



# BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #71 March 2003

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

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
3rd March 03	1289 Half Moon, Plumpton		Julianna	01273 508796
<i>Directions: A23 north to A273. After Clayton Hill take B2112 Ditchling Road. In Village Centre turn right through Westmeston. Pub on left just past Plumpton College on sharp bend. Turn left and left again for car park Est. 15 mins.</i>				
10th March 03	1290 Flying Fish, Denton		455 025 Theresa & Don	01273 705846
<i>Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 Avis Road into Denton. Pub is on Denton Road. Est 20 mins. Theresa's 100th run!</i>				
17th March 03	1291 Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield		Louis	01444 410656
<i>Directions: A23 north to A272. Left towards Haywards Heath, left at Ansty roundabout and right at next roundabout. Turn left at end and pub on left. Est 20 mins.</i>				
24th March 03	1292 Sportsman, Goddards Green		Eddie	01273 884283
<i>Directions: A23 north to Hickstead services. A2300 towards Burgess Hill. Turn right at next roundabout and pub is on left. Est. 15 mins.</i>				
31st March 03	1293 Plough, Rottingdean		Mudlarks Nigel & Pete	01273 271441
<i>Directions: A27 east to Falmer. Turn right and carry on through Woodingdean. Pub on right in one-way system. Est. 15 mins.</i>				
7th April 03	1294 TBA		Steve Hanna	01273 842778

14th April 2003	1295	Mike Morris Big birthday bash - 60 Fernhurst Crescent
28th April 2003	1297	Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham Dave C and Julianna
5th May 2003	1298	Shoreham Airport, George & John
17th May 2003		South Downs Original relay - see Phil Mutton for details and to log teams.
8th June 2003		Hash 25th Birthday - Sunday run followed by BBQ and Barn Dance etc. TBA.

\* Approx. pub location.

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH website. Suggestions for content and links to Louis Taub please.

## **BLAST FROM THE PAST...**

### **HORACE – A POEM**

*Written by Terry Jones; never performed, but should have been*

Much to his Mum & Dad's dismay

Horace ate himself one day.

He didn't stop to say his grace.

He just sat down and ate his face.

"We can't have this!" his Dad declared,

"If that lad's ate he should be shared."

But even as he spoke they saw

Horace eating more and more.

First his legs and then his thighs,

His arms, his nose, his hair, his eyes...

"Stop him someone!" Mother cried.

"Those eyeballs would be better fried!"

But all too late for they were gone,

And he started on his dong...

"Oh foolish child!" the father mourns

"You could have deep-fried that with Prawns,

Some parsley and some tartar sauce..."

But H. was on his second course:

His liver and his lights and lung,

His ears, his neck, his chin, his tongue;

"To think I raised him from the cot

And now he's going to scoff the lot!"

His mother cried: "What shall we do?

What's left won't even make a stew..."

And as she wept, her son was seen

To eat his head, his heart, his spleen.

And there he lay: a boy no more,

Just a stomach on the floor...

None the less, since it *was* his

They ate it – that's what haggis is.\*

\*No it isn't. Haggis is a kind of stuffed black pudding eaten by the Scots and considered by them to be not only a delicacy but fit for human consumption. The minced heart, liver and lungs of a sheep or calf or other animals' inner organs are mixed with oatmeal, sealed and boiled in maw in the sheep's intestinal stomach-bag and ..... Excuse me a minute. Ed.

*Phil has asked me to remind everyone about the hash relay on Saturday 17th May. Please sort out teams asap or get your name to Phil so he can bung you in a team if you wish to take part. Unfortunately some of us have other priorities that day, but it's always a great day out so if you're not involved in myself and Angel's wedding earlier in the day, get to it ...*

*Also coming up is the 25th anniversary run etc. We're on the lookout for a venue for a weekend run & party so if you've got any ideas, or even ideas for how we can celebrate, please let Phil know.*

*One of the plans is for a Brighton Hash 25th anniversary Summer tour, which will follow the local CAMRA branches annual Ale Trail. We do nothing more than normal (i.e. drink beer) and they give us all a free t-shirt! Further details shortly ...*

*Bouncer*

Ah yeah, well, hum. Hope everybody enjoyed the Burns night celebrations and indeed, the er.. haggis. Surprisingly few takers for the veggie alternative bearing in mind the above from 10 years ago. I suspect there may just be an increase next time round.

Huge thanks to Angus for all his efforts and especially the address. Who cannot have been moved by the way he slashed at the puir timorous wee beastie, even if some of the words may have passed them over. Thanks also to Peter E for the Selkirk Grace. In case you were wondering the other poems spouted included To a Scotch (Bouncer – kitchen end), My Wandering Willie (Angus – door end). Most of Pushing Up the Daisies was in fact Burns' Farewell although I plead a touch of artistic licence on the title and final line!

Angus has now moved on to a new job in Paris and has kindly extended an invite to any Brighton Hash to go and stay with him.

Being a hare is always fun even though you can often receive abuse for a trail that failed to please all the people all the time (this is impossible of course). If you haven't hared before please do think about a date and pub for a hash as it is after all the hares that keep the thing going. It really is down to everybody to take a turn and give back a little but there's no need to be put off if you're new to the game, as there's plenty of willing support to help with your first couple of runs.

Quick Sanity check. You should see two dolphins – anything else talk to Tim or Mike...



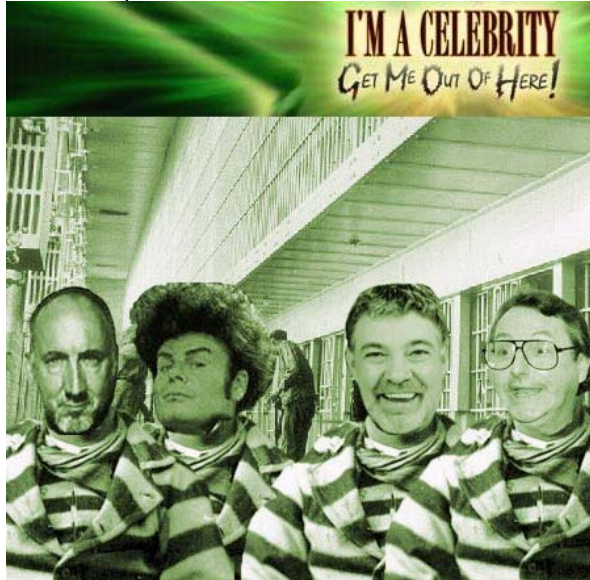
## Recent news - Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear

Which is the odd one out between Pete Townsend, Gary Glitter, Man. United and Jonathan King?  
Man U have still got Giggs.

Pete Townsend has apparently gone on holiday to America.....He's gone to Tampa with the kids

Tonight Matthew I'm going to be Rolf Harris  
.....doing Two Little Boys

Rumour has it he was once in line to manage the England football team until they found out he wanted to put Seamen in the under-16's



### A silly one that could lose it's relevance:

A young man in a wheelchair rolls on to the stage, and Matthew Kelly introduces him as Simon.

MK: "It's very brave you coming out here in your wheelchair - can you tell the audience what happened?"

Simon: "About a year ago, I was driving with my uncle when we had a really big accident. Unfortunately, my uncle was killed outright, but I survived, trapped in the car for 6 hours and had to be cut free. The doctors had me in surgery for 12 hours, but they couldn't save my legs."

MK: "That's terrible, but I see you have legs now, are they artificial?"

Simon: "No, Matthew, whilst in hospital, the doctors advised me that the uncle who had been in the car with me had passed away, but that his legs were fine, and that with all the advances in medical science, they could graft his legs onto my body. I have been having physiotherapy for 6 months, and I hope to be walking again by the end of the year." Much applause.

MK: "That's fantastic. So, who are you going to be?"

Simon: "Tonight, Matthew, I will be.....

Simon and half-uncle."

I come for visit, get treated regal,  
So I stay, who care I illegal?  
I cross border, poor and broke,  
Take bus, see employment folk.

Nice man treat me good in there,  
Say I need to see welfare.  
Welfare say, "You come no more,  
We send plenty cash right to your door."

Welfare cheques, they make you wealthy,  
NHS, it keep you healthy!  
By and by, I got plenty money,  
Thanks to you, British dummy.

Write to friends in motherland,  
Tell them come as fast as you can.  
They come in rags on the back of trucks,  
I buy big house with welfare bucks.

They come here, we live together,  
More welfare cheques, it gets better!  
Fourteen families they moving in,  
But neighbour's patience wearing thin.

Finally, British guy moves away,  
Now I buy his house, and then I say,  
"Find more aliens for house to rent."  
And in the yard I put a tent.

Send for family (they just trash),  
But they, too, draw the welfare cash!  
Everything is mucho good,  
And soon we own the neighbourhood.

We have hobby-it's called breeding,  
Welfare pay for baby feeding.  
Kids need dentist? Wife need pills?  
We get free! We got no bills!

Britishman crazy! He pay all year,  
To keep us illegals in comfort here.  
We think UK is very good place!  
Much too good for the British race.

If they not like us, they can go,  
There's lots of room elsewhere you know....

Jennifer Lopez's new album came out at the end of 2002. She had three albums out last year. However, the first two were wedding albums.

Maurice Gibb passed away Sunday morning. He didn't get over his Saturday Night Fever. He found Staying Alive Difficult.

Dear Barry and Robin,  
Sorry to hear about your loss, I will be happy to look after the kids while you are at the funeral. Regards  
Pete Townsend

Anyone interested?  
I have 2 spare tickets if anyone wants them to the Bee Gees "Staying Alive" tour 2003. One third off. The tour kicks off in the West Country and they're gonna perform "How Deep is Your Bruv?", supported by Morris dancers.

Thought for the day:  
Mothers have Mother's Day, Father's have Father's Day. Single guys have Palm Sunday!!

Some perhaps inappropriate headlines from [space.com](http://space.com) at the time of the Shuttle tragedy:  
Israeli Astronaut Studies Smoke from Rain Forest  
Spot the Shuttle from Your Backyard this Week  
Shuttle Columbia's Astronauts Burn Up the Record Books  
Shuttle Astronauts Set Fires in Space

George W rings up superman and asks "Why didn't you save the seven astronauts"  
Superman replies "Cause I'm in a bloody wheelchair".

They found a willy laying on a Californian beach right in the flight path. NASA scientists have concluded it was a shuttlecock.

The last words according to the black box were ' Go on let her have a go'

What does NASA stand for?  
Need Another Seven Astronauts

Where do Astronauts go for their holidays? All over Texas.

And finally the preferred drink is 7Up

## GENIES

A man walks up to the bar with an ostrich behind him. The barman asks what they would like..

The man says, "I'll have a beer", and turns to the ostrich.

"What's yours?"

"I'll have a beer too" says the ostrich.

The barman pours the beer and says, "That will be £3.40 please," and the man reaches into his pocket and pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the man and the ostrich come again, and the man says, "I'll have a beer," and the ostrich says, "I'll have the same." Once again the man reaches into his pocket and pays with the exact change.

This becomes a routine until, late one evening, the two enter again. "The usual?" asks the barman.

"Well, it's close to last call, so I'll have a large scotch", says the man.

"Same for me", says the ostrich.

"That will be £7.20" says the barman.

Once again the man pulls exact change out of his pocket and places it on the bar.

The barman can't hold back his curiosity any longer. "Excuse me sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change out of your pocket every time?"

"Well," says the man, "several years ago I was cleaning the attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it a Genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I just put my hand in my pocket, and the right amount of money will always be there."

That's brilliant!" says the barman. "Most people would wish for a million pounds or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!"

"That's right! Whether it's a pint of milk or a Rolls-Royce, the exact money is always there," says the man.

The barman asks, "One other thing, sir, what's with the ostrich?"

The man replies "My second wish was for a chick with long legs."

A sales rep, an administration clerk and the manager are walking to lunch when they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a Genie comes out in a puff of smoke.

The Genie says, "I usually only grant three wishes, so I'll give each of you just one."

"Me first! Me first!" says the admin clerk. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat, without a care in the world." Poof! She's gone. In astonishment, "Me next! Me next!" says the sales rep. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with my personal masseuse, an endless supply of pina colodas and the love of my life." Poof! He's gone.

"OK, you're up," the Genie says to the manager. The manager says, "I want those two back in the office after lunch."

Moral of story: Always let your boss have the first say.

Two guys are in a locker room when one guy notices the other guy has a cork in his ass.

He says, "How'd you get a cork in your ass?"

The other guy says, "I was walking along the beach and I tripped over a lamp. There was a puff of smoke, and then a red man in a turban came oozing out. He said, "I am Tonto, Indian Genie. I can grant-um you one wish." And I said, "No shit."

A huge muscular man walks into a bar and orders a beer. The bartender hands him the beer and says, "You know, I'm not gay but I want to compliment you on your physique, it really is phenomenal! I have a question though, why is your head so small?" The big guy nods slowly. He's obviously fielded this question many times. One day - he begins, I was hunting when I got lost in the woods. I heard someone crying for help and finally realised that it was coming from a frog sitting next to a stream. So I picked up the frog and it said, "Kiss me, Kiss me and I will turn into a genie and grant you 3 wishes." So I looked around to make sure I was alone and gave the frog a kiss. POOF! The frog turned into a beautiful, voluptuous, naked woman. She said, "You now have 3 wishes", I looked down at my scrawny 115-pound body and said, "I want a body like Arnold Schwarzenegger".- She nodded, whispered a spell, and POOF! There I was, so huge that I ripped out of my clothes and was standing there naked! She then asked, "What will be your second wish ?" I looked hungrily at her beautiful body and replied, "I want to make sensuous love with you here by this stream" - She nodded, laid down, and beckoned to me. We then made love for hours! Later, as we lay there next to each other, sweating from our glorious lovemaking, she whispered into my ear, "You know, you do have one more wish, what will it be?", I looked at her and replied, "How about a little head?"

Three guys, an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Welshman are out walking along the beach together one day. They come across a lantern and a genie pops out of it. "I will give you each one wish" says the genie.

The Welshman says, "I am a farmer, my dad was a farmer, and my son will also farm. I want the land to be forever fertile in Wales." With a blink of the genie's eye, 'FOOM' - the land in Wales was forever made fertile for farming.

The Frenchman was amazed, so he said, "I want a wall around France, so that no one can come into our precious country. Again, with a blink of the Genie's eye, 'POOF' - there was a huge wall around France.

The Englishman asks, "I'm very curious. Please tell me more about this wall.

The Genie explains, "Well, it's about 150 feet high, 50 feet thick and nothing can get in or out."

The Englishman says, "Fill it up with water."

Dennis Rodman finds a bottle on the beach and picks it up... suddenly a female genie appears from the bottle. "Master, I may grant you one wish," says the genie with a smile.

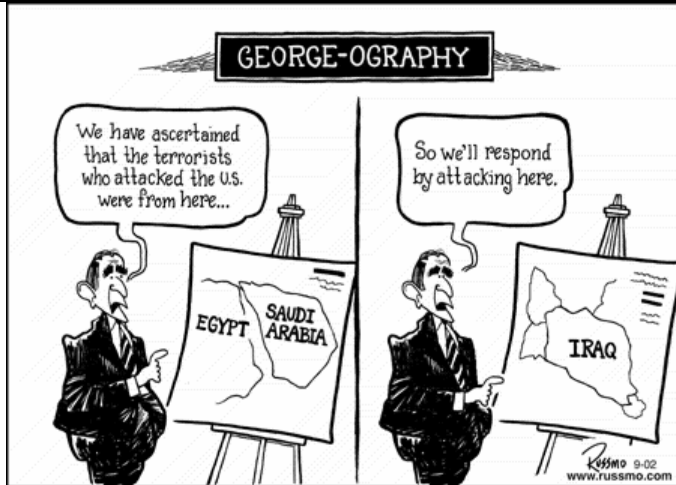
"Hey, Bitch... don't you know who I am...I don't need no woman to give me nuttin!" barks Rodman.

The genie pleads..."But Master I must grant you a wish or I will be returned to this bottle forever."

Dennis thinks a moment...then grumbling about the inconvenience of it all... he says "OK, OK... I wanna wake up with three women in my bed in the morning. So just do it!" (giving the genie an evil glare) "Now leave me alone!" he screams.

So the very annoyed genie says, "So be it!" and disappears back into the bottle. Next morning, he wakes up with Lorena Bobbitt, Tonya Harding, and Hillary Clinton. His penis is gone, his leg is broken, and he has no health insurance.

## The World's smallest book part 1 – Furthering the Arab nations by George W. Bush



### Mideast Mystery???

Everyone seems to be wondering why Muslim terrorists are so quick to commit suicide. Let's see now . . . :

No beer, no booze, no bars, no television, no cheerleaders, no baseball, no basketball, no football, no hockey, no golf, no tailgate parties, no hooters, no pork barbeque, no hot dogs, no burgers, no lobster, shellfish or even frozen fish sticks. Rags for clothes and towels for hats.

Constant wailing from the guy next door because he's sick and there are no doctors. Constant wailing from the guy in the tower. No chocolate chip cookies, no Christmas.

You can't shave, your wife can't shave, you can't shower to wash off the smell of donkey cooked over burning camel dung. The women have to wear baggy dresses and veils at all times.

Your bride is picked by someone else. She smells just like your donkey, but your donkey has a better disposition. Then they tell you it all gets better when you die!!

. . . NO MYSTERY HERE!!



Abdul was walking along in the Gaza Strip when he saw our old friend Mustapha Asshole sitting by a foul smelling ditch with a bicycle pump up his backside.

"What are you doing?" asked Abdul.

"I'm going to teach those Israel infadels a lesson," said Mustapha Asshole. "I'm going to blow myself up by sewer-side."

Little Melissa comes home from first grade and tells her father that they learned about the history of Valentine's Day.

"Since Valentine's Day is for a Christian saint and we're Jewish," she asks, "will God get mad at me for giving someone a valentine?" Melissa's father thinks a bit, then says "No, I don't think God would get mad. Who do you want to give a valentine to?"

"Osama Bin Laden," she says.

"Why Osama Bin Laden," her father asks in shock.

"Well," she says, "I thought that if a little American Jewish girl could have enough love to give Osama a valentine, he might start to think that maybe we're not all bad, and maybe start loving people a little bit. And if other kids saw what I did and sent valentines to Osama, he'd love everyone a lot. And then he'd start going all over the place to tell everyone how much he loved them and how he didn't hate anyone anymore."

Her father's heart swells and he looks at his daughter with new found pride. "Melissa, that's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard."

"I know," Melissa says, "and once that gets him out in the open, the Marines could blow the shit out of him."



Four doctors were playing a round of golf one day.

The British doctor says "Medicine in my country is so advanced that we can take a kidney out of one man put it in another and have him looking for work in six weeks."

The German doctor says, "That's nothing, we can take a lung out of one person put it in another and have him looking for work in four weeks."

The Russian doctor says, "In my country medicine is so advanced we can take half a heart out of one person put it in another and have them both looking for work in two weeks."

The American doctor, not to be outdone, says, "You guys are way behind."

We just took an a\$\$hole with no brain out of Texas, put him in the White House, and now half the country is looking for work, and the other half is preparing for war."



Lets face facts. Bin Ladens mob isn't going to hijack us.

## TECHNOLOGY

The tech support problem dates back to long before the industrial revolution, when primitive tribesmen beat out a rhythm on drums to communicate:

This fire help. Me Groog

Me Lorto. Help. Fire not work.

You have flint and stone?

Ugh

You hit them together?

Ugh

What happen?

Fire not work

(sigh) Make spark?

No spark, no fire, me confused. Fire work yesterday.

\*Sigh\* You change rock?

I change nothing

You sure?

Me make one change. Stone hot so me soak in stream so stone not burn Lorto hand. Small change, shouldn't keep Lorto from make fire.

\*Grabs club and goes to Lorto's cave\*

\*WHAM\*WHAM\*WHAM\*WHAM\*

How many software people does it take to screw in a light bulb? 0 - That's a hardware problem. 1, but if he changes it, the whole building will probably fall down. 2 - one always leaves in the middle of the project.

How many hardware folks does it take to change a light bulb? 0 - That's a software problem. 0 - They just have marketing portray the dead bulb as a feature.

## Lord of the O/S

Recently one of my friends, a computer wizard, paid me a visit.

As we were talking I mentioned that I had recently installed Windows on my PC, I told him how happy I was with this operating system and showed him the Windows

CD. To my astonishment and distress had me throw it into my microwave oven and turned it on.

I was upset because the CD had become precious to me.

After a few minutes he took the CD out, unharmed, gave it to me and said 'Take a close look at it.'

To my surprise the CD was quite cold and it seemed to have become thicker and heavier than before. At first I could not see anything, but on the inner edge of the central hole I saw an inscription, in lines finer than anything I have ever seen before.

The inscription shone piercingly bright, and yet remote, as if out of a great depth: 4F6E65204F5320746F2072756C65207468656D20616C6C

2C204F6E65204F5320746F2066696E64207468656D2C0D0A4F6E65204F5320746F206272696E67207468656D20616C6C20616E6420696E20746865206461726B6E6573732062696E64207468656D

'I cannot read the fiery letters,' I said.

'No,' he said, 'but I can. The letters are Hex, of an ancient mode, but the language is that of Microsoft, which I shall not utter here.

But in common English this is what it says: "One OS to rule them all, One OS to find them, One OS to bring them all and in the darkness bind them"

This CD is the Work of the Dark Lord Gatesabill, and was cast in the great fires of Silicon Valley.

With my true friend Sam Linuxwise we set out to Unix Valley to meet the mighty Elf Santa Cruise, and so the journey of the CD had commenced.....

How your PC will look if, just in case, the USA lost the war???

لوحة التحكم

ملف تحرير عرض الانتقال المفضلة تعاليم

الخلف الأمام لأعلى

العنوان لوحة التحكم

إضافة أجهزة جديدة

أصوات

إدارة الطاقة

أجهزة المودم

Game Controllers

لوحة التحكم

استخدم الإعدادات في لوحة التحكم لجعل الكمبيوتر يناسب احتياجاتك الشخصية.

حدد رمز لعرض وصفه.

Microsoft Home Technical Support

إضافة/إزالة البرامج

إعدادات إقليمية

إنترنت

التاريخ/الوقت

الخطوط

الطابعات

العرض

الماوس

النظام

الهندسة

تعدد الوسائط

سمات سطح المكتب

شبكة الاتصال

كلمات المرور

لوحة المفاتيح

مستخدمون

جهاز الكمبيوتر

http://support.microsoft.com/support

## High court hang-ups

'Why did you steal 40,000 hotel coat hangers, knowing that hotel coat hangers are designed to be useless outside hotel wardrobes?' A most extraordinary trial is going on in the High Court at the moment in which a man named Chrysler is accused of stealing more than 40,000 coat hangers from hotels round the world. He admits his guilt, but in his defence he claims that - well, perhaps it would be simpler just to bring you a brief extract from the trial. We join the case at the point where Chrysler has just taken the stand

Counsel: What is your name?

Chrysler: Chrysler. Arnold Chrysler.

Counsel: Is that your own name?

Chrysler: Whose name do you think it is?

Counsel: I am just asking if it is your name.

Chrysler: And I have just told you it is. Why do you doubt it?

Counsel: It is not unknown for people to give a false name in court.

Chrysler: Which court?

Counsel: This court.

Chrysler: What is the name of this court?

Counsel: This is No 5 Court.

Chrysler: No, that is the number of this court. What is the name of this court?

Counsel: It is quite immaterial what the name of this court is!

Chrysler: Then perhaps it is immaterial if Chrysler is really my name.

Counsel: No, not really, you see because...

Judge: Mr Lovelace?

Counsel: Yes, m'lud?

Judge: I think Mr Chrysler is running rings round you already. I would try a new line of attack if I were you.

Counsel: Thank you, m'lud.

Chrysler: And thank you from ME, m'lud. It's nice to be appreciated.

Judge: Shut up, witness.

Chrysler: Willingly, m'lud. It is a pleasure to be told to shut up by you. For you, I would...

Judge: Shut up, witness. Carry on, Mr Lovelace.

Counsel: Now, Mr Chrysler - for let us assume that that is your name - you are accused of purloining in excess of 40,000 hotel coat hangers.

Chrysler: I am.

Counsel: Can you explain how this came about?

Chrysler: Yes. I had 40,000 coats which I needed to hang up.

Counsel: Is that true?

Chrysler: No.

Counsel: Then why did you say it?

Chrysler: To attempt to throw you off balance.

Counsel: Off balance?

Chrysler: Certainly. As you know, all barristers seek to undermine the confidence of any hostile witness, or defendant. Therefore it must be equally open to the witness, or defendant, to try to shake the confidence of a hostile barrister.

Counsel: On the contrary, you are not here to indulge in cut and thrust with me. You are only here to answer my questions.

Chrysler: Was that a question?

Counsel: No.

Chrysler: Then I can't answer it.

Judge: Come on, Mr Lovelace! I think you are still being given the run-around here. You can do better than that. At least, for the sake of the English bar, I hope you can.

Counsel: Yes, m'lud. Now, Mr Chrysler, perhaps you will describe what reason you had to steal 40,000 coat hangers?

Chrysler: Is that a question?

Counsel: Yes.

Chrysler: It doesn't sound like one. It sounds like a proposition which doesn't believe in itself. You know - "Perhaps I will describe the reason I had to steal 40,000 coat hangers... Perhaps I won't... Perhaps I'll sing a little song instead..."

Judge: In fairness to Mr Lovelace, Mr Chrysler, I should remind you that barristers have an innate reluctance to frame a question as a question. Where you and I would say, "Where were you on Tuesday?", they are more likely to say, "Perhaps you could now inform the court of your precise whereabouts on the day after that Monday?". It isn't, strictly, a question, and it is not graceful English but you must pretend that it is a question and then answer it, otherwise we will be here for ever. Do you understand?

Chrysler: Yes, m'lud.

Judge: Carry on, Mr Lovelace.

Counsel: Mr Chrysler, why did you steal 40,000 hotel coat hangers, knowing as you must have that hotel coat hangers are designed to be useless outside hotel wardrobes?

Chrysler: Because I build and sell wardrobes which are specially designed to take nothing but hotel coat hangers.

The case continues ....



## The WIGGY files...

One afternoon Wiggy came home from work to find total mayhem in his house.

Ollie & Toby were outside, still in their pyjamas, playing in the mud with George, with empty food boxes and wrappers strewn all around the front yard. The door of Sue's car was open, as was the front door to the house.

Proceeding into the entry, he found an even bigger mess..... A lamp had been knocked over, and the throw rug was wadded against one wall....

In the front room the TV was loudly blaring a cartoon channel, and the family room was strewn with toys and various items of clothing.

In the kitchen, dishes filled the sink, breakfast food was spilled on the counter, dog food was spilled on the floor, a broken glass lay under the table, and a small pile of sand was spread by the back door.

He quickly headed up the stairs, stepping over toys and more piles of clothes, looking for Sue. He was worried she may be ill, or that something serious had happened. He found her lounging in the bedroom, still curled in the bed in her pyjamas, reading a novel. She looked up at him, smiled, and asked how his day went.

He looked at her bewildered and asked, "What happened here today?"

She again smiled and answered, "You know every day when you come home from work and you ask me what in the world did I do today?"

"Yes" was his incredulous reply.

She answered, "Well today I didn't do it."

One day, Wiggy walked into an antique shop in London. Looking around for something unusual to bring back to Brighton, he notices a life-sized bronze sculpture of a gerbil in a dark corner. The sculpture is so intriguing, he decides he must buy it and asks the shopkeeper the price.

"Twelve pounds for the gerbil, sir," the shopkeeper tells him, "and 100 pounds for the story that goes with it."

"I'll take the gerbil," says Wigs, "but you can keep the story."

The transaction completed, our hero leaves the store with the bronze gerbil under his arm. As he crosses the street in front of the store, two gerbils emerge from an alley and fall into step behind him.

Nervously looking over his shoulder, he begins to walk faster, but every time he passes another alley, more gerbils come out and follow him.

By the time he's walked two streets, at least a hundred gerbils are at his heels, and people are beginning to point and shout. He walks even faster, and soon breaks into a trot as multitudes of gerbils swarm from alleys, basements, and abandoned cars.

Thousands of gerbils are now at his heels, and as he sees the river at the bottom of the hill, he panics and starts to run full pelt. No matter how fast he runs, the gerbils keep up, hissing insanely, now not just thousands, but millions.

He looks up and sees that he is running towards the edge of the River Thames, and the trail of gerbils is now several hundred yards long behind him. Making a mighty leap, he jumps onto a lamppost, grasping it with one arm while he hurls the bronze gerbil into the river.

Clinging to the lamppost, he watches in amazement as the seething tide of gerbils surges over the banks into the river, where they drown. Amazed and almost dumbstruck, he makes his way back to the antique shop.

"Ah, so you've come back for the story," says the shopkeeper. "No," says Wiggy, "I was wondering if you had a bronze traffic warden?"

NEW SLANG DICTIONARY, 2003

BADLY PACKED KEBAB A vulgar (but still excellent) term for the female genitalia.

BEER SCOOTER The ability to get home after a night out on the booze and not remember it i.e. "I don't even remember getting home last night, I must have caught the beer scooter".

BRITNEY SPEARS Modern Slang for 'beers', e. g. "Couple of Britneys please, Doreen".

BRUCE LEE Erect nipple (as in, a hard Nip).

DRINK-LINK A modern term for a cashpoint machine (ATM). Named so because it is common to visit one before going out on the booze.

JOHNNY-NO-STARS A young man of substandard intelligence, the typical adolescent who works in a burger restaurant. The 'no-stars' comes from the badges displaying stars that staff at fast-food restaurants often wear to show their level of training.

MUMBLER An attractive girl in tight shorts or jeans, etc. i. e. you can see the 'lips' moving but can't quite make out what they're saying.

NELSON MANDELA Rhyming Slang for 'Stella' (the lager).

PEARL HARBOUR Cold (weather). An example of it would be - "It's a bit Pearl Harbour out here!" Meaning - there's a nasty 'nip' in the air.

RAGMAN'S COAT Untidy and unkempt pubic hair e. g. "That mumbler looks quite fit"

SALAD DODGER An excellent phrase for an overweight person.

SWAMP-DONKEY A deeply unattractive woman.

TART FUEL or BITCH PISS Bottled Alcopops, e. g. Hooch, regularly consumed by young women.

UP ON BLOCKS Menstruating i. e. out of action, a bit like a car in a garage. e. g. "I don't think I'll be in luck tonight lads, the missus is up on blocks".

WALLACE AND GROMIT Rhyming Slang for 'vomit'.

WYNONA RYDER Rhyming Slang for 'cider'. e. g. "Pint of Wynona, half a Nelson and a bottle of tart fuel please Doreen".



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