



# BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #84 April 2004

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

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
5th April 04	1346	Snowdrop, Lewes	425 100 Wiggy	01273 440578
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. Est. 15 mins. Parking difficult. Excellent pub with jazz on Mondays; good grub, good beer, and more than likely real hash!				
12th April 04	1347	Star, Steyning	174 116 Ivan & Anybody	01273 707182
<b>Directions:</b> A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20 mins.				
19th April 04	1348	Old Railway Tavern, Henfield	205 163 Big Phil & Slim Eddie	01273 509958
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout then just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Lane. Pub is on right approx. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Est. 20 mins.				
26th April 04	1349	Lamb, Durrington	119 053 Bouncer	01273 441611
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Worthing. Continue on A27 (A24T) at Hill Barn. Stay on A27 at next roundabout. Turn left opposite Swandean Hospital. Pub on left on crossroads $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Est. 20 mins.				
3rd May 04	1350	<b>Directions:</b> <i>It's a big number, it's a bank holiday. Surely we've got a hare with plans?</i>		

**Receding hareline:**

15th May	XC	Round Sussex relay #2	Chopper Mutton	10th anniversary!
6th June-ish	XC	Family Hash, Ditchling #Umpteen	Lo-cal Knowledge	26th birthday!
Sept/Oct	XC	Montreuil-sur-Mer #12	The Greyhounds	12th year, 10th anniversary!

**Bouncer's joke du jour:** Old Les goes to Dr. Lurve and says, "I think I'm going deaf".

Tim says, "What are the symptoms?"

"It's a cartoon strip with little yellow people in." boom boom

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH WEBSITE - [www.brightonhash.co.uk](http://www.brightonhash.co.uk).

## It's Estrogen – Comes round quick don't it? Seems like only yesterday it was Christmas!

Hmmm... what to say, what to say?

Did I mention the relay round Sussex, Saturday 15th May? Yup, did that. Turn to page 4, probably, for Don's thoughts on the original run 10 years ago. Once again we will be doing a little bit for charity. Hopefully, I will have the stages and details for you next time, if the organisers can pull their fingers out. Not long to go guys!

How about Interhash? Well yes I've been whacking on about this for near on two years now but the end is in sight. I'll shut up in July! Meanwhile I was gobsmacked to hear that Sally and Nicola have registered. Puts all the lifers to shame that some of our newest runners are prepared to represent the club on the hashes biggest stage. Meanwhile, with my co-trailblazers Dave 'Lunchbox' Clarke and James 'Pissticide' Rogers, we had a weekend down in Tredegar recce'ing the Westerham & North Kent trail for which I'm grateful to Nicola, Sally and Steve volunteering to assist on the day. Wasn't easy finding the paths in the 8 inches of snow we had to plough through but we reckon to have put a pretty decent trail together. If you're in Cardiff end of July, join us in St. Gwynno's forest at least one day!

Totally by chance we ended up picking the weekend of the Welsh Hashes Eistedfodd. Aware that Ian Maberly ex-East Grinstead, ex- UK on-sec and founder of the Mountain Sheep H3 was planning something we expected a meal with a few of the Sheep hash. What we got was one hell of a party to restore our energies after all our hard work, as the combined Welsh hashes (Cardiff; Swansea Jack etc.) celebrated Leap Year (for some reason an annual event in Wales); St. David's Day and the 10th anniversary of Mountain Sheep H3 all at once. Hastily covering myself in napkins to blend in with the red dresses worn by all the other guys ( the girls of course in dicky bows and, er ... stockings, hey ho!) I quickly reunited with old acquaintances including Dogbolter, Teenie, Postman Splat, Leeky Willie and Rarebit, Orville and loads more. The cabaret was thrown together with only a couple of advance props which meant that we had to do a stint also. No problem as we'd been revising the words for The Winker's (misprint) Song and Has Anybody Seen My Cock? (*the alternative Chicken Song*). Favourite parts were Dogs getting the whole hash to hum the vision on theme has he daubed splashes on a canvas which ended up as a set of traffic lights prompting all to sing the Python classic. And, although she strongly resisted my attempts to re-enact my and West London's Daffy Dildo's party piece, the local Daffidildo's T-t-t-t-touch me from Rocky Horror was also highly entertaining. Great night and after several pints we were oh so tempted to go on Leeky Willies hash the following day. Common sense prevailed and off we went a-recceing.

Despite initial trepidation I seemed to have waffled on long enough to fill the space I'd left for editorial. Handy! Slight Easter theme this time which I've keyed into Estrogen, just in case you didn't get that! Enjoy, on on etc. **The Bounce**

Dear God,

There was this fellow who worked in a post office whose job it was to process all mail that had illegible addresses. One day a letter came to his desk, addressed in a shaky handwriting to God.

He thought, "Oh boy, better open this one and see what it's all about."

So he opened it and read, "Dear God, I am an 83 year old widow living on a very small pension.

Yesterday, someone stole my purse. It had a hundred dollars in it which was all the money I had until my next pension check. Next Sunday is Easter, and I had invited two of my friends over for dinner. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with. I have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. Can you please help me?"

The postal worker was touched, and went around showing the letter to all the others. Each of them dug into his wallet and came up with a few dollars. By the time he made the rounds, he had collected 96 dollars, which they put into an envelope and sent over to her. The rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow. Thinking of the nice thing they had done. Easter came and went, and a few days later came another letter from the old lady to God. All the workers gathered around while the letter was opened. It read, "Dear God, How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your generosity, I was able to fix a lovely dinner for my friends. We had a very nice day, and I told my friends of your wonderful gift. By the way, there was 4 dollars missing. No doubt those thieving b\*\*\*\*\* s at the post office took it.



**BELLEVUE, Washington** - 18-year-old Krystal Pennington was volunteering at New Hope Ministries Church as their Easter Bunny when the festive atmosphere took a drastic turn. As she handed out candy and rallied up the children for the annual egg hunt, a sinister car pulled up by her. Someone jumped out and attacked the Bunny, punching her right in the face. The assault left her with a bloody nose, but Pennington insists the punch would have been worse had it not been for her rubber bunny nose. The Easter Bunny's attacker still looms large, and no arrests have been made. The violence stunned the congregation. Reverend Ralph Driskill couldn't believe the events: "I couldn't imagine anybody hitting the Easter bunny."

## IT'S EASTER AGAIN ...

"Where does the name 'Easter' come from, and why is it different each year?"

1. The word Easter is taken from the word Oestara (pronounced O-STAR-ah). Oestara was the Teutonic lunar Goddess. Her chief symbols were the bunny (fertility) and the egg (birth). The Wiccans observe a lesser Sabbat called Ostara. This is celebrated on the Vernal Equinox (around March 21).

2. The word Easter originated from the word Ishtar, the Mesopotamian fertility God. This is why we have Easter bunnies. Hence the word fertility (and eggs).

The commonly stated rule that Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox is not quite correct. Easter is actually the first Sunday strictly after the "Paschal full moon" (i.e., if the Paschal full moon falls on a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday). The date of the Paschal full moon is determined from tables, and it may differ from the date of the actual full moon by up to two days.

The possible dates for the Paschal full moon are March 21 through April 18. This gives the date of Easter as March 22 through April 25. The days on which Easter occurs repeat with a period of 1,900,000 years, and consecutive Easters are always separated by 350, 357, 378, or 385 days.

The Book of Common Prayer (enshrined in English Law around 1526) defines Easter day as the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after the twenty first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. This would appear to contract the use of the Paschal full moon.

Rabbits and eggs are commonly associated with Easter as it coincided in the Northern hemisphere, with pagan rebirth and fertility festivals that associated Spring with the egg as a symbol of rebirth and with the rabbit which represented fertility.

The classic Ukrainian tradition of writing pysanky, the ornate decorating of Easter eggs, dates back to over 1,000 years. The present-day symbolic ornamentation of the pysanky consist mainly of geometric motifs. The most important motif on the batik-decorated egg (psyanka) is the stylized symbol of the Sun, seen as a broken cross, triangle, and an 8-point rosette or a star.

Heinz Vinegar commissioned a survey of Americans' Easter-egg habits, and found that blue was the favourite hue of 35 percent of the respondents when dyeing eggs. Purple (18 percent), pink (17 percent), green (7 percent), and yellow and red (each 6 percent) trailed. After the egg hunt is over, 64 percent of Americans said they eat them and 22 percent throw them away. Ten percent don't colour eggs, and 2 percent said they let them rot.

In Bulgaria, bright red coloured eggs are a symbol of Easter, which are racked after the Easter midnight service. One egg is cracked on the wall of the church, and this is the first egg eaten after the Bulgarians' long Great Fast. The ritual of cracking the eggs takes place before the Easter lunch. Each person selects an egg, and each takes a turn tapping their egg against the eggs of others. The person who ends up with the last unbroken egg is believed to have a year of good luck.

## Easter bunny page three girl ...



## FAMOUS BIBLE QUOTES

"Save me an Easter Egg, Peter, I'll be back in three days."

"Cross your legs please. We've only got one nail left"

"No you're not going to turn that water into wine. Buy your round like everyone else."

"I don't care who you are. No-one walks on water when I'm fishing."

"If you drop that cross again, you're out of the procession."

"You come in here covered in sheep shit, with no presents, telling me that a man with wings wearing a long white dress told you to come here and see our new baby, and you expect me to believe you're not pissed?"

"It's Christmas, I'm pregnant, you forgot to order us a taxi, and now you tell me that we haven't got a hotel room either."

"Haven't you got anything else? I hate tuna sandwiches."

"Hey Jesus, how do you fancy a few days in Jerusalem with the boys over Easter? It'll do you good."

"Get back Eve - I don't know how big this thing gets."

Mike Hucknell was having sex with a rabbit. He was holding back the ears but the bunny was too tight to mention.

*From the Archives:*

**TRASH #11 – November 1994**

**Sponsored run**

**The 100 mile Round Sussex Relay in aid of the Lorna Elwick Appeal Fund**

This event, held in October this year, was a resounding success in every way. Organised in such a short time the day was a brilliant success for the organisers, and for all the runners who took part. It was a lovely day for it, starting at sunrise and running with the sun until it set. Even the times Chris set were improved on! The spirit of the thing caught on somehow, and besides the magic of the day, the sponsorship money has come in beyond anyone's expectations. Lorna and I were amazed at peoples kindness, and the fund has now reached over £3,200!

This will certainly make the special communication aid Lorna needs a reality and the N.H.S. speech therapist is "on the case". It looks as if there will be enough to help subsidise a special wheelchair for Lorna as well (if the hash/ committee are agreeable). We would like to express our thanks to you all for your wonderful efforts!

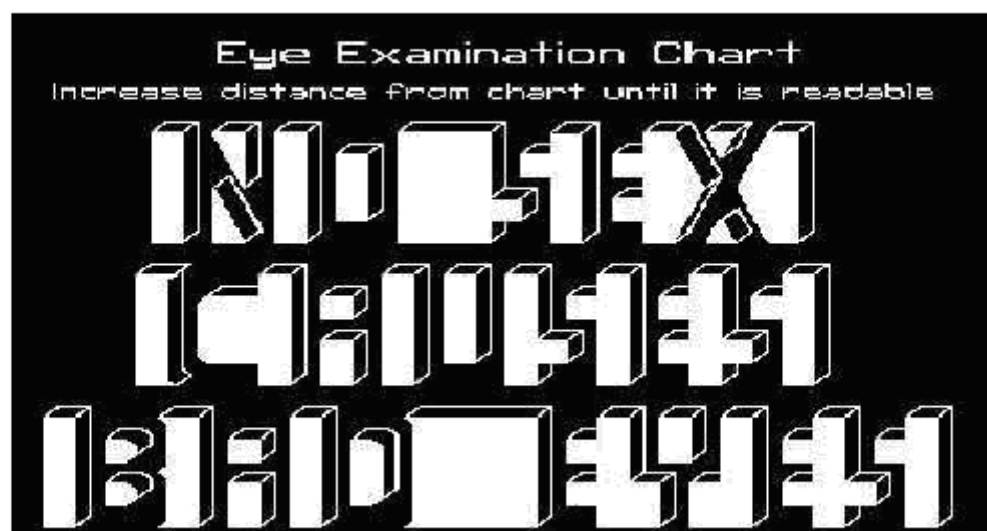
Don & Lorna.

**How to have an Easter Egg Hunt in Solitary Confinement**

1. *Pretend you've got an egg.*
2. *Pretend to hide it.*
3. *Pretend you're someone else.*
4. *Pretend to look for the egg everywhere.*
5. *Eventually, pretend to find it.*
6. *Pretend to eat it.*
7. *Pretend you've got another egg.*
8. *Pretend to hide it.*
9. *Pretend you're someone else.*
10. *Pretend to look for the egg everywhere.*
11. *Pretend to find it.*
12. *Pretend to eat it.*
13. *Pretend you've got another egg.*
14. *Pretend to hide it.*
15. *Pretend you're someone else.*
16. *Pretend to look for the egg everywhere.*
17. *Eventually give up, unable to find the egg.*
18. *Wait three weeks.*
19. *Three weeks later, pretend to come upon the egg quite by chance.*
20. *Pretend to be delighted.*
21. *Pretend to eat it.*
22. *Pretend to look forward to next year's Easter Egg Hunt.*

**Especially for Young Les:**

**Subject:** Cool Eye Chart



**Get up from your chair and stand as far back as you can to read the above.**

Now I know why you can never read the trash! Anyone know where the hash specs are?



## ESTROGEN ISSUES

The Hormone Hostage knows that there are days in the month when all a man has to do is open his mouth and he takes his life in his own hands! This is a handy guide that should be as common as a driver's license in the wallet of every husband, boyfriend, or significant other!

DANGEROUS: What's for dinner?

SAFER: Can I help you with dinner?

SAFEST: Where would you like to go for dinner?

ULTRASAFE: Have some chocolate

DANGEROUS: Are you wearing that?

SAFER: Gee, you look good in brown.

SAFEST: WOW! Look at you!

ULTRASAFE: Have some chocolate

DANGEROUS: What are you so worked up about?

SAFER: Could we be overreacting?

SAFEST: Here's fifty dollars.

ULTRASAFE: Have some chocolate

DANGEROUS: Should you be eating that?

SAFER: You know, there are a lot of apples left.

SAFEST: Can I get you a glass of wine with that?

ULTRASAFE: Have some chocolate

DANGEROUS: What did you do all day?

SAFER: I hope you didn't overdo it today.

SAFEST: I've always loved you in that robe!

ULTRASAFE: Have some more chocolate.

Pass this on to all of your hormonal friends and those who might need a good laugh! Or men who need a warning.

And remember: Money talks....But Chocolate sings.



DON'T ASK ME HOW SHE DID IT....

## 10 WAYS TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE "ESTROGEN ISSUES"

1. Everyone around you has an attitude problem.
2. You're adding chocolate chips to your cheese omelette
3. The dryer has shrunk every last pair of your jeans.
4. Your husband is suddenly agreeing to everything you say.
5. You're using your mobile phone to dial up every bumper sticker that says: "How's my driving-call 0800....."
6. Everyone's head looks like an invitation to batting practice.
7. Everyone seems to have just landed here from "outer space."
8. You can't believe they don't make a tampon bigger than Super Plus.
9. You're sure that everyone is scheming to drive you crazy.
10. The ibuprofen bottle is empty and you bought it yesterday.

## WORDS WOMEN USE

**FINE** - This is the word women use to end an argument when they feel they are right and you need to shut up. Never use "fine" to describe how a woman looks. This will cause you to have one of those arguments.

**FIVE MINUTES** - This is half an hour. It is equivalent to the five minutes that your football game is going to last before you take out the trash, so it's an even trade.

**NOTHING** - This means "something," and you should be on your toes. "Nothing" is usually used to describe the feeling a woman has of wanting to turn you inside out, upside down, and backwards. "Nothing" usually signifies an argument that will last "Five Minutes" and end with the word "Fine."

**GO AHEAD (With Raised Eyebrows)** - This is a dare. One that will result in a woman getting upset over "Nothing," and will end with the word "Fine."

**GO AHEAD (Normal Eyebrows)** - This means "I give up" or "do what you want because I don't care." "You will get a "Raised Eyebrow Go Ahead" in just a few minutes, followed by "Nothing" and "Fine," and she will talk to you in about "Five Minutes" when she cools off.

**LOUD SIGH** - This is not actually a word, but is a non-verbal statement often misunderstood by men. A "Loud Sigh" means she thinks you are an idiot at that moment, and wonders why she is wasting her time standing here and arguing with you over "Nothing."

**SOFT SIGH** - Again, not a word, but a non-verbal statement. "Soft Sighs" mean that she is content. Your best bet is to not move or breathe, and she will stay content.

**THAT'S OKAY** - This is one of the most dangerous statements that a woman can make to a man. "That's Okay" means that she wants to think long and hard before paying you back for whatever it is that you have done. "That's Okay" is often used with the word "Fine" and in conjunction with a "Raised Eyebrow Go Ahead." At some point in the near future, you are going to be in some mighty big trouble.

**PLEASE DO** - This is not a statement, it is an offer. A woman is giving you the chance to come up with whatever excuse or reason you have for doing whatever it is that you have done. You have a fair chance with the truth, so be careful and you shouldn't get a "That's Okay."

**THANKS** - A woman is thanking you. Do not faint. Just say you're welcome.

**THANKS A LOT** - This is much different from "Thanks." A woman will say, "Thanks A Lot" when she is really ticked off at you. It signifies that you have offended her in some callous way, and will be followed by the "Loud Sigh." Be careful not to ask what is wrong after the "Loud Sigh," as she will only tell you "Nothing".-----

A study in Wisconsin showed that the kind of male face a woman finds attractive can differ -- depending on where a woman is in her menstrual cycle.

For instance: If she is ovulating, she is attracted to men with rugged and masculine features in his face; and if she is menstruating, she is more prone to be attracted to a man with scissors shoved in his temple and a bat jammed up his ass.

## WORK RELATED - The application

A survey of personnel executives at 200 of the Fortune 1,000 companies provided the following unbelievable but true examples of job applicant behaviour.

"The reason the candidate was taking so long to respond to a question became apparent when he began to snore."

"When I gave him my business card at the beginning of the interview, he immediately crumpled it and tossed it in the wastebasket."

"I received a resume and letter that said that the recent high-school graduate wanted to earn \$25 an hour- and not a nickel less."

"(The applicant) said she had just graduated cum laude, but she had no idea what cum laude meant. However, she was proud of her grade point average. It was 2.1."

"(The applicant) insisted on telling me that he wasn't afraid of hard work. But insisted on adding he was afraid of horses and didn't like jazz, modern art, or seafood."

"She actually showed up for an interview during the summer wearing a bathing suit. She said she didn't think I'd mind."

"He sat down opposite me, made himself comfortable, and proceeded to put his foot up on my desk."

"The interview had gone well, until he told me that he and his friends wore my company's clothing whenever they could. I had to tell him that we manufactured office products, not sportswear."

"(The applicant) applied for a customer service position, although, as he confided, he really wasn't a people person."

"Without asking if I minded, he casually lit a cigar and then tossed the match onto my carpet- and couldn't understand why I was upset."

"On the phone, I had asked the candidate to bring his resume and a couple of references. He arrived with the resume- and two people."



A dog walks into a job centre and tells the adviser that he is looking for work. The adviser looks at him in disbelief and asks him to repeat what he has just said. She then makes a few phone calls addresses the animal with a grin "Good news - I've arranged an interview for you with the circus for this afternoon."

"The circus?" gasps the dog. "What the hell would they want a bricklayer for?"

Here is a speech that Bill Gates gave to MT. WHITNEY High School in Visalia, California. Worthwhile reading for anyone with kids of any age, or anyone who has ever been a kid, here's some advice Bill Gates recently dished out at a high school speech about 11 things they did not and will not learn in school. He talks about how feel-good, politically correct teachings created a generation of kids with no concept of reality and how this concept set them up for failure in the real world. Love him or hate him, he sure hits the nail on the head with this!

**Rule 1:** Life is not fair - get used to it.

**Rule 2:** The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something BEFORE you feel good about yourself.

**Rule 3:** You will NOT make \$40,000 a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice-president with a car phone until you earn both.

**Rule 4:** If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss.

**Rule 5:** Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping -- they called it opportunity.

**Rule 6:** If you mess up, it's not your parents' fault, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

**Rule 7:** Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you are. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parents' generation, try delousing the closet in your own room.

**Rule 8:** Your school may have done away with winners and losers, but life has not. In some schools, they have abolished failing grades and they'll give you as many times as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to ANYTHING in real life.

**Rule 9:** Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you find yourself. Do that on your own time.

**Rule 10:** Television is NOT real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

**Rule 11:** Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

When an applicant asked if the company had a fitness program, the human resources manager replied, "Oh, our employees don't need one. They are routinely jumping to conclusions, flying off the handle, beating around the bush, running down the boss, going around in circles, dragging their feet, dodging responsibility, passing the buck, climbing the ladder, wading through paper work, pulling strings, throwing their weight around, stretching the truth, bending the rules, stabbing others in their backs and pushing their luck!"



*The following is a run review written for EGH3 by Les Edwards. They wouldn't print it but I thought you'd like to see what one looks like just in case you get inspired to put pen to paper for the trash...*

### **Run No. 734. The Star, Lingfield - Hares: Alex Niven and Dave Cousins**

Amazingly good turnout for New Year's Day considering the map reference was not only wrong but in the middle of Weir Wood Reservoir. For out of towners like the Lone Ranger, something to moan about before we even started. He still has not got over never being given a down-down for writing a book on erection insurance (as "joint" author of course), nor for being one of the very few professionals around entitled to put FIRM (Fellow of the Institute of wRist Management) after his name!). All very strange but true (ask to see his business card).

The best turnout this year so far, particularly being so far away from East Grinstead. We had an Aussie visitor who had a non-refundable ticket bought before his country was thrashed by the English, several other W\*nkers (see later) and the Cuckoos were out early,

It was with some satisfaction that we saw the Hares arrive all wet and muddy, having to get up in the dark, waking up their wives in the process, to lay the run in the pouring rain. Unfortunately, of course, we had to run it.

Off we went into the gloom, everyone saying what a great time they had the night before, how late they'd stayed up, how much they'd drunk ("I started with a bottle in front of me and woke up feeling I'd had a frontal lobotomy") etc etc. This did not, of course, impress those of us with partners that had drank themselves paralytic by 9.30, and had to be driven home early by their sober other halves, everyone asleep by eleven. Bah! Humbug!

It was not a bad run, considering, (the rain, mud, Hares etc). Plenty of checks, just about the right length, a bit of seasonal mud-slinging by Barr and Watson, short-cutting over crops to get us black-listed by another farmer, mulled wine at the Nivens (at least I hope it was them as the lady and her daughter were very accommodating), and then back to a very pleasant pub for some cr\*p (see later) Scottish food.

I had a really interesting snippet of information I wanted to include in this report about how in the cold weather apparently blue t\*ts (see later) can no longer peck open the silver tops on milk bottles left on doorsteps. I therefore spoke on the run with Mr Watson, the editor, about why he often leaves out half of my reports or drastically re-edits some of them. Apparently it is not to protect the sensibilities of himself, and certainly not Lesley (who you will remember took great delight at flicking barbeque sauce at Ian O'Donovan's naked w\*lly (see later) in one circle a few years ago), but to allow the reports to get past various expletive resistant e-mail firewalls operated by some companies. Apparently hyphenated words like balls-up and cock-up, and none-hyphenated mis-spelt words such as ballocks, can get through, but not b\*lls, c\*ck, or b\*lllocks. This clearly drastically reduces the scope of some hash reports, so its good to get that cleared up Dave, you big-titted c\*ck-sucking mother-facker!

To continue with this report, there was a circle in which "Swing low sweet chariot" featured strongly, much to the chagrin of our Aussie guest, the Welsh, the Irish, and everyone else who wasn't English. Then down-downs to the hares for doing their best (!), Cathy Radiosoap for her sexy (?) Olivia Newton John greasy trousers, the Aussie for being one (!), Pete "I only transposed two numbers" Wallace for the Weir Wood Reservoir map reference, Vulcan (I think) for having a pretty wife (its as good a reason as any), the distaff side of the Niven family for the New Year refreshments, and a couple of Roberts's (where does the apostrophe go?) for something or other, and there may have been one for Neil Dalgetty but I'm no longer sure and it doesn't matter.

No time for any more. My old man's getting one of his special films out. As he always says "No Christmas is complete without watching "Shaving Ryan's Privates" together". Who am I to argue?

Your Scribe: S(h)usan S(h)ocks



*More Women's stuff ...*

**Female fantasy**

A woman was sitting at a bar enjoying an after-work cocktail with her girlfriends when an exceptionally tall, handsome, extremely sexy young man entered. He was so striking that the woman could not take her eyes away from him. The young man noticed her overly-attentive stare & walked directly toward her. Before she could offer her apologies for being so rude for staring, the young man said to her, 'I'll do anything, absolutely anything, that you want me to do, no matter how kinky, for £100, on one condition.'  
Flabbergasted, the woman asked what the condition was. The young man replied, 'You have to tell me what you want me to do in just three words.' The woman considered his proposition for a moment, withdrew from her purse and slowly counted out five £20 notes, which she pressed into the young man's hand along with her address. She looked deeply into his eyes and slowly, meaningfully said, "Clean my house."



*Can't say you weren't warned!*

Girl & her boyfriend go to the pub. When it's the girl's turn to buy around, she tells him that she's heard of a wonderful new drink he simply must try. She returns with the usual half of lager for herself. For him, she has two glasses. One contains a measure of Bailey's, the other lime juice. Instructions: "OK, what you gotta do is, you gotta swig the Bailey's, hold it in your mouth, and then drink the lime juice."  
He looks a bit dubious, but she's very enthusiastic so he decides to give it a go.  
First the Bailey's: lovely smooth, creamy, warm feeling in the mouth. Then he takes the lime juice.  
T + 0.1 secs: The cream in the Bailey's curdles.  
T + 0.3 secs: Boyfriend's face turns the colour of fresh lime juice.  
T + 0.6 secs: Boyfriend calms his stomach & swallows the gunge.  
T + 1.5 secs: She whispers in his ear.... "It's called Blowjob revenge"

In a general store in a small rural community there was a hard-working apprentice who diligently followed his boss, the owner of the store, picking up hints on how best to serve the customers.  
One day a man came in to buy grass seed. The owner greeted him politely and asked him what it was he was after.  
"I'd like to buy some grass seed to reseed my lawn".  
"Well, Sir, we have the cheapest grass seed which is rather rough, we have medium quality which makes a good hard-wearing lawn and we have top-quality which is for the sort of lawn that you can mow into stripes."  
"What would you recommend?" asked the customer and explained what sort of lawn he had.  
"Well, for your requirements I suggest you buy the medium quality ..... and how about a lawn-mower whilst you are here? Once your lawn has grown you'll need to keep it nicely mown."  
The customer agreed with the owner and went away happily with his grass seed and the promise of a lawn-mower which would be delivered in due course.  
"That's what I call added-value" said the owner to his apprentice. "Remember that when it's your turn to serve a customer."  
The next day a young woman came into the shop and the owner pushed the apprentice forward and told him to look after their customer.

The apprentice went nervously forward - "Can I help you Madam?"  
"Yes, I'd like to buy some tampons".  
"Of course Madam. We have tampons for light bleeding, medium tampons and then tampons if you have a very heavy period. Which would you like?"  
"I'll take a box of the medium tampons, please."  
"Very well Madam. How about a lawn-mower whilst you are here?"  
"Why ever would I want to buy a lawn-mower?"  
"Well, you won't up to much f\*\*\*\*\* else this weekend!"

**A Prayer Upon Waking**

Dear God,  
So far today, I've done all right. I haven't gossiped, and I haven't lost my temper. I haven't been grumpy, nasty or selfish, and I'm really glad of that!  
But in a few minutes, God, I'm going to get out of bed, and from then on, I'm probably going to need a lot of help.  
Thank you!  
Amen.

A kindergarten class had a homework assignment to find out about something exciting and relate it to the class the next day. The first little boy called upon, walked up to the front of the class, and with a piece of chalk, made a small white dot on the blackboard, then sat back down. Puzzled, the teacher asked him just what it was. "It's a period," said the little boy.  
"Well, I can see that." She said, "But what is so exciting about a period?"  
"Darned if I know," said little Johnny, "but this morning my 16 year old sister was missing one, Dad had a heart attack, Mom fainted, and the man next door shot himself."



**If you have raised kids (or been one), and gone through the pet syndrome including toilet-flush burials for dead goldfish, the story below will have you laughing out LOUD!**

Overview: My son's hamster just got back from the vet. Here's what happened:

Just after dinner one night, my son came up to tell me there was "something wrong" with one of the two hamsters he holds prisoner in his room. "He's just lying there looking sick," he told me. "I'm serious, Dad. Can you help?"

I put my best hamster-healer statement on my face and followed him into his bedroom.

One of the little rodents was indeed lying on his back, looking stressed. I immediately knew what to do.

"Honey," I called, "come look at the hamster!"

"Oh my gosh," my wife diagnosed after a minute. "She's having babies."

"What?" my son demanded. "But their names are Bert and Ernie, Mom!"

I was equally outraged. "Hey, how can that be? I thought we said we didn't want them to reproduce," I accused my wife.

"Well, what do you want me to do, post a sign in their cage?" she inquired. (I actually think she said this sarcastically!)

"No, but you were supposed to get two boys!" I reminded her, (in my most loving, calm, sweet voice, while gritting my teeth together).

"Yeah, Bert and Ernie!" my son agreed.

"Well, it's just a little hard to tell on some guys, you know," she informed me. (Again, I think with the more sarcasm.)

By now the rest of the family had gathered to see what was going on. I shrugged, deciding to make the best of it.

"Kids, this is going to be a wondrous experience, I announced. "We're about to witness the miracle of birth."

"OH, Gross!", they shrieked.

"Well, isn't THAT just Great! What are we going to do with a litter of tiny little hamster babies?" my wife wanted to know. (I really do think she was being snotty here, too. Don't you?)

We peered at the patient. After much struggling, what looked like a tiny foot would appear briefly, vanishing a scant second later.

"We don't appear to be making much progress," I noted.

"It's breech," my wife whispered, horrified.

"Do something, Dad!" my son urged.

"Okay, okay." Squeamishly, I reached in and grabbed the foot when it next appeared, giving it a gingerly tug. It disappeared. I tried several more times with the same results.

"Should I call 911?" my eldest daughter wanted to know. "Maybe they could talk us through the trauma." (You see a pattern here with the females in my house?)

"Let's get Ernie to the vet," I said grimly. We drove to the vet with my son holding the cage in his lap.

"Breathe, Ernie, breathe," he urged.

"I don't think hamsters do Lamaze," his mother noted to him. (Women can be so cruel to their own young. I mean what she does to me is one thing, but this boy is of her womb, for Goodness sake.)

The vet took Ernie back to the examining room and peered at the little animal through a magnifying glass.

"What do you think, Doc, a c-section?" I suggested scientifically.

"Oh, very interesting," he murmured. "Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, may I speak to you privately for a moment?"

I gulped, nodding for my son to step outside.

"Is Ernie going to be okay?" my wife asked.

"Oh, perfectly," the vet assured us. "This hamster is not in labour. In fact, that isn't EVER going to happen... Ernie IS a boy."

"What?" we gasped in confusion

"You see, Ernie is a young male. And occasionally, as they come into maturity, like most male species, they um.... um.... masturbate.

Just the way he did, lying on his back." He blushed, glancing at my wife. "Well, you know what I'm saying, Mr. Cameron."

We were silent, absorbing this. "So Ernie's just... just... Excited," my wife offered.

"Exactly," the vet replied, relieved that we understood. More silence.

Then my vicious, cruel wife started to giggle. And giggle. And then even laugh loudly.

"What's so funny?" I demanded, knowing, but not believing that the woman I married would commit the upcoming affront to my flawless manliness.

Tears were now running down her face. "It's just... that... I'm picturing you pulling on its... its... teeny little..." she gasped for more air to bellow in laughter once more.

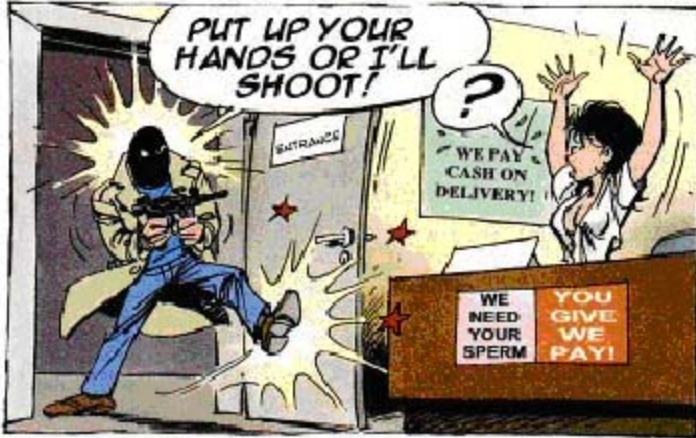
"That's enough," I warned.

We thanked the Veterinarian and hurriedly bundled the hamster and our son back into the car. He was glad everything was going to be okay.

"I know Ernie's really thankful for what you've done, Dad," he told me.

"Oh, you have NO idea," my wife agreed, collapsing with laughter. 2 - Hamsters - 10 bucks... 1 - Cage - 20 bucks... Trip to the Vet - 30 bucks... Mental Pictures of your hubby pulling on the hamster's tiny wacker..... Priceless!"









# SELF ARREST FORM

A proposition has been announced recently to help reduce the deficit and to "Take A Bite Out Of Crime." If you witness a crime, it is your civic duty to report the crime to the police. When a crime is committed, you have the right to make a "Citizen's Arrest". Thus, if YOU commit a crime, it would be extremely helpful for you to perform a Citizen's Self-Arrest. Fill out the form, to complete your Citizen's Self-Arrest.

Fill out this form, answering all questions completely.

Enter your full name:  ALIAS:

Enter your street address:  Phone #:  -

Town:  County:  Post code:

E-Mail Address:

Height:  WT:  Eyes:  Hair:  Race:

Sex:  Scars/Tattoos, if any:

PLEA:  Motive:  If Other, specify:

CRIME for which you are arresting yourself:

Read the following statement aloud:

"I am under arrest. I have a right to remain silent. Anything I say can and will be used against me in a court of law. I have the right to talk to a lawyer and have him/her present with me while I question myself. If I cannot afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent me, if I wish one, before I question myself. If I decide to make a statement, I may stop at any time."

WAIVER:

Do I understand each of these rights I have just read to myself?  Yes  No

Having these rights in mind, do I wish to talk to myself now?  Yes  No

(If YES to both, use the space below for your full confession or other statement you may wish to make.)

STATEMENT/CONFESSION:



**Memorize the following rules:**

1. Do not leave your house. If you are not home now, go home immediately.
2. Put any firearms or other potential weapons out of reach.
3. Remove your belt and shoelaces.
4. If others are present in your house, send them away. You may, however, talk to yourself.
5. You are not to allow yourself any visitors.
6. Conjugal visits are not permitted.
7. Consumption of alcohol or use of any other non-prescription drugs is not permitted.
8. Do not try to escape from your home.
9. If you do attempt an escape, use all reasonable force to stop yourself.
10. Report any escape attempts promptly, by phone, to the local police.
11. Do not disturb any evidence present in your home.
12. Remain in your home until the police arrive.

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To ensure your Citizen's Self-Arrest is received, mail a copy of this form to your local police department, in accordance with the following instructions:

1. Print out this form.
2. Using a stamp-pad or ink-soaked sponge/tissue, provide a preliminary set of fingerprints on the printed copy of the form:

<b>Right Thumb</b>		<b>Left Thumb</b>		<b>Right Forefinger</b>		<b>Left Forefinger</b>	
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3. If you have a recent passport-size photograph, enclose it with this form. If you do not have a photo but do possess some artistic skill, do a rough sketch of your appearance on a separate sheet of paper. (Do NOT sketch yourself wearing dark glasses. Do not add a beard or moustache if you do not normally have one)
4. If you do not have a printer, type or carefully draw a facsimile of this form on a blank piece of paper and fill in the appropriate information. Submission of a neat and complete form will be pointed out favourably to the Court office.

**Signature of Arrestor/Arrestee (required for mail-arrests only)**

**Date**

5. Sign and date this form and mail it to your local police department. You are authorized to make one trip to a mailbox for this purpose.

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The small patch below contains a remarkable offshoot of military technology: An entire miniature Bible, produced by laser microprinting. Place your left hand on the spot and raise your right hand and say "I swear that all of the information I have given on this form is true, so help me, God."

XXXXX  
XXXXX <---- (Bible)  
XXXXX  
XXXXX

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To make your self-arrest official, press this button: 