



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #85 May 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.
3rd May 04	1350	Cock Inn, Ringmer		440 137 Greyhounds: Chris etc	01273 554148
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. <i>Est. 15 mins.</i>					
10th May 04	1351	Old Oak Inn, Arlington		557 078 Theresa, & Don	01273 705846
Directions: A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Continue and take 1st left (opposite Giants Rest pub). Right at t- junction and pub 1/2 mile on left through Caneheath. <i>Est. 25 mins.</i>					
15th May 04	X/C	Plough, Pyecombe - a.m. start		292 126 Dave, Pete, Phil	01273 473622
Directions: A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. <i>Est. 5 mins.</i> Round Sussex relay. Teams to Pete, or Dave - contact for legs and times your involvement. Party afterwards at Dons. Let Phil know if vegetarian.					
17th May 04	1352	Red Lion, Shoreham		208 059 Bouncer & Angel	01273 441611
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. <i>Est. 10 mins. Pie & pint night. The Bouncers 1st anniversary.</i>					
24th May 04	1353	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking		248 114 Louis	01444 410656
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. <i>Est. 10 mins.</i>					
31st May 04	1354	Hare & Hounds, Framfield		496 205 Mudlarks & Chris W	01273 271441
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Right at end onto A26 for Uckfield. At junction with A22 go straight on. Over next roundabout then right on B2102. Pub on left just over 1.5 miles. <i>Est. 30 mins.</i>					

Receding hareline:

5th June XC South Downs 100 mile relay, Beachy Head to Winchester. We have two teams (6 runners) in this event this year. Some vacancies if you wish to take part. Contact Chris at cdauncey@ottercm.fsnet.co.uk.

6th June XC Family Hash, Ditchling #Umpteen Lo-cal Knowledge 26th birthday!

Sept/Oct XC Montreuil-sur-Mer #12 The Greyhounds 12th year, 10th anniversary!

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH WEBSITE - www.brightonhash.co.uk

CLEAR YOUR DIARIES - BRIGHTON HASH PARTY ON ...

First off is the **Round Sussex Relay** on 15th May. Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans and Pete 'Professor'/'Stargazer'/'Mudlark' Thomas are organising 2 teams between them. Drop either of them an e-mail if you wish to take part and it would be helpful if you could let them know what time you will be available, how far you'd like to run, how many stages (see website or one of the boys for the list) you feel capable of tackling.

The run itself will be followed by a function at Don's from 7 – 7.30pm onwards. The whole event is intended as a fund raiser to enable Lorna to purchase equipment needed for an Open University course in Internet and desktop publishing. Accordingly there will be a £20 charge for the evening which will cover food, beer and a donation (as opposed to less food, less beer and a damn sight more profit to the publican if you went anywhere else). If you are unable to make the evening but would like to make a donation anyway this would be most gratefully received. Vegetarians please let Phil know.

The image shows the cover of the magazine '220 TRIATHLON'. At the top, it says 'SWIM • BIKE • RUN - FASTER'. The main title '220 TRIATHLON' is in large, bold, red letters. Below the title, there are several headlines: 'OLDER FASTER STRONGER' with the sub-headline 'Keep improving when you're 40+', 'GOLD RUSH' with 'How the UK's five World Champions got to the top', and 'BOOST YOUR MAX POWER' with 'Develop your fitness and increase your speed'. The central image is a triathlete in a blue and red singlet and black shorts running on a road. A yellow race bib with the number '700' is pinned to her. In the background, another triathlete is visible with a bib number '1756'. At the bottom left, there is a 'Plus' section with three items: 'We review the £1,100 Trek 1500', 'Swimming tools tested and rated', and 'What to eat for success'. At the bottom right, it says 'New series GET SET Your essential guide to training for a triathlon'. There is also a 'WIN' banner in the top left corner that says 'A Quintana Roo bike worth £5,000' and a barcode on the left side.

Also clear your diaries for the **family hash on 6th June** which marks our 26th birthday. As last year this will be held at the barn and on Ditchling Village Green. No doubt Harveys will be on tap, and of course the barbie starring Choppers mushrooms, and if you can bring a dish let Pete know. I understand we could also use a hare if anyone's up for a run?

Not sure who did the London this year or what times. Running every other week and having spent the year so far injured anyway, means I'm useless at offering that sort of info service, as my own interest levels are pretty low. Up to you guys to tell me I'm afraid! Ivan, this applies to all the GP as well as foreign Marathons. I haven't yet turned down any material for the trash, although I confess I do have a lot in the pipeline. As long as it's current though I will do my utmost to include it.

After missing the deadline for the last issue I now have the full frontal of Mr. Luck taking part in the World Championships in New Zealand, as featured in March 220 magazine. Bob's the one on your left looking down, just being beaten by a woman, rumour has it the winner, which makes Bob 2nd lady?

Seriously though we are indeed honoured to have such an athlete in our midst as Bob has for many years now been representing the nation and excelling in his class.

I had a brilliant time in Stockholm, see the review I wrote for the Full Moon trash along with loads I nicked from their back issues (being that I frequently steal from Stockholm trash). There's even a Swedish language tutorial! **ON ON, Bouncer**

BLAST FROM THE PAST – Provided by Bob for trash May 94 - from Singapore trash, yonks back:

AN EXTRACT FROM BIG DADDY'S AIRFORCE TROUBLESHOOTING MANUAL

(Not as some would suggest, from "Bloody Awful" or "Funny Bum")

SUBJECT ALL JET ENGINES. ENGINE SHAKE TOO MUCH: HOW FIX, HOW FIND OUT, WHO BLAME, INFORMATION ON.

REF. : (A) Jet Engine Bulletin No. 199A

1. PURPOSE: For sake easier for read and savvy reference (a). Don't say whatsamatta when engine shake, when got Bulletin 118 or no, but only for list of things what make engine shake, sometimes.
2. APPLICATION: All engine that sneak by Government inspector at factory.
3. INSTRUCTIONS:
 - (a) If engine shake in sky and no shake on ground, get new flyboy shaking because no trust engine, this because Take Care Aircraft Officer poor salesman or about to detach.
 - (b) If many flyboys say engine shake too much, may be good idea ask, whatsamatta?
 - (c) Get ground boy sit in gunpowder chair and work kerosene handle. When engine turning and shake like hell, stop and check whatsamatta.
 - (d) Loose electric machine number one for make engine shake, tighten like devil.
 - (e) After whatsamatta check-up all outside small machines and no find, take off hot pipe and count buckets on fire wheel. If fire wheel lose buckets, because flyboy work kerosene handle too fast. If engine "kafloom-kafloom" too many times, hot-boy and fire wheel go to hell soon. If fire wheel good wind, go see whatsamatta air compressing wheel.
 - (f) Take-Care-Flying-Machine men all time lose tools in front air tunnel. make compressing wheel heap sick, also make engine shake.
 - (g) If engine still shake in sky, tell flyboy drive airplane straight so front air tunnel don't make "duck turbulence" (No savvy what kind bird that. Engineer got deep talk for something don't know nothing)
 - (h) Sometimes ball bearing lose marbles and engine shake like hell, This because Get-Ready-Flymen don't pre-oil bearings.
 - (i) If ground boy no find whatsamatta, then call electric man with black box. Man with black box tell whether fire wheel shake on front and shimmy. Black Box always tell truth whether flyboy or ground boy feel engine shake by seat or not.

Page three (Thought about putting Bob here. Then this came up!)



Little Johnny walked into a saloon and said to the barmaid, "Give me a Scotch on the rocks."

"You're just a kid," said the barmaid. "Do you want to get me in trouble?"

"Maybe in a couple of years," replied Little Johnny. "But in the meantime, I'd still like that Scotch."

The state of the states ...

- Seems that a year ago, some Boeing employees on the airfield decided to steal a life raft from one of the 747s. They were successful in getting it out of the plane and home. When they took it for a float on the river, a Coast Guard helicopter coming towards them surprised them. It turned out that the chopper was homing in on the emergency locator beacon, which activated when the raft was inflated. They are no longer employed at Boeing.
- I am a medical student currently doing a rotation in toxicology at the poison control centre. Today, this woman called in very upset because she caught her little daughter eating ants. I quickly reassured her that the ants are not harmful and there would be no need to bring her daughter into the hospital. She calmed down, and at the end of the conversation happened to mention that she gave her daughter some ant poison to eat in order to kill the ants. I told her that she better bring her daughter into the Emergency room right away.
- A pair of Michigan robbers entered a record shop nervously waving revolvers. The first one shouted, "Nobody move!" When his partner moved, the startled first bandit shot him.
- Ann Arbor: The Ann Arbor News crime column reported that a man walked into a Burger King in Ypsilanti, Michigan at 12:50 am flashed a gun and demanded cash. The clerk turned him down because he said he couldn't open the cash register without a food order. When the man ordered onion rings, the clerk said they weren't available for breakfast. The man, frustrated, walked away.
- Arkansas: Seems this guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The cinder block bounced back and hit the would-be thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. Seems the liquor store window was made of Plexi-Glass. The whole event was caught on videotape.
- A guy walked into a little corner store with a shotgun and demanded all the cash from the cash drawer. After the cashier put the cash in a bag, the robber saw a bottle of scotch that he wanted behind the counter on the shelf. He told the cashier to put it in the bag as well, but he refused, saying "I don't believe you are over 21." The robber said he was, but the clerk still refused to give it to him because he didn't believe him. At this point the robber took his drivers license out of his wallet and gave it to the clerk. The clerk looked it over, and agreed that the man was in fact over 21 and he put the scotch in the bag. The robber then ran from the store with his loot. The cashier promptly called the police and gave them the name and address that he got off the license. They arrested the robber two hours later.



Today Baghdad – tomorrow Paris!

There are these friends who play golf together every Saturday. One Saturday they are getting ready to tee off when a guy, by himself, asks if he can join them. The friends look at each other and then look at the guy and say, "Sure."

So they tee off. About two holes into the game, the friends get curious about what the guy does for a living. So they ask him. The stranger tells them he's a hitman. The friends all laugh. The guy says, "No really, I am a hitman. My gun is in my golf bag. I carry it everywhere. You can take a look at it if you like."

So one of the friends decides to check it out. He opened the bag and, sure enough, there is a rifle with a huge scope attached. He gets all excited and says, "WOW! I bet I can see my house through here! May I look?" The hit man replies, "Sure."

So the guy looks for a second and says, "YEAH! You can see my house! I can even see through the windows into my bedroom. There's my wife, naked. Isn't she beautiful? WAIT! There's my next door neighbour! And he's naked too!"

This really upsets the guy, so he asks the hitman how much it would be for a hit. The hitman replies, "I get \$1000 everytime I pull the trigger."

The guy responds, "\$1000???" Well, ok. I want two hits. I want you to shoot my wife right in the mouth. She's always nagging at me and I can't stand it. Second, I want you to shoot my neighbour in the penis, just for screwing around with my wife."

The hit man agrees, gears up and looks through the scope. He's looking for about five minutes until finally the man starts to get really impatient and asks, "What are you waiting for?!"

The hitman replies, "Just hold on..... I'm about to save you a thousand bucks!"

A married couple is driving along when they see a wounded skunk on the side of the road. They stop, the wife gets out, picks it up, and brings it into the car. She says, "Look, it's shivering, it must be cold. What should I do?" Her husband replies, "Put it between your legs to keep it warm." She asks, "What about the smell?" He says, "Hold its nose."

Some very silly stuff ...

Two men are sitting in a bar. One says to the other, "I think it's spelled W-H-H-O-O-O-M-B."

The other man replies, "No, wouldn't it be more like W-H-H-H-O-O-M-M-B-B?"

The waitress is walking by and says, "You guys are both idiots! It's spelled W-O-M-B, you jerks!" and she storms off. The one man turns to his friend and says, "How do you like that?"

She's heard an elephant fart too!"

A guy driving a Yugo pulls up at a stoplight next to a Rolls-Royce. The driver of the Yugo rolls down his window and shouts to the driver of the Rolls, "Hey, buddy, that's a nice car. You got a phone in your Rolls? I've got one in my Yugo!" The driver of Rolls looks over and says simply, "Yes I have a phone."

The driver of the Yugo says, "Cool! Hey, you got a fridge in there too? I've got a fridge in the back seat of my Yugo!" The driver of the Rolls, looking annoyed, says, "Yes, I have a refrigerator."

The driver of the Yugo says, "That's great, man! Hey, you got a TV in there, too? You know, I got a TV in the back seat of my Yugo!" The driver of the Rolls, looking very annoyed by now, says, "Of course I have a television. A Rolls-Royce is the finest luxury car in the world!"

The driver of the Yugo says, "Very cool car! Hey, you got a bed in there, too? I got a bed in the back of my Yugo!" Upset that he did not have a bed, the driver of the Rolls-Royce sped away, and went straight to the dealer, where he promptly ordered that a bed be installed in the back of the Rolls. The next morning, the driver of the Rolls picked up the car, and the bed looked superb, complete with silk sheets and brass trim. It was clearly a bed fit for a Rolls Royce. So the driver of the Rolls begins searching for the Yugo, and he drove all day. Finally, late at night, he finds the Yugo parked, with all the windows fogged up from the inside. The driver of the Rolls got out and knocked on the Yugo. When there wasn't any answer, he knocked and knocked, and eventually the owner stuck his head out, soaking wet. "I now have a bed in the back of my Rolls-Royce," the driver of the Rolls stated arrogantly. The driver of the Yugo looked at him and said, "You got me out of the shower for that??"

Jon, Brian, and Amanpreet were in the pub enjoying a few quiet drinks one night, when they decided to get in on the weekly raffle. They bought five \$1 tickets each, seeing it was for charity. The following week, when the raffle was drawn, they each won a prize. Jon won the first prize: a whole year's supply of gourmet spaghetti sauce. Brian won the second prize: six month's supply of extra-long gourmet spaghetti. Amanpreet won the sixth prize: a toilet brush.

When they met in the pub a week later, Amanpreet asked the others how they were enjoying their prizes.

"Great," said Jon. "I love spaghetti."

"So do I," said Brian. "And how's the toilet brush, 'Preet?"

"Not so good," Amanpreet confided. "I'm going to have to go back to paper."

Donald MacDonald from the Isle of Skye went to study at an English university and was living in the hall of residence with all the other students there. After he had been there a month, his mother came to visit him.

"And how do you find the English students, Donald?" she asked. "Mother," he replied, "they're such terrible, noisy people. The one on that side keeps banging his head on the wall and won't stop. The one on the other side screams and screams all night." "Oh Donald! How do you manage to put up with these awful noisy English neighbors?"

"Mother, I do nothing. I just ignore them. I just stay here quietly, playing my bagpipes."

A man is shipwrecked on a desert island. When he wakes up, he sees the sky has turned purple. He looks around and notices that the palm trees are purple, as is the sea and the beach, too. Then he looks down at his clothes, hair and skin, and they are all purple. "Oh no," he exclaims. "I think I've been marooned."



A contractor dies in a car accident on his 40th birthday and finds himself at the Pearly Gates.

A brass band is playing, the Angels are singing a beautiful hymn, there is a huge crowd cheering and shouting his name and absolutely everyone wants to shake his hand.

Just when he thinks things can't possibly get any better, Saint Peter himself runs over, apologises for not greeting him personally at the pearly gates, shakes his hand and says 'Congratulations son, we've been waiting a long time for you! Totally confused and a little embarrassed, the contractor sheepishly looks at Saint Peter and says 'Saint Peter, I tried to lead a God fearing life, I loved my family, I tried to obey the 10 Commandments, but congratulations for what? I honestly don't remember doing anything really special when I was alive. 'Congratulations for what?' says Saint Peter, totally amazed at the man's modesty. 'We're celebrating the fact that you lived to be 160 years old! God himself wants to see you!' The contractor is awe-struck and can only look at Saint Peter with his mouth agape.

When he regains his power of speech, he looks up at Saint Peter and says 'Saint Peter, I lived my life in the eternal hope that when I died I would be judged by God and be found to be worthy, but I only lived to be forty. 'That's simply impossible son,' says Saint Peter. 'We've added up your time sheets.'

A blind German psychic has claimed he can read people's futures by feeling their naked buttocks. It's called Asstrology.

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN CORK TOO LONG

1. You say "I'm Grand, like" all the time.
2. You think Murphy's is 'savage'.
3. You think of Murphy's as if it is the sixth food group.
4. You disagreed with 2. - Murphy's is the FIRST food group and call anyone a 'Langer' if they claim to the contrary.
5. You say "Are you Grand?" all the time.
6. You say "Tis grand, like?" all the time.
7. You say "That'd be grand, like" all the time.
8. You take 4 hours to get home on a Saturday night and think nothing of it.
9. You don't eat anything cold, uncooked or not resembling meat, bread or potatoes.
10. You say "Your man" followed by 'boiy' all the time.
11. You say "Your woman" followed by 'boiy' all the time.
12. You say "Tis grand that your man asked if I'm grand, like, boiy" all the time.
13. You find yourself still living with family and having dinners cooked for you by someone's mammy - at Number 30.
14. You talk about 'dinners' and 'mammys'.

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN DUBLIN TOO LONG

1. You say 'taeun' when you mean the city.
2. You think it is perfectly normal to pay over €4 for a pint.
3. Anyone not from Dublin is a 'wanker'.
4. Anyone from north of the Liffey is a 'Northside wanker'.
5. You have no idea where Ballydehob is.
6. You see a member of Westlife on Grafton Street and find it hard to get excited about it.
7. The countryside makes you nervous.
8. Somebody speaks to you on the DART and you freak out thinking they are a stalker.
9. American tourists no longer annoy you.
10. You can't remember the last time you got up to 30mph in your car in "taeun."

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN LIMERICK TOO LONG

1. You have an uncontrollable urge to steal.
2. You keep going on about how great Limerick and Garryowen are.
3. To you, organised crime is putting petrol in the getaway car
4. You start to cry when you hear 'Beautiful Munsters'.
5. You think anyone from Limerick has a great sense of humour.
6. You think everyone's heard of Barry Foley.
7. You think Dubliners are 'soft east coast ashy pets'...until they kick your head in at rugby.
8. You deny that it rains all the time...as you struggle home with the shopping in yet another torrential downpour.

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN MONAGHAN TOO LONG

1. You say 'Sir' all the time ("Howsa goan thur Sir").
2. You say 'shite' all the time.
3. You say 'aye' all the time.
4. You end sentences with 'Hiagh' i.e. "I'm no goan' thur, Hiagh, it's shite".
5. You think McArdles Ale is great, ignoring the fact it 'tastes of shite Hiagh'.
6. You get an urge to punch everybody you meet.
7. You punch everybody you meet.
8. You get drunk before, after and during punching everybody you meet.
9. You are incomprehensible when you speak while trying to punch everyone you meet.

10. People seem to be scared of you when you say where you are from.

11. You automatically get the urge to kill on hearing the words 'Monarchy' or 'England'.

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN GALWAY TOO LONG

1. You say "Howsa' goin" all the time.
2. You can't remember a weekend when a friend from Dublin or Cork wasn't sleeping on your couch.
3. When you meet someone on a Tuesday afternoon you tell them you haven't been out in ages then remember that you were chatting to that same person last night in the Quays.
4. You agree with all taxi drivers on all subjects - why bother gettin thick.
5. Unless the taxi driver is from Mayo.
6. Unless, like half the population living in Galway, you're from Mayo.
7. When you say you live in Galway, people immediately smile and tell you about their wild weekend in Salthill when they were 16. You nod enthusiastically about the same venue, despite the fact that you were never there.
8. You think that it's perfectly normal to have 6 buskers (including an Ethiopian bagpipe player), eight street entertainers, 19 Romanian beggars, a krusty holding some bailing twine tied to a raggedy dog telling fortunes and 4 separate roadworks all on the one street.

SIGNS YOU'VE BEEN IN WICKLOW TOO LONG

1. You're still there.

Cork Radio Station (in Ireland), 96 FM, was running a competition to find contestants who could come up with words that were not found in any English Dictionary yet could still use these words in a sentence that would make logical sense. The prize was a trip to Bali for a week. The DJ, Neil, had many callers; the following two standing out:

DJ: 96FM, what's your name?

Caller: Hi, me name's Dave.

DJ: Dave, what is your word?

Caller: Goan, spelt G O A N, pronounced "go-an"

DJ: We are just checking that (pause) and you are correct, Dave, "goan" is certainly a word not found in the English Dictionary. Now the next question, for a trip for two to Bali is, what sentence can you use that in that would make logical sense?

Caller: Goan fuck yourself!

At this point the DJ cuts the caller short and announces that there is no place for that sort of language on a family show. After many more unsuccessful calls the DJ takes the following caller:

DJ: 96FM, what's your name?

Caller: Hi, me name's Jeff.

DJ: Jeff, what is your word?

Caller: Smee, spelt S M E E, pronounced "smee".

DJ: We are checking that (pause) and you are correct, Jeff, "smee" is certainly a word not found in the English Dictionary. Now the next question, for a trip for two to Bali is, what sentence can you use that in that would make logical sense?

Caller: Smee again! Goan fuck yourself!

AND YOU THINK YOU ARE HAVING A BAD DAY AT WORK !! Although this looks like a picture taken from a Hollywood movie, it is in fact a real photo, taken near the South African coast during a military exercise by the British Navy. It has been nominated by Geo as "photo of the year".



The Stella Awards - America at its very best!

The "Stella" awards rank up there with the Darwin awards. In 1994, a New Mexico jury awarded \$ 2.9 million US in damages to 81-year-old Stella Liebeck who suffered third-degree burns to her legs, groin and buttocks after spilling a cup of McDonald's coffee on herself. This case inspired an annual award - The "Stella" Award - for the most frivolous lawsuit in the US. The ones listed below are clear candidates. All these cases are verging on the outright ridiculous and yet (in the good old USA) with the right attorney you could win anything!

1. January 2000: Kathleen Robertson of Austin Texas was awarded \$780,000 by a jury of her peers after breaking her ankle tripping over a toddler who was running inside a furniture store. The owners of the store were understandably surprised at the verdict, considering the misbehaving little "darling" was Ms. Robertson's son.
2. June 1998: A 19 year old Carl Truman of Los Angeles won \$74,000 and medical expenses when his neighbour ran over his hand with a Honda Accord. Mr. Truman apparently didn't notice there was someone at the wheel of the car, when he was trying to steal his neighbour's hubcaps.
3. October 1998: A Terrence Dickson of Bristol, Pennsylvania was leaving a house he had just finished robbing by way of the garage. He was not able to get the garage door to go up since the automatic door opener was malfunctioning. He couldn't

re-enter the house because the door connecting the house and garage locked when he pulled it shut. The family was on vacation. Mr. Dickson found himself locked in the garage for eight days. He subsisted on a case of Pepsi he found, and a large bag of dry dog food. He sued the homeowner's insurance claiming the situation caused him undue mental anguish. The jury agreed to the tune of half a million dollars.

4. October 1999: Jerry Williams of Little Rock, Arkansas was awarded \$14,500 and medical expenses after being bitten on the buttocks by his next door neighbour's beagle. The beagle was on a chain in it's owner's fenced-in yard. The award was less than sought because the jury felt the dog might have been just a little provoked at the time by Mr. Williams who was shooting it repeatedly with a pellet gun.

5. May 2000: A Philadelphia restaurant was ordered to pay Amber Carson of Lancaster, Pennsylvania \$113,500 after she slipped on a soft drink and broke her coccyx. The beverage was on the floor because Ms. Carson threw it at her boyfriend 30 seconds earlier during an argument.
6. December 1997: Kara Walton of Claymont, Delaware successfully sued the owner of a night club in a neighbouring city when she fell from the bathroom window to the floor and knocked out her two front teeth. This occurred while Ms Walton was trying to sneak through the window in the ladies room to avoid paying the \$3.50 cover charge. She was awarded \$12,000 and dental expenses.

And the winner is:

Mr Merv Grazinski of Oklahoma City. In November 2000 Mr Grazinski purchased a brand new 32 foot Winnebago motor home. On his first trip home, having joined the freeway, he set the cruise control at 70 mph and calmly left the drivers seat to go into the back and make himself a cup of coffee. Not surprisingly the Winnie left the freeway, crashed and overturned. Mr Grazinski sued Winnebago for not advising him in the handbook that he couldn't actually do this. He was awarded \$1,750,000 plus a new Winnie. (Winnebago actually changed their handbooks on the back of this court case, just in case there are any other complete morons buying their vehicles.)

And just so you know that cooler heads do occasionally prevail: Kenmore Inc., the makers of Dorothy Johnson's microwave, were found not liable for the death of Mrs. Johnson's poodle after she gave it a bath and attempted to dry it by putting the poor creature in her microwave for, "just a few minutes, on low," The case was quickly dismissed.

Three men: one American, one Japanese and one Irishman were sitting naked in the sauna.

Suddenly there was a beeping sound. The American pressed his forearm and the beep stopped. The others looked at him questioningly.

"That was my pager," he said. "I have a microchip under the skin of my arm."

A few minutes later a phone rang. The Japanese fellow lifted his palm to his ear. When he finished he explained, "That was my mobile phone, I have a microchip in my hand."

Paddy felt decidedly low-tech. So as not to be outdone, he decided he had to do something just as impressive.

He stepped out of the sauna and went to toilet. He returns with a piece of toilet paper hanging from his arse. The others raised their eyebrows.

"Will you look at that" says Paddy, I'm getting a fax."

More steals from FUKFMH3 trash ...

A lady walks into a drug store and tells the pharmacist she needs some cyanide. The pharmacist said, "Why in the world do you need cyanide?" The lady then explained she needed it to poison her husband.

The pharmacist's eyes got big and he said, "Lord have mercy. I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband! That's against the law! They'll throw both of us in jail and I'll lose my license".

Then the lady reached into her purse and pulled out a picture of her husband in bed with the pharmacist's wife and handed it to the pharmacist.

The pharmacist looked at the picture and replied, "Well now, you didn't tell me you had a prescription."

Leicester's main sponsors, Walkers, have decided to cash in on the publicity of the footy team's recent trip to Spain and are releasing a new range of crisps, which they hope will prove popular. These are:-

- * assault and vinegar,
- * ready assaulted,
- * pokey bacon,
- * sleaze and onion,
- * gang-roasted chicken
- * porn cocktail

and, apparently Stan Collymore has re-signed for Leicester - he doesn't want to play, just watch!

Michael Owen walks into a nightclub, goes straight up to a woman, starts feeling her up and then says "get your coat love, you're coming home with me".

The woman replies "you're a little forward, aren't you?"

A man is lying in bed in a Irish Catholic Hospital with an oxygen mask over his mouth. A young auxiliary nurse appears to sponge his face and hands. "Nurse," he mumbles from behind the mask, "Are my testicles black?"

Embarrassed the young nurse replies, "I don't know Mr. I'm only here to wash your face and hands."

He struggles again to ask, "Nurse, are my testicles black?"

Again the nurse replies, "I can't tell. I'm only here to wash your face and hands."

The Ward Sister was passing and saw the man getting a little distraught so she marched over to inquire what was wrong.

"Sister," he mumbled, "Are my testicles black?" Being a nurse

longstanding, the sister was undaunted. She whipped back the bedclothes, pulled down his pyjama trousers, moved his penis out of the way, had a right good look, pulled up the pyjamas, replaced the bed clothes and announced, "Nothing wrong with them !!!"

Frustrated at this the man pulled off his oxygen mask and asked again, "Are my t e s t r e s u l t s b a c k ?"

Two men came upon a mine shaft up in the hills. "How deep do you think it is?" asked one.

"I don't know," answered his pal. "Let's drop a stone in and listen for it to hit the bottom." They did so and waited, but there was no sound. They found a larger rock and threw it in. Still nothing. A short distance away they spotted a large block of wood. Each lifted an end, and with great difficulty they dropped it in. Still no sound! Suddenly a goat ran between them and jumped in the hole. They were standing there scratching their heads when a third man came along and asked, "Have you seen a goat?"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact," replied the first man. "We just had a goat run past us and jump in that hole."

"Oh, it couldn't have been my goat," said the third man. "Mine was tied to a block of wood."

Proudly showing off his new apartment to a couple of his friends late one night, the drunk led the way to his bedroom where there was a big brass gong. "What's that big brass gong?" one of the guests asked. "It's not a gong. It's a talking clock," the drunk replied.

"A talking clock? Seriously?" asked his astonished friend.

"Yup," replied the drunk.

"How's it work?" the 2nd guest asked, squinting at it.

"Watch," the drunk replied. He picked up a hammer, gave it an ear-shattering pound and stepped back. The three stood looking at one another for a moment.

Suddenly, someone on the other side of the wall screamed: "You Asshole - it's three o'clock in the morning!"



Three couples went to see a priest to find out how to become members of his church. The priest said that they would have to go without sex for two weeks and then come back and tell him how it went.

The first couple were retired, the second couple were middle aged and the third couple were newlyweds.

Two weeks went by, and the couples returned to the priest. The retired couple said it was no problem at all. The middle-aged couple said it was tough for the first week, but after that, it was no problem. The newlyweds said it was fine until the new wife dropped a can of paint.

"Can of PAINT!" exclaimed the priest.

"Yeah," said the newlywed man. "She dropped the can and when she bent over to pick it up, I had to have her right there and then. Lust took over."

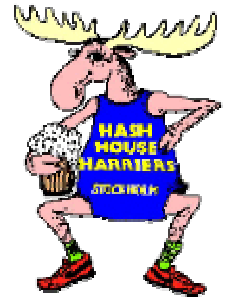
The priest just shook his head and said that they were not welcome in his church ever.

"That's okay," said the man. "We're not welcome in B&Q either."



In Svenska we trust – First UK Full Moon hash to Stockholm 3rd-5th April 2004

It's never easy to explain hashing to a muggle. When said muggle is in a position of some authority no matter how slim and pretty she undoubtedly was, there is an added intimidation. When said muggle then goes on to remove a 'see you jimmy' hat closely followed by a bottle of blended scotch (conceivably a lethal weapon in the wrong hands, quite aside from the late night effects for which Glasgow residents are infamous and which no doubt induce them to forehead smashing) in the process of a customs search, it's all too easy to go to pieces. "So you wear the hat, whilst r*nnng with the bottle of whisky?". Sounded reasonable so "Uh, yeah, that's it." I said. To pieces. "Sir this is the plane for Stockholm not Scotland" she wittingly observed.



Moments later as the marauding party gathered at Wetherspoons for some mead Thunderthighs blew in, muttered something about getting currency, and blew back out again. On landing at Skavsta she blew into the airport, muttered something about getting kroner for her Euros and blew back out again. Laugh!

Muggles reared again as the 'in Svenska we trust' shirts were doing the rounds and took advantage of the confusion to buy a couple, so if you missed out better get tracking. The bus link to Stockholm started well with Tops deigning to join the rest of us on bus 2. Windssocks luggage on the other hand stayed behind on bus 1. Strange, I thought the bottle of wine in his pocket was it. The cocktail party was soon in full albeit slightly muted swing, this time due to the presence of Swedish muggles. Big discussion about the presence of ice on the water was curtailed by Windssocks affirmation that it was 11 degrees. End of argument. Then it turns out Stockholm was built on an archbishop. The man's a complete mine of information. Mostly strange.

1 hour 20 later and by now slightly pickled, with many of us now sporting Full Moon fingers courtesy of Beaver, we disgorged from the bus to a wonderful welcome party of SO, Mike Hunt, Floater and Shakesprick (amongst others), last two of which insisted on pouring more nasties down our throats. Herded through to the metro we found TC on the platform. Bit of a surprise as Hyena insisted he was at home enjoying the first of three victories towards the treble mate. More on that later!

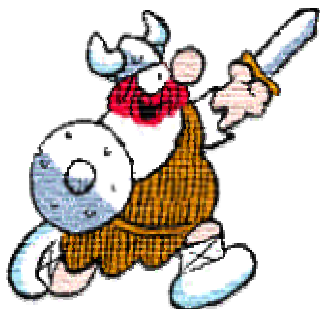
Mr. Hunt seemed to take great pleasure in watching several of us in considerable pain outside the Formule One hotel that was to become our home in Sweden, as we waited for those with secret handshakes trying to override the robot. Mike of course had already checked in; a fact that was only revealed after the local flora had been watered.

Against the odds we lined up for a r*n shortly after, and as is the way of hashers were rapidly assimilated into the Stockholm Hash making loads of new old buddies instantly. The rather lovely r*n along the 'scarp' itself should have been 5 minutes long, cause that's how far we were due to finish from the hotel per the instructions. The fact that we managed to stretch it out to, ooh I dunno, 1½ hours wasn't entirely wasted as there was a beer stop. Well 2.8% is not much to write home about, but we soon forgot that as cries for a Swedish version of 'finger' were eventually rewarded by Clever Dick doing a strange interpretation that ended in 'ting-a-ling-a-ling' and Hyena's trademark appreciation. Windssock was hooked. Although he never did quite manage it, it was probably inappropriate as the translation eventually turned out to be about some bird whose inability to perform basic hygiene by wiping her parts with a Kleenex resulted in icicles forming on her muff. Hmm mmm.

Despite an early fall and wrenching of the ligaments in my left I thought I'd managed pretty well so the size of the pack ahead at the sip was a bit of a surprise. No question about the 2nd part of the r*n as I walked the whole way. Oddly though I then found myself as one of the early returners? Still, on to the circle. I think Malibog started with Termite as hare, then Mr. Arse with Thunderthighs for the Euro thing. Malibog then called me up to receive a Stockholm hat I'd declined to accept before the r*n (had to be the previously mentioned tartan wig for my first outing). The accumulated alcohol had me convinced it was then a good idea to attempt a beer for Termite for having a pop at my can crushing at the sip. I didn't know if his 'In Sweden we need the whole can to get our deposit back' was a wind-up so went for the either it is, or he cares! Naturally I was the ultimate victim, and then had to take such a back seat that I find myself unable to report further on the circle.

Shortly after at the Pizza restaurant: All The Toys Of Tops And Windssock Then Threw His Pram Out At Myself. Well to save him any embarrassment the facts have been deliberately muddled, but to be honest when you swagger in to a bar with a tin in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other demanding beer I think you'd struggle to get served pretty well anywhere! By all accounts vengeance was sweet as Mr. Sock later on found himself Kr.500 light. Tops finding a similar amount on the floor 3 feet further on rightly claimed finders keepers. Something like that anyway.

And so to the pub crawl. Having placed myself at Mr. Hunts mercy I found he'd left my travel pass back at the hotel and so had to return to fetch it. Stout fellows, Mad Swede and Malibog were waiting outside the hotel with a car when I came down so I didn't get to use my pass then. Later on I ended up cabbing it back with Cupcake as the toob was shut, so all I gained was a loss of 20 minutes drinking time. No problem really as the first pub had so many handpumps I didn't know where to start. It was here that Malibog proudly presented me with a bottle of 'a wonderful local beer'. Now I can be pretty myopic at the best of times, and any earlier confusion about the nation I was headed too quickly came flooding back as I read the label on the Bear Ale as brewed in Scotland. After a brief debate in which I could swear Malibog said 'no that's Stockholm not Scotland', he reached for the bins and conceded the point.



Plenty of opportunity to catch up with trew local brew in the Bishops Arms, as we hung around for what seemed a small eternity waiting for Windssock to catch up with the karaoke DJ on his unusual interpretation of (Full) Moon River. It was here that I found out about the Arsenal score, the telling being immediately preceded by 'where's Hyena?' who'd been very quiet. No sooner had Mr. Sock finished than we were confronted by a local version of same (it's the hair that does it), and a unanimous decision to move on was made.

Somehow I lost Me Arse Lads and Playaway as they joined a crowd at a kebab bar and so I ended up exploring for the next half hour or so with Mimi and other half from Glasgow. That's a technical term for what is usually called lost, despite his insistence that he'd been to the Bottle & Glass before so knew exactly where it, "och, I've it, it's just away up here". Tum-ti-tum. Still we did eventually find the elusive pub and I immediately set about decorating Sugar Kane with Smartarses string and dishing out ID's. As a further example of the state I was in I then accosted another TC-a-like insistent that he was on the tube earlier. "No, man, but you're hashers right? I hashed in Barbados, Ghana, Bangladesh." Small world, nice guy, verry nice wife, and there then followed a great conversation ending with their promise to r*n with SH3. Keep us posted on that guys!

At some stage during the day Floater and I had discovered a mutual appreciation of the works of one Ivor Biggun. We'd been in full voice for some time before it occurred that the crowd was very rapidly thinning out and perhaps it was time for beddy byes. Gathering up the remaining hashers (mainly Hyena who still couldn't quite believe it) we then headed off to the underground station to discover it closed. Manage to grab a cab with a very pickled Cupcake, so head off up the street to find the Herts boys who have completely vanished. Back at the hotel for some reason I appear to be wearing Cupcakes pink jacket whilst my own has gone troppo. Following the mating call of the Cupcake – "Hye-yee-nnaa", I gratefully get reunited with my own jacket and hit the pillow to suffer the onslaught of Mr. Hunts nocturnal noises.

I eventually came round on Sunday although quite late in the day as I was only vaguely aware that I'd broken my fast and of the confusion about the hotel bill. I fell into step behind the thrilling mong as we headed into Gamla Stan as our tour guide, the remarkably fresh Mr. Hunt, waxed forth. In my dream like state I saw pictures of Viking longships, palaces and an image of a Valhalla full of Uma Thurman, and hashers wearing horned helmets whilst gorging million calorie cakes flicker across the memory. Perhaps one or two of these images are true, Playaway? Amusing moment as the tracksuit bottomed national guard shoo's Assistant Head and GEORGE away from the cannons, only to break into serious rigidity seconds later as the hour chimed. As this went on for a few minutes from the various different clocks around the place, he was forced to keep up his slow march and I think the junior contingent could well have got away with playing with the big guns. A very unamusing moment occurred as I stuck my head around the back of what I took for a sentry box only to discover it was a urinal. That's probably what woke me up in time for the r*n as Smartarse suddenly started slussen us up to Slüssen station for the start.

Sugar Kane was there waiting for us and gradually hounds arrived to ease our concerns that we'd got it wrong. Floater promised us a walking trail, and delivered, despite Mr. and Assistant Arse's attempts to get us to rush at the thing, although I'm sure Thunderhighs would have loved to put in a turn of speed to ease her discomfort, were she only able! Just before the vodka stop we found ourselves in the middle of a parade of some sort as a troop of tracksuit wearing Swede's bore down on us with their SA80's or whatever. Time to leave but with sustenance just around the corner, memory of our close encounter was soon behind us. We seemed to lose a number of hashers at this point and the reason only came out later – they'd gone shopping! As we crossed the river back past the r*n start I realised that my thermometer, said item that caused the search at Stansted, was now clearly showing 11 degrees. Mr. Sock's patience had been rewarded and his authority justified. The terminus was just over the hill. All 2000 bloody steps of it. There are a million stories in the naked city, only the names get changed but if it wasn't Mrs. Omo who found herself without a penny for the lav. thus necessitating Omo's repeat performance on the steps, just stick in the appropriate names for your own happy memory.

It quickly became business as usual at the pub and the restorative effects of beer had me questioning why I'd left it so long. People came and went – Thunderhighs arrived with a huge pile of interesting bits, including foot shaped boot scrapers so Playaway promptly cleared off to get some for he & I. Cupcake eventually found us thanks to the wonderful neck tabs, then proceeded to drink some sort of fruity cider, lemon & lime flavour but with a kick. A muggle friend of mine insists on cider "cause you can enjoy it again in the morning". I'm not swayed by THAT argument. Then just in time for the departure Playaway came back to announce that he'd made a point of buying the doormats from inside the store as any old joe could've utilised it sat outside. Dobber and Beaver very nearly had to leave when they found out about all the fun at the hotel in the morning but somehow avoided getting their bags chucked out without having to return. Or maybe it was Max and Banana? Bloody useless scribe who can't remember half the facts!

HAGAR THE HORRIBLE ■ Chris Browne



At the Chinese restaurant we ordered beers as everyone arrived. Except hare Floater, who ordered food and insisted on eating the lot before joining us at the circle outside for his beer. Great circle with real hash beer, and again I manage to stick my tuppennyworth in with DD's for Mr. Arse (lost property), Malibog for his hash glasses, and Revolta who allegedly (and therefore history shall recall) lived up to his name by purchasing the shitty mat from outside the doormat shop. The photo's tell a much longer story but the best I can remember is Sugar Kane for his uncanny resemblance to Charlie Bronson as proven by the nasty ones photo in the UK newspaper that found it's way over with us and the r*nners. Back inside the food was wonderful (but I was ravishing by then) and we then proceeded to sing up half a storm as several songs started but lost the way. We didn't quite get to Swing Low ... as the food arrived. Later on attempt two, we made it to the Sweet ... before SO took us away for another pub crawl. Thus the evening passed with loads of beer, singing and even some dancing as we hit the pubs on the way to F1, but still no Swing Low!



By the way, if you thought Sweden was expensive: Flight out £10, back £15 Ryan Air (taxes £30); Hotel Formule 1 - £25 for two nights; Beer – mostly about £1 to £1.50 more than most of Brighton, but many softies free, tea & coffee always unlimited refills. Food comparable. Interscandinavia 2005, anyone??

After a glug of whisky back at the hotel I passed out grateful of Mr. Hunts earplugs. Unless you found them Don they're under the pillow if you want them back! The morning found us woken by Windsock as it turned out Tom Omo had gone awol. All's well and rather than being abducted by Swedish barmaids, the last to see him, it seemed he'd merely spent the night having a bloody good pluck. Mum wasn't amused though as Tom put it down to being telephonetically challenged. That drama over we formed up and flocked in to central Stockholm, dumped our luggage and went shopping for yet more Viking helmets and other tat. From here on it seemed there was a real mood amongst the hordes, like the post holiday blues when you've had a bloody fantastic time but just know that out there, waiting for your return to normality, is another world, yep, a muggle one!

Strange thing happened on landing at Stanstead as people rebooted their mobiles to be greeted by the message "Welcome to Denmark". Good old UK!

Huge thanks to everyone for a total blast, and **SKOL!**
BOUNCER

The Zen of Swedish or Sweedish the E-Z Way*

Learning a new language can be overwhelming. This page is dedicated to simplifying things (or *ting* in Swedish) by showing you how many Swedish words you already know. There is also a group of words that are a bit of a stretch but if you use the memory pegs or word associations, it'll help you to remember them.

Swedish is an easy language to learn - trust me - I've heard 3 year olds speaking it... Stop thinking like an adult, stop caring about understanding the grammar. Learn as a child does with lots of pictures and actions and everything else will fall into place later.

Hej! [hej:] {hey} Hi!

See? You've been saying hello in Swedish all the time without even realizing it, as in "Hey Gober, is my car fixed yet?" Caution: Swedes also use *Hej* or *Hej då* when saying goodbye. Follow their body language and you'll catch their drift.

Key to the symbols:

Words in brackets [] are international phonetic transcriptions.

Words in { } are the regular English word that they sound like.

[ˈ] indicates where the stress should be.

Pronunciation tips:

If it says SWINGLISH { }, it SOUNDS LIKE ENGLISH, just add a little bounce to the way you say it in English. Think of how a Swede mispronounces English words and put that same spin on it.

Don't let the Swedish spelling fool you, many words appear unrecognizable but if you could hear them you'd easily know what they mean:

köp = {shop} purchase. "k" before the closed vowels e,i,y,ä,ö is pronounced *sh*

tajm = {time} the "aj" combination gives the long i sound.

sajt = {site}

The great **sk** debate: (also applies to **sj**, **skj**, **stj**, **s/tion**) Depending upon where you come from in Sweden, this consonant cluster is pronounced differently. The majority of people pronounce it like the *w_h* sound in the word "whew!" So number 7, *sju*, sounds like *w_hoo*.

Others, including Finns from the south of Finland where Swedish is their native language, use more of a *sh* sound. There is no right or wrong here - it simply identifies you as to where you come from, just like someone from Brooklyn might be spotted by saying "dirty-dird" street (33rd).

Swedes don't say the consonant cluster "th" so...drop the "h" -

törstig {torsh-tig} - thirsty, ting = thing, termometer = thermometer

They don't use "w," except when asking for whisky so...change it to a "v"

varning = warning, vild = wild, varm = warm, vind = wind (n),

vatten = water, vi = we, vinter = winter.

ex. Vi har en varm vinter = We are having a warm winter. Easy, huh?

And naturally then their information seeking questions are not wh-questions they are v-questions:

vem - who, vad - what, varför - why, var - where, när -when (opps, missed one).

And since you asked, hur = how.

Easy language tip:

Swedish doesn't conjugate verbs. What a break!

In the present tense *kommer* means "come," and the form of the verb doesn't change:

(I) *jag kommer*, (you) *du kommer*, (we) *vi kommer*, (he) *han kommer*, etc.

They don't use the progressive form either (-ing), so "he comes every day," and "he is coming now" is still *han kommer*.

Easy Words:

vi - we

du - you

han - he, think of "Hans" without the "s"

måndag, tisdag, torsdag, fredag, söndag - Just don't make plans on Wednesday or Saturday (onsdag, lördag).

Swedish	Swinglish	English Translation	Comments and memory pegs
absolut		absolute (adj) absolutely (adv.)	if capitalized: vodka
ägg	{agg}	egg	it doesn't get any easier than this.
badrum	{bad rum}	yep, it's the bathroom	where you spend a lot of time after consuming a lot of bad rum.
gaffel		fork	In case you didn't know, a gaff is an iron hook attached to a long pole, used for landing large fish. Btw... Swedes do eat a lot of fish.
gång	{gang}	path, walkway	Think of walking off a gang-plank. And who knows? Maybe all those rawdy people waiting to walk the plank, formed a gang...
glad	{glad}	happy	
kniv	[kni:v]	knife	They say the "k." Trust me, you don't want a spoon.
kram	{cram}	hug	Think of someone hugging you too hard, cramming you into a small space.
hungrig		hungry	
mjölk	m-yell-k	milk	
pulver		powder	When you pulverize something, you make it into powder.
puss	{puss}	kiss	Just a friendly one.

Easy Verbs:

Swedish	Swinglish	English
kan	{can}	can
kom	{come}	come
gå	{go}	go
se	{see}	see
säg	{say}	say

Easy Sentences:

Vi kan gå och se Alf. We can go and see Alf. (Alf is not an Alien Life Form, it's a common name.)
 Vi kan dricka kaffe om du är törstig. We can drink coffee if you are thirsty. (Pronounce kaffe like you're going to say "cafeteria" and törstig like you are from Brooklyn and thirsty.)

WARNING! False cognates:

Swedish	Swinglish	English / comments
and		means "wild duck."
barn		not where the animals live, but a different kind of animal - children.
butter		for describing your mood - "sullen." How Swedes feel in the winter.
egg	{egg}	the non-edible "edge."
fan	{fon}	swear word meaning "devil." Doesn't sound too bad too us but curses involving the devil are equivalent to ours involving anatomy.
ful	{fool}	These words still sound very similiar to me when Swedes say them. If you say you're full after dinner,
full	{full}	it means your drunk. The other word means "ugly." Connection?
gift	{yift}	this may not be the present you want - means "married." It also means "poison." No comment.
glass		eat it, it's only "ice cream" (glas [gla:s] is a glass).
gymnasium		upper secondary school. Evidently, Swedes only take gym in high school.
haj!	{hil}	"Shark!" Explains why Swedes don't say "hi," especially at the beach. *Also see "buy/bye" below.
hiss		it isn't a sound you make, it's the elevator you take.
hugg		you don't want one of these. Means "cut, slash."
hår	{whore}	don't take offense, it's your "hair" they are referring to.
kissa	{kiss-a}	sounds a little like kiss, but it means somebody has to "pee." See kyss below.
kitt	{shit}	sounds a lot like shit, but it's "putty."
kock	{cock}	a cook or a chef
kyss	{shish}	looks like it but doesn't sound like it: "kiss."
mus	{moose}	mouse. Also used as slang, like the American slang "pussy."
ny	{knee}	not the abbreviation for New York, it only means "new."
prick		en trevlig prick - "a nice guy." Quite the opposite of what you were thinking! Also means "spot/dot."
sex	{sex}	means both "six" and "sex." You can usually figure out which they mean.
slapp mig!	{slap may!}	make sure the bilingual Swede you're talking to knows your speaking Swedish when you say this. It means "let go of me!"
slut	{sloot}	not offensive, means "stop/terminate."
tack		not something sharp but how they say "thanks." Use often.
vill		it doesn't mean "will," it means "want." Very confusing. It is an auxillary or helping verb in Swedish (t.ex. must, can, will, in English), meaning it must be followed by verb (infinitive). Where in English you can say, "I want food/money/etc.," in Swedish you have to say "I want to eat food."

Don't fall for this:

"We buy pink wheat." (or "sheet" -- see pronunciation guide)

Kids will tell you that this sentence is Swedish and then roll on the ground laughing when you repeat it. What every barn (kid) knows is that they can say 3 nasty Swedish words by pretending to speak English. What they are really saying is:

{We} Vi - we

{buy}* baj - kiddie word for "shit"

{pink} pink - slang for "piss"

{wheat/sheet} skit - slang for "shit"

If you really do want to buy pink wheat/sheet(s), you'll have to say "Vi köper skär(a) vete/lakan," which is not terribly funny to anyone.

*so don't say "bye!" to a Swede, say "hej då!" {hey door}

STRANGE OBSERVATIONS:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner... Where did Jack get that last name? Interesting when you consider that *hörnor* means corners in Swedish.

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell... What dell? Where? It's a stretch (but what isn't on this page?) but *del* means a part of something. So if you want to ask someone which part of Stockholm they are from: Vilken *del*/av Stockholm kommer du ifrån?

Ohhh, that smarts!... Don't you just hate when you bump your elbow? Smärta = pain.

Postscript:

Dear Editor

I felt you were most unfair to our esteemed Mr Luck, that woman is TWICE HIS HEIGHT so by my reckoning it wasn't fair on him to have to compete against Amazonian Antipodeans [uh?]

Alan Deacon