



BOGGY SHOE



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

R ns/trash #144 May 2009

<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
4th May 2009	1611	The Crown, Cootham	074 147	George Brock

Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take second exit A283 to Steyning. Left at next roundabout, straight on at A24 staying on A283 through Storrington. Pub on right 1 mile after duck pond on left. Est. 25 mins.

11th May 2009	1612	Foresters Arms, Fairwarp	466 268	KIU & Wildbush
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Directions: A27 east to second Lewes roundabout. Left on A26 through tunnel, right at roundabout still on A26 to A22. Left and stay on A22 to 4th roundabout. Right on B2026 then 4th right. Pub on left. Est. 25 mins.

Sunday 17th MAY 2009 - 12.30pm Henfield hash run #76 - Hare: Bouncer Pub: To be confirmed.

18th May 2009	1613	Limeburners, Billingshurst	0744 255	Mike C. Anybody
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Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T through Cowfold. Straight across West Grinstead traffic lights and on to Billingshurst. Left at High Street and right at roundabout, then straight across 2nd. Pub is just on B2133, 1/2 mile on left. 30 mins.

Saturday 23RD MAY 2009 - HASH RELAY BURITON TO BEACHY HEAD

25th May 2009	1614	The Fox, Small Dole	213 128	Cardinal Hugh
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Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins.

1st June 2009	1615	Red Lion, Willingdon Village	587 023	
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Ann & Black Stockings

Directions: A27 east to Polegate. A22/A2270 south then turn right for village up Coopers Hill. Go straight on at right-hand bend onto Wish Hill for Pub. Est. 30 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE

- 15/06/09 Badgers Tennis Club, Kempton – Mudlarks £6.50/head plate and a pint deal.
- 22/06/09 Peter 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood – Hash Birthday
- 29/06/09 Chez Beard, Brighton - Pete & Sarah Beard
- 06/07/09 Hailsham - Chris & Julie Wheeler
- 20/07/09 Hangleton Manor? - Rosemary's 500th run and 25 years of hashing!

CRAFT #12:

17/05/09 Shoreham-by-Sea – Bouncer

Meet at the Crabtree just north of the railway station at 7pm. Crash space available at Bouncers.

12/06/09 Henfield – Snotty?

CRAFT camp out to be confirmed.

Mother Knows Best...



"A beer before bed means a better night's sleep for the whole family!"

HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

Congratulations to former Bicester H3 member, Mara Yamouchi (nee Myers), for coming second in the 2009 London Marathon. On On Prof (*that's the Bicester H3 based UK onsec, not resident BH7 Mudlark*)

Always knew you were a closet running club. One Loos

Only second? Oh, forgot the beer stop.... Pampers

On

23rd May 2009 **ANNUAL HASH RELAY – Our Annual run / pub crawl along the South Downs Way** from Buriton on the Hampshire Border to Beachy Head. There are usually three teams although guest teams are always welcome: Chopper Phil's Regal Runners; Spreadsheet Dave's Lewes bunch; and the loosely Sunday based bunch. Grub after at the Spice Merchant, Lewes as per last year. Join in for all or part of the day, or just the après!

On

29th June 2009 at Pete Beards house:

I am planning a BBQ (weather permitting) at my house, 144 Balfour Rd. Brighton as a fundraiser for my daughter, Sarah, who is hoping to do voluntary work next summer at a charity school in Kenya. She needs to raise funds to get there, for the cost of staying there, as well as for books etc. for the local children.

On on, Pete

ps. a raffle will be held on the night - prize donations gratefully accepted.

On

FEATURED WEEKENDS (various BH7 folk already booked):

26th to 28th June - FRIENDS OF THE MOLE H3 1000th R*n Weekend (*organised by Sally and James!*)

Canterbury Rugby Club on the edge of the City. See website www.geocities.com/fotmhhh for full details and registration form.

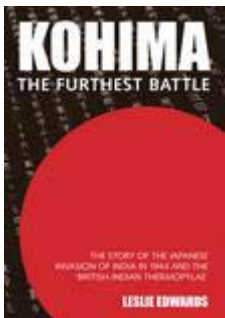
17th to 19th July - HURSLEY H3 1000th + R2D2 H3 500th Weekend www.r2d2h3.com

Winchester Rugby Club. Just £30 for the weekend. See website for full details and registration form.

28th to 31st August - 15th UK NASH HASH - Perth Racecourse - www.users.zetnet.co.uk/festivalhash/

The essential hash event for all UK hounds and visitors alike!

On



Kohima: The Furthest Battle : The Story of the Japanese Invasion of India in 1944 and the 'British-Indian Thermopylae' £30.00 – Available from www.thehistorypress.co.uk ISBN-13: 978-1862274884
Leslie Edwards (*Lone Ranger*)

The most comprehensive insight into this major turning point in the Second World War ever written with unpublished first hand accounts and detailed maps of each stage of the battle.

By the end of 1943 the Japanese had occupied most of South-East Asia. On 6 March 1944, the first units of the Japanese 15 Army crossed the inhospitable border of what was then Burma, and invaded India. At the township of Kohima they were met by a small, hastily assembled force of Indian and British troops, later reinforced by 2 Division of Slim's 14 Army, who fought valiantly and forced the Japanese to retreat. Described by Mountbatten as 'the British/Indian Thermopylae', Kohima was a turning point in Japanese fortunes, heralding their continued defeat in battle until their formal surrender on 2 September 1945. Using extensive research in primary sources and many previously unpublished first-hand accounts, Leslie Edwards presents a definitive analysis of this pivotal battle.

On

"Westerham And North Kent Hash" list@w-nk.org.uk

Sunday 26th July 2009 White Horse, Maplehurst, West Sussex Hares: Scud and Fetherlite Your chance to learn Morris Dancing!! In exchange we'll teach them how to hash. The only thing neither side needs to learn is how to drink beer!! Important: bring your own MUGS.

On



Greetings from the North Shore Wanderers in Sydney, a small but vociferous group, my son Rob and I have been truly welcomed in style and had a great run on Monday through the suburbs of north Sydney followed by a chinese on-on at Mr Lees...you do get good chinese grub in Oz....next Sunday is a joint hash with the Northern Beaches H3 (their 100th) in Manly ...and yet another Monday before I return. So three runs in the bag hopefully,

on-on, **Who's Shout Is It Now?** (aka Peter Beard)

Talk about stop-press! I have pictures but y'know time! And anyway, Les had already submitted this winner from his recent visit to Kuala Lumpur for a ladyboy wife, to see the Grand Prix.

"You dur-ty ole maaan."

A woman who claims a council official ordered her to cover up her naked garden gnomes' following complaints from a neighbour has spoken of her anger.

Gnome collector Sandra Smith said she was told to put clothes on three of her favourite ornaments because they were deemed offensive. The 64-year-old initially hid their modesty with T-shirts and cowboy hats but later removed the clothing following advice from a local police officer.

The grandmother, from Hunnington, Halesowen, West Midlands, said: "I had a telephone call from an officer from Bromsgrove District Council who said could I please cover them up because they were offensive to my neighbour. I am more than annoyed. I have been here for 40 years and never had any complaints. I did cover them up with T-shirts and cowboy hats but a police officer who came to investigate something nearby said to take them off because they are not offensive. They are sold in garden centres."

A spokesman for Bromsgrove District Council said the authority had no record of any "gnome-related incidents". He said: "Council guidelines are statutory, not statutory, and do not explicitly grant authority over garden furniture of this kind. Resolving an issue of this kind would not be a matter for Bromsgrove District Council. When we checked none of our service departments had a record of any gnome-related incidents in the Hunnington area and none of our staff recall receiving such a memorable query."

Strangest lawsuit ever?

Tue Apr 21 01:28PM

A judge in Stuttgart, Germany, is currently trying to decide on a lawsuit in which a man hired his neighbour to impregnate his wife.

Demetrius Soupolos, 29, and his former beauty queen wife, Traute, were very keen to have a child together, but Demetrius was sterile so they began to seek out other possible options. The option the couple eventually decided on was to hire their neighbour Frank Maus, 34, to impregnate Traute. Maus, who was already married with two children agreed to do the job for the fee of €2,000. For three evenings a week for the next six months, a total of 72 different times, Maus tried to impregnate Traute. When his own wife objected, Maus explained that he was "only doing it for the money." After the unsuccessful six-month period Soupolos insisted that Maus take a medical examination. The doctor concluded that Maus was also sterile, which forced his wife into admitting that their two children did not belong to him. Soupolos is now suing Maus in an effort to get his money back. Maus' argument is that he did not guarantee conception, only that he would try his hardest.

Answers to Quiz (see trash 143):

1. The one sport in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score until the contest ends - Boxing
2. North American landmark constantly moving backward. Niagara Falls (The rim is worn down about 2.5 feet each year because of the millions of gallons of water that rush over it every minute).
3. Only two vegetables that can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons - Asparagus and rhubarb.
4. The fruit with its seeds on the outside - Strawberry.
5. How did the pear get inside the brandy bottle? It grew inside the bottle. (bottles are placed over pear buds when small, wired on the tree, and left in place for the entire growing season. When the pears are ripe, they are snipped off at the stems.)
6. Three English words beginning with 'dw': dwarf, dwell and dwindle.
7. Fourteen punctuation marks in English grammar: Period, comma, colon, semicolon, dash, hyphen, apostrophe, question mark, exclamation mark, quotations, brackets, parenthesis, braces, and ellipses.
8. The only vegetable or fruit never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form but fresh - Lettuce.
9. Things worn on your feet beginning with "s" Shoes, socks, sandals, sneakers, slippers, skis, skates, snowshoes, stockings and stilts.



< er... I'm not sure that's what the burqa's for Elaine!



REHASHING

30/3/09 Swallows Return, Goring – Ivan This was the first visit by the hash to this relatively new pub converted from an old barn. I know that cos Gabs and I did a recce of the in and out possibilities a while ago with a view to setting from here! Worth mentioning because it gave the Knitting Circle of Kayleen, Mike and myself a bit of an advantage on the r*n. Although this has a massive car park the landlord had requested we use the layby's on the approach road which sort of hid how good a turn out there was, amongst them new boot Nick who has frequently hashed abroad but just discovered UK hashing, and returners Caira and Ben. Route was out onto Titnore Lane, along the verge and over the A259 at the roundabout (ignoring the safer footbridge crossing!) at which point Brent came charging past having somehow missed the off, shortly followed by Pat running late. Brett was seen wandering across the meadow through the pylons which gave away the check ahead so a quick consultation with my co-walkers and Mikes map revealed that we could take that way to cut a corner. As we strolled across the field it seemed odd that so many were so far behind the pack but as we met up again in the middle of Ferring we found out the reason from a swearing Charlie: check went over the railway line and level crossing gates on the slip were down! As Pat passed us for the second time I mused that they couldn't have looked too far as the main road actually went over the railway. Confident the pack had gone past we cut the corner over the main road to make our way up Highdown and once again found many of the hounds had screwed up and gone south, so who went past as we climbed the hill? Yup, Pat again! Brent had also gone awry and was suffering the effects of his first ever 22 miler the day before training for Rotterdam Marathon. At the top of the hill Mike wanted to return and tried to make us go on but Kayleen and I were unanimous that if there was another SCB to be had we were up for it so as the hash headed west on a loop before picking up the Duck Pond Waddle route, we cut over the hill, startling an apparently lame rat in the process. Unexcited by the hash on-inn along the A259, we cut round the edge of the car park for a short trespass past Hightiten Barn and back across the field to the pub where a welcomingly open gate justified the cheat! Brett was soon back having managed a substantial SCB as I van had put the out and back trails a bit close to each other. Funny how he sticks to setting routes with little or no water in these days? Soon the rest of the pack had returned and the pub was buzzing to the sound of happy people getting stuck into the Harveys and apparently very good tuck. Okay that last sentence is blatant Bouncerspeak for I've left it too long to write the review and forgotten all the wisdom the ale imparted and can only give my general feeling that the pub was well received, even though the options seem limited for the out and back r*n. Another great hash... probably!



13/4/09 The Fox Patching – Wiggy A very select group gathered outside the Fox and it is possible Matthew may have stumbled on the reason, although later research by Bouncer and Wildbush disproved the theory that folk had got to the first pub in Patching and stopped. Only after waiting 20 minutes on his own did Dildoped call Jenny to discover his error, then to reduce his chances further checked in the village itself before stumbling on the correct pub just before the kick-off. So with just 14 starters Wiggy started lobbing bits of school chalk (here we are in the shadow of one of the longest natural chalk ridges on the planet... I ask you!) around and off we set. Knowing Wiggy I was confident we would be heading up Selden Lane but in a reversal of the same logic of my own hash a few weeks back I was, of course, wrong! Trail carried on to go under the A27 Wiggle (sic) around the motor racing circuit and skirt Angmering and Highdown. Meanwhile, Kayleen and I had a choice to make in order to keep ahead of the pack by walking. Rather than the familiar Clapham section we wrongly opted for the unknown area south which was mostly tarmac. Late arrivals from Saltdean overtook us here before we took an SCB to get ahead, and Prof must be congratulated on his comic timing. Having congratulated Brent on his first marathon the previous weekend in Rotterdam, I was discussing further with Kayleen the story of his derailment by a cyclist at 21 miles. Still 3.40 is an excellent time, so well done mate! I then decided to regale my own Rotterdam Marathon story from many years back when it was an afternoon race on the same day as the London, which enabled us to watch the London winners come in on the box before setting off ourselves. Before we got to that point I have always found it amusing that as Ray and I were stood at the hotel reception (which incidentally was part of and above a Chinese restaurant) a German in front of us was speaking in English to an Indonesian in a Chinese Restaurant in Holland. The crux of the story was that he was arranging an egg breakfast and I'd just got to the part of the story where our host turned to us and said "As you're doing the race, would you guys like some eggs as well?", when Pete catches us up and yells out "Did you get your eggs



Bouncer?". Threw me for a minute but we'd bumped in to the Thomases at Nymans during an Easter Egg hunt on Easter Sunday so it did make sense. With a careful eye on the time and the map the walkers reckoned we weren't going to find a quick return so sloped off into the Worlds End for a pint after the return under the motorway, whilst the rest of the pack sauntered round Clapham and Patching villages. On our way back we spotted the lone torch of Kit who had arrived late with the Mudlarks been given some wrong advice and got left abandoned in the woods. Bless. Back in the pub we were impressed by the table set-up and the surplus of vegetables kept Angel happy. Jo meanwhile was getting carried away confusing her own preferences with that of the gentlemen and telling Nerys that the following weeks run was the Long Man instead of the Juggs. Silly Aunty. Final word on the run goes to Gabs Dad whose dog Yana has a long running battle with Wiggy's dog Amber. Bill describes Amber as having a 'Wiggy Walk' where she goes barmy chasing her tail round and round while getting nowhere. Seemed a fair description to me: hashes are all flat on average but on average as we end up where we start the total distance run is none! On that note AGH..

CRAFT #11 Review – Real Ale Train ride on the Bluebell Railway.

Cast: Keeps It Up; Wildbush; Blue Nun; Larry; Bouncer; Angel; Lost Gray Cells; Biggles and Mrs Biggles; Bumper, Snakebite and friends.

After the utter laziness of last months CRAFT when our motion was restricted to going to the bar, Brent found a way of avoiding a trail for the second month but at least we actually went somewhere this time, albeit by rail! Some were deterred by cost (*DP & Jenny; Layby & Chipmonk*), others by having to organise their own tickets (*Yorky Porky and Twin Peaks*), some had their RAT's confused (*still not sure what Gin Gan's facebook comment was actually about!*), general excuses from Fish'n'Chips and Lunchbox, but FC probably had the winner of an excuse – "I'll be there twice next week so I'll finish off the dregs!". Something to do with him having been working on the Sir Rodney Trotter engine being launched after a 27 year repair job (and I thought my garage was bad!) soon after our visit.

Anyway. So several of us gathered at the Crowle residence to juggle cars and off we headed to Horsted Keynes to pick up the beer and a train, and it's worth noting that LGC was actually silly early this time rather than silly late. At HK we soon caught up with the EGH3 squads before learning that an East Grinstead councillor objected to beer at Kingscote so organisers were unable to sell beer until we headed south again. Luckily we had time to grab a beer from HK refreshments bar before boarding, then we found out that nobody had told the guys not to sell wine! So there was a period of self-amusement which means we gazed out the window and made paper darts until the hordes boarded at Kingscote, and we were



able to visit pub 2 – the train barrels. From here we bimbled down to pub #3, the Bessemer Arms at Sheffield Park station where we found several more beers waiting as well as a decent pasty and chips supper. Les turned out to have a thing about mayo and cleaned the place out! As Bumper commented on our Brief Encounter moments on the train when Sumara and Larry were seen entwined and Bouncer and Angel were caught holding hands, Angel was further impressed by the period feel. "They've even got that rough toilet paper (IZAL Medicated) you used to have to rattle to soften." This might sound stupid, but I never knew that before. I tried it with a beer mat and it works! NHS staff know stuff. After Angel went on to mention the incongruousness of the electric blow jobber by the basin someone pointed out that actually they did have soft paper next to the ruff stuff. Hey this is the Boggy Shoe!

We were then shunted back to Horsted Keynes Refreshments Bar to enjoy jazz as well as more ale appreciation, and, at the request of Snakebite, for a circle. Down downs from a very small wine glass were awarded to virgin Larry (who thought that the DD notes were

a roll call); Snakebite (for introducing the spirit of Daffy who is currently hashing Bangalore for all it's worth, by attempting to get a naked r*n going. When push came to shove she refused to join in so concluding that she only wanted to see willies, we aborted); Mrs Biggles aka Diane 4 a beer (beer was dispensed by tokens valued at £1.25 each, 2 of each buying either a pint or glass of wine or 1 for a half. Crisps were 2 packs for one token but she got it arseabout somehow. Mattered little since she'd pissed off before the circle anyway.); Blue Nun (anyone remember why?); and finally birthday drinks for Kayleen the previous Monday (down down of wine dregs), and Bouncer who as usual has a story. When this was first mooted price was a bit of a deterrent so I'd decided I would just do the £10 Horsted Keynes option without the train. Then Gabs announced that she'd like to go instead, so at first I tried to work it so that we could both go but in the end she gave in and said she'd only told me that so that she could surprise me for my birthday but couldn't bear to see me moping! So having guiltily secured my pass, I arranged childminder and got her ticket as part of her Mothers Day package. Before the final trip back up to Kingscote for the rabble the raffle was called and first ticket drawn provoked excitement – 4 (*LGC goes loopy*) on white. His was green. Second ticket 51 (*Leslie goes loopy*) on green. Hers was white. Reduced to just a handful we carried on enjoying the ale and jazz until our cab was due, some of us even joining in on the beer plastix, then back to HH for even more at Brent and Kayleens before comatosiosity struck home and pits called. On on next month to Shoreham-by-Sea for Bouncers beery branch-out.



This is a truly amazing story. Thanks for the internet eh? At least this way she will get some recognition.

Irena Sendler

There recently was a death of a 98 year-old lady named Irena. During WWII, Irena, got permission to work in the Warsaw Ghetto, as a Plumbing/Sewer specialist. She had an ' ulterior motive ' ... She KNEW what the Nazi's plans were for the Jews, (being German.) Irena smuggled infants out in the bottom of the tool box she carried and she carried in the back of her truck a burlap sack, (for larger kids.) She also had a dog in the back that she trained to bark when the Nazi soldiers let her in and out of the ghetto. The soldiers of course wanted nothing to do with the dog and the barking covered the kids/infants noises. During her time of doing this, she managed to smuggle out and save 2500 kids/infants. She was caught, and the Nazi ' s broke both her legs, arms and beat her severely. Irena kept a record of the names of all the kids she smuggled out and kept them in a glass jar, buried under a tree in her back yard. After the war, she tried to locate any parents that may have survived it and reunited the family. Most of course had been gassed. Those kids she helped got placed into foster family homes or adopted.

Last year Irena was up for the Nobel Peace Prize ... She was not selected. Al Gore won, for a slide show on Global Warming. GOD BLESS HER May she rest in Peace.



Sir Clement Freud, the broadcaster and raconteur, was laid to rest in a laughter-filled funeral which honoured his three greatest loves: family, food and a flutter on the horses.

By Anita Singh, Showbusiness Editor

Last Updated: 4:56PM BST 24 Apr 2009

For a man with a passion for the sport of kings, the service at St Bride's church in London was a fitting send-off. The choir sang Fugue for Tinorns from the musical Guys and Dolls, otherwise known as I've Got The Horse Right Here, and Sir Clement's son, Matthew Freud, spoke of his father's final trip to the races only days before he died: "We are grateful for the honesty of the undertakers who returned the £2,000 found in his suit pocket."

Sir Clement died last week aged 84, and the famous faces who attended the funeral reflected a career which encompassed the worlds of politics, gastronomy, arts and showbusiness.

Gordon Brown sat beside Bono, the singer with rock band U2. George Osborne, the shadow chancellor, mingled with Graham Norton and Claudia Winkleman, the television presenters, and Nicholas Parsons, Paul Merton and Stephen Fry, who appeared with Sir Clement on the Radio 4 panel show Just A Minute. A jazz quartet played in the spring sunshine on the pavement outside.

Four hundred mourners packed the church off Fleet Street to hear the Prime Minister hail Sir Clement as "not only a national treasure but a national institution". Their friendship stretched back to 1974, when both were rectors of Scottish universities. Mr Brown gave the first reading, the story of the wedding at Cana, noting with a smile that its subject - food and wine - was an apt choice.

Sir Clement's culinary flair received special mention. "If words were his craft, then eating was his purpose," said Mr Freud, who spoke of his father with great affection. "I think my dad would have wanted me to talk about his family. He celebrated our successes and he mitigated our failures with the love of a father and the pride of a patriarch... to me and my family he was the most important person in the whole world and for all that he was we will miss him."

The jokes came thick and fast. The order of service carried not a date of death, but a "Best Before" notice. An assortment of Sir Clement's 17 grandchildren regaled the mourners with anecdotes, including one taken from a letter to the Racing Post. The correspondent recalled dining with Sir Clement, who was tucking into the sausage rolls with gusto. "I thought you were trying to get in shape," said the friend. "I am," Sir Clement replied. "And the shape I have chosen is a triangle."

After the ceremony, Fry said: "That was far and away the most wonderful funeral service I have ever attended, if a funeral service can be wonderful. It was touching, elegant, funny and beautifully organised. It was really remarkable. I couldn't sing, partly because I was standing next to Bono, which would have rather put my voice to shame, but also because one was so choked by it all. The whole thing was wonderful and I was proud to be there."

The service ended with the theme tune to Just A Minute, the programme which Sir Clement made his own for more than 30 years. His coffin was carried out of the church as the Minute Waltz faded away.

ASDA CAKE

Take a look at the picture on the right and keep in mind that this actually happened. This is someone who was moving from an insurance claims office.

Okay so this is how I imagine this conversation went:

Asda Employee: 'Hello 'dis be Asda, how can I help you?'

Customer: 'I would like to order a cake for a going away party this week.'

Asda Employee: 'What you want on de cake?'

Customer: 'Best Wishes Suzanne' and underneath that 'We will miss you'.

STOP LAUGHING! You just can't fix stupid!!!

Talking of Asda quality, beware of their loungers this year which seem to have a slight design flaw as shown in the picture at the bottom of the page.

LITTLE SUZY ON A PLANE

A stranger was seated next to a little girl on the airplane when the stranger turned to her and said, 'Let's talk. I've heard that flights go quicker if you strike up a conversation with your fellow passenger.'

The little girl, who had just opened her book, closed it slowly and said to the stranger, 'What would you like to talk about?' 'Oh, I don't know,' said the stranger. 'How about nuclear power?' and he smiles.

OK, ' she said. 'That could be an interesting topic. But let me ask you a question first. A horse, a cow, and a deer all eat the same stuff - grass - . Yet a deer excretes little pellets, while a cow turns out a flat patty, and a horse produces clumps of dried grass. Why do you suppose that is?'

The stranger, visibly surprised by the little girl's intelligence, thinks about it and says, 'Hmmm, I have no idea...'

To which the little girl replies, 'Do you really feel qualified to discuss nuclear power when you don't know shit?'

A family moved into a house next door to an empty plot. One day Joe, Steve and a gang of building workers turned up to start building a house. The young family's 5-year-old daughter naturally took an interest in all the activity going on next door and started talking with the workers. She hung around and eventually the builders, all with hearts of gold, more or less adopted the little girl as a sort of project mascot. They chatted with her, let her sit with them while they had tea and lunch breaks, and gave her little jobs to do here and there to make her feel important. They even gave her, her very own hard hat and gloves. At the end of the first week they presented her with a pay envelope containing two Pounds in 10 pence coins. The little girl took her 'pay' home to her mother who suggested that they take the money she had received to the bank the next day to start a savings account. When they got to the bank the cashier was tickled pink listening to the little girl telling her about her 'work' on the building site and the fact she had a 'pay packet'.

'You must have worked very hard to earn all this,' said the bank cashier.

The little girl proudly replied, 'I worked all last week with the men building a big house.'

'My goodness gracious,' said the cashier. 'Will you be working on the house again this week, as well?' The little girl thought for a moment and said...

"I think so. Provided those wankers at Jewsons deliver the f—king bricks and it doesn't piss down with rain."

I rang the government Swine flu hotline but all I got was crackling. It said people should be able to tell they've got Swine flu as they'll be covered in rashers...

NURSERY RHYMES

*It's Raining, It's Pouring
Oh sh!t, it's Global Warming.*

*Jack and Jill went into town
To fetch some chips and sweetsies.
He can't keep his heart rate down
And she's got diabetes.*

*Mary had a little lamb
Her father shot it dead.
Now it goes to school with her
Between two chunks of bread.*

*Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie
Was the name of a little boy
Who stole the girls and made them cry.
The boys came out to play
And he stole them too cause he was gay.*

*My little ggy went to mexico,
My little ggy stayed at home
My little ggy rolled in the sh!t,
My little ggy started a pandemic of flu
My little ggy is near you....*



THE



END



Anger Management

When you occasionally have a really bad day, and you just need to take it out on someone, don't take it out on someone you know, take it out on someone you don't know, but you know deserves it. I was sitting at my desk when I remembered a phone call I'd forgotten to make. I found the number and dialed it. A man answered, saying 'Hello.'

I politely said, 'This is Chris. Could I please speak with Robyn Carter?' Suddenly a manic voice yelled in my ear 'Get the right f***ing number!' and the phone was slammed down on me. I couldn't believe that anyone could be so rude. When I tracked down Robyn's correct number to call her, I found that I had accidentally transposed the last two digits. After hanging up with her, I decided to call the 'wrong' number again. When the same guy answered the phone, I yelled 'You're an asshole!' and hung up. I wrote his number down with the word 'asshole' next to it, and put it in my desk drawer. Every couple of weeks, when I was paying bills or had a really bad day, I'd call him up and yell, 'You're an asshole!' It always cheered me up. When Caller ID was

introduced, I thought my therapeutic 'asshole' calling would have to stop. So, I called his number and said, 'Hi, this is John Smith from the telephone company. I'm calling to see if you're familiar with our Caller ID Program?' He yelled 'NO!' and slammed down the phone. I quickly called him back and said, 'That's because you're an asshole!' and hung up.

One day I was at the store, getting ready to pull into a parking spot. Some guy in a black BMW cut me off and pulled into the spot I had patiently waited for. I hit the horn and yelled that I'd been waiting for that spot, but the idiot ignored me. I noticed a 'For Sale' sign in his back window, so I wrote down his number. A couple of days later, right after calling the first asshole (I had his number on speed dial,) I thought that I'd better call the BMW asshole, too. I said, 'Is this the man with the black BMW for sale?' He said, 'Yes, it is.' I then asked, 'Can you tell me where I can see it?' He said, 'Yes, I live at 34 Oaktree Blvd, in Fairfax. It's a yellow ranch style house and the car's parked right out in front.' I asked, 'What's your name?' He said, 'My name is Don Hansen,' I asked, 'When's a good time to catch you, Don?' He said, 'I'm home every evening after five.' I said, 'Listen, Don, can I tell you something?' He said, 'Yes?' I said, 'Don, you're an asshole!' Then I hung up, and added his number to my speed dial, too. Now, when I had a problem, I had two assholes to call.

Then I came up with an idea...

I called asshole #1. He said, 'Hello.' I said, 'You're an asshole!' (But I didn't hang up.) He asked, 'Are you still there?' I said, 'Yeah!' He screamed, 'Stop calling me,' I said, 'Make me,' He asked, 'Who are you?' I said, 'My name is Don Hansen.' He said, 'Yeah? Where do you live?' I said, 'Asshole, I live at 34 Oaktree Blvd, in Fairfax, a yellow ranch style home and I have a black Beamer parked in front.' He said, 'I'm coming over right now, Don. And you had better start saying your prayers.' I said, 'Yeah, like I'm really scared, asshole,' and hung up. Then I called Asshole #2. He said, 'Hello?' I said, 'Hello, asshole,' He yelled, 'If I ever find out who you are....' I said, 'You'll what?' He exclaimed, 'I'll kick your ass,' I answered, 'Well, asshole, here's your chance. I'm coming over right now.' Then I hung up and immediately called the police, saying that I lived at 34 Oaktree Blvd, in Fairfax, and that I was on my way over there to kill my gay lover.

Then I called Channel 7 News about the gang war going down in Oaktree Blvd in Fairfax I quickly got into my car and headed over to Fairfax.

I got there just in time to watch two assholes beating the crap out of each other in front of six cop cars, an overhead news helicopter and surrounded by a news crew. NOW I feel much better.

Anger management really does work!

AND FINALLY...

One day, long, long ago.....

there lived a woman who did not whine, nag or bitch.

But this was a long time ago.....

and it was just that one day.

The End



As the two friends wandered through the snow on their way home, Piglet grinned to himself, thinking how lucky he was to have a best friend like Pooh.

Pooh thought to himself "If the pig sneezes, he's f*cken dead."