

# BOGGY SHOE



## The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Run sheet #58 Winter 2001

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

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. no.
26-March-2001	1188	Ye John Selden, Half Moon Lane, Worthing	128 057	Tim & Sasha	01903 694469
<p><b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 west to Hill Barn roundabout. Take A24 (A27) right to next roundabout. Straight on back on A27 is Arundel Road. Half Moon Lane is first left just on right hand bend. Allow a good <b>half-hour</b> as there are loads of works on A27.</p>					
2-April-2001	1189	Cleveland, Cleveland Road, Brighton	313 064	Terry & Rosemary	01273 883986
<p><b>Directions:</b> From Patcham head south into Brighton along A23, over mini roundabout at Carden Avenue on London Road. At Preston Park traffic lights turn left (right if coming from south) into Preston Drive. Cleveland Road is 6th right by a park.</p>					
9-April-2001	1190	Boars Head Horsham	164 298	Don & Theresa	01273 385637
<p><b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 north towards Steyning. Left at next roundabout then straight on at Steyning to Washington. Turn right on A24 and head north past 1 set of lights. At 2nd roundabout take B2237 into Horsham. Pub is <math>\frac{3}{4}</math> mile on left at junction with Tower Hill. Allow 35 minutes. <b>Turn left for car park immediately on right.</b></p>					
16-April-2001	1191	Airport Bar Shoreham	203 053	Wiggy & Fiends	01273 440578
<p><b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 to Airport lights. Turn left, bear left, then first right and drive past the airfield. After a sharp right turn at the bottom go almost to the end of the straight section. Airport Bar is on right hand side, parking left. 15 mins. <i>Oldest licensed airport in the UK, right on our doorstep!</i></p>					
23-April-2001	1192	Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham	308 089	Mike & Anne	01273 502837
<p><b>Directions:</b> Head south on A23 into Brighton. Left at first roundabout into Carden Avenue. Pub on right c.1mile. 2 Mins.</p>					
30-April-2001	1193	Goffs Manor, Old Horsham Rd, Crawley	260 360	Brett	01293 403492
<p><b>Directions:</b> Take A23 north to Pease Pottage and leave before M23 starts. Carry <i>on on</i> A23 to 2nd roundabout. Turn right on A2220 towards town centre and Goffs Park is on the left so I'd guess the pub's here too! 25 mins.</p>					
7-May-2001	1194	The Bull Goring	106 027	Bouncer	01273 441611
<p><b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 west to Hill Barn roundabout. Take A24 left then 1st right on to A2032. Go straight, over traffic lights and at 3rd roundabout (A259) turn left. Over railway turn right at roundabout and 1st left following hospital signs. <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> hr.</p>					
14-May_2001	1195	TBA	Portslade	TBA	
21-May-2001	1196	TBA	TBA	TBA	
28-May-2001	1197	Kings Head Burgess Hill	309 198	Aunty Jo	
<p><b>Directions:</b> Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next two (A273). At the bottom of Burgess Hill (north end) turn right up London Road. Pub is on left hand side just before another mini roundabout.</p>					

## Tough times for the Mudlarks!

Hashing is facing the biggest challenge in its entire UK life with many hashes currently in remission. I have to congratulate all the hares who have set trails during the foot and mouth crisis for the efforts they've made to ensure the usual high quality of BH7 runs persists, even a fair bit of muck on occasion. On the bright side Alfriston forest is now open and David tells me that the National Trust are reviewing all properties for suitability for reopening, and many houses etc in Kent and East Sussex are already there. Let's hope the councils start to be sensible about it too and open up some of the arable footpaths sooner rather than later. I understand there needs to be a six week gap from the last reported case before the all clear can be given so otherwise we can expect to be town bound for a while longer yet.



Look on the bright side though we are still finding some fine pubs and routes that have been seldom run or overlooked in the past because of their urban location. Some notes for town running may be worth taking on board. Hares please be aware that without a piece of wood pointing the direction, hounds tend to wander off on their own. Might be worth using bars to mark the end of false trails rather than the open system we use in the country. This has another advantage in that you can run close to existing trails without worrying about them picking it up early, or alternatively you can provide extra short cuts by pointing slower runners through falsies on to a later part of the trail. With built up areas sound pollution is an issue and calling cannot be heard at such a distance so checks need to be kept reasonably short. Hounds please remember to cover the checks by making a chain to those checking so that they can be heard. As ever marking is an issue and I feel that with town runs we are likely to pick up trails set by kids with chalk so would recommend flour, but then you knew that already!

It's been a busy time for some of us with Gabby myself and Callum finally moving into a home of our own. New number is on the runsheet and I will try and update the address list and copy it with the next issue. Callum's had his first birthday and I had my 40<sup>th</sup>. Thanks for the great hat which I'm sure will make a few appearances over the runs ahead for anyone who missed it at the New Inn. My cunning plan to buy everyone a beer worked well as only a handful fancied the trip up to East Grinstead! On the same front the opportunity for revenge by those profiled in past issues hasn't yet manifested itself into a profile of Bouncer although Aunty Jo, my dear friend, keeps threatening.

After ages talking about it we're hoping to get to Lundy Island hash this year. See form attached and if anyone else fancies making a trip of it we'll try and get something organised.

Ray celebrates his 700<sup>th</sup> run with the hash this time around which is a remarkable achievement. A timely reminder to people to keep tabs on how many they do and to make sure they claim their mugs as they reach the milestones. New hash cash Julia has provided the first balance sheet for many a year later on.

Phil advises that the relay will take place in some form, raising money for the Alzheimers Society, although much of the South Downs will be out of bounds. At present he is looking at a multi-transport option from Portsmouth to Brighton involving swimming and cycling legs. Hopefully it'll be the usual pub crawl that I've enjoyed in past years! Again see form attached and Phils comments. Diary date: 26<sup>th</sup> May 2001.

Right, that's it. Read on and enjoy...

### BOUNCER

#### MILLENNIUM QUIZ (from #57)

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get catgut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What color is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) How long did the Thirty Years War last?



Answers to the quiz below:

- 1) 116 years, from 1337 to 1453.
- 2) Ecuador.
- 3) From sheep and horses. 4) November. The Russian calendar was 13 days behind ours.
- 5) Squirrel fur.
- 6) The Latin name was Insularia Canaria - Island of the Dogs.
- 7) Albert. When he came to the throne in 1936 he respected the wish of Queen Victoria that no future king should ever be called Albert.
- 8) Distinctively crimson.
- 9) New Zealand.
- 10) Thirty years, of course. From 1618 to 1648.

<b>Current affairs (definitely in very poor taste - thanks Ivan):</b>		
Mary had a little lamb She called it baby Abby They burned it in a great big pit Cos its mouth and feet were scabby	Mary had a little lamb, she called him Little Ralph, But now he's burning in a field Because of foot and mouth.	Japan has banned ALL animal movements after discovering some nibbled beds in Tokyo. They think it could be an outbreak of <b>Futon Mouse!</b>
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet Watching her livestock burn When along came a vet Who confiscated her pet Will fairy tale folk ever learn?	Mary's pigs had foot and mouth 'This crisis', cried she, 'Needs tackling 'Now all I've got is one black field 'And fourteen tons of crackling....	2 sheep in a field. One says to the other:" I don't feel very well" "Shut-up or you'll get us all killed!!"
Mary had some little lambs but alas she had to burn em she also had some nuclear fuel she gave that to the Germans	Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep And doesn't where they're located But Tony Blair has said "fair's fair If they're burnt she'll be compensated"	Farmer Jones has got no sheep Isn't life a drag? Coz they're all burning in a field.... He's got nothing left to shag
		Old MacDonald had a farm, Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

Market Dictionary

Momentum Investing - The fine art of buying high and selling low.  
 Value Investing - The art of buying low and selling lower.  
 Broker - Poorer than you were in 1999.  
 P/E ratio - The percentage of investors wetting their pants as this market keeps crashing.  
 "Buy,Buy" - A flight attendant making market recommendations as you step off the plane.  
 Stock Analyst - Idiot who just downgraded your stock.  
 Bull Market - A random market movement causing an investor to mistake himself for a financial genius.  
 Bear Market - A 6 to 18 month period when the kids get no allowance, the wife gets no jewelry and the husband gets no sex.  
 Stock split - When your ex-wife and her lawyer split all your assets equally between themselves.  
 Financial Planner - A guy who actually remembers his wallet when he runs to the 7-11 for toilet paper and cigarettes.

Standard & Poor - Your life in a nut shell.  
 Market Correction - The day after you buy stocks.  
 Cash Flow - The movement your money makes as it disappears down the toilet  
 Call Option - Something people used to do with a telephone in ancient times before e-mail.  
 Day Traitor - Someone who is disloyal from 9-5.  
 Microsoft - A condition temporarily remedied by Viagra.  
 Cisco - Side kick of Poncho.  
 Yahoo - What you yell after selling it to some poor sucker for \$540 per share.Windows 2000 - What you jump out of when you're the sucker that bought Yahoo for \$540 per share.  
 Institutional Investor - Past year investor who's now locked up in a nut house.  
 Profit - Religious guy who talks to God.  
 Bill Gates - Where God goes for a loan.  
 Alan Greenspan - God.

More great quotes from George W Bush ...

"You teach a child to read, and he or her will be able to pass a literacy test.'" -Townsend, Tenn., Feb. 21, 2001  
 "I appreciate that question because I, in the state of Texas, had heard a lot of discussion about a faith-based initiative eroding the important bridge between church and state."-Question and answer session with the press, Jan. 29, 2001  
 "I am mindful not only of preserving executive powers for myself, but for predecessors as well." Washington Jan. 29, 2001  
 "My pro-life position is I believe there's life. It's not necessarily based in religion. I think there's a life there, therefore the notion of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."-Quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 23, 2001  
 "The California crunch really is the result of not enough power-generating plants and then not enough power to power the power of generating plants."-Interview with the New York Times, Jan. 14, 2001  
 "I am mindful of the difference between the executive branch and the legislative branch. I assured all four of these leaders that I know the difference, and that difference is they pass the laws and I execute them."-Washington, D.C., Dec. 18, 2000  
 "The legislature's job is to write law. It's the executive branch's job to interpret law."-Austin, Texas, Nov. 22, 2000  
 "They underestimated me."-Bentonville, Ark., Nov. 6, 2000  
 "Drug therapies are replacing a lot of medicines as we used to know it."  
 "I think we ought to raise the age at which juveniles can have a gun."  
 "One of the common denominators I have found is that expectations rise above that which is expected."-Los Angeles, Sept. 27, 2000  
 "It is clear our nation is reliant upon big foreign oil. More and more of our imports come from overseas."-Beaverton, Ore., Sep. 25, 2000  
 "The only things that I can tell you is that every case I have reviewed I have been comfortable with the innocence or guilt of the person that I've looked at. I do not believe we've put a guilty ... I mean innocent person to death in the state of Texas." All Things Considered, NPR, June 16, 2000  
 "It's clearly a budget. It's got a lot of numbers in it."--Reuters, May 5, 2000  
 "I was raised in the West. The west of Texas. It's pretty close to California. In more ways than Washington, D.C., is close to California."-In Los Angeles as quoted by the Los Angeles Times, April 8, 2000  
 "Rarely is the question asked: Is our children learning?"-Florence, S.C., Jan. 11, 2000

## HASH NOTES:

To all you brave hashers who are coming down to London to support those mad fools who are running in the London Marathon and to those mad fools as well (of course):-

London H3 will have the beer table at about the 22 Mile Marker as usual. It is near The Old Rose pub on The Highway, "P" Trail from Tower Bridge and Shadwell (we will be on the south side of the road) - we will be there from about 10.30am onwards. Afterwards at the Wellington, in Waterloo Road, at Waterloo.

NEW! NEW! NEW! Publications...

2001 Hash Bible \$25.00.

2001 Hash Roster world directory \$15.00. (included in the Hash Bible)

2001 American Roster - directory for the Americas \$5.00 (includes territories and dependancies of American nations). (included in the Hash Bible)

2001 European Roster - directory for Europe \$5.00 (includes territories and dependancies of European nations). (included in the Hash Bible)

2001 Africa, Middle East, Asia, Pacific and Down Under Roster - \$7.50. (included in the Hash Bible)

2001 Harrier Trail Manual - Trail ideas, markings and strategies for Hares, Trail Masters and GM/HM's \$2.50.(included in the Hash Bible)

2001 The Religious Advisor - How to, information and material for RA's \$2.50. (included in the Hash Bible)

2001 Hash Trash - Information, ideas and material for On-Sex and Hash Scribes, including information on the Visual On-Sex software. \$3.50 (included in the Hash Bible)

American Trash - US\$12 for six issues (about one year) or \$22 for 12 issues. The HHH publication for the Americas and their territories and Ex-Pat's. Starts in March, issue shipped mid-February.

EuroTrash - US\$12 for six issues (about one year) or \$22 for 12 issues. The HHH publication for Europe and territories and Ex-Pat's. Starts in April, shipped mid-March. EuroTrash actually pre-dates H.I.D.E. (Hash Information Desk Europe) but was replaced by Global Trash. Now it's back!

All prices include worldwide shipping, usually Air or First Class, depending on the destination and cost.

Global Trash is a not-for-profit organization dedicated to information services to the Hash House Harriers, supported by many hundreds of hashers around the world through their contributions, updates and purchases of haberdashery and publications.

Thanks for your support.

Cheers and On On

Stray Dog

Global Trash

402 Wendy Circle

Ragland, AL 35131 USA

South Monmouth & East Gwent Hash House Harriers (Three Pubs and you're ON!)

Run No. 9 Saturday 19th May 2001 HoBo's BackPackers, Tredegar, Gwent

Running through the rich industrial archaeological heartland of South Wales SMEG'ing better every year:

Accommodation at HoBo's backpackers - LIMITED SPACE so BOOK IF YOU WANT SOMEWHERE TO SLEEP.

All new SMEG trail through the slag heaps of the Rhymney valley.

Quality T-shirt ... yet another classic in the series (how do we do it?)

Cooked Breakfast and Hangover Run on Sunday

OUTLINE TIMETABLE

Saturday Morning :

1.00pm-ish ON-ON! Run involves multiple beer stops. You'll spend more time drinking than running.

6.00pm-ish Arrive back at On-Inn. Bar meals at pub prices, large selection of real ales.

Sunday Morning :

9.00am-ish Breakfast

11.00am-ish Hangover Run

COST : £20.00 to include T-shirt, accommodation and breakfast. Sorry, but you'll have to buy your own beer, and evening meal, still it's better than paying an inflated price for the event.

SEND TO : Paul Hodges, 10 Surrey Road, St Andrews, Bristol BS7 9DJ - or at least tell me you're coming !!! (Make cheques payable to Paul Hodges)

For more details contact :

Paul "Le Caniveau" Hodges tel : 0117 9232174

Morris "Cat" Jones tel : 01291 689550



## The Lost

## Poem

### I Love My Job!

I love my job, I love the pay!  
I love it more and more each day.  
I love my boss, he is the best!  
I love his boss and all the rest.

I love my office and its location,  
I hate to have to go on vacation.  
I love my furniture, drab and grey,  
and piles of paper that grow each day!

I think my job is really swell,  
there's nothing else I love so well.  
I love to work among my peers,  
I love their leers, and jeers, and sneers

I love my computer and its software;  
I hug it often though it won't care.  
I love each program and every file.  
I'd love them more if they worked a while

I'm happy to be here. I am. I am.  
I'm the happiest slave of the Firm, I am.  
I love this work, I love these chores.  
I love the meetings with deadly bores.

I love my job - I'll say it again -  
I even love those friendly men.  
Those friendly men who've come today,  
In clean white coats to take me away!!!!

New Company Policies Please read/note carefully.

**SICKNESS AND RELATED LEAVE:** We will no longer accept a doctor's statement as proof of sickness.

If you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

**SURGERY:** Operations are now banned. As long as you are an employee here, you need all your organs. You should not consider removing anything. We hired you intact. To have something removed constitutes a breach of employment.

**BEREAVEMENT LEAVE:** This is no excuse for missing work. There is nothing you can do for dead friends, relatives or co-workers. Every effort should be made to have non-employees attend to the arrangements.

In rare cases, where employee involvement is necessary, the funeral should be scheduled in the late afternoon. We will be glad to allow you to work through your lunch hour and subsequently leave one hour early, provided your share of the work is enough to keep the job going in your absence.

**YOUR OWN DEATH:** This will be accepted as an excuse. However, we require at least two weeks notice as it is your duty to train your replacement.

**REST ROOM USE:** Entirely too much time is being spent in the rest room. In the future, we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order. For instance, those whose names begin with 'A' will go from 8:00 to 8:10, employees whose names begin with 'B' will go from 8:10 to 8:20 and so on. If you're unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your time comes again. In extreme emergencies employees may swap their time with a co-worker. Both employees' supervisors in writing must approve this exchange. In addition, there is now a strict 3-minute time limit in the stalls. At the end of three minutes, an alarm bell will sound, the toilet paper roll will retract, and the stall door will open.

**PAYCHEQUE GUIDE:** The following helpful guide has been prepared to help our employees better understand their pay cheques:

ITEM	AMOUNT	ITEM	AMOUNT	ITEM	AMOUNT
Gross pay	1,222.02	Corporate tax	2.60	Union dont's	3.77
Income tax	244.40	Parking fee	5.00	Cash advance	0.69
Outgo tax	45.21	F.I.C.A.	81.88	Cash retreats	121.35
State tax	11.61	T.G.I.F. Fund	9.95	Overtime	1.26
Interstate tax	61.10	Life insurance	5.85	Undertime	54.83
County tax	6.11	Health insurance	16.23	Eastern time	9.00
City tax	12.22	Dental insurance	4.50	Central time	8.00
Rural tax	4.44	Mental insurance	4.33	Mountain time	7.00
Back tax	1.11	Reassurance	0.11	Pacific time	6.00
Front tax	1.16	Disability	2.50	Time Out	12.21
Side tax	1.61	Ability	0.25	Oxygen	10.02
Up tax	2.22	Liability	3.41	Water	16.54
Down tax	1.11	Unreliability	10.99	Heat	51.42
Tic-Tacs	1.98	Coffee	6.85	Cool air	26.83
Thumbtacks	3.93	Coffee Cups	66.51	Hot air	20.00
Carpet tacks	0.98	Floor rental	16.85	Miscellaneous	113.29
Stadium tax	0.69	Chair rental	0.32	Sundry	12.09
Flat tax	8.32	Desk rental	4.32	Various	8.01
Surtax	3.46	Union dues	5.85	Net Take Home Pay	0.02



Thank you for your loyalty to our company. We are here to provide a positive employment experience. All questions, comments, concerns, complaints, frustrations, irritations, aggravations, insinuations, allegations, accusations, contemplations, consternations, or input should be directed elsewhere.

Have a nice day,

YOUR CARING MANAGEMENT

### Pete Beards crap jokes page

Three chinese men die and go to heaven. God meets them at the Pearly Gates. He tells them that they can only come in if they have led a good life. He asks the first one if he thinks he deserves to come in. He says "I think so."

"Well I will set you a task," says God, and asks him to lift a large rock above his head, which he does easily. "OK, you can come in." He asks the next man the same question and sets the same task, which he does with ease. "OK, you can come in too." He sets the exact same task for the third man. The third Chinese man goes over to the rock, and cannot lift it. He tries again and again, struggling. God turns to him and says ..... "You are the weakest Chink, Goodbye."

What did the Zen master say to the hotdog vendor?  
Make me one with everything.

A man is driving along a highway and sees a rabbit jump out across the middle of the road. He swerves to avoid hitting it, but unfortunately the rabbit jumps right in front of the car. The driver, a sensitive man as well as an animal lover, pulls over and gets out to see what has become of the rabbit. Much to his dismay, the rabbit is dead. The driver feels so awful that he begins to cry. A beautiful blonde woman driving down the highway sees a man crying on the side of a road and pulls over. She steps out of the car and asks man what's wrong. "I feel terrible," he explains, "I accidentally hit this rabbit and killed it."

The blonde says, "Don't worry." She runs to her car and pulls out a spray can. She walks over to the limp, dead rabbit, bends down, and sprays the contents onto the rabbit. The rabbit jumps up, waves its paw at the two of them and hops off down the road. Ten feet away the rabbit stops, turns around and waves again, he hops down the road another 10 feet, turns and waves, hops another ten feet, turns and waves, and repeats this again and again and again, until he hops out of sight. The man is astonished. He runs over to the woman and demands, "What is in that can? What did you spray on that rabbit?" The woman turns the can around so that the man can read the label. It says, "Hair Spray - Restores life to dead hair, adds permanent wave."

#### From Burns night hash:

Tony Blair is being shown around a hospital...  
Towards the end of his visit, he is shown into a ward with a number of people with no obvious signs of injury.  
He goes to greet the first and the chap replies:  
"FAIR fa' your honest sonsie face,  
Great chieftain e' the puddin' race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace,  
As lang's my arm."  
Somewhat confused, he moves on to the next patient and greets him. He replies:  
"Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it,  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit."  
The third starts rattling off as follows:  
"Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,

Sheriff in a small town walks out in the street and sees a blond cowboy coming down the walk with nothing on but his cowboy hat, gun and his boots.

So the sheriff arrests him for indecent exposure. As he is locking him up he asks "Why in the world are you dressed like this?"

Cowboy: " Well it's like this Sheriff. I was in the bar down the road and this pretty little red head asks me to go out to her motor home with her....and I did.

"We go inside and she pulls off her top and asks me to pull off my shirt, so I did.

"Then she pulls off her skirt and asks me to pull off my pants.. so I did.

"Then she pulls off her panties and asks me to pull off my shorts... So I did.

'Then she gets on the bed and looks at me kind of funny and says, 'Now go to town cowboy'

"So here I am."

Two blondes decide to rob a bank. The first blonde, plans the robbery and goes over the plan with the second blonde in great detail.

The robbery begins. The first blonde drives up in front of the bank, stops the car and says to the other blonde, "I want to make absolutely sure you understand the plan. You are supposed to be in and out of the bank in no more than three minutes with the cash. Do you understand the plan?"

"Perfectly," she said. She goes in the bank while the other waits in the getaway car.

One minute passes, two minutes pass ... seven minutes pass - and the first blonde is really stressing out. Finally, the bank doors burst open and out she comes. She's got a safe wrapped up in rope and is dragging it to the car. About the time she gets the safe in the trunk of the car, the bank doors burst open again with the security guard coming out. The guard's pants and underwear are down around his ankles while he is firing his weapon.

As the gals are getting away, the first blonde says "You are such a blonde! I thought you understood the plan!"

The second blonde said, "I did! I did exactly what you said!"  
"No, you idiot," replied the first.. "You got it all mixed up. I said tie up the GUARD and blow the SAFE!"

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi bickering brattle!,  
I wad be laith to rin an chase thee,  
Wi murdering pattle!"  
A fourth gabbles on about  
"Green grow the rashes O,  
Green grow the rashes O;  
The sweetest hours that I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses O."  
And yet another creeps up behind him and whispers  
"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine.  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel it should tine."  
Tony turns to the doctor accompanying him and asks  
"What sort of ward is this? Is it a mental ward?"  
"No", replies the doctor, "it's the Burns unit."

## ANIMAL MAGIC

A man takes his wife to the live stock show. They start heading down the alley that houses all the bulls. The sign on the first bull's stall states: "This bull mated 50 times last year."

The wife turns to her husband and says, "He mated 50 times in a year, isn't that nice!"

They proceed to the next bull and his sign stated: "This bull mated 65 times last year."

The wife turns to her husband and says, "This one mated 65 times last year. That is over 5 times a month. You could learn from this one!"

They proceeded to the last bull and his sign said: "This bull mated 365 times last year."

The wife's mouth drops open and says, "WOW! He mated 365 times last year. That is ONCE A DAY!!! You could really learn from this one!!!"

The fed up man turns to his wife and says, "Go up and inquire if he had to go with the same cow every day."

### Good Engineering Lasts Forever

The U.S. standard railroad gauge (distance between the rails) is 4 feet, 8.5 inches. That is an exceedingly odd number.

Why was that gauge used? Because that's the way they built them in England, and the U.S. railroads were built by English expatriates.

Why did the English build them that way? Because the first rail lines were built by the same people who built the pre-railroad tramways, and that's the gauge they used.

Why did "they" use that gauge? Because the people who built the tramways used the same jigs and tools that they used for building wagons, which used that wheel spacing.

So why did the wagons have that particular odd spacing? Well, if they tried to use any other spacing, the wagon wheels would break on some of the old, long distance roads in England, because that was the spacing of the wheel ruts.

So who built those old rutted roads? The first long distance roads in Europe (and England) were built by Imperial Rome for their legions. The roads have been used ever since. And the ruts in the roads? The ruts in the roads, which everyone had to match for fear of destroying their wagon wheels, were first formed by Roman war chariots. Since the chariots were made for (or by) Imperial Rome, they were all alike in the matter of wheel spacing.

The U.S. standard railroad gauge of 4 feet-8.5 inches derives from the original specification for an Imperial Roman war chariot. Specifications and bureaucracies live forever. So the next time you are handed a specification and wonder what horse's ass came up with it, you may be exactly right, because the Imperial Roman war chariots were made just wide enough to accommodate the back end of two war horses.

Thus we have the answer to the original question. Now for the twist to the story. When we see a space shuttle sitting on its launching pad, there are two booster rockets attached to the side of the main fuel tank. These are solid rocket boosters, or SRB's. The SRB's are made by Thiokol at their factory in Utah. The engineers who designed the SRB's might have preferred to make them a bit fatter, but the SRB's had to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site. The railroad line from the factory had to run through a tunnel in the mountains. The tunnel is slightly wider than the railroad track, and the railroad track is about as wide as two horses' rumps.

So, a major design feature of what is arguably the world's most advanced transportation system was determined over two thousand years ago by the width of a horse's ass!

Dogs at the Vet 3 dogs are sitting in the waiting room of a vet's office. One is a Poodle, one is a Schnauzer and the other is a Great Dane.

The Poodle turns to the Schnauzer and asks, "Why are you here?"

The Schnauzer responds, "I'm 17 years old. I don't see or hear very well. I've been having accidents in the house. My owner says I'm too old and sick so he brought me here to be put to sleep."

The Schnauzer asks the poodle, "Why are you here?"

The Poodle responds, "I've not been myself lately. I've been especially high strung. I've been barking all the time, I've been snapping at people and I even bit one of the neighbour's kids. Nobody knows why this has been happening. My owner says he can't risk me biting somebody else so he brought me here to be put to sleep."

The Poodle and Schnauzer ask the Great Dane why he is here.

The Great Dane responds, "My owner is this beautiful catwalk model. Yesterday she was walking around the house naked when she suddenly bent down to pick up something she dropped. She was bent over and naked when nature took over and the next thing I know I'm on top of her doing the doggie thing. I couldn't help myself." The Poodle asks, "So your owner brought you here to be put to sleep?"

The Great Dane says, "No, I'm just here to get my nails trimmed."

### THE RACING DONKEY

A priest wanted to raise money for his church. When told that there was a fortune in horse racing, he decided to purchase a racehorse and enter it in the races.

However, at the local auction, the going price for horses was so high that he ended up buying a donkey instead. He figured that since he had it, he might just as well go ahead and enter it in the races. To his surprise, the donkey came in third! The next day the local paper carried this headline:

#### PRIEST'S ASS SHOWS

The priest was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in the race again, and this time it won. The paper read:

#### PRIEST'S ASS OUT IN FRONT

The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he ordered the priest not to enter the donkey in another race. The paper headline read:

#### BISHOP SCRATCHES PRIEST'S ASS

This was too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the

priest to get rid of the donkey. The priest decided to give the donkey to a nun in a nearby convent. The paper headline the next day read: NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN

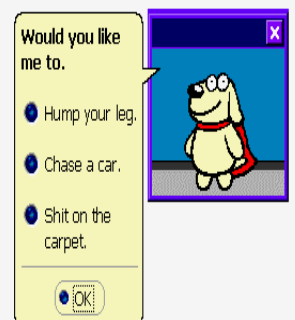
The Bishop fainted. He informed the nun she couldn't keep the donkey. She sold the donkey to a farmer for \$10.00. Next day the headline read:

#### NUN SELLS ASS FOR \$10.00

This was too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the nun to buy back the donkey, lead it to the plains where it could run wild and free. Next day, the headline in the paper read:

#### NUN ANNOUNCES HER ASS IS WILD AND FREE

The Bishop was buried the next day.



## GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

An ambitious yuppie finally decided to take a vacation. He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeded to have the time of his life... until the boat sank! The man found himself swept upon the shore of an island with no other people, no supplies...Nothing. Only bananas and coconuts. After about four months, he is lying on the beach one day when the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen rows up to him. In disbelief he asks her: "Where did you come from? How did you get here?" "I rowed from the other side of the island," she says. "I landed here when my cruise ship sank."

"Amazing," he says. "You were really lucky to have a row boat wash up with you."

"Oh, this?" replies the woman.

"I made the row boat out of raw material that I found on the island; the oars were whittled from gum tree branches; I wove the bottom from palm branches; and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But-but, that's impossible," stutters the man. "You had no tools or hardware. How did you manage?"

"Oh, that was no problem," replies the woman. "On the south side of the island, there is a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found that if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. I used that for tools and used the tools to make the hardware. The guy is stunned. "Let's row over to my place," she says. After a few minutes of rowing, she docks the boat at a small wharf. As the man looks on to shore, he nearly falls out of the boat. Before him is a stone walk leading to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white. While the woman ties up the row boat with an expertly woven hemp rope, the man can only stare ahead, dumb-struck. As they walk into the house, her beautiful breasts bouncing with each step, she says casually, "It's not much, but I call it home. Sit down please; would you like to have a drink?"

"No thank you," he says, still dazed. "Can't take any more coconut juice."

"It's not coconut juice," the woman replies. "I have a still. How about a Pina Colada?"

Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepts, and they sit down on her couch to talk. After they have exchanged their stories, the woman announces, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and shave? There is a razor upstairs in the cabinet in the bathroom."

No longer questioning anything, the man goes into the bathroom. There, in the cabinet, is a razor made from a bone handle. Two shells honed to a hollow ground edge are fastened on to its end, inside of a swivel mechanism. "This woman is amazing," he muses. "What next?" When he returns, she greets him wearing nothing but vines and a shell necklace-strategically positioned- and smelling faintly of gardenias. She beckons for him to sit down next to her. "Tell me," she begins suggestively, slithering closer to him, "we've been out here for a very long time. You've been lonely. I've been lonely. There's something I'm sure you really feel like doing right about now, something you've been longing for all these months? You know..." She stares into his eyes.

He can't believe what he's hearing. His heart begins to pound. He's truly in luck: "You mean..." he gasps, "...I can actually check my e-mail from here??"

A young single guy on a cruise ship is having the time of his life. On the second day of the cruise, the ship slams into an iceberg and sinks, but the guy manages to grab on to a piece of driftwood and, using every last ounce of strength, swims a few miles through the shark infested sea to a remote island. Sprawled on the shore nearly passed out from exhaustion, he turns his head and sees a woman lying near him, unconscious, barely breathing. She's also managed to wash up on shore from the sinking ship. He makes his way over to her, and with some mouth-to-mouth assistance he manages to get her breathing again. She looks at him, wide eyed and grateful and says, "You saved my life, I'm so grateful, you're my hero."

He suddenly realizes the woman is Cameron Diaz. Days and weeks go by. Cameron and the guy are living on the island together.

They've set up a hut, there's plenty of fruit on the trees, and they're in heaven. Cameron's fallen madly in love with our man, and they're making passionate love morning, noon and night. Alas, one day she notices he's looking kind of glum. "What's the matter, sweetheart?" she asks "We have a wonderful life together, I'm in love with you. Is there something wrong? Is there anything I can do?"

He says, "Actually, Cameron, there is. Would you mind putting on my shirt?"

"Sure," she says, "if it will help."

He takes off his shirt and she puts it on. "Now would you put on my trousers?" he asks.

"Sure, honey, if it's really going to make you feel better." She says.

"Okay, would you put on my hat now, and draw a little moustache on your face?" he asks.

"Whatever you want, sweetie," she says, and does.

Then he says, "Now, would you start walking around the edge of the island?"

She starts walking around the perimeter of the island. He sets off in the other direction. They meet up half way around the island a few minutes later.

He rushes up to her, grabs her by the shoulders, and says,

"Mate! You'll never believe who I'm shagging!!"

A Welsh guy, a sheep, and a dog were the sole survivors of a terrible shipwreck. They found themselves stranded on a desert island.

After being here a while, they got into the habit of going to the beach every evening to watch the sun go down. One particular evening, the sky was red with beautiful cirrus clouds, the breeze was warm and gentle; a perfect night for romance. As they sat there, the sheep started looking better and better to the young Welshman. Soon, he leaned over to the sheep and put his arm around it, but the dog got jealous, growling fiercely until the Welshman took his arm from around the sheep. After that, the three of them continued to enjoy the sunsets together, but there was no more cuddling.

A few weeks passed by, and lo and behold, there was another shipwreck. The only survivor was a beautiful young woman, the most beautiful woman the Welshman had ever seen. She was in a pretty bad way when they rescued her, but they slowly nursed her back to health. After what seemed an age to the Welsh guy the young maiden was well again and they introduced her to their evening beach ritual. It was another beautiful evening: red sky, cirrus clouds, a warm and gentle breeze; perfect for a night of romance. Pretty soon, the Welshman started to get "those feelings" again. He fought them as long as he could, but he finally gave in and leaned over to the young woman cautiously, and whispered in her ear... "Would you mind taking the dog for a walk?"



## VIZ NEW ENGLISH SLANG DICTIONARY, 2001

**Abra-Kebabra:** A magic act performed on Saturday night, where fast food vanishes down the performer's throat, and then shortly afterwards, it suddenly reappears on the taxi floor.

**Aussie Kiss:** Similar to a French Kiss, but given down under.

**Back End of the Batmobile:** The state of your Brass Eye soon after you eat a really hot curry. "I had a Ring Stinger in the Benghazi restaurant last night, and now I've got a dose of Gandhi's Revenge. My arse feels like the back end of the Batmobile."

**Beaver Leaver:** or Vagina Decliner. A homosexual.

**Beer Coat:** The invisible but warm coat worn when walking home after a booze cruise at 3 in the morning.

**Beer Compass:** The invisible device that ensures your safe arrival home after a booze cruise, even though you're too pissed to remember where you live, how you get there, and where you've come from.

**BOBFOC:** Body Off Baywatch, Face Off Crimewatch.

**Boiler Suit:** The prosecution charge that you did wilfully, and with phallus aforethought, score with a Bobfoc last night. This charge is usually brought by a kangaroo court of your friends in the pub on Saturday night.

**Bone of Contention:** A hard-on that causes an argument. e.g. one that arises when a man is watching Olympic beach volleyball on TV with his girlfriend.

**Breaking the Seal:** Your 1st piss in the pub, usually after 2 hours of drinking. After breaking the seal of your bladder, repeat visits to the toilet will be required every 10 or 15 minutes for the rest of the night.

**Budgie's Tongue:** or Small Man In A Boat, or Tongue Punchbag. The female erection.

**BVH:** Blue-Veined Hooligan. The 1-eyed skinhead.

**Cider Visor:** Beer Goggles for the young drinker.

**Cliterature:** 1-handed reading material.

**Cock-A-Doodle-Poo:** The bowel movement that, needing to come out urgently, wakes you up in the morning to get to the toilet quick.

**Crappuccino:** The particularly frothy type of diarrhoea that you get when abroad.

**Double Bass:** A sexual position in which the man enters the woman from behind, and then fiddles with the woman's nipples with one hand and her Budgie's Tongue with the other. The position is similar to that used when playing a double bass instrument, but the sound produced is slightly different.

**Etch-A-Sketch:** Trying to draw a smile on a woman's face by twiddling both of her nipples simultaneously.

**Fizzy Gravy:** or Rusty Water. Diarrhoea.

**Flogging On:** Surfing the Internet for some left-handed websites.

**Free the Tadpoles:** Liberate the residents of Wank Tanks.

**Frigmarole:** Unnecessarily time-consuming foreplay.

**FuckShitFuckShitFuckShit:** The sound made when driving through too narrow a gap at too high a speed.

**Going For a McShit:** Entering a fast food restaurant with no intention of buying food, you're just going to the bog. If challenged by a pimply staff member, your declaration to them that you'll buy their food afterwards is a McShit With Lies.

**Greyhound:** A very short skirt, only an inch from the hare.

**Hand-to-Gland Combat:** A vigorous masturbation session.

**Hefty Cleft:** or Horse's Collar, or Welly Top. Description of a very large vagina.

**McSplurry:** The type of bowel movement you experience after dining for a week in fast food restaurants.

**Millennium Domes:** The contents of a Wonderbra. i.e. extremely impressive when viewed from the outside, but there's actually fuck-all in there worth seeing.

**Monkey Bath:** A bath so hot, that when lowering yourself in, you go: "Oo! Oo! Oo! Aa! Aa! Aa!".

**Mystery Bus:** The bus that arrives at the pub on Friday night while you're in the toilet after your 10th pint, and whisks away all the unattractive people so the pub is suddenly packed with stunners when you come back in.

**Mystery Taxi:** The taxi that arrives at your place on Saturday morning before you wake up, whisks away the stunner you slept with, and leaves a 10-Pinter in your bed instead.

**NBR:** No Beers Required. Someone that you'd chat up instantly in the pub. The opposite of a 10-Pinter.

**Picasso Arse:** A woman whose knickers are too small for her, so she looks like she's got 4 buttocks.

**Sperm Wail:** or Spuphemism. A verbal outburst during the male orgasm.

**Starfish Trooper:** or Arsetronaut. A homosexual.

**10-Pinter:** Someone that you'd only chat up after drinking at least 10.

**2-Bagger:** Someone that you'd need 2 paper bags to have sex with. (1 to cover their head, and 1 to cover yours, in case their bag falls off.)

**Titanic:** A lady who goes down first time out.

**Todger Dodger:** A lesbian.

**Wank Seance:** During a masturbation session, the eerie feeling that you're being watched with disgust by your dead relatives.

**X-Piles:** Unwanted visitors from Uranus.

### Terms for female Masturbation

5 Digit Disco, Buzzing the honey hole, Backslappin' Betty, Bailing out the Gravy Boat, Beaver bashin', Bouncing the bearded clam, Buffing the box, Buffing the jewel, Buttering up the whisker biscuit, Clam twiddlin' jamboree, Critter crammin', Damming the beaver, Dialing "O" on the little pink telephone, Diddling miss daisy, Diggin' for clams, Digitis Erectus, Fingering the fountain, Flicking the minnow, Friday night lip service, Frosting the muffin of love, Giving yourself the finger, Going for the goeey duct, Impeaching Bush, Juicing the clam, Let your fingers do the walking, Lip smacking, Menage a'moi, Petting the kitty, Piddly Diddler, Playing the squeezebox, Pokin' the pie, Polishing the little pink pearl, Pumping the kooter, Punchin' the chipmunk, Reading in Braille, Riding the clitoris-sauras, Romancing thy own, Roughing up the suspect, Self-guided tuna boat tour, Smacking Jerry Garcia on the nose, Spanking Lucy, Stroking the newt, Ticklin' the taco, Tissue tickling, Twirling the pearl, unbuttoning the fur coat, Warming the wrist rocket.

#### "Tony's New Tax"

The country was in such a terrible state,  
Parliament rose for a budget debate,  
It was quite a few moments before Tony spoke  
When he said "Sex will cost ten quid a poke"  
Whether you're short, long, skinny or thick,  
The tax will be paid on the use of your prick  
Chris Smith said "Now Tony, look here,  
Will the tax still be paid for the boys who are queer?"  
Treasurer Brown arose and looked glum,  
"Will I be exempt cos I only like bum?"  
Tony replied and sounded quite airy,  
"You'll fucking pay double, you dirty old fairy"  
Up got William H to tremendous applause,  
He grabbed Margaret Beckett, and whipped off her drawers  
he straddled across her, and fucked her at will,

Then shouted at Tony "Put that on your bill"  
Prescott shouted "I think I'll resign"  
I haven't had pussy for a very long time  
I dream every night of a big juicy crutch,  
But 10 QUID a jump is a bit fucking much"  
The debate carried on, oh what a night  
Cecil was bonking every woman in sight  
The whole house was screwing, the Speaker was too  
And in the excitement, the dumb bill got through  
So now in the bedrooms of England each night  
There's many a fanny closed up good and tight  
They're taxing our booze and taxing our smokes  
And now the bastards are taxing our pokes  
If 10 pounds a time is the price we must pay,  
It's now with ourselves we must play  
So to quench our frustration, we must have a wank  
For the state of our country, we have Tony to thank

You may be able to identify with some of these, you will of course never admit it though!

**The Perfect Dump** - Every once in a while, each of us experiences a perfect dump, it's rare, but a thing of beauty in all respects. You sit down expecting the worst, but what you get is a smooth sliding, fartless masterpiece that breaks the water with the splashless grace of an expert diver. But that's not the end of it. You use some toilet tissue only to find that it was totally unnecessary. It makes you feel that all is right with the world and you are in perfect harmony with it.

**The Beer Dump** - Talk about nasty dumps. Depending on the dumper's tolerance, the beer dump is the end result of too many beers. It could have been 2 or 22, it doesn't matter. What you get is a sinister, lengthy, noisy dump accompanied by a malevolent fog that could close a bathroom for days.

**The Chilli Dump** - Hot when it goes in, and rocket fuel when it leaves. The chilli dump stays with you all day, making your tush feel like a heat shield.

**The Cable Dump** - Long, curly and perfectly formed like 2 feet of E13 telephone CO-axial cable. It loops lazily around the bowl, like a friendly serpent. You wonder admiringly, "DID I DO THAT? Where did it come from?" you leave the bathroom pleased with yourself.

**The Latrine Dump** - In case you didn't know, a latrine is a hole in the ground with a tent around it where soldiers, boy scouts and flies go to dump. Tip: Don't ever, ever look in the hole.

**The Mona Lisa Dump** - This is the masterpiece of dumps. It's as perfectly formed as it can be. Delicate and slender with intricacies that would make da Vinci weep. And just think, you made it yourself. You may even want to break out the Polaroid, but maybe that's going a bit too far.

**The Empty Roll Dump** - You're done...you reach for the toilet paper only to discover that empty cardboard cylinder. A mild panic begins coldly in your throat. You could use the curtains...no, someone would say "Where are the curtains?" Then what would you say? The rug?...too cumbersome. Then you must come to the same conclusion that every "empty roll dumper" must face...Pull up your slacks, tighten your tush and wriggle yourself to the nearest full roll.

**The Splash Back Dump** - You send the dump on its way, it drops like a depth charge into the bowl creating a column of cold bowl water that washes your bottom with a startlingly unpleasant shock. Now you're wet and embarrassed. Tip: Blot instead of wiping.

**The Aborted Dump** - You are in mid-dump when the phone rings. What do you do? ABORT! Pinch it off, go for the phone, and save the rest for later. It isn't pretty, but you've gotta do what you gotta do.

**The Caesarian Dump** - Pain, that's what this dump and childbirth have in common. It's simply a case of too much dump trying to go through too small a hole, and there's no obstetrician to help.

**The Alfresco Dump** - Everyone has had to go outdoors from time to time. This can be a rather pleasant experience really. The open air, the nature, and a good bush all contribute to the peaceful ambiance that our primitive forefathers must have enjoyed. What can screw up this harmonious interlude is a troop of brownies or a patch of poison ivy.

**The Childbirth Dump** - This is a dump that is simply too big to go through the aperture provided by nature for the purpose. You sit there, thinking over your dilemma. First it hurts, and it isn't going to get any better. You wonder if you'll ever see your loved ones again. You imagine the newspaper headlines screaming "Man dies trying to hatch monster loaf". You realize you'll have to resolve the crisis before you can leave the bathroom. Basically there are only three things you can do:

1. Scream
2. Call an Obstetrician
3. Hope like hell have enough Vaseline to get you through it.

**The Tijuana Trot Dump** - The phrase "Shit Happens" really applies here in a big way. When the ice in your tainted margarita makes contact with your lower intestinal tract, the fun begins. For the next 72 hours you'd be better off if you carried your own portable toilet with you because you will spend most of that time on the pot and the rest of the time in a fetal position. Now you realize why Mexico never had a navy.

**The Machine Gun Dump** - You're just sitting there in a state of sublime peace when all of a sudden you emit a group of noisy gassy bursts that break the silence like machine gun fire. The guy in the next stall hits the floor like a combat veteran cradling his umbrella like an M16...damn commies.

**The Sound Effect Dump** - You feel a noisy one coming on. Relatives, friends or work mates are within earshot, so you must employ some clever techniques to cover the disgusting sounds you are about to emit. Timing is obviously very important here. At the precise moment of release, try the following sound effects:

1. Flush the toilet
2. Sing the first two stanzas of your national anthem
3. Drop a handful of quarters on the floor

**The Security Dump** - You have enough on your mind when you're in the bathroom without worrying about a lockless door and someone bursting in to find you in mid-dump mode. So how can you prevent this embarrassing spectacle from taking place? One way is to strategically place your foot against the door. If you can't reach to do this...hum loudly.

**The Cling-On Dump** - For the most part you've completed your dump, but there's one little morsel that refuses to drop off. You're getting impatient. Someone else wants to use your stall. So, you grip the seat with both hands and wriggle, twist and pump but that last little stubborn piece just hangs there, suspended, clinging like a canned peach between you and the bowl water. Maybe the person pounding impatiently on the door has scissors.

**The Houdini Dump** - You go, then you stand up to flush, and the darn thing has disappeared. Where'd it go? Did it creep down the pipe? Did you dream the whole thing? Is it lurking out of sight? Should you wipe...maybe you should just to make sure you went. Should you flush? You'd better, because if you don't, you know it will reappear and smile at the next person who comes in.

**The Flu Dump** - You feel so bad that you don't know which end of you to put down first. You have roaring cramps, so you sit down. Then a wave of nausea rolls over you like a cold fog, so you stand up and cramps squeeze your intestines like a vice so you sit down again...up down up down. Don't you wish Mom were close by?

**The Porta-Pottie Dump** - Construction workers and outdoor concert goers will tell you about going in a portable toilet. My best description would be, "It's like taking a shit in an upright coffin". It's claustrophobic and it smells bad...best advice...go in a paper cup.

**The Proctologist Dump** - In the beginning, the lord created the earth, the sky and the firmament, but I hope he didn't create this dump, because there is nothing biblical about it, you run out of gas. That's right, you run out of propulsion. The dump is right there at the end of your barrel and refuses to go any further. You grunt, you squeeze, you wriggle but it just stays there like a lump of lead. You've only got two choices here. One is to squeeze the damn thing back up your intestine and wait until next time. The other is to pretend you're a proctologist and go after it yourself. Not a pretty picture is it??

**The Whole Roll Dump** - No matter how much you wipe, it doesn't seem to be enough. You blow the whole roll and you have to flush 25 times too. The whole episode is consumer waste.

**The Graffiti Dump** - You flush the dump and the swirling motion of the receding bowl water forces the dump to the porcelain sides, scraping a creative squiggle on its way down. You flush again but the curlicue hangs there...love it or leave it. It's your choice.

**The Encore Dump** - Ahhhh, you're done, so you wipe, put yourself together, wash your hands and are about to vacate the bathroom when you feel another dump coming. You have to return for a curtain call. The world's record is seven encores.

**The Born Again Dump** - This is a dump that's going so badly, you say "Lord, if I live through this, I'll take up religion" you always get through it, but seldom keep the promise you made in desperation, because a born again dump is like childbirth...you forget the pain quickly.

Three vampires walk into a bar. One orders a blood on the rocks. Another orders a double blood. The third simply asks for a mug of hot water. "Why didn't you order blood like everyone else?" asks the bartender. The vampire pulls out a tampon and says, "I'm making tea!"