening sharing drinks and exchanging insults at a local cafe in the south-eastern province of Svay Rieng. Their companionable arguing continued for hours, until one man pulled out a 25-year-old unexploded anti-tank mine found in his backyard. He tossed it under the table, and the three men began playing Russian roulette, each tossing down a drink and then stamping on the mine. The other villagers fled in terror. Minutes later, the explosive detonated with a tremendous boom, killing the three men in the bar. "There were no remains" Rasmei Kampuchea newspaper reported.

Honourable Mention :-

"National" Idiots Category Ann Arbor Idiot: The Ann Arbor News crime column reported that a man walked into a Burger King in Ypsilanti, Michigan at 0850 AM, flashed a gun and demanded cash. The clerk turned him down because he said he couldn't open the cash register without a food order. When the man ordered onion rings, the clerk said they weren't available for breakfast. The man, frustrated, walked away. Kentucky Idiots: Two men tried to pull the front off a cash machine by running a chain from the machine to the bumper of their pickup truck. Instead of pulling the front panel off the machine, though, they pulled the bumper off their truck. Scared, they left the scene and drove home. With the chain still attached to the machine. With their bumper still attached to the chain. With their vehicle's license plate still attached to the bumper.

Louisiana Idiot: A man walked into a Circle-K, put a \$20 bill on the counter and asked for change. When the clerk opened the cash drawer, the man pulled a gun and asked for all the cash in the register, which the clerk promptly provided. The man took the cash from the clerk and fled, leaving the \$20 bill on the counter. The total amount of cash he got from the drawer? Fifteen dollars. [If someone points a gun at you and gives *you* money, is a crime committed?]

Arkansas Idiot (Not the one who comes immediately to mind): Seems this guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just t throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The cinder block bounced back and hit the would-be thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. Seems the liquor store window was made of Plexiglas, and bullet-proof. The whole event was caught on videotape. New York Idiot: As a female shopper exited a convenience store, a man grabbed her purse and ran. The clerk called 911 immediately and the woman was able to give them a detailed description of the snatcher. Within minutes, the police had apprehended the snatcher. They put him in the car and drove back to the store. The thief was then taken out of the car and told to stand there for a positive ID. To which he replied "Yes, Officer...that's her. That's the lady I stole the purse from."

Seattle Idiot: When a man attempted to siphon gasoline from a motor home parked on a Seattle street, he got much more than he bargained for. Police arrived at the scene to find an ill man curled up next to a motor home near spilled sewage. A police spokesman said that the man admitted to trying to steal gasoline and plugged his hose into the motor home's sewage tank by mistake. The owner of the vehicle declined to press charges, saying that it was the best laugh he'd ever had.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE! *Men vs. Women*

The truth about cats & dogs

What is a Cat?

1. Cats do what they want.
2. They rarely listen to you.
3. They're totally unpredictable.
4. When you want to play, they want to be alone.
5. When you want to be alone, they want to play.
6. They expect you to cater to their every whim.
7. They're moody.
8. They leave hair everywhere.

Conclusion: They're tiny women in little fur coats

What is a Dog?

1. Dogs spend all day sprawled on the most comfortable piece of furniture in the house.
2. They can hear a package of food opening half a block away, but don't hear you when you're in the same room.
3. They can look dumb and lovable all at the same time.
4. They growl when they are not happy.
5. When you want to play, they want to play.
6. When you want to be alone, they want to play.
7. They leave their toys everywhere.
8. They do disgusting things with their mouths and then try to give you a kiss.
9. They go right for your crotch as soon as they meet you.

Conclusion: They're tiny men in little fur coats.

A language instructor was explaining to her class that French nouns, unlike their English counterparts, are grammatically designated as masculine or feminine. Things like 'chalk' or 'pencil', she described, would have a gender association although in English these words were neutral. Puzzled, one student raised his hand and asked, 'What gender is a computer?' The teacher wasn't certain which it was, and so divided the class into two groups and asked them to decide if a computer should be masculine or feminine. One group was comprised of the women in the class, and the other, of men. Both groups were asked to give four reasons for their recommendation. The group of women concluded that computers should be referred to in the masculine gender because:

1. In order to get their attention, you have to turn them on.
2. They have a lot data, but are still clueless.
3. They are supposed to help you solve your problems, but half the time they ARE the problem.
4. As soon as you commit to one, you realise that, if you had waited a little longer, you could have had a better model.

"I need something that says I'd like to stick my dick between your tits."



"I NEED SOMETHING THAT SAYS, 'I'D LIKE TO STICK MY DICK BETWEEN YOUR TITS'"

HOW TO SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME

Caress, praise, pamper, relish, savour, massage, make plans, fix, empathise, serenade, compliment, support, feed, tantalise, bathe, humour, placate, stimulate, jiffylube, stroke, console, purr, hug, cuddle, excite, pacify, protect, phone, correspond, anticipate, nuzzle, smooch, toast, minister to, forgive, sacrifice for, ply, accessorise, leave, return, beseech, sublimate, entertain, charm, lug, drag, crawl, show equality for, spackle, oblige, fascinate, attend, implore, bawl, shower, shave, trust, grovel, ignore, defend, coax, clothe, brag about, acquiesce, aromate, fuse, fizz, rationalise, detoxify, sanctify, help, acknowledge, polish, upgrade, spoil, embrace, accept, butter-up, hear, understand, jitterbug, locomote, beg, plead, borrow, steal, climb, swim, nurse, resuscitate, repair, patch, crazy-glue, respect, entertain, calm, allay, kill for, die for, dream of, promise, deliver, tease, flirt, commit, enlist, pine, cajole, anglicise, murmur, snuggle, snooze, snurgle, elevate, enervate, alleviate, spotweld, serve, rub, rib, salve, bite, taste, nibble, gratify, take her places, scuttle like a crab on the ocean floor of her existence, diddle, doodle, hokey-pokey, hanky-panky, crystal blue persuade, flip, flop, fly, don't care if I die, swing, slip, slide, slather, mollycoddle, squeeze, moisturise, humidify, lather, tingle, slam-dunk, keep on rockin' in the free world, wet, slicken, undulate, gelatinise, brush, tingle, dribble, drip, dry, knead, fluff, fold, blue-coral wax, ingratiate, indulge, wow, dazzle, amaze, flabbergast, enchant, idolise and worship, and then go back, Jack, and do it again.

HOW TO SATISFY A MAN EVERY TIME

Show up naked.

Women's English

Yes = No

No = Yes

Maybe = No

I'm sorry = You'll be sorry

We need = I want

It's your decision = The correct decision should be obvious by now

Do whatever you want = you will pay for this later

We need to talk = I need to complain

Sure go ahead = I don't want you to.

I'm not upset = Of course I'm upset you moron!

You're so manly = You need a shave, and you sweat a lot

Be romantic, turn off the lights = I have flabby thighs

How much do you love me? = I did something today you're going to hate

Do you love me? = I'm going to ask for something expensive

I'll be ready in a minute = I'll be ages but do not put the t.v. back on

You'll have to learn to communicate = Just agree with me

Are you listening to me? = {To late, you're dead!}

Men's English

I'm hungry = I'm hungry

I'm sleepy = I'm sleepy

I'm tired = I'm tired

Do you want to go to a movie? = I would like to have sex with you later

Can I take you out to dinner? = I would like to have sex with you later

May I have this dance? = I would like to have sex with you later

Nice dress! = Nice cleavage!

Your tense, I will give you a massage = I want to fondle you

What's wrong!? = What stupid self inflicted psychological trauma is it now?

I'm bored - Do you want to have sex?

I love you = Let's have sex now

I love you, too = O.K. I said it. Can we have sex now?

Let's talk = I will impress you with my sensitivity and then maybe we will have sex?

ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold, And the end of his knob turns blue, When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, He can tell a tale or two.	Now Dead-Eye Dick he fucks em quick, And flinging the first aside, He was making a jump at the second cunt, When the swing doors opened wide.	Have you ever seen the pistons, On a giant CPR, With a driving force of a thousand horse, Then you know what pistons are.
So find me a seat and stand me a drink And a tale to you I'll tell, Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete, And the gentle Eskimo Nell.	And into that hall of sin and vice, Into that harlots hell, Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid, And her name was Eskimo Nell.	Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn, The awe-inspiring trick, Of the work that's done on a non-stop run, By a man like Dead-Eye Dick.
When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete, Go out in search of fun, It's Dead-Eye Dick who wields the prick, And Mexican Pete the gun.	Now Dead-Eye Dick had got his prick, Well into number two, When Eskimo Nell let out a yell, And shouted 'hey there you'.	But Eskimo Nell was an infidel, With a really tough construction, With the strength of ten in her abdomen, And a paralysing suction.
And when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete, Are sore depressed and mad, 'Tis mostly cunt that bears the brunt, So the shooting ain't so bad.	He gave a flick of his mighty prick, And the tart flew over his head, He turned about with a snarling shout, Both eyes and knob were red.	Amidships she could stand the rush, Like the flush of a water closet, So she grasped his cock like a Chatwood lock, On a national safe deposit.
Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete, Had been hunting in dead mans creek, And they had no luck in the way of a fuck, For nigh on half a week.	With a lustful leer he said 'look here, Just get into the queue, I've got to mate with thirty eight, Before I get to you'.	She lay for a while with a subtle smile, While the grip of her cunt grew keener, Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry, With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.
Just a moose or two a caribou, And a bison cow or so, And for Dead-Eye Dick with his kingly prick, This fucking was mighty slow.	But Eskimo Nell she stood it well, And looked him in the eyes, With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn, That rose between his hairy thighs.	She performed this feat in a way so neat, As to set at complete defiance, The primary cause and the basic laws, That govern sexual science.
So do or dare this horny pair, Set out for the Rio Grande, Dead-Eye Dick with his muscular prick, And Pete with his gun in his hand.	She blew a puff from her cigarette, Onto his steaming knob, So utterly beat was Mexican Pete, He forgot to do his job.	She calmly rode through the phallic code, That for years had stood the test, And the ancient rule of the classic school, In a moment or two went west.
They blazed away on their randy way, No man their fire withstood, And many a bride who was hubby's pride, Knew pregnant widowhood.	It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell, In accents cool and calm, 'You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, Do you call that thing a tool?'	And now my friend we draw to the end, Of this copulating epic, The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, And akin to an anaesthetic.
They made the strand of the Rio Grande, At the height of a blazing noon, And to slake their thirst and do their worst, They sought Black Mikes saloon.	'If this here town can't take that down', She sneered to the cowering whores, 'There's one little cunt that can do the stunt, Its Eskimo Nell's not yours'.	He slipped to the floor and he knew no more, His passions extinct and dead, He didn't shout as his tool came out, It was stripped down to a thread.
As they crashed their way through the big swing doors, Both prick and gun flashed free, 'According to sex you, bleeding wrecks, You drinks or fucks with me'.	She shed her garments one by one, With an air of conscious pride, And as she stood in her womanhood, They saw a great divide.	Mexican Pete he sprang to his feet, To avenge his pals affront, With a fearful jolt he drew his colt, And rammed it up her cunt.
Now they knew this trick of Dead-Eye Dick, From the north to Panama, And with nothing worse than a muttered curse, Those cowhands sought the bar.	She laid right down on the table top, Where someone had laid a glass, With a twitch of her cheeks she crushed it to bits, Between the cheeks of her arse.	He shoved it up to the trigger grip, And fired two times three, But to his surprise she rolled her eyes, And smiled in ecstasy.
The women too knew his playful ways, Down on the Rio Grande, And forty whores took down their drawers, At Dead-Eye Dick's command.	She bent her knees with supple ease, And opened her legs apart, With a final nod to the randy sod, She gave him the cue to start.	She leaped to her feet with a smile so sweet, 'Bully for you' she cried, 'That pistol shot was the best of the lot, At last I'm satisfied'.
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete, Twitch on the trigger grip, 'Twas death to wait - at a fearful rate, Those whores began to strip.	Now Dead-Eye Dick knew another trick, And meant to save his powers, For if he'd a mind he could stand a grind, For a couple of solid hours.	'I thought you jerks could give me the works', She said in accents cool, 'But I guess I must go to the land of the snow, To find a man with a tool'.
Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick, With lecherous snorts and grunts, As forty arses bared to view, To say nothing of forty cunts.	So Dead-Eye Dick with his king of a prick, Prepared to take his time, For a girl like this was a fucking bliss, So he started a pantomime.	'I'm going back to the frozen north, To the land where spunk is spunk, Not a turbid stream of lukewarm cream, But a solid frozen chunk.'
Now forty arses and forty cunts, You'll see if you use your wits, And rattle a bit at arithmetic, That's likewise eighty tits.	He winked his arsehole in and out, And made his balls inflate, Till they looked like a couple of granite globes, On top of a garden gate.	'Back to the land where they understand, What it means to fornicate, Where even the dad sleep two in a bed, And the infants copulate.'
And eighty tits is a gladsome sight, For a man with a raging stand, They may be rare in Berkeley Square, But not on the Rio Grande.	He rubbed his foreskin up and down, His knob increased in size, His mighty prick grew twice as thick, And almost reached his eyes.	'Back to the land of the mighty stand, Where the nights re six months long, Where the polar bear wanks in his lair, That's where they'll sing this song.'
Now Dead-Eye Dick had fucked a few, The last preceding night, But this he had dome by way of fun, Just to whet his appetite.	He polished his knob with rum and gob, To make it steaming hot, And to finish the job he sprinkled his know, With a cayenne pepper pot.	'They'll tell this tale on the arctic trail, Where the nights are sixty below, Where its so damn cold French letters are sold, Wrapped in a ball of snow.'
His phallic limb was in fighting trim, So he backed and took a run, He made a dart at the nearest tart, And scored a bull in one.	He didn't back to take a run, Nor yet a flying leap, He didn't swoop but seemed to stoop, And advanced with a steady creep.	'In the valley of death with bated breath, It's where they'll sing this too, Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, And the mouldering corpses screw.'
He bore her to the sandy floor, And fucked her deep and fine, And though she grinned it put the wind, Up the other thirty nine.	Then he took a sight as a gunman might, Along his mighty tool, And shoved his lust with a dextrous thrust, Firm calculating and cool.	'So when next your friend and you intend, To sally forth for fun, Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick, And get yourself a bun.'

Christmas Party Jeopardy

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

TO: Everyone

RE: Christmas Party

I'm happy to inform you that the Hash Christmas Party will take place on December 18th, starting at 9pm at Circus Circus, Preston Circus. No-host bar, but plenty of eggnog! We'll have a small band playing traditional carols...feel free to sing along. And don't be surprised if Ray shows up dressed as Santa Claus!

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

RE: Christmas Party

In no way was yesterday's memo intended to exclude our Jewish hounds. We recognise that Chanukah is an important holiday which often coincides with Christmas, though unfortunately not this year. However, from now on we're calling it our "Holiday Party." The same policy applies to hounds who are celebrating Kwanzaa at this time. Happy now?

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

RE: Holiday Party

Regarding the note I received from a member of Alcoholics Anonymous requesting a non-drinking table.... you didn't sign your name. I'm happy to accommodate this request, but if I put a sign on a table that reads, "AA Only"; you wouldn't be anonymous anymore. How am I supposed to handle this? Somebody?

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

RE: Holiday Party

What a diverse Hash we are! I had no idea that December 20 begins the Muslim holy month of Ramadan, which forbids eating, drinking and sex during daylight hours. There goes the party! Seriously, we can appreciate how a Party this time of year does not accommodate our Muslim hounds' beliefs. Perhaps Circus Circus can hold off on serving your meal until the end of the party - the days are so short this time of year -or else package everything for take-home in little foil swans. Will that work? Meanwhile, I've arranged for members of Overeaters Anonymous to sit farthest from the dessert buffet and pregnant women will get the table closest to the restrooms. Did I miss anything?

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

DATE: December 8

RE: Holiday Party

So December 22 marks the Winter Solstice... what do you expect me to do, a tap-dance on your heads? Fire regulations at Circus Circus prohibit the burning of sage by our "earth-based Goddess-worshipping" hounds, but we'll try to accommodate your shamanic drumming circle during the band's breaks. Okay???

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

RE: Holiday Party

People, people, nothing sinister was intended by having Ray dress up like Santa Claus! Even if the anagram of "Santa" DOES happen to be "Satan," there is no evil connotation to our own "little man in a red suit." It's a tradition, folks, like sugar shock at Halloween or family feuds over the Easter turkey or broken hearts on Valentine's Day. Could we lighten up?

FROM: Bouncer, Social Organiser

DATE: December 10

RE: Holiday Party

Vegetarians!?!?!? I've had it with you people!!! We're going to keep this Party at Circus Circus, Preston Circus whether you like it or not, so you can sit quietly at the table furthest from the "grill of death," as you so quaintly put it, and you'll get your damn salad bar, including hydroponic tomatoes. But you know, they have feelings, too. Tomatoes scream when you slice them. I've heard them scream. I'm hearing them scream right now!



FROM: Don Elwick, Acting Social Organiser
RE: Bouncer and Holiday Party
I'm sure I speak for all of us in wishing Bouncer a speedy recovery from his stress-related illness and I'll continue to forward your cards to him at the sanitarium.

Notes From An Inexperienced Chili Taster Named Frank, who was visiting Texas from the East Coast: "Recently I was honored to be selected as an outstanding 'Famous Celebrity' in Texas, to be a judge at a chili cook-off, because no one else wanted to do it. Also, the original person called in sick at the last moment, and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table asking directions to the beer wagon when the call came. I was assured by the other two judges (Native Texans) that the chili wouldn't be all that spicy, and besides, they told me I could have free beer during the tasting, so I accepted. Here are the scorecards from the event:

Chili #1: Mike's Maniac Mobster Monster Chili

JUDGE ONE: A little too heavy on the tomato. Amusing kick.

JUDGE TWO: Nice, smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.

FRANK: Holy shit, what the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway with it. Took me two beers to put the flames out. Hope that's the worst one. These Texans are crazy.

Chili #2: Arthur's Afterburner Chili

JUDGE ONE: Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight Jalapeno tang.

JUDGE TWO: Exciting BBQ flavor, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.

FRANK: Keep this out of reach of children! I'm not sure what I am supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich maneuver. They had to walkie-talkie in 3 extra beers when they saw the look on my face.

Chili #3: Fred's Famous Burn Down the Barn Chili

JUDGE ONE: Excellent firehouse chili! Great kick.. Needs more beans.

JUDGE TWO: A beanless chili, a bit salty, good use of red peppers.

FRANK: Call the EPA, I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Drano. Everyone knows the routine by now.

Barmaid pounded me on the back; now my backbone is in the front part of my chest. I'm getting shit-faced.

Chili #4: Bubba's Black Magic

JUDGE ONE: Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing.

JUDGE TWO: Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a chili.

FRANK: I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it. Sally, the bar maid, was standing behind me with fresh refills; that 300 lb. bitch is starting to look HOT, just like this nuclear-waste I'm eating.

Chili #5: Linda's Legal Lip Remover

JUDGE ONE: Meaty, strong chili. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.

JUDGE TWO: Chili using shredded beef; could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.

FRANK: My ears are RINGING, and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. The contestant seemed offended when I told her that her chili had given me brain damage. Sally saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from a pitcher. It really pisses me off that the other judges asked me to stop screaming. Stuff those rednecks!

Chili #6: Vera's Very Vegetarian Variety

JUDGE ONE: Thin yet bold vegetarian variety chili. Good balance of spice and peppers.

JUDGE TWO: The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions and garlic. Superb.

FRANK: My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulfuric flames. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except that slut Sally. I need to wipe my ass with a snow cone!

Chili #7: Susan's Screaming Sensation Chili

JUDGE ONE: A mediocre chili with too much reliance on canned peppers.

JUDGE TWO: Ho Hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of chili peppers at the last moment. I should note that I am worried about Judge Number 3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.

FRANK: You could put a damn grenade in my mouth, pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel a damn thing. I've lost the sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with chili which slid unnoticed out of my mouth. My pants are full of lava-like shit to match my damn shirt. At least during the autopsy they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing, it is just too painful. I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I'll just suck it in through the 4 inch hole in my stomach.

Chili #8: Helen's Mount Saint Chili

JUDGE ONE: A perfect ending, this is a nice blend chili, safe for all, not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.

JUDGE TWO: This final entry is a good, balanced chili, neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge Number 3 passed out, fell and pulled the chili pot on top of himself. Not sure if he's going to make it. Poor Yank.

FRANK:~~~~~(editor's note: Judge #3 was unable to report.)

MERSEY MAGIC

In an attempt to influence the members of the International Olympic Committee on their choice of venue for the games in 2008, the organizers of Liverpool's bid have already drawn up an itinerary and schedule of events. A copy has been leaked and reproduced below.

OPENING CEREMONY

The Olympic flame will be ignited by a petrol bomb thrown by a native of the city (preferably from the Toxteth area, wearing the Traditional costume of shell suit, baseball cap and balaclava mask. It will burn for the duration of the games in a large chip van situated on the roof of the stadium.

THE EVENTS

In previous Olympic games, Liverpool's competitors have not been particularly successful. In order to redress the balance, some of the events have been altered slightly to the advantage of the local athletes.

100 METRES - Sprint competitors will have to hold a video recorder and a microwave oven (one under each arm) and on the sound of the starting pistol a police dog will be released from a cage 10 yards behind the athletes.

110 METRE HURDLES - As above but with added obstacles eg. car bonnets, hedges, garden fences, walls etc..

HAMMER - Competitors in this event may choose the type of hammer they wish to use (claw, sledge etc). The winner will be the one who can cause the most grievous bodily harm to members of the public in the time allowed.

FENCING - Entrants will be asked to dispose of as much stolen silver and jewellery as possible in 5 minutes

SHOOTING - A strong challenge is expected from the local men in this event. The first target will be a moving police van. In the second round, the competitors will aim at post clerks, a bank teller or a wages delivery guard.

BOXING - Entry into this event will be restricted to husband and wife teams and will take place on a Friday night. The husband will be given 15 pints of Tennents Extra while the wife will be told not to make him any tea when he gets home. The bout will then commence.

CYCLING TIME TRIALS - Competitors will be asked to break into the University bike shed and take an expensive mountain bike owned by some "mummy's boy from the country" on his first trip away from home. All against the clock.

CYCLING PURSUIT - As above but the bike will be owned by a visiting member of the Australian Rugby team who will witness the theft.

MODERN PENTATHLON - Amended to include mugging, breaking and entering, flashing, joy riding and arson.

SWIMMING - Competitors will be thrown off the Pier Head into the Mersey and the first three survivors back will decide the medals.

MENS 50km WALK - Unfortunately this will be canceled as police cannot guarantee the safety of anyone walking the streets of Liverpool.

CLOSING CEREMONY

Entertainment will include formation Rave dancing by the members of Liverpool Health in the Community anti-drug campaigners, synchronized brick throwing and music from the Toxteth reggae band. The Olympic flame will be extinguished by someone dropping an old washing machine on to it from the top floor of the block of flats next to the stadium. The stadium will then be boarded up before the local athletes break into it and remove all of the copper piping and the central heating boiler.

An Olympic athlete was subject to a random drug check and he tested positive for drugs. However he adamantly denied taking any illegal drugs, so he was sent for a further interview with the Olympic's medical authorities. During his interview, one of the doctors asks him to account for his activity the previous night.

The athlete admitted to that the previous night he had slipped out of the Olympic Village and stopped off at the local bar. He told the doctor that gradually, one by one, the bar emptied, until it was only himself and a woman in the bar. He told the doctor that since he was by himself, he sat with her and bought her a drink, and pretty soon, she asked him for a ride home. The doctor asked, "Then what happened?"

The athlete told him that as soon as they got in the car, the woman became quite amorous, and she performed oral sex on him, and then asked him to perform oral sex on her.

"Don't tell me that you did it," said the doctor interviewing him.

"Sure I did," answered the athlete. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, said the doctor, "That's why you tested positive. That was a barbitchyouate."

'Apparently' this is an authentic letter sent to Dear Deirdre of the Sun Newspaper.....

I am a sailor in the merchant navy. My parents live in South London and one of my sisters, who lives in Brixton, is married to a guy from Liverpool. My Father and Mother have recently been arrested for growing and selling marijuana and are currently dependent on my two sisters, who are prostitutes. I have two brothers, one who is currently serving a non-parole life sentence in Wormwood Scrubs for the rape & murder of a teenage boy in 1994, the other currently being held in Wandsworth on remand centre on charges of incest with his three children. I have recently become engaged to marry a former Thai prostitute who indeed is still a part time "working girl" in a brothel, however, her time there is limited as she has recently been infected with an STD. We intend to marry as soon as possible and are currently looking into the possibility of opening our own brothel with my fiancée utilising her knowledge of the industry working as the manager. I am hoping my two sisters would be interested in joining our team. Although I would prefer them not to prostitute themselves, it would at least get them off the streets and hopefully the heroin. My problem is this: I love my fiancée and look forward to bringing her into the family and of course I want to be totally honest with her. Should I tell her about my brother-in-law being a Scouser?

2 Scousers are riding along the M62 from Manchester to Liverpool on a motorbike. They break down and start hitching a lift. A friendly trucker stops to see if he can help and the scousers ask him for a lift. He tells them he has no room in the wagon as he is carrying 20,000 bowling balls but will take a look at the bike for them. He tries everything he knows but is unable to repair it. Time is getting on now and he's late for his delivery so he tells the scousers he has to leave. "R hey lad" they say "gissa lift". The trucker once again explains that he has no room as he is carrying 20,000 bowling balls. The scousers put it to the driver that if they can manage to fit in the back will he take them and he agrees.

They manage to squeeze themselves and their motorbike into the back of the wagon so the driver shuts the doors and gets off on his way. By this time he is really late and so puts his foot down. Sure enough PC Plod of Greater Manchester Police pulls him up for speeding. The good officer asks the driver what he is carrying to which he replies Scouse Eggs. The policeman obviously doesn't believe this so wants to take a look. He opens the back door and quickly shuts it and locks it. He gets onto his radio and calls for immediate backup from as many officers as possible. The dispatcher asks what emergency he has that requires so many officers. "I've got a wagon with 20,000 Scouse eggs in it - 2 have already hatched and the bastards have managed to nick a motorbike already".



A typical Liverpool bloke married a typical good-looking lady. After the wedding, he laid down the following rules :

"I'll be home when I want, if I want and at what time I want. And I don't expect any hassle from you. I expect a great dinner to be on the table unless I tell you otherwise. I'll go hunting, fishing, boozin' and card-playing when I want with my old buddies and don't you give me a hard time about it. Those are my rules. Any comments?"

His new bride said, "No, that's fine with me. Just understand that there'll be sex here at seven o'clock every night, whether you're here or not."

George Bush #1 - Bush sues Santa...

... BUSH LEGAL TEAM SUES SANTA CLAUS By S. Artist Reuters

AUSTIN, TX (Dec. 4) - Attorneys for Texas Governor George W. Bush filed suit in federal court today, seeking to prevent Santa Claus from making his list and then checking it twice. The complaint seeks an immediate injunction against the beloved Christmas icon, asking the court to effectively ban his traditional practice of checking the list of good boys and girls one additional time before packing his sleigh.

The suit, filed in the Federal District Court of Austin, Texas, asks a federal judge to "hereby order Mr. Claus to cease and desist all repetitive and duplicative list-checking activity, and certify the original list as submitted, without amendment, alteration, deletion, or other unnecessary modification."

"There are no standards for deciding who is naughty, and who is nice. It's totally arbitrary and capricious. How many more times does he need to check? This checking, checking, and re-checking over and over again must stop now," said former Secretary James Baker.

Baker further claimed that unnamed GOP observers witnessed an elf removing all boys named Justin from the 'nice' list, filing them under 'naughty' instead because "everyone knows all boys named Justin are brats."

Gov. Bush cited the potential for unauthorized list tampering, and blasted what he called the "crazy, crazy mess up there at the North Pole."

"Their security is really awful, really bad," said Bush. "My mother just walked right in, told 'em she was Mrs. Claus. They didn't check her ID or nothing."

Meanwhile, Dick Cheney, Gov. Bush's running mate, issued a direct plea to St. Nick himself. "Mr. Claus, I call on you to do the honorable thing, and quit checking your list. The children of the world have had enough. They demand closure now," Cheney said, adding that his granddaughter has already selected a name for the pony she's asked for.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson was quick to respond to this latest development with plans to lead his protesters from Florida to the North Pole via dogsled. The "Million Man Mush" is scheduled to leave Friday. "We need red suits and sleighs, not law suits and delays," Jackson said.

Santa Claus could not be reached for comment, but an spokeself said he was "deeply distressed" by news of the pending legal action against him.

"He's losing weight, and he hasn't said 'Ho Ho' for days," said the spokeself. "He's just not feeling jolly."

A weary nation can relate.

George Bush #9 - God Overrules Supreme Court...

... BREAKING NEWS: GOD OVERRULES SUPREME COURT VERDICT

Bush to be smitten later today

In a stunning development this morning, God invoked the "one nation, under God" clause of the Pledge of Allegiance to overrule the Supreme Court's decision that handed the White House to George Bush.

"I'm not sure where the Supreme Court gets off," God said this morning on a rare Today Show appearance, "but I'm sure as hell not going to lie back and let Bush get away with this bullshit."

"I've watched analysts argue for weeks now that the exact vote count in Florida 'will never be known.' Well, I'm God and I DO know exactly who voted for whom. Let's cut to the chase: Gore won Florida by exactly 20,219 votes." Shocking political analysts and pundits, God's unexpected verdict overrules the official Electoral College tally and awards Florida to Al Gore, giving him a 289-246 victory. The Bush campaign is analyzing God's Word for possible grounds for appeal.

"God's ruling is a classic over-reach," argued Bush campaign strategist Jim Baker. "Clearly, a divine intervention in a U.S. Presidential Election is unprecedented, unjust, and goes against the constitution of the state of Florida."

"Jim Baker's a jackass," God responded. "He's got some surprises ahead of him, let me tell you. HOT ones, if you know what I mean."

God, who provided the exact vote counts for every Florida precinct, explained that bad balloting machinery and voter confusion were no grounds to give the White House to "a friggin' idiot."

"Look, only 612 people in Palm Beach County voted for Buchanan. Get real! The rest meant to vote for Gore. Don't believe me? I'll name them: Anderson, Pete;

Anderson, Sam, Jr.; Arthur, James; Barnhardt, Ron..."

Our Lord then went on to note that he was displeased with George W. Bush's prideful ways and announced that he would officially smite him today. In an act of wrath unlike any reported since the Book of Job, God has taken all of Bush's goats and livestock, stripped him of his wealth and possessions, sold his family into slavery, forced the former presidential candidate into hard labor in a salt mine, and afflicted him with deep boils.

Dick Cheney will reportedly receive leprosy.