



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs/trash#90 October 2004

<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. (hare)
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4th October 2004 – TIM CARTER MEMORIAL EVENING

Meet at **6.30pm at the Dark Star brewery**, Moonhill Farm, Burgess Hill Road, Ansty. There will be a short trip round the brewery, followed by a tasting session of the ale. See page 5 for info on the brewery. Tim had been planning a visit to the brewery, which is only a short distance from the home he shared with Rosie and Helena, and it is fitting that as part of the *celebration* we complete his wishes in a typical hash way. There will be a short r*n/ walk, starting about **7.40pm from the Rose & Crown, Cuckfield** MR 304254 taking in Tim's final resting place where we will pay a short tribute and celebrate the life of our friend and hasher.

To the brewery: A23 north to Hickstead, right over bridge and head towards Burgess Hill. At 2nd roundabout go left, left again at next two and left again on road to Ansty. Moonhill farm is about a mile on the right.

To the pub: Carry on up to Ansty, right at mini-roundabout, left at next roundabout, straight on at next. Pub is on the right just past the next roundabout.

11th October 04	1373	The Castle Pub, Bramber	188 107 Malcolm & Trevor	01273 492595
Directions: A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Straight on at next roundabout and pub is over bridge on left hand side. Est. 20 mins.				

18th October 04	1374	Royal Oak, Barcombe Cross	420 158 Martin, Sasha & Julia	01273 241829
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to 2nd roundabout. Through tunnel then right at roundabout on A26. Turn left just past Cock Inn and pub is approx. 2 miles. Est. 25 mins.				

25th October 04	1375	Sportsman, Goddards Green	Dave Roberts	01273 TBA
Directions: TBA				

1st November 04	1376	White Horse, Storrington	087 144 Ivan & Mike C.	01273 707182
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on left in centre. Park opposite. Est 25 mins.				

Receding Hareline:

8th November	TBA - Pete Eastwoods bonfire run?
15th November	Beeding Hill c/p, on on the Bouncers. Head wetting hash.

It's wind up the nobs time!

Isn't it extraordinary to think that just four years ago we were restricted to being a town hash as hundreds of footpaths closed whilst the outbreak of foot and mouth disease was brought under control. Suddenly tables have turned and we now have almost unprecedented access to the countryside as the right to roam charter is introduced. OS maps are already heading on to the market to reflect the new open countryside with Sussex being amongst the first areas in the country to be published. At last Wiggy and Bouncers trespass policy has been legitimised so what are the boys going to do now to confuse the hash?

Never mind, soon be Christmas. Talking of which, after the success of last years event booking has provisionally been made to go to the Café de Paris again on 20th December. Unfortunately the downstairs area has now been sold to the British Legion for their sordid private use, which means that numbers will be restricted to a maximum of 80. The format will otherwise be the same as before with buffet grub, Harveys barrel and live music, and the price will remain at £15 per head plus drink at own cost. The bar will close at 12 midnight.

BOUNCER

BARMY H3 (*Brighton Annual Ramparts de Montreuil Yomp*) **10th anniversary r*n**

Notes for Hashers – (the cultural bit) - Montreuil-sur -Mer

On a chalk promontory some 40m above the estuary of the Canche, stands the town of Montreuil. Once called Montreuil-on-Sea, it controlled the communication links, one on land connecting Normandy with Flanders and the other by sea since the Canche estuary and port were accessible to seagoing vessels.

The settlement was founded in the 10th C by Helgaud, Count of Ponthieu, around a monastery, which was even older. The name of Montreuil probably comes from *monasteriolum*, which means 'little monastery'. Hugues Capet later annexed the town to the kingdom of France and Montreuil's importance, as a centre of commerce exporting cloth to Champagne, Italy and England, developed around this period. It appears that the town was protected by a wall from the beginning, with a quarter reserved for the textile industry, called the Garenne. During the 13th C, Philippe Auguste had the walls considerably strengthened and flanked by towers, and a new castle was built which commanded both town and river.

After an interval of two centuries the town became a key pawn in the kingdom's defence against the Hapsburgs. Although a siege mounted in 1522 by a combined army from England and the Habsburg Empire failed, the town fell as a result of the 1537 siege. François I ordered the strengthening of defences and the work lasted until 1549 the construction of a new wall around the upper town and five irregular bastions, with multicoloured facings of flint, chalk, brick and sandstone, provided solid, cover defence on the town's most threatened side, the north-east. This wall was updated in three stages: in 1634 earth was packed against the back of the wall; forty years later, three demi-lunes were added at the foot of the walls; the Porte de Boulogne was modified at the beginning of the 19th C, taking on its present appearance.

Philippe Auguste's castle was transformed into a citadel in the last third of the 16th C. Vauban had a demi-lune added on the town side and a powder magazine and an arsenal inside. The military rôle of Montreuil started to decline from 1677 when the final conquest of Artois had pushed back France's frontier 100km to the north and east. With its perimeter wall, 3,400m in length, Montreuil has preserved an impressive range of fortifications dating from the Middle Ages through to the 19th C.

Spreadsheets

Monday, 30 August 2004

Background information

[Second World War](#)

[V1 & V2 "vengeance weapons"](#)

[Operation Fortitude South](#)

.Location: Fortresse de Mimoyecques, 62250 LANDRETHUN-LE-NORD.

Directions: Exit 7 from Calais-Boulogne autoroute; follow D231 to Landrethun, then signs to Mimoyecques.

Rough guide to opening: 1 Apr- 11Nov: every day 11.00-18.00 (incl.Suns and holidays); 1 Jul-30 Aug: 10.00-19.00.

Information/ reservations:

Tel: 00 33 (0)3 21 87 10 34 - Fax: 00 33 (0)3 21 83 33 10

Email: Mimoyecques@wanadoo.fr



In case you were wondering what the flowers picture in #88 produced if you followed the directions it should have been something like the picture on the right above! Quiz time: she's a lager drinker.

Dear Abby - top letters to the agony columnist:

- A couple of women moved in across the hall from me. One is a middle-aged gym teacher, and the other is a social worker in her mid 20's. These two women go everywhere together, and I've never seen a man go into their apartment or come out. Do you think they could be Lebanese?
- What can I do about all the sex, nudity, language and violence on my VCR?
- I have a man I never could trust. He cheats so much I'm not even sure this baby I'm carrying is even his.
- I am a 23-three-year-old liberated woman who has been on the pill for two years. It's getting expensive, and I think my boyfriend should share half the cost, but I don't know him well enough to discuss money with him.
- I suspected that my husband had been fooling around, and when I confronted him with the evidence he denied everything and said it would never happen again. Should I believe him?
- Our son writes that he is taking Judo. Why would a boy who was raised in a good Christian home turn against his own?
- I joined the Navy to see the world. I've seen it. Now, how do I get out?
- My 40-year-old son has been paying a psychiatrist \$50 an hour every week for two-and-a-half years. He must be crazy.
- Do you think it would be all right if I gave my doctor a little gift? I tried for years to get pregnant and couldn't, and he did it.
- My mother is mean and short-tempered. Do you think she is going through her mental pause?
- You told some woman whose husband had lost all interest in sex to send him to a doctor. Well, my husband lost all interest in sex years ago and he IS a doctor. What now?

In a column entitled "Wife meets perfect match after husband strikes out," Abby proffered advice to a woman who signed her letter "Stuck in a Love Triangle." Mrs. "Stuck" described herself as a 34-year-old woman with three children who had been married for 10 years to Gene, her "greedy, selfish, inconsiderate and rude" husband. So inconsiderate was Gene that his birthday present to his wife was a bowling ball — one drilled to fit his own fingers, with his name embossed on it (and presented, of course, to a woman who didn't even know how to bowl).

But "Stuck" decided to spite her selfish husband by keeping the ball and learning how to bowl, leading to her meeting Franco — a man who was "kind, considerate and loving" — at the local lanes. One thing led to another, they fell in love, and Franco proposed, putting "Stuck" in a quandary: "I no longer love Gene. I want to divorce him and marry Franco. At the same time, I'm worried that Gene won't be able to move on with his life. I also think our kids would be devastated. What should I do?"

Abby's solution was for "Stuck" to admit her infidelity to her husband: "To save the marriage, he might be willing to change back to the man who bowled you over in the first place."

"Stuck"'s dilemma may sound so familiar to some readers — it was taken directly from the plot of a first-season episode of the animated TV series *The Simpsons* ("Life on the Fast Lane," also known as "Jacques to Be Wild," first aired 18 March 1990), synopsized by TV Guide thusly: "Homer's birthday present 'for Marge' is a bowling ball, prompting Marge to teach him a lesson by taking up the sport — and maybe also a handsome instructor."

BOUNCERS HASH DIARY

Back in 2001 we went to Lundy Island for the first time, on the recommendation of Messrs Eastwood and Griffiths both of whom had partaken in the past. This is where I first met Stretch who was looking for support for his Nash Hash bid. At the Winchester Nash Hash GM's meeting it transpired that his bid was incomplete and there were no others for 2003. Mindful of the fact that Stretch was now sporting a broken leg, giving me plenty of chance to get away, I stitched him into doing it after all and we've been mates since!

After the SVH3 Nash hash Stretch started going out with Minnie-Ha-Ha from IOWH3 and at the IOW 1000th he asked if we were going to Lundy again as he thought Minnie's kids would hit it off with ours. Angel liked the idea of doing it again as it had moved from Ilfracombe, so in between two hurricanes, and with very little hope of actually doing the crossing, we found ourselves hightailing down to Bideford. Travelling overnight we parked the camper up and kipped just outside Barnstaple then spent the morning in the town before going over to the rugby club that was our base for the next couple of days.

We were greeted by Dogbolter who announced "As usual you find me making an arse of myself". "?" I said. "Jumped in the car at Cardiff, got to Bideford and in the garage realised I'd left my wallet on the kitchen table. On top of my bag. Which has my house keys in. So the door is unlocked." Never one to deny a hasher in distress we then got stuck in to the subsidised beer at an alarming rate as we greeted the arrivals.

The Friday night trail was a stag and hen hash for Droop and Moneypenny (not the Henfield one, in case this takes you by surprise Chris!) which meant two trails. First off was the female pink trail for which the recommended outfit was pink fairy costumes, then a few minutes later the guys were off on the blue in a variety of Viking helmets and sarongs. A bit of local knowledge with us told us that Lightning's trail was in danger of becoming a r*n rather than the pub crawl we'd expected so a few of us turned on our heels and headed back to the river and the pubs bumping straight into the girls. A couple of pints later the guys appeared at the same pub and so we found ourselves back in contention as we moved on via an appalling lager bar to the final pub where we found Lightning. He then asked me to set trail back from the pub to the rugby club as we'd got ahead of him, so off I went not even stopping to collect the flour and set a brilliant trail with pub leaflets which no-one followed. I'd been stitched! Back at the club Cupcake had arranged strippagrams for the bride and groom although we weren't allowed in to see the guy. The girl was attractive enough but rather unimaginative, not that I watched! Beer consumption had by now overtaken the memory of events so time to fast forward...

Saturday's news was that the wind had dropped and so we would be going on the ferry. Swiss Tony had got down there early and patiently stood in the queue to get tickets from Tablewhine before being reminded he'd booked independently. He then sprinted all the way back to his tent to fetch the ticket, and got back just in time to see the ferry leaving the dockside. Oh how we laughed! Daffy and I got stuck straight into the beer although it weighed heavy on the night before. On the other hand as we wandered round the decks and saw them falling like flies perhaps I should have kept drinking as the last 20 minutes or so I was decidedly dodgy. Rough passage but perhaps it was the story of the hash Dhow trip in Dubai that someone related. After taking bets on who would be first, one guy ran downstairs, shredded a slice of bread then picked a likely suspect to r*n up and pretend to chuck over the side next to with instant results!

Once on the island I took the buggy up the long route whilst Gabs went the quick way with Callum and her friends Julie and Jonathan who'd joined us for the weekend. We gave the live hares a 15 minute head start before following on along an anticlockwise circum-navigation, although walking with Daffy and ultimately Fag End we soon cut across the middle of the island back to the pub. The afternoon was very relaxed just enjoying the hot sun and occasional beer before time to head back to the ferry. But first we had the obligatory swim, au naturel of course, and it didn't take long before we'd circled up for a sing-song and splash with Singing in the rain and Father Abraham receiving the treatment. Someone brought a beer out, which did 1.5 rounds of the circle before reaching Pisticide the 2nd time. Something in the back of his mind must have questioned why the can was still so full and why he was suddenly being given a down-down, but his natural hashing instinct to drink the beer took over resulting in an impressive spray of sea water half a can and half a second later.



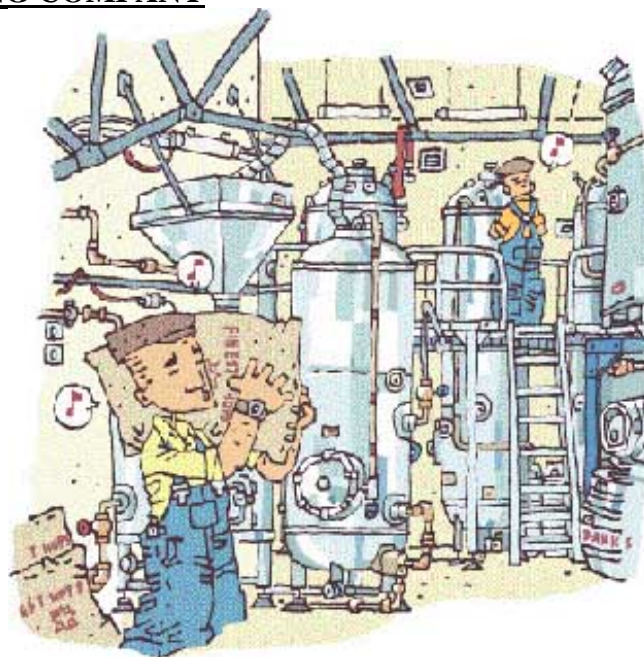
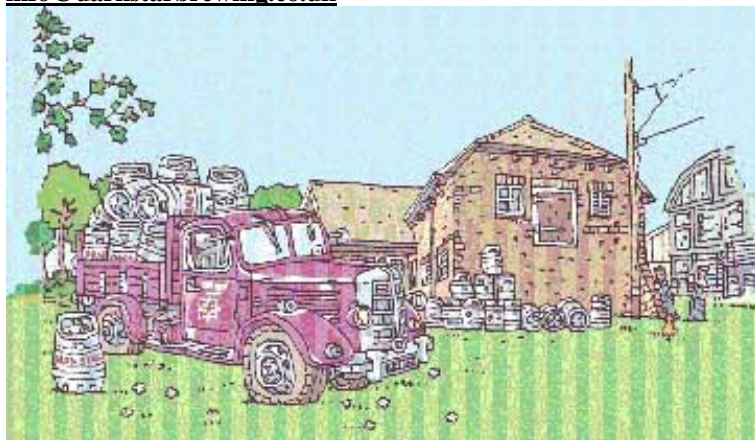
The return trip was much better, with the kids playing with Minnie's kids, then everyone dived into the chippy, before heading back to party on to some 70's DJ. The rugby regulars were there for a short while, which meant Wurzels. Poor effort on the buffet and after being force-fed a pickled onion by Tablewhine for failing to declare Kieran, and thereby incurring the wrath of the captain, I ended up suffering the rest of the night. I took the kids on the hash the following morning from the Beaver at Appledore, which gave the shirt designer an excuse to lower the tone, but it wasn't long before Gabs had fallen back to join us so we walked round with Stretch. Nice route across the Burrows full of memories of when I used to visit an ex-colleague, who'd moved down to Northiam. No sign, though, of the shoes from the Boscastle flood that apparently washed up on Westward Ho! beach that weekend.

A couple of beers and everyone was off home. Enjoyable as it was, I think probably once every 3 years is enough for this trip!

DARK STAR BREWING COMPANY

MOONHILL FARM
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Ansty, Haywards Heath
RH17 5AH
01444 412311

info@darkstarbrewing.co.uk



TASTING NOTES - CASK CONDITIONED BEERS

<u>ABV</u>	<u>O.G.</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>
3.8%	1036 - 1040	Over The Moon	Traditional dark mild ale, fully hopped and very quaffable.
3.8%	1036 - 1040	Hophead	Light straw coloured bitter with fully hoppy aroma and clean crisp bitterness from Cascade hops.
4.0%	1040 - 1044	Best Bitter	Traditional Sussex style bronze coloured bitter with a hint of rye malt and the classic Golding hops.
4.1%	1039 - 1043	Landlords Wit	Clear wheat beer delicately spiced with Curacao peel, coriander and paradise seeds.
4.2%	1042 - 1046	Espresso Stout	Specially blended and ground espresso coffee beans are added to the copper along with the late hops to produce this dark, rich stout.
4.5%	1043 - 1047	Golden Gate (Autumn & Winter only)	Brewed with the aromatic Amarillo and Cluster hops, like a modern pale ale of the U.S. but balanced by distinctive Munich malt, which adds complexity and a hint of roasted flavours to the beer.
4.8%	1046 - 1050	Sunburst (Spring & Summer only)	Strong, bitter and refreshing beer with a dark straw colour and hoppy aroma.
4.8%	1046 - 1050	Meltdown (Spring & Summer only)	Well balanced golden bitter complimented by the warm flavour of Chinese stem ginger.
5.0%	1048 - 1052	Winter Meltdown (Autumn & Winter only)	Brewed with Chocolate and Crystal malts to produce this deep bronze coloured beer with a hint of malty flavour, bittered by the traditional Golding hop varieties, this is a classic strong bitter complimented by the aromatic warmth of Chinese stem ginger.
5.0%	1048 - 1052	Festival	Brewed in homage to 'Festive' from the former King & Barnes brewery. A chestnut bronze coloured bitter which is full of freshness and smooth mouth feel.
5.0%	1048 - 1052	Dark Star	The brewery's eponymous CAMRA champion. A dark strong bitter with a hint of rich malt flavour from the Cara malt.
5.5%	1068 - 1072	Porter	Dark Star Porter uses an old established recipe of fully roasted barley malts and robust Target hops to produce a most traditional and full flavoured beer.

TASTING NOTES - KEG BEERS

<u>ABV</u>	<u>O.G.</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>
4.1%	1039-1043	Spiced Vice	Clear wheat beer delicately spiced with Curacao peel, coriander and paradise seeds.
4.2%	1042-1046	Espresso Stout	Specially blended and ground espresso coffee beans are added to the copper along with the late hops to produce this dark, rich stout. Nitrogenated and served cold.
4.5%	1043-1047	Natural Blonde	100% certified organic Pilsner style lager.



B I L L

TO

Grant to the public a right to enter on foot and roam on open country in England and Wales for their recreation; to make certain financial and fiscal benefits dependent upon proper observation of the law relating to public footpaths; to ensure adequate publicity for access to relevant land; and for connected purposes.

BE IT ENACTED by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:-

Public access on foot to open country.

1. - (1) Subject to the provisions of this Act any person shall have the right to enter on to, roam on and pass over open country on foot for the purposes of open air recreation.

(2) The right granted by subsection (1) shall forthwith determine in the event of such person breaking or damaging any fence, hedge or gate, or contravening any of the restrictions set out in Schedule 1 to this Act.

(3) Nothing in this Act shall entitle a person to enter or be on any land, or do anything thereon, in contravention of any prohibition contained in or having effect under any enactment.

Open country.

2. For the purposes of this Act-

“open country”, subject to section 6 below, means any area which consists wholly or predominantly of mountain, moor, heath or down, or which is common land and shall include any other land which may be defined or designated as open country by regulations made by the Secretary of State; and

"means of access", in relation to land, means an opening in a wall, fence or hedge bounding the land or any part thereof, with or without a gate, stile or other works for regulating passage on foot through the opening, any stairs or steps for enabling persons to enter on the land or any part thereof, or any bridge, stepping stone or other works for crossing a water course, ditch or bog on the land or adjoining the boundary thereof.

Surveys of open country and preparation of maps.

3. - (1) Each National Surveying Authority shall before the expiration of two years beginning with the commencement date prepare a map of its area showing all land in its area which is, in the opinion of the National Surveying Authority, open country and which is not excepted land or non-conforming land and such map shall be known as the "open country map".

(2) The National Surveying Authority shall cause a map to be prepared in accordance with subsection (1) and shall amend the same from time to time in accordance with the provisions of this Act.

(3) The provisions of this Act shall apply to all land shown on the open country map.

(4) If a National Surveying Authority shall fail to prepare an open country map for its area within the said period of two years then it shall publish within six months thereafter a map showing all land in its area in respect of which an application has been made to that National Surveying Authority for a declaration of conformity as in this Act defined.

(5) Each National Surveying Authority shall immediately upon completion of the open country map for its area send to each authority in its area a certified copy of the said map and upon any amendment thereof pursuant to the said Schedule hereto or otherwise forthwith forward to the such authority either a copy of the open country map so amended or if it so decides provide the authority with sufficient information to enable the authority to show on its most recent certified copy the effect of such amendment.

Common land.

4. Notwithstanding section 3 of this Act the right granted by section 1 shall apply to common land from the commencement date.

Effect of open country map.

5. - (1) An open country map prepared or amended under any of the provisions of this enactment shall be conclusive for the purposes of determining that the land so shown is open country as defined in the Act and for the purpose of determining the boundaries of the said land at the relevant date.

(2) A document purporting to be certified on behalf of the National Surveying Authority to be a copy of or of any part of an open country map shall be receivable in evidence and shall be deemed, unless the contrary is shown, to be such a copy.

etc. etc. for full copy of this lot just ask Bouncer!

Long sleeve shirts have now been ordered with an exclusive design by our resident artist, Lawrence Elwick, and should be available at the bargain price of just £10 each, hopefully in time for our trip! Get your name down for one of these exclusive limited* edition items, in time for those cold winter r*ns. They've got footprints on, you know! * not really.



At the time of going to press I'm afraid I've managed to delete David's e-mail with all the information you need so this is from memory:

- Make own way over to Montreuil (don't follow Wiggy). If early enough take a stroll round the Saturday market.
- Meet at Niels for a contributory French lunch buffet with funny French lagers etc. lovingly prepared by the hash widows.
- Hash kicks off about 2.30 -3pm. Beer belt will be present for sinners!
- Finish back at Niels for more funny French liquid replenishments.
- Off to hotels to change for scoff, this year at Le Vauban, where the beer and wine will flow. Oh..., and grub!
- Sunday - recover at own pace, bit of boules, bit of duty free, bit of beer and chips, who knows what else?

From earlier in the year:

BBC sport, breaking news: "It's just been reported that one of the French football players has failed a drugs test on Monday after the match. If this is confirmed as positive, under World Football Federation rules, paragraph 6 sub section 2e, France will forfeit their 3 points and they'll be appointed to their opponents, England. See bottom for the full transcript of this report."

Gordon Strachan on Wayne Rooney : Its an incredible rise to stardom, at 17 you're more likely to get a call from Michael Jackson than Sven Goran Eriksson.

Reporter: Gordon, Do you think James Beattie deserves to be in the England squad?

Strachan: I dont care, I'm Scottish

Reporter: "Gordon, can we have a quick word please?"

Strachan: "Velocity" [walks off]

Reporter: Welcome to Southampton Football Club. Do you think you are the right man to turn things around?

Strachan: No. I was asked if I thought I was the right man for the job and I said, "No, I think they should have got George Graham because I'm useless."

Reporter: Is that your best start to a season?

Strachan: Well I've still got a job so it's far better than the Coventry one, that's for sure.



Reporter: Are you getting where you want to be with this team?

Strachan: We're not doing bad. What do you expect us to be like? We were eighth in the league last year, in the cup final and we got into Europe. I don't know where you expect me to get to. Do you expect us to win the Champions League?

Reporter: Gordon, you must be delighted with that result?

Strachan: You're spot on! You can read me like a book.

On Augustine Delgado:

Strachan: I've got more important things to think about. I've got a yogurt to finish by today, the expiry date is today. That can be my priority rather than Agustín Delgado.

Reporter: This might sound like a daft question, but you'll be happy to get your first win under your belt, won't you?

Strachan: You're right. It is a daft question. I'm not even going to bother answering that one. It is a daft question, you're spot on there.

Reporter: Bang, there goes your unbeaten r*n. Can you take it?

Strachan: No, I'm just going to crumble like a wreck. 'll go home, become an alcoholic and maybe! jump of a bridge. Umm, I think I can take it, yeah.

Reporter: There's no negative vibes or negative feelings here?

Strachan: Apart from yourself, we're all quite positive round here. I'm going to whack you over the head with a big stick, down negative man, down.

Reporter: where will Marion Pahars fit into the team line-up?

Strachan: Not telling you! It's a secret.

Reporter: You don't take losing lightly, do you Gordon?

Strachan: I don't take stupid comments lightly either.

Reporter: So, Gordon, in what areas do you think Middlesbrough were better than you today?

Strachan: What areas? Mainly that big green one out there....

Carlsberg don't send emails, but if they did, they'd probably be the best in the world.

5 STAGES OF DRINKING - IT'S AN AMERICAN VERSION BUT WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE AT SOME STAGE

LEVEL 1: It's 11:00 on a week night, you've had a few beers. You get up to leave because you have work the next day and one of your friends buys another round. One of your UNEMPLOYED friends. Here at level one you think to yourself, "Oh come on, this is silly, why as long as I get seven hours of sleep (snap fingers), I'm cool."



**Makes you talk shite,
then fall over!**

Reassuringly Twatted

LEVEL 2: It's midnight. You've had a few more beers. You've just spent 20 minutes arguing against artificial turf. You get up to leave again, but at level two, a little devil appears on your shoulder. And now you're thinking, "Hey! I'm out with my friends! What am I working for anyway? These are the good times! Besides, as long as I get five hours sleep (snaps fingers) I'm cool."

LEVEL 3: One in the morning. You've abandoned beer for tequila. You've just spent 20 minutes arguing FOR artificial turf. And now you're thinking, "Our waitress is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!" At level three, you love the world. On the way to the bathroom you buy a drink for the stranger at the end of the bar just because you like his face.

You get drinking fantasies. (Like, "Hey fellas, if we bought our own bar, we could live together forever. We could do it. Tommy, you could cook.") But at level three, that devil is a little bit bigger....and he's buying. And you're thinking "Oh, come on, come on now. As long as I get three hours sleep...and a complete change of blood (snaps fingers), I'm cool."

LEVEL 4: Two in the morning. And the devil is bar tending. For last call, you ordered a bottle of rum and a Coke. You ARE artificial turf! This time on your way to the bathroom, you punch the stranger at the end of the bar. Just because you don't like his face! And now you're thinking, "Our busboy is the best looking man I've ever seen." You and your friends decide to leave, right after you get thrown out, and one of you knows an After hours bar. And here, at level four, you actually think to yourself, "Well....as long as I'm only going to get a few hours sleep anyway, I may as well....STAY UP ALL NIGHT!!!! Yeah! That'd be good for me. I don't mind going to that board meeting looking like Keith Richards. Yeah, I'll

turn that around, make it work for me. And besides, as long as I get 31 hours sleep tomorrow - Cool.

LEVEL 5:

Five in the morning, after unsuccessfully trying to get your money back at the tattoo parlour ("But I don't even know anybody named Ruby!!!"), you and your friends wind up across the state line in a bar with guys who have been in prison as recently as...that morning. It's the kind of place where even the devil is going, "Uh, I gotta turn in. I gotta be in Hell- at nine. I've got that brunch with Hitler, I can't miss that."

At this point, you're all drinking some kind of thick blue liquor, like something from a Klingon wedding. A waitress with fresh stitches comes over, and you think to yourself, "Someday I'm gonna marry that girl!!!"

One of your friends stands up and screams, "WE'RE DRIVIN' TO Florida!!!!" - and passes out. You crawl outside for air, and then you hit the worst part of level five- the sun. You weren't expecting that were you? You never do. You walk out of a bar in daylight, and you see people on their way to work, or jogging. And they look at you-and they know. And they say..."Who's Ruby?"

Let's be honest, if you're 19 and you stay up all night, it's like a victory like you've beat the night, but if you're over 30, then that sun is like God's flashlight. We all say the same prayer then, "I swear, I will never do this again (how long?) as long as I live!" And some of us have that little addition, "and this time, I mean it!"

Things That Are Difficult to Say When You're Drunk:

Indubitably;
Innovative;
Preliminary;
Proliferation;
Cinnamon.

Things That Are VERY Difficult to Say When You're Drunk:

Specificity;
Cogito ergo sum;
British;

Constitution;

Passive-aggressive disorder;
Loquacious;
Transubstantiate.

Things That Are Downright IMPOSSIBLE to Say When You're Drunk:

Thanks, but I don't want to have sex;
Nope, no more booze for me;
Sorry, but you're not really my type;
Good evening, officer, isn't it lovely out tonight?
Oh, I just couldn't - no one wants to hear me sing!

BLONDES NATURALLY

How blonde was she - it's a bit American but you get the point.
She thought a quarterback was a refund.
She thought General Motors was in the army.
She thought Meow Mix was a CD for cats.
At the bottom of an application where it says "sign here," she wrote "Sagittarius."
She took the ruler to bed to see how long she slept.
She sent me a fax with a stamp on it.
She tripped over a cordless phone She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde...
She spent 20 minutes looking at the orange juice can because it said, "Concentrate".
She told me to meet her at the corner of "WALK" and "DON'T WALK."
She tried to put M&M's in alphabetical order.
She sold the car for gas money.
She studied for a blood test.
She thought she needed a token to get on "Soul Train."
When she missed the 44 bus, she took the 22 bus twice instead.
When she went to the airport and saw a sign that said, "Airport Left," she turned around and went home.
When she heard that 90% of all crimes occur around the home, she moved.
She thinks Taco Bell is the Mexican phone company.
She thought if she spoke her mind, she'd be speechless.
She thought that she could not use her AM radio in the evening.
She had a shirt that said "TGIF," which she thought stood for "This Goes In Front"

80,000 blondes meet at the Wembley Stadium for a "Blondes Are Not Stupid Convention."
The compare says "We are all here today to prove to the world that blondes are not stupid. Can I have a volunteer?"
One blonde steps up. The compare says to her "What is 15 plus 15?"
After 15 or 20 seconds she says "Eighteen."
Obviously everyone is a little disappointed. Then 80,000 blondes start chanting "Give her another chance, give her another chance."
The compare says "Well since we've gone to the trouble of getting 80,000 of you here and the world wide press, I guess we can give her another chance."
So he says "What is 5 plus 5?" After nearly 30 seconds she eventually says "Ninety?"
The compare sighs - everyone is crestfallen and the blonde starts crying and 80,000 girls start yelling "Give her another chance, give her another chance."
The compare, unsure whether or not he is doing more harm than good, eventually says "Ok! One more chance. What is 2 plus 2?"
The girl closes her eyes and after a whole minute eventually says "Four."
Around the stadium 80,000 girls start yelling "Give her another chance, give her another chance."

A virile, young Italian soldier was relaxing at his favourite bar in Rome when he managed to attract a spectacular young blonde. Things progressed to the point where he invited her back to his apartment. After some small talk, they made love. After a pleasant interlude he asked with a smile, "So my darlink...you finish?" She paused for a second, frowned, and replied "No." Surprised, the young man reached for her; and the lovemaking resumed. This time, she thrashes about wildly; and there are screams of passion. The love making ends; and again, the young man smiles, and asks, "Dis time you finish?" Again, she returns his smile, cuddles closer to him, and softly says, "No." Stunned, but damned if this woman is going to outlast him, the young man reaches for her. Using the last of his strength, he barely manages it; but they CL!max simultaneously, screaming, clawing and ripping bed sheets. The exhausted man falls onto his back, gasping. Barely able to turn his head, he looks into her eyes, smiles proudly, and asks, "So, you finish?" "No!" she shouts back, "Stop asking, I no Finish, I Svedish!"



How do blondes print a Word document?

Three girls all worked in the same office with the same female boss.
Each day, they noticed the boss left work early. One day, the girls decided that, when the boss left, they would leave right behind her. After all, she never called or came back to work, so how would she know they went home early?
The brunette was thrilled to be home early. She did a little gardening, spent playtime with her son, and went to bed early.
The redhead was elated to be able to get in a quick workout at the spa before meeting a dinner date.
The blonde was happy to get home early and surprise her husband, but when she got to her bedroom, she heard a muffled noise from inside. Slowly and quietly, she cracked open the door and was mortified to see her husband in bed with her boss!
Gently, she closed the door and crept out of her house. The next day, at their coffee break, the brunette and redhead planned to leave early again, and they asked the blonde if she was going to go with them. "No way," the blonde exclaimed. "I almost got caught yesterday."

RESUME George W. Bush The White House, USA

EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE:

LAW ENFORCEMENT:

I was arrested in Kennebunkport, Maine, in 1976 for driving under the influence of alcohol. I pled guilty, paid a fine, and had my driver's license suspended for 30 days. My Texas driving record has been "lost" and is not available.

MILITARY:

I joined the Texas Air National Guard and went AWOL. I refused to take a drug test or answer any questions about my drug use. By joining the Texas Air National Guard, I was able to avoid combat duty in Vietnam.

COLLEGE:

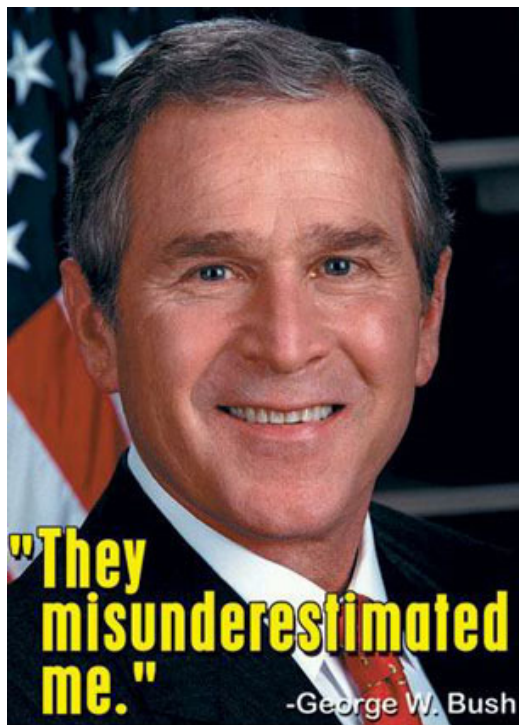
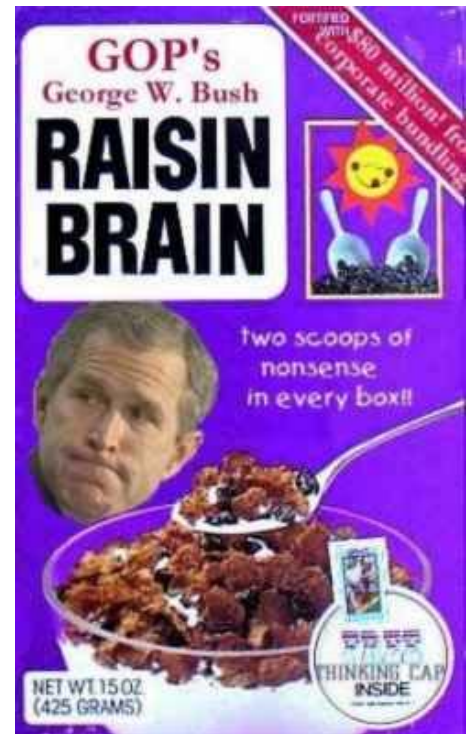
I graduated from Yale University with a low C average. I was a cheerleader.

PAST WORK EXPERIENCE:

I ran for U.S. Congress and lost. I began my career in the oil business in Midland, Texas, in 1975. I bought an oil company, but couldn't find any oil in Texas. The company went bankrupt shortly after I sold all my stock. I bought the Texas Rangers baseball team in a sweetheart deal that took land using taxpayer money. With the help of my father and our right-wing friends in the oil industry (including Enron CEO Ken Lay), I was elected governor of Texas.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS AS GOVERNOR OF TEXAS:

I changed Texas pollution laws to favor power and oil companies, making Texas the most polluted state in the Union. During my tenure, Houston replaced Los Angeles as the most smog-ridden city in America. I cut taxes and bankrupted the Texas treasury to the tune of billions in borrowed money. I set the record for the most executions by any governor in American history. With the help of my brother, the governor of Florida, and my father's appointments to the Supreme Court, I became President after losing by over 500,000 votes.



ACCOMPLISHMENTS AS PRESIDENT:

I am the first President in U.S. history to enter office with a criminal record. I invaded and occupied two countries at a continuing cost of over one billion dollars per week. I spent the U.S. surplus and effectively bankrupted the U.S. Treasury. I shattered the record for the largest annual deficit in U.S. history. I set an economic record for most private Bankruptcies filed in any 12-month period. I set the all-time record for most foreclosures in a 12-month period. I set the all-time record for the biggest drop in the history of the U.S. stock market. In my first year in office, over 2 million Americans lost their jobs and that trend continues every month. I'm proud that the members of my cabinet are the richest of any administration in U.S. history. My "poorest millionaire," Condoleeza Rice, has a Chevron oil tanker named after her. I set the record for most campaign fundraising trips by a U.S. President. I am the all-time U.S. and world record-holder for receiving the most corporate campaign donations. My largest lifetime campaign contributor, and one of my best friends, Kenneth Lay, presided over the largest corporate bankruptcy fraud in U.S. History, Enron. My political party used Enron private jets and Corporate attorneys to assure my success with the U.S.

Supreme Court during my election decision. I have protected my friends at Enron and Halliburton. Against investigation or prosecution. More time and money was spent investigating the Monica Lewinsky affair than has been spent investigating one of the biggest corporate rip-offs in history. I presided over the biggest energy crisis in U.S. history and refused to intervene when corruption involving the oil industry was revealed. I presided over the highest gasoline prices in U.S. history. I changed the U.S. policy to allow convicted criminals

to be awarded government contracts. I appointed more convicted criminals to administration than any President in U.S. history. I created the Ministry of Homeland Security, the largest bureaucracy in the history of the United States government. I've broken more international treaties than any President in U.S. history. I am the first President in U.S. history to have the United Nations remove the U.S. from the Human Rights Commission. I withdrew the U.S. from the World Court of Law. I refused to allow inspectors access to U.S. "prisoners of war" detainees and thereby have refused to abide by the Geneva Convention. I am the first President in history to refuse United Nations election inspectors (during the 2002 U.S. election). I set the record for least number of press conferences of any President since the advent of television. I set the all-time record for most days on vacation in any one-year period. After taking off the entire month of August, I presided over the worst security failure in U.S. history. I garnered the most sympathy for the U.S. after the World Trade Center attacks and less than a year later made the U.S. the most hated country in the world, the largest failure of diplomacy in world history.

I have set the all-time record for most people worldwide to simultaneously protest against me in public venues (15 million people), shattering the record for protest against any person in the history of mankind. I am the first President in U.S. history to order an unprovoked, pre-emptive attack and the military occupation of a sovereign nation. I did so against the will of the United Nations, the majority of U.S. citizens, and the world community. I have cut health care benefits for war veterans and support a cut in duty benefits for active duty troops and their families -- in war time. In my State of the Union Address, I lied about our reasons for attacking Iraq, then blamed the lies on our British friends. I am the first President in history to have a majority of Europeans (71%) view my presidency as the biggest threat to world peace and security. I am supporting development of a nuclear "Tactical Bunker Buster," a WMD. I have so far failed to fulfill my pledge to bring Osama Bin Laden to justice.

RECORDS AND REFERENCES:

All records of my tenure as governor of Texas are now in my father's library, sealed and unavailable for public view. All records of SEC investigations into my insider trading and my bankrupt companies are sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public view. All records or minutes from meetings that I, or my Vice-President, attended regarding public energy policy are sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public review.

PLEASE CONSIDER MY EXPERIENCE WHEN VOTING IN 2004.

PLEASE SEND THIS TO EVERY VOTER YOU KNOW.

I don't understand this at all?

Mr Cadbury and Ms Rowntree met on a coach journey. It was After Eight. Fisherman's Friend.

On the way they stopped at a Yorkie Bar, he had a Rum & Butter and she had a Wine Gum.

He asked her name, "Polo, I'm the one with the hole", she said.

"I'm the one with the Nuts", he thought. Then he touched her Milky Way. They checked in and went straight to the bedroom. Mr Cadbury turned out the light for a bit of Black Magic. It wasn't long before he slipped his hand into her Snickers and felt the contrast of her Double Decker. Then he showed her his Curly Wurly. Ms Rowntree wasn't keen to have any more Jelly Babies, so she let him take a trip down Bourneville Boulevard. He was pleased as he always fancied a bit of Fudge. It was a Magic Moment as she let out a scream of Turkish Delight. When he came out his Fun Sized Mars Bar felt a bit Cr*nchie. She wanted more but he decided to take Time Out. However, he noticed her Pink Wafers looked very appetising. So he did a Twirl, had a Picnic in her Sherbert and gave her a Gob Stopper. Unfortunately Mr Cadbury then had to go home to his wife, Caramel. Sadly, he was soon to discover he had caught V.D. It turns out Ms Rowntree had a Box of Assorted Creams. She had been with All Sorts.

