



# BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)*

*Runs/trash #103 December 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)
5th December 2005	1433		Selmeston Arms, Selmeston	510 070	Ivan and Mike	01273 707182
<b>Directions:</b> . A27 east past Lewes. Straight on at Beddingham roundabout, pub is on right side of bend after 4 miles. <b>25 mins.</b>						

12th December 2005	1434		Dorset Arms, Lewes	422 103	Rosemary & Terry	01273 506571
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Culfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. Go past pub and turn right for public car park. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>						

	19th December 2005	1435	Hickstead Hotel, Hickstead	275 205	Louis	
	<b>Christmas party &amp; annual awards. Bookings: Rik 01273 483983 (W) or 01444 454082 (H)</b>					
<b>Directions:</b> Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. 1st left then 2nd right. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>						
						
						

27th December 2005	1436		Open House, Brighton	314 059	Grandfathers Eddy and Pete	01273 884283
<b>Directions:</b> Take A23 south into Brighton. After Preston Park on one-way system bear left, then right. Turn right into Springfield Road just before viaduct, pub on right 300 yards. <b>Est. 10 mins. ### TUESDAY RUN ###</b>						

2nd January 2006	1437		Rose Cottage Inn, Alciston	506 057	Sally the betrothed & Nicola	
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east past Lewes. Stay on A27 after Beddingham roundabout (A26). Alciston is on the right, 2nd turning past the Barley Mow pub. Pub on right. <b>Est. 25 mins.</b>						

RECEDING HARELINE:						
1438 - 9 <sup>th</sup> January 2006	- Tavern Saltdean, Chris & Nigel W.					
1439 - 16 <sup>th</sup> January 2006	- Cherry Tree, Copthorne, Daffy & Bouncer - Joint with Old Coulsdon H3					
1440 - 23 <sup>rd</sup> January 2006	- Keen volunteer needed!					
1441 - 30 <sup>th</sup> January 2006	- Grapes, Pease Pottage, Ivan & Mike "Anybody"					

I made myself a snowball,  
 As perfect as could be,  
 I thought I'd keep it as a pet,  
 And let it sleep with me.  
 I made it some pajamas,  
 And a pillow for its head,  
 Then last night it ran away,  
 But first-- it wet the bed.



**MERRY CHRISTMAS ONE AND ALL**

As you can see from the front page, this years Christmas party is to be held at the Hickstead Hotel. Thanks to Les Plumb for pulling that together. Rik often does a spot of DJ'ing up there for various functions, as well as having his recent somethinkth birthday party there, and has taken on the organization of our own leetle do. £20 with menu choices (see scan) will secure a night of uninhibited jollity in true hash style where 24 hour drinking means fun fun fun!

After last years inaugural red dress run around Kempton and Brighton it seems somewhat futile and pointless to attempt a similar thing in the middle of the countryside where only the sheep and cattle will get to appreciate our efforts, so maybe we'll put a repeat on the back burner for this year. Having said that Mr. Beard has come up with an idea for a theme (obviously apart from the fact that you will all be doing the Viet Nam thing, hanging Glitter all over you)!

On Aunt Jo's birthday this year the Sunday splinter had a run from West Hoathly, and very nice it was too. Jo had a route in mind that took in a decent section of the Bluebell Railway. Unfortunately she then shot off at 90 degrees to her plan with the rest of us sucked along in her wake, and didn't realize until we were ¾ mile from the pub by when there was only the one option available to allow the original Bluebell Railway run - go back. No way we were doing that so on the Monday run I decided to make it up to her and brought along my, er... the boys', authentic sounding wooden train whistle. Pete suffered the brunt of my tootling all the way round and in his politest shut the fcuk up tone said "we ought to do a run where everybody brings along horns, whistles and bells and make as much noise as possible!".



Couldn't believe my luck when I popped in the Red Cross in Shoreham 2 days after this conversation to see some exclusive hash whistles! Get this, booby whistles that glow in the dark! Absolutely perfect. No idea who makes them or if we can get some more but does it matter? We've all got something that can make a noise so bring it along and we'll get the band going!

There has occasionally been talk of a slightly more structured award system and all this business reminded me of a conversation with Mr. Malibog some time ago. I think this was related to the Angeles hash in the Philippines but it may be another chapter. On their second run all hounds are given a whistle, which is used to call the trail rather than on on, which probably makes a bit of sense where there may be several languages clashing. The award system then kicks in with differently coloured ribbons according to the milestone (just an example, but say red for 10, blue for 20, green for 30, orange for a 40, white for 50, bronze for 100, silver for 250 and gold for 500). All adds to the fun and is incredibly cheap. All we need is Theresa!

**BOUNCER**

Footnote: David Blunkett has issued the following statement:

”.....”

**BEWARE - SNOW SHOVELLING SCAM..... this is real.**

It will be snowing again soon and I wanted to warn you of this latest scam. You should be on the lookout for this pair in case they appear in your area. They showed up offering to shovel snow from my driveway for £20.

Not ten minutes into the job they were at my door again, complaining about being cold. They said they wanted to come in to my house and get warm for a while. Well, three hours and several warming drinks later, they ended up, leaving without finishing the driveway. I didn't get anything done around the house because I was afraid to take my eyes off them. I'm just glad my wife wasn't at home to see me taken in by this 'scam'. I'd never hear the end of it. Don't let this happen to you!

Fortunately, I took their photo before they left. If these two appear on your doorstep, don't say you weren't warned!



**Amazing mathematics exercise...**

This will take only about 20 seconds. What you have to do is to follow the instructions. Do not read the outcome before having made all the calculations, ok?

Let's start!

1. Decide the number of times you wish to make love during one week.
2. Multiply this number by 50.
3. Add to the result 44.
4. Then, multiply by 200.
5. If, this year, you have already celebrated your birthday add 105. If you have not celebrated it yet add 104.
6. Last step: to the result you have obtained, subtract your birth year (eg: subtract 1968, 1973, etc.).

Once you have made the subtraction, you should have a number with five figures.

**Now go to the bottom of the page...**

***I think George Best would've approved!***

**On the good life:** 'I spent a lot of money on booze, birds and fast cars. The rest I just squandered.'

'I used to go missing a lot. . . Miss Canada, Miss United Kingdom, Miss World.'

'Tell me, Mr Best, where did it all go wrong?' asked the waiter as he delivered vintage champagne to the footballer in a luxury hotel suite. At the time £20,000 in cash was scattered on the bed, which also happened to contain Miss Universe.

'I would have to be superman to do some of the things I am supposed to have done, I've been at six different places at six different times.'

'I've stopped drinking, but only while I'm asleep.'

'In 1969 I gave up women and alcohol and it was the worst 20 minutes of my life.'

**On Robert Redford:** 'He used to be such a handsome man and now look at him: everything has dropped, expanded and turned a funny colour.'

**On David Beckham:** 'He cannot kick with his left foot, he cannot head a ball, he cannot tackle and he doesn't score many goals. Apart from that he's all right.'

**On his liver transplant:** 'I was in for 10 hours and had 40 pints - beating my previous record by 20 minutes.'

**On the Arsenal players who allegedly threw pizza and sandwiches at Sir Alex Ferguson at Old Trafford:** 'That's what children do - throw food. That's not fighting. We were real men. We would have chinned them.'

**On his career:** 'Pele called me the greatest footballer in the world. That is the ultimate salute to my life.'

*Doctor goes to George best and says, "I've got good news and bad news"*

*Best says "What's the bad news?"*

*Doctor says "You've got one hour to live"*

*Best says "What the f\*ck is the good news then?"*

*Doctor replies "Its Happy Hour!"*

**Mathematics:** The first of the five figures points out the number of nights per week you wish to make love. The last two figures correspond to your age. The best part is that the second and the third figure point out THE POSITION YOU LIKE THE MOST WHILE YOU ARE MAKING LOVE!! This 'mathematics curiosity' works only for this year, therefore tell your friends as soon as possible!



**Message from Dave Evans below.**

**If you would like to make a contribution to the charity this Christmas look out for the details in the Daily Telegraph or follow the links below. Very briefly there is a close association between the village of Blackboys and a village in Rwanda about which I'm sure David will be happy to tell you more.**

You might remember that we did a fund raising event at Ightham Mote a couple of years ago. My friend Ali Wright continues to be actively involved and I thought you might like to see this.

Best wishes

David

-----Original Message-----

**From:** Aliwright8@aol.com [mailto:Aliwright8@aol.com]

**Sent:** 17 November 2005 15:34

**To:** info@rwanda-aid.org

**Subject:** Ali Wright (Rwanda Aid)

Hello

I thought you might like to know that the Daily Telegraph has chosen to feature the charity I work with in Rwanda as one of their Christmas Appeal charities. The initial launch was on 16th Nov and there will be 4 articles about the charity between now and Christmas. So keep a look out!!

They are using our fundraising name of **Rwanda Aid** (rather than LBMT, which wouldn't mean anything to most people).

I returned yesterday from a flying visit to Rwanda with the Daily Telegraph journalist and photographer. This was an incredibly busy and exciting few days, with a lot of ground covered and many visits to people living in isolated, needy communities.

The appeal is a fantastic boost to the charity and will hopefully provide a wonderful injection of cash for our three year development plan. If you are able to encourage support from those you work with, that would be great!!

The money donated will primarily help to fund our education, medical and welfare programmes.

For more information, people can contact me at: [info@rwanda-aid.org](mailto:info@rwanda-aid.org)

Our website address is: [www.rwanda-aid.org](http://www.rwanda-aid.org)

Any feedback about the appeal would be useful and interesting - so please drop me a line to let me know what you think about the articles.

**Ali Wright**

Brownings Farmhouse

Blackboys

Uckfield

East Sussex

TN22 5HG

01825 890338

**Upcoming stuff and recent news:**



**Friday 13<sup>th</sup> H3 Part XXIII - London Bridge and Falling Down  
Combined with First UK Full moon H3 #218 (The Storm Moon)**

The joint Friday 13th & FUKFM trail in January 2006 is from The George, 77 Borough High St, London, SE1 1NH - A trail will be marked from London Bridge station - Borough High Street exit.

Scheduled start time is 19:00 (with the numbers we're expecting, please try to be there on time). We have a reasonable size private function room booked. The manager assures me they will have one real ale on in the function room with four ales in the main bars downstairs. The trail will be around the historic SE1 area of London. On the trail you will be entertained by tales and recreations of some of the more gory history of the area; murders, ghosts, hangings, sex and torture. All this in the company of the Lycanthropes around London Bridge. The run fee will be one hundred new pennies for every hashier turning up.

ON ON

Saddlesniffer

p.s. Don't expect a fast or clean trail.

Prime Minister Tiny Blur (Tony Blair) was invited to address a major gathering of the Canadian Indian Nation two weeks ago in Northern Canada. He spoke for almost an hour on his future plans for increasing every person's present standard of living. Although the Prime Minister was vague on the details of his plan, he seemed most enthusiastic about his future ideas for helping his "sisters and brothers".

At the conclusion of his speech, the Tribes presented him with a plaque inscribed with his new Indian name - Walking Eagle. The proud Prime Minister then departed in his motorcade, waving to the crowds.

A news reporter later inquired of the group of chiefs as to how they came to select the new name given to the Prime Minister. They explained that Walking Eagle is the name given to a bird so full of sh\*tte it can no longer fly

**Badly chosen domain names**

Firstly there is Who Represents?, a database for agencies to the rich and famous: <http://www.whorepresents.com>

Second is the Experts Exchange, a knowledge base where programmers can exchange advice and views:

<http://www.expertsexchange.com>

Looking for a pen? Look no further than Pen Island: <http://www.penisland.net>

Need a therapist? Try:

<http://www.therapistfinder.com>

And there is an Italian Power company:

<http://www.powergenitalia.com>

Finally we have the Mole Station Native Nursery, based in New South Wales:

<http://www.molestationnursery.com>

**FRENCH LOCAL WEATHER NEWS**



I can get really cheap IPODS - £20!!!! If interested please let me know as I'm able to get a few more. They are being sourced through a contact a friend of mine made while he was in Africa earlier in the year.

This is an opportunity simply too good to miss - just think, Christmas just round the corner so ipods for all!!!!

I've attached a photo of the one I've just had delivered - I think it's an ipod 'mini' rather than the usual chunky effort.

Let me know if anyone wants one and I'll sort you one out.

*See over the page for picture.*

## Cheap ipods:



Just in case anybody's turned over the page and is still reading it's time for the occasional reminder that any material for the trash is much appreciated. Not that we're likely to fall short thanks to Mr. Lyons' amazing efforts in forwarding fun!

It would be especially nice to see a few more run reviews from time-to-time! A common problem I fear as East Grinstead trashman Bumper recently lamented the lack of reviews appearing, which prompted me to write the following. This I bring you a) as an example of a run review (*note the lack of concern shown by the scribe about any possible offence that could be taken by the hare*), and b) to make sure I didn't waste my time in the writing!

### *Isn't anybody going to put pen to paper...?*

Well I could try! East Grinstead hare, Lowrie at Lewes, Harvey's brewery car park 23rd October. Who knows who was there at the start as the Sunday spin-off crew from Brighton H7 were running out of the castle car park. Our annual post Beachy Head Marathon champagne and beer session has always demanded that a few of us make a token effort at tackling the run, so even though we were aware that EGH3 weren't too far away we had a rather longer run in mind.

Quick saunter through Pels to the riverbank where we first picked up the marks at around 10.47. Bouncer was first to start the calling (old habits) and the trend was set for a hash extremely short on checks that had absolutely nothing to do with the rogue set ambling slightly ahead of the main pack! Couple of opportunities for the hash to break free along the riverbank were ignored by the hares and they continued to lay flour for Sasha's premeditated plan. Off the riverbank after a check the trail cut north along a clearly defined wooded trail and Wiggy and Spreadsheet called to mind the usual BH7 route at this point "now if I were setting this hash we'd cut up the bank, through the old mining tunnel, and pop up in the car park of the old Chalk Pit Inn for a quick pint!". Hare clearly knew nothing of this as we steadfastly trudged up to the road by the Blacksmiths Arms in Offham.

Our route took us on from the check, clearly laid with an obvious on-back in mind, over the road and left to start the inevitable climb, where, guess what, no on-back and more flour! As we neared the racecourse we knew we'd got them as we headed off through a gate to the right, but no! 50 yards further on we're back on trail again. Did these hares have an original idea in their head? Were they ever going to put a check down? Was the beacon going to be still alight when we got there after the Trafalgar celebrations of the night before?

Ah yes. Now talk was turning fondly to the possibility of a buried sip and the chance to pull a Leatherback style flanker of shifting the beer! A stop was called at the beacon to allow Belcher and Gotlost the chance to catch up whilst we checked the bushes. No beer here, and the beacon had clearly not been lit since the jubilee celebrations in 2002 when it was e-rected.

It was at this point that the first of the hash appeared led by a grumbling Mr. Barr, and not just because Bouncer's brain fade insisted on referring to him as Dave Sandal (I really am so terribly sorry Doug!). No idea who the two athletes with him were but the crop-top in October was discussed at some length later on. Thank you to that young lady for brightening our day! As we turned our attention to the more likely possibility of buried sip beyond Black Cap at the top of the tank track up from the Ditchling road we received some sad news. Live hare, no beer!

So after our amusement at the complete lack of check at the trig point (well there was a view but the pack leaders clearly thought this a pretty poor substitute for beer as they just ran straight past), we thought stuff this for a game of soldiers and pissed off to do our own thing!

Thank you guys for making our Sunday saunter so clear. This scribe is now signing off but I look forward to seeing a review of the 2nd half and the news that just maybe there was more than one check per mile on the run in.

Love Bouncer



## THE SEVEN WONDERS

A group of students were asked to list what they thought were the present "Seven Wonders of the World." Though there were some disagreements, the following received the most votes: 1. Egypt's Great Pyramids; 2. Taj Mahal; 3. Grand Canyon; 4. Panama Canal; 5. Empire State Building; 6. St. Peter's Basilica; 7. China's Great Wall

While gathering the votes, the teacher noted that one student had not finished her paper yet. So she asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list. The girl replied, "Yes, a little. I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many."

The teacher said, "Well, tell us what you have, and maybe we can help."

"The girl hesitated, then read, "I think the 'Seven Wonders of the World' are:

1. To See



2. To Hear



3. To Touch



4. To Taste



5. To Feel



6. To Laugh



7. And to Love."



The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. The things we overlook as simple and ordinary and that we take for granted are truly wondrous!

A gentle reminder at this time of year that the most precious things in life cannot be built by hand or bought by man.

*Hell, yeah but we come in a close 8<sup>th</sup> with:*

**"TO HASH!"**

## And the Geek shall inherit the earth...



### **LONDON (Reuters) - You'd like a drink, but don't know where to turn?**

A pair of beer-loving entrepreneurs have just the solution -- a computer that straps onto the wrist and directs the wearer to the nearest pub, Britain's Sun newspaper reported.

The hi-tech device uses satellite-positioning systems to determine the wearer's location, then prints the addresses of the four nearest pubs on a screen, the paper said Friday.

The contraption, called eSleeve, also recognizes the wearer's voice and can even help drunken revellers find their way home, according to Bristol University inventors Cliff Randell and Henk Muller. Randell was quoted as saying: "It works perfectly, but might have trouble recognizing your voice after one too many pints."

### **Similarities: Babies & Computers**

- 1) They have limited memory.
- 2) You must tell them specifically what you want them to do.
- 3) You must repeat instructions several times.
- 4) There is no guarantee they will do as you want them to.
- 5) They're about the same size.
- 6) They lose things.
- 7) Adding items can be difficult.
- 8) Networking is unpredictable and problematic.
- 9) They need to be taken good care of.
- 10) They throw temper tantrums.

### **Thought this was rather amusing, and how true.**

"Computer games don't affect kids; I mean, if Pac-Man affected us as kids..... we'd all be running around in darkened rooms, munching magic pills and listening to repetitive electronic music."

Computer World 1985

### **Dr. Seuss Explains Why Computers Sometimes Crash!**

If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port,  
and the bus is interrupted at a very last resort,  
and the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort,  
then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash,  
and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash,  
and your data is corrupted cause the index doesn't hash,  
then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house,  
says the network is connected to the button on your mouse,  
but your packets want to tunnel to another protocol,  
that's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall,

and your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss,  
so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse;  
then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang,  
'cuz sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang!

When the copy of your floppy's getting sloppy in the disk,  
and the macro code instructions is causing unnecessary risk,  
then you'll have to flash the memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM,  
and then quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your Mom!

### **Bill Gates' Final Resting Place...**

Bill Gates dies and upon arriving at the pearly gates, he finds himself being sized up by St. Peter. "Well, Mr. Bill, I'm really confused on this call; I'm not sure whether to send you to Heaven or Hell. After all, you enormously helped society by putting computers in so many homes, yet you also delved into those destructive monopolistic business activities. I'm going to do something I've never done before... I'm going to let you decide where you want to go"

"So what's the difference between the two?" Bill asked.

St. Peter said, "I'll let you visit both places briefly, then you decide"

"Fine," agreed Bill. "Lets try hell first."

So Bill went to hell. It was beautiful, clean sandy beach with clear waters and lots of bikini-clad women running around, playing in the water and laughing and frolicking about. The sun was shining, the temperature was perfect. He was very pleased. "This is great!" Bill told St. Peter. "If this is hell, I'd really like to see Heaven!!!"

So off they went. Heaven was a place high in the clouds, with angels drifting about, playing harps and singing. It was nice, but nothing exciting like Hell.

It didn't take Bill long to reach his decision. "I really think I prefer Hell," he told St. Peter.

So Bill goes to Hell. Two weeks later, St Peter decides to check on the late billionaire. When he gets there he finds Bill, shackled to a wall, screaming amongst hot flames in a dark cave, being burned and tormented by demons.

"How's everything going?" asked Peter.

Bill' voice was filled with anguish and disappointment: "This is awful!!! It's nothing like the Hell I visited two weeks ago. I can't believe this. What happened to that place with the beautiful beaches, the scantily clad women playing in the water?"

St. Peter just shrugged: "Oh, that was a demo... This is the release version."



CHRISTMAS FUN - See how you get on with these little tests after the hash Christmas party:

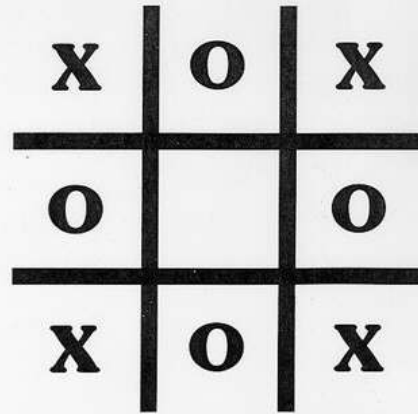
The artist who drew this picture has cleverly left out a part of this drawing. Can you guess what this animal is by examining the incomplete drawing?



Then see if you can complete the drawing.  
This animal is a \_\_\_\_\_.

### Tic Tac Toe challenge

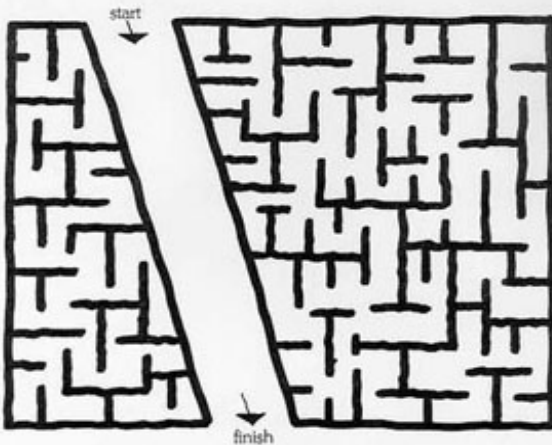
You are battling for the tic tac toe championship of the world. You have the last move and one open square is left. Can you win the championship with only one move? You are x. Good luck!



### connect the DOTS!

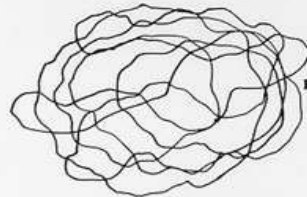


### get through the MAZE!



see if you can find your way through this perplexing maze.

One of these is a square and one is not. which one is the square?



### FIND THE ELEPHANT

can you find the elephant hidden in this picture?



**Q: Why does Santa wear red underwear? A: He's a man--he did all his laundry in one load.**

### ***Santa Around the World***

In the United States and Canada, his name is Santa Claus.

In China, he is called Shengdan Laoren.

In England, his name is Father Christmas, where he has a longer coat and a longer beard.

In France, he's known as Pere Noel.

In Germany, children get presents from Christindl, the Christ Child.

In Morocco he is known as Black Peter.

In Italy he is called Babbo Natale, which means Father Christmas.

In Japan, Santa Claus is called Santa Claus or just "Santa". Children often call him "Santa no ojisan," which means "Uncle Santa."

Actually the old "cult" of Santa Claus incorporates many traditions: Christian and Pagan, Old Catholic, Scandinavian, Dutch, German and English.

In the Netherlands, he is called Kerstman.

In Sweden Jultomten visits the evening before Christmas day, pulling a big bag of julklappar (Christmas presents) in the deep snow.

Sinter Klaas in Dutch. He rides a white horse, leaving gifts in wooden shoes.

In Scandinavia and Germany, Santa comes on the 24th of December, knocking on the door like normal people.

In Finland, he is called Joulupukki. Finland is one of the few countries where kids actually see Father Christmas in the act of delivering the presents and probably the only country where the Saint really does ask the children if they behaved during the year.

Joulupukki literally means Yule Buck. This Old pagan tradition remained strong in Finland but got a Christian flavour as time went by. Pagan people used to have festivities to ward off evil spirits. These spirits of darkness wore goat skins and horns. In the beginning this creature didn't give presents but demanded them. The Christmas Goat was an ugly creature and frightened children.

It is unclear how this personality was transformed into the benevolent Father Christmas. Nowadays the only remaining feature is the name. The process was probably a continuous amalgamation of many old folk customs and beliefs from varied sources. One can speak of a Christmas pageant tradition consisting of many personages with roles partly Christian, partly pagan: A white-bearded saint, the Devil, demons, house gnomes, whatnot. Nowadays the Joulupukki of Finland resembles the American Santa Claus.

### ***KIDS STORIES...***

A 4-year-old boy who was asked to return thanks before Christmas dinner. The family members bowed their heads in expectation. He began his prayer, thanking the Lord for all his friends, naming them one by one. Then he thanked the Lord for Mommy, Daddy, brother, sister, Grandma, Grandpa, and all his aunts and uncles.

Then he began to thank the Lord for the food. He gave thanks for the turkey, the dressing, the fruit salad, the cranberry sauce, the pies, the cakes, even the Cool Whip. Then he paused, and everyone waited-- and waited. After a long silence, the young fellow looked up at his mother and asked, "If I thank the Lord for the brussels, won't he know that I'm lying?"

As a little girl climbed onto Santa's lap, Santa asked the usual question, "And what would you like for Christmas?"

The child stared at him open mouthed and horrified for a minute, then gasped: "Didn't you get my E-mail?"

"Here's a king," announced our three year old as he unwrapped a figurine from our Nativity scene. "And here's a donkey," he added as he continued unpacking. Removing tissue from the statue of the infant molded permanently in his manger, our son exclaimed, "Here's Baby Jesus in his car seat!"



PROGRESSIVELY RUDER CHRISTMAS STUFF

**FECK YOU!**

When Jock sends Jock a card  
There's no ken tae buy one noo,  
Jock's card frae Jock frae last Christmas,  
Aye laddie, tha'll dae!

Mony a tid, Jock penciled oot  
One name an added 'nother,  
Cos naeone reads cards frae ye  
Not even your own mother.

Sae cards mony years auld  
Fly roond oon t' royal mail,  
An why waste bawbees on stamps?  
Jus' say they blew off in when gale...

Noo Year's better far us laddie  
Ye can keep your Christmas cheer,  
Tae us it's only hands i' pockets  
An tha's a terrrrrible fear!

It nae matter much really  
When ye come tae think  
Fae Christmas is fae the bairns  
An' another excuse tae drink!



On Christmas morning a cop on horseback is sitting at a traffic light, and next to him is a kid on his shiny new bike. The cop says to the kid, "Nice bike you got there. Did Santa bring that to you?"  
The kid says, "Yeah."  
The cop says, "Well, next year tell Santa to put a tail light on that bike." The cop then proceeds to issue the kid a £20.00 bicycle safety violation ticket.  
The kid takes the ticket and before he rides off says, "By the way, that's a nice horse you got there. Did Santa bring that to you?"  
Humouring the kid, the cop says, "Yeah, he sure did."  
The kid says, "Well, next year tell Santa to put the dick underneath the horse, instead of on top."

A FEW days before Christmas, a man enters a pet store looking for a unique gift for his wife. The store manager tells him he has just what he's looking for; a beautiful parrot named Chet that sings Christmas carols. He brings the husband over to a colourful but quiet bird. The man agrees that Chet certainly is pretty, but he doesn't seem to be much for singing.  
The manager tells him to watch as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a lighter. The manager then clicks the lighter and holds it under Chet's left foot. Immediately Chet starts singing; "Silent Night, Holy Night."  
The husband is very impressed with Chet's singing abilities and watches as the manager moves the lighter underneath Chet's right foot. Chet now starts to sing "Jingle Bells, Jingle All the Way." The husband says Chet is perfect and that he'll take him. The husband rushes home to his wife and insists upon giving her this wonderful gift immediately. He presents Chet and starts to explain the parrot's special talent. Demonstrating, he holds a lighter under Chet's left foot and the bird sings "Silent Night." He then moves the lighter under the right foot and Chet lets loose a round of "Jingle Bells."  
The wife is absolutely impressed, and with a mischievous grin asks her husband what happens if he holds the lighter between Chet's legs instead. Curious the husband moves the lighter between the bird's legs, and the bird begins to sing....  
"Chet's Nuts Roasting on an Open Fire!"

In a small southern States town there was a "Nativity Scene" that showed great skill and talent had gone into creating it. One small feature bothered me.  
The three wise men were wearing firemen's helmets.  
Totally unable to come up with a reason or explanation, I left.  
At a "Quik Stop" on the edge of town, I asked the lady behind the counter about the helmets. She exploded into a rage, yelling at me, "You stupid Yankees never do read the Bible!" I assured her that I did, but simply couldn't recall anything about firemen in the Bible. She jerked her Bible from behind the counter and ruffled through some pages, and finally jabbed her finger at a passage. Sticking it in my face she said "See, it says right here, the three wise man came from afar."

Money's tight  
Times are hard  
Here's your  
F\*cking  
Christmas card.





**BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH - Scraping the bottom of the barrel, and other places...**

**T'was the night before Christmas**

and all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care.  
They'd been worn all week  
and needed the air.

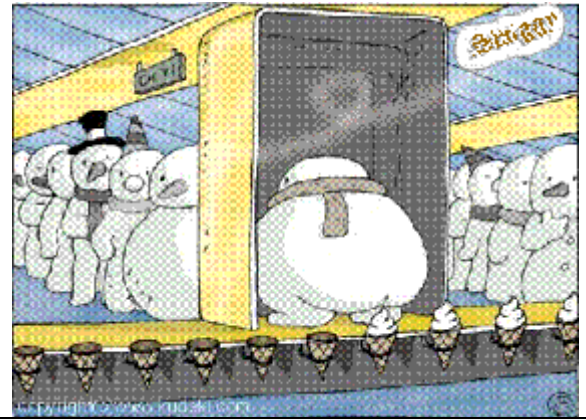
A blonde goes to the Post Office to buy stamps for her Christmas cards.

She says to the clerk, "May I have 50 Christmas stamps?"

The clerk says, "What denomination?"

The woman says, "God help us. Has it come to this? Give me 6 Catholic, 12 Presbyterians, 10 Lutheran and 22 Baptists."

**Where ice cream comes from...**



Dear Darling Son and That Person You Married,

Merry Christmas to you, and please don't worry. I'm just fine considering I can't breathe or eat. The important thing is that you have a nice holiday, thousands of miles away from your ailing mother.

I've sent along my last ten dollars in this card, which I hope you'll spend on my grandchildren. God knows their mother never buys them anything nice. They look so thin in their pictures, poor babies.

Thank you so much for the birthday flowers, dear boy. I put them in the freezer so they'll stay fresh for my grave. Which reminds me -- we buried Grandma last week. I know she died years ago, but I got to yearning for a good funeral so Aunt Berta and I dug her up and had the services all over again. I would have invited you, but I know that woman you live with would have never let you come. I bet she's never even watched that videotape of my haemorrhoid surgery, has she?

Well son, it's time for me to crawl off to bed now. I lost my cane beating off muggers last week, but don't you worry about me. I'm also getting used to the cold since they turned my heat off and am grateful because the frost on my bed numbs the constant pain.

Now don't you even think about sending any more money, because I know you need it for those expensive family vacations you take every year? Give my love to my darling grandbabies and my regards to whatever-her-name-is --the one with the black roots in her hair who stole you screaming from my bosom.

Merry Christmas,  
Love, Mom

**SEXISM CORNER**

*Santa - I ran out of cookies...*



**Christmas trees are better than women**

1. A Christmas tree doesn't care how many other Christmas trees you have had in the past.
2. Christmas trees don't get mad if you use exotic electrical devices.
3. A Christmas tree doesn't care if you have an artificial one in the closet.
4. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you break one of its balls.
5. You can feel a Christmas tree before you take it home.
6. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you look up underneath it.
7. When you are done with a Christmas tree you can throw it on the curb and have it hauled away.
8. A Christmas tree doesn't get jealous around other Christmas trees.
9. A Christmas tree doesn't care if you watch football all day.
10. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you tie it up and throw it in the back of your pickup truck.