



BOGGY SHOE

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

Runs/trash #105 February 2006

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

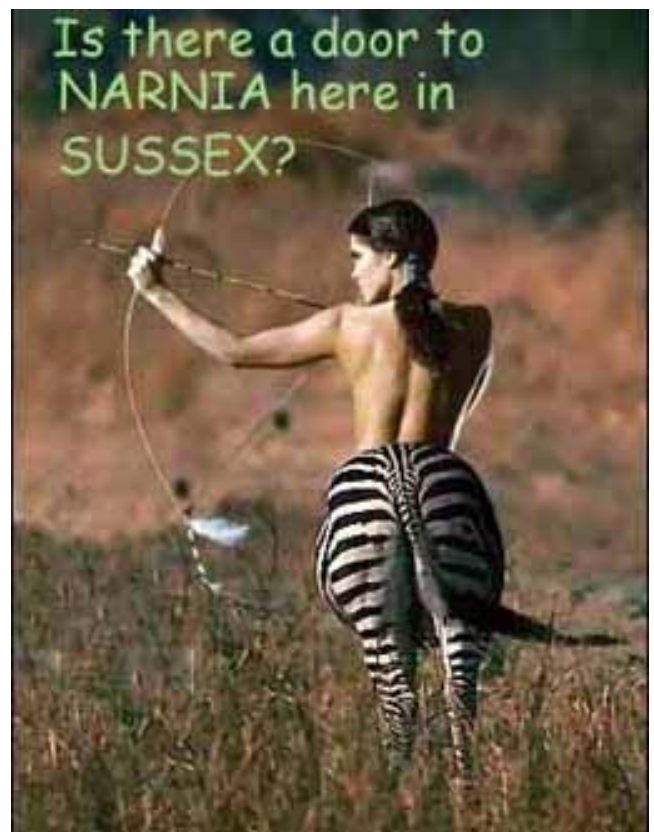
All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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)
6th February 2006	1442		The Witch, Lindfield	343 255	Rik & Louis	TBA
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left for station on B2028. Right at roundabout then left and first left after next roundabout. Pub at end of Sunte Avenue 3rd on right. Est. 25 mins.						
13th February 2006	1443		The Castle, Bramber	188 107	Don & Theresa	01273 385637
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.						
20th February 2006	1444		Sports Centre, Henfield	212 164	Malcolm & Trevor	TBA
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 into Henfield. At pedestrian lights turn left into Church Street. Right at mini roundabout then right again for Sports Centre. Est. 20 mins.						

27th February 2006 1445 Plough & Harrow, Litlington
 523 017 Mudlarks - Nigel & Pete 01273 271441
Directions: A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub approx. 2.5 miles on right. **Est. 25 mins.**

6th March 2006 1446 New Inn, Hurstpierpoint
 284 164 John Badger 01273 835758
Directions: Take A23 north and 3rd exit is B2117. At t-junction turn right up to mini roundabout. Go straight across and take first right. Park in village car park. Pub is to the left on high street. **Est. 15 mins.**



RECEDING HARELINE:
 13/3/06 Peter & Kathleen tba
 20/3/06 Graham & Andy tba
 27/3/06 Eager hare needed
 3/4/06 As above.
 20/5/06 Annual hash relay
 Buriton to Beachy Head.
 19/3/07 1500th run.
 Celebration event date tba.

WELCOME TO YET ANOTHER EDITION OF FILTH AND DEPRAVITY.

For which the editor would like to apologise wholeheartedly. I'm sorry I don't know how that crept in I really don't and I would like to distance myself completely from the amount of profanity or depravity in some of the articles that have been submitted to me for inclusion this time. The hash trash editors' role is not a happy one. Nowhere is there more truth than this in the expression "you can please some of the people some of the time but you can't please all the people all the time". Don't suppose anyone wants to take on the editing do they? No? Didn't really sell it there did I. Ho hum.

Well in the end I was the only BH7 representative at the Friday 13th run at the George, London Bridge in January as the Mudlarks fell to the cold doing the r*ns (*noses run in my family, oh yes they do!*). A great night though with well over a hundred attendees as we sauntered around the area hearing unsavoury stories about Southwark Gaol and the like, mostly bolstered by a huge Isle of Wight contingent, but good to catch up with so many old friends from other hashes. Ran into trouble trying to get home late at night. The pub stopped serving at the traditional 11pm but didn't kick out. Naturally the rail operators have not yet geared themselves up to cope with late licensing, so take warning!

This years relay has now been announced and will be held on Saturday 20th May with the usual Buriton to Beachy Head to the bar for beer plan. Make a note in your diaries now and start getting those teams together!

19TH MARCH 2007 is the date for the 1500th run!

I referred briefly to this in the last trash but time now to get the thinking caps on as there is a proposal on the table (not Bouncers for once, but with his full support!) that we celebrate with a weekend event as so many other hashes traditionally do nowadays. Although there is a bit of work involved it need not be nearly as daunting as you might think and many hands will make light work, and lead to a very enjoyable and satisfying weekend for all involved.

I can highly recommend trying one first and Angel and myself have already booked a few away hashes for this year and flagged our diaries for others. We would always welcome the chance to introduce new roving hashers to the party! So far we have Teign Valley 1111th from 28th April to 1st May, Donnington 30th anniversary on 26th – 28th May, Essex 1111th 9th – 11th June, Wirral & Chester 1000th on 25th – 28th August and our neighbours Old Coulsdon 1000th on 24th – 26th November.

There is a bit more information on some of these on page 4 as well as the rego for OCH3. If you want any other rego forms, say to take in as part of a trip away, drop us an e-mail or just grab one or other of us on hash nights. Come along and see what goes on and just how much value for money these events always are!

The basic structure is usually pretty much the same:

Friday – hashers arrive to camp, confirm registration and collect goody bags. Hash marked pub crawl often a red/black/misc. dress theme run. Post pub party continues back at the venue.
Saturday Main hash – long (6 - 7 miles)/ short (4 – 5 miles) trails with beer stop. Post run circle and games. Evening band/ disco party.
Sunday hangover hash. Post run circle. Clear up and clear out. Usually all beer, food and transport to off-site runs is included in the price.

Some of the main considerations are:
Venue – with camping, toilets, possible rooms, rail/ road access but rural.
Beer, food and entertainment.
Runs – locations, transport needs.
Cost – tiered to encourage early registration and cover initial outlay.

Keen volunteers needed NOW to help us get started on the organisation. If you would like to help please let us know as soon as possible, especially if you believe you have any special skills or good contacts that could prove useful.

BOUNCER

STOP PRESS:

Someone left a muddy blue/grey torch at the Saltdean Tavern last week. Assuming it was one of us, I took it home. **Andy**

BBC NEWS

WATCH BBC NEWS IN VIDEO

Fishy version About the Persians | Low moaning sounds | Kelp | Contact Wales
Last Updated: yesterday

E-mail this to a whale Rescued version (not available to whales)

It's only a whale, for fuck's sake

Animal welfare groups say the whale which died after swimming up the Thames may help raise awareness for the state of the British media.



VIDEO Vanessa Feltz has a bath

The attempt to save the northern bottle-nosed whale was worldwide news, overshadowing things like Iraqi car-bombings, American mine deaths, and a politician's rent-boy confession (although to be fair, that's almost a daily occurrence these days).

The rescue attempt ended in tragedy when it became obvious that if you take a whale out of the water it will stop breathing. And die.

Thousands of Londoners lined the streets to stare pointlessly at a dead creature they didn't know, and whose only achievements were to draw attention to itself and waste taxpayers' money. Kind of like Diana's funeral.

Whales 'easily confused'

The whale is having a post-mortem to see why it was so fucking stupid as to swim up the Thames in the first place. Early reports indicate that it may have been looking for a mate, and spotted John Prescott from about 3 miles away.

THAMES WHALE

KEY STORIES

- Whale says "I didn't do it on porpoise"
- Crowds gather to catch frisbee
- Whale spotted in whale zoo

FEATURES

- Big
- Whale-shaped

RELATED INTERNET LINKS:

- Moby's dick

The BBC is not responsible for fucking up whale rescues

TOP LONDON STORIES NOW

- New Pret a Manger opens
- Tube - disappointment at lack of Smarties

RSS | What is RSS?

TOP UK STORIES NOW

- Pete Burns: "I need a monkey fur coat to complete my muppet look"
- No, we said Moscow, not 'that Moss cow'



Guide to Breasts

(through the medium of ASCII text):

- (o)(o) perfect breasts
- (+)(+) fake silicone breasts
- (*)(*) high nipple breasts
- (@)(@) big nipple breasts (you know who you are)
- oo A cups
- { O } { O } D cups
- (oYo) wonder bra breasts
- (^)(^) cold breasts
- (o)(O) lopsided breasts
- (Q)(Q) pierced breasts
- (p)(q) breasts w/hanging tassels
- (:o)(o) bitten by a vampire breasts
- \o/\o/ Grandma's breasts
- (-)(-) flat against the shower door breasts
- < o < o electric shock breasts
- |o||o| android breasts
- (/)(o) scratched breasts (ouch)
- (%)(o) extra nipple breasts
- (\$)(\$) Elle McPherson's breasts
- (oOo)(oOo) Barbell pierced breast
- (^o)(o) zit on your breast
- (o Y o) poses for playboy magazine breasts

Sue goes into Asda and tells the clerk she wants a refund for the toaster she bought as it doesn't work. The clerk tells her that he can't give her a refund because she bought it on special. All of a sudden, Sue throws her arms up in the air and starts screaming "GRAB MY BREASTS!! GRAB MY BREASTS!!!" The clerk, not knowing what to do, runs to get the store manager. The manager comes up to Sue and asks, "What's wrong?" She explains the situation with the toaster. He tells her that he can't give her a refund because she bought it on special. Once again, Sue throws her arms up in the air and starts screaming "GRAB MY BREASTS!! GRAB MY BREASTS!!!"

In shock, the store manager pleads, "Ma'am, why are you saying that?" In a huff, Sue says, "because, I like to have my breasts grabbed when I'm getting screwed. "

Undergarments

"Mum, can I ask you something?"
 "Sure! What about?"
 "You see, I'm already fourteen and... I think it's just proper that I should own one."
 "And what is this 'one' you're referring to?"
 "Could you buy me a neat set of brassieres?"
 "No."
 "But my nipples are already prominent and it catches attention."
 "Nope."
 "It will be just proper at my age..."
 "I said no way...!"
 "But all of my friends wear...!"
 "David! How many times must I tell you that bras are for girls!?"

Biology Lesson in Class

During a Biology class, the teacher asked the class: "Why is it that during childhood, gals tend to grow taller than guys?"
 A student replied: "That's because guys have "balls" and that weighs them down."
 Teacher: "Then why is it that at maturity, guys tend to grow taller than gals?"
 Student: "That's because gals have breasts and they are heavier than the guy's "balls".

A lady in her late 40's went to a plastic surgeon for a face lift. The Dr. told her of a new procedure called "The Knob". This small knob is planted on the back of a woman's head and can be turned to tighten up the skin to produce the effect of a brand new facelift forever. Of course, the woman wanted "The Knob." Fifteen years later the woman went back to the surgeon with 2 problems. "All these years everything had been working just fine. I've had to turn the knob on lots of occasions and I've loved the results. But now I've developed two annoying problems. First of all, I've got these terrible bags under my eyes and the knob won't get rid of them." The doctor looked at her and said, "Those aren't bags, those are your breasts." She replied, "Well, I guess that explains the goatee.

In the beginning God created Eve, and she had 3 breasts. After 3 weeks in the garden, God came to visit Eve. "How are things, Eve?" He asked. "It is all so beautiful, God," she replied, "the sunrises and sunsets are breathtaking, the smells, the sights, everything is wonderful but I just have this one problem. It's these three breasts you've given me. The middle one pushes the other two out, and I am constantly knocking them with my arms, catching them on branches, snagging them on bushes, they're a real pain," reported Eve.
 "That's a fair point," replied God, "but it was my first shot at this you know. I gave the animals, what, six? So I just figured you'd need half, but I see that you are right. I'll fix that up right away!" So, God reaches down and removes the middle breast, tossing it into the bushes. Three weeks passed, and God once again visited Eve in the garden. "Well, Eve, how's my favourite creation?" He asked.
 "Just fantastic," she replied, "but for one small oversight on your part. You see, all the animals are paired off. The ewe has her ram, the cow has her bull, all the animals have a mate except me. I feel so alone." God thought for a moment. "You know, Eve, you're right. How could I have overlooked this! You do need a mate and I will immediately create Man from a part of you! Now, let's see... where did I put that useless Tit?"



HASH NEWS

E-mail from Knead - *Knead has been hashing forever and lost an arm in the Bali bombing. We've met him many times at hash bashes, before and since, and would really appreciate your assistance with this. Angel and Bouncer.*

This is a serious email and I apologise in advance for using this mechanism to ask a favour on a serious matter. As you probably know, I don't talk about this much but sometimes it's forced.

The problem is, British victims of terrorism abroad are not compensated by the Criminal Injuries Compensation Authority. However, victims of the London bombings last year ARE entitled to compensation (even though it is not a lot. But it's something). Last year in July, 11 British citizens died in the Egyptian Bombings & their families are also NOT entitled to compensation! Neither am I or other victims of the 2002 Bali bombings.

The UK Bali Bombing Victims Group @ ukbbvg.co.uk (check it out I built it, but its tame) and victims of the Egyptian bombings are campaigning together to get the rules changed. We have burgeoning support. 96 MPs have signed up so far.

The rules can only be changed in Parliament. We have to get this debated in the Commons. To force a debate, hundreds of MPs have to sign up to what's called an Early Day Motion. The following link describes EDM 763 and shows the number of MPs who have currently signed up.

<http://edmi.parliament.uk/EDMi/EDMDetails.aspx?EDMID=29067&SESSION=875>.

The problem is, there are hundreds of EDMs on various topics and there are 646 MPs. 96 have signed up so far to 763! We have until November 2006 before EDM 763 expires. So the goal and time constraints are clear!

I am asking you to check who your MP is (your yellow pages will have them) and to see if they are on the list. If they are not on the list then I am asking you to write to them as their constituent, asking them you sign up.

You can even email your MP but writing may be more effective. If you agree, please tell them the rules are Pants and you want them changed.

Please let me know if you want me to write a template letter for you to sign.

I will really appreciate you doing this! It could also be for your own benefit. But I certainly hope not.

I'd also appreciate this going out to wider audience. Feel free to pass this on.

Thank you again in advance,

Regards

Paul.

Message from Crimson Stool of San Diego H3 - if you can help, please reply to T42NE1@aol.com :-

Hello, my name is Beverley Turner, I am a San Diego, Calif USA Hasher (SDH3.com). My husband (also English) and our daughter and son-in-law are planning on coming over later this year to England. We will be staying in Cambridge (with relatives) for a week, and want to stay in London also for a week.

I would like to offer our house here in San Diego for a swap in London, or if anyone has digs for 4 people for a week. Would love to hear from you.

Bev Turner (Crimson Stool)

Chris Turner (Hemmorhoid)

The West London Hash 20th Birthday Party will take place from 6pm till midnight on Saturday 4th March at the Springfield Bowls Club, 25-27 Western Gardens, W5 :

<http://www.streetmap.co.uk/newmap.srf?x=519081&y=180759>

P-trails will be set from Ealing Common and West Acton tube stations.

The ticket price includes food, music and live entertainment, including a performance from the New Haw Leans Jug Band featuring our very own Sucker the F*cker.

Tickets are on sale now at WLH3 runs, priced at just £3 for WLH3 members or £5 to non-members.

Cheers and on on! Daffy

Details for the Essex 1111 have now been finalised. We've secured a superb new venue in Green Belt land, but still close to Billericay Town centre. This is less than 10 miles from the M25, has a main line station and promises to be a great weekend.

It kicks off Friday with a Black Dress pub Crawl round Billericay Town (9 pubs within a mile of site!) hosted by the FUK Full Moon H3. The trail eventually returns to site for barbecue and late bar.

Saturday has a scenic trail shortly after breakfast, with a beer stop and lunch on trail. We return earlyish in time for World Cup England vs. Paraguay on the Big Screen (or shopping, or just drinking if you prefer!) The Circle will be after the match, and then cooked dinner. Saturday night continues with disco, band, late bar, and more! (Watch out for the cocktails)

Sunday has a Hangover Horrors trail after breakfast, returning to site for circle and lunch. Those leaving early can order a packed lunch if they prefer. The afternoon carries on with more socialising and drinking, and then finally time to leave.

The event is priced starting at £50.00, and numbers are limited. We hope you will be able to come, and look forward to welcoming you!

On On Windsock Essex H3

**Old Coulsdon
Hash House
Harriers**



OCH3 1000th

**Sayers Croft
Ewhurst Surrey**

25-26 November 2006

Sat 10am – Sun 2pm

Please send Registration Form to:

Gordon Porter (Hash Cash)
83 Riddlesdown Road
Purley
Surrey CR8 1DH
020 8660 9142

For any info see website http://och3.org.uk or email sally_justice@yahoo.co.uk [Auntie]					
Surname:		First Name:		Male <input type="checkbox"/>	Female <input type="checkbox"/>
Hash Name:		Home Hash		RU an RA?:	
Postal Address:			Town:		
County :		Country:		Postcode :	
Phone:		Mobile		E-Mail	
CABARET / ENTERTIANMENT		Please let us know if you wish to do a Cabaret <input type="checkbox"/>			
Run preference: Short <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Long <input type="checkbox"/> I am a Fatboy and will not be leaving my beer. <input type="checkbox"/>					
T-Shirt Size:	S <input type="checkbox"/>	M <input type="checkbox"/>	L <input type="checkbox"/>	XL <input type="checkbox"/>	XXL <input type="checkbox"/>
Choice of Beverage	Real ale <input type="checkbox"/>	Lager <input type="checkbox"/>	Red wine <input type="checkbox"/>	White wine <input type="checkbox"/>	Softies <input type="checkbox"/>
Choice of Food:	Vegetarian <input type="checkbox"/>		Vegan <input type="checkbox"/>		Any <input type="checkbox"/>
<p align="center">Registration Fee</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Before 1st June 2006 £70 • Before 1st September 2006 £80 • From 2nd October 2006 £100 • ON THE DAY £ 1000 only <p>DORMITORY STYLE BEDS AVAILABLE SO BOOK EARLY OTHERWISE CAMPING (TENT OR CARAVAN IS YOUR OPTION! LIMITED TO 200 HASHERS</p>			<p align="center">Fee Includes</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • All Runs • Meals - Sat lunch to Sun lunch • All Beer, Wine and Softies • Goodies • Entertainment • Bed (BRING OWN SLEEPING BAG) <p align="center">VERY SORRY ***** NO DOGS ALLOWED *****</p> <p align="center">Please add my details to attendees on your web site [YES] [NO]</p>		
<p>I enclose a Cheque made payable to 'OCH3' <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Number of people _____ Enclosed £ _____ dated: _____</p> <p align="center">If you do not have a Sterling Account please contact our Hash Cash above for advice</p> <p align="center">YOUR CONFIRMATION WILL BE EMAILED TO YOU UNLESS YOU ONLY HAVE SNAIL MAIL!</p>					

THE FINE PRINT – Liability Waiver

I understand that my consent to these provisions is given in consideration for being permitted to participate in this event. I am aware of, and voluntarily assume the risks of coming to this event. If I am injured, I agree that I will not sue, or otherwise hold responsible, the OCH3 or any affiliated individuals, or any run sponsor and/or their employees. In other words, I take full responsibility for my own actions and will not try to legally screw anybody connected with this event; and maybe, for the first time in my life, I will be responsible for my actions and myself. I have read and understood the above, and agree with the terms and conditions listed herein.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Please note that this form is not valid without a signature, a date and proof of full payment of registration fee.

-----PRESS RELEASE-----

Halifax Building Society is very pleased to announce that they are installing new "Drive Thru" Cash Dispensers.

To enable customers to gain maximum benefit from this new facility they have conducted intensive behavioural studies to come up with the appropriate procedures for their use.

AS FOLLOWS:

Procedures for MALE customers

1. Drive up to the cash machine
2. Wind down your car window
3. Insert your card into machine and enter PIN
4. Enter amount of cash required and withdraw
5. Retrieve card, cash, and receipt
6. Wind up window
7. Drive off

Procedures for FEMALE customers

1. Drive up to the cash machine
2. Reverse the required distance to align car window with cash machine
3. Re-start the stalled engine
4. Wind down the window
5. Find handbag, remove all contents onto passenger seat to find card
6. Turn the radio down
7. Attempt to insert card into machine
8. Open car door to allow easier access to cash machine due to its excessive distance from the car
9. Insert card
10. Re-insert card the right way up
11. Re-enter handbag to find diary with your PIN number written on the inside back page
12. Enter PIN
13. Press "cancel", and re-enter correct PIN
14. Enter amount of cash required
15. Check make-up in rear view mirror
16. Retrieve cash and receipt
17. Empty handbag again, to locate purse and place cash inside
18. Place receipt in back of chequebook
19. Re-check make-up
20. Drive forward 2 metres
21. Reverse back to cash machine
22. Retrieve card
23. Re-empty handbag, locate card holder, and place card into slot provided
24. Restart stalled engine and pull off
25. Drive for 2 to 3 miles
26. Release handbrake.

CRIBBING 1 - THIS MONTH ABU DHABI INTERGULF HASH 2005 *Courtesy Pete Beard*

A cat died and went to Heaven?.. God met the animal at the Pearly Gates and said, "You have been a good cat all of these years? Anything you want is yours for the asking." The cat thought for a moment and then said, "All my life I lived on a farm and slept on hard, wooden floors? I would like a real fluffy pillow to sleep on." God said, "Say no more." Instantly, the cat had a HUGE fluffy pillow. A few days later, 12 mice were simultaneously killed in an accident and they all went up to Heaven together. God met the mice at the Gates of Heaven, with the exact same offer that He made to the cat. The mice said, "Well, we have had to run all of our lives from cats, dogs, and even from people with brooms. If we could just have some little roller-skates, we would never have to run again." God answered, "It is done." All the mice had beautiful little roller-skates. About a week later, God decided to check on the cat? He found her sound asleep on her fluffy pillow. God gently awakened the cat and asked, "Is everything okay? How have you been doing? Are you happy?" The cat replied, "Oh, everything is just WONDERFUL? I've never been so happy in my life! My pillow is always fluffy .. and those little "Meals-on-Wheels" that You have been sending over are delicious.

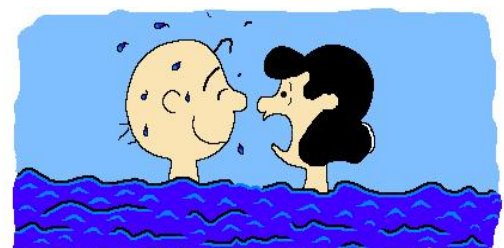


A well known cardiologist died, and an elaborate funeral was planned. A huge heart covered in flowers stood behind the casket during the service. Following the eulogy, the heart opened, and the casket rolled inside. The heart closed, sealing the doctor in the beautiful heart forever. At that point, one of the mourners burst into laughter. When confronted, he said, "I'm sorry, I was just thinking of my own funeral.... I'm a gynaecologist."



An elderly married couple in their 80's scheduled their annual medical examination the same day so they could travel together. After the examination, the doctor then said to the elderly man: "You appear to be in good health. Do you have any medical concerns that you would like to ask me?" "In fact, I do," said the old man. "After I have sex with my wife the first time, I am usually hot and sweaty, and then, after I have sex with my wife the second time, I'm usually cold and chilly." The doctor was impressed with the octogenarian's performance, yet baffled and had no answer for the old man. After examining the elderly lady, the doctor said: "Everything appears to be fine. Do you have any medical concerns that you would like to discuss with me?" The lady replied that she had no questions or concerns. The doctor then asked: "Your husband had an unusual concern. He claims that he is usually hot and sweaty after having sex the first time with you and then cold and chilly after the second time. Do you know why?" "Oh that crazy old coot!" she replied. "That's because the first time is usually in July and the second time is usually in December!"

Three women go down to Mexico one night, get drunk, and wake up in jail, only to find that they are to be executed in the morning, though none of them can remember what they did the night before. The first one, a redhead, is strapped in the electric chair, and is asked if she has any last words. She says, "I am from Grace University, and believe in the almighty power of God to intervene on the behalf of the innocent" They throw the switch and nothing happens. They all immediately prostrate themselves; beg for her forgiveness, and release her. The second one, a brunette, is strapped in and gives her last words, "I am from the Creighton School of Law and I believe in the power of justice to intervene on the part of the innocent." They throw the switch and again, nothing happens. Again, they all immediately prostrate themselves; beg for her forgiveness, and release her. The last one, a blond, is strapped in and says, "Well, I'm from the University of Alabama, Huntsville and just graduated with a degree in Electrical Engineering, and I'll tell you right now, you ain't gonna electrocute nobody if you don't plug this thing in."



"YOU'RE A LIAR, CHARLIE BROWN. I WILL NOT DROWN IF YOU TAKE IT OUT!!!"

35 Muslims were found dead in Leeds, Police initially ruled out revenge attacks; apparently two bunk beds were understood to have collapsed. Police later blamed Al-Ikea.

More from Intergulf 2005 ...

A policeman had a perfect spot to watch for speeders, but wasn't getting many. Then he discovered the problem - a 10-year-old boy was standing up the road a ways with a hand painted sign, which read "RADAR TRAP AHEAD". The officer then found a young accomplice down the road with a sign reading "TIPS" and a bucket full of change. (And we used to just sell lemonade.)

From England: A motorist was unknowingly caught in an automated speed trap that measured his speed using radar and photographed his car. He later received in the mail a ticket for 40 Pounds and a photo of his car. Instead of payment, he sent the police department a photograph of 40 Pounds. Several days later, he received a letter from the police that contained another picture...of handcuffs. The motorist promptly sent the money for the fine.

HASH RULES:

There are no rules. But if there were rules, they might go like this:

1. No poofers
2. There are seven rules.
3. No poofers
4. There is no rule number 4.
5. No poofers
6. Nobody can remember rule 6.
7. No poofers



Obituary for Common Sense

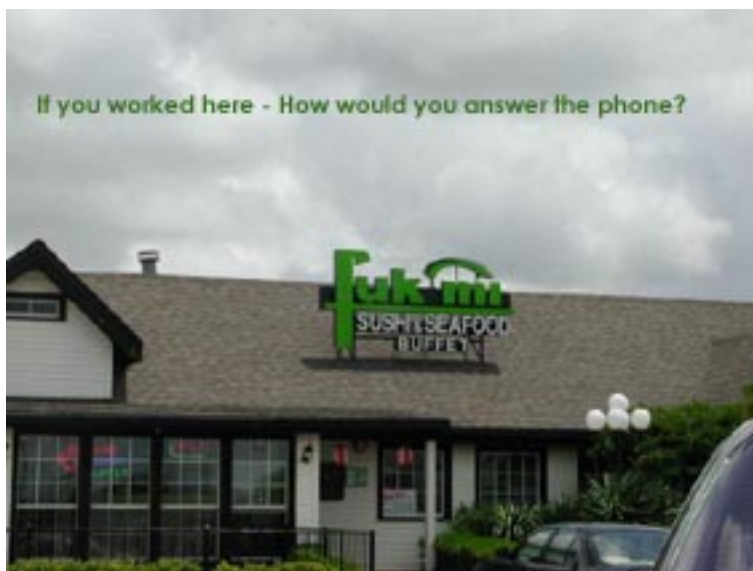
Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Mr. Common Sense.

Mr. Sense had been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape.

He will be remembered as having cultivated such value lessons as knowing when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm and that life isn't always fair. Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you earn) and reliable parenting strategies (adults, not kids, are in charge).

His health began to rapidly deteriorate when well intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. - Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Mr. Sense declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student; but, could not inform the parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.



Finally, Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband; churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense finally gave up the ghost after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, she spilled a bit in her lap, and was awarded a huge financial settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust, his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by two stepbrothers; My Rights and Ima Whiner.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him, pass this on; if not, join the majority and do nothing.

Pillow squawk: parrot lifts lid on British woman's affair

A parrot owner was alerted to his girlfriend's infidelity when his talkative pet let the cat out of the bag by squawking "I love you Gary". Suzy Collins had been meeting ex-work colleague "Gary" for four months in the Leeds flat she shared with her partner Chris Taylor, according to reports.

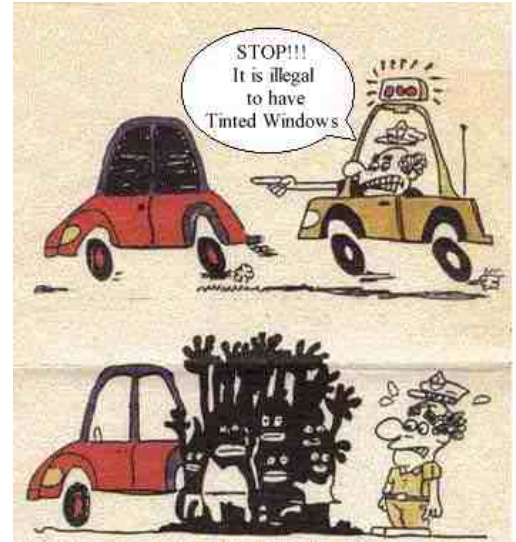
Mr Taylor apparently became suspicious after Ziggy croaked "Hiya Gary" when Ms Collins answered her mobile phone. The parrot also made smooching sounds whenever the name Gary was said on TV.

New home

Mr Taylor, 30, a computer programmer, confronted the woman he had lived with for a year who admitted the affair and moved out, several newspapers reported. He also gave up his eight-year-old African Grey parrot after the bird continued to call out Gary's name and refused to stop squawking the phrases in his ex-girlfriend's voice.

"I wasn't sorry to see the back of Suzy after what she did, but it really broke my heart to let Ziggy go," he said. "I love him to bits and I really miss having him around, but it was torture hearing him repeat that name over and over again." Ms Collins, 25, said: "I'm not proud of what I did but I'm sure Chris would be the first to admit we were having problems."

Ziggy - named after David Bowie's former alter ego Ziggy Stardust – has now found a new home through the offices of a local parrot dealer.



EMERGENCY VIAGRA DISPENSER



WWW.OHMYGOODNESS.COM

Medical advice - Tequila®

Do you have feelings of inadequacy?

Do you suffer from shyness?

Do you sometimes wish you were more assertive?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, ask your doctor or pharmacist about Tequila®.

Tequila® is the safe, natural way to feel better and more confident about yourself and your actions. Tequila® can help ease you out of your shyness and let you tell the world that you're ready and willing to do just about anything.

You will notice the benefits of Tequila® almost immediately, and with a regimen of regular doses you can overcome any obstacles that prevent you from living the life you want to live. Shyness and awkwardness will be a thing of the past, and you will discover many talents you never knew you had. Stop hiding and start living, with Tequila®.

Tequila® may not be right for everyone.

Women who are pregnant or nursing should not use Tequila®. However, women who wouldn't mind nursing or becoming pregnant are encouraged to try it. Side effects may include dizziness, nausea, vomiting, incarceration, erotic lustfulness, loss of motor control, loss of clothing, loss of money, loss of virginity, delusions of grandeur, table dancing, headache, dehydration, dry mouth, and a desire to sing Karaoke and play all-night rounds of Strip Poker, Truth Or Dare, and Naked Twister.

Physical Attributes

There once was a man and woman who have been dating for two years when They decided to wed. They had decided to abstain from sex... everything was fine. 2 weeks before the wedding, the woman looked at her soon to be husband and said, "I have to tell you, I have breasts the size of a 12 year old girl." The man said, "I too, have a confession. My dick is that of a small boy." They discussed this and decided that they would continue to love each other and that the physical was unimportant. On their wedding night, the woman took off her blouse and, sure enough, she was very flat-chested. The man looked at her and said, "That's OK." He then proceeded to take off his pants. The woman gaped in awe because her husband was very well hung. She looked at him and said, "I thought you said you were the size of a Small boy?" "I am," he replied. "8 pounds 11 ounces."



Humor Bomb.com

CRIBBING 2 - FIRST UK FULL MOON H3 RUN 218 FRIDAY 13th January 2006 TRASH.

Welcome to Austria

Tourists are causing a lot of anxiety — and are costing money — to a tiny village where signs keep disappearing. What do the signs read? **"Welcome to Fucking, Austria."** Pronounced "fooking," the little hamlet of Fucking is named after the man who founded the village in the 6th century. His name? Focko. The town sign has been stolen seven times in the last few months.

With signs costing several hundred dollars apiece, much of the tiny town's budget is being spent replacing the signs, says Siegfried Hoepfel, the Mayor of Fucking. He went on to express his hope that further thefts will be avoided through the use of increased concrete and . . . bigger screws.



The second sign carries the hilarity even further: "Bitte — nicht so schnell!" is German for "Please — not so fast!" (Apparently that sign is a commonplace reminder to keep automotive speeds down to protect children, but the juxtaposition in this case is particularly delicious.)



2005 Darwin Awards: to be continued...

(19 March 2005, Michigan) "Unusual" and "complicated" is how the Missaukee County sheriff described the mysterious death of 19-year-old Christopher, who called 911 at 1:22am and calmly informed the police dispatcher that his neighbor had stabbed him. Suddenly he began screaming and begging for help. A woman was heard shouting in the background, "Why did you do this?" Deputies arrived quickly, only to find that Christopher had bled to death from stab wounds to his chest. After an evening spent imbibing large quantities of alcohol, Christopher noticed a shortage in his liquor supply that could not be attributed to his own depredations. He concluded that his neighbour had stolen a bottle of booze! He menaced said neighbour with a knife, to no avail, whereupon he retired to his own apartment to brood about revenge.

Finally he figured out the perfect way to get back at that conniving bottle-thief: he would stab himself and blame the neighbour!

A witness saw Christopher enter the bathroom while he called police. When he emerged from the bathroom, he looked perfectly fine, but a moment later he began screaming as gouts of blood spewed from his chest. He ran to the door of the apartment, and collapsed.

The evidence pointed to self-inflicted wounds. Deputies found the knife that killed him in the kitchen, and an autopsy concluded that he had stabbed himself in the chest twice. The first wound may not have looked dangerous enough to him, so he took the knife and tried again, this time plunging it into his left ventricle. This wound was plenty dangerous: he had only two minutes to live.

Christopher died in vain. His deathbed accusation fell on deaf ears, as a witness stated that the neighbour was not in the apartment, and the neighbour offered to take a lie-detector test to demonstrate his innocence. All Christopher got for revenge was an accidental death sentence.

NGUYEN, 21, a Vietnamese youth who was drinking with friends in Hanoi in March last year when he showed his pals an old detonator he had found. Nguyen announced it couldn't possibly explode. His friends disagreed. To prove his point, Nguyen stuck the detonator in his mouth and plugged its dangling wires into a 220volt electrical socket. He died instantly.



THE VALENTINES PAGE - AH LOVE! Sometimes it becomes difficult to just "let go" of old relationships. As an example, read on about this guy who writes to his old beloved. It will bring tears to your eyes.

Dear Terri:

I know the counsellor said we shouldn't contact each other during our "cooling off" period, but I couldn't wait anymore. The day you left, I swore I'd never talk to you again. But that was just the wounded little boy in me talking. Still, I never wanted to be the first one to make contact. In my fantasies, it was always you who would come crawling back to me. I guess my pride needed that.

But now I see that my pride's cost me a lot of things. I'm tired of pretending I don't miss you. I don't care about looking bad anymore. I don't care who makes the first move as long as one of us does. Maybe it's time we let our hearts speak as loudly as our hurt. And this is what my heart says... "There's no one like you, Terri." I look for you in the eyes and breasts of every woman I see, but they're not you. They're not even close. Two weeks ago, I met this girl at the Rainbow Room and brought her home with me. I don't say this to hurt you, but just to illustrate the depth of my desperation. She was young, Terri, maybe 19, with one of those perfect bodies that only youth and maybe a childhood spent ice skating can give you. I mean, just a perfect body. Tits you wouldn't believe and an ass like a tortoise shell. Every man's dream, right? But as I sat on the couch being blown by this coed, I thought, look at the stuff we've made important in our lives. It's all so surface. What does a perfect body mean? Does it make her better in bed? Well, in this case, yes.

But you see what I'm getting at. Does it make her a better person? Does she have a better heart than my moderately attractive Terri? I doubt it. And I'd never really thought of that before. I don't know, maybe I'm just growing up a little. Later, after I'd tossed her about a quart of throat yogurt, I found myself thinking, "Why do I feel so drained and empty?" It wasn't just her flawless technique or her slutty, shameless hunger, but something else. Some niggling feeling of loss. Why did it feel so incomplete? And then it hit me. It didn't feel the same because you weren't there, Terri, to watch. Do you know what I mean? Nothing feels the same without you, baby. Jesus, Terri, I'm just going crazy without you. And everything I do just reminds me of you.

Do you remember Carol, that single mom we met at Mt. Sinai Baptist Church? Well, she drops by last week with a pan of lasagne. She said she figured I wasn't eating right without a woman around. I didn't know what she meant till later, but that's not the real story. Anyway, we have a few glasses of wine and the next thing you know we're fucking in our old bedroom. And this broad's a total monster in the sack. She's giving me everything, you know like a real woman does when she's not hung up about God and her career and whether the kids can hear us. And all of a sudden she spots that tilting mirror on your grandmother's old vanity. So she puts it on the floor and we straddle it, right, so we can watch ourselves. And it's totally hot, but it makes me sad too. 'Cause I can't help thinking, "Why didn't Terri ever put the mirror on the floor? We've had this old vanity for what, 14 years, and we never used it as a sex aid." (Some of this I thought about later.) You know what I mean? What happened to our spontaneity? You get so caught up in the routine of a marriage and you just lose sight of each other. And then you lose yourself. That's the saddest part of all for me. But I keep thinking we can get it back. I know we can, because I only want this stuff with you.

Saturday, your sister drops by with my copy of the restraining order. I mean, Shannon's just a kid and all, but she's got a pretty good head on her shoulders. She's been a real friend to me during this painful time. She's given me lots of good counsel about you and about women in general. (She's pulling for us to get back together, Terri. She really is.) So we're drinking in the hot tub and talking about happier times. Here's this hot girl with the same DNA as you (although, let's face it, she got an extra helping of the sexy gene) and all I can do is think of how much she looks like you when you were 18. And that just about makes me cry.



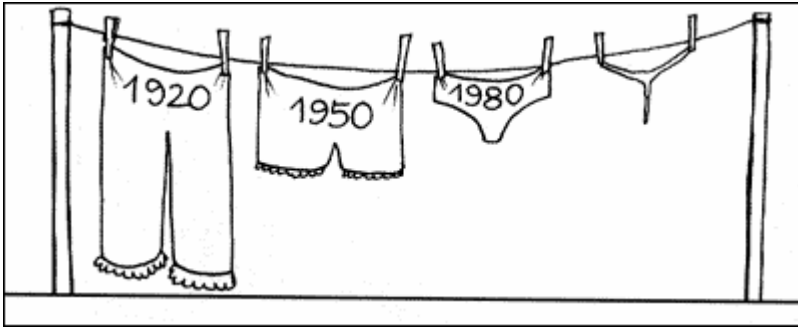
Man's life in one picture...

And then it turns out Shannon's really into the whole anal thing and that gets me to thinking about how many times I pressured you about trying it and how that probably fuelled some of the bitterness between us. But do you see how even then, when I'm thrusting inside the steaming hot Dutch oven of your sister's cinnamon ring, all I can do is think of you? It's true, baby. In your heart you know it.

Don't you think we could start over? Just wipe out all the grievances and start fresh? I think we can. I keep thinking that I think if you'd just try it, I wouldn't have to pressure you so much. Because who needs all that bitterness, Terri? It just tears us apart. And I can't be apart from you. Because I love you, God help me but I do and I want you to say yes, please, be my Valentine again.

BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH – FUKFMH3 F13 CRIBS

PROOF OF GLOBAL WARMING:



More top tips:

DON'T waste money on expensive ipods. Simply think of your favourite tune and hum it. If you want to "switch tracks", simply think of another song you like and hum that instead.

CINEMA goers: Please have consideration for pirate DVD viewers by having a p*ss before the film starts.

RAPPERS: Avoid having to say 'know what I'm sayin' all the time by actually speaking clearly in the first place.

DON'T waste money on expensive paper shredders to

avoid having your identity stolen. Simply place a few dog turds in the bin bags along with your old bank statements.

WORRIED that your teeth will be stained after a heavy night drinking red wine? Simply drink a bottle of white wine before going to bed to remove the stains.

SOLDIERS: Invest in a digital camera to avoid all that court martial tomfoolery after a trip to Truprint.

MURDERERS: Need to dispose of a body? Simply parcel it up and post it to yourself via DHL. You will never see it again.

BURGLARS: When fleeing from the police, run with your right arm sticking out at 90°, wrapped in a baby mattress in case they set one of their dogs on you.

EMPLOYERS: Avoid hiring unlucky people by immediately tossing half the CVs into the bin.

MEN: When listening to your favourite CD, simply turn up the sound to the volume you desire; then turn it down three notches. This will save your wife from having to do it.

GAMBLERS: For a new gambling opportunity, try sending £50 to yourself by Royal Mail.

BANGING: two pistachio nutshells together gives the impression that a very small horse is approaching.

BLIND PEOPLE: Give yourself at least a chance of seeing something by not wearing heavy dark glasses all the time.

ALCOHOL: makes an ideal substitute for happiness.

DRIVERS: If a car breaks down or stalls in front of you, beep your horn and wave your arms frantically. This should help the car start and send them on their way.

PREVENT burglars stealing everything in the house by simply moving everything in the house into your bedroom when you go to bed. In the morning, simply move it all back again.

CAR THIEVES: Don't be discouraged when nothing is on view. All the valuables may be hidden in the glove box or under a seat.

DEPRESSED PEOPLE: Instead of attempting suicide as a 'cry for help', simply shout 'Help!' thus saving money on paracetamol, etc.

MOTORISTS: Avoid getting prosecuted for using your phone whilst driving. Simply pop your mobile inside a large shell and the police will think you are listening to the sea.

JEREMY BEADLE: When selling DVDs on your TV advert, hold the disks in your bigger hand so that they do not appear to be the size of laser disks.

SHOES last twice as long if only worn every other day.

SINGLE MEN: Convince people that you have a girlfriend by standing outside Etam with several bags of shopping, looking at your watch and occasionally glancing inside.

BOIL an egg to perfection without costly egg timers by popping the egg into boiling water and driving away from your home at exactly 60 mph. After 3 miles, phone your wife and tell her to take the egg out the pan.

ALCOHOLICS: don't worry where the next drink is coming from. Go to the pub, where a large selection is available at retail prices.

McDONALD'S: Make your brown carrier bags green in colour so they blend in with the countryside after they've been thrown out of car windows.

WOMEN: Don't waste energy faking orgasms. Most men couldn't give a sh** anyway and you could use the saved energy to Hoover the house after you've been banged.



CAN YOU SPOT THE CANADIAN GIRL?