



# BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #63 Christmas 2001

[www.brightonhash.co.uk](http://www.brightonhash.co.uk)

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

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
10-December 2001	1225 Frogs Hole, Crawley		Brett Hughes	01293 403492
<i>Directions: A23 to Handcross. B2110 towards Turners Hill. Left on B2036. After crossing over the M23 motorway take the first exit off the second roundabout into Maidenbower Drive. The pub is then within 200yds on the left. Est. 25 mins.</i>				
17-December 2001	1226 Hanrahans	Brighton Marina	338 032 Les Plumb	01273 845586
<i>Directions: A23 to seafront, A259 to Marina! Parking in multi-storey or Asda. Hanrahans is at the end of the shops etc. on the north side of the road. Followed by Christmas Party. £16/head 4 courses inc. half bottle of wine. See Les for details.</i>				
24-December 2001	1227 White Horse	Ditchling	325 152 Phil Mutton	01273 509958
<i>Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Park in village car park on right. Est. 10 mins.</i>				
30-December 2001	1228 Poachers	Hurstpierpoint	285 164 Aunty Jo	01273 833617
<i>Directions: Take A23 north and 3rd exit is B2117. At t-junction turn right up to mini roundabout. Go straight across and take first right. Park in village car park. Pub is to the left on high street. Est. 15 mins. <b>Sunday run 11am start.</b></i>				
7th January 2002	1229 Star	Steyning	174 116 Mike C & Ivan	01273 556553
<i>Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2<sup>nd</sup> left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20 mins.</i>				
14th January 2002	1230 Railway Inn, Henfield		206 163 Bouncer & Wiggy	01273 441611
<i>Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Henfield. Right at next roundabout and follow A2037 into the village. Just past a set of traffic lights turn left into Church Lane. Pub is on right approx. ¼ mile. Est. 20 mins.</i>				
21st January 2002	1231 Jolly Tanners	Staplefield	274 284 Don Theresa Jenny	01273 385637
<i>Directions: A23 to Handcross. Back over A23 then right on B2114 towards Cuckfield. Pub on left 1½ miles. Est. 25 mins.</i>				
28th January 2002	1232 Snowdrop	Lewes	424 100 Sasha Julia Dave E	01273 479200
<i>Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. Est. 20 mins. Parking difficult. Excellent pub with jazz on Mondays; good grub, good beer, and more than likely real hash!</i>				

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

## Editorial stuff and nonsense...

Blimey, another year gone already! What a year it's been after all the high's of 2000 there's been some real downers. Ray's passing will be felt for a long time, and though she was a newcomer there will be many who will miss Nina too. The fun run league are dedicating the Portslade Hedgehoppers 5 to Rays memory next year, and there will also be a one-off run in Stanmer Park, scene of the event from our FRL days.

Hopefully the foot and mouth problems are now behind us but several fine events were lost in its wake. Some of these may never be seen again but I understand that there are plans afoot for Steyning runners to use the Chanctonbury courses next year, and the biggie Seven Sisters may also be revived by Eastbourne Council. Encouraging news for those loonies amongst us who enjoy that sort of thing. I've always recommended the use of town runs in the winter months and I hope the success with which we did this last summer will encourage more to take the softies option this winter.

Events of 11<sup>th</sup> September, and the subsequent War on Terrorism, has shocked the World. Who knows where this will lead, but as America have embraced humour to lighten their way through these difficult times I have repeated a lot of it here. If you're sensitive to the issues at stake please don't read the pink pages or the extract from the Argus on this page.

The Sussex Grand Prix series has attracted a lot more interest than for some years with some great runs from Louis and new boy John Baxter. At long last a new delivery of racing vests has been received and are available from Tony Fallowfield for £12. If you take part in the Sussex Grand Prix it is a requirement that you wear club strip so if you intend to run for the Hash next year this is an essential purchase. If you prefer to keep your hash life to Mondays, you will also find the vests useful as the colour shows up well during those long dark winter runs worn on top of helly's etc. They are also very comfortable as well as quick drying for the sweaty summer nights. Stocks are limited so talk to Tony on hash nights if you require one. Sizes available are Extra Large; Large and Medium, and both the large and medium are unisex.

Steve Hanna showed a huge amount of improvement after being put through his paces by Chris and co. on their Friday runs, and for a brief spell was heading the list as top hasher. This prompted me to bet Louis a quid that Steve would beat him at the end of the year. Steve has now left us for a years travelling so I think that money is in danger although it was Louis' in the first place after he bet me that I wouldn't run the Worthing 20 in March. Easy come, easy go. The Telscombe run saw Steve sent off in style with a beer at just about every check, and a wicked down down of snakebite rapidly followed by double whisky in the pub. At least he finally got his hash vest, thanks to Don who donated his sweaty old one. If only we'd known the new vests were so close! Hopefully managed a profile later on in this issue, but Steve has also left a little poem behind. My memory is long Steve...

Anyway Merry Christmas and Peace on Earth etc.  
Enjoy the War Issue

**BOUNCER**

Received from Prof following a number of incidents involving hashers (Cyprus arrests; US road closure, and my mate Jailbird from W&NK H3 being questioned by police):

During the current outbreak of hysteria about anthrax it might be a good idea if we all refrained for a while from marking our trails with flour or chalk dust and used sawdust or, where possible in towns, chalk stick markings instead.

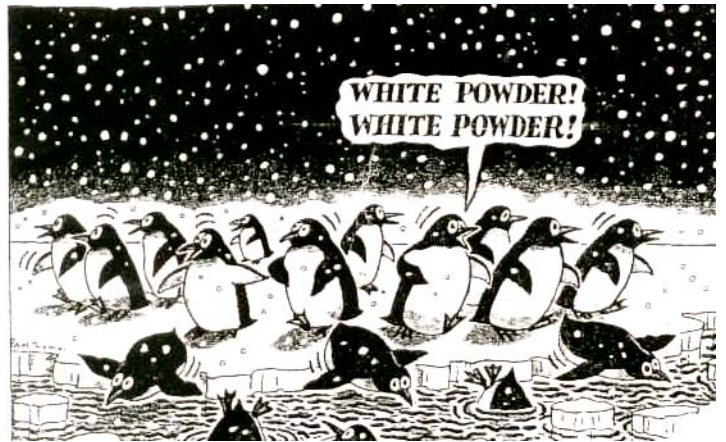
## UPDATE ON 'GLOBAL WHITE FLOUR BAN'

The self imposed global ban on the use of white flour has sparked off the most amazing hash chatter. This one I particularly like:

"One of the Cambridge hash once set a hash in daffodils, but it takes a little forward planning as you have to plant the bulbs now for a trail in the spring!"

There are still widespread and continuing hash-related problems being reported daily in the world press and in the light of the latest threat of a hefty prison sentence for anyone causing an Anthrax (or similar) scare, the best way to prevent this happening is to either **INFORM THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES** beforehand or **DO NOT USE FLOUR OR SIMILAR POWDER!** Whatever please **DO SOMETHING. DO NOT DO NOTHING** even if advised to the contrary.

Take care and be safe



**BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS - September 31<sup>st</sup> 2001**

Local CID officers are investigating the activities of a local organisation, which is suspected of having links to bin Ladens Al Qaeda.

The group apparently originated out of Islamabad and wears a bright blue and white uniform with the Islamic symbol of the silhouette of a mosque. They meet on Monday nights again drawing a connection to the infamous "Monday Club" and have been noted terrorising locals with strange rituals involving beer, thus demonstrating that they are a fringe organisation, alcohol of course being banned to Moslems.

International detective agencies have been looking into stories that this is just one of a worldwide network of allegedly drug financed groups known as the "hash house harriers" many of whom have recently been connected with Anthrax scares in Cyprus, UK and USA. The Brighton Hash use a suspected derivative and anyone finding Andrex traces in the countryside is urged to report it as soon as possible.

*end. Reuters*

## Curriculum Hashae

**Name:**

Steven 'Prisoner' Hanna

**Date of Birth/creation:**

June or July 1975.

**Education:**

Downlands, Hassocks college at Haywards Heath and even university let him in.

**Sexual Orientation:**

Huge 'Prisoner Cell Block H' fan. Allegedly very disappointed when on tour to find that he was the only straight one there!

**Appearance:**

His hair is one of his oddest features, he has been trying to grow it for over two years but it never gets any longer than it is at the moment. Starting to get a bald patch at the back, which he refuses to admit.

**First impression:**

I expect his mother loves him...The golly on the Robinson's jars. Or, if running, Michael Johnson. Not bad for a white dood!

**Habitat:**

When not hashing he likes to hang out with goths and once had a picnic in a graveyard with them.

**Medical Notes:**

Usually drinks water and beer in the same ratio. Gets pissed very quickly if this does not happen.

**Claims to fame (well he'll live off down downs for the rest of his life for these):**

Er... on at least one occasion he passed over hashing to go to Bingo. Went to Melbourne whilst interhash was on there and in Tas but didn't once meet up with the 5,000 other hashers there. This despite 5 tickets being available in BH7 alone, as our gang pulled out when Crackerjack came.

**Hobbies:**

Totally obsessed with Prisoner cell blah blah. Gets quite irate if you consistently go on about big white balls following him on the hash, Welsh villages, and "I'm a free man not a number." Tee hee.

**Epilogue:**

Steve is actually a very nice man, always interested in whatever crap anyone else is spouting. But then in light of the above he probably genuinely found it interesting. The great thing is he can't answer back as he's off travelling for the next year. Good luck Steve and keep in touch...



### HASH LIFE by Steve Hanna (& Bouncer)

First off is Dip - this dog's fired up and hot,  
She's bolting along the footpath like a shot.  
Pulled along behind, gripping the lead tight,  
George's battle to hold Dip is a constant fight.  
Dutch Dave doesn't care,  
Now that he's cut his hair.  
Wiggy runs so fast, you'd think he was in a hurry,  
He especially likes a treat of rolling in slurry.  
Don likes to set an interesting route,  
He really likes to get mud on his boot.  
Although he's normally out on the pull,  
Tonight Dr Love is charging like a bull.  
In order to run faster, Louis cut his long hair,  
If you find it suddenly, it might give you a scare.  
Trotting through a field, Martin Pedlow takes it easy,  
But if it's wet and muddy he might start to feel queasy.  
Les Plumb really enjoys running on the Hash,  
But when he smells the pub, he's off in a dash.  
John Baxter has a love of cars that does no harm,  
He's even had a Mini tattooed on his upper arm.  
Stretching after a run keeps Sasha fit and supple,  
Even after running hard she can bend herself double.  
Prowling around the pub, Julia isn't very funny;  
Ashtray in her hand, all she wants is my money.  
In his younger days Tony used to sport a moustache,  
That Village People look wouldn't look right on the Hash.  
After a long run Pete Eastwood likes red wine to drink,  
But when he takes off his top he's all fluffy and pink.  
In the pub, Bouncer likes to fill his big belly:  
Beer will do, but too much will turn him to jelly.  
In his multi-coloured leggings, Dave Evans can really go,  
But when he gets home it's Status Quo on the stereo

Angel Gabby always signs the board ANGLE,  
Steer clear on the run as she just sprains her ankle,  
Our longstanding ladies, Rosemary and Terry,  
Make most of the runs, although not quite every  
Mike Morris is a postman and talented artist  
But got the right hump when he thought he'd been missed  
Both Anne and Andy are ever so quiet  
You won't hear their yelling disrupt the night  
When Muttons at the wheel it's easy to tell,  
He moans in the corner "I can't drink, this is hell"  
Niel, Chris & Tony are really greyhounds,  
They fly through the hash in great leaps and bounds  
Les Courtney can always spin a good story  
A barfly now, but there's plenty past glory  
There's few hashers as fleet as speedy Brett Hughes  
He's often been "Gotlost" to avoid muddy shoes  
Big Hugh is always there on the run  
But oddly doesn't think pubbing is fun  
Jo always runs with such style and such grace  
But don't get sucked in, she goes a helluva pace  
Now Peppers got too old for our clan,  
Poor Mike C. has ended up with Ivan,  
Dave G is number 1 fan of Brighton & Hove  
But if the pack goes too quick, you'll see him turn mauve  
Dad Eddie prefers footie with funny shaped balls  
He's the loud hound with unmistakable calls  
Bob Luck is known for his laid back performance  
But the UK vets tri team are glad of his talents  
The Henfield knitting circle bring up the rear  
Elaine, Sid and Brenda don't rush for their beer  
That's just about all the regulars covered  
But we wouldn't be a hash without all the others  
So sorry if you feel that in these rhymes you've been missed  
But I'm worn out now and its time to get .....



*The wonderful thing about mudlarks,  
Is that mudlarks are wonderful things,  
They roll around in the shigg,  
Creating muddy rings,  
They're splashy and dashy, flashy and hashy,  
They're fun, fun, fun, fun, fun,  
But the most wonderful thing about mudlarks  
Is that Nigel's the only one. (Thank God.)*



If you ever wished you could remember Norm's greetings on "Cheers", here you go.

- ❖ SAM: "What's shaking Norm?"  
NORM: "All four cheeks & a couple of chins."
- ❖ SAM: "What's new Normie?"  
NORM: "Terrorists, Sam. They've taken over my stomach & they're demanding beer."
- ❖ SAM: "What'd you like Normie?"  
NORM: "A reason to live. Give me another beer."
- ❖ SAM: "What'll you have Normie?"  
NORM: "Well, I'm in a gambling mood Sammy. I'll take a glass of whatever comes out of that tap."  
SAM: "Looks like beer, Norm."  
NORM: "Call me Mister Lucky."
- ❖ SAM: "Hey Norm, how's the world been treating you?"  
NORM: "Like a baby treats a diaper."
- ❖ WOODY: "Hey Mr. Peterson, there's a cold one waiting for you."  
NORM: "I know, if she calls, I'm not here."
- ❖ SAM: "Beer, Norm?"  
NORM: "Have I gotten that predictable? Good."
- ❖ SAM: "Whatcha up to Norm?"  
NORM: "My ideal weight if I were eleven feet tall."
- ❖ WOODY: "How's it going Mr. Peterson?"  
NORM: "Poor."  
WOODY: "I'm sorry to hear that."  
NORM: "No, I mean pour."
- ❖ SAM: "How's life treating you Norm?"  
NORM: "Like it caught me sleeping with its wife."
- ❖ SAM: "What's going down, Normie?"  
NORM: "My butt cheeks on that bar stool."
- ❖ WOODY: "Pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"  
NORM: "Alright, but stop me at one....make that one-thirty."
- ❖ SAM: "What's the story Norm?"  
NORM: "Boy meets beer. Boy drinks beer. Boy meets another beer."
- ❖ WOODY: "What's going on Mr. Peterson?"  
NORM: "The question is what's going in Mr. Peterson? A beer please, Woody."
- ❖ WOODY: "Can I pour you a beer Mr. Peterson?"  
NORM: "A little early isn't it, Woody?"  
WOODY: "For a beer?"  
NORM: "No, for stupid questions."

#### MORE RECENT NEWS:

##### MEN CHOKE IN FRONT OF LARGE CROWD

49,000 spectators watched helplessly yesterday as 15 sportsmen choked in front of them, apparently after being force-fed a large slice of humble pie. A doctor attending the scene said that the men had a medical history of this sort of thing: apparently it also happened last year in Edinburgh and in Wembley in 1999.

##### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE One chariot, (low-swinging sweet type), in urgent need of repair (wheels have come off). One careless owner, details from Clive, Tel. Twickenham 20-14

LOST One rugby match, believed lost in Ballsbridge area. Of great personal significance, reward to finder. Call Austin on speedial.

FOR SALE 100,000 Grand Slam t-shirts, ties & scarves - unused (choice of 1998/99, 1999/2000 or 2000/01) Contact : RFU, Twickenham.

LOST (on way to Lansdowne Road)

(i) Plan B

(ii) Graciousness

(iii) Bottle

Please contact : J Wilkinson, C Woodward, A Healy (Twickenham),

##### IN MEMORIAM

Slam, G : passed away, 22 October 2001 Sorely missed by Matt and the boys. Will never forget you, when will we see, yer like again?

A little girl is in line to see Santa. When it's her turn, she climbs up on Santa's lap. Santa asks, "What would you like Santa to bring you for Christmas?" The little girl replies, "I want a Barbie and G.I. Joe." Santa looks at the little girl for a moment and says, "I thought Barbie comes with Ken." "No," said the little girl. "She comes with G.I. Joe. She fakes it with Ken."

Finally a Barbie I can relate to! At long last, here are some NEW Barbie dolls to coincide with her and OUR ageing gracefully. These are a bit more realistic...

1. Bifocals Barbie. Comes with her own set of blended-lens fashion frames in six wild colours (half-frames too!), neck chain and large-print editions of Vogue or Women and Home.
2. Hot Flash Barbie. Press Barbie's bellybutton and watch her face turn beet red while tiny drops of perspiration appear on her forehead. Comes with handheld fan and tiny tissues.
3. Facial Hair Barbie. As Barbie's hormone levels shift, see her whiskers grow. Available with teeny tweezers and magnifying mirror.
4. Flabby Arms Barbie. Hide Barbie's droopy triceps with these new, roomier-sleeved gowns. Good news on the tummy front, too-muumuus with tummy-support panels are included.
5. Bunion Barbie. Years of disco dancing in stiletto heels have definitely taken their toll on Barbie's dainty arched feet. Soothe her sores with the pumice stone and plasters, then slip on soft terry mules.
6. No-More-Wrinkles Barbie. Erase those pesky crow's-feet and lip lines with a tube of Skin Sparkle-Spackle, from Barbie's own line of exclusive age-blasting cosmetics.
7. Soccer Mom Barbie. All that experience as a cheerleader is really paying off as Barbie dusts off her old school megaphone to root for Babs and Ken, Jr. Comes with minivan in robin-egg blue or white, and cooler filled with doughnut holes and fruit punch.
8. Mid-life Crisis Barbie. It's time to ditch Ken. Barbie needs a change, and Alonzo (her personal trainer) is just what the doctor ordered, along with Prozac. They're hopping in her new red MG and heading for the Glastonbury to open a B&B. Includes a real tape of "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do."
9. Divorced Barbie. Sells for £199.99. Comes with Ken's house, Ken's car, and Ken's boat.
10. Recovery Barbie. Too many parties have finally caught up with the ultimate party girl. Now she does Twelve Steps instead of dance steps. Clean and sober, she's going to meetings religiously. Comes with a little copy of The Big Book and a six-pack of Diet Coke.
11. Post-Menopausal Barbie. This Barbie wets her pants when she sneezes, forgets where she puts things, and cries a lot. She is sick and tired of Ken sitting on the couch watching the tube, clicking through the channels. Comes with Depends and Kleenex. As a bonus this year, the book "Getting In Touch with Your Inner Self" is included.



## Secretary of State for Defence

### NOTIFICATION OF COMPULSORY ENLISTMENT

Under the Emergency Powers Act (1939) as amended by the Defence Act (1978), you are hereby notified that you are required to place yourself on standby for possible compulsory military service in the Afghan Conflict.

You may shortly be ordered to depart for the Middle East where you will join either the Third Battalion, The Queens Own Suicidal Conscripts or the Second Foot and Mouth.

Due to the recent rundown of the Navy and the refusal of P&O to lend us any of its liners, because of what it claims was due to the deplorable state in which they were returned after the Falklands adventure, it will be necessary for you to make your own way to the combat zone. HM Government has been able to negotiate a 20% discount on one way trips with Virgin Airlines and you are strongly urged to take advantage of this offer.

Because of cutbacks in Government expenditure in recent years it will be necessary for you to provide yourself with the following equipment as soon as possible:

- \* Combat Jacket
- \* Trousers(preferably khaki - but please no denim)
- \* Tin helmet
- \* Boots (or a pair of sturdy trainers)
- \* Gas mask
- \* Map of the combat zone (the ordnance survey 1:2800 Outdoor Leisure Map of Afghanistan will do)
- \* Rifle
- \* Ammunition (preferably to suit previous item)
- \* Suntan oil

If you are in a position to afford it, we would like you to buy a tank. (VickersDefence of Banbury are currently offering all new conscripts a 0% finance deal on all X Registration Chieftains, but hurry, as offer is only available whilst stocks last).

We would like to reassure you that, in the unlikely event of anything going wrong, you will receive a free burial in the graveyard of your choice and your next of kin will be entitled to the new War Widows Pension of GBP1.75 per calendar month, index-linked but subject to means testing, and fully repayable should our side eventually lose.

There may be little time for formal military training before your departure and so we advise that you hire videos of the following films and try and pick up a few tips as you watch:

- \* The Guns of Navarone
- \* Kelly's Heroes
- \* A Bridge to Far
- \* The Longest Day
- \* Apocalypse Now
- \* The Matrix
- \* Blazing Saddles
- \* The Desert Song
- \* Mary Poppins

We do not recommend that you watch Khartoum.

To prepare yourself mentally for your mission try reading the works of Wilfred Owen or Rupert Brooke. This should give you some idea of what may be involved.

Yours faithfully,

Geoffrey Hoon, Secretary of State for Defence.  
A Bush - Blair Production  
Sponsored by Mars, The Official Snack of World War III

## SOLUTIONS

Take all American women who are within five years of menopause - train us for a few weeks, outfit us with automatic weapons, grenades, gas masks, moisturizer with SPF15, Prozac, hormones, chocolate, and canned tuna - drop us (parachuted, preferably) across the landscape of Afghanistan, and let us do what comes naturally.

Think about it. Our anger quotient alone, even when doing standard stuff like grocery shopping and paying bills, is formidable enough to make even armed men in turbans tremble. We've had our children, we would gladly suffer or die to protect them and their future. We'd like to get away from our husbands, if they haven't left already. And for those of us who are single, the prospect of finding a good man with whom to share life is about as likely as being struck by lightning. We have nothing to lose.

We've survived the water diet, the protein diet, the carbohydrate diet, and the grapefruit diet in gyms and saunas across America and never lost a pound. We can easily survive months in the hostile terrain of Afghanistan with no food at all! We've spent years tracking down our husbands or lovers in bars, hardware stores, or sporting events...finding bin Laden in some cave will be no problem.

Uniting all the warring tribes of Afghanistan in a new government? Oh, please... we've planned the seating arrangements for in-laws and extended families at Thanksgiving dinners for years... we understand tribal warfare. Between us, we've divorced enough husbands to know every trick there is for how they hide, launder, or cover up bank accounts and money sources. We know how to find that money and we know how to seize it... with or without the government's help! Let us go and fight. The Taliban hates women. Imagine their terror as we crawl like ants with hot-flashes over their godforsaken terrain.

**(BLOKES FOOTNOTE: Five minutes before we send these women into battle, we're going to tell each woman that bin Laden said that their uniform makes their butt look big - he won't have a prayer... )**

and then...

This is it for Osama Bin Laden!

DO NOT kill him: he would become a martyr

DO NOT imprison him: it would provoke a wave of hostage taking World-wide to demand his release.

SOLUTION: Submit him to a sex-change operation in USA and send "HER" back to the Afghanistan to live life as a woman under the Taliban.



## History Lesson

You may find this an interesting premise. It worked before! The venerable 1911A1 .45 calibre automatic pistol also came as a result of the Moslem terrorism endemic to the Philippines. Only thing that would stop them.

Once in U.S. history an episode of Islamic terrorism was very quickly stopped.

It happened in the Philippines about 1911, when Gen. John J. "Black Jack" Pershing was in command of the garrison.

There had been numerous Islamic terrorist attacks, so "Black Jack" told his boys to catch the perps and teach them a lesson.

Forced to dig their own graves, the terrorists were all tied to posts, execution style.

The U.S. soldiers then brought in pigs and slaughtered them, rubbing their bullets in the blood and fat.

Thus, the terrorists were terrorised; they saw that they would be contaminated with hogs' blood.

This would mean that they could not enter Heaven, even if they died as terrorist martyrs.

All but one was shot, their bodies dumped into the grave, and the hog guts dumped atop the bodies.

The lone survivor was allowed to escape back to the terrorist camp and tell his brethren what happened to the others.

This brought a stop to terrorism in the Philippines for the next 50 years.

Pointing a gun into the face of Islamic terrorists won't make them flinch.

They welcome the chance to die for Allah.

Like Gen. Pershing, we must show them that they won't get to Muslim heaven (which they believe has an endless supply of virgins) but instead will die with the hated pigs of the devil.

Pershing got his nickname, Black Jack, from serving with a black regiment early in his career.

It came to signify his stern bearing and rigid discipline.

President Theodore Roosevelt promoted Pershing from captain to brigadier general in 1906.

In 1909 he returned to the Philippines as governor of a province on Mindanao.

He put down a Moro uprising in 1913. In 1914 he was recalled to the United States, and in 1916 he was sent to pursue the Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa.

Here's a moral question for you. This is an imaginary situation, but I think it is fun to decide what one would do.

The situation: You are in the Middle East, and there is a huge flood in progress. Many homes have been lost, water supplies compromised and structures destroyed.

Let's say that you're a photographer and getting still photos for a news service, traveling alone, looking for particularly poignant scenes.

You come across Osama bin Laden who has been swept away by the floodwaters. He is barely hanging on to a tree limb and is about to go under.


You can either put down your camera and save him, or take a Pulitzer Prize winning photograph of him as he loses his grip on the limb.

So, here's the question and think carefully before you answer: Which lens would you use?

<p><b>Vodka &amp; Red Bull Christmas Cake</b></p> <p>Ingredients:-  1 cup of water  1 tsp baking soda  1 cup of sugar  1 tsp salt  1 cup of brown sugar  Lemon juice  4 large eggs  Nuts  1 bottle Vodka , 1 can of red bull  2 cups of dried fruit</p> <p>Method:  Sample the vodka to check quality. Take a large bowl, check the vodka again.  To be sure it is the highest quality, pour one level cup and mix with a little red bull &amp; drink.  Repeat.  Turn on the electric mixer. Beat one cup of butter in a large, fluffy bowl.  Add one teaspoon of sugar. Beat again. At this point it's best to make sure the vodka is still OK - flavour with red bull to taste.  Try another cup.... just in case turn off the mixer.  Break 2 eggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.  Pick fruit off floor.  Mix on the turner.  If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaters pry it loose with a rewriter.  Sample the vodka to check for consistency - flavour with a little Red Bull  Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who gives a shi .  Throw a pinch of Red Bull over your shoulder.  Pick up the can, mop the floor  Check the vodka.  Now shift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.  Add one table.  Add a spoon of sugar, or something. Whatever you can find.  Turn the cake tin 360 degrees and try not to fall over.  Don't forget to beat off the turner.  Finally, throw the bowl through the window, finish the vodka and kick the dog.  Fall into bed.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CHERRY MISTMAS!</p>	<p><b>SILLY CHRISTMAS</b></p> <p>King Wenceslas rings up Pizza Hut on Christmas Eve.  "It's King Wenceslas here, I'd like a pizza delivered" "Will that be the usual order sir?" "Yes. Deep Pan, crisp and even"</p> <p>A Russian couple was walking down the street in Moscow one night, when the man felt a drop hit his nose. "I think it's raining", he said to his wife. "No, that felt more like snow to me", she replied. "No, I'm sure it was just rain, he said". Well, as these things go, they were about to have a major argument about whether it was raining or snowing when they saw a minor communist party official walking toward them.  "Let's not fight about it", the man said, "Let's ask Comrade Rudolph whether it's officially raining or snowing".  As the official approached, the man said, "Tell us, Comrade Rudolph, is it officially raining or snowing?"  "It's raining, of course", he replied, and walked on.  But the woman insisted: "I know that felt like snow!", to which the man quietly replied:  <p style="text-align: right;">"Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear"</p> <p>On New Year's Eve, a lady stood up at the local pub and said that it was time to get ready for the celebrations. She then said that at the stroke of midnight, she wanted every man to be standing next to the person who made his life worth living. Midnight then came and the barman was crushed to death.</p> <p>The Supreme Court has ruled that there cannot be a nativity scene in Washington, D.C. this Christmas.  This ruling was not for religious conflict reasons, the court simply could not find three wise men and/or a virgin in the Nation's capitol.  They had no problem, however, finding enough asses to fill the stable.</p> <p>An elderly man in Brighton calls his son in London and says, "I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough."  "Dad, what are you talking about?" the son screams.  "We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the old man says.  "We're sick of each other, and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Glasgow and tell her," and he hangs up.  Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like hell they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this." She calls Brighton immediately, and screams at the old man, "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up.  The old man hangs up his phone, too, and turns to his wife. "Okay," he says, "they're coming for Christmas, what do we tell them for Easter?"</p> </p>
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**What would have happened if it had been the three Wise Women instead of three Wise Men ?**

- ⊕ They would have asked directions ...
- ⊙ arrived on time ...
- 👉 helped deliver the baby ...
- 🧼 cleaned the stable ...
- 🍷 brought practical gifts ...
- 🍲 and made a casserole



♦ But what would they have said as they left...?

**As they left, they would have said.....**



"Did you see the sandals Mary was wearing with that gown?"

"I heard that Joseph isn't even working right now!"

"Can you believe that they let all of those disgusting animals in there!"

"And that donkey they are riding has seen better days too!"

"Virgin, my \*\*@\$! I knew her in school!"

"Want to bet on how long it will take before you get your casserole dish back?"

"That baby doesn't look anything like Joseph!"



Once upon a time there lived a king.  
The king had a beautiful daughter, the princess.  
But there was a problem.  
Everything the princess touched would melt.  
No matter what; metal, wood, plastic  
anything she touched would melt.  
Because of this, men were afraid of her.  
Nobody would dare marry her.

The king despaired.  
What could he do to help his daughter?  
He consulted his wizards and magicians.  
One wizard told the king,  
*"If your daughter touches one thing that does not melt in her  
hands, she will be cured."*

The king was overjoyed.  
The next day, he held a competition.  
Any man that could bring his daughter an object that would not  
melt would marry her and inherit the king's wealth.

Three young princes took up the challenge.  
The first prince brought a very hard alloy of titanium.  
But alas, once the princess touched it, it melted.  
The prince went away sadly.

The second prince brought a huge diamond, thinking that  
diamond is the hardest substance  
in the world and would not melt.  
But alas, once the princess touched it, it melted.  
He too was sent away disappointed.

The third prince approached.  
He told the princess,  
*"Put your hand in my pocket and feel what is in there."*  
The princess did as she was told, though she turned **red**.  
She felt something hard.  
She held it in her hand.  
And it did not melt!!!

The king was overjoyed.  
Everybody in the kingdom was overjoyed.  
And the third prince married the princess  
and they both lived happily ever after.

### Question:

What was the object in the prince's pants?  
(See right for the answer)



Cinderella is now 75 years old. After a fulfilling life with the now  
dead Prince, she happily sits upon her front porch, with a cat  
named Joe for companionship. One sunny afternoon, out of  
nowhere, appeared the Fairy Godmother. "What are you doing  
here after all these years?" Cinderella asked.

The Fairy godmother replied, "Cinderella, you have lived an  
exemplary life since I last saw you. Is there anything for which  
your heart still yearns?"

Cinderella was taken aback and overjoyed. After some  
thoughtful consideration, and almost under her breath she  
uttered her first wish:

"I wish I were wealthy beyond comprehension." Instantly, her  
rocking chair was turned into solid gold. Cinderella was stunned.  
Joe, her old faithful cat, jumped off her lap and scampered to  
the edge of the porch, quivering with fear.

Cinderella said, "Oh thank you, Fairy Godmother."

The Fairy Godmother replied "It is the least I can do. What  
does your heart want for your second wish?"

"I wish I were young and full of the beauty of youth again." At  
once, her wish became reality, and her beautiful youthful visage  
returned.

Cinderella felt stirrings inside her that had been dormant for  
years. A long-forgotten vigor and vitality began to course  
through her.

Then the Fairy Godmother again spoke "You have one more wish,  
what shall you have?"

Cinderella looks over to the frightened cat in the corner and  
said, "I wish for you to transform Joe, my old cat, into a kind  
and handsome young man." Magically, Joe suddenly underwent so  
fundamental a change in his biological make-up, that when  
complete he stood before her, a man so beautiful the likes of  
which neither she nor the world had ever seen, so fair indeed  
that birds began to fall from the sky at his feet.

The Fairy Godmother again spoke, "Congratulations, Cinderella.  
Enjoy your new life." And, with a blazing shock of bright blue  
electricity, she was gone.

For a few eerie moments, Joe and Cinderella looked into each  
others eyes. Cinderella sat, breathless, gazing at the most  
stunningly perfect man she had ever seen. Then Joe walked over  
to Cinderella, who sat transfixed in her rocking chair, and held  
her close in his young, muscular arms.

Joe leaned in close, blowing Cinderella's long, golden hair with  
his warm breath as he whispered:

"Bet you're sorry you neutered me now."

They were M&M's of course.  
They melt in your mouth, not in your hand.



What were you thinking?





# Memorandum

**From:** Phillip M. Condit  
Chairman of the Board and CEO - The Boeing Company

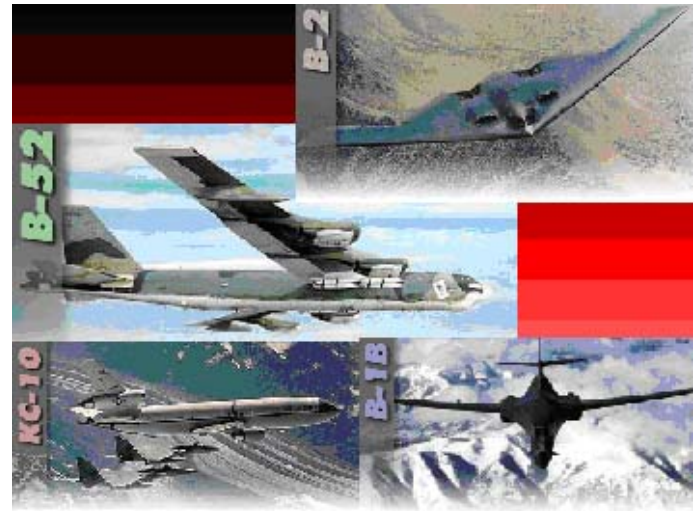
**To:** Mr. Osama Bin Ladin (And Friends)

**Date:** September 12, 2001

**RE:** Product Demonstration.

We at Boeing have noted your recent interest in some of our products. Specifically the Boeing 757 and Boeing 767 Commercial Airliners.

We now feel compelled to introduce you to the rest of our line.



Don't bother scheduling an appointment for the demo.

We'll just drop in.



Dear Osama

You appear to have misunderstood me

I requested your group to undertake the demolition of Wembley Training Centre in London rather than the World Trade Centre in New York.

No doubt you will furnish me with some explanation as to why my particular twin towers remain standing and I am now in a considerably greater mess with the ongoing difficulties of balancing the interests of the Football Association and the World Athletic Federation.

You must appreciate this is a political hot bed with the upcoming World Athletic Championships due to be staged in London, however, it now seems we will not be ready in time.

Get me out of this bin Laden or I shall have to send some of Britain's finest over.

Tony  
Downing Street, London

ps. If I hear that you have leaked any word of this I will make sure Margaret becomes personally involved.

The War on Terrorism - The key participants - an explanation for footy fans

USA: Man Utd - Utterly Arrogant and motivated by greed. If they suffer the slightest injustice the whole world hears about it. Leader sees himself as bit of a visionary, most see him as bit of a tyrant.

Al Qaeda: Leeds - Thugs who like to take out opponents behind the play. Capable of upsetting just about anyone. Leader is a paranoid nutter.

UK: Aston Villa - Trying to move forward having been stuck in the past for decades. Have a leader who loves the sound of his own voice, full of rhetoric whilst ducking the important issues.

France: Arsenal - Perennial bridesmaids. Have a huge armoury but heavily criticized in the past for misfiring. More likely to bore you to death than to be a real threat to anyone. Leader has a habit of turning a blind eye.

Pakistan: Chelsea - Trying hard to be one of the big boys, but has upset a large percentage of its supporter base through its over involvement with foreigners. Could soon experience a revolt within its own ranks.

The Taliban: Liverpool - Strict disciplinarians where members are measured as much by what they wear and do as who they are. Leadership suffered a bit of a shock recently but clinging to life and always hard to beat at home. Very much a bloke's team.

India: Sunderland - A sleeping giant, not a contender at the moment but with a huge supporter base. Likes to think it's opinion is worth plenty, yet is largely ignored by non fans. Local derbies can be a bit fiery.

The Northern Alliance: West Ham - An undisciplined rabble in need of sponsorship dollars.

Israel: Tottenham - Rabid supporters tucked away everywhere and usually only become vocal when they start winning. See themselves as the chosen but in reality suffer from an over inflated sense of self. Local transport can be a bit dodgy.

Palestine: Fulham - A team currently looking for a home, had been on the periphery for many years before the mid 90s. Not regarded as a big contender but has a strong youth policy. Funded by rich Arabs.

Japan: Everton - No attack, last campaign of any note 1942. Big player financially in the 1980s, however struggling a bit these days.

Iraq: Millwall - Serious hard arses who could be on the way back. Opponents prefer to see them out of the Premiership. Most of their neighbours hate them, they know it, and they don't care.

Russia: - Newcastle - Once a great superpower, recently in decay. Have chosen some real muppets as leaders.

Uzbekistan: Leicester - Stuck in the middle. Light on ammunition.

Germany: Wolves - Tendency to self destruct. A strong history but off the scene of late. Unfortunate uniforms.

Australia: Southampton - Completely harmless. Not a contender. Just in it to make up the numbers. Supporters are loyal but regularly embarrassed.

Egypt: Derby - Had a crack at world dominance and though the remnants are still there they hark back to the glory days. A bit over defensive and vulnerable up the middle.

Italy: Crystal Palace - Don't know which side they're meant to be on, and what everybody likes most about them is that they're never there.

Please note that no country can be associated with Middlesborough. The closest thing was Lebanon but apparently certain parts of war torn Beirut are bordering on pleasant.

TONIGHT IN AFGHANISTAN  
 For tonight's viewing pleasure.....  
 TALEBAN TV  
 6.00 Gee-Had TV. Morning prayers.  
 8.30 Talitubbies. Talitubbies say "Ah-ah". Dipsy and Tinky-Winky repair a Stinger missile launcher. La-La & Po show how to grow Anthrax.  
 9.00 Shouts of Praise. More prayers.  
 11.00 Jihad's Army. The Kandahar-on-Sea battalion repulse another attack by evil, imperialist, Zionist backed infidels.  
 12.00 Ready, Steady, Shoot! Celebrities make lethal devices out of everyday objects.  
 12.30 Panoramadan. The programme reports on Americas attempts to take over the world.  
 13.30 Xena: Modestly dressed Housewife. Xena stays at home and does some cooking.  
 14.00 Only Fools and Camels. Dhal-Boy offloads some Chinese rocket launchers to Hamas.  
 14.30 Green Peter. The total of Kalashnikovs bought by the milk bottle top appeal is revealed.  
 15.00 Madrasah Challenge. Two more Islamic colleges meet. Bambah Kaskhain asks the questions. 'Starter for ten, no praying.'  
 15.30 I Love 629. A look back at the events of the year, including the Prophet's entry into Mecca, and the destruction of pagan idols.  
 16.00 Question Time. Members of the public face questions from political and religious leaders.  
 17.00 Koranation Street. Deirdrie faces execution by stoning for adultery.  
 17.30 Middle-East Enders. The entire cast is jailed for unislamic behaviour.  
 18.00 Holiday. The team go on pilgrimage to Mecca. Again.  
 18.30 Top of the Prophets. Will the Koran be No.1 for the 63,728<sup>th</sup> week running?  
 19.00 Who wants to be a Mujahadin? Mahmoud Tarran asks the questions. Will contestants phone a mullah, go 'inshallah', or ask the Islamic council?  
 20.00 FILM: Shariah's Angels. The three burkha-clad sleuths go undercover to expose an evil scheme to educate women.  
 21.30 Big Brother. Who will be taken out of the house and executed this week?  
 22.30 Shahs in their Eyes. More hopefuls imitate famous destroyers of the infidel.  
 23.30 They think it's Allah over. Quiz culminating in the 'don't feel the Mullah' round.  
 0.00 When Imams attack. Amusing footage shot secretly in mosques. The filmers were also secretly shot.  
 12.30 a.m. The West Bank Show. Arts programme looking at anti-Israel graffiti art in the occupied territories.  
 1.30 Bhuffi the Infidel Slayer.  
 2.00 A book at bedtime. The Koran. Again.

Top songs playing on 95.8 Kabul FM ...  
 Losing my religion - REM (Raving Edict Mullah mix)  
 Unchained Mullahdy - The Self Righteous Brothers  
 Aid Drops Keep Falling on my Head - Johnny Farnham  
 Living on a Prayer mat - TaliBon Jovi  
 Tented love - Soft (Terrorist) Cell  
 Do you really want to shoot me? - Boy George Bush & Capture Club  
 Rockin Allah-ver the World - Status Quaeda  
 I'm too extremist for my turban - Right Said Mullah Mohammed Omar  
 The Ayatollah Skank - Fatwa Boy Slim  
 (Come up and find me) Mecca me smile - Steve Harley & Northern Rebel Alliance  
 Love will Tehran us apart - Jihaad Division  
 Don't F\*ck with the Taliban - Christ de Burgh

BAD NEWS FOR SANTA	What if Santa answered his letters honestly?
<p>There are approximately two billion children (persons under 18) in the world. However, since Santa does not visit children of Muslim, Hindu, Jewish or Buddhist (except maybe in Japan) religions, this reduces the workload for Christmas night to 15% of the total, or 378 million (according to the population reference bureau). At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that comes to 108 million homes, presuming there is at least one good child in each.</p> <p>Santa has about 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 967.7 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with a good child, Santa has around 1/1000 th of a second to park the sleigh, hop out, jump down the chimney, fill the stocking, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left for him, get back up the chimney, jump into the sleigh and get onto the next house.</p> <p>Assuming that each of these 108 million stops is evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false, but will accept for the purposes of our calculations), we are now talking about 0.78 miles per household; a total trip of 75.5 million miles, not counting bathroom stops or breaks. This means Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second -- 3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man made vehicle, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second, and a conventional reindeer can run (at best) 15 miles per hour.</p> <p>The payload of the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium sized LEGO set (two pounds), the sleigh is carrying over 500 thousands tons, not counting Santa himself. On land, a conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that the "flying" reindeer can pull 10 times the normal amount, the job can't be done with eight or even nine of them---Santa would need 360,000 of them. This increases the payload, not counting the weight of the sleigh, another 54,000 tons, or roughly seven times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth (the ship, not the monarch). 600,000 tons traveling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance - this would heat up the reindeer in the same fashion as a spacecraft re-entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer would absorb 14.3 quintillion joules of energy per second each. In short, they would burst into flames almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them and creating deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team would be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second, or right about the time Santa reached the fifth house on his trip.</p> <p>Not that it matters, however, since Santa, as a result of accelerating from a dead stop to 650 m.p.s. in .001 seconds, would be subjected to acceleration forces of 17,000 g's. A 250 pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of the sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force, instantly crushing his bones and organs and reducing him to a quivering blob of pink goo.</p> <p>Therefore, if Santa did exist, he's dead now.</p>	<p>I wud like a kool toy space ranjur fer Xmas. Iv ben a gud boy all yeer. Yer Frend, BiLLy</p> <p><i>Dear Billy, Nice spelling. You're on your way to a career in lawn care. How about I send you a frigging book so you can learn to read and write? I'm giving your older brother the space ranger. At least HE can spell! Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, I have been a good girl all year, and the only thing I ask for is peace and joy in the world for everybody! Love, Sarah</p> <p><i>Dear Sarah, You're parents smoked pot when they had you, didn't they? Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, I don't know if you can do this, but for Christmas, I'd like for my Mummy and daddy to get back together. Please see what you can do. Love, Teddy</p> <p><i>Dear Teddy, Look, your dad's banging the babysitter like a screen door in a hurricane. Do you think he's gonna give that up to come back to your frigid mum, who rides his ass constantly? It's time to give up that dream. Let me get you some nice Lego instead. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, I want a new bike, a Playstation, a train, some G.I. Joes, a dog, a drum kit, a pony and a tuba. Love, Francis</p> <p><i>Dear Francis, Who names their kid "Francis" nowadays? I bet you're gay. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, I left milk and cookies for you under the tree, and I left carrots for your reindeer outside the back door. Love, Susan</p> <p><i>Dear Susan, Milk gives me the runs and carrots make the deer fart in my face when riding in the sleigh. You want to do me a favour? Leave me a bottle of scotch. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, What do you do the other 364 days of the year? Are you busy making toys? Your friend, Thomas</p> <p><i>Dear Thomas, All the toys are made in China. I have a condo in Vegas, where I spend most of my time making low-budget porno films. I unwind by drinking myself silly and squeezing the asses of cocktail waitresses while losing money at the craps table. Hey, you wanted to know. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, Do you see us when we're sleeping; do you really know when we're awake, like in the song? Love, Jessica</p> <p><i>Dear Jessica, Are you really that gullible? Good luck in whatever you do. I'm skipping your house. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dear Santa, I really really want a puppy this year. Please please please PLEASE PLEASE could I have one? Timmy</p> <p><i>Timmy, That whiney begging crap may work with your folks, but that stuff doesn't work with me. You're getting a sweater again. Santa</i></p> <p>----</p> <p>Dearest Santa, We don't have a chimney in our house, how do you get into our house? Love, Marky</p> <p><i>Mark, First, stop calling yourself "Marky", that's why you're getting your ass whipped at school. Second, you don't live in a house; you live in a low-rent apartment complex. Third, I get inside your pad just like all the burglars do, through your bedroom window. Sweet Dreams, Santa</i></p>

The following are the top winners of a Most Embarrassing Moments Contest in the "New Woman Magazine":

**Lady Golfer**

I was at the golf store comparing different kinds of golf balls. I was unhappy with the women's type I had been using. After browsing for several minutes, I was approached by one of the good-looking gentlemen who works at the store. He asked if he could help me. Without thinking, I looked at him and said, "I think I like playing with men's balls."

**Nuts about You**

My sister and I were at the mall and passed by a store that sold a variety of nuts. As we were looking at the display case, the boy behind the counter asked if we needed any help. I replied, "No, I'm just looking at your nuts." My sister started to laugh hysterically, the boy grinned, and I turned beet-red and walked away. To this day, my sister has never let me forget.

**Strip Mall**

My husband and I took our three kids out shoe shopping one day. We were going from store to store, and the kids were getting restless. At one crowded store, I was standing near a bench when my 3-year-old climbed up on it, grabbed hold of my elastic waist shorts, and jumped off pulling both my shorts and my underwear to the floor. I raced out of there, much to the delight of the appreciative onlookers.

**Curl Up and Die**

I walked into a hair salon with my husband and three kids in tow and asked loudly, "How much do you charge for a shampoo and a blow job?"

**Pad, please!**

An insurance man visited me at home to talk about our mortgage insurance. He was throwing a lot of facts and figures at me, and I wanted to follow as best I could, so I told my 6-year-old son to run and get me a pad. He came back and handed me a Kotex right in front of our guest.

**Priceless**

One of the funniest "most-embarrassing-moment" stories I've come upon in a long time was about a lady who picked up several items at a discount store. When she finally got up to the checker, she learned that one of her items had no price tag. Imagine her embarrassment when the checker got on the intercom and boomed out for all the store to hear, "PRICE CHECK ON LANE THIRTEEN, TAMPAX, SUPER SIZE." That was bad enough, but somebody at the rear of the store apparently misunderstood the word "Tampax" for THUMB TACKS." In a business-like tone, a voice boomed back over the intercom. "DO YOU WANT THE KIND YOU PUSH IN WITH YOUR THUMB OR THE KIND YOU POUND IN WITH A HAMMER?"

**Mom's Advice**

A teacher noticed that a little boy at the back of the class was squirming around, scratching his crotch and not paying attention. She went back to find out what was going on. He was quite embarrassed and whispered that he had just recently been circumcised and he was quite itchy. The teacher told him to go down to the principal's office. He was to phone his mother and ask her what he should do about it. He did it and returned to his class. Suddenly, there was a commotion at the back of the room. She went back to investigate only to find him sitting at his desk with his penis hanging out. "I thought I told you to call your mom." she screamed. "I did," he said, "And she told me that if I could stick it out till noon, she'd come and pick me up from school."

**Ho, Ho, Ho**

I was taking a shower when my 2-year-old son came into the bathroom and wrapped himself in toilet paper. Although he made a mess, he looked adorable, so I ran for my camera and took a few shots. They came out so well that I had copies made and included one with each of our Christmas cards. Days later, a relative called about the picture, laughing hysterically, and suggesting I take a closer look. Puzzled, I stared at the photo and was shocked to discover that in addition to my son, I had captured my reflection in the mirror - wearing nothing but a camera!

**Na-na na-na na-nah!**

While in line at the bank one afternoon, my toddler decided to release some pent-up energy and ran amok. I was finally able to grab hold of her after receiving looks of disgust and annoyance from other patrons. I told her that if she did not start behaving "right now" she would be punished. To my horror, she looked me in the eye and said in a voice just as threatening, "If you don't let me go right now, I will tell Grandma that I saw you kissing Daddy's pee-pee last night!" The silence was deafening after this enlightening exchange. Even the tellers stopped what they were doing. I mustered up the last of my dignity and walked out of the bank with my daughter in tow. The last thing I heard when the door closed behind me were screams of laughter.

**Ever notice how a 4 year old's voice is louder than 200 adult voices?**

Several years ago, I returned home from a trip just when a thunder storm hit with crashing thunder and severe lightning. As I came into my bedroom about 2 a.m., I found my two children in bed with my wife, Karen, apparently scared by the loud storm. I resigned myself to sleeping in the guest bedroom that night.

The next day, I talked to the children, and explained that it was OK to sleep with Mum when the storm was bad, but when I was expected home, please don't sleep with Mum that night. They said OK.

After my next trip several weeks later, Karen and the children picked me up at the airport at the appointed time. Since the plane was late, everyone had come into the terminal to wait for my plane's arrival, along with hundreds of other people waiting for their arriving passengers.

As I entered the waiting area, my son saw me, and came running shouting, "Hi, Dad! I've got some good news!"

As I waved back, I said loudly, "What's the good news?" "Nobody slept with Mommy while you were away this time!" Alex shouted. The airport became very quiet, as everyone in the waiting area looked at Alex, then turned to me, and then searched the rest of the area to see if they could figure out exactly who his Mum was.

**Surprise party**

It was the day before my eighteenth birthday. I was living at home, but my parents had gone out for the evening, so I invited my girlfriend over for a romantic night alone. As we lay in bed after making love, we heard the telephone ringing downstairs. I suggested to my girlfriend that I give her a piggy-back ride to the phone. Since we didn't want to miss the call, we didn't have time to get dressed. When we got to the bottom of the stairs, the lights suddenly came on and a whole crowd of people yelled a "SURPRISE".

My entire family, aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins and all of my friends were standing there! My girlfriend and I were frozen to the spot in a state of shock and embarrassment for what seemed like an eternity. Since then, no-one in my family has planned a surprise party again.

**MORE JOKES**

An American fighter pilot was flying his F16 aircraft over Afghanistan, when he noticed a flying carpet on his left-hand side, manned by a man with a machine gun. He looked to his right and saw another carpet alongside, also manned by a man with a machine gun. He thought 'I've got to get out of this', so he accelerated flat out and put his plane into a high speed loop and came up behind both carpets, which he shot down. On arriving back at his Aircraft Carrier, he was told to report to the captain immediately. 'You idiot!' said the captain. 'We saw what you did on radar and now we're in a load of trouble'. 'What do you mean?' said the pilot, 'I shot both carpets down!' 'I know that!' said the captain, 'but they were Allied Carpets!'

Latest news reports advise that a cell of 4 terrorists has been operating in Merseyside, Liverpool. Police advised earlier today that 3 of the 4 have been detained. The Merseyside Regional Police Commissioner stated that the terrorists Bin Sleepin, Bin Drinkin and Bin Fightin have been arrested on immigration issues. The Police advise further that they can find no one fitting the description of the fourth cell member, Bin Workin, in the area. Police are confident that anyone who looks like Workin will be very easy to spot in the community.

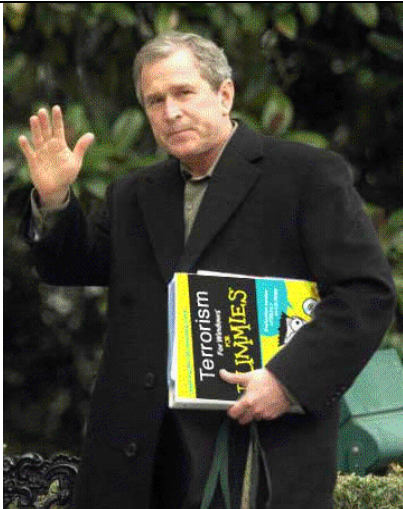
A man and his son are walking through a highly built-up Manhattan when they come across an empty space and the father stops to reflect for a while. "Imagine son," the father says "exactly 31 years ago the great twin towers stood proudly in this area". Intrigued by the comment the son then asks: "What were the twin towers dad?" To which the father replies: "They were two of the largest buildings in the world and they housed many thousands of offices.... But in 2001 they were destroyed by Arabs" The son pauses for a while and then asks: "What were Arabs dad?"

This guy gets a cup of coffee from the tea lady on the 81<sup>st</sup> floor of the World Trade Centre, and ask what flavour crisps she has. She replied: "Cheese and Onion, Salt & Vinegar, PLAIN!!!!"

Yesterday I was on the Underground travelling on the Central line. A man of Arabic-appearance got off the train and I noticed that he had left his bag behind. I grabbed the bag and ran after him, caught up with him at the top of the stairs and handed him back his bag. He was extremely grateful to me and reached into his bag, which appeared to contain large bundles of banknotes. He offered me a reward, but I refused. So he looked round, made sure nobody was looking and whispered to me: "I can never repay your kindness, but I will try to with a word of advice for you. Stay away from Aberdeen Steak Houses." I was terrified. "Is there going to be an attack?" I whispered. "No " he whispered back "I went there yesterday evening - the food was sh!t and the desert selection extremely limited."

Response to the "11" thing from last issue: Oh my word! How worried should I be? There are 11 letters in the name "John Biggins!" I'm going into hiding NOW. See you in a few weeks. Wait a sec ... just realized "YOU CAN'T HIDE" also has 11 letters! What am I gonna do? Help me!!! The terrorists are after me! ME! I can't believe it! Oh crap, there must be someplace on the planet Earth I could hide! But no .."PLANET EARTH" has 11 letters, too! Maybe Nostradamus can help me. But dare I trust him? There are 11 letters in "NOSTRADAMUS." I know, the Red Cross can help. No they can't... 11 letters in "THE RED CROSS," can't trust them. I would rely on self defence, but "SELF DEFENCE" has 11 letters in it, too! Can someone help? Anyone? If so, send me email. No, don't... "SEND ME EMAIL" has 11 letters.... Will this never end? I'm going insane! "GOING INSANE???" Eleven letters!! Noooooo!!!! I guess I'll die alone, even though "I'LL DIE ALONE" has 11 letters..... Oh my , I just realized that America is doomed! Their Independence Day is July 4th ... 7/4 ... 7+4=11!

You know how Americans insist on writing their dates back to front, for example 11<sup>th</sup> September is 9/11. Also they don't know the number for emergency services and instead of 999 use 911? Is that a bit spooky?



**GEORGE W. PREPARES FOR WAR ON TERRORISM.**



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF CONFLICT

The first German serviceman killed in the war was killed by the Japanese (China, 1937), the first American serviceman killed was killed by the Russians (Finland 1940), the highest ranking American killed was Lt. Gen. Lesley McNair, killed by the US Army Air Corps. So much for allies.

The youngest US serviceman was 12 year old Calvin Graham, USN. He was wounded and given a Dishonorable Discharge for lying about his age. (His benefits were later restored by act of Congress)

At the time of Pearl Harbor the top US Navy command was Called CINCUS (pronounced "sink us"), the shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th. Infantry division was the Swastika, and Hitler's private train was named "Amerika". All three were soon changed for PR purposes.

More US servicemen died in the Air Corps than the Marine Corps. While completing the required 30 missions your chance of being killed was 71%.

Generally speaking there was no such thing as an average fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance Japanese ace Hirooyoshi Nishizawa shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.

It was a common practice on fighter planes to load every 5th round with a tracer round to aid in aiming. This was a mistake. Tracers had different ballistics so (at long range) if your tracers were hitting the target 80% of your rounds were missing. Worse yet tracers instantly told your enemy he was under fire and from which direction. Worst of all was the practice of loading a string of tracers at the end of the belt to tell you that you were out of ammo. This was definitely not something you wanted to tell the enemy. Units that stopped using tracers saw their success rate nearly double and their loss rate go down.

When allied armies reached the Rhine the first thing men did was pee in it. This was pretty universal from the lowest private to Winston Churchill (who made a big show of it) and Gen. Patton (who had himself photographed in the act).

German Me-264 bombers were capable of bombing New York City but it wasn't worth the effort.

German submarine U-120 was sunk by a malfunctioning toilet.

Among the first "Germans" captured at Normandy were several Koreans. They had been forced to fight for the Japanese Army until they were captured by the Russians and forced to fight for the Russian Army until they were captured by the Germans and forced to fight for the German Army until they were captured by the US Army.

Following a massive naval bombardment 35,000 US and Canadian troops stormed ashore at Kiska. 21 troops were killed in the firefight. It would have been worse if there had been any Japanese on the island.

Two U.S. Air Force F-15s shoot down two U.S. Army helicopters on a diplomatic mission over Iraq, mistaking them for hostile aircraft in the "no-fly zone," killing 26 people. No one was found criminally responsible.

A "siesta" ordered by Mexican General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna to his troops during a conflict between the Mexicans and Texans caused the infantry to be overtaken in just 18 minutes.

Fort Douaumont at Verdun in France was captured in 1916 by a single German soldier after French General Chretien forgot to pass on orders to defend the fort to the last man to his successor.

The Russians tried to wreak havoc on German Panzer divisions during the WWII by strapping bombs to the backs of dogs and teaching them to associate food with the underneath of their enemies' tanks. Unfortunately, the dogs only associated food with their own tanks and forced an entire Soviet division to retreat.

Japanese soldier Hiroo Onoda refused to stop fighting long after WWII was over, claiming that stories of the war's ending were mere propaganda. It wasn't until his commanding officer flew out to the remote Pacific island where Onoda was holed up and ordered him to lay down his arms that he finally complied.

Probably the most famous mistake in U.S. military history occurred in the Civil War, when Confederate Gen. Stonewall Jackson was mistakenly shot by one of his own troops after the Confederate triumph at Chancellorsville.



**The Talibans first retaliation missile.**

In a magnanimous mood after the Falklands victory Margaret Thatcher chucked a few notes in the cup of a war veteran begging near Downing Street. She was rather surprised to hear the response "Muchas Gracias".

## ADULT CHRISTMAS

This guy is on a rooftop about to jump off. His wife has left him, he has lost his job and he owes thousands of pounds to the bank. Just as he finishes his prayers and closes his eyes, ready to jump, Father Christmas taps him on the shoulder. "Are you OK?" asks Father Christmas.

The man explains why he is so miserable and gets ready to jump.

"Stop!" shouts Father Christmas. "I will grant you three wishes on the understanding that you will do me a favour".

"Would you?" the man replies. "That would be wonderful!! Thank you, thank you!"

Father Christmas promises him that:

1. You shall go home in 1 hour and your wife will be dressed in her sexiest underwear, begging for forgiveness and longing for your return, she will have no recollection of her new boyfriend.

2. You shall go into work tomorrow, sit at your desk and continue with your work. Your salary will have increased by 50%. Also, nobody will have any recollection of your sacking.

3. You shall go to your bank and you will be in credit, you will have no outstanding bills.

"Oh thank you so much!" says the man. "What can I do for you?"

Father Christmas tells the man to drop his pants and bend over. After a quite brutal rogering, Father Christmas asks the man how old he is.

"36" replies the man.

"You're a bit old to believe in Father Christmas!" laughs the jolly fat gay bastard.

Little Johnny sits on Santa's lap. Santa says, "I bet I know what you want for Christmas," and with his finger he taps the boys nose with every letter he spells "T-O-Y-S."

Johnny thinks for a second and says, "No, I have enough toys."

Santa replies once again tapping the boys nose with every letter, "S-W-E-E-T-S."

Again the little boy thinks for a second and says, "No, I get plenty of sweets."

"Well, what would you like for Christmas?" Santa asks.

Little Johnny replies, tapping Santa on the nose, "P-U-S-S-Y, and don't tell me you don't have any, because I can smell it on your finger!"

One day his father asks little Johnny if he knows about the birds and the bees. "I don't want to know" the child says, bursting into tears. "Promise you won't tell me."

Confused the father asks what's wrong.

"Oh dad", Johnny sobs, "When I was six, I got the 'there's no Santa' speech. At seven I got the 'there's no Easter bunny' speech. When I was eight, you hit me with 'there's no Tooth Fairy' speech. If you tell me grown-ups don't really f\*\*k, I'll have nothing to live for."

A rich man and a poor man were sitting in a bar late one night. They were talking about different things and then the poor man asked the rich man what he bought his wife for Christmas.

"I got her a brand new Mercedes Benz and a 24-karat diamond ring." says the rich man. The poor man, a bit puzzled, asked: "Why the hell did you get her both?"

The rich man replied: "I got her both so if she doesn't like the ring, she can drive her new car back to the jeweller's to exchange it. So... what did YOU buy for YOUR wife?"

The poor man said: "I bought her a pair of flip-flops and a dildo." Obviously confused, the rich man asked why he chose those items. The poor man replied: "Because if she doesn't like the flip-flops, she can go f\*\*k herself!"

### The main reason Santa is so jolly is because he knows where all the bad girls live.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and God it was neat,  
The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat,  
The doors were all bolted, the phone off the hook,  
It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

Mum in her teddy, and I in the nude,  
Had just hit the bedroom and reached for the lube,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a cry,  
That I lost my boner and mother went dry.

Up to the window I sprung like an elf,  
Tore back the shade while she played with herself,  
The moon was so bright that it lit up the yard,  
The place was a mess, something hit it real hard.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a crooked old sleigh and eight mangy reindeer,  
With a fat little driver, half out of his sled,  
A sock in his ear and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking he was high as a kite,  
And he yelled to his team, but it didn't seem right,  
"Whoa shithead, whoa asshole, whoa stupid,  
whoa klutz,  
"Slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.

"Over the lamp post, and don't hit that tree,  
"Quit shaking the sleigh, cause I gotta go pee".  
They cleared the old lamp post, the tree got a rub,  
Just as Santa leaned out and threw up in the shrub.

And then from the roof came a hell of a splatter,  
As each little reindeer now emptied his bladder,  
I was donning my jacket to cover my ass,  
When down through the chimney he came with a crash.

His suit was all soaking with perfume galore,  
He looked like a bum and smelled like a whore,  
"That was some cathouse", he said with a smile,  
"The reindeer are pooped so I'll hang for a while".

He walked to the kitchen and poured up a drink,  
Then whipped out his pecker and pissed in the sink,  
As I started to laugh, my wife smiled with glee,  
The old boy was hung nearly down to his knee.

Back in the den Santa reached in his sack,  
But his toys were all gone and some new things were packed,  
The first thing he found was a black leather whip,  
Next were some x-rated video clips

A box full of condoms was Santa's next find,  
And a six pack of panties, the edible kind,  
A bra without nipples, a penis extension,  
And boxes of goodies I won't even mention.

A cock ring, a G-string, and all types of oil,  
And a dildo so long that it lay in a coil.  
"This stuff ain't for kids, ma Santa would shit,  
"If you don't mind I'll leave it all here when I split".

He filled every stocking and then took his leave,  
With one tiny butt plug tucked under his sleeve,  
He sprang to his sleigh, but his feet were like lead,  
And he fell on his buttocks and broke wind instead.

He cursed and got up and climbed into his hitch,  
"Lets go ya varmints the night's been a bitch",  
The shuddering lurch slammed him back in his chair,  
And he let out a belch as they took to the air.

Bending the lamp post and raking the tree,  
He bounced off the rooftop and finally got free,  
"I'm coming home, woman" he sang with a smirk,  
"So grab both you're ankles and hitch up your skirt!"

## SANTA QUILTS

'Twas the night before Christmas - Old Santa was pissed  
He cursed out the elves and threw down his list  
Miserable little brats, ungrateful little jerks  
I have a good mind to scrap the whole fuckin' works  
I've busted my ass for damn near a year  
Instead of "Thanks Santa" - what do I hear  
The old lady bitches cause I work late at night  
The elves want more money - The reindeer all fight  
Rudolph got drunk and goosed all the maids  
Donner is pregnant and Vixen has AIDS  
And just when I thought that things would get better  
Those assholes from IRS sent me a letter  
They say I owe taxes - if that ain't damn funny  
Who the hell ever sent Santa Clause money?  
And the kids these days - they all are the pits  
They want the impossible... Those mean little shits  
I spent a whole year making wagons and sleds  
Assembling dolls... Their arms, legs and heads  
I made a ton of yo yo's - No request for them  
They want computers and robots... they think I'm IBM!  
If you think that's bad...just picture this  
Try holding those brats... with their pants full of piss  
They pull on my nose - they grab at my beard  
And if I don't smile.. their moms think I'm weird  
Flying through the air...dodging the trees  
Falling down chimneys and skinning my knees  
I'm quitting this job...there's just no enjoyment  
I'll sit on my fat ass and draw unemployment  
There's no Christmas this year...now you know the reason  
I found me a blonde.. I'm going SOUTH for the season!!  
I'll laze in the sun-into bed I'll get tucked  
And those snotty nosed brats-can go and get fucked.

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It's during the time of Christ and some Hebrews are bored. "Lets go find a whore and stone her" one says. They all go to a brothel and find a ragged old whore.

They drag her out and are getting ready to stone her when Jesus comes out of his carpenters tent and says "Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone."

All the Hebrews get discouraged and go home. As they are leaving, an old lady picks up a huge rock, throws it with all her might, hitting the whore, breaking her nose. Jesus turns, looks at the old woman and says with shock and dismay, "Stop it MOM! I was just trying to make a point!"