



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers – Runs/trash #97 May 2005

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
9 th May 2005	1403		Red Lion, Shoreham	208 059	Martin	01273 241829

Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins.

WEST LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 1000th RUN CELEBRATION WEEKEND BEGINS HERE:

7pm - 13 th May	Friday 13 th	H3 - Lord Nelson, Trafalgar St.	313 049	Blue Nipples & Robocop)
11am - 14 th May		WLH3/ BH7 - Waterhall Rugby Club	289 087	Bouncer & Daffy)01273 441611
11am - 15 th May		Henfield H3/ W&NK H3 - Master Mariner, Marina	341 032	Sir Snot & Cums Lately)

16 th May 2005	1404		White Horse, Lindfield	347 253	Young Les Plumb	01273 845586
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Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next roundabout, right again at next then left towards the station. Follow signs for Lindfield under railway bridge. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next. After $\frac{3}{4}$ mile there is a pond on the left, pub on right. Est. 20 mins.

Les joins the elite 1000 runs club at about 1030!

19 th May 2005	The Original South Downs Relay - Start Buriton Church - MR 740 200, Follow South Downs Way to finish at Beachy Head Golf Club. Teams to Phil Mutton on 01273 509958				
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23 rd May 2005	1405		Cock, Ringmer	440 137	Chris & Andy	01273 554148
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Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx.2 miles. Est. 15 mins.

Chris becomes the fourth to join the elite 1000 runs club!

30 th May 2005	1406		Half Moon, Warninglid	249 261	Peter B & Phil M	01273 887579
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Directions: A23 north past Bolney. Next junction is B2115. Right at t-junction. Pub 1 mile on left tricky parking. Est. 15 mins.

Receding Hareline:

- 6th June 2005 Farmers, Scaynes Hill - Rik
- 13th June 2005 The Berwick Inn, Berwick - Sally & Nicola
- 20th June 2005 Nutley Arms, Nutley - Ivan & Mike
- 26th June 2005 Annual family hash and barbecue for the 27th birthday of Brighton Hash and roughly the same for someone else - Date now set so **DIARY NOW!**
- Ditchling Village Green or PeP to be confirmed.
- 27th June 2005 Blacksmiths Arms, Hammerpot - George
- 3rd July 2005 Hurstpierpoint - Michael & Richard
- 10th July 2005 TBA - Brenda, Hugh & Leslie
- 17th July 2005 The Limeburners, Billingshurst - Wiggy



An early running of the Hash alternative relay ...

Offal awful waffle

It's been a funny old month. What with the Pope finally giving up the er.. ghost. Had to laugh at poor old Charlie's attempts to get wed second time around! All that fuss with the kids playing up, then the legal system playing up, then Mummy playing up, then the Pope playing up which ended up in Bliar playing up (amongst others).

Still they finally managed it against the odds. Mrs. Windsor insisted that it couldn't be on the Saturday as she had another date in her diary, which she wouldn't divulge to Charlie boy, so they plumped for the Friday only to have the Pope's funeral change everything for them. Not entirely without his spies in the camp, Charlie sussed the secret and with a bit of persuasion managed to convince Camilla that if the Regina wouldn't come to him, he'd take them to the Regina and so the following picture was taken at the Grand National on Charles and Camilla's wedding day:



Then there's the election. I've had it before but I keep getting this feeling of déjà vu? No doubt the country will go all soft and conservative and plump for no change by voting Labour back in (that sentence at least makes sense even if the likely result doesn't.). Just like a-mericar!

Congratulations to Phil and Pete on their 1000 runs. As they were both also on the first run you have got to admire their tenacity! Rushing up behind them is Young Les, who brandished a number of the old blue books under my nose the other day claiming he'd gone through the 1025 mark. I remember when we marked his 600th run so long ago, with the observation, 600 runs, 600 SCB's and 600 lots of hash chips!

For the first time for some years it looks like the Hash relay is back on the cards after last years re-visit to the around Sussex relay of 10 years earlier, the previous years short cut to Shoreham, and the seaside route brought about by Foot & Mouth the year before that. There's a bit about it on page 5.

Also coming up this month is the much lauded visit of West London Hash House Harriers to Brighton to celebrate their 1000th run. For all those who have asked we now have split prices for the event as follows:

Friday 13th run	£1
Friday night camping (including minibus back to site, snacks, gazebo bar and breakfast)	£15
Saturday run (including packed lunch with drinks and minibus back to site)	£10
Saturday Party (including dinner, disco, singer, midnight run and gazebo bar after midnight)	£25
Saturday night camping (including breakfast)	£10
Sunday run (including beer stop and closing circle on the beach)	£3
Goody bag	£10

So you can see what good value the full registration of £65 represents (see form page 4)! Friday and Sunday will be fine just to turn up but we would ask that anyone wishing to attend the Saturday run let's us know in advance. It should go without saying, so I won't, that the same applies to all the meals. Doh!

Anyway, there is an exciting weekend of events planned starting with the Friday 13th run from the Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Street near the Station. This hash usually feature tales of the more gruesome past of the area they are running in and we have definitely got some entertaining tales to enjoy.

For the Saturday run, I would be grateful of as much help as possible. We have an A-B trail planned with a number of short-cuts and loops so the run varies between 4 and for the seriously fit, 11 miles. This means we need hares to help manage it and as a BH7 billed run that means us!

The Saturday party is of course under the skilful guidance of Rik with Juliette thrown in for good measure.

The Sunday run from the Marina should be great laid by the experienced hand of Snot from:



Thanks Stan!

ON ON Bouncer



TOP 10 REASONS TO GO TO WORK NAKED
(compulsory for females who look like this lot)

10. No one ever steals your chair.
9. Gives "bad hair day" a whole new meaning.
8. Diverts attention from the fact that you also came to work drunk.
7. People stop stealing your pens after they've seen where you keep them.
6. You want to see if it's like the dream.
5. To stop those creepy programmer guys from looking down your blouse.
4. "I'd love to chip in... but I left my wallet in my pants."
3. Inventive way to finally meet that 'special' person in Human Resources.
2. Can take advantage of your computer monitor radiation to work on your tan.
1. Your boss will never again say, "I wanna see your ass in here by 8:00!"

A blonde hurries into the emergency room late one night with the tip of her index finger shot off. "How did this happen?" the emergency room doctor asked her. "Well, I was trying to commit suicide," the blonde replied. "What?" sputtered the doctor, "You tried to commit suicide by shooting your finger off?"

"No, Silly!" the blonde said. "First I put the gun to my chest, and I thought: I just paid \$6,000.00 for these breast implants, I'm not shooting myself in the chest." "So then?" asked the doctor. "Then I put the gun in my mouth, and I thought: I just paid \$3000.00 to get my teeth straightened, I'm not shooting myself in the mouth." "So then?" "Then I put the gun to my ear, and I thought: This is going to make a loud noise. So I put my finger in the other ear before I pulled the trigger."

Did you hear about the near-tragedy at the mall? There was a power cut, and twelve blondes were stuck on the escalators for over four hours.

A blonde went to an eye doctor to have her eyes checked for glasses. The doctor directed her to read various letters with the left eye while covering the right eye. The blonde was so mixed up on which eye was which that the eye doctor, in disgust, took a paper lunch bag with a hole to see through, covered up the appropriate eye and asked her to read the letters. As he did so, he noticed the blonde had tears streaming down her face. "Look," said the doctor, "there's no need to get emotional about getting glasses."

"I know," agreed the blonde, "But I kind of had my heart set on wire frames."

Take a look at the two birds below. Study them closely and watch their habits..... See if you can spot which of the two is the female. It can be done. Even by one with no skills whatsoever in bird watching.



Brighton & Hove Albion Fc are known as the Seagulls. One of our regular Sunday runs is from the Swan at Falmer close to where they're planning on building the club's new ground, very much against the landlords wishes who has been known to ban fans from the pub 'just because'. Those who speak Russian will know that the English translation of Tchaikovsky (or indeed Poles, Czajkowski, pronounced the same) is in fact Seagull. We derive great amusement from coughing composers and discussing Tchaikovsky's football skills in his presence!

See also the latest new ground proposal on the next page!

A little man walked into a pub and slipped on some dog shi*, did a somersault, banged his head on the bar and ended up sat on the floor looking rather dazed.

Immediately afterwards, a tall muscle bound bloke walked into the pub and slipped on the same dog shi*, did a somersault, banged his head on the bar and ended up sat on the floor right next to the first guy looking also rather dazed.

The little guy looks up at the big guy and said "I just did that!"

The big guy said "Oh did you!" and promptly picked him up and rubbed his nose in the shi*!!!!

From Brett (who 'Gotlost' during the first year of Phil's alternative):

For the uninitiated this is an 18 leg relay starting from Buriton Church at 8am and finishing at Eastbourne Golf Club at approximately 5pm.

It was originally a 'serious race' between teams of six people each doing three legs that mainly vary from 3 to 6 miles. However, things have become somewhat more relaxed in recent years. We are no longer part of the race day that contains real athletes. We are part of a group of lesser mortals who have organised an 'alternative relay' that takes place upon a different day. The teams may be larger than six allowing people to join in who do not wish to run three legs. The idea is to get round without getting too lost, which is difficult for me, and then partaking of food and drink together thereafter! [Yes, just an excuse for a *iss-up]

From Phil:

Back by popular demand
To be run on Sat 21st May 2005
Start Buriton church at 8am
Finish Eastbourne Golf Course approx 5.30 pm
18 legs
Some form of celebration afterwards
Will confirm changeovers etc later



You may get to see the Seagulls in action!

Funnily enough I stumbled on this recently on the net, from one of our guest teams years ago. A nice review and reminds us all what the club is about:

South Downs Way Relay: Saturday 29 May 1999, by Madeleine Watson

This was a relay along most of the South Downs Way. It started from Buriton Church, near Petersfield, at 7.30 am and finished at Eastbourne at 5 pm. The bit west from Buriton Church to Winchester was missed out as this was not on the original route (and it also made it a more manageable distance to do in one day!). The relay was run with mini-mass starts: each team starts each leg together, when the first person from the leg before finishes. Well, roughly when they finish - there were a couple of points where we waited a short while for all the runners to get ready.

There were 18 legs over the 80-mile route, which gives a fairly short average length of just under 4½ miles. Most of the teams consisted of 6 runners, who each did 3 legs spaced out over the day.

It was organised by the Brighton Hash, and the emphasis was very much on a fun day out. They were great people, who made us very welcome as the only non-Hash 'guest' team. There were 6 teams in total. I think some of the teams did keep a record of all the times, but it was certainly not compulsory (and we were a bit sporadic!).

The SLOW team was made up from Jerry Watson, Wendy Petty, Alistair Irvine, Trevor Jones, Ann Belchamber and myself. Most of us had not recced the route in advance, but this did not matter, partly because of the non-competitive nature of the day and also because most of the routes were fairly obvious. It is on bridle paths, rather than footpaths, and so the paths we ran along tended to be quite wide. The South Downs are rolling, had brilliant views and although not obviously steep, had some fairly strenuous climbs.

We had one cock-up over change-over points and I'll put my hand up as the main culprit! Unfortunately it meant Alistair had to run an extra mile and half up hill, and then retrace his steps, after he'd just run 2 consecutive legs. Sorry Alistair! Meanwhile, in the cars we also had fun driving almost 2 miles down a bumpy track to find no-one else at the end. Sorry Trevor and Ann!

At the end of the day we retired to a pub in the country, where there was a big garden, loads of swings etc. for the Watson tribe, good food and good beer (if you like that sort of thing). The weather was very slightly hazy at times, so the views weren't quite as good as they could have been. We had literally a few drops of rain whilst we were eating, but not even enough for us to migrate indoors. So the forecast of thunder was wrong - for our part of the world at least.

Comparison with the North Downs Way? This was severely non-competitive, you were never more than 90 minutes' drive away from home, the legs were shorter, it started at a much more sociable hour and the views in general were better, the South Downs being more open. Finally it made a great change and was fun.

<p>Sue Leece about women's rights.</p> <p>Ali: "Boyaka-sha. Check dis. Today we is talking about women. I is with none other than Professor Sue Leece. She be director of the Centre for Gender Research and we is going to talking about ladies. Now, one in two people in the country is a women, so we has got to know about this... Women. They is important aren't they?"</p> <p>Sue: "They indeed are, very important, as important as men."</p> <p>Ali: "Which is better? Man or woman?"</p> <p>Sue: "Well equality is not about being better."</p> <p>Ali: "But which one is better?"</p> <p>Sue: "Neither is better."</p> <p>Ali: "But one must be just a little bit better."</p> <p>Sue: "In what respect?"</p> <p>Ali: "Like, you know, in the way that something is worse and something is better."</p> <p>Ali: "Do you think there will ever be a female Prime Minister?"</p> <p>Sue: "Well there has been one."</p> <p>Ali: "When?"</p> <p>Sue: "Margaret Thatcher."</p> <p>Ali: "No she wasn't a Prime Minister. Do you think another woman will be allowed to slip through?"</p> <p>Ali: "Do you think a women should be able to have any job?"</p> <p>Sue: "I think yes, I think they should be able to have any job."</p> <p>Ali: "But would you feel safe though if you knew a women was flying your plane."</p> <p>Sue: "Why wouldn't you feel safe if a woman was flying it? Do you feel safe being driven by a women?"</p> <p>Ali: "Nope. Would you not be scared though that she would start nattering or whatever, or start thinking about things and then forget to fly the plane, or get angry with somebody?"</p> <p>Ali: "A lot of boys me know is trying to get their girlfriends into feminism, do you that is right?"</p> <p>Sue: "Yes, I do actually I think it's a good thing."</p> <p>Ali: "Do you think all girls should try feminism at least once?"</p> <p>Sue: "Well girls today often don't realise how much they've benefited from feminism..."</p> <p>Ali: "But do you think it is right when they try feminism when they is drunk at a party or whatever with a few mates?"</p> <p>Sue: "What does 'trying feminism' mean?"</p> <p>Ali: "You know, try a bit of feminism and when they is sober the next day they get back together with their boyfriends?"</p> <p>Sue: "I don't understand what you mean by 'get feminist?'"</p> <p>Ali: "When they kiss a women."</p> <p>Sue: "What, being lesbian, are you talking about, sexually?"</p> <p>Ali: "... A'ight, for real."</p> <p>Ali: "Me uncle Jamal, he says he is tri-sexual. He will try anything sexual. What does that mean?"</p> <p>Sue: "There are a lot of people, you know, who would agree that they are... that they would like having sexual relationships with men and with women."</p> <p>Ali: "So you is saying that you think that he has done it with men?"</p> <p>Sue: "Or doing it."</p> <p>Ali: "Ai?"</p>	<p>Sue: "Um, well, it would suggest that from that... or that he is interested in it, don't know that he would have done it. Depends what 'done it' means."</p> <p>Ali: "So you think me uncle Jamal is a... batty boy?"</p> <p>Sue: "No, I don't think he is a batty boy actually, but..."</p> <p>Ali: "But you think me uncle Jamal like it in both pipes?"</p> <p>Sue: "I think he's probably, uh, making a joke."</p> <p>Ali: "For real. So it probably a joke? It ain't a necessarily. 'Cos he is a joker."</p> <p>Sue: "Yes, I think he's a joker."</p> <p>Ali: "If you called him that to his face he'd probably kill you."</p> <p>Judge Pickles about law.</p> <p>Ali: "When can you murder someone?"</p> <p>Pickles: "Ah, well, let me say, that's really a nonsensical question if I may say so because if you are entitled to kill somebody it's not murder."</p> <p>Ali: "Okay, but can you murder someone if someone, let's say called your mum a slag, dis your mama? If they call your mum a slag, ring up the police, the police ain't gonna do nothing, you know, they laugh at you."</p> <p>Pickles: "Well, I don't know, it depends I suppose, if you called my mother a slag and I then killed you, provocation can reduce murder to manslaughter."</p> <p>Ali: "So where's the line then? If they call her slag - manslaughter, if they call her bitch - is that murder?"</p> <p>Ali: "Do you think women should be on juries?"</p> <p>Pickles: "Oh yes, of course."</p> <p>Ali: "What about when they got the painters in?"</p> <p>Pickles: "I'm sorry?"</p> <p>Ali: "What about when it's rag week? How can they be thinking straight, serious! Serious, my woman, she doesn't know what's going on, guilty - everyone is guilty when it's her time. Everyone is guilty, I do something small - GUILTY! You should be chopped, whatever."</p> <p>Pickles: "I don't honestly think you could start asking people intimate questions and say 'no, you can't do this.'"</p> <p>Ali: "Exactly, this is why you should not have women on juries."</p> <p>Pickles: "No, no. I've never thought about this before, actually."</p> <p>In the art gallery.</p> <p>Ali: "Who be this cheeky little lady?"</p> <p>Attendant: "This is a friend of Van Gogh."</p> <p>Ali: "She look as if she's just been..." <winks></p> <p>Attendant: "She doesn't look that, uh, happy I don't think."</p> <p>Ali: "Ah, maybe she been taken up the wrong end or something."</p> <p>In the Royal Opera House.</p> <p>Ali: "And what is the acoustic like?"</p> <p>Singer: "Brilliant."</p> <p>Ali: "Wikkid."</p> <p>Singer: "If you're sitting up there you can hear as well as if you're sitting down here. Try it."</p> <p>Ali: "HERE ME NOW! RIIIDE THE PUNANI! RIIIDE THE PUNANI!"</p> <p>Ali: "So if ya wanna check out some culture, you can either spend 50 squid on a ticket for a night at the opera, or me can get you a bag of skunk dis big. The choice is yours. Ya got my mobile number, a'ight?"</p>
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The Husband Store:

A store that sells husbands has just opened in Ottawa where a woman may go to choose a husband from among many men. The store is comprised of 6 floors, and the men increase in positive attributes as the shopper ascends the flights.

There is, however, a catch. As you open the door to any floor you may choose a man from that floor, but if you go up a floor, you cannot go back down except to exit the building.

So a woman goes to the shopping center to find a husband. On the first floor the sign on the door reads: Floor 1 - These men have jobs. The woman reads the sign and says to herself, "Well, that's better than my last boyfriend, but I wonder what's further up?"

So up she goes. The second floor sign reads: Floor 2 - These men have jobs and love, kids. The woman remarks to herself, "That's great, but I wonder what's further up?" And up she goes again.

The third floor sign reads: Floor 3 - These men have jobs, love kids and are extremely good looking. "Hmmm, better" she says. "But I wonder what's upstairs?"

The fourth floor sign reads: Floor 4 - These men have jobs, love kids, are extremely good looking and help with the housework. "Wow!" exclaims the woman, "very tempting. BUT, there must be more further up!" And again she heads up another flight.

The fifth floor sign reads: Floor 5 - These men have jobs, love kids, are extremely good looking, help with the housework and have a strong romantic streak. "Oh, mercy me! But just think... what must be awaiting me further on?"

So up to the sixth floor she goes. The sixth floor sign reads: Floor 6 - You are visitor 3,456,789,012 to this floor. There are no men on this floor. This floor exists solely as proof that women are impossible to please. Thank you for shopping at Husband Mart and have a nice day.

You don't have to own a cat to enjoy this

A couple was dressed and ready to go out for the evening. They turned on a night light, turned the answering machine on the phone line, covered their pet parakeet and put the cat in the backyard. They phoned the local cab company and requested a taxi. The taxi arrived and the couple opened the front door to leave their house. The cat they had put out into the yard scoots back into the house. They don't want the cat shut in the house because "she" always tries to eat the bird. The wife goes out to the taxi while the husband goes inside to get the cat. The cat runs upstairs, the man in hot pursuit. The wife doesn't want the driver to know the house will be empty. She explains to the taxi driver that her husband will be out soon. "He's just going upstairs to say good-bye to my mother."

A few minutes later, the husband gets into the cab. "Sorry I took so long," he says, as they drive away. "Stupid bltch was hiding under the bed. Had to poke her with a coat hanger to get her to come out! Then I had to wrap her in a blanket to keep her from scratching me. But it worked. I hauled her fat @ss downstairs and threw her out into the back yard!"

The cabdriver hit a parked car...

Stress Reduction Kit



Directions:

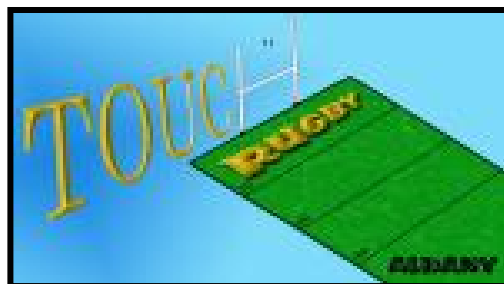
1. Place kit on FIRM surface.
2. Follow directions in circle of kit.
3. Repeat step 2 as necessary, or until unconscious.
4. If unconscious, cease stress reduction activity.

Yorky Porky and Boy Blunder Rugby Productions Present

London Intra-Hash Mixed Touch Rugby 7s Festival

Sponsored by

City London and West London Hash House Harriers



Venue	The Old Alleynians Cricket Club Off South Circular Dulwich Common London SE21 7HA Tel: 0208 693 2402	The picturesque OA sports ground is situated in the exclusive southeast London suburb of Dulwich. Easy to get to from central London, it is just a shortish walk from West Dulwich station, which is 15mins from London Victoria. Just follow 'P's marked from West Dulwich Station. http://www.alleynian.org/rugby/find_rugby_pitch.shtml
Entertainment		TBC but should include Bar, Bar-B-Que (bring your own food), DJ, Mixed Touch Rugby 7's League, Strong Man competition, Outdoor Jacuzzi and AIRSHOW.
Date	4th June 2005	TBC Registration from 12:00 KO at 13:00.
Eligibility	On the field each team must have: At least 2 women, one person over 40, one person 30-40, one person 20-30 and one person under 20. Ringers are to be expected and encouraged. Please circulate this flyer to anyone who may be interested. Each team must be able to provide a referee when not playing to adjudicate other games.	
Teams	Maximum:15	Last year: 10 Team Captains TBC
	2 from West London; 2 from City; 2 from London; 1 from Bash; 2 from OA; 1 Special Invitation	
	Volunteer at addresses below.	Can't commit. Just turn up on the day.
Rules	Mixed Touch Rugby 7's	See Back of flyer. 15-minute games. Referees decision is final. No studs - Bring spare trainers as playing shoes are not allowed in clubhouse. Organising committee reserve the right to amend all rules without notice at any time.
Costs	Teams	£50.00 Max 10 players.
Single Player	£5.00 if not in team.	Supporters £2.00
To Do	Volunteers required: Details TBC.	Contact team captains or Yorky Porky (Bryan Munday) at yorkyporky@hotmail.com or Boy Blunder (Simon March) at boyblunderwlh3@yahoo.co.uk .

Rules of Play

Because of the range of knowledge, experience and skills of both the teams and referees we will keep things pretty simple:

- ☛ You can only pass backwards.
- ☛ 6 touches - change over. Defending player must call 'Touch'.
- ☛ After each touch, restart with a roll ball. ['Roll ball' - pretty standard but just to make sure we are all playing the same:
a) Person touched must roll the ball; b) Ball rolled backwards on the ground between the legs; c) Ball must not travel more than one metre behind the person rolling the ball; d) Player picking up the ball known as 'dummy half' until he passes the ball; e) Dummy Half cannot score; f) If Dummy half gets touched - change of possession; g) Defending team must be 5 yards back from the point of the roll ball and cannot move forward until 'dummy' half touches the ball.]
- ☛ As for infringements - knock on, pass forward, drop ball etc will result in a change over.
- ☛ Off side will result in an advantage with defending player ineligible to 'tackle' until they retreat 5 yards.
- ☛ After a changeover the attacking player must pass the ball. The receiver is not a 'dummy half', may be tackled and may score.
- ☛ Start of match and restart after score with a 'kick ball' from the half way line: If the ball goes dead from kick-off, possession changes and restarts with a passed ball at the half way line, defenders 10 yards back. The side that just scored kicks off and only the opposition may receive the kicked ball. No interceptions - no arguments.
- ☛ Seven players per team with two girls at all times unless sin binned.

We are not going to be too bothered about players playing for different sides if people are tired or injured - just as long as it's done sensibly and fairly. We want to make it a fun day for everyone with rugby coming a close second to beer drinking and a good laugh. Full rules will be published and put on display at the event - Probably.

ONON

The loss of a great man. Pope John Paul II was a star who perfectly suited the modern World, able to tune in to so many people by his thinking, his words and his deeds. Along with a couple of newies here are some of his greatest hits:

Following the sad passing of John Paul II the BBC have joined the search for his successor, the new series of 'Pope Idol' begins Saturday 8.00.

For sale: 2001 Range Rover, low mileage, highly modified, one careful owner with impeccable credentials and connections. See photo below and contact me to arrange a test drive, or please feel free to pass on the info to anyone you feel may be interested:



The Pope had just finished a tour of the Great Britain, in London and was being driven to Heathrow in the Popemobile. Although the Pope had been in numerous different pope-mobiles he had never driven one, so he asked the chauffeur if he could drive for awhile. Well, the chauffeur didn't have much of a choice, so he climbs in the back of the limo and the Pope takes the wheel. The Pope heads west and makes his way onto the M4. He starts to accelerate to see what the old Glass Greenhouse could do. Well he gets to about 95 mph and, WHAM!, there are the blue lights of friendly Thames Valley Traffic Division in his mirror. He pulls over and the policeman comes to his window. The policeman, seeing who it was, says "just a moment please I need to call in." The policeman radio's in and asks for the chief commissioner. He tells the commissioner "I've got a REALLY important person pulled over and I need to know what to do." The commissioner replies "Who is it, not Tony again?" The policeman says, "No, even more important." The chief replies, "It's Charles, is it?" The policeman replies "No, even more important." "It isn't the Queen is it?" "No, more important", replies the policeman "Well WHO the HELL is it!", screams the commissioner. "I don't know" says the policeman "But he's got the Pope as a chauffeur."

Bill Clinton and the Pope died on the same day, and due to an administrative foul up, Clinton was sent to heaven and the Pope was sent to hell. The Pope explained the situation to the devil, who checked out all of the paperwork, and the error was acknowledged.

The Pope was told, however, that it would take about 24 hours to fix the problem and correct the error. The next day, the Pope was called in and the devil said his good-bye to the Pope as he went off to heaven. On his way up, the Pope met Clinton who was on his way down, and they stopped to chat. Pope:

Sorry about the mix up.

Clinton: No problem!

Pope: Well, I'm really excited about going to heaven.

Clinton: Why is that? It's not that great.

Pope: All my life I've wanted to meet the Virgin Mary.

Clinton: Sorry, your Holiness -- but you're about a day late.

During a Papal audience, a business man approached the Pope and made this offer: Change the last line of the Lord's prayer from "give us this day our daily bread" to "give us this day our daily chicken." and KFC will donate 10 million pounds to Catholic charities. The Pope declined.

2 weeks later the man approached the Pope again. This time with a 50 million pounds offer. Again the Pope declined. A month later the man offers 100 million, this time the Pope accepts. At a meeting of the Cardinals, The Pope announces his decision in the good news/bad news format. The good news is... that we have 100 million pounds for charities. The bad news is that we lost the Hovis account!

In his final act the Pope issued a proclamation on Michael Jackson. If there were any more allegations about little boys, the Pope said he'd have no choice but to make him a priest.

On a tour of Scotland, the Pope took a couple of days off his itinerary to visit the North coast near Aberdeen on an impromptu sightseeing trip.

His 4X4 Popemobile was driving along the golden sands when there was an enormous commotion heard just off the headland. They rushed to see what it was and upon approaching the scene the Pope noticed just outside the surf, a hapless man wearing an English football jersey, struggling frantically to free himself from the jaws of a twenty foot shark.

At that moment a speedboat containing three men wearing Scottish football tops roared into view from around the point. Spontaneously, one of the men took aim and fired a harpoon into the shark's ribs, immobilizing it instantly. The other two reached out and pulled the Englishman from the water and then, using long clubs, beat the shark to death.

They bundled the bleeding, semi conscious man into the speed boat along with the dead shark and then prepared for a hasty retreat, when they heard frantic shouting from the shore. It was of course the Pope, and he summoned them to the beach.

Upon them reaching the shore the Pope went into raptures about the rescue and said, "I give you my blessing for your brave actions. I had heard that there were some racist xenophobic people trying to divide Scotland and England, but, now I have seen with my own eyes this is not true. I can see that your society is a truly enlightened example of racial harmony and could serve as a model on which other nations could follow."

He blessed them all and drove off in a cloud of dust. As he departed, the harpoonist asked the others, "Who was that???"

"That," one answered, "was his Holiness the Pope. He is in direct contact with God and has access to all God's wisdom."

"Well," the harpoonist replied, "he knows f--- all about shark hunting. How's that bait holding up or do we need to get another one?"

I mean... the Spitting Image puppet! Need I say more?

I shall forever remember Pope John Paul II as Pope George Ringo. Old joke, John Paul preceded him but didn't last long!

Geniune headline: "Prostitutes Appeal to Pope."

The Chief Rabbi of Israel and the Pope are in a meeting in Rome. The Rabbi notices an unusually fancy phone on a side table in the Pope's private chambers. "What is that phone for?" he asks the pontiff.
"It's my direct line to the Lord." The Rabbi is sceptical, and the Pope notices. The Holy Father insists the Rabbi try it out, and, indeed, he is connected to the Lord. The Rabbi holds a lengthy discussion with Him.
After hanging up the Rabbi says, "Thank you very much. This is great! But listen, I want to pay for my phone charges."
The Pope, of course, refuses, but the Rabbi is steadfast and finally, the pontiff gives in.
He checks the counter on the phone and says, "All right! The charges were 100,000 Lira" (\$56). The Chief Rabbi gladly hands over the payment.
A few months later, the Pope is in Jerusalem on an official visit. In the Chief Rabbi's chambers, he sees a phone identical to his and learns it is also a direct line to the Lord. The Pope remembers he has an urgent matter that requires divine consultation and asks if he can use the Rabbi's phone. The Rabbi gladly agrees, hands him the phone, and the Pope chats away.
After hanging up, the Pope offers to pay for the phone charges. Of course, the Chief Rabbi refuses to accept payment. After the Pope insists, the Rabbi relents and looks on the phone counter. Shekel 50" (\$0.42). The Pope looks surprised, "Why so cheap?"
The Rabbi smiles, "Local call."

An American T-shirt maker in Miami printed shirts for the Spanish market which promoted the Pope's visit. Instead of "I saw the Pope" (el Papa), the shirts read "I saw the potato" (la papa).

The Pope had become very ill and was taken to many doctors, all of whom could not figure out how to cure him. Finally, he was brought to an old physician. After about an hour's examination he came out and told the cardinals that he had some good news and some bad news. The bad news was that the pope had a rare disorder of the testicles. The good news was that all the Pope had to do to be cured, was to have sex.

Well, this was not good news to the cardinals, who argued about it at length. Finally they went to the pope with the doctor and explained the situation. After some thought, the Pope stated, "I agree, but under four conditions."

The cardinals were amazed and there arose quite an uproar. Over the noise a single voice asked, "And what are the four conditions?" The room stilled. There was a long pause....

The Pope replied, "First the girl must be blind, so that she cannot see with whom she is having sex."

"Second, she must be deaf, so that she cannot hear with whom she is having sex."

"And third, she must be dumb so that if somehow she figures out with whom she is having sex, she can tell no one."

After another long pause a voice arose and asked, "And the fourth condition?"

The Pope replied, "Big tits."



Bush: "Those weapons of mass destruction have got to be here somewhere."

Pope: If they re-elect him I shall die!

A priest decides to take a walk to the pier near his church. He looks around and finally stops to watch a fisherman load his boat. The fisherman notices, and asks the priest if he would like to join him for a couple of hours. The priest agrees. After a while he fisherman asks if the priest has ever fished before, to which the priest says no. He baits the hook for him and says, "Give it a shot father". After a few minutes, the priest hooks a big fish and struggles to get it in the boat.

Fisherman: "Whoa, look at that fucker!"

Priest: "Uh, please sir, can you mind your language?"

Fisherman: (Quick thinking) "I'm sorry father, but that's what this fish is called - a fucker!"

Priest: "Oh, I'm sorry - I didn't know." After the trip, the priest brings the fish to the church and spots the bishop.

Priest: "Look at this big fucker"

Bishop: "Please, mind your language, this is a house of God."

Priest: "No, you don't understand - that's what this fish is called, and I caught it. I caught this fucker!"

Bishop: "Hmmm. You know, I could clean this fucker and we could have it for dinner." So the Bishop takes the fish and cleans it, and brings it to the head mother.

Bishop: "Could you cook this fucker for dinner tonight?"

Head Mother: "My lord, what language!"

Bishop: "No, sister, that's what the fish is called - a fucker! Father caught it, I cleaned it, and we'd like you to cook it."

Head Mother: "Hmmm. Yes, I'll cook that fucker tonight."

Well, the Pope stops by for dinner with the three of them, and they all think the fish is great. He asks where they got it.

Priest: "I caught the fucker!"

Bishop: "And I cleaned the fucker!"

Head Mother: "And I cooked the fucker!"

The Pope stares at them for a minute with a steely gaze, but then lets out a huge fart, puts his feet up on the table, lights up a joint, pours himself a large whiskey and says, "You know, you cunts are alright."



The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly

*Beach Etiquette for the
Modern Day Pain-in-the-Ass*

For the Guys...

- First thing's first – you're going there to look at boobs, and there's nothing wrong with that! Don't let those folks in the office drag you down with all of their *morals* and such...
- When checking out the babes, there's no better friend than a good pair of wrap-around shades! Whether they're £100 *Oakleys* or £5.99 garage specials, she never has to know that you're ogling her ta-tas...that is, as long as you keep the drool under control, too...
- Side Note: any man that goes to the beach with his girl and *doesn't* bring along a pair of the above mentioned godsend sunglasses has pretty much given up the will to live anyways!
- **BAGGIES ARE FINE!!!** No one, *including the ladies*, wants to see your plums, so please do us all a favour and save those *Speedos* for a private showing in your own home. For God's sake, we've got children here!
- If you see one of these *Good Girls Gone Crazy* crews coming towards your girlfriend, it's time to call it a day. On the other hand, if you happen to be flying solo, then you might possibly be the luckiest man alive...enjoy the show!
- Sure, volleyball and football are fun beach games at all, but you'd be surprised just how enjoyable a good scavenger hunt can be! *Any chick digs a swell scavenger hunt...*
- It's understandable to be a bit protective of your girlfriend because she is, you know, *incredibly hot*, but just remember that we're all nothing but jealous at the end of the day – a little ogling never hurt nobody!
- Although I would normally recommend imitating Hollywood to help perk up your own boring life, you know that one *Corona* commercial where the guy throws his cell phone into the ocean? Well, take this opportunity to learn from another's experience – that kind of thing *isn't* covered under warranty...
- No, I was *serious* up there about your plum-smuggling swimsuit choice – leave it at home and spare us *for the love of God!!!* Unless you're an Olympic swimmer and we're actually *at* the Olympics, no-no on the Speedo...
- And knocking down other peoples sand castles is just plain mean, especially when they've put an entire afternoon into their work, creating an elaborate structure of chambers and secret passageways, all surrounded by a spectacular moat with working drawbridge...

For the Ladies...

- Please note the above point regarding sand castles – the breasts don't come with a free license to be mean!
- Nonetheless, those beauties *do* come with a license to kill, thrill, and blow the collective minds of every man within a five mile radius of wherever you happen to be, so just keep one thing in mind when you're fighting over which bikini to wear – *it's not really the suit itself that we're interested in, anyway!*
- *Frisbee* and *volleyball* are great waterfront activities for healthy, young women such as yourselves to pass the time.
- The ogling and drooling is going to happen when you come to the beach dressed like that, so just enjoy the attention and get used to it!
- On the other hand, the beach can also be a fine place to see the *negative side* of the whole tattooing escapade. See that ninety year-old woman over there? That multi-coloured blob-like thing on her hip *used to be* a cute, little butterfly, too!
- What's with all of the camera equipment? Umm, actually we're collecting footage for a new sunscreen advertisement...yeah, that's it! Just pretend we're not even here and go about your daily business!
- It's been said time and time again, but let me say it once more for the record – *spandex is a privilege, not a right!*
- Another fun thing to do at the beach is burying your friends in the sand, but location is an important thing to consider when choosing your site. Along with the tides come those little crustaceans called *crabs* and even though they're not as bad as the *other crabs* you could be giving them, they're not exactly a pat on the back, either!
- Some people come to the beach to swim and some come to the beach to ogle – do I really look like the type that would be here for the exercise?!
- And finally, if a pasty-white, yet stunningly hilarious guy offers to buy you a tropical drink in a exchange for a few minutes of engaging conversation, throw him a bone, already!

