



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #80 December 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.
1st December 03	1328		Woolpack, Burgess Hill	294 195 Martin & Tim	01273 241829
Directions: A23 north to Handcross. Right on A2300. Over 1st roundabout, then left at next. Right at next and Pub is on left hand-side about ½ mile. Est 15 mins.					

8th December 03	1329		Trevor Arms, Glyde	458 086 Dave, Niel & Chris	01273 473622
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. 1st left after Beddingham level crossing and roundabout. 1 mile on left. 15 mins.					

15th December 03	1330		Ladies Mile, Patcham	307 089 Rosemary & Sarah	01273 506571
Directions: A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. Est. 1 minute 37 seconds.					

	22nd December 03	1331	Café de Paris, 40 St. James' St., Kemptown		
	Hair by: David Evans & Tim 01273 473622 Original concept: Wiggy 01273 440578				
Directions: South on A23 into Brighton. St. James' Street is off Old Steine just before the seafront. 1st left after Eastern Avenue lights. Christmas party & annual awards.					
					
					

29th December 03	1332		Carpenters Arms, Staplefield	274 284 Don & Theresa	01273 385637
Directions: A23 north to Slaugham turn-off after Bolney. Turn right back under dual carriageway. Est 15 mins.					

5th January 04	1333		Bull, Shermanbury	211 181 Hugh Martin	01273 441611
Directions: A23 north to A281. Follow through Henfield. Pub on left just after Picnic Area. Est ¼ hr. Brilliant Pizza's! Hugh's belated 750th					

Receding hareline:

1334 12/1/04 TBA Gabrielle & Anne - Angels 100th



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

IT WAS ONLY A JOKE!

I'm referring of course to the editorial in the last issue, which was paraphrased from an old EGH3 special. You don't get rid of me that easily!

Congratulations are due to Anne who married the lovely Bob a couple of weeks ago. Must have been something to do with the man-management skills he displayed in looking after the junior Bouncers in France. That or love!

Hash is a community and I know I speak for everyone when I say how sorry we all were to hear of Helen and Tim's loss. Our hearts go out to them, Bob, Sheila, and the rest of the family, as you all come to terms with the vulnerability of life. You may not feel much like socialising for a while but if there's any way anyone in the club can offer solace we are all here whenever you need us, to offer our love or talk things through.

T-shirts from the summer tour are at last at the printers and as previously stated anyone who completed more than 5 runs between the end of May and start of October will be offered a shirt. I hope to have these by next week.

As we close in on the end of the year it is once again time for a quick retrospective, so in amongst the bits about love & marriage for Anne & Bob, Christmas and, of course, rugby, this issue sees a few items from the years events.

We should also take a quick look back over the hashing year and I've got to say what a year! I can honestly say this has been the best year weather wise I can remember (although one particular Saturday was unfavourable), and blow all those who are complaining about it not being cold enough as they've got the flu again. If you get out the door once a week a good dose of fresh air should be enough to stop all that!

As befits our 25th anniversary it seems to have been a succession of parties starting with last years Christmas party in Burgess Hill, which seemed to go well, though our sheer numbers meant we were a little crowded. Much the same applied to the Burns night celebration at Dragon's Green. What a site though to see even the hungriest of hashers falling at the post in an attempt to make an impact on the feast laid on for us. Next event was Mike Morris' big birthday bash. Great run, a lovely spread by Maureen and co. and what's more there was *Harveys* on tap!

After 2001's foot and mouth alternative the South Downs relay once again took a hash alternative. I suppose it keeps it interesting this happening every other year! Although we were unable to take part, both Gabrielle and I really enjoyed seeing you all at the finish at the church before our blessing, and then that so many hashers were able to join us for the party afterwards. All that and *Harveys* on tap (albeit briefly as our landlord let locals at it)!

June saw us all out in the sun on Ditchling Green for the 25th birthday party. Once again a great run, bbq, hash games, and the inevitable *Harveys* on tap! This was a great location and has already been booked for next years family hash so you've no excuse for missing in 2004. Just two weeks later we were partying again as we headed to George and Johns for John's farewell and the Kilimanjaro fund raiser. Best of luck with that John. Envy or what!

Other memories came rushing along like the end of this page with the ale trail, photo hash and the Lewes pub crawl, before a superb night at Pete's as he reached the big 60. Yet another great run, bonfire, massive take away curry which had the restaurant staff coming out to serve to us. Oh yeah! And *Harveys* on tap.

All this leads rather nicely in to this years Christmas do. Wiggy has come up trumps with the Café de Paris in Kemptown. We will have the downstairs function room to ourselves and with capacity for up to 150, this year more than ever, partners will be most welcome to join the party. The Café has a 1pm licence so there is plenty of time, after a run round the Brighton Christmas lights, to party the night away in your lovely new t-shirts. Food will be on a buffet basis, and of course there should be beer on tap, dare I say *Harveys*!



BOUNCER

Who's laughing now? After all the jokes and the dirty tricks campaign in the Aussie press our lads were victorious with a fantastic last minute of extra time drop kick from Golden Boots himself. You can keep football and Beckham. The Rugby World Cup is ours! Bloody shame I didn't take the 80-1 odds I was offered on the draw. Still here's a few oddball laughs...

The England teams training session was delayed today for nearly two hours at Telstra Stadium. One of the players, while on his way back to the dressing room happened to look down and notice a suspicious looking, unknown white powdery substance at the end of the field. Coach Clive Woodward immediately suspended practice while the Police were called in to investigate. After a complete field analysis, the Police determined that the white substance, unknown to the players, was the try line. Practice was resumed when the officials decided that it was unlikely that the team would encounter the substance again.

A guy walks into a bar with a dachshund under his arm. The dog is wearing an England rugby jersey and is festooned with England pom-poms. The bartender says, "Hey! No pets are allowed! You'll have to leave."

The guy begs him, "Look, I'm desperat! We're both big fans, the TV's broken at home, and this is the only place around where we can see the game." After securing a promise that the dog will behave, and warning him that he and the dog will be thrown out if there's any trouble, the bartender relents and allows them to stay in the bar and watch the game. The big game begins with the poms receiving the kickoff. They march down field, get stopped at the 22, and kick a penalty goal. Suddenly, the dog jumps up on the bar and begins walking up and down the bar giving high-fives to everyone.

The bartender says, "Wow, that is the most amazing thing I've seen! What does the dog do if they score a try?"

The owner replies, "I don't know, I've only had him for three years."

And now one from the other camp....

In 1983 3 kids were playing in the street in Sydney when they were hit by a train. They all go to heaven and God says to them, "You weren't supposed to die, you were all supposed to live out your lives. This was not your time. To make it up to you, I'll let you choose what you want to do with your life. Take a running jump off of that cloud over there, and as you're flying back down to Earth, shout out what you want to do. And so it shall be."

The 1st kid takes a running leap and shouts "Lawyer" and so, 20 years later, he is a very successful lawyer, making lots of money, with an upcoming appointment to the Bench.

The 2nd kid takes his turn and shouts "brain surgeon" and so, 20 years later, he is the most admired man in his field of medicine and making a ton of money saving lives.

The 3rd kid goes to take his turn, and as he runs he trips over his own feet and stumbles off the cloud muttering "stupid clumsy a*sehole." 20 years later, he's playing the back line for the Wallabies.

A guy comes home from rugby. A few minutes later his wife comes home from work with a new fur coat.

Her husband says "Hey how did you get this?" She says that her boss won the lottery and this is her share. This happens a few times, first the coat and then a car and then jewellery etc. One night the wife gets home really tired out and asks her husband to run her bath, which he then does. But only fills it up an inch. She gets in and says to him "Why did you put in so little water?" "Well, WE DON'T WANT YOUR LOTTERY TICKET GETTING WET NOW DO WE?!"

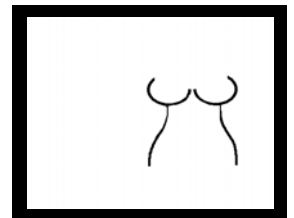
Martin Johnson, Richard Hill and Johnny Wilkinson are standing before God at the throne of heaven. God says "before I can offer you a place at my side I must ask what you believe. Martin, you first, what do you believe?" Martin Johnson says "I believe that the true life-blood of rugby is in its supporters, and I commend those willing souls who stand on the terraces supporting their clubs". God is impressed and offers him the vacant seat on his left.

He looks at Richard Hill: "Richard, what do you believe?" "I believe that courage, pride and passion are the true values of life", says Hill, "and I have always played to embody those qualities".

Somewhat moved by this response, God offers Hill the seat to his right. He turns to Johnny Wilkinson. "What do you believe, Johnny?" "I believe", says Wilkinson, "that you are sitting in my seat....."

A final note on Rugby - do not read if you have a sensitive disposition!

A group of Irish lads took up rugby. As the first season wore on, the lads were eventually scheduled to play a team, which had a reputation for violent play. Considering that they weren't the most talented outfit to have ever taken the field, they decided to accept the challenge with a "do or die" attitude, hoping things would eventually swing their way. They didn't and to make matters worse their star player dislocated his hip after a particularly ferocious tackle. He was clearly in a lot of pain, so we all stood back to watch the medic who, in one swift movement, managed to slot the hip back into its socket. He then began a long blood-curdling scream. To their horror, they realised that one of his testicles had also been jammed into the socket and was now firmly held in the place by the hip. Incidentally, he managed to rip a vocal chord with his screaming.



Extracts from "Dear Bruce" - An Australian 'Agony Aunt' men's magazine column.

Q. Dear Bruce I have some lucky condoms that I keep in my wallet. I am beginning to wonder if they really are lucky, as they have been there for two months. A. Jesus mate, no worries. Men only use rubbers when they're sober anyway. Guess that means you've been pissed for two months which makes you one lucky bastard! Just on a medical note - rubbers are good idea to use when you do an Abo, as they are smelly bastards, Oh and 'roos too, helps avoid bush rash.

Q. Dear Bruce my girlfriend got upset when I suggested I use an old girlfriend's vibrator on her. A. No worries. I've seen this before. Women need reassuring. Tell the stupid bitch that you have cleaned it since you last used it. Sometimes sheila's get hung up on hygiene.

Q. Dear Bruce I gave my sister one and now she wants me to do it to her mate. A. Errr... mate you're from Tasmania right? No worries mate, as long as her mate is a sheila it's ok.

Q. Dear Bruce, after my last Hockey game I got an erection in the showers. Is this normal, I am a single guy and like girls. A. Nah mate you're queer. Only poofsters play hockey.

Q. Dear Bruce, my wife says I don't use enough lubricant before we have sex. A. Exactly how many beers are you drinking before you root her?

Q. Dear Bruce, I am beginning to suspect I am gay. I wear leather trousers and have just grown a Freddie Mercury moustache. I don't know who to turn to. A. Get a grip of yourself man. Face facts, be logical: You're a raving poofster, no one likes you, get a gun, blow your brains out.

Q. Dear Bruce, my girl friend says we don't do enough foreplay. A. Geez mate, you had me stumped for a bit. I didn't recognise the word 'Foreplay'. Then it struck me, 'Fore' is what you shout in golf. Jeez mate, men don't play golf with women - but it's ok for her practice putting with your dick.

Q. Dear Bruce, I fooled around with a Kiwi and now I have a dose of the clap. What do I do? A. Deny, deny, deny, deny, deny and never ever, ever, ever, ever admit to rooting a Kiwi.

Q. Bruce, the boys are telling me there is such a thing as Dingo sex. What is it? A. There are two types...The first is when you wake up next to a pig ugly sheila and you chew your arm off to escape, rather than wake her, just like a dingo caught in a trap... And the other one is when you drink too much and your old boy...it Dingo hard and it dingo in.

Michael Jackson has just commissioned his plastic surgeon to do just one more operation. His request to the surgeon was to do anything to keep people from staring at his nose. The doctor surprised Michael and came up with a solution. Upon the viewing after the bandages were removed, all agreed that the doctor was very creative and the operation was a huge success. Nobodywill look at his nose again

The FBI have been searching Michael's home and have just announced their findings:
They found class A drugs in the kitchen,
Class B drugs in the lounge
and class 5c in the bedroom.



Bruce and Tom were a couple of drinking buddies, who worked as aeroplane mechanics in Melbourne. One day the airport was fogged in and they were stuck in the hangar with nothing to do. Bruce said, "Man I wish we had something to drink".

Tom said, "Me too. You know I have heard you can drink jet fuel and get a buzz. You want to try it?" So they poured themselves a couple of glasses of high octane hooch and got completely smashed. The next morning Bruce wakes up and is surprised at how good he feels. In fact he feels great. No hangovers! No bad side effects. Nothing! Then the phone rings...it's Tom. Tom says "Hey, how do you feel this morning?"

Bruce says, "I feel great, how about you?"

Tom says, "I feel great, too. You don't have a hang over?"

Bruce says, "No, that jet fuel is great stuff. No hangovers - nothing. We ought to do this more often."

"Yea, well there's just one thing."

"What's that?"

"Have you f@rted yet?"

"No." "Well don't, 'cos I'm in Adelaide."

FROM THE PRESS DURING 2003. Part 1 drink and hashing..

Any alcohol will do you good By Ruth Pollard, Health Writer

Binge drinking on Saturday nights will not do it, but frequent, moderate consumption of any kind of alcohol has been shown to reduce the risk of heart attacks. Red wine has had a reputation for being the beverage with the most benefit, but a study of 38,000 men has found any alcohol, including beer, can provide protection if consumed in moderation. Kate Conigrave, one of the study's lead authors, and an associate professor at Sydney University's School of Public Health, said alcohol increased the levels of good cholesterol and affected the body's sensitivity to insulin. This in turn improves metabolism of blood sugar and prevents clots, which means people will be at less risk of a heart attack. "It is a balancing act with alcohol - there are very clear harms with it but used cautiously [it] can be protective of some diseases in some people," said Professor Conigrave, who is also a staff specialist at Royal Prince Alfred drug health services.

The study, published yesterday in the New England Journal of Medicine, found one or two standard drinks - that is a middy of beer or a small (100ml) glass of wine - is ample to obtain the health benefits. "There is no need to over-indulge," she said. "There is no benefit from heavy drinking on a Saturday night, which is how a lot of Australians drink."

The drinking pattern was key to the level of protection, and Dr Kenneth Mukamal, of Harvard University, warned that alcohol appeared to have only a short-term influence on platelets and clotting. "This could explain why frequent alcohol intake is of greatest benefit in helping to guard against coronary heart disease."

The lowest level of risk was found among men who consumed moderate amounts of alcohol three or more days a week.

The researchers warned that people had to be at significant risk of heart attack to get benefits of drinking in moderation - that means men older than 45 and post-menopausal women. The study, conducted by a team from Sydney University and from Harvard, followed 38,077 male health professionals between the ages of 40 and 74 over 12 years.

In that time the volunteers, who were free of cancer and cardiovascular disease, suffered 1418 heart attacks.

After taking into account smoking, diet, family heart history, diabetes and weight, the researchers found a clear link between frequent, moderate drinking and lower heart attack risk. Men who drank three to seven days a week were 32 to 37 per cent less likely to suffer a heart attack than teetotallers.

"No single type of alcohol conferred additional benefit, nor did consumption with meals," the study noted.----January 10th 2003

CHICAGO -- Authorities closed a five-square-block area of the city's North Side as well as the Lincoln Park Zoo

Tuesday after the discovery of a suspicious substance outside the zoo that turned out to be harmless white powder marking a running course. More than 100 police officers and firefighters, some wearing special suits to deal with hazardous materials, were called into the area. Streets were blocked off. Several entrances and exits to Lake Shore Drive, one of the principal highways in the city, were closed. The zoo, which is normally open every day of the year, was soon closed. The public was warned by authorities to stay away. Field testing equipment gave readings indicating that the substance "could be anything in the anthrax areas," said Fire Commissioner James Joyce.

"But they were false positives," he added.

"It's a completely inert substance," Joyce said at a news conference. "It's scattered over a three- or four-block area."

Members of a running club had used the powder to paint arrows to show the runners where to go, he said. Wind blew the markings so that they no longer looked like arrows, and a Chicago Park District worker alerted authorities.

Fire Chief Dennis Gault said authorities secured the area and prevented people in the zoo from coming into contact with the substance. Zoo officials did not immediately return calls from The Associated Press, but a reporter who tried to enter the zoo discovered it was closed hours early. Tuesday's scare began shortly after 9 a.m. and was not resolved until about 1:20 p.m. Asked if, in the current security atmosphere, people should be putting flour on the ground to mark things, Joyce said, "How about red flour?" Then he added, "This will alert them that they need to think about what they are doing."

"We're satisfied with the results," Joyce added. "We do what we have to do. We respond and protect the citizens."

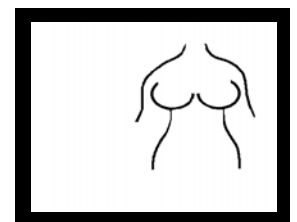
Eric Dawoudi, 26, a DePaul University student whose apartment overlooks a zoo entrance, said he heard on the radio that the substance was harmless. Nevertheless, a police officer would still not allow him into the neighborhood.

"I told him I heard on the radio that everything was okay.

He said, 'You believe everything you hear on the radio?'"

Pub regulars get clocking-on machine

The landlords of a pub have installed a clocking-on machine for their customers. Ray Gradwell and Kath Boland can now keep tabs on drinkers at the White Hart in Bletchley near Milton Keynes. Regulars each have their own card and get it stamped each time they drop in for a pint. Ms Boland said they now use it as part of a pub loyalty scheme which rewards regulars for drinking there. But she said she has had to change the time on the machine: "We had a couple of wives who weren't very happy when they found out how long their husbands had been here and they got a bit of grief. "So we changed it a bit - we know what the real time is though." She said: "It's really taken off, the response has been fantastic. Everybody clocks in when they arrive - but quite a few forget to clock off."



CHRISTMAS CANCELLED - JOSEPH CONFESSED

George went on a vacation to the Middle East with most of his family including his mother-in-law.

During their vacation and while they were visiting Jerusalem, George's mother-in-law died. With the death certificate in hand, George went to the American Consulate Office to make arrangements to send the body back to the States for proper burial. The Consul, after hearing of the death of the mother-in-law told George that the sending of a body back to the States for burial is very, very expensive. It could cost as much as \$5,000.00. The Consul continues, in most cases the person responsible for the remains normally decides to bury the body here. This would only cost \$150.00.

George thinks for some time and answers, "I don't care how much it will cost to send the body back; that's what I want to do."

The Consul, after hearing this, says "You must have loved your mother-in-law very much considering the difference in price." "No, it's not that," says George. "You see, I know the story of a person buried here in Jerusalem many years ago. On the third day he arose from the dead! I just can't take that chance."

Pinocchio had a human girlfriend who would sometimes complain about splinters when they were having sex. Pinocchio, therefore, went to visit Gepetto to see if he could help. Gepetto suggested he try a little sandpaper on his manhood and Pinocchio skipped away enlightened. A couple of weeks later, Gepetto saw Pinocchio bouncing happily through town and asked him, "How's the girlfriend?" Pinocchio replied, "Who needs a girlfriend?"



A young man asks his father, "Dad, how many kinds of breasts are there?"

The father, surprised, answers, "Well, son, there are three kinds of breasts. In her twenties, a woman's breasts are like melons, round and firm. In her thirties to forties, they are like pears, still nice but hanging a bit. After sixty, they are like onions."

"Onions?"

"Yes, see them and they make you cry."

The Gold Wrapping Paper

The story goes that some time ago, a man punished his 5-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight, and he became even more upset when the child pasted the gold paper so as to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift box to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy." The father was embarrassed by his earlier over reaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He spoke to her in a harsh manner, "Don't you know, young lady, when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was full."

The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his little girl, and he begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later, and it is told that the father kept that gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. And whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems, he would open the box and take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us as human beings have been given a golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends, and God. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

Friends are like angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

"In deference to the season" Saint Peter said, "in order to get into heaven on this holy day, you must each possess something that symbolises Christmas."

The first man fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. "It represents a holy candle, he said."

"You may pass through the pearly gates" Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, "They're bells"

Saint Peter said "you may pass through the pearly gates."

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's panties.

"What do these symbolise?" Saint Peter asked. The man replied, "They're Carols"

A young woman asks her mother, "Mum, how many kind of penises are there?"

The mother, surprised, answers, "Well, daughter, a man goes through Three phases. In a man's twenties, a man's penis is like an oak, mighty and hard. In his thirties and forties, it is like a birch, flexible but reliable. After his sixties, it is like a Christmas tree."

"A Christmas tree?"

"Yes, dried up and the balls are there for decoration only."

Some of the stuff that's been going on this year through the eyes of 'alliance(!)' comedians:

Terry Jones is a former member of Monty Python. This column originally appeared in The Observer.

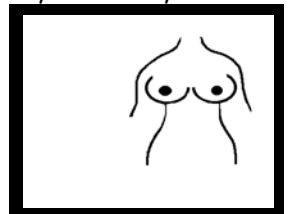
To prevent terrorism by dropping bombs on Iraq is such an obvious idea that I can't think why no one has thought of it before. It's so simple. If only the UK had done something similar in Northern Ireland, we wouldn't be in the mess we are in today. The moment the IRA blew up the Horse guards' bandstand, the Government should have declared its own War on Terrorism. It should have immediately demanded that the Irish government hand over Gerry Adams. If they refused to do so--or quibbled about needing proof of his guilt-- we could have told them that this was no time for prevarication and that they must hand over not only Adams, but all IRA terrorists in the Republic. If they tried to stall by claiming that it was hard to tell who were IRA terrorists and who weren't, because they don't go around wearing identity badges, we would have been free to send in the bombers. It is well known that the best way of picking out terrorists is to fly 30,000ft above the capital city of any state that harbours them and drop bombs--preferably cluster bombs. It is conceivable that the bombing of Dublin might have provoked some sort of protest, even if just from James Joyce fans, and there is at least some likelihood of increased anti-British sentiment in what remained of the city and thus a rise in the numbers of potential terrorists. But this, in itself, would have justified the tactic of bombing them in the first place. We would have nipped them in the bud, so to speak. I hope you follow the argument. Having bombed Dublin and, perhaps, a few IRA training bogs in Tipperary, we could not have afforded to be complacent. We would have had to turn our attention to those states, which had supported and funded the IRA terrorists through all these years. The main provider of funds was, of course, the USA, and this would have posed us with a bit of a problem. Where to bomb in America? It's a big place and it's by no means certain that a small country like the UK could afford enough bombs to do the whole job.

It's going to cost the US billions to bomb Iraq and a lot of that is empty countryside. America, on the other hand, provides a bewildering number of targets. Should we have bombed Washington, where the policies were formed? Or should we have concentrated on places where Irishmen are known to lurk, like New York, Boston and Philadelphia? We could have bombed any police station and fire station in most major urban centres, secure in the knowledge that we would be taking out significant numbers of IRA sympathisers. On St Patrick's Day, we could have bombed Fifth Avenue and scored a bull's-eye. In those American cities where we couldn't afford to bomb, we could have rounded up American citizens with Irish names, put bags over their heads and flown them in chains to Guernsey or Rockall, where we could have given them food packets marked 'My Kind of Meal' and exposed them to the elements with a clear conscience. The same goes for Australia. There are thousands of people in Sydney and Melbourne alone who have actively supported Irish republicanism by sending money and good wishes back to people in the Republic, many of whom are known to be IRA members and sympathisers. A well-placed bomb or two Down Under could have taken out the ringleaders and left the world a safer place. Of course, it goes without saying that we would also have had to bomb various parts of London such as Camden Town, Lewisham and bits of Hammersmith and we should certainly have had to obliterate, if not the whole of Liverpool, at least the Scotland Road area. And that would be it really, as far as exterminating the IRA and its supporters. Easy. The War on Terrorism provides a solution so uncomplicated, so straightforward and so gloriously simple that it baffles me why it has taken a man with the brains of George W. Bush to think of it. So, sock it to Iraq, George. Let's make the world a safer place.

Robin Williams - I see a lot of people yelling for peace but I have not heard of a plan for peace. So, here's one plan:

The US will apologize to the world for our "interference" in their affairs, past & present. We will promise never to "interfere" again. We will withdraw our troops from all over the world, starting with Germany, South Korea and the Philippines. They don't want us there. We would station troops at our borders. No more sneaking through holes in the fence. All illegal aliens have 90 days to get their affairs together and leave. We'll give them a free trip home. After 90 days the remainder will be gathered up and deported immediately, regardless of who or where they are. France would welcome them. All future visitors will be thoroughly checked and limited to 90 day visits unless given a special permit. No one from a terrorist nation would be allowed in. If you don't like it there, change it yourself, don't hide here. Asylum would not ever be available to anyone. We don't need any more cab drivers. No "students" over age 21. The older ones are the bombers. If they don't attend classes, they get a "D" and it's back home, baby. The US will make a strong effort to become self sufficient energy wise. This will include developing non polluting sources of energy but will require a temporary drilling of oil in the Alaskan wilderness. The caribou will have to cope for a while. Offer Saudi Arabia and other oil producing countries \$10 a barrel for their oil. If they don't like it, we go someplace else. If there is a famine or other natural catastrophe in the world, we will not "interfere". They can pray to Allah or whomever, for seeds, rain, cement or whatever they need. Besides, most of what we give them gets "lost" or is taken by their army. The people who need it most get very little, anyway. Ship the UN Headquarters to an island some place. We don't need the spies and fair weather friends here. Besides, it would make a good homeless shelter or lockup for illegal aliens. Use the buildings as replacement for the twin towers. All Americans must go to charm and beauty school. That way, no one can call us "Ugly Americans" any longer. Now, ain't that a winner of a plan.

"The Statue of Liberty is no longer saying 'Give me your poor, your tired, your huddled masses.' She's got a baseball bat and she's yelling, 'You want a piece of me?'" Robin Williams



We love you Mohammad saeed al shahaf - Information minister (Iraq)

This is dedicated to that popular fella.....the Iraqi information minister! Shame the press think he's committed suicide he could make a fantastic salesman!!! Visit this site (below) which is a coalition effort of bloodthirsty hawks and ineffectual doves united in admiration for Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf, Iraqi Minister of Information (currently on administrative leave).

"In an age of spin, al-Sahaf offers feeling and authenticity. His message is consistent -- unshakeable, in fact, no matter the evidence -- but he commands daily attention by his on-the-spot, invective-rich variations on the theme. His lunatic counterfactual art is more appealing than the banal awfulness of the Reliable Sources. He is a Method actor in a production that will close in a couple of days. He stands superior to truth. (Wouldn't he make a great Hasher?)

Daily Updates --

27 April - Sunday. Nothing happens. We're all going back to bed.

26 April - Widely reported that Muhammed Saeed al-Sahaf (M.S.S.) tried to arrange his surrender with two Portuguese journalists last week, but then failed to show up. The journalists had heard that he was hiding "in a slum area of the capital, at a former civil servant."

The host told them that, "the Minister wants to surrender to the Americans, but does not know how to make it."We suggest: "Don't shoot, I surrender" as opposed to "God will roast your stomachs in hell at the hands of Iraqis." Just a thought.

25 April - NYT headline: "Iraqi Spokesman Gives Himself Up to U.S. Forces"!! Hopes of millions are dashed when it turns out to refer to Tariq Aziz, not M.S.S. Damn... In an interview with NBC News, George W. Bush discloses his own love for M.S.S. - "He's my man. He was great. ... He was a classic." Karl Rove promptly orders 5,000 of our T-shirts.

24 April - Still no confirmed sighting of M.S.S., but his next career has already begun: BBC reports that Irish airline Ryanair has a new ad starring M.S.S., angering rival airline Easyjet. Easyjet spokesman calls ad "insensitive".

23 April - New rumor indicates that M.S.S. may be hiding with daughter-in-law in Iraq... Stunned TV execs love the idea, a new sitcom is born.

22 April - The Arab News reports that during the war M.S.S. "stormed into the Al-Jazeera TV offices in Baghdad. He carried a Kalashnikov and threatened to kill the station's employees, cut off their arms and throw their corpses into the desert if they reported that the American forces were approaching Baghdad."

21 April - No M.S.S. An anxious world holds collective breath... France refuses to support breath holding but would still like to be involved "once everyone exhales"

20 April - M.S.S. is sighted! Oh wait, no... no, that's not him. Never mind.

19 April - A company introduces talking M.S.S. doll... GI Joe resigns commission in protest

18 April -- Times of London reports that "coalition military chiefs" are investigating rumors of M.S.S. suicide, but skeptically. "We are still looking for him."... Media coverage of this site -- live appearances yesterday on Sky News, Fox News, CNN -- prompt worldwide calls for strict new code of journalistic ethics.

17 April -- Pentagon HR Department quietly shifts M.S.S. administrative leave status from "PTO" to "unpaid."

16 April -- Iranian newspaper Mardom Salari reports rumors of MSS suicide, but no substantiation. White House believes MSS and other Iraqi bigs now in Syria... Visits to this site average 500,000 per day...

15 April - Daily Telegraph reports that M.S.S. has a son who practices medicine in Ireland. "My father is a good guy," reports Dr. al-Sahaf. "When he comes home from work and takes off his uniform we do not discuss his job."...

14 April - The fever grows. Major media outlets promise lucrative personal-appearance contracts, talk show bookings, etc. Representatives of William Morris Agency sighted at Iraqi/Syrian border...

13 April - M.S.S. not included in "Death Pack" playing cards distributed to coalition forces. International uproar. NBC News: M.S.S. "curiously absent."

12 April - Sahafomania grips globe. Amateurish website dedicated to M.S.S. crashes four separate servers. Visitor rates reach 4000 per second. Website inexplicably featured in daily papers, Reuters, AP, CNN, BBC and assorted lame talk shows.

10 April - M.S.S. begins 'administrative leave'. Wannabe MSSers try to steal limelight from the One and Only. Closest competitor may be Mohsen Khalil, Iraqi Ambassador to the Arab League: "Iraq will not be defeated. Iraq has now already achieved victory - apart from some technicalities."

9 April - Last known remark of M.S.S., to John Burns of NY Times : "I NOW INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE TOO FAR FROM REALITY." <http://www.welovetheiraqiinformationminister.com/>

Only in good ol blighty, haven for terrorists world wide.....

Once more it is rumoured that we will be taking in more political asylum seekers, this time a Mr Tariq Aziz who is obviously not a bad chap but is just suffering after a bad childhood and didn't mean to be the sidekick of Saddam and certainly knew nothing of the halabja gassing of the Kurds. It is rumoured that a house for a hefty price on Prince Jug Ears estates is being looked at, should go down well with the locals eh. and guess what? we are to pay him a pension.....Bloody cheek, still he will be at home with the rest of Charlies scrounging family.

FROM THE PRESS DURING 2003. Part 2 naughties.

Hormones in semen may help to ease female depression because women whose partners don't use condoms are less likely to feel down. Scientists at the State University of New York suspect the mood-altering hormones are absorbed through the vagina and make women feel good but they stressed that their results are not an excuse for unprotected sex. "I want to make it clear that we are not advocating that people abstain from using condoms," Gordon Gallup, who led the study, told New Scientist magazine on Wednesday.

"Clearly an unwanted pregnancy or a sexually transmitted disease would more than offset any advantageous psychological effects of semen," he added. The researchers assessed the moods of 300 female students using a standard questionnaire. A score of more than 17 was considered moderately depressed. Women whose partners never used condoms scored about eight on the test while those who never had sex without condoms scored 11.3. Women who weren't having sex at all scored about 13.5. Depression in the students who sometimes or never used condoms was more severe the longer they went without sex.

The scientists said they looked at other factors, such as the use of oral contraceptives, frequency of sex and personality type, but found that none could account for the findings. The magazine said the results are not a complete surprise because scientists know that semen contains several mood-altering hormones including testosterone. "Some of these have been detected in a woman's blood within hours of exposure to semen," the magazine said. The scientists suspect semen will have the same effect on women regardless of how they are exposed to it.

I don't know if you've heard, but starting 1 August 2003 you will no longer be able to use a mobile phone while driving, unless you have a "hands free" adaptor. I went to Carphone Warehouse and they wanted £ 50 for a headset with a boom microphone for a mobile phone. I have found an alternative from Office World. These kits are compatible with any mobile phone and one size fits all. I paid £ 0.08 each for buying in quantity. I'm selling them for 1.99 including shipping. I tried them out on Ericsson, Motorola, & Nokia phones and they worked perfectly. A photo is attached. Take a look and let me know if you want one, I am currently taking orders.'

This is a brilliant device ideal for you gadget boys



their car completely naked and started making love on the asphalt," taxi driver Vangjush Poci told Korrieri. "They did not care about onlookers. After a few minutes, they kissed and walked back to their car." Korrieri said police had confirmed the incident but said no actions would be taken against the "wild sex couple." Albanian social behavior has become more libertine since the collapse of communism over a decade ago, but the asphalt intercourse incident is anecdotally considered a first.

**From the Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction file: Nov. 6, 2002
*Workers to Wank Way Out of Debt***

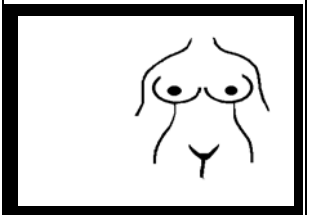
BUCHAREST (Reuters) - Workers at a Romanian car factory have decided to donate sperm to get the debt-ridden plant out of the red, private television ProTv reported on Tuesday.

"Our feasibility study shows that if 1,000 workers donate their sperm for several months, we can get enough funds to pay part of the plant's debts," Ion Cotescu, trade union leader at ARO Campulung, told ProTv. He said the decision came after reports in the local media said a fertility clinic in the western city of Timisoara offered donors the equivalent of \$50 a visit. The monthly average wage in Romania is around \$150. The ARO Campulung plant, which makes jeep-style four-wheel-drives, has debts put at \$20 million. Cotescu told Reuters the sperm donation scheme also amounted to a protest against the government's privatization authority APAPS which had failed to find a strategic investor for the plant. "They always told us to come up with a solution. Now, we have found one that even the best economists have never thought of. I hope APAPS will like it," he said.

ROADSIDE SEX ROMP CAPTIVATES COMMUTERS

Wed May 14, TIRANA, Albania (Reuters) -An amorous Albanian couple's very public highway hanky panky mortified motorists this week in a country emerging from decades of social conservatism. The daily Korrieri newspaper reported on Wednesday that travelers on an eastern highway were amazed at the cheek of a couple who emerged naked from a car, had a brief roadside romp and then scampered off before the police arrived. "The couple came out of

Tourists are causing a lot of anxiety — and are costing money — to a tiny village where signs keep disappearing. What do the signs read? "Welcome to Fucking, Austria." Pronounced "fooking," the little hamlet of Fucking is named after the man who founded the village in the 6th century. His name? Focko. The town sign has been stolen seven times in the last few months. With signs costing several hundred dollars apiece, much of the tiny town's budget is being spent replacing the signs, says Siegfried Hoepfel, the Mayor of Fucking, (what a job to have, huh?) He went on to express his hope that further thefts will be avoided through the use of increased concrete and . . . bigger screws.



Finally some good news, no more health club or diets, so don't forget your regular exercise. It's all for your health! This news is almost as good as Red Wine lowering cholesterol. It came from the New England Journal of Medicine: Ogling over women's breasts is good for a man's health and can add years to his life, medical experts have discovered.

According to the New England Journal of Medicine, "Just 10 minutes of staring at the charms of a well-endowed female is roughly equivalent to a 30-minute aerobics work-out," declared gerontologist Dr Karen Weatherby. Dr Weatherby and fellow researchers at 3 hospitals in Germany, reached the startling conclusion after comparing the health of 200 male outpatients - half of whom were instructed to look at busty females daily, the other half told to refrain from doing so.

The study revealed that after 5 years, the chest-watchers had lower blood pressure, slower resting pulse rates and fewer instances of coronary artery disease. "Sexual excitement gets the heart pumping and improves blood circulation," explains Dr Weatherby. "There is no question: Gazing at breasts makes men healthier."

"Our study indicates that engaging in this activity a few minutes daily cuts the risk of stroke and heart attack in half. We believe that by doing so consistently, the average man can extend his life 4 to 5 years."

THERE ARE TIMES HOWEVER WHEN TITS CAN GET YOU IN NO END OF PROBLEMS

In 2002, the University of Toronto's Biology Department funded a study to see why the head of a man's penis was larger than the shaft. After one year and \$180,000, they concluded that the reason the head was larger than the shaft was to give the man more pleasure during sex. After the University of Toronto published the study, the University of Western Ontario's anthropology Department decided to do their own study. After \$250,000 and 3 years of research, they concluded that the reason was to give the woman more pleasure during sex. The University of Waterloo's Computer Sciences Department, unsatisfied with these findings, spent \$175.00 (for some Playboys, Penthouses, and a few cases of Blue and Canadian) and concluded that it was to keep the man's hand from flying off and hitting him in the forehead.

It's common practice in England to ring a telephone by sending extra voltage across one side of the two wire circuit and ground (earth in England). When the subscriber answers the phone, it switches to the two wire circuit for the conversation. This method allows two parties on the same line to be signalled without disturbing each other.

An elderly lady with several pets called to say that her telephone failed to ring when her friends called; and that on the few occasions when it did ring her dog always barked first. The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog. He climbed a nearby telephone pole, hooked in his test set, and dialed the subscriber's house. The phone didn't ring. He tried again. The dog barked loudly, followed by a ringing telephone. Climbing down from the pole, the telephone repairman found:

1. The dog was tied to the telephone system's ground post via an iron chain and collar.
2. The dog was receiving 90 volts of signalling current.
3. After several such jolts, the dog would start barking and urinating on the ground.
4. The wet ground now completed the circuit and the phone would ring.

Which shows you that some problems can be fixed by just pissing on them. But only temporarily.



A Texan watching for contestants

TEXAS--Due to the popularity of the Survivor shows, Texas is planning to do its own, entitled Survivor - Texas Style. The contestants will start in Dallas, travel to Waco, Austin, San Antonio, over to Houston and down to Brownsville. They will then proceed up to Del Rio, on to El Paso, then to Midland, Odessa, Lubbock and Amarillo. From there, they'll proceed to Abilene, Ft. Worth and finally back to Dallas.

Each will be driving a pink Volvo with a bumper sticker that reads "I'm a vegetarian, I voted for Al Gore, George Strait sucks, Hilary in 2004, and I'm here to confiscate your guns!" The first one to make it back to Dallas alive wins.

Thought for the day: Marriage changes passion... suddenly you're in bed with a relative.

A young man married a beautiful woman who had previously divorced ten husbands. On their wedding night she told her new husband, "Please be gentle, I'm still a virgin."

"What?" said the puzzled groom. "How can that be if you've been married ten times?"

"Well, husband #1 was a sales representative. He kept telling me how great it was going to be. Husband #2 was in software services. He was never sure how it was supposed to function, but he said he'd look into it and get back to me. Husband #3 was from field services. He said everything checked out diagnostically but he just couldn't get the system up. Husband #4 was in telemarketing. Even though he knew he had the order, he didn't know when he'd be able to deliver. Husband #5 was an engineer. He understood the basic process perfectly, but wanted three years to research, implement and design a new state-of-the-art method. Husband #6 was from finance and administration. He thought he knew how, but he wasn't sure whether it was his job or not. Husband #7 was in marketing. Although he had a product, he was never sure how to position it. Husband #8 was a psychiatrist. All he ever did was talk about it. Husband #9 was a gynaecologist. All he did was look at it. Husband #10 was a stamp collector. All he ever did was God, I miss him! But now that I've married you, I'm so excited!



"Good," said the husband, "but, why?"
"You're a stock broker. This time I know I'm gonna get screwed!"

Thought for the day 2:
Man is incomplete until he is married. Then he is finished.

On their way to get married, a young couple is involved in a fatal car accident. The couple find themselves sitting outside the Pearly Gates waiting for St. Peter to process them into Heaven. While waiting, they begin to wonder:

Could they possibly get married in Heaven?

When St. Peter shows up, they asked him. St. Peter says, "I don't know. This is the first time anyone has asked. Let me go find out," and he leaves.

The couple sat and waited for an answer....for a couple of months. While they waited, they discussed that IF they were allowed to get married in Heaven, SHOULD they get married, what with the eternal aspect of it all.

"What if it doesn't work?" they wondered, "Are we stuck together FOREVER?"

After yet another month, St. Peter finally returns, looking somewhat bedraggled.

"Yes," he informs the couple, "you CAN get married in Heaven."

"Great!" said the couple,

"But we were just wondering, what if things don't work out? Could we also get a divorce in Heaven?"

St. Peter, red-faced with anger, slams his clipboard onto the ground.

"What's wrong?" asked the frightened couple.

"OH, COME ON!!!" St. Peter shouts, "It took me three months to find a priest up here! Do you have ANY idea how long it'll take me to find a lawyer?"

HOW TO STOP PEOPLE FROM BUGGING YOU ABOUT GETTING MARRIED

Old aunts used to come up to me at weddings, poking me in the ribs and cackling, telling me, "You're next."

They stopped after I started doing the same thing to them at funerals.

A "modern" Islamic couple, preparing for a religious wedding meets with their Mullah for counselling. The Mullah asks if they have any last questions before they leave. The man asks, "We realize it's a tradition in Islam for men to dance with men, and women to dance with women. But, at our wedding reception, we'd like your permission to dance together." "Absolutely not," says the Mullah. "It's immoral. Men and women always dance separately."

"So after the ceremony I can't even dance with my own wife?"

"No," answered the Mullah, "It's forbidden in Islam."

"Well, okay," says the man, "What about sex? Can we finally have sex?"

"Of course!," replies the Mullah, "Allah ho Akbar! Sex is OK within marriage, to have children!"

"What about different positions?" asks the man.

"Allah ho Akbar! No problem," says the Mullah.

"Woman on top?" the man asks.

"Sure," says the Mullah. "Allah ho Akbar. Go for it!"

"Doggy style?"

"Sure! Allah ho Akbar!"

"On the kitchen table?"

"Yes, yes! Allah ho Akbar!"

"Can we do it with all my four wives together on rubber sheets with a bottle of hot oil, a couple of vibrators, leather harnesses, a bucket of honey and a porno video?"

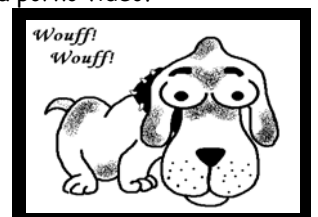
"You may indeed. Allah ho Akbar!"

"Can we do it standing up?"

"No," says the Mullah.

"Why not?" asks the man.

"Because that could lead to dancing."



What is the difference between Saddam Hussein and a slice of toast? About three months!

Democrats have complained about how long the war took but It took less time to take Iraq than it took Janet Reno to take the Branch Davidian compound. That was a 51-day operation. It took less time to find evidence of chemical weapons in Iraq than it took Hillary Clinton to find the Rose Law Firm billing records.

It took less time for the 3rd Infantry Division and the Marines to destroy the Medina Republican Guard than it took Teddy Kennedy to call the police after his Oldsmobile sunk at Chappaquiddick. And finally it took less time to take Iraq than it took to count the votes in Florida!!!!!!

In the midst of conflict what do the Brits do? Arrange two football matches with the locals which they then diplomatically lost, typical British! Dead right about "The Brits ...!" In the middle of a war, we make the opportunity to have a couple "FRIENDLIES" with the opposition ...! The only FRIENDLIES that the Americans get involved in are their now world famous, or infamous, "FRIENDLY FIRE ... !!!" Looks like the frenchies have forgotten who delivered them from the krauts TWICE.

Forget flying to any Arab state the new holiday destination for aspiring airline hijackers is good old U.K.

Upon landing you will be able to shut down one of the nations airports for at least three days thus causing maximum disruption to the poor hardworking English taxpayer, costing them about 3 million in the process, but the best is yet to come The nutty U.K. Judges will then decide that you are not really bad people and did not intend to use the guns you were carrying onto the plane. This will leave you free to claim asylum in the U.K. So you can go to see your mate Abu Hamza at the Finsbury park mosque where you can plot further funny japes against this country, On top of this the British legal system will by some greedy lawyers to pursue a claim for compensation against the British tax payer again.

And people wonder why so many Brits want to live in another country. Please pass this article on to any British ex.pats and encourage them to write to the home office to express their feelings regarding this incident. It will surely make travelling to U.K. by plane a real lottery.....*Article from The Sun.*

It's not only the Jacques Chirac who's worried about being found out selling arms to Iraq. Our German Cousins, God bless their little Hunnish hearts, have been supplying the 'Emperor of Mesopotamia' with a series of reinforced concrete Bomb proof Bunkers. Which we all know the Krauts have had a long experience of building. Apparently these are surplus 'Dictator' WW11 bunkers that come with ready in-built Fuehrer tables, Fuehrer chairs and decorated with lampshades made from the skins of gassed Jews, alternately the innocent minority victims of your own choice. Keep up the good work Heinrichs.

The War Office has announced that Saddam has been caught in a cornfield outside Tikrit. The Royal Marines sprayed the field with viagra and the prick stood up.

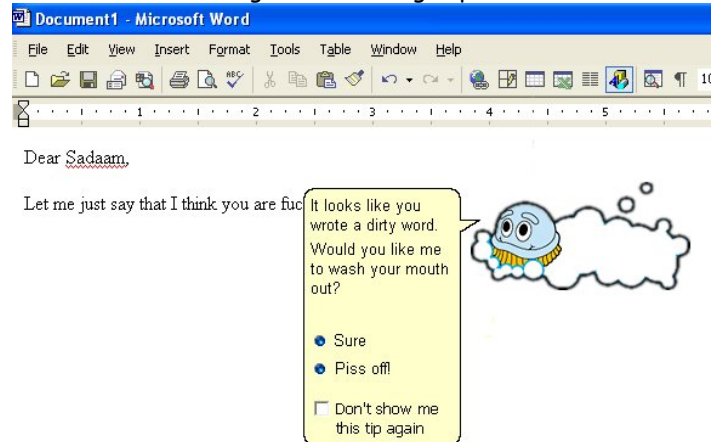
FOR SALE - Iraqi rifle. Never fired. Dropped once.

After numerous rounds of "We don't even know if Saddam is still alive," Saddam decided to send George W. a letter in his own writing to let him know that he is still in the game. Bush opened the letter and it appeared to contain a coded message: 370HSSV-0773H

George W. couldn't figure it out so he typed it out and emailed it to Colin Powell. Colin and his aides had no clue either so they sent it to the CIA. No one could solve it so it went to the NSA and then to MIT and NASA and the Secret Service... the list got longer and longer.

Eventually they asked Mossad in Israel for help.

Cpt. Abe Cohen took one look at it and replied: "Tell the President he is looking at the message upside down..."



A deserter GI was running down a road escaping from two MPs. He came to a fork in the road and saw a nun standing there. He asked her, "Please Sister, may I hide under your skirts for a few minutes. I'll explain why later."

The nun agreed to his request. Shortly thereafter, the two MPs came running along and asked her if she had seen a soldier running down the road. She replied, "He went that way". After the MPs disappeared, the soldier crawled out from under her skirt and said, "I can't thank you enough Sister, but you see I don't want to go to Iraq." The nun said she understood. The GI said, "I hope you don't think me rude or impertinent, but you have the most beautiful pair of legs I've ever seen!" The nun replied, "If you had looked a little higher you would have seen the most beautiful pair of balls you've ever seen! I don't want to go to Iraq either!"

Where does Saddam Hussein keep his CD's? In Iraq.

Saddam has just given a TV interview. He said "To prove I am still alive, Liverpool were total sh*te on Saturday" The British Government said - "That could have been recorded anytime in the last 20 years!"

Tony Blair has just announced that he is sending the people who chose Liverpool as the European city of culture out to Iraq, on the grounds that if they found culture in Liverpool then finding weapons of mass destruction in Iraq shouldn't be a problem!

(same old) Christmas Songs (all new lyrics!)

**Walkin' 'Round in Women's Underwear
(To: Winter Wonderland)**

Lacy things the wife is missin',
Didn't ask for her permission,
I'm wearing her clothes - silk panty hose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the store there's a teddy,
With little straps like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight like handcuffs at night,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown,
He'll say are you ready, we'll say whoa man,
Let's wait until the wife is out of town.

Later on if you wanna,
We can dress like Madonna,
Put on some eye shade and join the parade,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

Lacy things... missin',
Didn't ask... permission,
Wearing her clothes - silk panty hose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

**On the First Day of Christmas
my True Love Gave to Me**

a pervert in a pantry
2 virgin queens
3 boy scouts
4 windmill girls
5 choir boys
6 convicted vicars
7 sex starved sisters
8 useless eunuchs
9 naughty nuns
10 tired trollops
11 lecherous lesbians
12 hairy harlots

Run Like Hell (To "Jingle Bells")

Chorus: On the hash, run like hell,
Shig-gy all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run,
Round fields all night and day hey!
On the hash, run like hell,
Shig-gy all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run,
Round fields all night and day hey!

Dashing round the streets,
Flour all the way.
All those SCB's,
Cursing all the way (ha ha ha)

False trails, loops and checks,
Turkey eagle split.
Isn't it a lot of fun?
Makes me want to s-it (Chorus ...)

-oOo-



Give It a Blow(To: Let it Snow)

Well the weather outside is frightful,
But my dick is so delightful.
If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

It doesn't show signs of stopping,
My dick is ready for hopping.
If you want a really good show,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

When it's time to kiss good-night,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!
Be careful now don't you bite,
With your tongue I will make you warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,
But as long as you want me so,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a **blow**.

