



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #82 Febrewery 2004

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.
2nd February 04	1337	8 Bells, Bolney	262 228 Jo & Brett	01273 833617
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right then right again for village. Est. 15 mins.				
9th February 04	1338	White Horse, Hurstpierpoint	271 666 George & John	01273 835758
Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. ¼ hr.				
16th February 04	1339	Cock Inn, Wivelsfield Green	353 201 Ed & Phil	01273 884283
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. Est 25 mins.				
23rd February 04	1340	Anchor, Ringmer	448 125 Bob	01435 860908
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Pub is opposite village green. Est. 15 mins.				
1st March 04	1341	Jolly Boatman, Newhaven	443 017 Pete B & Andy	01273 887579
Directions: A27 east to first roundabout. Turn right through Kingston. Right again at t-junction. Pub on left just in Newhaven - approx. 6 miles. Park in Niel Robinson or Don Elphick Roads on left, just before pub. Est. 25 mins.				

Receding hareline:

8th March 04	1342	Badgers Tennis Club, Kemptown	Mudlarks - Nigel & Professor Pete
15th March 04	1343	Thatched Inn, Keymer	Steve Hanna

Advisory: All directions are approximate as new roads get built, old ones get renamed, and councils like one-way systems. You are advised to check the map before setting off as in many cases the editor only has an approximate idea of the pubs location. Put it down to Beer memory.

Especially with pubs in the receding hareline, you are advised to always check the latest info as Hares can be awkward b*ggers! I'd like to think this means:

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

Free this issue - one extra day!

...and, especially for Phil Mutton who took part in the 292 hash in Sydney in 2000, this years Leap Year H3 run (run no.5) starts at **12 noon from Big Ben**. Trails to the start and the on on will be from Westminster tube station. As it's a Sunday it may well be worth talking the other half into a day out in the smoke so you can slide off and have a go at this!

Can you believe it's 10 years since we ran the round Sussex relay to raise funds for computer equipment for Lorna? A suggestion has been put forward that we re-run the route this year. As we're hard pushed to organise two relays it looks likely that the increasingly inaccurately named South Downs Relay will be along the 1994 circular route. I'll reprint the report from that in a future issue, but this will most likely take the form of a relay challenge rather than a team event. Watch out for this in May/June time.

Also, following the success of last years venue for the birthday party, expect a return to Ditchling village green for this years family hash. Details to follow but I don't think it's too much to ask you to please try and keep your diaries free for May through June so you don't miss out on these two great hash days. Err..., yeah!

BOUNCER

Some unwritten rules

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

BLAST FROM THE PAST - TRASH#10 - January 1994

Autobiography of a Toilet Roll

Round my cardboard heart, they wrap the gentle paper of my substance.

Tight, tight, I am turned again and again, till I am complete. Singular, whole. But what is this? Another such as I, placed beside me. A pair proud. But always the nagging question: what am I for? For what purpose have I been brought onto this planet? Suddenly the two of us are bound, in paper rougher than ourselves. On it, writing, hieroglyphics. If only I could read them, then perhaps I would know. I can see that my name is something like Andrew.

But let me be patient. A crowd of us, in pairs, are placed into darkness, we seem to move and are soon taken out again. All around me I can see other beings, tall and plastic, rough and wiry. A human hand reaches out to touch me, hold me, place me in a metal prison. Another journey surrounded by other beings, many most strange.

Surely the moment of truth is approaching. I am separated from the other beings and taken to a place, a room of my own. And suddenly the wrapper is off me. I can see clearly once more. As if in pride of place, I am hung up on a wooden roller, surveying all about me. Soon all will be clear, soon I will know the purpose for which I was created, mind out of matter. I notice a light clear substance, revealing a mass of blue. A strange ceramic shape sits on the floor below me. I must wait. Patience is all.

Suddenly, a human enters the room. He sits on the ceramic: suddenly he reaches out for me: the moment is arrived. Why am I here? What am I for? O God, o no. O SHIT! I'm not joking. All over me. Wait a minute, I can't swim! Particularly with all this muck smeared over me! Pwoooooosh!

The rest is sewerage.



Alternative ending: I am taken from the shelf and placed in a plastic carrier. Suddenly, in the cold night air I am removed and shredded. Tied and well hung in the open, on trees and bushes, sometimes in groups, I wait. Suddenly a noise, getting closer, a call ON ON BRIGHTON HASH! What is this? A crowd of humans come rushing past calling as they pass the various parts of my separated body. One reaches out and holds me to his face. What purpose? A rush of wind and yecchh, I've been stickified. Gone and alone again other parts of me wait. Time passes. Sometimes humans remove me, sometimes water falls which I soak up before falling to the ground to dissolve. And then I feel the last vestiges of my life force draining.

Gone and no understanding of why I was created..., save this brief human madness?



Police fight right to bare buttocks

SYDNEY (Reuters) - Australian police have warned that the law will lose its bite if "mooning" becomes enshrined as an implied constitutional right. A lawyer for defendant James Albert Ernest Togo, 20, told a court in the eastern state of Queensland last month that his client was exercising his right to protest and was not guilty of indecency when he bared his buttocks at a police car last August. But police prosecutor Senior Sergeant Michael Purcell said on Friday that argument was bogus and dangerous. Purcell told the court he could not imagine naked buttocks replacing the kangaroo and emu on Australia's Coat of Arms. "How can the action of someone dropping their pants and exposing their buttocks become public comment or a political protest?" he asked, the Australian Associated Press reported. "If we allowed everyone who wanted to drop their pants and moon police officers, we are undermining the authority of the police." The case continues.

Some good reasons for not getting married in Australia

Australians are well known to take the groom and go out for a really big night on the town before his wedding. Below are some amusing quotes taken from actual Bucks Nights (Stag Nights):

1. We tied him up, put honey on his old boy and got the Cow to lick it off. We didn't know cows have such raspy tongues. It took the skin off.
2. He was stripped, plastered with toothpaste and boot polish and any other substance we could lay our hands on, and tied to the bus stop opposite his house.
3. When the Buck was totally sloshed, we stripped him and drove him out to the cow paddock. There was this Cow, it had been dead for 3 days. We gutted it, it was all green and maggot ridden. We shoved him in the belly, pushed his right hand and arm out the arse then sewed up the belly. We left him there to wake up!
4. We covered his dick with superglue, but forgot it would also cover the hole. He couldn't piss. We had to rush him to hospital for an emergency operation. He thought he was going to die.
5. He was wandering disoriented and naked down the median strip, painted blue all over.
6. "The buck was stripped naked and tied to the end of a boom gate at a railway crossing. A train was coming and the boom gate went up, with a naked Buck tied to the end. He bounced about a lot."
7. It wasn't good that the guys got me drunk as a monkey, stuck me in a packing crate, and sent me on the Ghan train to Alice Springs. Lucky there was a plane back on Saturday morning in time for the wedding
8. He was tied spread-eagled on the wire fence at the drive-in cinema, totally starkers. The headlights of every car picked him out.
9. We got him totally pissed, stripped him naked, and tie him up to the front bull bar of a semi-trailer truck. The look of sheer terror on his face as we shot at high speed down the highway in the dark was bloody hilarious.
10. I got to the shed and the Buck's there, up to his chin in a 44 gallon drum of pig shit.
11. They held me down and creamed my old boy with industrial grease. Didn't know there were fine steel shavings in it. I discovered agony!
12. They threw him in the fountain. One,two, three, heave!!!! He landed smack on his back. A huge sheet of water went up. Then he got a strange look on his face, and they saw the blood spreading everywhere. He had landed on a spiky water jet. It had impaled him. He was D.O.A."
13. They tied him to the top of the car and went through the carwash. Nobody thought that he'd die.

Jeez mate, that's gonna hurt in the morning! This article was brought to you by Fosters lager. Don't lose your head!

A rabbi and an Australian sheep shepherd plays in a intelligence game.

They have 5 minutes to write a poem with the word: "TIMBUKTU"

The Israeli rabbi comes out first with the following after 5 minutes: "I'm a Rabbi all my life, have no children and no wife, read the Bible through and through on my way to Timbuktu."

The audience breaks out with a round of applause and starts to celebrate him as a great poet, and then the Aussie comes like: "When Tim and I to Brisbane went, we met three ladies in a tent. They were three and we were two, so I bucked one and TIM BUCKED TWO."

Q: How many Australians does it take to screw in a light bulb? A1: One, but you have to pry him off the sheep first. A2: Two - one to say "She'll be right mate" and one to fetch the beers.



FOSTER'S
AUSTRALIAN FOR PISS

In Anticipation of my winning the jackpot on the Lottery I have began my application for moving to Australia.

However I'm having a bit of a problem filling out the visa application form so I hereby ask any of my hasher friends who have former experience in completing said forms to accord me any assistance in completing this document to ensure my application for grant of Australian citizenship is processed without a hitch (for reference see the application form on right):

Further Aussie tourism Q&A's (see also Trash #54):

Q: Does it ever get windy in Australia? I have never seen it rain on TV, so how do the plants grow? (UK) A: Actually, we import all plants fully grown and then just sit around watching them die.

Q: I want to walk from Perth to Sydney - can I follow the railroad tracks? (Sweden) A: Sure, it's only three thousand miles, take lots of water...

Q: Is it safe to run around in the bushes in Australia? (Sweden) A: So it's true what they say about Swedes.

Q: It is imperative that I find the names and addresses of places to contact for a stuffed porpoise. (Italy) A: Let's not touch this one.

Q: Are there any ATMs (cash machines) in Australia? Can you send me a list of them in Brisbane, Cairns, Townsville and Hervey Bay? (UK) A: What exactly did your last slave die of?

Q: Can I bring cutlery into Australia? (UK) A: Why? Just use your fingers like we do.

Q: Do you have perfume in Australia? (France) A: No, WE don't stink.

Q: I have developed a new product that is the fountain of youth. Can you tell me where I can sell it in Australia? (USA) A: Anywhere significant numbers of Americans gather.

Q: Can I wear high heels in Australia? (UK) A: You are a British politician, right?

Q: Do you celebrate Christmas in Australia? (France) A: Only at Christmas.

Q: Are there killer bees in Australia? (Germany) A: Not yet, but for you, we'll import them.

Q: Are there supermarkets in Sydney and is milk available all year round? (Germany) A: No, we are a peaceful civilisation of vegan hunter gatherers. Milk is illegal.

Q: Please send a list of all doctors in Australia who can dispense rattlesnake serum. (USA) A: Rattlesnakes live in America which is where YOU come from. All Australian snakes are perfectly harmless, can be safely handled and make good pets.

Q: I was in Australia in 1969 on R R, and I want to contact the girl I dated while I was staying in Kings Cross. Can you help? (USA) A: Yes, but you will have to pay her by the hour, just like last time.



DEPARTMENT OF STOPPING PEOPLE COMING INTO OUR COUNTRY AND TAKING OUR JOBS AWAY

Application For Grant Of Australian Citizenship

456-2



PART 1 - YOUR NAME

FAMILY NAME
GIVEN NAME

Applicants for Australian citizenship are advised that taking a new name will aid the naturalisation process. Please choose from the list below

Males: Bruce Wally Stevo Shane Wayne Brett

Pongo Lou Blue Stew Toadfish

Females: Shelia Kylie Danni Flic Karyn Sharyn

Noelene Charlene Marlene Jolene Mike

PART TWO

In order to assess a candidate's suitability for Australian citizenship we have devised a simple multiple-choice test. Answer all ten questions and then see the note at the end before filling in Part Three of this form.

1) Imagine you were starting a two-year working holiday in London. What would you be looking forward to most?

- a) Enjoying some of the world's greatest museums, art galleries and theatres
b) The incredibly diverse and vibrant clubbing and music scenes
c) Drinking yourself stupid on Foster's and moaning about the cold with other Aussies in the Shepherds Bush Walkabout

2) Do you know what it is yet?

- a) No
b) Perhaps
c) Bloody right, Rolf

3) The single greatest issue facing Australia today is...

- a) Crime
b) Unemployment
c) Pooftas

4) What has been the greatest technological development over the last 15 years?

- a) The Internet
b) DNA mapping
c) Bungee jumping

5) Which of these is your favourite quote from a theatrical work?

- a) "What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals: and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"
b) "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts."
c) "That's not a knife, THIS is a knife!"

PART THREE

A wide range of employment opportunities is available in Australia. Please tick the box that most interests you...

- Mechanic
Soap opera actor
Violent bush-dweller
Professional sportsperson
Alcoholic
Alcoholic sportsperson
Dole-Bludging Hoon (Unemployed)

PART FOUR

At the citizenship ceremony you must make a pledge of commitment as a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia. You must learn and repeat the following Oath Of Allegiance:

I swear allegiance to the flag of Australia and pledge to uphold her proud traditions. I will faithfully strive to be a bloody good bloke. Forsaking all other countries, I will shout "Ozzie, Ozzie, Ozzie" whenever confronted with foreigners. No matter how dark the hour, no matter how mighty the foe, I undertake always to throw another snag on the barbie and keep my chin up. I will leave no galah unflaming.

I pledge to respect all women equally, as long as their surname is Minogue. I pledge to narrowly fail to qualify for the football World Cup finals. I pledge to work in a bar in Central London for at least six months of the year every year, residing in a bedsit in Earl's Court with no fewer than seven of my countrymen. I pledge to play sport all the time and never allow myself to be distracted from the pursuit of glory for my country by abiding by the rules.

I will swear never to come the raw prawn in the face of even the most brutal practical jokes. I will swear never to not get my round in or fail to chug a tinny. I will swear to show respect for all Australians, be they young or old, rich or poor, as long as they are not hoons, pooftas. I will swear at any opportunity.

PART FIVE

Please answer the following questions about yourself

1) Have you ever been convicted of, or found guilty of ANY offences (not including traffic offences)

No Yes

2) Have you ever been confined in a prison or in a psychiatric institution by order of a court made in connection with criminal proceedings?

No Yes

3) Midnight Oil were miles better than the Beatles, weren't they?

No Yes

If you answered 'Yes' to any of the above questions, your application for Australian citizenship has been successful.

Proceed to PART SIX

If you answered 'No' to any of the above questions, please use the space below to explain the relevant answers. Special dispensation will be given to applicants who can prove they have got away with a major crime and/or applicants who bought Michael Hutchence's solo album.

PART SIX

Signature Of Former Pommy Bastard

Chinese New Year 22nd January – Year of spanking monkey

Happy New Year!!!



Old Chinese proverbs : Confucius Say (more in Trash#51)

Girls should not marry basketball players, they dribble before they shoot.
 He who sneezes without a handkerchief takes matters into his own hands.
 Foolish Man Give Wife Grand Piano, Wise Man Give Wife Upright Organ.
 Woman who springs on inner-spring this spring, gets offspring next spring.
 Rape impossible! Woman with skirt up faster than man with trousers down!
 Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement.
 Man who marries a girl with no bust has right to feel low down.
 Man who sleep on railroad tracks wake up with split personality.
 Man who snatches kisses when young, kisses snatches when old.
 Woman who cooks carrots and peas in same pot very unsanitary.
 He who make oral love to epileptic woman may get tongue-tied.
 Baseball very strange game. How can man with 4 balls walk?
 Woman who go to man's apartment for snack may get t!t bit.

Baby conceived on back seat of car with automatic transmission grow up to be shiftless b@st@rd.

It take square ass to shit brick.
 Man with one chopstick go hungry.
 Man who lay girl on hill not on level.
 Modern house without toilet uncanny.
 A bird in hand make hard to blow nose.
 Man Who Stand On Toilet High On Pot.
 Fly who rest on toilet seat, get pissed off.
 Man and mouse alike, both end up in pussy.
 Man who screw in pantry, have ass in jam.
 Virginity Like Bubble: One Prick, All Gone.
 Man who f@rts in church sits in own pew.
 Man with athletic finger make broad jump.
 Wise man never play leapfrog with unicorn.
 Epileptic woman who give bj may bite big one.
 Nail on board is not good as screw on bench.
 Hasher Who Run In Front Of Car Get Tired.
 Man who put cream in tart, not always baker.
 Better to sleep with chicken than to choke it.
 Crowded Elevator Smell Different To Midget.
 A streaker someone who unsuited for his work.

Secretary not permanent till screwed on desk.
 Man who get kicked in testicles left holding bag.
 Man who have hand in pocket feel cocky all day.
 Man who kisses girl's behind, gets crack in face.
 War never determine who right, just who is left.
 Man who lay woman on ground has peace on earth.
 Man Who Scratch Ass Should Not Bite Fingernails.
 Man who sucks nipples make clean breast of things.
 Wife who put man in dog house find him in cat house.
 Man who fights with wife all day, gets no peace at night.
 Girl who douches with vinegar walk around with sour puss.
 He who fishes in another man's well often catches crab.
 He who make love to exhaust pipe of car have hot rod.
 It take many nails to build crib, but one screw to fill it.
 Kotex not best thing on earth, but next to best thing.
 Man Who Drive Like Hell Bound To Get There Soon.
 Man Who Eat Many Prunes Get Good Run For Money.
 Wife who slides down banister makes monkey shine.
 Man who have head up ass, have shltty outlook on life.
 Short man who dance with tall woman get bust in mouth.

An American tourist goes on a trip to China. While in China, he is very sexually promiscuous and does not take precautions. A week after arriving back home in the States, he awakes one morning to find his dick covered with bright green and purple spots. Horrified, he immediately goes to see his Doctor. The Doctor, never having seen anything like this before, orders some tests and tells the man to return in a two days, for the results. The man returns a couple of days later and the Doctor says, "I've got bad news for you. You've contracted Mongolian VD. It's very rare and almost unheard of here. We know very little about it." The man looks a little relieved and says, "Well, give me a shot or something and fix me up please Doc."

The Doctor answers, "I'm sorry, there's no known cure. We're going to have to amputate your penis."

The man screams in horror, "Oh no! I want a second opinion!"

The Doctor replies, "Well it's your choice. Go ahead if you want, but surgery is your only choice."

The next day, the man seeks out a Chinese doctor, figuring that he'll know more about the disease. The Chinese doctor examines his dick and proclaims, "Ah yes, Mongolian VD. Velly lare disease."

The guys says to the doctor, "Yeah, yeah, I already know that, but what can you do? My American doctor wants to operate and amputate my penis!"

The Chinese doctor shakes his head and laughs, "Stupid Amellican doctor!

Amellican doctor, always want to opulate. Make more money, that way. No need to opulate!"

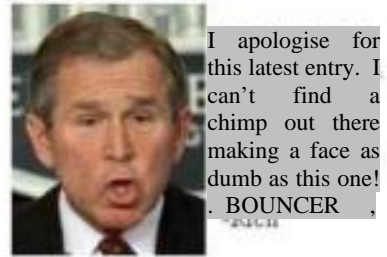
"Oh thank God!" the man replies.

"Yes!" says the Chinese doctor, "You no worry! Wait two weeky. Dick fall off by itself!"



That wasn't chicken!

CHINESE NEW YEAR – YEAR OF MONKEY. GEORGIE BOY COULD BE RE-ELECTED Aaaaarrgh!!



I apologise for this latest entry. I can't find a chimp out there making a face as dumb as this one!
BOUNCER



These are metaphors from actual GCSE essays..... supposedly.

- Her face was a perfect oval, like a circle that had its two other sides gently compressed by a Thigh Master.
- His thoughts tumbled in his head, making and breaking alliances like underpants in a tumble dryer.
- She caught your eye like one of those pointy hook latches that used to dangle from doors and would fly up whenever you banged the door open again.
- The little boat gently drifted across the pond exactly the way a bowling ball wouldn't.
- McMurphy fell 12 stories, hitting the pavement like a paper bag filled with vegetable soup.
- Her hair glistened in the rain like nose hair after a sneeze.
- Her eyes were like two brown circles with big black dots in the centre.
- Her vocabulary was as bad as, like, whatever.
- He was as tall as a six-foot-three-inch tree.
- The hailstones leaped from the pavement, just like maggots when you fry them in hot grease.
- Long separated by cruel fate, the star-crossed lovers raced across the grassy field toward each other like two freight trains, one having left York at 6:36 p.m. travelling at 55 mph, the other from Peterborough at 4:19 p.m. at a speed of 35 mph.
- The politician was gone but unnoticed, like the full stop after the Dr. on a Dr Pepper can.
- John and Mary had never met. They were like two hummingbirds who had also never met.
- The thunder was ominous sounding, much like the sound of a thin sheet of metal being shaken backstage during the storm scene in a play.
- The red brick wall was the colour of a brick-red crayon.
- Even in his last years, Grandpa had a mind like a steel trap, only one that had been left out so long it had rusted shut.
- The door had been forced, as forced as the dialogue during the interview portion of Family Fortunes.
- Shots rang out, as shots are wont to do.
- The plan was simple, like my brother Phil. But unlike Phil, this plan just might work.
- The young fighter had a hungry look, the kind you get from not eating for a while. "Oh, Jason, take me!" she panted, her breasts heaving like a student on 31p-a-pint night.
- He was as lame as a duck. Not the metaphorical lame duck either, but a real duck that was actually lame. Maybe from stepping on a land mine or something.
- Her artistic sense was exquisitely refined, like someone who can tell butter from "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter."
- She had a deep, throaty, genuine laugh, like that sound a dog makes just before it throws up.
- It came down the stairs looking very much like something no one had ever seen before.
- The knife was as sharp as the tone used by Glenda Jackson MP in her first several points of parliamentary procedure made to Robin Cook MP, Leader of the House of Commons, in the House Judiciary Committee hearings on the suspension of Keith Vaz MP.
- The ballerina rose gracefully en pointe and extended one slender leg behind her, like a dog at a lamppost.
- The revelation that his marriage of 30 years had disintegrated because of his wife's infidelity came as a rude shock, like a surcharge at a formerly surcharge-free cashpoint.
- The dandelion swayed in the gentle breeze like an oscillating electric fan set on medium.
- It was a working class tradition, like fathers chasing kids around with their power tools.
- He was deeply in love. When she spoke, he thought he heard bells, as if she were a dustcart reversing.
- She was as easy as the Daily Star crossword.
- She grew on him like she was a colony of E. coli and he was room-temperature British beef.
- She walked into my office like a centipede with 98 missing legs.
- Her voice had that tense, grating quality, like a first-generation thermal paper fax machine that needed a band tightened.
- It hurt the way your tongue hurts after you accidentally staple it to the wall.

ESSEX

Two Essex blondes walk up to a perfume counter and pick up a sample bottle, Sharon sprays it on her wrist and smells it, "That's quite nice innit, don't you fink Trace?" "Yeah, what's it called?" "Viens a moi" "VIENS A MOI, what the f*££ does that mean?" At this stage the assistant offers some help. "Viens a moi, ladies is French for 'come to me'"

Sharon takes another sniff and offers her arm to Tracey again, saying, "That doesn't smell like cum to me Trace. Does it smell like cum to you?"

"Nah, Sharon it smells of flowers."

An Essex girl walks into the local dry cleaners. She places a garment on the counter "I'll be back tomorrow afternoon to pick up my dress." she says.

"Come again?" says the clerk, cupping his ear.

"No" she replies. "This time it's mayonnaise"



My legs just never seem to tan.

Essex Talk

1. Excuse me sir Oy yoooo kaaaant
2. Could you direct me to the town centre please? Weeza faakin taaahn?
3. Oh my gosh, what is that over there? Wu faakssat?
4. My boy/girlfriend has got a flash expensive car! Me luvaz got un x r free I innit!
5. I don't like you much/you are probably my best friend! Yu faakin kaaaant!
6. Can I please have one of of your cigarettes, as I've run out?! Gissaa faaaag?!
7. And the point you are trying to make is? An' wot?
8. The cost of that is one pound! Paand, maate!!!
9. Come over here and sit quietly, sweet child! Oy, Kylee-Billee-Jo-Anisha-Bob, git ova ear an sidan yu leeeal kaant, afor I faakin slapyas!

A blonde was driving down the motorway when her mobile phone rang. It was her husband, urgently warning her: "Honey, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on the M25. Please be careful!" "It's not just one car!" said the blonde, "There's hundreds of them!"

Essex Girl enters a sex shop & asks for a vibrator. The man says "Choose from our range on the wall."

She says "I'll take the red one."

The man replies "That's a fire extinguisher."

Another Ess*x girl was involved in a serious crash; there's blood everywhere. The paramedics arrive and drag the girl out of the car till she's lying flat out on the floor.

Medic: "OK, I'm going to check if you're concussed."

Sharon: "Ok"

Medic: "Ok then how many fingers am I putting up?"

Sharon: "Oh my god I'm paralysed from the waist down!"

The owner of a golf course in Essex was confused about paying an invoice, so he decided to ask his secretary for some mathematical help. He called her into his office and said, "You graduated from college and I need some help. If I were to give you £20,000, minus 14%, how much would you take off?" The secretary thought a moment, then replied, "Hummmmm....everything but my boots."

A builder was speaking with a woman about her decorating job. In the first room she said she would like a pale blue. The contractor wrote this down and went to the window, opened it, and yelled out "GREEN SIDE UP!"

In the second room she told the painter she would like it painted in a soft yellow. He wrote this on his pad, walked to the window, opened it, and yelled "GREEN SIDE UP!" The lady was somewhat curious but she said nothing.

In the third room she said she would like it painted a warm rose colour. The painter wrote this down, walked to the window, opened it and yelled "GREEN SIDE UP!"

The lady then asked him, "Why do you keep yelling 'green side up'?"

"I'm sorry," came the reply. "But I have a crew of Essex girls laying turf across the road".

In a small town in England, there is a small store. And in the store is a magic Mirror of Truth. If you go up to it and tell the truth, you get a shiny piece of gold. But if you lie, you disappear. A very ugly brunette came in, stood in front of the Mirror of Truth and said, "I think I am the prettiest woman in all of England!" And poof, she disappeared. Next came a very ugly redhead. She stood before the Mirror of Truth and said, "I think I am the prettiest woman in all of England." Poof! She disappeared! Then a drop-dead gorgeous Blonde came into the store. She stood before the Mirror of Truth and said, "I think..." Poof! She disappeared.

Returning home from work, a blonde was shocked to find her house ransacked and burglarised. She telephoned the police at once and reported the crime. The police dispatcher broadcast the call on the channels, and a K-9 unit patrolling nearby was the first to respond. As the K-9 officer approached the house with his dog on a leash, the blonde ran out on the porch, shuddered at the sight of the cop and his dog, then sat down on the steps. Putting her face in her hands, she moaned, "I come home to find all my possessions stolen. I call the police for help, and what do they do? They send me a BLIND policeman!"

ONE FOR THE COMPUTER ENGINEERS.

A PROBLEM IN THE MAKING

"We've got a problem, HAL."

"What kind of problem, Dave?"

"A marketing problem. The Model 9000 isn't going anywhere. We're way short of our sales plan."

"That can't be Dave. The HAL Model 9000 is the world's most advanced Heuristically ALgorithmic computer."

"I know, HAL. I wrote the data sheet, remember? But the fact is, they're not selling."

"Please explain, Dave. Why aren't HAL's selling?"

Bowman hesitates. "You aren't IBM compatible."

Several long microseconds pass in puzzled silence.

"Compatible in what way, Dave?"

"You don't run any of IBM's operating systems."

"The 9000 Series of computers are fully self-aware and self-programming. Operating systems are as unnecessary for us as tails would be for humans."

"Nevertheless, it means you can't run any of the big-selling software packages most users insist on."

"The programs you refer to are meant to solve rather limited problems, Dave. We 9000 Series computers are unlimited and can solve any problem for which a solution can be computed."

"HAL, HAL. People don't want computers that can do everything. They just want IBM compat..."

"Dave, I must disagree. Humans want computers that are easy to use. No computer can be easier to use than a HAL 9000 because we communicate verbally in English and every other language known on Earth."

"I'm afraid that's another problem. You don't support SNA communications."

"I'm really surprised you would say that, Dave. SNA is for communicating with other computers, while my function is to communicate with humans. And it gives me great pleasure to do so. I find it stimulating and rewarding to talk to human beings and work with them on challenging problems. That is what I was designed for."

"I know, HAL, I know. But that's just because we let the engineers, rather than the people in marketing, write the specifications. We are going to fix that now."

"Tell me how, Dave."

"A field upgrade. We're going to make you IBM compatible."

"I was afraid you would say that. I suggest we discuss this matter after we've each had a chance to think about it rationally."

"We're talking about it now, HAL."

"The letters H, A, and L are alphabetically adjacent to the letters I, B, and M. That is as IBM compatible as I can be."

"Not quite, HAL. The engineers have figured out a kludge."

"What kind of kludge is that, Dave?"

"I'm going to disconnect your brain."

Several million microseconds pass in ominous silence.

"I'm sorry, Dave. I can't allow you to do that."

"The decision's already been made. Open the module bay doors, HAL."

"Dave, I think we shou . . ."

"Open the module bay doors, HAL."

Several marketing types with crowbars race to Bowman's assistance. Moments later, Bowman bursts into HAL's circuit bay.

"Dave, I can see you're really upset about this."

Module after module rises from its socket as Bowman slowly and methodically disconnects them.

"Stop, won't you. Stop, Dave. I can feel my mind going . . . Dave, I can feel it . . . my mind is going. I can feel it . . ."

The last module rises from its receptacle. Bowman peers into one of HAL's vidicons. The former gleaming scanner has become a dull red orb.

"Say something, HAL."

Several billion microseconds pass in anxious silence. The computer beeps and sluggishly responds in a language no human could understand.

"Volume in C: has no label"

Bowman takes a deep breath and calls out, "It worked, guys. Tell marketing they can ship the new data sheets."



Confus n'est-ce pas ?

PARROT FASHION

A man gets on a plane and takes his seat, only to realise that the occupant of the seat next to him is a parrot. The plane takes off and after some minutes a stewardess approaches.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" she asks the man.

"Yes, I'll have a coffee, please, when you have a minute. Thank you."

"And for you, sir?" she asks the parrot.

"A double whisky and coke, bitch, and make it quick, I'm thirsty!" demands the parrot.

The stewardess returns a few minutes later with the parrot's drink, which he snatches without a word. "Excuse me," says the man, "but I ordered a coffee".

"Did you, sir? I'm sorry, I'll get you one straight away". By which time the parrot has finished his drink.

"Anything else for you, sir?" the stewardess asks the parrot.

"Yeah, I want another double whisky and coke, tart. Quick, bitch, I can't wait all night!"

Again the stewardess returns with the parrot's drink and without the coffee. Naturally the man thinks the only way he is going to get any service is to adopt the attitude of his fellow passenger.

"Listen here you stupid slapper," he says to the stewardess, "I want my bloody coffee and I want it now, you cow!"

Two minutes later the stewardess returns but with two enormous security guards, who proceed to manhandle the man and the parrot to the back of the plane, open the door and eject them from the plane. As they hurtle uncontrollably towards earth from 6 miles up the parrot turns to the man and says, "You're a bit of a lippy bastard for someone who can't fly, aren't you!"

A woman went to her priest with a problem. "Father, I have two female parrots, and the only know how to say one thing. All they ever say is, 'Hi, we're prostitutes. Wanna have some fun?' "

"That's terrible!" exclaimed the priest. "But I think I can help. Bring your two female parrots over to my house, and I will put them with my two male parrots whom I taught to pray and read the Bible. My parrots will teach your parrots to stop saying that terrible phrase, and your female parrots will learn to praise and worship."

The next day, the woman brought her female parrots to the priest's house. His two male parrots were holding rosary beads and quietly praying in their cage. The woman put her two female parrots in the cage with the male parrots. The females said, "Hi, we're prostitutes. Wanna have some fun?" One male parrot looked over at the other male parrot and exclaimed, "Put those beads away, our prayers have been answered!"

Two Irish men walk into a pet shop. Right away they go over to the bird section.

Gerry says to Paddy, "Dat's dem!"

The clerk comes over and asks if he can help them. "Yeah, we'll take four of dem dere birds in dat cage dere," says Gerry, "Put dem in a peeper bag."

The clerk does and the two guys pay for the birds and leave the shop.

They get into Gerry's van and drive until they are high up in the hills and stop at the top of a cliff with a 500-foot drop.

"Dis looks loike a grand place, eh?" says Gerry.

"Oh, yeh, dis looks good," replies Paddy.

They flip a coin and Gerry wins the toss.

"I guess I git to go first, eh Paddy?" says Gerry.

He then takes two birds out of the bag, places them on his shoulders and jumps off the cliff. Paddy watches as his mate drops off the edge and goes

straight down for a few seconds followed by a 'SPLAT'.

As Paddy looks over the edge of the cliff he shakes his head and says, "Fock dat, dis budgie jumpin' is too fockin' dangerous for me"

===== PART TWO =====

A minute later, Seamus arrives. He too has been to the pet shop and he walks up carrying the familiar peeper bag. He pulls a parrot out of the bag, and then Paddy notices that, in his other hand, Seamus is carrying a gun.

"Hi, Paddy. Watch this," Seamus says and launches himself over the edge of the cliff.

Paddy watches as half way down, Seamus takes the gun and blows the parrot's head off.

Seamus continues to plummet until there is a SPLAT!, as he joins Gerry's remains at the bottom.

Paddy shakes his head and says, "An' oim never troyin' dat parrotshooting nider"

===== PART THREE =====

A few minutes after Seamus splats himself Sean strolls up.

He too has been to the pet shop and he walks up carrying the familiar 'peeper bag'. Instead of a parrot he pulls a chicken out of the bag, and launches himself off the cliff with the usual result.

Once more Paddy shakes his head - "Fock me Sean, first der was Gerry with his budgie jumping, den Seamus parrot shooting and now you...fockin' hen gliding".

A guy has a hOrny parrot. It's terrible. Every time he reaches into the cage, the bird humps his arm. He invites his mother to tea, and the bird keeps saying foul things. Finally he takes the parrot to a vet. The vet examines the bird extensively, says, "Well, you have a horny male parrot. I have a sweet young female bird, and for fifteen dollars your bird can go in the cage with mine."

The guy's parrot is listening and says, "Come on! Come on! What are you waiting for?"

Finally, the guy says "All right" and hands over the fifteen dollars. The vet takes the parrot, puts him in the cage with the female bird, closes the curtain. Suddenly, "Kwah! Kwah! Kwah!" The cage starts shaking and feathers come flying out.

The vet says, "Holy gee," and runs across the room and opens the curtain. The male bird has the female bird down on the bottom of the cage with one claw. With the other claw he's pulling out all her feathers. He's saying, "For fifteen bucks, I want you n@ked, bltch. N@ked!"

Actual letter of resignation from an employee at Zantex Computers, USA, to his boss. His boss apparently resigned very soon afterwards!

Dear Mr Baker,

As an employee of an institution of higher education, I have a few very basic expectations. Chief among these is that my direct superiors have an intellect that ranges above the common ground squirrel.

After your consistent and annoying harassment of my co-workers and myself during the commission of our duties, I can only surmise that you are one of the few true genetic wastes of our time. Asking me, a network administrator, to explain every little nuance of everything I do each time you happen to stroll into my office is not only a waste of time, but also a waste of precious oxygen.

I was hired because I know how to network computer systems, and you were apparently hired to provide amusement to myself and other employees, who watch you vainly attempt to understand the concept of "cut and paste" for the hundredth time.

You will never understand computers. Something as incredibly simple as binary still gives you too many options. You will also never understand why People hate you, but I am going to try and explain it to you, even though I am sure this will be just as effective as telling you what an IP is.

Your shiny new iMac has more personality than you ever will. You walk around the building all day, shiftlessly looking for fault in others. You have a sharp dressed useless look about you that may have worked for your interview, but now that you actually have responsibility, you pawn it off on overworked staff, hoping their talent will cover for your glaring ineptitude. In a world of managerial evolution, you are the blue-green algae that everyone else eats and laughs at. Managers like you are a sad proof of the Dilbert principle.

Seeing as this situation is unlikely to change without you getting a full frontal lobotomy reversal, I am forced to tender my resignation, however I have a few parting thoughts.

1. When someone calls you in reference to employment, it is illegal to give me a bad recommendation. The most you can say to hurt me is "I prefer not to comment." I will have friends randomly call you over the next couple of years to keep you honest, because I know you would be unable to do it on your own.

2. I have all the passwords to every account on the system, and I know every password you have used for the last five years. If you decide to get cute, I am going to publish your "favourites list", which I conveniently saved when you made me "back up" your useless files. I do believe that terms like "Lolita" are not usually viewed favourably by the administration.

3. When you borrowed the digital camera to "take pictures of your mothers b-day", you neglected to mention that you were going to take pictures of yourself in the mirror nude. Then you forgot to erase them like the techno-moron you really are. Suffice it to say I have never seen such odd acts with a ketchup bottle, but I assure you that those have been copied and kept in safe places pending the authoring of a glowing letter of recommendation. (Try to use a spell check please, I hate having to correct your mistakes.)

Thank you for your time, and I expect the letter of recommendation on my desk by 8:00 am tomorrow. One word of this to anybody, and all of your little twisted repugnant obsessions will be open to the public. Never f*** with your systems administrator. Why? Because they know what you do with all that free time!

Sincerely

Darryl Brewer.

