



# BOGGY SHOE



## The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #62 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.	
15-October-01	1217 Golden Lion, St. James Street Brighton	315 040 Steve Hanna	01273 883986	<b>Directions:</b> Head straight down A23 towards Brighton. Take last turning on left before roundabout, and pub is on corner of 2nd on right. <i>Very difficult parking</i> - try Madeira Drive (2nd off r/b) and walk up. <b>Steve's (rather early!) farewell run.</b>	
22_October-01	1218 Swan	Falmer	355 090 Wiggy & Bouncer	01273 440571	<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.
29_October-01	1219 Farmers	Scaynes Hill	368 230 Guy & Les Plumb	01273 845586	<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 20 mins. <b>Halloween Hash.</b>
5-November-01	1220 Bull	Ditchling	327 153 Mike M. & Jane	01273 502837	<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A273. After Clayton Hill take Ditchling road. At crossroads in village turn right. Pub is on left and village car park on right. Est. 12 mins.
12-November-01	1221 Sportsman	Goddards Green	286 202 Aunty Jo	01273 833617	<b>Directions:</b> Take A23 to A2300 Burgess Hill turn-off. Turn right for Goddards Green at first roundabout. Pub is on left hand side after 1/4 mile. Est. 15 mins. <b>Jo's birthday run.</b>
19-November-01	1222 Telscombe Tavern, Telscombe	395 014* Dave & Nigel	01273 581284	<b>Directions:</b> A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est 10 mins.	
26_November-01	1223 Grapes	Pease Pottage	292 345* Ivan	01273 707182	<b>Directions:</b> Take A23 north and turn-off just before motorway. Right off roundabout past services, follow round and turn left just opposite James King pub. Grapes is on left hand side. Est. 20 mins.
3-December-01	1224 Crow & Gate	Crowborough	493 288* Don & Theresa	01273 385637	<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Lewes. Through Cuilfail tunnel, then A26 to Crowborough. Pub on left hand side about 1.5 miles after Herons Ghyll. Est. 25 mins.

\* Approx. pub location.

**STOP PRESS** - This years Christmas run and party will be on Monday 17th December. At the moment a venue hasn't been finalised so if you have any ideas please pass them on to Les Plumb. Circus Circus has changed management however we will still make enquiries there.

**BRIGHTON HASH** website now up and running. Suggestions for content and links to Louis Taub please.

## An open letter to the Hash

Rosemary, Sarah, Simon and families would like to say a big thank you to all Hashers for your support, comforting words, letters, cards, flowers and just for being there. It has been a great help to us as we try to come to terms with the loss of Ray. Many hashers who are not running with us at the moment have been in touch. What wonderful friends you are.

Thank you for your generous donation to Oxfam: a grand total of £992.40 has been sent to the charity.

Thank you again.

### Rays final trash contribution

Shortly before he died Ray passed me the directions for the M25 Motorway 10 mile race organised by the Epsom and Ewell Harriers and Leatherhead Lions Club, which took place near Leatherhead in the time between completion of that section of the M25 and its opening to the public. Pure hashers may think this is just a damn good idea, but I really hope it doesn't put ideas in Rik 'Phyclepath' Taubs head. The occasional racers amongst us will find these instructions in today's context quite laughable and not a little worrying! Here are some of the more amusing notes:

<b>Start:</b>	Will be from Bridge 29 on the motorway.
<b>Assembly:</b>	Between Bridges 29 and 30 on the Southbound carriageway.
<b>Car Parking:</b>	Ample car parking is available on the hard shoulder of the Northbound carriageway and a speed limit of 10 mph is in effect.
<b>Spectators:</b>	All spectators must wear flat shoes and no equipment may be used which is likely to damage the tarmac. Runners will be using the FAST LANE so spectators must use the SLOW LANE when travelling the mile between start and finish areas. No spectators are allowed on grassed areas or the Southbound carriageway. ANY PERSON CAUSING DAMAGE TO CARRIAGEWAYS OR VERGES WILL BE LIABLE TO PROSECUTION.
<b>Changing facilities:</b>	Competitors own cars.
<b>Toilets:</b>	Strictly limited, competitors are recommended to make alternative arrangements.
<b>Road safety:</b>	Spectators are not to accompany runners or drive along the route as no vehicles may travel along the Motorway. The Motorway is private property and therefore Motor Insurance Policies will not cover any claims which may arise as a result of accidents, etc.
<b>Course:</b>	Being run on a motorway there are no major gradients and the last 2½ miles is downhill!
<b>Runners safety:</b>	To avoid risk of accidents please do not start ahead of your expected finishing time. On the first lap keep to the left of the carriageway and on the second lap move to the right.
<b>First Aid:</b>	St John's Ambulance Association will provide first aid cover and an ambulance will be available should it be necessary.

As regular runners with the W&NK hash (Westerham & North Kent) we were given a copy of the latest issue of the UK Hash directory and glancing through I was struck by an entry for an annual hash organised by two hashers from Old Coulsdon known as Maid Marian (Mark) and Firkin Bar Steward (Phil). Gabby, Cathi and myself all went along for the 4<sup>th</sup> KLOT (Kingswood Lower On Trail) Hash at the beginning of September, which featured a very pleasant Saturday afternoon trail followed by beer, buffet and Beat Route, a top local band previously used for a W&NK weekend party. Apart from the very cheap pay bar this great night cost us just a fiver and is, your honour, the only excuse I can offer for turning up at Hellingly 12½ minutes after the start of the 10k the following day!

That aside, I asked Mark what had possessed him to organise such an excellent function. Turns out a chap whose name escapes me now had just joined the hash and only ran for a very short time before being tragically killed in a road accident. Mark's sentimental side took over and he now organises this event annually as a tribute to the unknown hasher.

There has already been some talk of organising a jazz night in Ray's memory. I feel we shouldn't let that slip, unless of course it would be against Rosemary's wishes. What better way to pay tribute to both Ray and indeed Nina by combining a Saturday afternoon run with a pleasant evening of good beer, good music and good company, and doing it annually! Thoughts?

**Erratum:** I must apologise for a touch of brain-fade last issue when I put that Ray was Aries instead of a Virgo.

## **AN AFGHANS PERSPECTIVE** *written in the days immediately after the attacks:*

Dear whoever is on this email thread:

I've been hearing a lot of talk about "bombing Afghanistan back to the Stone Age." Ronn Owens, on KGO Talk Radio today, allowed that this would mean killing innocent people, people who had nothing to do with this atrocity, but "we're at war, we have to accept collateral damage.

What else can we do?" Minutes later I heard some TV pundit discussing whether we "have the belly to do what must be done."

And I thought about the issues being raised especially hard because I am from Afghanistan, and even though I've lived here for 35 years I've never lost track of what's going on there. So I want to tell anyone who will listen how it all looks from where I'm standing.

I speak as one who hates the Taliban and Osama Bin Laden. There is no doubt in my mind that these people were responsible for the atrocity in New York. I agree that something must be done about those monsters.

But the Taliban and Ben Laden are not Afghanistan.

They're not even the government of Afghanistan. The Taliban are a cult of ignorant psychotics who took over Afghanistan in 1997. Bin Laden is a political criminal with a plan. When you think Taliban, think Nazis. When you think Bin Laden, think Hitler. And when you think "the people of Afghanistan" think "the Jews in the concentration camps." It's not only that the Afghan people had nothing to do with this atrocity. They were the first victims of the perpetrators. They would exult if someone would come in there, take out the Taliban and clear out the rats nest of international thugs holed up in their country.

Some say, why don't the Afghans rise up and overthrow the Taliban? The answer is, they're starved, exhausted, hurt, incapacitated, suffering. A few years ago, the United Nations estimated that there are 500,000 disabled orphans in Afghanistan—a country with no economy, no food. There are millions of widows. And the Taliban has been burying these widows alive in mass graves. The soil is littered with land mines, the farms were all destroyed by the Soviets. These are a few of the reasons why the Afghan people have not overthrown the Taliban.

We come now to the question of bombing Afghanistan back to the Stone Age. Trouble is, that's been done. The Soviets took care of it already. Make the Afghans suffer? They're already suffering. Level their houses? Done. Turn their schools into piles of rubble? Done. Eradicate their hospitals? Done. Destroy their infrastructure? Cut them off from medicine and health care? Too late. Someone already did all that.

New bombs would only stir the rubble of earlier bombs.

Would they at least get the Taliban? Not likely. In today's Afghanistan, only the Taliban eat, only they have the means to move around. They'd slip away and hide. Maybe the bombs would get some of those disabled orphans, they don't move too fast, they don't even have wheelchairs. But flying over Kabul and dropping bombs wouldn't really be a strike against the criminals who did this horrific thing. Actually it would only be making common cause with the Taliban—by raping once again the people they've been raping all this time. So what else is there? What can be done, then?

Let me now speak with true fear and trembling. The only way to get Bin Laden is to go in there with ground troops. When people speak of "having the belly to do what needs to be done" they're thinking in terms of having the belly to kill as many as needed. Having the belly to overcome any moral qualms about killing innocent people. Let's pull our heads out of the sand. What's actually on the table is Americans dying. And not just because some Americans would die fighting their way through Afghanistan to Bin Laden's hideout.

It's much bigger than that folks. Because to get any troops to Afghanistan, we'd have to go through Pakistan. Would they let us? Not likely. The conquest of Pakistan would have to be first. Will other Muslim nations just stand by? You see where I'm going. We're flirting with a world war between Islam and the West.

And guess what: that's Bin Laden's program. That's exactly what he wants. That's why he did this. Read his speeches and statements. It's all right there. He really believes Islam would beat the west. It might seem ridiculous, but he figures if he can polarize the world into Islam and the West, he's got a billion soldiers. If the west wreaks a holocaust in those lands, that's a billion people with nothing left to lose, that's even better from Bin Laden's point of view. He's probably wrong, in the end the west would win, whatever that would mean, but the war would last for years and millions would die, not just theirs but ours.

Who has the belly for that?

Bin Laden does. Anyone else?

Tamim Ansary

**In a lighter vein. If you're likely to be offended please do not read:**

Q: What's frightening and stuck on the end of your arm?

A: A terror wrist.

Every one has a duty to do !!

The President of the US has asked that we unite for a common cause. The hard line Islamic terrorists cannot stand nudity, and consider it a sin to see a naked woman that is not their wife. Tonight at 19:00, all women should run out of their house naked to help weed out the terrorists, and remain that way until further notice.

The United States appreciates your efforts, and applauds you.

God bless America.

Anything worth fighting for is worth fighting dirty for.

Bin Ladin has been invited to appear on *Celebrity Ready Steady Cook*, he is going to make Big Apple Crumble. They're also trying to get hold of the WTC hot dog vendor for a future programme after he was heard to say 'hey, who ordered two jumbo's?'.  
*(Remember how during the last campaign they invaded Tie Rack!)*

News Flash!!!!

It has just been reported on Reuters that the Irish SAS have stormed Battersea dogs home and killed all the Afghans.

Following this successful operation the Irish SAS are at this moment conducting a full scale search of John Lewis's Home Style department, for some Bed Linen. *(Remember how during the last campaign they invaded Tie Rack!)*

Meanwhile the IRA have apparently hijacked the Goodyear balloon and bounced off Canary Wharf half a dozen times.

Man United have confirmed the signing of their new striker "Bin Ladin", a spokesman for the club said he can't play football but is f@#king lethal in the air!!

Finally, the 'on the cards' decision reflecting the occupants of the Pentagon to change it's name has been brought forward in light of recent attacks and it will henceforth be known as 'the Square'.

Citizens of Afghanistan are reportedly looking forward with great anticipation to reports of an international air show to be held in the skies over their nation.

An unnamed official informed us that "Now the rest of the world will look upon our beloved city with great honour just as they do Farnborough, England and Paris, France", referring to the sites of two other famous international air shows.

The exact date and time of the upcoming Kabul International Air Show has not yet been announced. It is believed that event organisers feel that such an announcement would detract from the fun of the celebration by, "spoiling the surprise".

Unlike most air shows the Kabul Air Show will feature almost no static ground displays but will have an unusually high number of aerial demonstrations and flybys "We are most pleased by this feature of our air show. Instead of a lot of different kinds of aeroplanes just sitting around on the tarmac, the aircraft attending our show will actually be up in the air demonstrating what they do best!" we were told.

Participation will probably be heaviest by aircraft of the United States Air Force and Marine Corps. Including appearances by F-15's, F-16's, A-10's, B-52's and Apache helicopters. It is rumoured that opening ceremonies will feature a tomahawk-cruise fireworks display. A few B-2's, and F-117A's may also help out in some unseen capacity.

Several other countries have expressed an interest in sending representatives. These include all nineteen nations in the NATO alliance as well as Australia. The excitement generated for this gala event has even prompted the Israeli Air Force to apply for participation.

Of course, no one is more excited than the Afghan people themselves. Great numbers of them are in the streets of Kabul looking constantly heavenward in gratitude for the historic event, which will soon take place in their skies.

It has been observed that some are so concerned about missing the show that even as they bow to the East they keep snatching worried glances towards the West. Thousands, in fact, have been seen leaving the city and fleeing to the mountains carrying food and blankets - obviously anxious to get a good vantage point for the air show, and to make a picnic of it.

## SEPTEMBER 11<sup>th</sup> 2001 - Extracts from the hash chat pages...

From Global Notes 13 Sep 2001 The World Mourns

In light of the recent terrorist attacks in New York and Washington DC I have included a few skimmings from hashers here and if any other hashers out there have had any experience or know of a hasher who may have been involved in some way, please pass it on to the list. In traditional Hash fashion, I have certainly lifted a beer for those who didn't make it. I hope all the hashes do the same at their next circles around the globe. Stray Dog

From: Ivy Licker ivylicker@hotmail.com

I'm between jobs right now, so I've been sitting at home (2 miles from the Pentagon and Georgetown, and 5 blocks from Arlington National Cemetery) listening to all of this on the news. I can't see the Pentagon smoke from my place, although people are watching from the roofs of skyscrapers nearby. When I stepped outside earlier, I heard police sirens/speakers diverting traffic on Rt. 50, out of the city. Not thinking with my half-mind, I just tried to drive to get the brakes on my car fixed; normally a 5 minute drive round trip just took 30 minutes since the shop was closed and traffic is terrrrrible. It's like a Race-for-the-Cure outside...streams of people walking home from work in DC/VA since (I assume) the Metro is closed. They even closed the Arlington, VA Courthouse buildings and surrounding blocks, just one block from home. Car traffic can get annoying around here, but the people/car gridlock right now is eerie...oh and I've heard three jets in the air in the past two hours, not exactly a comforting sound right now! going out for more rubber necking,  
ivy licker - white house h3

\* \* \* \* \*

From: Pay Per View payperview@earthlink.net

When I was driving into work and heard the first plane had hit the WTC, I was a bit shocked and saddened but thought it was just an accident. The radio station didn't have much info. First thing that came to mind was the stories one of the stories my dad tells from his days as an USAF Air Traffic controller - one day there was a plane that would not identify itself while flying along the NC coastline, Dad alerted his superiors and the fighter planes were sent out after the aircraft. Once they came upon the single engine aircraft they had found the solo pilot passed out - he had had a heart attack or something. They followed the plane until it ran out of fuel and crashed into the ocean. Sad story but I assume if a plane can crash in the ocean, hitting a building wouldn't be impossible.

Of course about 2 songs later I heard a 2nd aircraft had hit the other tower. Okay, SOMETHING is up. This is about the time I'm passing by the Pentagon. The radio reported it was a commercial jet. Part of me was relieved that something like that could never happen in DC, we've got too much security around the Pentagon, Capitol, White House, etc. How wrong my sense of security was when I walked in the office and somebody said the Pentagon was on fire.

I was told we could see the smoke from the office down the hall, when I went to check out the scene, I was moved by the reactions of my co-workers before ever looking out the window. Everybody was crying. I saw a sheet of black covering the sky. I've never felt so vulnerable in my life, I believe the feeling was mutual among my co-workers. Where the hell is the next attack gonna be?

At this point we were told to leave the building asap - good thing, we're in the middle of buko federal buildings, the convention center and a few blocks from the capitol. at this point i was so glad i had drove my car in, i was afraid to take public transportation! i had a co-worker join me and we set out on a 2.5 hour journey to get across the river. once we got to Pentagon City (1 metro stop from the Pentagon), we decided to park the car and metro from there because traffic was really snarled - plus we were past the Pentagon and out of the city, felt a bit safer. We could see and smell the smoke as we walked to the metro station, the smell had made it's way into the station even! around 6pm I went to retrieve my vehicle from Pentagon City, yes the smell was still in the air but I couldn't see smoke at this point. I hear the fires keep coming back though.

government offices are open tomorrow. i'm still a bit terrified to take public transportation, maybe i'll bike in tomorrow and they'll just have to deal with a sweaty me....

I wish somebody would tell me I'm just having a really bad dream; many of us are dreading the Gannett and USA Today buildings being targeted (they are the 2 largest in the area - 80 stories or so). I feel so lucky that DC didn't get hit as hard with the casualties as NYC and fortunate that my buddies are safe and sound.

On On and Peace.

PPV [White House HHH, Washington DC]

My company has just sent out an email saying that 5 of our co-workers were on the planes that crashed in NYC and PA. Names have not been released yet.

Pay Per View

\* \* \* \* \*

From: rantulov@earthlink.net

Subject: Alive

I'm alive!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

fireman Bob

\* \* \* \* \*

From: Gen Caplette scabasseh3@hotmail.com

I barely slept last night - sure I'm not the only one. With my husband working 500 miles away - well I sat alone on my bed with my two dogs and watched the scenes from NY, DC and PA, listened to analyst after analyst talk about something of relevance, received phone call after phone call from family in Long Island saying they were OK and, occasionally, wiping the tears as the came to my eyes.

The last 24 hours have been the most confusing and upsetting in my life.

But in this time I feel as if I have experienced and been a part of something amazing.

Last week I made a comment about my generation having no idea what war feels like, we've never experienced anything as devastating as WWI, WWII, Korea, and most don't remember anything about Vietnam. The Persian Gulf was a sign of our power not weakness and made me feel, as I know others did, that we were invincible.

In referring to the new documentary on HBO, "Band of Brothers", I remember thinking a bond like those men have doesn't exist today, you can't find it anywhere, people just don't care about other people.

If I could take back those words I would.

Hash-I [the other one] in the past day has been one of the many examples of how wrong I was. The postings looking for people and praying and sending good thoughts to each other have been amazing.

My Prayers and Thoughts go out to all.

On-On

Scabby

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**Other e-mail ramblings - make of them what you will.**

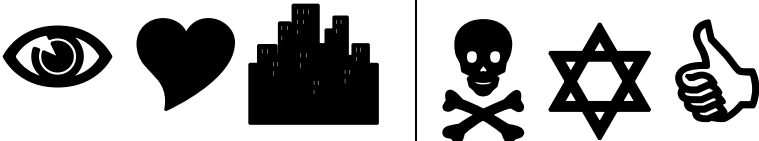
Nostradamus - be careful what you believe! Sabine in France looked up the revelations and found that the text in some cases had been drawn at random from a number of verses and concocted to apply the prophecy to yesterday's horrid happenings.

Nostradamus' prediction

Century 6, Quatrain 97, The sky will burn at forty-five degrees latitude, Fire approaches the great new city [New York City lies between 40-45 degrees] Immediately a huge, scattered flame leaps up When they want to have verification from the Normans [French].

"In the City of God there will be a great thunder, Two brothers torn apart by Chaos, while the fortress endures, the great leader will succumb" , "The third big war will begin when the big city is burning" - Nostradamus 1654 [City of God=New York, Two Brothers=WTC, Chaos=Terrorists, Great Leader=Bush (You've got to be joking),Third Big War=WW3..]

An "Egg" is a term meaning any amusing titbit hidden within a program, some are deliberate others not. This one is weird:

<p>Go onto Word. On a blank page type NYC and make it as big as you can. Now highlight the 3 letters and change the font to Webdings. Read the symbols (weird or what). Now highlight the symbols again and change the font to Wingdings.</p>	<p>For those without access this is what happens:- Don't you find that a little scary?</p>
	

If anyone has received another egg claiming Q33NY to be the flight number of one of the jets and to try changing the font to Wingdings, this is a fake. Qantas do not fly internally in USA.



Not quiet sure what point this has but what the hell

The date of the attack: 9/11 - 9 + 1 + 1 = 11

September 11th is the 254th day of the year: 2 + 5 + 4 = 11

After September 11th there are 111 days left to the end of the year.

119 is the area code to Iraq/Iran. 1 + 1 + 9 = 11

Twin Towers - standing side by side, looks like the number 11

The first plane to hit the towers was Flight 11

State of New York - The 11th State added to the Union

New York City - 11 Letters

Afghanistan - 11 Letters

The Pentagon - 11 Letters

Ramzi Yousef - 11 Letters (convicted or orchestrating the attack on the WTC in 1993)

Flight 11 - 92 on board - 9 + 2 = 11

Flight 77 - 65 on board - 6 + 5 = 11

LEWES DOWNLAND 10  
8/10/01

Time	Name	Category	Position	Est. GP points
00:57:45	JAMES, Robbie	Senior Men	1	
01:06:03	BAXTER, John	Senior Men	20	484
01:06:56	TAUB, Louis	Senior Men	25	480
01:12:33	DAUNCEY, Chris	Vet Men 55	59	455
01:13:25	WHITMAN, Tony	Vet Men 45	66	451
01:13:56	HANNA, Steven	Senior Men	74	446
01:16:13	FALLOWFIELD, Tony	Vet Men 50	97	435
01:18:35	BIGGINS, John	Vet Men 40	111	427
01:18:55	LYONS, Ivan	Senior Men	116	424
01:19:01	ADAMS, Nigel	Vet Men 55	118	423
01:20:51	COCKCROFT, Michael	Vet Men 50	134	416
01:20:59	ELLIOTT, Andrew	Vet Men 45	136	414
01:23:18	DEACON, Alan	Vet Men 50	151	410

HOVE PARK 5m  
16/9/2001

00:28:18	BAXTER, John	9	495
00:29:16	TAUB, Louis	16	489
00:32:33	HANNA, Steve	61	458
00:33:04	PEDLOW, Martin	73	450
00:34:54	ADAMS, Nigel	105	432
00:35:43	COCKCROFT, M.	112	428

276 finishers

### Haiku error messages

If computer programmers were more into Haiku these are the sort of error messages you might see.

Server's poor response  
Not quick enough for browser.  
Timed out, plum blossom.

Everything is gone;  
Your life's work has been destroyed.  
Squeeze trigger (yes/no)?

I'm sorry, there's - um -  
insufficient - what's-it-called?  
The term eludes me ...

Windows NT crashed.  
I am the Blue Screen of Death.  
No one hears your screams.

Seeing my great fault  
Through darkening blue windows  
I begin again.

The code was willing,  
It considered your request,  
But the chips were weak.

A file that big?  
It might be very useful.  
But now it is gone.

Errors have occurred.  
We won't tell you where or why.  
Lazy programmers.

Login incorrect.  
Only perfect spellers may  
enter this system.

Wind catches lily  
Scatt'ring petals to the wind:  
Segmentation fault.

First snow, then silence.  
This thousand dollar screen dies  
so beautifully.

The Tao that is seen  
Is not the true Tao, until  
You bring fresh toner.

Yesterday it worked  
Today it is not working  
Windows is like that.

To have no errors  
Would be life without meaning  
No struggle, no joy.

You step in the stream,  
But the water has moved on.  
This page is not here.

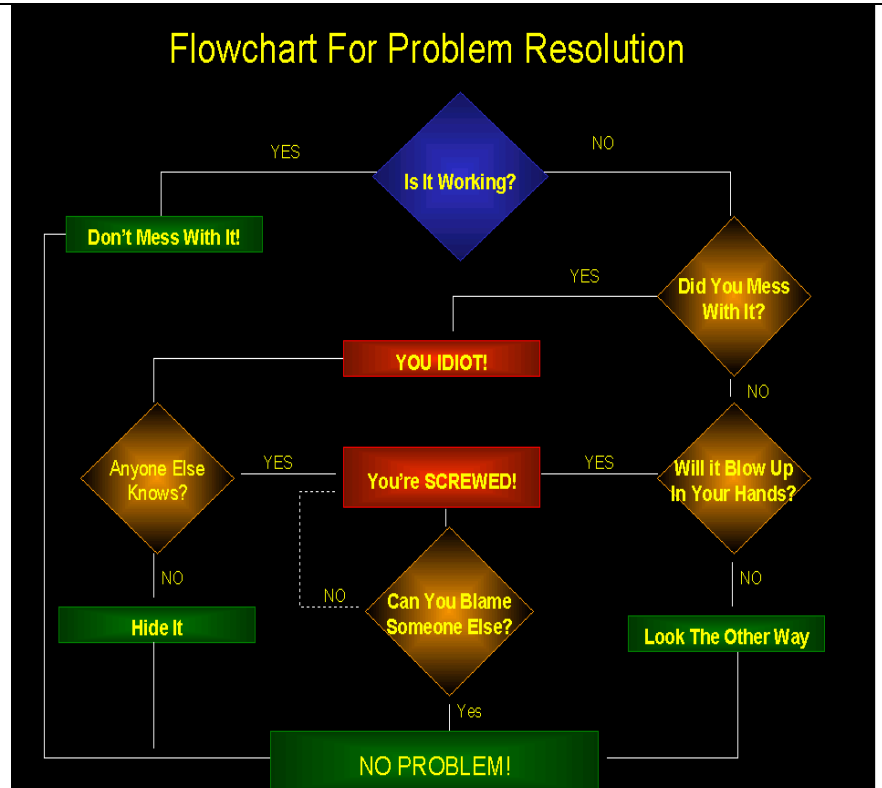
Hal, open the file  
Hal, open the damn file, Hal  
Open the file, please Hal.

The ten thousand things  
How long do any persist?  
Netscape, too, has gone.

Serious error.  
All shortcuts have disappeared.  
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.

A pie  
In the face of technology  
Small blessings.

### Flowchart For Problem Resolution



## The silly section - Tommy Cooper lives!

- "So a lorry-load of tortoises crashed into a train-load of terrapins, I thought "That's a turtle disaster".
- I saw this bloke chatting up a cheetah, I thought "he's trying to pull a fast one".
- Now you know those trick candles that you blow out and a couple of seconds later they come alight again, well the other day there was a fire at the factory that makes them.
- So I met this gangster who pulls up the back of people's pants, it was Weggie Kray.
- You see I'm against hunting, in fact I'm a hunt saboteur. I go out the night before and shoot the fox.
- The other day I sent my girlfriend a huge pile of snow. I rang her up, I said "Do you get my drift?".
- So I went down the local supermarket, I said "I want to make a complaint, this vinegar's got lumps in it", he said "Those are pickled onions".
- So I went to the Chinese restaurant and this duck came up to me with a red rose and says "Your eyes sparkle like diamonds". I said "Waiter, I asked for a-ROMATIC duck".
- Now did you know if a stick insect laid it's eggs in a jar of Marmite it will give birth to a litter of twiglets.
- So this bloke says to me, "Can I come in your house and talk about your carpets?". I thought "That's all I need, a Je-hoover's witness".
- You see my next door neighbour worships exhaust pipes, he's a catholic converter.
- So I rang up British Telecom, I said "I want to report a nuisance caller", he said "Not you again".
- Now did you know all male tennis players are witches, for example Goran, even he's a witch.
- So I was in Tesco's and I saw this man and woman wrapped in a barcode. I said "Are you two an item?".
- So I was having dinner with Garry Kasparov and there was a check tablecloth. It took him two hours to pass me the salt. He said "You remind me of a pepper-pot", I said "I'll take that as a condiment".
- Do you know I've got a friend who's fallen in love with two school bags, he's bisatchel.
- A termite walks into a bar and asks, "Is the bar tender here?"
- So I said to this train driver "I want to go to Paris". He said "Eurostar?". I said "I've been on telly but I'm no Dean Martin".
- So I said to the Gym instructor "Can you teach me to do the splits?". He said "How flexible are you?". I said "I can't make Tuesdays".
- But I'll tell you what I love doing more than anything: trying to pack myself in a small suitcase. I can hardly contain myself.
- So I said "Do you want a game of Darts?", he said "OK then", I said "Nearest to the bull starts". He said "Baa", I said "Moo", he said "You're closest".
- A mushroom walks into a bar, sits down and orders a drink. The barman says "We don't serve mushrooms here." The mushroom says, "Why not? I'm a fun guy
- I went to my Doctor, "Doc, when I got up this morning, I put on a pair of white gloves and started calling my wife Minnie. Then on the way to work I couldn't help singing, "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's off to work I go," and when I got there I started calling everyone Happy, Grumpy, Dopey and so on. What's the matter with me?" "That's easy," replies the doctor. "You're having Disney spells!"

A government spokesman has confirmed that in order for Britain to meet the conditions for joining the Euro, the phrase 'spending a penny' is not to be used after the 31st December 2001. From this date the correct terminology will be 'euronating'.

Two nipples walk into a bar and ask the bar man for a pint, the bar man replies "sorry, we're not serving you, you're off your tits!"

What do you call a donkey with one leg? A wonky donkey  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye? A winky wonky donkey.  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye makin' love? A bonky winky wonky donkey.  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye makin' love while breaking wind? A stinky bonky winky wonky donkey.  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye makin' love while breaking wind, wearing blue suede shoes? A honky tonky stinky bonky winky wonky donkey.  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye makin' love while breaking wind, wearing blue suede shoes and playing piano? A plinky plonky honky tonky stinky bonky winky wonky donkey.  
 What do you call a donkey with one leg and one eye makin' love while breaking wind, wearing blue suede shoes, playing piano and driving a Bus? Bloody talented!

Three Sheep in a Field:

1st sheep: Baaa  
 2nd sheep: Baaa  
 3rd sheep: Moo.  
 1st sheep: I beg your pardon?  
 2nd sheep: Why did you say that?  
 3rd sheep: I'm learning a foreign language.

Two buckets of vomit were walking through Camden, then one starts crying.  
 The other asks why he's crying, and he replies "This is where I was brought up"

The woman seated herself in the psychiatrist's office. "What seems to be the problem?" the doctor asked.  
 "Well, I, uh," she stammered. "I think I, uh, might be a nymphomaniac."  
 "I see," he said. "I can help you, but I must advise you that my fee is £30 an hour."  
 "That's not bad," she replied. "How much for all night?"

When chemists die, we barium

All of Dixon's electrical stores in Afghanistan are being forced to close.  
 Economic experts believe this is a result of the telly ban.

I was fixing a computer at a restaurant when the cocktail waitress fell. It was the first time I didn't get blamed when a server went down.

I went to the chemists and asked the pharmacist if he could give me something for hiccups. The pharmacist promptly reaches out and slapped my face. (Whack!)  
 "What did you do that for?" I said.  
 "Well, you don't have the hiccups anymore, do you?"  
 The man says, "No, but my wife out in the car still does!"



## AMERICA vs BRITAIN (aka the Blair Bush Project)

While visiting England, George W. Bush is invited to tea with the Queen. He asks her what her leadership philosophy is.

She says that it is to surround herself with intelligent people. He asks how she knows if they're intelligent.

"I do so by asking them the right questions," says the Queen. "Allow me to demonstrate." She phones Tony Blair and says, "Mr. Prime Minister. Please answer this question: Your mother has a child, and your father has a child, and this child is not your brother or sister. Who is it?"

Tony Blair responds "It's me, ma'am."

"Correct. Thank you and good-bye, sir," says the Queen. She hangs up and says, "Did you get that, Mr. Bush?"

"Yes ma'am. Thanks a lot. I'll definitely be using that!"

Upon returning to Washington, he decides he'd better put the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to the test. He summons Jesse Helms to the White House and says, "Senator Helms, I wonder if you can answer a question for me."

"Why, of course, sir. What's on your mind?"

"Uhh, your mother has a child, and your father has a child, and this child is not your brother or your sister. Who is it?"

Helms hums and haws and finally asks, "Can I think about it and get back to you?"

Bush agrees, and Helms leaves. Helms immediately calls a meeting of other senior Republican senators, and they puzzle over the question for several hours, but nobody can come up with an answer. They agree that for so ponderous a question the Democratic leadership should be involved, so they are summoned. Finally, in desperation, Helms suggests that inasmuch as he was the person asked, it must be related to foreign policy and the secretary of State could possibly help. So he calls Colin Powell at the State Department and explains his problem. "Now lookee here, son, your mother has a child, and your father has a child, and this child is not your brother or your sister. Who is it?"

Powell answers immediately, "It's me, of course, you dumb cracker."

Much relieved, Helms rushes back to the White House and exclaims, "I know the answer, sir! I know who it is! It's Colin Powell!"

And Bush replies in disgust, "Wrong, you idiot, it's Tony Blair!"

One day in the future, George W. Bush has a heart attack and dies. He immediately goes to hell, where the devil is waiting for him. "I don't know what to do here," says the devil. "You are on my list, but I have no room for you. You definitely have to stay here, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I've got a couple folks here who weren't quite as bad as you. I'll let one of them go, but you have to take their place. I'll even let YOU decide who leaves."

Bush thought that sounded pretty good, so the devil opened the first room. In it was Richard Nixon and a large pool of water. He kept diving in and surfacing empty handed. Over and over and over. Such was his fate in hell.

"No," George said. "I don't think so. I'm not a good swimmer and I don't think I could do that all day long."

The devil led him to the next room. In it was Newt Gingrich with a Sledge hammer and a room full of rocks. All he did was swing that hammer, time after time after time.

"No, I've got this problem with my shoulder. I would be in constant agony if all I could do was break rocks all day," commented George.

The devil opened a third door. In it, Bush saw Bill Clinton, lying on the floor with his arms staked over his head, and his legs staked in a spread eagle pose. Bent over him was Monica Lewinsky, doing what she does best.

Bush took this in disbelief and finally said, "Yeah, I can handle his."

The devil smiled and said.....

"OK, Monica, you're free to go."

Saddam Hussein and George W. Bush agree to meet up in Baghdad for the first round of talks in a new peace process. When George sits down, he notices three buttons on the arm of Saddam's chair. They begin talking.

After about five minutes Saddam presses the first button. A boxing glove springs out of a box on the desk and punches Bush in the face. Annoyed, Bush carries on talking as Saddam laughs. A few minutes later the second button is pressed. This time a big boot comes out and kicks Bush in the shin.

Again Saddam laughs, and again George carries on talking, not wanting to put off the bigger issue of peace between the two countries. But when the third button is pressed and another boot comes out and kicks Bush square in the privates, he's finally had enough.

"I'm headin' back home!" he calmly tells the Iraqi. "We'll finish these talks in Washington in two weeks!"

A fortnight passes and Saddam flies to the United States for talks. As the two men sit down, Hussein notices three buttons on Bush's chair arm and prepares himself for the Texan's retaliation.

They begin talking and George presses the first button. Saddam ducks, but nothing happens. George snickers but they continue talking. A few minutes later he presses the second button. Saddam jumps up, but again nothing happens. Bush roars with laughter.

They continue the talks but when the third button is pressed, Saddam jumps up again, but again nothing happens. Bush falls on the floor in a fit of hysterics. "Forget this," says Saddam. "I'm going back to Baghdad!"

George W. says, through tears of laughter, "What Baghdad?"

Allegedly this is a genuine letter which appeared in the Bristol Evening News. Please do take the time to read it. It is clearly a work of genius and simply put, the writer should be knighted

Dear Sir,

It has long been my belief that you should only be allowed to protest in public if you pay income tax.

And you should only be allowed to vote at the ballot box if you own property. Sensible policies, both. And tested in time, too. If only Mr. Blah had thought to bring about these simple changes in the law, he would have avoided the double embarrassment of Red Ken's election and the rioting soap-dodgers. Perhaps it's me, but could someone explain why people who campaign for animal rights would throw bottles at police horses? Or why Friends of the Earth supporters would want to dig up the grass in a perfectly adequate London square? Or why anti-capitalists thought nicking the till out of a burger bar was a political statement? Or why campaigners for freedom would desecrate a shrine to the very people who fought and died for that freedom? What a bunch of immature, selfish, hypocritical idiots. Bring down the State? Better not, Tarquin. The State provides your giro and your housing benefit, you work-shy moron. What would you do without that little green cheque every other Thursday? Somebody has to pay for the extra- strong cider and multiple nose piercings.

It makes me sick. If a bunch of football fans had pulled a stunt like that, they'd have been banged up before you could say CS gas. But this gang of middle-class warriors was allowed to deface national monuments while the police looked on.

Mind you, Winston Churchill with a green Mohican haircut would have scared the wotsername out of Adolf Hitler.

My comments on the moral values of travellers seem to have ruffled a few feathers amongst the bleeding-heart Lefties who live like leeches on the publicly-funded fat of our society. One enraged correspondent (it must have been his turn to have the crayons this week) accuses me of using "intemperate and exaggerated language", says people like me should be exterminated and then likens me to Adolf Hitler. Pot, kettle, black, old pal.

Another wailing Willy, who was obviously off sick the day they did irony at school, challenges me to produce hard evidence to support my claim that gypsies steal babies. Evidence? Of course there's no evidence. It's all covered up by a conspiracy of Masonic magistrates, policemen and politicians, aided and abetted by a secret sect of corrupt district nurses.

Somewhere in Essex, there's a warehouse full of stolen babies. They're brought up by retired lap dancers and then they go off to be prison officers. Stick that in your meat-free pipe and smoke it, you monument of mediocrity.

My final correspondent (green ink, pressed down VERY HARD so that it comes through the back of the white weave Basildon Bond) argues that travellers are people too and have the right to live just as they want. Half right, mate. Travellers have the right to live as they want as long as they abide by the rules that bind the rest of us.

That means paying road tax, paying council tax and buying a television licence. It means paying for a plot of land on which to live and paying income tax on the proceeds of patching up all those dodgy driveways. It means obeying the law, rather than laughing at it. And the sooner the hand-wringing apologists on most councils realise this, the better.

My doctor has forbidden me to read The Guardian on the grounds that it does terrible things to my blood pressure, but I sneaked a look last week to see the following: "Burglars are people. For the most part, young people, even teenagers. From their point of view burglary must be fun as well as a way of making a few quid." Fun? Fun? What are they on? What a bunch of lily-livered, social-working, leather-elbowed windbags. Fun? Just ask an old lady who's been terrorised, had her last few possessions stolen and who now lives in permanent fear. Fun? Just ask anyone who has to pay sky high insurance premiums because the cops would rather catch drivers eating Kit Kats than tattooed scrotes running off with your video recorder. I'll give them fun, these poor lambs.

Any sticky-fingered yobbo coming within a hundred yards of Beelzebub Mansions will get to play a game currently popular amongst country dwellers. It's called Reasonable Force and involves a teenage thief, a baseball bat and a five iron.

Yours faithfully,

Barry Beelzebub\*

\*The views of Mr. Beelzebub are purely personal and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor or staff of this newspaper, or anyone who thinks our new cabinet-style council will result in more openness, of anyone who thinks Jez Quigley is hard, or of the snotty-nosed schoolboy in the back of the Volvo estate who stuck two fingers up at me this morning. Your Dad's phone number was painted on the side, Sonny. And I'm ringing him tonight.

ONLY IN BRITAIN...can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance.

Only in Britain...do Supermarkets make the sick people walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

Only in Britain...do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a DIET coke.

Only in Britain...do banks leave both doors open and chain the pens to the counters.

Only in Britain...do we use the word "politics" to describe the process of Government. "Poli" in Latin meaning "many" and "tics" meaning "bloodsucking creatures."

Only in Britain...do we leave cars worth thousands of pounds on the drive and put our junk in the garage.

Only in Britain...do we buy hot dogs in packs of ten and buns in packs of eight.

Only in Britain...do we use answering machines to screen calls and then have call waiting so we won't miss a call from someone we didn't want to talk to in the first place.

Only in Britain...are there handicap parking places in front of a skating rink.

**EVERY GIRL SHOULD HAVE ONE**



**An update on Diet Rules**

1. If you eat something, but no one else sees you eat it, it has no calories.
2. If you drink a diet coke while eating a chocolate bar, the calories in the chocolate bar are cancelled by the diet coke.
3. When you eat with someone else, calories don't count as long as you don't eat more than they do.
4. Foods used for medicinal purposes never count. For example hot chocolate, brandy, toast, cheesecake
5. If you fatten up everyone else around you, then you look thinner.
6. Movie-related foods do not have calories because they are part of the entertainment package and not part of one's personal fuel, buttered popcorn, maltesers and hot dogs
7. Broken Biscuits contain no calories. The process of breaking the biscuit causes calorie leakage.
8. Late-night snacks have no calories. The refrigerator light is not strong enough for the calories to see their way into the calorie counter.
9. If you are in the process of preparing something, food licked off knives and spoons have no calories. Peanut butter on a knife, ice cream on a spoon
10. Food of the same colour have the same number of calories. Examples are spinach and pistachio ice cream, mushrooms and white chocolate. Chocolate is a universal colour and may be substituted for any other.

**WOMAN'S BUMPER STICKERS**

1. So many men, so few who can afford me.
2. God made us sisters, prozac made us friends.
3. If they don't have chocolate in heaven, I ain't going.
4. My mother is a travel agent for guilt trips.
5. Princess - having had sufficient experience with prince - seeks frog.
6. Coffee, chocolate, men ... Some things are just better rich.
7. Don't treat me any differently than you would the queen.
8. If you want breakfast in bed, sleep in the kitchen.
9. Dinner is ready when the smoke alarm goes off.
10. I'm out of oestrogen - and I have a gun.
11. Guys have feelings too. But like.....who cares?
12. Next mood swing: 6 minutes.
13. And your point is?
14. Warning: I have an attitude and I know how to use it.
15. Of course I don't look busy...I did it right the first time.
16. Do not start with me. You will not win.
17. You have the right to remain silent, so please shut up.
18. All stressed out and no one to choke.
19. I'm one of those bad things that happen to good people.
20. How can I miss you if you won't go away?
21. Sorry if I looked interested. I'm not.
22. If we are what we eat, I'm fast, cheap and easy.
23. Don't upset me! I'm running out of places to hide the bodies.

This is the story.....

We'd go and sit on the balcony at Terminal 3 at Heathrow Airport, directly under one of the PA speakers where we put a tape machine in a bag with the microphone poking out of the top. Then we'd look for a flight that had arrived in the last 40 minutes from somewhere where you'd expect people with unpronounceable names i.e. Saudi Arabia,

We would then go to the Airport Help Desk with a prewritten note containing the names of fictitious passengers and ask them to read out the names over the PA system.

The passenger's names looked innocent enough on paper but they sounded like something else when read out loud.

Looks Like...	Reads Like...
Arheddis Varkenjaab and Aywellbe Fayed	I hate this f*cking job, and I will be fired
Arjevbin Fayed and Bybeiev Rhibodie	I've just been fired, and bye-bye everybody
Aynayda Pizaqvick and Malexa Krost	I need a p*ss quick, and my legs are crossed
Awul Dasfilshabeda and Nowaynayda Zheet	Oo-ah, that's better and now I need a sh*t
Makollig Jezvahted and Levdaroum DeBahzted	My colleague just farted, and left the room, the bastard
Stelaygot Maowenbach and Tuka Piziniztee	Still, I got my own back and took a p*ss in his tea

We got rumbled doing the "My colleague just, etc. "They actually threatened to arrest us as apparently they'd received complaints over the previous weeks!

## CARTROUBLE & THE HAZARDS OF DRIVING

"I was riding to work yesterday when I observed a female driver cut right in front of a pickup truck causing him to have to drive on to the shoulder. This evidently pissed the driver off enough, that he hung out his window and shouted at her.

"Man, that guy is stupid" I thought to myself. I ALWAYS smile nicely and wave in a sheepish manner whenever a female does anything to me in traffic and here's why.

I drive 38 miles each way every day to work, that's 76 miles.

Of these, 16 each way, is bumper-to-bumper, most of the bumper-to-bumper is on 8 lane highway. So if you just look at the 7 lanes I am not in, that means I pass something like a new car every 40 feet per lane. That's 7 cars every 40 feet for 32 miles. That works out to be 982 cars every mile, or 31,424 cars. Even though the rest of the 34 miles is not bumper to bumper, I figure I pass at least another 4000 cars. That brings the number to something like 36,000 cars I pass every day.

Statistically half of these are driven by females, that's 18,000. In any given group of females 1 in 28 are having the worst day of their period. That's 642. According to Cosmopolitan, 70% describe their love life as dissatisfying or unrewarding, that's 449.

According to the National Institutes of Health, 22% of all females have seriously considered suicide or homicide, that's 98.

And 34% describe men as their biggest problem, that's 33.

According to the National Rifle Association 5% of all females carry weapons and this number is increasing.

That means that EVERY SINGLE DAY, I drive past at least one female that, has a lousy love life, thinks men are her biggest problem, has seriously considered suicide or homicide, is having the worst day of her period and is armed.

No matter what she does in traffic, I wouldn't DREAM of pissing her off."

A man and a woman were dating. She being of a religious nature had held back the worldly pleasure that he wanted from her so bad. In fact, he had never even seen her naked. One day, as they drove down the freeway, she remarked about his slow driving habits. "I can't stand it anymore," she told him. "Let's play a game. For every 5 miles per hour over the speed limit you drive, I'll remove one piece of clothing." He enthusiastically agreed and sped up the car. He reached the 55 MPH mark, so she took off her blouse. At 60 off came the pants. At 65 it was her bra and at 70 her panties. Now seeing her naked for the first time and traveling faster than he ever had before, he became very excited and lost control of the car. He veered off the road over an embankment and wrapped the car around a tree. His girlfriend was thrown clear but he was trapped. She tried to pull him free but, alas, he was stuck.

"Go to the road and get help," he said. "I don't have anything to cover myself with!" she replied. The man felt around, but could only reach one of his shoes. You'll have to put this between your legs to cover it up," he told her. So she did as he said and went up to the road for help.

Along came a truck driver. Seeing a naked, crying woman along the road, he pulled over to hear her story. "My boyfriend! My boyfriend!" she sobbed, "He's stuck and I can't pull him out!" The truck driver, looking down at the shoe between her legs replied, "Ma'am, if he's in that far, I'm afraid he's a goner!"

A man and a woman are driving down the same road from the opposite direction. As they pass each other, the woman leans out the window and yells, "PIG!"

The man immediately leans out his window and yells, "BITCH!"

They each continue on their way, and as the man rounds the next curve he crashes into a huge pig in the middle of the road.

Moral of the story: If only men would listen...

Be careful what you wear (or don't wear), when working under your vehicle... especially in public. From the Sydney Morning Herald Australia comes this story of a central west couple who drove their car to K-Mart only to have their car break down in the parking lot. The man told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car there in the lot. The wife returned later to see a small group of people near the car. On closer inspection she saw a pair of male legs protruding from under the chassis. Although the man was in shorts, his lack of underpants turned private parts into glaringly public ones. Unable to stand the embarrassment she dutifully stepped forward, quickly put her hand UP his shorts and tucked everything back into place. On regaining her feet she looked across the hood and found herself staring at her husband who was standing idly by. The mechanic, however, had to have three stitches in his head.

A man and a woman were driving down the road and arguing about his deplorable infidelity when suddenly the woman reaches over and slices the man's penis off. Angrily, she tosses it out the car window. Driving behind the couple is a man and his 9 year old daughter. The little girl is just chatting away at her father when all of a sudden the penis smacks the pick-up on the windshield, sticks for a moment, then flies off. Surprised, the daughter asks her father, "Daddy, what the heck was that?" Not wanting to expose his little girl to anything sexual at such a young age, the father replies, "It was only a bug, honey."

The daughter sits with a confused look on her face, and after a few minutes she says, "Sure had a big dick, didn't it?"

Officer: May I see your driver's license?

Driver: I don't have one. I had it suspended when I got caught drink driving.

Officer: May I see the owner's card for this vehicle?

Driver: It's not my car. I stole it.

Officer: The car is stolen?

Driver: That's right. But come to think of it, I think I saw the owner's card in the glove box when I was putting my gun in there.

Officer: There's a gun in the glove box?

Driver: Yes sir. That's where I put it after I shot and killed the woman who owns this car and stuffed her in the trunk.

Officer: There's a BODY in the TRUNK?!?!?

Driver: Yes, sir.

Hearing this, the officer immediately called his captain. The car was quickly surrounded by police, and the captain approached the driver to handle the tense situation:

Captain: Sir, can I see your license?

Driver: Sure. Here it is.

It was valid.

Captain: Who's car is this?

Driver: It's mine, officer. Here's the owner's card. The driver owned the car.

Captain: Could you slowly open your glove box so I can see if there's a gun in it?

Driver: Yes, sir, but there's no gun in it.

Sure enough, there was nothing in the glove box.

Captain: Would you mind opening your trunk? I was told you said there's a body in it.

Driver: No problem.

Trunk is opened; no body.

Captain: I don't understand it. The officer who stopped you said you told him you didn't have a license, stole the car, had a gun in the glovebox, and that there was a dead body in the trunk.

Driver: Yeah, I'll bet the lying b\*stard told you I was speeding, too

## Curriculum Hashae

**Name:** Barry 'Bunter' Rice

**Date of Birth:** 12.8.1941. Now claiming his winter fuel rebate after recently celebrating his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday and receiving crutches from the Lads.

**Education:** Hove college and the bedrooms of Brighton.

**Sexual Orientation:** Would shag anything given the chance. Not given the chance very often. Recently saved the day with the words "come on then girls, who's up for it?" when a herd of cows which had decided to chase the hash immediately turned tail and fled.

**Appearance:** Sober: Des Lynam with attitude.  
Drunk: Sweaty walrus - as seen at Circus Circus last Christmas.

**First impression:** For those who were greeted with the sight of Bunter emerging from the waves in wet suit and snorkel last month, thoughts were not so much of Bond rising from the depths as the Creature from the Black Lagoon.

**Habitat:** Pubs, bars, hotels, and the Shoreham Conservative Club. Anywhere that has copious amounts of alcohol.

**Medical Notes:** Thrives on diets - seafood (and eat it), pasta (pasta the kebab house, pasta the Indian, pasta the chippy), fruit (predominantly wine, but might have a banana for breakfast). Amazingly, some of these work as he thrashed Mutton in a weight loss competition last October only to see the magnum of champers he'd just won get quaffed by Mutton in a very short time from a ½ pint flute.

**Claims to fame:** Hashed the World in the late eighties.  
First person to muff dive to 100 feet.  
This year is the 21<sup>st</sup> and final 7 Sisters marathon. Barry has run in all 22 including winning it one year in 2 hrs 35 seconds then shagged the entire bar staff at the Pilot afterwards.

**Hobbies:** Alcohol. Actually damn fine folk singer when he can remember the words. Telegraph crosswords. Fine scratch golfer and Wimbledon vets contender.

**Habitual Sayings:** Talks a good run and never lets the truth get in the way of a good story  
"I'll beat the lot of you at any sport you like."  
"The older I get the fitter I was"

**and one more thing..** Instrumental in setting up the Nick van Hoogstraten empire by buying Nicks stamp collection at school.  
Since then helped Nasty Nick with his property empire by selling his own estate to him bit-by-bit at well under the market price whenever he got thirsty.  
Founder of Bunters Bum Sun Fun Run Club - in training has apparently been witnessed running bollock naked round his entire bedroom chasing his reflection.  
A true hasher Bunter seems to always be on the scene whenever the hash gets banned never to return to the venues of Sussex, but seems never to actually be directly responsible. Our visits to the White Horse, Ditchling ended when Rosemary started throwing food and Barry was just defending himself!



The following are actual ads placed in the Personal section of the Ministry of Sound magazine (UK Clubbing/Lifestyle Magazine):

ARE YOU AGED 18-30, female, slim build, into hardcore techno, a recent graduate and into politics? Then F##k off! I want a sh\*t-thick 16 year old bird with no opinions and massive tits! Reply to box. xxxx

WERE YOU THE GIRL with braids, blue T-shirt, platform trainers, dancing to left of the stage during JFK's set at Passion last Friday? I was the guy curled up under the speaker stack. I meant to talk to you but I was hallucinating and I thought you had a wolf's head and flippers. But I'm ok now. Reply to xxxx

IF YOU ARE a group of around four house fans in the Acton High Street area of West London and you're particularly into old skool Chicago sounds, please turn your stereo down because some of us are f\*\*king trying to get some sleep. Reply to xxxx

ARE YOU THE TALL BLACK-HAIRED GUY in the black and silver Versace shirt who I shagged in the Ministry toilets about three months ago without any form of birth control? Please write to me. I'd... ummmm... love to hear from you. Just to see how you are and stuff. Don't worry, there's nothing to worry about. Really. It's just that I'm going to have a... ummm... a PARTY! Yes, that's it. A party. Reply xxxx

WANTED: COCAINE. Lots of it. Reply to xxxx

WERE YOU THE man standing three feet away from me at the bar in Fabric, smiling weakly and smelling rather too strongly of Issey Miyake? Because if you look at my tits one more time, I am going to glass you. Reply to xxxx

ATTENTION ALL MAD clubheads in the Toxteth area going to Cream this weekend. Me and my mates are going to nick all you

valuables while you're out because we're thieving scally bastards.

Ten ways to Annoy the person in the Next Toilet

1. Grunt and strain real loud for 30 seconds and then drop a melon into the toilet bowl from a height of 6 feet. Sigh relaxingly.
2. Fill up a large flask with Lucozade. Squirt it erratically under door!"
3. Cheer and clap loudly every time somebody breaks the silence with a bodily function noise.
4. Using a small squeeze tube, spread peanut butter on a wad of toilet paper and drop the wad under the stall wall of your neighbour. Then say, "Whoops, could you kick that back over here please?"
5. Say, "C 'mon Mr. Happy!! Don't fall asleep on me!!"
6. Drop a D-cup bra on the floor under the stall where the person in the next stall can see it.
7. Say, "Damn, this water's cold!"
8. Say, "Hmm, I've never seen that colour before, ... "
9. Say, "Interesting ... more floaters than sinkers."
10. Drop a marble and say, "Oh sh\*t, my glass eye!!"

## THE PIANIST

A bloke walks into a posh restaurant and approaches a very smart looking waiter.

"Oi, f\*ckface, I want to speak to the c\*cksucking manager."

The waiter is, understandably, a little put off and doesn't immediately respond.

"Did you hear what I f\*cking said you p\*ssy little \*rse wipe? I said where's you're goddamned sh\*t for brains manager?"

When the manager appears the bloke says, "Are you the b\*stard manager of this bullsh\*t joint? I've come about the job here for a f\*cking piano player"

"I see..." replies the manager, trying hard to maintain control, "let's hear you play then".

So the bloke pulls up to the enormous grand piano, with it's own chandelier to illuminate the keys, and begins to play. He plays an emotional classical piece, slow, mournful and despairing. The manager is so moved by the song he is brought to tears.

"That's a brilliant piece of music" he says, wiping his eyes, "what's it called?"

"It's a crap song I wrote called: 'As I F\*ck You Under the Stars With the Moonlight on Your \*rse'" the bloke replies.

"Mmm... well, can you play any blues?" asks the manager, and instantly the bloke bangs out the funkiest piece of honky tonk the manager has ever heard. By the end the manager is tapping his toes and whistling away, wishing the song would never end.

"That was fantastic!" he cries, "what's that one called?"

"I call that sh\*t: "I was W\*nking on the Washing Machine and Caught My Balls in the Soap Drawer" the bloke announces proudly. So after a few more tunes, each more brilliant and crudely named than the last, the bloke was hired. The conditions were that he never speak to the restaurant customers, and never announce any of his songs.

All went well for a few weeks and quite a few customers became regulars just to hear the bloke play his revoltingly named songs, so everyone was happy. Then one day, sat on the front table, was the most stunning woman that the bloke had ever seen. Her voluptuous curves were highlighted by her low cut figure hugging dress, with such high side splits it was obvious she wasn't wearing any underwear, and when she applauded her breasts moved in such a way as to prove once and for all that God truly did exist, he was a man, and truly an artist.

The bloke was so turned on, and yet so frustrated that he couldn't speak to the girl, he thought he would explode.

It all became too much and so at the next break in his set, he had to run off to the bogs to "wrestle with the bald-headed chimp". He was furiously tugging away, almost at the point of tadpole soup, when he heard the manager in the kitchen yelling "where's that b\*stard pianist?!" So he quickly shot his bolt, pulled up his trousers and ran back out to the piano and started playing.

After the first song of his next set, the girl approached him, her hips swaying in a way that defied description, and although the bloke didn't know why the girl's hips moved like that, he was immensely glad that they did.

She leaned over his piano, came up close to his ear and whispered: "Do you know your c\*ck and balls are hanging out of your trousers and dripping j\*zzem on your shoes?"

The bloke replied "Know it? I f\*cking wrote it!"

Top marks this week go to the local council in Scunthorpe who updated their email system to use a filter which filtered out any emails containing profanity or obscene language of any kind. All was fine, until they realised that no one whatsoever had got ANY emails during the whole week since they installed the software. They checked through everything and couldn't find a problem... until one bright spark pointed out that all their email addresses, whatever@scunthorpe.gov.uk <mailto:whatever@scunthorpe.gov.uk contained the word 'c\*\*t!'

**Advice for office managers:** Keep the sexual harassment complaint forms in the bottom drawer, then when a woman goes to get one out you'll get a great view of her \*rse.

Little Boy Blew. Hey. He needed the Money