



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #137 October 2008*

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

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

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

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
6th October 2008	1581	Cricketers, Berwick	519 053	Mudlarks Prof & Nigel
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Stay on A27 through Beddingham for 4 miles. Turn right just before Alfriston roundabout for pub. Est. 20 mins.				
13th October 2008	1582	The Gun, Findon	122 092	Pete Beard (61) & Grahame
Directions: Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right about 2 miles up. Pub is in centre of village on left hand side. Est. 25 mins. <i>Petes birthday!</i>				
20th October 2008	1583	Star, Steyning	174 116	Mike C anybody
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20 mins				
27th October 2008	1584	Bax Castle, Southwater	148 272	Wiggy and Bouncer
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right at T and carry on through Cowfold to West Grinstead traffic lights. Right on A24, left at roundabout into Southwater, then left past Church. Right at t-junction and pub is first right. Est 30 mins.				
3rd November 2008	1585			
Ditchling Beacon car park 332 131 Peter Eastwood				
Directions: Head east on A27 to first junction. Straight on at roundabout then next left. NT car park 3 miles on left. Est. 10 mins. <i>On on at PEP.</i>				

RECEDING HARELINE

17th November - Plough, Rottingdean

22nd December – Hassocks Hotel
Christmas Party Hash

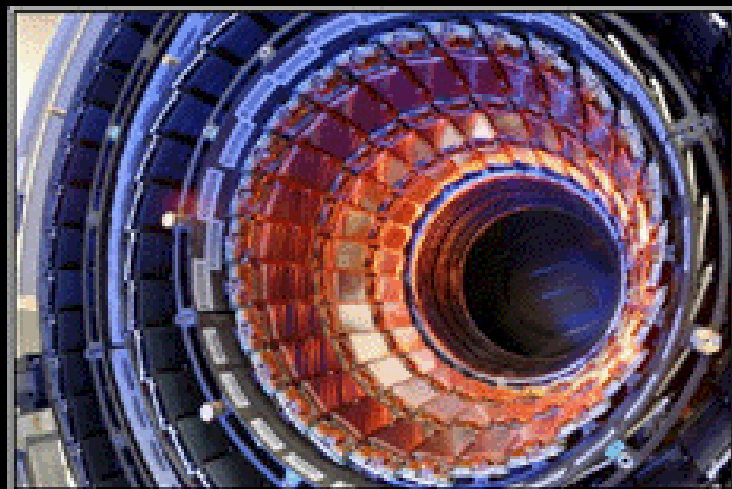
CRAFT # 5 pub crawl:

The Bedford, Station Road, Horsham
7pm Friday 3rd October

Hare: Les Gray

*Incorporating a visit to Weltons
Brewery to marke ye launch of ye
new Old Ale! Verily there shalt be
folke synging and Morris dancing to
behold.*

On ye on



LARGE HADRON COLLIDER

Don't pull the lever that says "Flush"!

HASH NOTICEBOARD

Well after all the big bang controversy we seem to have survived so far, or have we! Ructions in the financial markets, Austria embracing Nazism (with which tenuous note the picture right is used!), and the usual bad news in every paper. Stick to the hash! As Wendy put it everybody's life is better for the hash...

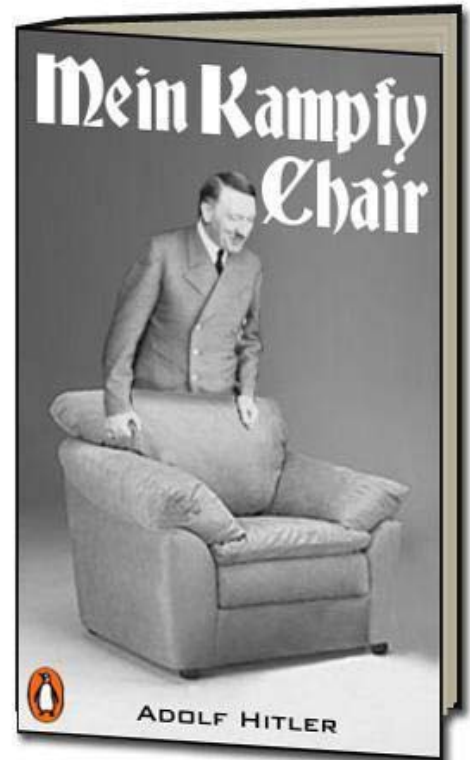


ALE TRAIL OVERVIEW

Well at last that's over and what a trail it turned out to be. Phil had the original idea to repeat the 25th anniversary ale trail for our 30th birthday, and with 19 weeks we would normally have visited 19 pubs needing only one extra to gain free t shirts for everyone. The first job was to get hares on board and try and visit trail pubs for all 19 weeks. We ran into challenges straight away as Bob's bank holiday run was deferred as the pub shut for the day. That was already an accommodation run which meant we were now down to 17 possible Mondays but Trevor and Malcolm came to the rescue with their pre-trail beer stop at the Plough in Henfield where the landlord agreed to stamp our books anyway. The stand in for the bank holiday was a hastily arranged gatehash to East Grinsteeds run from Warninglid. As that was non-trail the passports were taken to the next EGH3 run at the Lewes Arms, which was, to claim our stamps. Back up to 19, Bouncer then set trail for W&NK H3 to cover the 20.

Despite that it was considered a good idea to have a couple of extra-curricular pub crawls just to make sure, which turned out to be a good idea not only for the craique but as it gave us the space to hold the birthday hash from PEP on a Monday rather than the usual family hash on a Saturday (as these are no longer well attended but most people can make Mondays), Mike to have a special run from his home, and virgin hare Ann to set in an area she knew well.

The pub crawls went so well we can now lay claim to a complete hash spin-off with the CRAFT Hash going well even though trail is over, with Les Gray setting a route for this Friday, 3rd October, and Snow White already lined up for a return to Lewes in November! On the way of course, the point was to visit trail pubs and those who joined the CRAFT did that with a vengeance finally covering every non-hash pub except for the Grim Boatman.



One must MacSimise Ones skills.

Apart from that there were some 18 people running their own passports either with the hash or separately making over 40 trails completed to t-shirt with 7 making the sweat shirt (30) and 3 full trails (40) for Brent, Kayleen (who have not missed a run since they started 14 weeks back!) and Bouncer! Honourable mentions go to Sasha [14 runs in all including a streak of 12], Les 14 (11), Nigel 13 (10), Julia 13 (8), Elaine 13 (8), Wiggy 13 (7), Anne 13 (7) and Don [who managed 12 in a row before his hashing was interrupted by a course].

Although there are many regular hash pubs on the trail the exercise has given us the opportunity to visit many new establishments. That and the descent of pubs has often presented the hares with some interesting hurdles and Don's inventive BYO solution came in very useful a couple of times. Astonishingly we only had one potential curry night but I'm not aware if that was even taken up! Thanks to all the hares who took on the task of setting trails, with special mention to those who were involved in more than one:- Ivan, Mike, Trevor and Malcolm, Angel and Bouncer. Special mention also to Bob who not only arranged a difficult trail and the grub but we even ended up with our very own menu!

Sadly with almost 120 hashers passing through during the trail we will not have enough t shirts for everybody so a points system has been worked out on the basis of pubs visited either with the hash or on the pub crawl (which has chucked in some interesting anomalies!), plus 1 point per trail pub hared or joint hared from. By now I should already have contacted you if you've qualified for a shirt so all that remains is to negotiate with the organisers for the 30th anniversary overprint. Look out for the next ale trail, although we won't be doing this as a club for possibly 5 years but probably 10. In the meantime, join the CRAFT on the regular monthly pub crawls! ON ON, **BOUNCER**

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

"When I go on stage, I do my thing and I perform and that's my time to express myself. But when I come off, I trip and I burp and I fart just like everybody else!" - Proof positive that Britney Spears 'hangs' out with the hash.

Aussie pub offers free drinks to women who take off panties

AFP - Thursday, September 18 05:03 pm

MELBOURNE (AFP) - An Australian pub has come under fire for offering free drinks to women who take off their panties and hang them on a rail above the bar.

The Saint Hotel in Melbourne promoted its offer as "No undie Sunday," with a notorious paparazzi picture of US singer Britney Spears getting out of a car wearing no knickers.

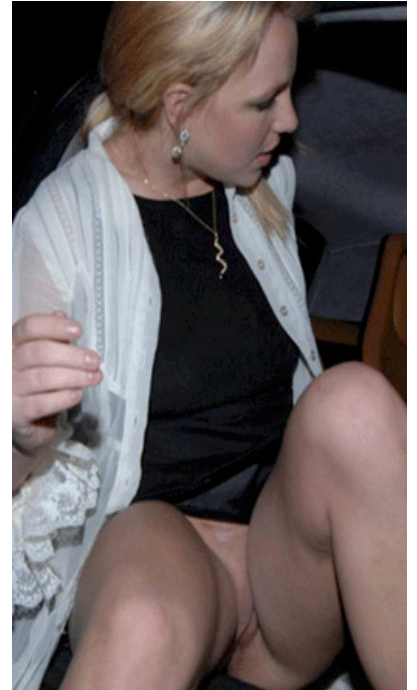
The advertisement in an entertainment magazine offers a free glass of champagne to women who "flash bra or undies to bar staff."

Those who go further and "hang your undies on the line above the bar" win 50 dollars (40 US dollars) worth of free drinks.

Politicians and the hotel industry accused the management of sexism and "inappropriate" behaviour.

"In this day and age, in 2008, to be promoting the drinking of alcohol along those lines, I just think is part of a bygone era," said Victoria state's acting Premier Rob Hulls.

The same hotel drew criticism in June when it employed a shirtless dwarf to pour shots of liquor down the throats of patrons.



From Weird 'AI' Jankovic

Oh boobie boobie
Oh boobie boobie

Oh boobie boobie my chest was supposed to grow
My cleavage wasn't right, no
My boobies boobies, my breasts are completely full
And now my sweater's tight, yeah
Surgery, I wanna be a "D", Bigger mammaries
I want them to show now, no "B" cups

My chest flatness was killing me, And I
I must confess I paid for these (paid for these)

I look 32 I'm just a child
I am a crime
Make my boobies one more size

Oh baby baby I got double Ds its true
Now you've all been blinded
Oh pretty boobies you're so big and oh so new
That's just the way I planned it
Golly, Rolling Stone was naughty
See me barely wearing clothes now
Because

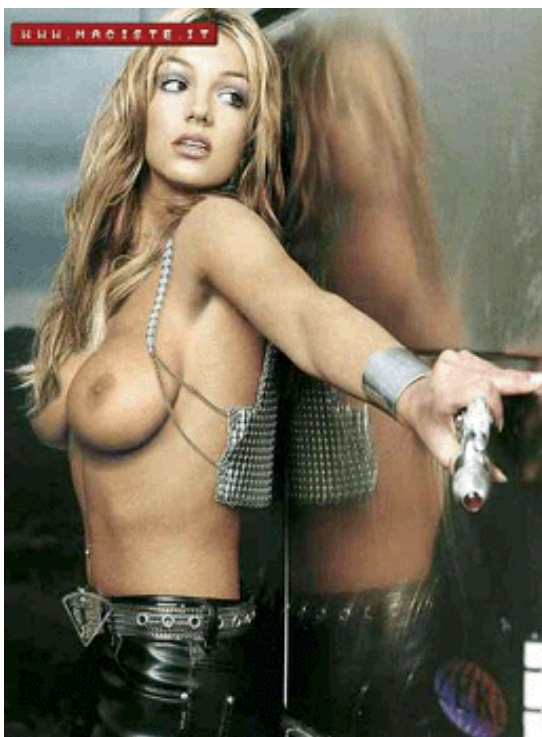
My chest flatness was killing me, And I
I must confess I paid for these (paid for these)
I look 32 I'm just a child
I am a crime
Make my boobies one more size

Boobies, Oh - Oh, Boobies I lie about you
I'll make up something, I'll say they grew

Boobies when I jump around
They keep on movin'
Each one weighs 15 pounds
I did not have surgery
My chest is growin'
It's just puberty

They grew like crazy
I was asleep
I was an A cup now I'm a D
They grew like crazy
My Boobies got so big almost over-night

They grew like crazy
Those things aint cheap
I'm so inflated unless they leak
They grew like crazy
You believe me right?
My boobies got so big almost over night



Chef Dies After Hot Chilli Dare

An aspiring chef died after eating a bowl of 'super hot' chilli sauce for a dare, an inquest heard. Andrew Lee suffered a [heart attack](#) the morning after betting a friend he could eat the hottest dish. The 33-year-old - who had just passed a medical - complained of itching all over his body as he tried to sleep after the meal. Girlfriend Samantha Bailey woke in the morning and discovered him dead in bed beside her. The mother of four called paramedics but they could not revive him. Toxicology tests are now being carried out to see if the Mr Lee, a forklift truck driver from Edlington, Doncaster, suffered a fatal reaction to the dish or whether anything else contributed to his death.

Cooking was one of Mr Lee's main interests and he made the dish with red chillis grown specially for the contest by dad John on his allotment, the Doncaster hearing was told. Mr Lee's sister, Claire Chadbourne, 29, said that he took a jar of the sauce to the home of his girlfriend, Samantha Bailey, and challenged her brother Michael, 29, to see who could eat it. "Andrew just ate the chillies with a plate of Dolmio sauce," she said. "It was not a proper meal because he had already eaten lamb chops and potato mash after work. He apparently got into bed at 2.30am and started scratching all over. His girlfriend scratched his back until he fell asleep. She woke up and he had gone. It is incredible. Who would have thought he could have died from eating chilli sauce? We don't know of anything else that could have caused his death. The post mortem showed no heart problems. He loved cooking for his friends. He always said he wanted to be a chef but didn't want to start at the bottom."

Andrew's mother Pamela said: "He was a strapping lad. We can only put it down to the sauce."

Sue Baic, spokesman for British Diatetic Association, warned that chillis should only ever be eaten in moderation, and should be included in a recipe rather than eaten raw. "Anything that is an unpleasant experience for the body is likely to be a risk," she said.

Chillis are believed to reduce cholesterol, cut the risk of [cancer](#) and boost the immune system. An inquest was opened and adjourned in Doncaster last week.

Bad taste marketing



Research has led to the discovery of the heaviest element yet known to science.

The new element, Governmentium (Gv), has one neutron, 25 assistant neutrons, 88 deputy neutrons, and 198 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312. These 312 particles are held together by forces called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lepton-like particles called peons. Since Governmentium has no electrons, it is inert; however, it can be detected because it impedes every reaction with which it comes into contact. A minute amount of Governmentium can cause a reaction that would normally take less than a second to take from four days to four years to complete.

Governmentium has a normal half-life of 2- to 6 years; it does not decay, but instead undergoes a reorganization in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and

deputy neutrons exchange places. In fact, Governmentium's mass will actually increase over time, since each reorganization will cause more morons to become neutrons, forming isodopes. This characteristic of moron promotion leads some scientists to believe that Governmentium is formed whenever morons reach a critical concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as critical morass. When catalysed with money, Governmentium becomes Administratium, an element that radiates just as much energy as Governmentium since it has half as many peons but twice as many morons. Heigh Ho! Has anyone told Gordon Brown yet?

REHASHING the ale trail

Daffy at last was able to join us for the 4th CRAFT outing after holidays and OCH3 events/ commitments prevented earlier attendance, so arrived at Bouncers just before 5. Within ½ an hour we were heading out the door for our 7pm date at the Evening Star. Unfortunately we were distracted by the beers at the Duke of Wellington and missed our train. As the next one was running late we also arrived late for the start. Here a select group were appreciating an early ale. Bouncer confessed to a stooipid moment in selecting ES as the start in view of the 6 stamps needed for the ale trail, but at least he'd actually set the trail for once. Not that Wildbush was impressed. ("I t'd be quicker to go that way!"). We'd only travelled a short distance when Andy decided that the ale trail was more important than the hash so decided to take in 2 pubs he'd missed and cut the **Prestonville** which he'd already been too.



As the schedule was tight food was also going to be difficult to come by so a few ordered chips at the first pub which were duly demolished rapidly before we set off for the **Mitre**. With the distance between pubs being quite a way this was more a crawl about pubs we didn't get to than those we did and we'd already passed more pubs than the average Scot manages in their lifetime (drinkers constipation = can't pass a pub). Andy rejoined us after beers at the Battle of Trafalgar and Lord Nelson, just as we arrived so beers were lined up with many choosing a half cos, let's face it, the Mitre's just not a very good pub. The attempt to get a souvenir from every pub fell apart early on after the receipt pad from the Prestonville, when the barman said the only thing they had with the pub name on was the door. Though it was a nice door we decided it was impractical so strolled on to the **Bugle**, only to find the best they could offer was the pub sign. Try again next time!

Enjoying a balmy evening we all stepped outside where talk moved quickly to finding a name for Matthew. Suggestions came fast and furious with Matts got the horn, Horny Bastard, the Choralister, Pipe cleaner, Hmm... Betty etc. but Matthew had an amusing suggestion himself from an early Microsoft spellcheck which rejected Matthew Spencer in favour of Mothy Spunkier. Jenny said Mothy was quite enough, but somehow we got diverted when Les inadvertently drew attention to the fact that he also needed a name which ended up in a ~~masturbate~~ mass debate (it's that spellcheck again!) about Lewis Hamilton, and neither got named. CRAFT indeed!

The climb up to **Sir Charles Napier** seemed far easier than when I'd set it convincing me that for all its other great advantages, alcohol also makes you lighter! Andy had sloped off again claiming a phone call but probably because he was cooked. Determined not to give up we continued to try and obtain memorabilia and were offered the ale trail stamp here. Forgot to take it though when we moved on to the **Greys** and talk started to drift towards proper food as we sat quietly in the corner. "No problem", I claimed. "There's a curry place next door to the last pub." At the **Caroline of Brunswick** we learned several things: Matthew and Jenny had called it a night; with good reason because it was just a deafening racket; and Aaron was on trail with us after all as Wildbush pointed him out. Daffy's protests about the shitness of the pub had us already decided to stick to a half despite Aarons insistence on buying the beers, but when the barrel needed changing and they'd stamped the books before serving us we eased our way through the crowds and out into the garden for an escape through the back door. I haven't heard yet whether Aaron actually polished off all 6 halves on his own!

From here Bouncer suggested the Eastern Eye to eat but we were against the clock so had to keep cajoling the waitress. Food was not impressive when it came and Les, Brent and Kayleen all had to bolt it down making it to their train with under a minute to spare! Daffy and I took longer over our meal before ambling up to the Evening Star for a couple more beers to wash the taste away and claim our free beers earned at the Wellie earlier, before the retreat to Shoreham.

"Thanks for the stitch up Bouncer!". Hey, you said it was a good pub Bob. We arrived at the **Alma Arms** to find that we were required to pay for food in advance of the run. As the landlord and chef had gone to the effort of making sure we had food especially, even creating a 'Hash House Harriers' menu, this wasn't a major inconvenience.

We set off through the houses back to the high street for the first check. On was called to the river side path which at times was quite a boardwalk. Across a playground we then headed along a lane to cross the railway line where the inevitable left/right check was laid. Obviously trail went straight on, through some nice woods to the road. A quick left and then a right found the trail but it wasn't clear whether we should stay to the edge of the field or take the footpath across the middle so Brent and I found ourselves in the far corner willing chalk to appear at the stile. Rest of the pack had gone straight on but our prayers were answered when they then took the diagonal across the rec to meet us at the road through Framfield.

I took old Young Les's advice to check through the churchyard, finding one mark but decided to pursue no longer when I came up against a pair of legs sans torso resting against a barn. Probably someone getting a "guy" ready but still unnerving in the dark! We went straight on at the bend then took a right at the stile after the traffic lights which obligingly turned green as we arrived, to cross another field. At the next check Charlie decided it was right "for no real reason other than I like it". I backed it up with the fact that Brent was checking ahead and had so far checked right every time, but missed the marks and returned only for someone else/ the hare to call on! Naturally having made the observation, it turned out to be rubbish as we were called back to cut up by some cottages to head straight up to a blinding light prompting a warning about Hoogstratens heavies, but turned out to be roadworks building a new roundabout. I t's 8½ miles claimed Wiggy as he joined the rest of the pack heading the wrong way, but as it was now 8.45 and it felt a long way from home, I had to ask the question of Bob! Shortly after, we'd bored him into submission and trail was called right along the road, then down a path into some gardens. Once we'd backtracked to find the correct route the last few minutes passed in a highly amusing and enjoyable run as hashers ping ponged through the houses and alleys before Adrian took it on himself to lead the sprint for the line.

And so to the **Cock** at Ringmer. As we waited for the off, new hasher David Herbert was introduced by Julia and Sasha, and looking for clarification, Pete Eastwood explained that we would be running around like blue arsed flies trying to find the marks that have been washed away by the afternoons rain. The fact that the hare had "chosen" (*i.e. the kids had used up all the normal colours*) blue chalk didn't help any, as it was near on invisible in the dark. Despite that the first check was found pretty quickly and we charged across the ploughed fields until an up arrow on a telegraph pole brought the pack to a halt, apart from Charlie who swung off at a tangent. Hare pointed out the down arrow 3 inches away and pack set off again for a check on the road at Norlington. Left was favoured, but wrong, so the keen were called back and on to the next check heading across more fields into the back of Ringmer. Despite the insistence of several that it was obvious where we were going it took the hare with his dribble dropper to repair the trail before on was again called. As Prof headed south, on was called ahead and as soon as the northerly bound pack returned, we again charged ahead to the next check at Broyle Side, Trevor a little bit quicker than most after Sasha's attempts to corner him at the kissing gate, seemingly oblivious to Gomi's endeavours to place himself in a good position. The hounds favoured right so didn't notice when the hare marked it left. As the last four arrived at the check to find it marked through there was a clear look of bemusement on Wiggy's face at the crowd as he carried on. None of them called it though to the hares further amusement. The next style was too well hidden under the stingers though so few actually beat the hare over the jumps and into confusion. Eventually the bridge was found but a second wrong turn had the hare milling round lost ("I was distracted when we set as I was following Angels backside here"), whilst the pack helpfully hurled abuse along the lines of "in the pond!" (prompting me to rethink the sip stop by the weir) until James came to the rescue from the road where he'd found the next check. Some joker, probably Trevor, suggested that the blue lights must be a continuation of the blue chalk, but he was right as on was called up through the woods and on to the next check in a field. Apparently the walkers had beaten the pack but were wandering around the other side of the field when we came through, so missed the oddly placed trig point bearing the very recent and highly inaccurate legend "Highest Point in Sussex". Prof was flying here and lead the way right up to the road crossing. A clamber over the wobbly gate found us in a field full of spooked cows. "Shine your torch on yourself" advised Charlie and soon all were safely through. The next check had been thoroughly washed out, so the pack gravitated towards the pub only to be called back as hare took control and ran on to the beer with Prof enthusiastically calling each new dribble saying "it's much easier if you just follow the hare". Lidl's shandies were handed round enthusiastically opened, and promptly spat out by I van. At least Pat enjoyed hers and soon we were off again, Charlie dumping the empties in the bin, after Bouncer had hastily removed his OS map left in error. The charge was on for the return to the pub but still one more check to go, which again was on over a footbridge at the style. Julia disappeared off the side into the nettles prompting hare to call back a warning to the torchless Rik, in vain as he too went over the edge. The cows were back in force to deny us an easy passage back to the pub, seemingly rather annoyed at their beauty sleep being interrupted judging by the sounds. Back at the car I panicked when I couldn't find my phone and realised with growing certainty that I'd left it in the bag with the beer. Wiggy had just agreed to take me back when a last desperate call to the wife revealed that it was still at home, doh! Great to see an appearance by the Greyhounds Chris and Niel in the pub with Mrs. Greyhound, as Niel and Candy were passing through on their way back to Devon after a visit to their French pad. Another great hash, but then I would say that!

It was actually possible to earn a t shirt on the ale trail this year by only visiting Lewes and Brighton with 7 pubs in the former and 13 in the latter. On the whole that was left to the CRAFT pub crawls but as with the Station in Brighton we really had to have at least one run in Lewes, and the **Black Horse**, being well away from the rest of the town was it. Parking was tricky but inside the pub we found a full complement of cyclists returned from their trip and yet another "Runners" menu awaiting. Spreadsheet was hare but it was unclear how much input co-Lewes-ites (?) Julia and Sasha had as both were in denial, and yet both were seen either marking or otherwise influencing the pack. Our route took us away from the high street round the back of the Castle to Pells for the familiar route along the river towards Offham, disappointing the few bemoaning the lack of town runs lately who thought they were in luck. Above Offham we were teased by the climb, which had Prof, Gomi and Gotlost amongst others SCB'ing, but that wasn't to come until after we'd run up the valley. Here the lack of a torch (yes, Angel and I share everything and it was her turn to run so...), and nothing to do with the climb, led to a walk but I was surprised that everyone else had also stopped at the same time. I then took a sharp uphill right and the sheep followed me again, to find a mark at a tree. Taking the initiative here we called a regroup before Wiggy and myself set off after Hugh and Max. Somehow Julia had got ahead and was calling us up to a gate when Dave appeared behind to call us back from the marks. "I've cut a loop and sent Gabby back with the pack as it's getting late". After giving us brief and inaccurate instructions he cleared off to dissuade Prof from his Blackcap ambitions leaving us to sweep up Hash Gomi until we were joined by Julia who took us through the Gallops past the old racecourse. Sasha soon appeared in front as she marked the short route, and with a sense for the beer (hashers may lack a lot of sense but that's one they abound in!) I took off to avoid earache at the car. Marks were few and far between. I'm lying, there weren't any, as I headed down towards the prison to find yet another group of stragglers, this time in the by now recognisable coughing of Ann ("I've tried Marmot oil..." "Marmite?" said the Mudlark), who was with George and Amanda. I think I put them on the right trail before again giving in to gravity, heading back into town and past Ben who was sat outside the Meridian pub wondering where everybody was. Eventually everybody found their way to the pub, even Julia and Sasha who'd nipped home for a shower, and I was amused by Daves loss of bearings for the 2nd time in one evening. Apparently they fell out all over the airport floor! Good to see Julie out of plaster after a horse broke her leg (or was she out to get plastered in the Horse instead?). Having been through the pubs special rubber stamp training ("first put the name of the pub with this stamp, then put the Black Horse stamp above it") I was quite qualified to stamp her hand! Another great hash...



A thief in Paris planned to steal some paintings from the Louvre.



When asked how he could mastermind such a crime and then make such an obvious error, he replied, 'But Constable,



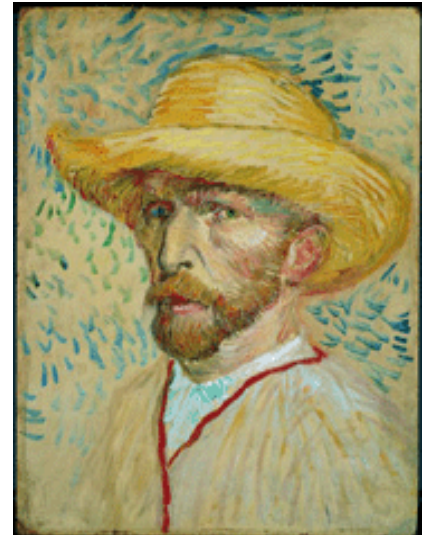
After careful planning, he got past security, stole the paintings, and made it safely to his van. However, he was captured only two blocks away when his van ran out of fuel.

that is the reason I stole the paintings.'

'I had no Monet

to buy Degas

to make the Van Gogh.'



See if you have De Gaulle to show this to someone else.

I showed it to you because I figured I had nothing Toulouse.

A man walks into a pub, and notices Vincent Van Gogh is standing at the bar.

"Do you want a pint, Vince?" he asks.

"No, thanks," replies the artist. "I've got one 'ere."



Q: How many modern artists does it take to change a light bulb? A: Four; one to throw bulbs against the wall, one to pile hundreds of them in a heap and spray-paint it orange, one to glue light bulbs to a cocker spaniel, and one to put a bulb in the socket and fill the room with light while all the critics and buyers are watching the fellow smashing the bulbs against the wall, the fellow with the spray-gun, and the cocker spaniel. (what goes clink-clink-clink, ow-woooo?)

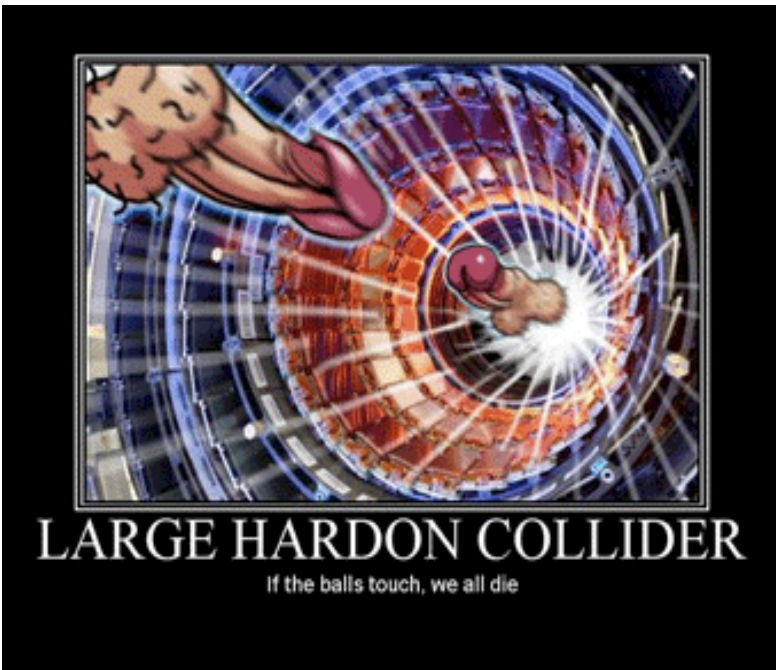
After much careful research, it has been discovered that the artist Vincent Van Gogh had many relatives. Among them were: His obnoxious brother - Please Gogh; His dizzy aunt - Verti Gogh; The brother who ate prunes - Gotta Gogh; The constipated uncle - Cant Gogh; The brother who worked at a convenience store - Stopn Gogh; The grandfather from Yugoslavia - U Gogh; The brother who bleached his clothes white - Hue Gogh; The cousin from Illinois - Chica Gogh; His magician uncle - Wherediddy Gogh; His Mexican cousin - Ameer Gogh; The Mexican cousin's American half brother - Grin Gogh; The ballroom dancing aunt - Tan Gogh; A sister who loved disco - Go Gogh; The nephew who drove a stage coach - Wellsfar Gogh; The bird lover uncle - Flamin Gogh; His nephew psychoanalyst - E Gogh; The fruit loving cousin - Man Gogh; An aunt who taught positive thinking - Wayto Gogh; The little bouncy nephew - Poe Gogh; And his niece who travels the country in a van - Winnie Bay Gogh.

LHC - The Large Hardon Collider

Currently under construction, the LHC is scheduled to begin operation in September 2008. The LHC is expected to become the world's largest and highest energy penile accelerator ever assembled. Expected to penetrate new areas, the LHC will produce high speed, head-on collisions between beams of yonic and phallic particles.

When switched on, it is hoped that colliding the hard-on will have contact on the elusive Higg's Bosom (hoping their mass will be large) — often dubbed the 'Oh God! Part-icle' — the observation of which could confirm the 'missing contacts' for my human intercourse, and explain how other elementary parts acquire properties such as [m]ass, attraction, hotness, chemistry, etc.

Safety Concerns: Black Holes: Should any Black Holes or odoriferous radiation discharged thereof be encountered during operation, I plan to simply ignore its presence and continue on with the matter at hand, colliding my hard-on.



And finally, we turn to the Irish:

Into a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy, looking like he'd just been run over by a train. His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken, his face is cut and bruised and he's walking with a limp "What happened to you?" asks Sean, the bartender.

"Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight," says Paddy.

"That little shit, O'Conner," says Sean, "He couldn't do that to you, he must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," says Paddy, "a shovel is what he had, and a terrible lickin' he gave me with it."

"Well," says Sean, "you should have defended yourself, didn't you have something in your hand?"

"That I did," said Paddy. "Mrs. O'Conner's breast, and a thing of beauty it was, but useless in a fight."

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road. A cop pulls him over. "So," says the cop to the driver, where have ya been?"

"Why, I've been to the pub of course," slurs the drunk.

"Well," says the cop, "it looks like you've had quite a few to drink this evening."

"I did all right," the drunk says with a smile.

"Did you know," says the cop, standing straight and folding his arms across his chest, "that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens," sighs the drunk. "For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."

Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, when Tim Finnegan arrives at her door.

"Brenda, may I come in?" he asks. "I've somethin' to tell ya".

"Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda." here was an accident down at the Guinness brewery..."

"Oh, God no!" cries Brenda. "Please don't tell me."

"I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry."

Finally, she looked up at Tim. "How did it happen, Tim?"

"It was terrible, Brenda. He fell into a vat Of Guinness Stout and drowned."

"Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me truth, Tim Did he at least go quickly?"

"Well, Brenda... no. In fact, he got out three times to pee."

Mary Clancy goes up to Father O' Grady after his Sunday morning service, and she's in tears. He says, "So what's bothering you, Mary my dear?"

She says, "Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

The priest says, "What did he ask, Mary?"

She says, He said, 'Please Mary, put down that damn gun...'

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing. The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention but the drunk continues to sit there. Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall. The drunk mumbles, "ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either!"



So wrong it goes beyond WTF!