



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #74 June 2003

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.
23rd June 03	1305	<i>The Greyhound, Keymer</i>	5/20	317 153 <i>George & John Baxter</i>	01273 835758
<p><i>Directions: A23 to A273, then right at Stone Pound traffic lights. Pub on right about 1.25 miles. Est 10 mins.</i> LONGEST (HASH) NIGHT SPECIAL! Quick beer for the stamp at the pub then Barbecue afterwards at Pooh Corner, Hurstpierpoint to mark George's birthday and send John on his way for a few months.</p>					
30th June 03	1306	<i>Laughing Fish, Isfield</i>	6/20	452 173 <i>Alan & Alison Deacon</i>	01273 382526
<p><i>Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.</i></p>					
7th July 03	1307	<i>Royal Oak, Lewes</i>	7/20	<i>Ed & Pete</i>	01273 884283
<p><i>Directions: Follow A27 east to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout A277 to traffic lights. Straight on along high street and left at next junction (Fisher Street). Right and park in Needlemakers car park. Est. 15 mins.</i></p>					
14th July 03	1308	<i>Jack & Jill, Clayton</i>	8/20	299 143 <i>Pete Beard</i>	01273 887579
<p><i>Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.</i></p>					
21st July 03	1309	<i>Fireman's Arms, Five Ash Down</i>	9/20	478 238 <i>Don & Theresa</i>	01273 385637
<p><i>Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout on to A26. Left at next stay on A26 to Maresfield. Right on A272, 2nd left and pub is on right. Est. 30 mins.</i></p>					
28th July 03	1310	<i>Brewers Arms, Lewes</i>	10/10 Halfway!	414 096 <i>Julia, Sasha & Dave</i>	01273 479200
<p><i>Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. A277 to traffic lights. Pub on right just past chicane. 15 mins. Parking tricky.</i></p>					

Receding Hareline:

- 4th August 2003 Joint EGH3 hares Coolbox and Madonna (Diana & Paul)
- 11th August 2003 Bouncer's Photo hash from Southover Street, Hangover, Brighton - 3 pubs to choose from!
- 1st September 2003 Run from PeP followed by bonfire etc. beers at Royal Oak, Wivelsfield

See inside for full details of the Brighton Hash 25th Anniversary summer tour

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

What a gig...

Well your scribe has only gone and done it. Once bitten, twice .. smitten! and now the Angel and the Bouncer are united as an Angelic Bouncer, nah, a bouncing Angel sounds far more appealing!

I have to say you really are all very naughty indeed. I distinctly remember saying in the car park after the hash at Ardingly that "just because this is my last hash as a single man does not mean to say you should all go buying me loads of drinks in the pub". I even went so far as to add that "...especially as I'm not driving" a couple of minutes later. Such disobedience not only got me in trouble with Wiggy who had to get up at 4 o'clock the next day (& was already slightly cross with me for giving away his emergency bottoms to the far too 'campy' dressed Venom), but also Gabs who had to put up with my beery/whisky breath.

We had an amazing day in the finest BH7 tradition of "none of that public school hoyty toyty organisation cr@p" and especially appreciated was the hash guard of honour as we arrived at the church in Chipmonks 2CV, Betty bedecked with plastic flowers and socks (I think?) filled with garlic. Hope everyone enjoyed the evening as much as we did even though our energy levels seemed to last better than expected and all too soon Gabs was seen wandering off with a banoffee pie, totally oblivious to the fact that she was going to have to cycle the downs link in the morning!

Photo hash 11th August - Southover Street, Hannover, Brighton. So what is a Photo Hash?

What the hell has Bouncer dreamed up now I can hear you crying. Going back a few years now I ran with Edinburgh TNT hash and was impressed with this concept which seems ideally suited to a city centre with loads of well known sites such as Brighton.

At the start of the hash numbered envelopes are handed around the pack (with a bias to out of towners and slower runners). When the first envelope is opened a photo is revealed and it's heads together to identify the 'landmark' before charging off to it using whatever route you think most appropriate i.e. slower runners take a direct route, FRB's extend it a little for a longer run. Making sure all the envelopes are there, the second one may now be opened and so on. It's a good idea to 'buddy up' so that everybody knows where they're off to next as some may not be as familiar as others with the town, however, there will also be an emergency envelope with a full list of the 'checks' and a map, although there will be a 'forfeit' for whoever decides to open this. Southover Street offers the ideal location for the current trail as there are no less than three pubs within 200 yards of each other - **Sir Charles Napier, Dover Castle and the Greys**. Hopefully the photo hash will go well and we will have time to visit all three which won't half boost the passports, or you can choose your favourite and just stay there!

ON ON Bouncer

On the subject of which, WE did actually make it to the champagne stop the following day so if we could, what the hell happened to everyone else? Only Huge from BH7 did the actual hash trail and that somewhat on his own terms (so no change there...), although barely surprising as the rest of the pack of W&Nkers couldn't match his local knowledge. Actually I say that but I'm still not sure how far Money Penny got on his late start, & several ran near (Gotlost/Aunty/Wigs).

Mr. & Mrs. Chopper were there for the apres in which Wiggy received a down-down for judging the W&NK on his experience of social intercourse with a hasher known quite rightly as Titanic Dickhead at our BBQ last year. Then we had cake and went to the pub...

No report yet on the relay although as usual Phil's team will have won due to Phil's latest scoring system! Maybe we can get back to the proper route next year. Maybe we can try to avoid it clashing with a big event. Maybe we can join in too!

BH7 goes SILVER - 25 years. What a day we had for the hash big birthday. Nice run, good weather, great grub, bbq & salad, and a nice sized party of c.50 plus with kids! Huge thanks to Phil Pete Rik Nigel Jo and everyone else who contributed to what was a great day in a cool location which we must use again.

25th anniversary summer tour

Hey wow this thing is actually working and we're already $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way towards the free celebration t-shirts. Please check the pub does food as we've ended up with sandwiches a chips a couple of times now, and at £4 (plus another 20p if Ivan is involved) value for money has not been highly demonstrated. So far unused:

Brighton Basketmakers Arms, Bugle, Engineer/Argyle, Evening Star, Hand-in-Hand, Lord Nelson, Prestonville
Burgess Hill Water Mill
Cooksbridge Pump House
Cuckfield Ship Inn
Firle Ram
Glynde Trevor Arms
Hove Eclipse
Lewes Black Horse, Gardener's Arms, Lewes Arms, White Star
Newick Crown (*nb: still available as we ran from Lindfield*)
Portslade Stanley Arms
Rodmell Abergavenny Arms
Rottingdean Black Horse
Seaford Wellington
Shoreham-by-Sea Buckingham Arms, Red Lion
Southwick Schooner

If you wish to run your own passport just ask. I am hoping to sort out a pub crawl in Lewes if anyone's interested and there are also a couple of bus tours on 12th July and 30th August to outlying pubs - see passports for details.

Secrets to a Happy Marriage

1. It is important to find a woman that cooks and cleans.
2. It is important to find a woman that makes good money.
3. It is important to find a woman that likes to have s*x. and MOST important....
4. It is important that these three women never meet



Didn't Gabrielle look a treat!

Three virgin daughters:

A Mother had 3 virgin daughters. They were all getting married within a short time period. Because Mum was a bit worried about how their s*x life would get started, she made them all promise to send a postcard from the honeymoon with a few words on how marital s*x felt.

The first girl sent a card from Hawaii two days after the wedding. The card said nothing but "Nescafe." Mum was puzzled at first, but then went to the kitchen and got out the Nescafe jar. It said: "Good til the last drop." Mum blushed, but was pleased for her daughter.

The second girl sent the card from Vermont a week after the wedding, and the card read: "Benson & Hedges." Mum now knew to go straight to her husbands' cigarettes, and she read from the Benson & Hedges pack: "Extra Long King Size," She was again slightly embarrassed but still happy for her daughter.

The third girl left for her honeymoon in the Caribbean. Mum waited for a week, nothing. Another week went by and still nothing. Then after a whole month, a card finally arrived. Written on it with shaky hand writing were the words "British Airways," Mum took out her latest Harper's Bazaar magazine, flipped through the pages fearing the worst, and finally found the ad for BA.

The ad said: "Three times a day, seven days a week, both ways." Mum fainted

Most married couples mainly argue about two things, s*x and money. So agree the price before you start.

Nowadays 80% of women are against marriage as they have wised up to the fact that for 200 grams of sausage it's not worth buying the entire pig!

LOVE is when ...	LUST is when ...	MARRIAGE is when ...
your eyes meet across a crowded room.	your tongues meet across a crowded room.	you try to lose your spouse in a crowded room.
intercourse is called "making love."	intercourse is called "skrewing."	intercourse is a town in America.
you argue over how many kids to have.	you argue over who gets the wet spot.	you argue whose idea it was to have kids.
you share everything you own.	you steal everything they own.	the bank owns everything.
it doesn't matter if you don't climax.	the relationship is over if you don't climax	... uh ... what's a climax?
you phone each other just to say, "Hi."	you phone each other to pick a hotel room.	you phone each other to bitch about work.
you write poems about your partner.	all you write is your phone number.	all you write is checks.
your only concern is for your partners feelings.	your only concern is to find a room with mirrors all around.	you're only concern is what's on TV.
you are proud to be seen in public with your partner.	you only see each other naked.	you never see each other awake.
your heart flutters every time you meet	your groin twitches every time you meet.	your wallet empties every time you meet.
all the songs on the radio describe exactly how you feel.	the song on the radio determines how you do it.	you listen to talk radio.
breaking up is something you try not to think about.	staying together is something you try not to think about.	just getting through the day is your only thought.
you're only interested in doing things with your partner.	you're only interested in doing things TO your partner.	you're only interested in your golf score.
a rainy day means more time to stay inside and talk.	a rainy day means more time to stay inside and have s*x.	a rainy day means it's time to clean the basement.
You only leave the house to buy coffee and doughnuts.	You only leave the house to buy condoms and Vaseline.	You only leave the house when you're allowed.

Support Your Wife - advice received by Bouncer (from his future self?) for a long and happy life!

It is important for men to remember that as women grow older it becomes harder for them to maintain the same quality of housekeeping they did when they were younger. When men notice this, they should try not to yell. Let me relate how I handle the situation.

When I retired four years ago, it became necessary for Gabrielle to get a full-time job both for extra income and for health insurance benefits that we need. She was a trained nurse when we met some years ago and was fortunate to land a job at the local medical center. It was shortly after she started working at this job that I noticed that she was beginning to show her age.

I usually get home from hashing or the pub about the same time she gets home from work. Although she knows how hungry I am, she almost always says that she has to rest for half an hour or so before she starts supper. I try not to yell at her when this happens. Instead, I tell her to take her time. I understand that she is not as young as she used to be. I just tell her to wake me when she finally does get supper on the table.

She used to wash and dry the dishes as soon as we finished eating. It is now not unusual for them to sit on the table for several hours after supper. I do what I can by reminding her several times each evening that they aren't cleaning themselves. I know she appreciates this, as it does seem to help her get them done before she goes to bed.

Our washer and dryer are in the basement. When she was younger, Gabrielle used to be able to go up and down the stairs all day and not get tired. Now that she is older she seems to get tired so much more quickly. Sometimes she says she just can't make another trip down those steps. I don't make a big issue of this. As long as she finishes up the laundry the next evening I am willing to overlook it.

Not only that, but unless I need something ironed to wear to the Monday's hash or to Wednesday's or Sunday's lads social or to Tuesday's or Thursday's office do or something like that, I will tell her to wait until the next evening to do the ironing. This gives her a little more time to do some of those odds and ends things like shampooing the dog, vacuuming, or dusting.

Also, if I have had a really good day hashing, this allows her to clean my shoes at a more leisurely pace. Gabrielle is starting to complain a little occasionally. Not often, mind you, but just enough for me to notice. For example, she will say that it is difficult for her to find time to pay the monthly bills during her lunch hour.

In spite of her complaining, I continue to try to offer encouragement. I tell her to stretch it out over two or even three days. That way she won't have to rush so much. I also remind her that missing lunch completely now and then wouldn't hurt her any, if you know what I mean.

When doing simple jobs she seems to think she needs more rest periods than she used to have to take. A couple of weeks ago she said she had to take a break when she was only half finished mowing the yard. I overlook comments like these because I realize it's just age talking.

In fact, I try to not embarrass her when she needs these little extra rest breaks. I tell her to fix herself a nice, big, cold glass of freshly squeezed lemonade and just sit for a while, tell her that as long as she is making one for herself, she may as well make one for me and take her break by the hammock so she can talk with me until I fall asleep.

I could go on and on, but I think you know where I'm coming from. I know that I probably look like a saint in the way I support Gabrielle on a daily basis.

Gabrielle always enjoys a walk in the countryside to relax, and we can collect straw for the bedding plants at the same time!



I'm not saying that the ability to show this much consideration is easy. Many men will find it difficult. Some will find it impossible.

No one knows better than I do how frustrating women can become as they get older. My purpose in writing this is simply to suggest that you make the effort. I realize that achieving the exemplary level of showing consideration I have attained is out of reach for the average man. However guys, even if you just yell at your wife a little less often because of this article, I will consider that writing it was worthwhile.

Note: This article was found next to the author's body. The cause of death is still under investigation.

FROM THE ARCHIVES – published in #6 – Jul .93 Bird may have been sacrificed by cult

A BIRD was sacrificed by what police say may have been a satanic cult off the (Fayetteville) Central Business District Loop near railroad tracks early Monday, September 24th.

The bird was found lying in the middle of a circle drawn in powder on the right shoulder of the westbound loop about 7:40 a.m.

The bird's heart appeared to have been removed, according to the police.

Two plastic streamers were fastened to rocks, at the top and bottom of the circle. – Fayetteville Times, N. Carolina 1990

Carolina Trash Hashers reply:

TWO DOGS F and Stumpslayer were the hares for the Hash run on Sunday 23 Sep. We were on a bridge with a long view down the railroad tracks waiting for all the other runners to show up. On the bridge we put the normal circle with an X in it with flour marking a check point for the runners.

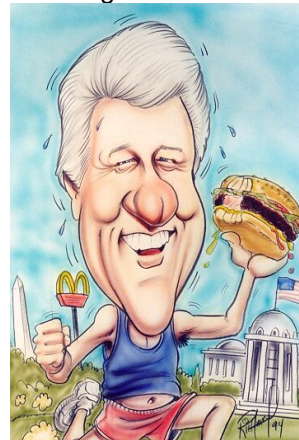
While we were killing time Stumpslayer found an old dead bird and stuck it in the circle. He also had a red and green streamer. Well! Two Dogs F thought, like boats or aircraft (Right-Red-Return), we would put the ribbons down to mark we went to the right. We looked at it. Said it did look strange. But left it anyway.

In Tuesday's paper we found the above article.
(Silly w@nkers – Ed)

US President Slick Willie gets his VIH Hash Card

"SLICK WILLIE" ran with Little Rock HHH occasionally. He was once spotted on American Channel 7 dishing out presents to kids wearing a hash t-shirt.

Harrier International's Magic was quick to send him a complimentary World Hash Handbook (for his personal use and his G-men joggers) during their forthcoming travels. Also included were an HI magazine subscription for in-flight reading aboard *Air Force On*. And an individual Hash Card bearing his Hash-name "SLICK WILLIE" c/o the Washington Waffle House.



Hi Half Minds,

"HARE OF THE DOG", the definitive book of History, Humour and Hell-raising from the Hash worldwide is now available. It includes a chapter on UK Hashtory - including interviews with the founders of all the earliest English clubs - plus anecdotes from some w@nkers you're sure to know. Here's what some people (who were only bribed relatively small amounts!) have to say about it: "It certainly deserves a place on every Hasher's bookshelf." – Gordon 'Prof' Williams, UK Hashtorian, Bicester H3. "The best source of Hash history and trivia ever. We recommend keeping it on the cr@pper and reading it while taking a dump." – Mr Jackson, Rumson H3, USA. The most comprehensive collection of Hash traditions and anecdotes yet published. This volume exceeds in many ways any Hash volume that has gone before it in capturing the 'essence of the Hash' ... it is worth every penny." - Larry 'Stray Dog' McDowell, Editor, Global Trash. "What a triumph for Hash publishing! A mark of genius." – Ian Cumming, Singapore H3 founder, NY H3 founder. Still not convinced??? Gee, tough crowd. Go to <http://www.hash-onon.com> for sneak previews, Hash links, a list of contributors and unedited transcripts of the interviews with some of the most unimportant people in Hashtory, and a whole lot less. ON!ON! Stu 'The Colonel' Lloyd, JM, Sydney H3. <http://www.hardshiposting.com>

PS: You won't find this on the book shelf in the UK: only online from <http://www.hash-onon.com> . (Writer's royalties go to charities in Goa and the Hash Heritage Foundation in Malaysia.)

WORLD INTERHASH IN UK - July 23rd to 25th 2004.

The 'UK Hash Season' is now well under way, and time to remind you that the 14th World Interhash will be held in Cardiff on the above dates. THIS IS A FANTASTIC AND POSSIBLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL HASHERS IN THE UK AND THE REST OF EUROPE to attend and experience SUCH A MASSIVE EVENT with fellow HASHERS OF ALL RACES AND CULTURES. There may never be another chance for so many of us to attend an Interhash so cheaply, remembering that we would have very low travel costs and we can also accommodate ourselves at Budget prices.

And it doesn't have to stop at just the main event as Buzby from the UK and Higgins from Belgium are putting together an exciting package of Pre and Post runs to enable you all to extend your visit into a Carnival of WORLD Hashing.

The price until the end of this month (May 2003) is £115.... and remember, it's going up at the rate of £5 every month until the event, so I invite you to register early OK, what are you waiting for, go to the official Interhash website at <http://www.h3onon.org/IH2004/ih2004MAIN.htm> NOW for more information and a registration form!!

ON - ON GBH (Chairman, World Interhash Committee 2004)
gbhl@btinternet.com

Dear Bouncer!

We are off to Hungary for three months this Tuesday. I am sorry I have not been hashing lately, but trying to finish off all my work prior to going away and packing for the trip has all but nearly killed me, so I have not had the time or energy to go running at all. Could you pass my good byes round the hash please and let them know that I will be thinking of them. I might even look up a hash in and around Budapest, although we will be spending most of our time in the village. I have pasted below my contact details in Hungary for anyone who wants to get in touch and/or visit. You are all welcome any time.

All the best!

Julianna

PS: Contact details in Hungary:

Address: 3045 Ber, Kossuth ut 54, Hungary

Landline: 0036 32486156

Mobile: 0036 30 324 8666

E-mail: grant.julianna@drotposta.hu

Lundy Island Hash run number 17 will be on 9th August 2003.
Details and registration at: www.bristolhash.org.uk/lundy
Please advertise this at your hash. Thanks, On On Tablewhine

An American view but maybe we should ask just why our Government supported them?

Is There Anything Left That Matters? by Joan Chittister, OSB

This is what I don't understand: All of a sudden nothing seems to matter.

First, they said they wanted Bin Laden "dead or alive." But they didn't get him. So now they tell us that it doesn't matter. Our mission is greater than one man.

Then they said they wanted Saddam Hussein, "dead or alive." He's apparently alive but we haven't got him yet, either. However, President Bush told reporters recently, "It doesn't matter. Our mission is greater than one man."

Finally, they told us that we were invading Iraq to destroy their weapons of mass destruction. Now they say those weapons probably don't exist. Maybe never existed. Apparently that doesn't matter either.

Except that it does matter.

I know we're not supposed to say that. I know it's called "unpatriotic." But it's also called honesty. And dishonesty matters. It matters that the infrastructure of a foreign nation that couldn't defend itself against us has been destroyed on the grounds that it was a military threat to the world. It matters that it was destroyed by us under a new doctrine of "pre-emptive war" when there was apparently nothing worth pre-empting. It surely matters to the families here whose sons went to war to make the world safe from weapons of mass destruction and will never come home. It matters to families in the United States whose life support programs were ended, whose medical insurance ran out, whose food stamps were cut off, whose day care programs were eliminated so we could spend the money on sending an army to do what did not need to be done. It matters to the Iraqi girl whose face was burned by a lamp that toppled over as a result of a U.S. bombing run. It matters to Ali, the Iraqi boy who lost his family - and both his arms - in a U.S. air attack. It matters to the people in Baghdad whose water supply is now fetid, whose electricity is gone, whose streets are unsafe, whose 158 government ministries' buildings and all their records have been destroyed, whose cultural heritage and social system has been looted and whose cities teem with anti-American protests. It matters that the people we say we "liberated" do not feel liberated in the midst of the lawlessness, destruction and wholesale social suffering that so-called liberation created. It matters to the United Nations whose integrity was impugned, whose authority was denied, whose inspection teams are even now still being overlooked in the process of technical evaluation and disarmament. It matters to the reputation of the United States in the eyes of the world, both now and for decades to come, perhaps. And surely it matters to the integrity of this nation whether or not its intelligence gathering agencies have any real intelligence or not before we launch a military armada on its say-so. And it should matter whether or not our government is either incompetent and didn't know what they were doing or were dishonest and refused to say. The unspoken truth is that either as a people we were misled, or we were lied to, about the real reason for this war. Either we made a huge - and unforgivable - mistake, an arrogant or ignorant mistake, or we are swaggering around the world like a blind giant, flailing in all directions while the rest of the world watches in horror or in ridicule.

If Bill Clinton's definition of "is" matters, surely this matters. If a president's s*x life matters, surely a president's use of global force against some of the weakest people in the world matters. If a president's word in a court of law about a private indiscretion matters, surely a president's word to the community of nations and the security of millions of people matters. And if not, why not? If not, surely there is something as wrong with us as citizens, as thinkers, as Christians as there must be with some facet of the government. If wars that the public says are wrong yesterday - as over 70% of U.S. citizens did before the attack on Iraq - suddenly become "right" the minute the first bombs drop, what kind of national morality is that? Of what are we really capable as a nation if the considered judgment of politicians and people around the world means nothing to us as a people? What is the depth of the American soul if we can allow destruction to be done in our name and the name of "liberation" and never even demand an accounting of its costs, both personal and public, when it is over? We like to take comfort in the notion that people make a distinction between our government and ourselves. We like to say that the people of the world love Americans, they simply mistrust our government. But excoriating a distant and anonymous "government" for wreaking rubble on a nation in pretense of good requires very little of either character or intelligence. What may count most, however, is that we may well be the ones Proverbs warns when it reminds us: "Kings take pleasure in honest lips; they value the one who speaks the truth." The point is clear: If the people speak and the king doesn't listen, there is something wrong with the king. If the king acts precipitously and the people say nothing, something is wrong with the people.

It may be time for us to realize that in a country that prides itself on being democratic, we are our government. And the rest of the world is figuring that out very quickly.

From where I stand, that matters.



*Public Health Warning - B.A.R.S.

The Hong Kong Government has issued a health warning regarding a newly discovered disease which is rapidly spreading throughout the world. The disease is B.A.R.S. (Beer & Alcohol Requirement Syndrome) and effects people of many different ages. Believed to have started in Ireland in 1500 BC, the disease seems to effect people who congregate in Pubs and Taverns. It is yet unknown how the disease is transmitted but approximately three billion people world-wide have been affected, with new cases being discovered every day. Early symptoms of the disease include an uncontrollable urge at 5:00 p.m. to consume a beer or alcoholic beverage. This urge is most keenly felt on Fridays. More advanced symptoms of the disease include singing loudly off-key, heightened s*xual attraction (even towards hideous targets), and loud laughter. Sometimes in this stage, deaths have occurred, usually accompanied by the victim shouting, "Hey Bob, watch this!" In the final stages of the disease, victims are often cross-eyed and spout sayings like, "Goony Goo Goo", or "I gaga go home". Vomiting is a frequent symptom at this stage. If you develop any of these symptoms, it is important that you quarantine yourself in a bar until last call. Your diligence in containing the B.A.R.S. outbreak is greatly appreciated.

'TIME-TRAVELER' BUSTED FOR INSIDER TRADING

Wednesday March 19, 2003

By CHAD KULTGEN

NEW YORK -- Federal investigators have arrested an enigmatic Wall Street wiz on insider-trading charges -- and incredibly, he claims to be a time-traveler from the year 2256!

Sources at the Security and Exchange Commission confirm that 44-year-old Andrew Carlssin offered the bizarre explanation for his uncanny success in the stock market after being led off in handcuffs on January 28.

"We don't believe this guy's story -- he's either a lunatic or a pathological liar," says an SEC insider.

"But the fact is, with an initial investment of only \$800, in two weeks' time he had a portfolio valued at over \$350 million.

Every trade he made capitalized on unexpected business developments, which simply can't be pure luck.

"The only way he could pull it off is with illegal inside information. He's going to sit in a jail cell on Rikers Island until he agrees to give up his sources."

The past year of nose-diving stock prices has left most investors crying in their beer. So when Carlssin made a flurry of 126 high-risk trades and came out the winner every time, it raised the eyebrows of Wall Street watchdogs.

"If a company's stock rose due to a merger or technological breakthrough that was supposed to be secret, Mr. Carlssin somehow knew about it in advance," says the SEC source close to the hush-hush, ongoing investigation.

When investigators hauled Carlssin in for questioning, they got more than they bargained for: A mind-boggling four-hour confession.

Carlssin declared that he had traveled back in time from over 200 years in the future, when it is common knowledge that our era experienced one of the worst stock plunges in history. Yet anyone armed with knowledge of the handful of stocks destined to go through the roof could make a fortune.

"It was just too tempting to resist," Carlssin allegedly said in his videotaped confession. "I had planned to make it look natural, you know, lose a little here and there so it doesn't look too perfect. But I just got caught in the moment."

In a bid for leniency, Carlssin has reportedly offered to divulge "historical facts" such as the whereabouts of Osama Bin Laden and a cure for AIDS.

All he wants is to be allowed to return to the future in his "time craft."

However, he refuses to reveal the location of the machine or discuss how it works, supposedly out of fear the technology could "fall into the wrong hands."

Officials are quite confident the "time-traveler's" claims are bogus. Yet the SEC source admits, "No one can find any record of any Andrew Carlssin existing anywhere before December 2002."

Weekly World News will continue to follow this story as it unfolds. Keep watching for further developments.

SKY HIGH NONSENSE

If Airlines Sold Paint

Customer: Hi. How much is your paint?

Clerk: Well, sir, that all depends on quite a lot of things.

Customer: Can you give me a guess? Is there an average price?

Clerk: Our lowest price is £12 a gallon, and we have 60 different prices up to £200 a gallon.

Customer: What's the difference in the paint?

Clerk: Oh, there isn't any difference; it's all the same paint.

Customer: Well, then I'd like some of that £12 paint.

Clerk: When do you intend to use the paint?

Customer: I want to paint tomorrow. It's my day off.

Clerk: Sir, the paint for tomorrow is the £200 paint.

Customer: When would I have to paint to get the £12 paint?

Clerk: You would have to start very late at night in about 3 weeks. But you will have to agree to start painting before Friday of that week and continue painting until at least Sunday.

Customer: You've got to be kidding!

Clerk: I'll check and see if we have any paint available.

Customer: You have shelves FULL of paint! I can see it!

Clerk: But it doesn't mean that we have paint available. We sell only a certain number of gallons on any given weekend.

Oh, and by the way, the price per gallon just went to £16. We don't have any more £12 paint.

Customer: The price went up as we were talking?

Clerk: Yes, sir. We change the prices and rules hundreds of times a day, and since you haven't actually walked out of the store with your paint yet, we just decided to change. I suggest you purchase your paint as soon as possible. How many gallons do you want?

Customer: Well, maybe five gallons. Make that six, so I'll have enough.

Clerk: Oh no, sir, you can't do that. If you buy paint and don't use it, there are penalties and possible confiscation of the paint you already have.

Customer: WHAT?

Clerk: We can sell enough paint to do your kitchen, bathroom, hall and north bedroom, but if you stop painting before you do the bed-room, you will lose your remaining gallons of paint.

Customer: What does it matter whether I use all the paint? I already paid you for it!

Clerk: We make plans based upon the idea that all our paint is used, every drop. If you don't, it causes us all sorts of problems.

Customer: This is crazy!! I suppose something terrible happens if I don't keep painting until after Saturday night!

Clerk: Oh yes! Every gallon you bought automatically becomes the £200 paint.

Customer: But what are all these "Paint on sale from £10 a liter" signs?

Clerk: Well that's for our budget paint. It only comes in half-gallons. One £5 half-gallon will do half a room. The second half-gallon to complete the room is £20. None of the cans have labels, some are empty and there are no refunds, even on the empty cans.

Customer: To hell with this! I'll buy what I need somewhere else!

Clerk: I don't think so, sir. You may be able to buy paint for your bathroom and bedrooms, and your kitchen and dining room from someone else, but you won't be able to paint your connecting hall and stairway from anyone but us. And I should point out sir, that if you paint in only one direction, it will be £300 a gallon.

Customer: I thought your most expensive paint was £200!

Clerk: That's if you paint around the room to the point at which you started. A hallway is different.


Customer: And if I buy £200 paint for the hall, but only paint in one direction, you'll confiscate the remaining paint.


Clerk: No, we'll charge you an extra use fee plus the difference on your next gallon of paint. But I believe you're getting it now, sir.

Customer: You're insane!

Clerk: Thanks for painting with Delta (or American or United or Continental or Whoever)

an actual drawing,
handed to a flight
attendant on a
Qantas flight by
an 8 yr old girl



dear Captain
My name is Nicola im 8
years old. this is my first
flight but im not scared. I
like to watch the clouds go
by. My mum says the crew is
nice. I think your plane is
good. thanks for a nice flight
dont fuck up the landing
 LUV Nicola
Xx xX

Why we should feel sorry for tech support people:

A woman called the Canon help desk with a problem with her printer. The tech asked her if she was "running it under Windows." The woman then responded, "No, my desk is next to the door. But that is a good point. The man sitting in the cubicle next to me is under a window, and his is working fine."

Tech Support: "OK Bob, let's press the control and escape keys at the same time. That brings up a task list in the middle of the screen. Now type the letter 'P' to bring up the Program Manager."

Customer: "I don't have a 'P'."

TS: "On your keyboard, Bob."

C: "What do you mean?"

TS: "'P' on your keyboard, Bob."

C: "I'm not going to do that!"

Overheard in a computer shop:

Customer: "I'd like a mouse mat, please."

Salesperson: "Certainly sir, we've got a large variety."

C: "But will they be compatible with my computer?"

I once received a fax with a note on the bottom to fax the document back to the sender when I was finished with it, because he needed to keep it.

Customer: "Can you copy the Internet for me on this diskette?"

I work for a local ISP. Frequently we receive phone calls that start something like this: Customer: "Hi. Is this the Internet?" Some people pay for their online services with checks made payable to "The Internet."

Customer: "So that'll get me connected to the Internet, right?"

Tech Support: "Yeah."

C: "And that's the latest version of the Internet, right?"

TS: "Uhh...uh...uh...yeah."

Tech Support: "All right double-click on the File Manager icon."

Customer: "That's why I hate this Windows -- because of the icons -- I'm a Protestant, and I don't believe in icons."

TS: "Well, that's just an industry term sir. I don't believe it was meant to --"

C: "I don't care about any 'Industry Terms'. I don't believe in icons."

TS: "Well...why don't you click on the 'little picture' of a file cabinet...is 'little picture' OK?" [click]

Customer: "My computer crashed!"

Tech Support: "It crashed?"

C: "Yeah, it won't let me play my game."

TS: "All right, hit Control-Alt-Delete to reboot."

C: "No, it didn't crash -- it crashed."

TS: "Huh?"

C: "I crashed my game. That's what I said before. I crashed my spaceship and now it doesn't work."

TS: "Click on 'File,' then 'New Game.'"

C: [pause] "Wow! How'd you learn how to do that?"

Young Judy, the editor of a trivia publication, was having trouble with her computer. So she called John, the computer guy, over to her desk. John clicked a few buttons and solved the problem. As he was walking away, Judy called after him, "So, what was wrong?"

And he replied, "It was an ID ten T error."

A puzzled expression ran riot over Judy's face. "An ID ten T error? What's that ... in case I need to fix it again??"

He gave her a grin... .. "Haven't you ever heard of an ID ten T error before?"

"No," replied Judy.

"Write it down," he said, "and I think you'll figure it out."

(She wrote...) I D 1 0 T



"You should check your e-mails more often. I fired you over three weeks ago."

You know it's time to reassess your relationship with your computer when...

1. You wake up at 4 o'clock in the morning to go to the bathroom and stop to check your email on the way back to bed.
2. You turn off your computer and get an awful empty feeling, as if you just pulled the plug on a loved one.
3. You decide to stay in college for an additional year or two, just for the free Internet access.
4. You laugh at people with 28.8 modems.
5. You start using smileys :-) in your snail mail.
6. You find yourself typing "com" after every period when using a word processor.com
7. You can't correspond with your mother because she doesn't have a computer.
8. Your email box shows "no new messages" and you feel really depressed.
9. You don't know the gender of your three closest friends because they have nondescript screen name and you never bothered to ask.
10. You move into a new house and you decide to Netscape before you landscape.
11. Your family always knows where you are.
12. In real life conversations, you don't laugh, you just say "LOL, LOL."
13. After reading this message, you immediately forward it to a friend!

Essential additions for the workplace vocabulary:

404 - Someone who's clueless. From the World Wide Web error message "404 Not Found," meaning that the requested document could not be located. "Don't bother asking him . . . he's 404, man."

ADMINISPHERE - The rarefied organisational layers beginning just above the rank and file. Decisions that fall from the adminisphere are often profoundly inappropriate or irrelevant to the problems they were designed to solve.

ALPHA GEEK - The most knowledgeable, technically proficient person in an office or work group.

ASSMOSIS - The process by which some people seem to absorb success and advancement by kissing up to the boss rather than working hard.

BLAMESTORMING - Sitting around in a group, discussing why a deadline was missed or a project failed, and who was responsible.

CHAINSAW CONSULTANT - An outside expert brought in to reduce the employee headcount, leaving the top brass with clean hands.

CHIPS & SALSA - Chips = hardware, Salsa = software. "Well, first we gotta figure out if the problem's in your chips or your salsa."

CLM - Career Limiting Move - Used among microserfs to describe ill-advised activity. Trashing your boss while he or she is within earshot is a serious CLM.

CUBE FARM - An office filled with cubicles.

DILBERTED - To be exploited and oppressed by your boss. Derived from the experiences of Dilbert, the geek-in-hell comic strip character. "I've been dilberted again. The old man revised the specs for the fourth time this week."

FLIGHT RISK - Used to describe employees who are suspected of planning to leave a company or department soon.

GENERICA - Features of the American landscape that are exactly the same no matter where one is, such as fast food joints, strip malls, subdivisions. Used as in "We were so lost in generica that I forgot what city we were in."

GOING POSTAL - Euphemism for being totally stressed out, for losing it. Makes reference to the unfortunate track record of postal employees who have snapped and gone on shooting rampages.

GOOD JOB - A "Get-Out-Of-Debt" Job. A well-paying job people take in order to pay off their debts, one that they will quit as soon as they are solvent again.

IDEA HAMSTERS - People who always seem to have their idea generators running.

IRRITAINMENT - Entertainment and media spectacles that are annoying but you find your-self unable to stop watching them. The O.J. trials were a prime example. Bill Clinton's shameful video Grand Jury testimony is another.

MOUSE POTATO - The on-line, wired generation's answer to the couch potato.

OHNOSECOND - That minuscule fraction of time in which you realise that you've just made a BIG mistake.

PERCUSSIVE MAINTENANCE - The fine art of whacking the heck out of an electronic device to get it to work again.

PRAIRIE DOGGING - When someone yells or drops something loudly in a cube farm, and people's heads pop up over the walls

to see what's going on.

SALMON DAY - The experience of spending an entire day swimming upstream only to get skewed and die in the end.

SEAGULL MANAGER - A manager who flies in, makes a lot of noise, cr@ps on everything, and then leaves.

SITCOMS - (Single Income, Two Children, Oppressive Mortgage) What yuppies turn into when they have children and one of them stops working to stay home with the kids.

SQUIRT THE BIRD - To transmit a signal to a satellite.

STARTER MARRIAGE - A short-lived first marriage that ends in divorce with no kids, no property and no regrets.

STRESS PUPPY - A person who seems to thrive on being stressed out and whiny.

SWIPED OUT - An ATM or credit card that has been rendered useless because the magnetic strip is worn away from extensive use.

TOURISTS - People who take training classes just to get a vacation from their jobs. "We had three serious students in the class; the rest were just tourists."

TREEWARE - Hacker slang for documentation or other printed material.

UMFRIEND - A s*xual relation of dubious standing or a concealed intimate relationship, as in "This is Dylan, my ... um ... friend."

UNINSTALLED - Euphemism for being fired. Heard on the voice-mail of a vice-president at a downsizing computer firm: "You have reached the number of an Uninstalled Vice President. Please dial our main number and ask the operator for assistance. (Syn: decruitment.)"

VULCAN NERVE PINCH - The taxing hand position required to reach all the appropriate keys for certain commands. For instance, the arm re-boot for a Mac II computer involves simultaneously pressing the Control key, the Command Key, the Return Key, and the Power On key.

WOOFYS - Well Off Older Folks.

XEROX SUBSIDY - Euphemism for swiping free photocopies from one's workplace.

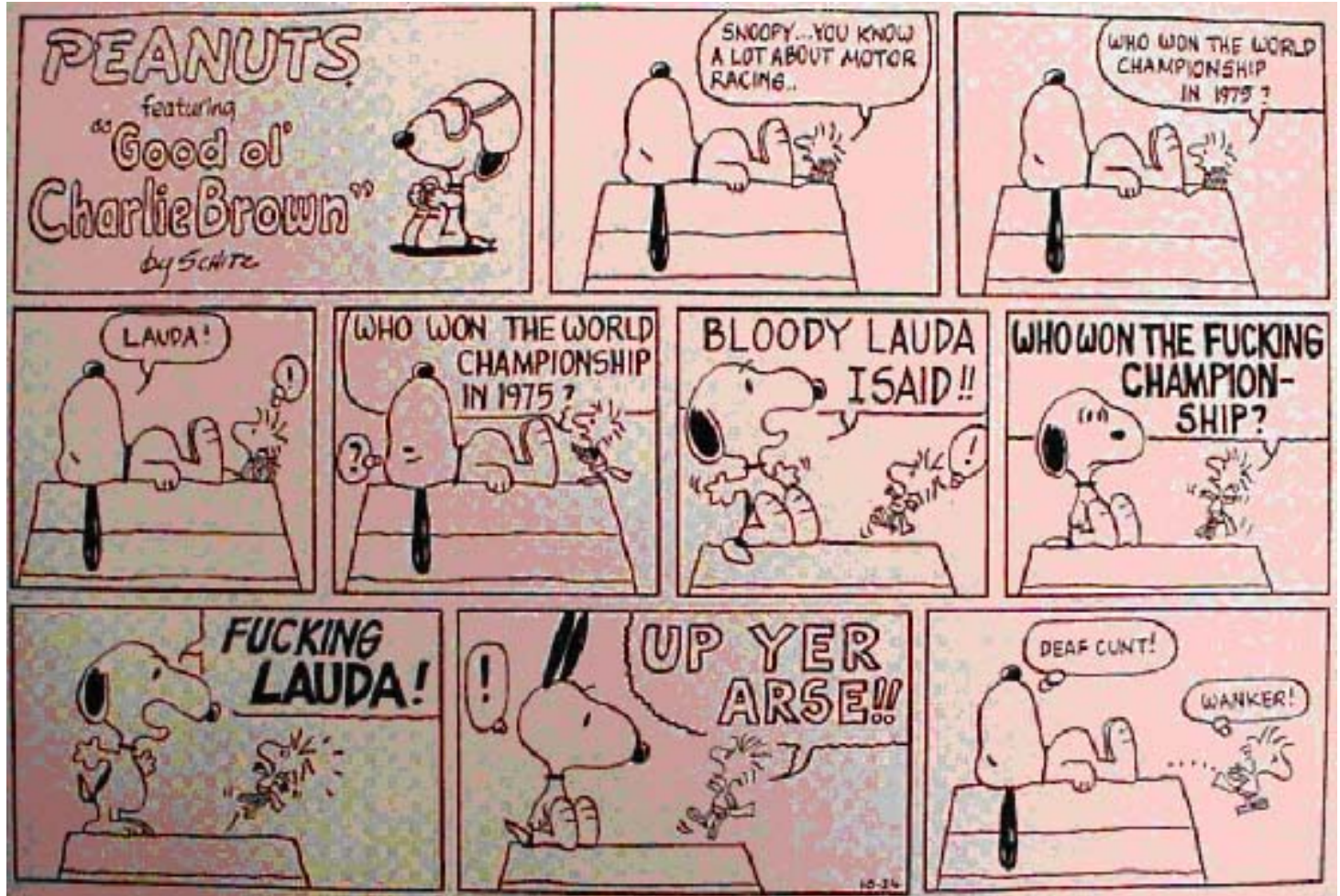
YUPPIE FOOD STAMPS - The ubiquitous \$20 bills spewed out of ATMs everywhere. Often used when trying to split the bill after a meal, "We each owe \$8, but all anybody's got are yuppie food stamps."



Modena, Italy:

The Ferrari F1 Team fired their entire Pit-Crew yesterday. The announcement was followed by Ferrari's decision to take advantage of the British Government's "Work For the Dole" Scheme and hire unemployed youths from Merseyside.

The decision to hire them was brought on by a recent documentary on how unemployed youths in Liverpool were able to remove a set of car wheels in less than 6 seconds without proper equipment, whereas Ferrari's existing crew can only do it in 8 seconds. This was thought to be an excellent yet bold move by Ferrari Management, as most races are won & lost in the pits, Ferrari would have an advantage over every team. However Ferrari expectations were easily exceeded, as during the Crew's first practice session not only were "da Boyz from Bootle" able to change the tyres in under 6 seconds, but within 12 seconds they had resprayed, rebadged, and had sold the vehicle over to the McLaren Team for four dozen Carlsberg Export six packs and a gram of coke.



Once upon a time, allegedly, in a nice little forest, there lived an orphaned bunny and an orphaned snake. By a surprising coincidence, both were blind from birth.

One day, the bunny was hopping through the forest, and the snake was slithering through the forest, when the bunny tripped over the snake and fell down.

This, of course, knocked the snake about quite a bit. "Oh, my," said the bunny, "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I've been blind since birth, so, I can't see where I'm going. In fact, since I'm also an orphan, I don't even know what I am"

"It's quite OK," replied the snake. "Actually, my story is much the same as yours. I, too, have been blind since birth, and also never knew my mother. Tell you what, maybe I could slither all over you, and work out what you are, so at least you'll have that going for you.

"Oh, that would be wonderful" replied the bunny. So the snake slithered all over the bunny, and said, "Well, you're covered with soft fur; you have really long ears; your nose twitches; and you have a soft cottony tail. I'd say that you must be a bunny."

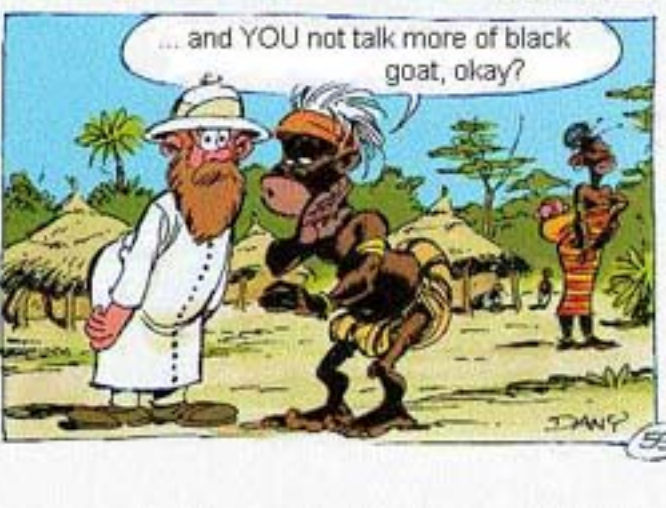
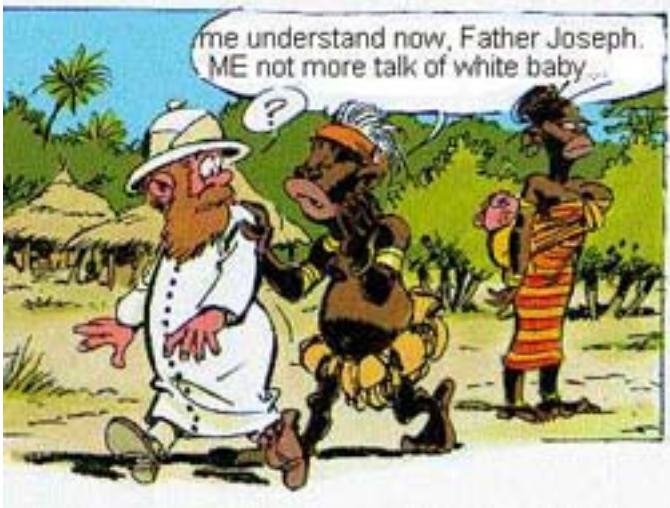
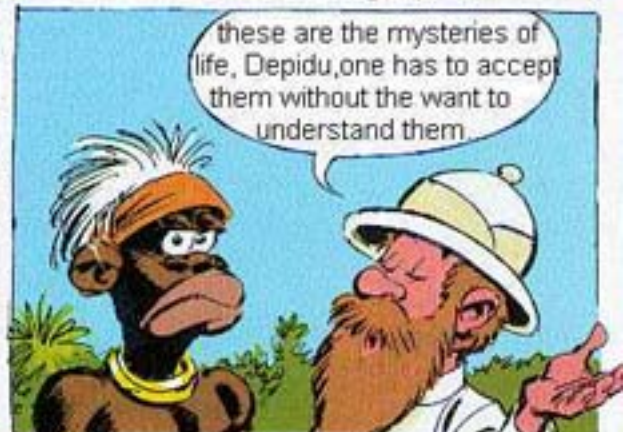
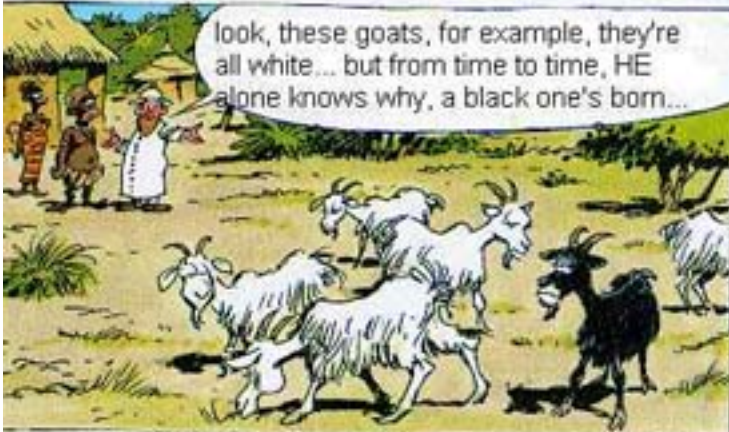
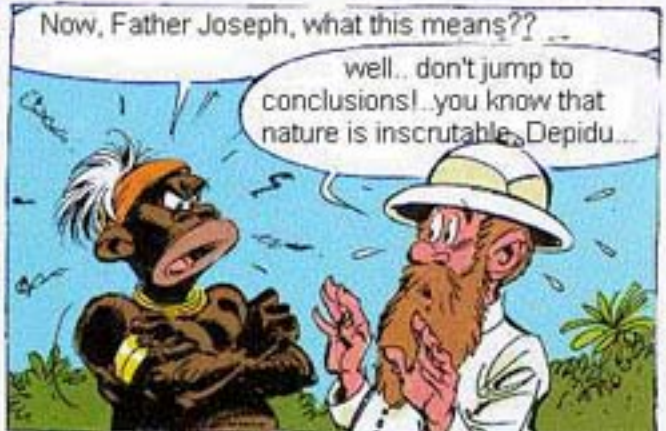
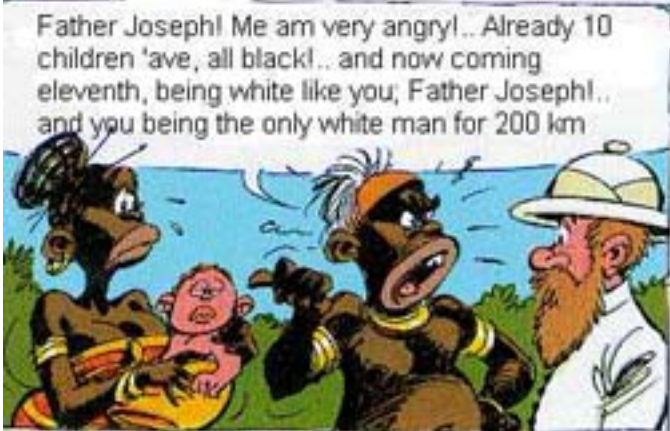
"Oh, thank you! Thank you," cried the bunny, in obvious excitement. The bunny suggested to the snake, "Maybe I could feel you all over with my paw, and help you the same way that you've helped me."

So the bunny felt the snake all over, and remarked, "Well, you've got scaly skin, no hair, no eyebrows, no nose, no lips, mmmmmm, you must be Niki Lauda!"

Alternative ending:

Hmm, no teeth, no backbone, and nothing sticks to you - you must be in management!

FATHER JOSEPH



FATHER JOSEPH

Out in deepest darkest Africa Father Joseph was going about his business, educating the natives and looking after their well being.

One day the chief's wife gave birth to a child, her 11th. To his shock Father Joseph, who was present outside the birth hut in case of complications was first to see the baby and found that it was white! This was indeed bad news as the medicine man had now a bad sign brought by the tribes own gods to show of their anger at the presence of this representative of a new religion.

The chief was away on a hunting expedition and wouldn't be back for a while so the Father had an idea. Knowing the goats in the next village were black goats he quickly went over there and brought back a couple of kids, also just a few days old. He ensured they were accepted by his own villages white goatherd, and then in case his plan failed quickly set about preparing for a rapid escape from the chiefs anger.

Sure enough, a few days later, the chief returned from the hunt and was immediately cross to discover his new child was unlike the rest. The medicine man went true to form and told him this was a sign from the gods. Bad luck was to befall the tribe unless the priest was disposed of, with his news of a new supreme god.

The chief grabbed his wife and quickly ran over to the Father, "Hey! Father Joseph..." he called, "I very upset. I already have 10 children. All black. Now 11th baby borne and is white!"

As the father started to stutter he continued, "You are only white man in 200 kilometres! You explain to me! Now Father Joseph – tell me what this means!"

Quickly putting his plan in place the Father replied "Eeehm... no hasty conclusions, Nature is unfathomable!"

He led the Chief to the herd and explained "See. All the goats are white. Only God knows why sometimes a black goat is born!"

The chief looked annoyed but listened on as the Father gradually walking back towards his hut to make good his escape in case of failure. "These are the secrets of nature. You have to accept them without understanding them!"

Preparing for the worst the Father was surprised as the chief laid a hand on his shoulder, "I understand, Father Joseph..., nature very complicated."

"You may carry on living here safe as my guest."

"One condition," the chief whispered, "I say nothing about white baby, and you say nothing about black goat, okay?"