



BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #147 August 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
3rd August 2009	1624	White Horse, Maplehurst	189 246	Don's 1000 th run. With Anne
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T and 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. After a mile turn right for pub. c.30 mins				
10th August 2009	1625	Paiges Wood c/p Haywards Heath	317 247	Brent & Kayleen
Directions: A23 north, A272 to Haywards Heath, left at Dolphin pub and 3rd left Lucastes Avenue. Left at T junction then 2nd right - Blunts Wood Crescent for car park. 'P' trail from station. Post run BBQ at Brent & Kayleens house. Est. 25 mins.				
17th August 2009	1626	Stanmer Village	337 095	Phil Mutton
Directions: A27 east to Ditchling turn off but stay on Coldean Lane to traffic lights junction. Left then left into park as you go back under A27. Park 100 yards south of Stanmer House. Est. 10 mins. <i>Another barbecue hash!</i>				
24th August 2009	1627	Eager hare		
required! Directions:				
31st August 2009	1628	Nash Hash		
Hangover run, Perth Racecourse, Scotland The Sweaties Directions: Due north until you hit the party. Estimates variable depending on mode of transport - The Bouncers VW T25 2 days (minimum, subject recovery times), Regular car - 8 hours, Train 5 hours, Plane 2 hours inc transfers.				

RECEDING HARELINE

Nothing to add - oh hares, where art the hares!

CHICHESTER H3 #665:

02/08/09 11.00am 17 Chalk Lane, Sidlesham.

Hares: Malibog and Red Horse Sausage
Treefellers Barbecue - all welcome!

HENFIELD H4 #79:

09/08/09 12.30pm Frankland Arms, Washington.

Hare: Bollocks

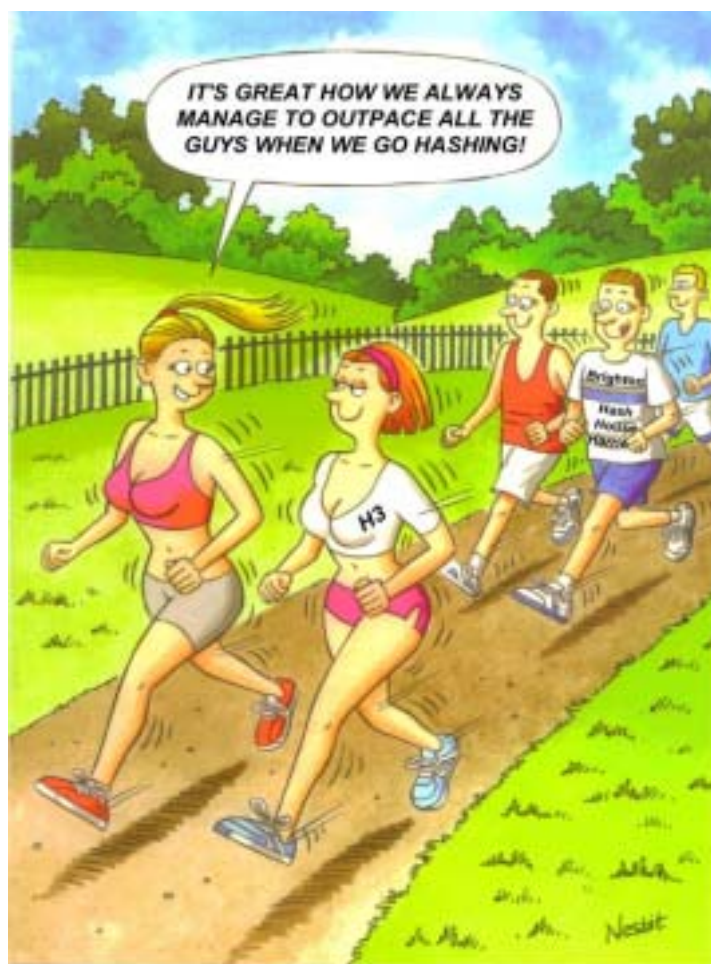
CRAFT #15:

07/08/09 7pm The Shore, Seaford.

Hare: Beerintheevening.com

Thought for the day:

Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment. *Finally I van sets a good hash!*



HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

Barbecue season is here:

2nd August – Brighton hashers are invited to Treefellers barbecue at 17 Chalk Lane, Sidlesham PO20 7LW. Hash at 11am by Malibog and Red Horse

10th August – Post hash barbecue at Brent and Kayleens house – 3, Hillside Walk, Haywards Heath

On

Upcoming CRAFT H3 trails:

#15 07/08/09 Seaford – meet at The Shore just round the corner from the railway station at 7pm. UK Ex-Qatar Annual Reunion takes place in Seaford over the weekend and they have been invited to join us on the Friday night pub crawl.

#16 11/09/09 Kingston, Surrey – Daffy and FB's trail and Curry Hash curry.

#17 02/10/09 Horsham – Weltons Brewery Old Ale launch night. A great night was had at this event last year - beer very competitively priced; loads of bread and cheese; Morris dancing etc. - recommended!

On

Friday 7th - Sunday 9th August 2009 20th UK Ex-Qatar H3 Reunion at Seaford. Open to all ex-Qatar hashers. If interested in the weekend contact Parrot on ferretflyer@yahoo.co.uk. Parrot has also asked if anyone has around 50 promotional type items that may be suitable for goody bags?

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!



Winning Hearts and Minds all over London and the South Coast

The 2009 City Hash Paintballing Championship



A day trip to a Paint Ball venue near Hassock followed by a visit to some of the local hostelries around Brighton Town Centre. For more details see Heavy Pants or email wendy.pedlow@coocolemail.com.

Registration Form:-

Surname:	
First Name:	
Hash Name:	
Telephone Number:	
E-mail address:	Fill if veggie <input type="radio"/>

Please attach cash or cheque for £15 payable to City Hash House Harriers with your completed registration form to any member of City Hash committee. Includes BBQ lunch. Full instructions on times and where to meet will be emailed upon registration.

A Stimulus Story

It is the month of August, on the shores of the Black Sea. It is raining, and the little town looks totally deserted. These are tough times, everybody is in debt, and everybody lives on credit. Suddenly, a rich tourist comes to town. He enters the only hotel, lays a 100 Euro note on the reception counter, and goes to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one.

The hotel proprietor takes the 100 Euro note and runs to pay his debt to the butcher.

The Butcher takes the 100 Euro note, and runs to pay his debt to the pig breeder.

The pig breeder takes the 100 Euro note, and runs to pay his debt to the supplier of his feed and fuel.

The supplier of feed and fuel takes the 100 Euro note and runs to pay back what he had 'borrowed' from the hash as hash cash.

The hash r*n to pay their debt to the town's prostitute that, in these hard times, had given her "services" to the club on credit.

The hooker runs to the hotel, and pays off her debt with the 100 Euro note to the hotel proprietor to pay for the rooms that she rented when she brought her clients there.

The hotel proprietor then lays the 100 Euro note back on the counter so that the rich tourist will not suspect anything.

At that moment, the rich tourist comes down after inspecting the rooms, and takes his 100 Euro note, after saying that he did not like any of the rooms, and leaves town.

No one earned anything. However, the whole town is now without debt, and looks to the future with a lot of optimism.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how economies are managed today.

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

When you see a woman... and really fancy her.. please consider the following...

No matter how beautiful she is.....

No matter how sexy she is...

No matter how seductive she is...

No matter how cute and sweet she is

No matter how nice her beaver is...

No matter how huge her melons are...

Bugger I forgot what I was going to say

From the office of the Prime Minister .

10 Downing Street

London SW1

Dear People of the United Kingdom,

Due to the current financial situation caused by the slowdown of the economy, your Government has decided to implement a scheme to put workers 50 years of age and older on early retirement. This scheme will be known as RAPE (Retire Aged People Early).

Persons selected to be RAPED can apply to the government to be eligible for the SHAFT scheme (Special Help After Forced Termination).

Persons who have been RAPED and SHAFTEd will be reviewed under the SCREW program (Scheme Covering Retired Early Workers). A person may be RAPED once, SHAFTEd twice and SCREWED as many times as the government deems appropriate.

Only persons who have been RAPED can get AIDS (Additional Income for Dependants & Spouse) or HERPES (Half Earnings for Retired Personnel Early Severance). Obviously, persons who have AIDS or HERPES will not be SHAFTEd or SCREWED any further by the government.

Persons who are not RAPED and are staying on, will receive as much SHIT (Special High Intensity Training) as possible. The government has always prided itself in the amount of SHIT it gives out. Should you feel that you do not receive enough SHIT, please bring this to the attention of your local MP. They have been trained to give you all the SHIT you can handle.

Sincerely,

Gordon Brown

A PLEA:

No more political emails!

No more chain emails!

No more forwarded lucky emails!

No more spiritual emails!

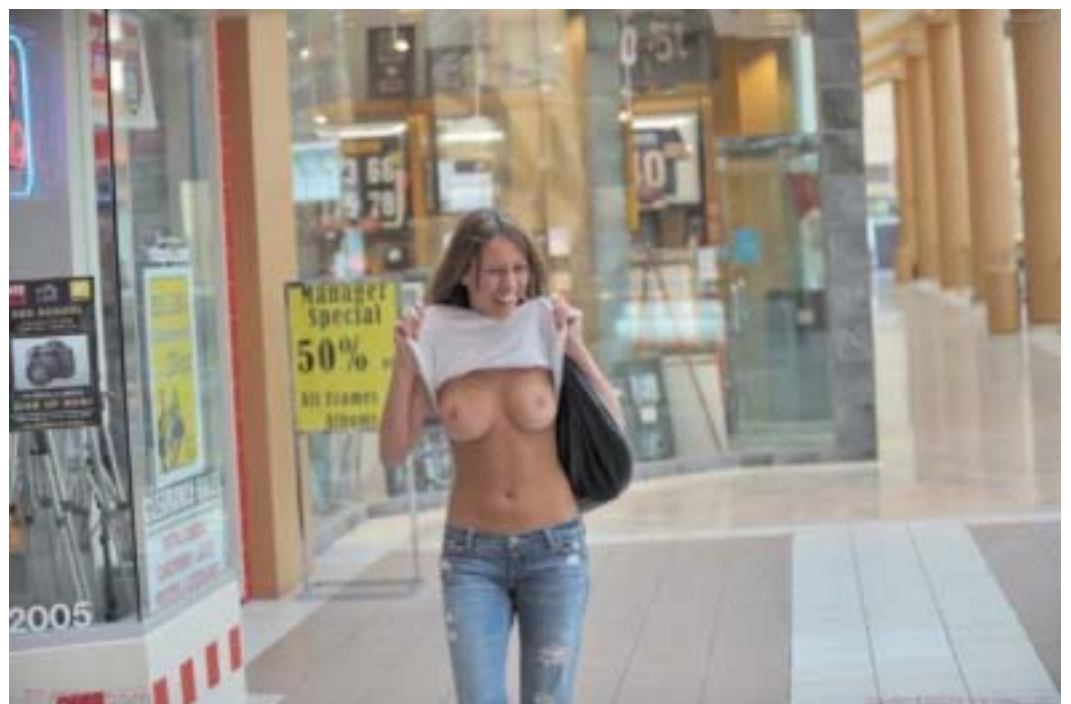
No more dying child emails!

No more biscuit recipe emails!

No more fundraising emails!

We need to get back to what the e-mail was designed for

>>>>>>



Looking back to the FOTM review: Whack whack oops. Y'see what happens when you're rushing. I managed to miss out the reason why Ann managed to get herself named Red Slapper! At interhash she took great care of the hashers with a BH7 connection (Nicola; Sally; James; Nigel etc.) and named herself the Red Leader. On Friday night I'd said "Is it Virgin you're a trolley dolly with?" To receive an outraged "Not Virgin!". Throwing this to the crowd, what is the opposite of virgin?, Hot Pants responded very quickly with Slapper!

CRAFT #14

The trouble with work is that it gets right in the way of a social life. After losing my job last July, I eventually took up taxi driving for the foreseeable, but the best money is to be made Friday and Saturday nights. So apart from that feeling of brassickness if I don't work, there's a certain amount of understandable grief from 'er indoors (leading to bra sickness?). Consequently, the continuation of the CRAFT, which is close to my heart, relies on me not going out at other times. Or, as in the last 2 months' case of rolling it into something else! So mate Phil has rung up and invited me out for a beer to mark his birthday. CRAFT haven't been to Burgess Hill so we decided to go for it and join in the party.

I reached the **Railway Arms** ahead of everyone else and was just amusing myself with the menu (Deli board with a Delhi board - consisting of samosas and bhajis) when I spotted two familiar but unexpected faces strolling by - Snow White and Edna, over from Australia had found us again after haring November. They'd already been to InterScandinavia and Eurohash and would be visiting InterAsia before getting back home in time for Perth's 2000th run celebrations, quite a list for the CRAFT to find itself at the heart of! Brent and Kayleen soon joined us and after a futile search for chalk a teeny bag of flour was secured for 69p which was humorous for some reason that now eludes me, and we headed on to the **Potters**. To quote an old Monty Python adage, Bernie is used to beer that is 'like making love in a canoe - fucking close to water' however, I think even he was surprised when the 'interesting looking' lager he chose here turned out to be 2%! Phils curry at the **Taza** was booked for 8.00 so we had to abort plans to imbibe in the **Brewers Arms** and join the group already getting stuck into the poppadoms of Phil, Caroline, Greta and I think, Ian. Andy joined us soon after and presented Phil with an 80th birthday card so he shared with Gill who was also marking her birthday and they were both flattered by the result! After the grub and as the restaurant didn't seem inclined to bring on the champagne, Bouncers mini-sparklers made an appearance. Sated we then moved on to the **Kings Head**, leaving a clear trail for Phil and Andy to follow, to be entertained by a loud local band and introduce Edna to bar billiards. Awkward train times got in the way so a decision was again made to miss the **Watermill**, which was a crying shame as it's an ale trail pub, and head straight for the **Top House** for a final ale. With time against us beers were tipped into tankards and we found ourselves being pursued by any number of police in cars, and on patrol. Discrete street drinking won out as they showed us no further interest! Meanwhile attempts to pass over the balance of the flour to Snow White as a starter for her birthday cake failed miserably! Bizarrely we all had to get the same train north in order to get trains south to Lewes and Shoreham and there was a final amusing twist to the night when we disembarked at Haywards Heath to find the grinning Testiculator and Ging Gang standing at the doors waiting to get on. The short notice CRAFT had clashed with something else nearby but at least they'd put in a fleeting appearance! And so to home after another great night.

CRAFT footnote:

Angel and I also went to the Hursley 1000th/ R2D2 500th weekend, mainly on the back of a recommendation from Audrey 'Oral S3x' from Edinburgh TNT H3, but the bargain £30 rego helped! Not to dwell too long but it started as usual with a Friday night pub crawl around Winchester which FB decided should be a CRAFT! I ended up strolling round with Dirty Wee G String, Thirsty Thursday and a couple of others, varying slightly ahead of the main pack as we started with pub 2, and then behind but how I don't know! Prat of the night was me for the decision to take a waterproof which I left at 3 pubs and had to keep returning! Most amusing moment was the doorman at the Irish pub. DWGS was desperately trying not to break her tenner but the doorman told her three fifty straight out so she refused to go in. I then checked with him "drinks?" "yup" "food?" (for a laugh!) "yup" "band?" "yup, everything. No more than 350 people allowed in." This response apparently was because there was a quiz sheet but it seems there was another group also doing a quiz! Great fun inside as there was a top band playing. Saturday run was north to Kings Worthy with a direct option along St. Swithins Way so I strolled the boys that way as Gabs did the full run. Weather turned against us on our return so we sat tight until dinner. Curry ran out and I'd not had a response to several e-mails so they didn't have me as a veggie anyway so I was one of several the organisers had pizzas delivered to! Great band had us on our feet later and Spingos Christmas Tree enjoyed itself, before FB took it on to I SCA on its way to Perth. Sunday was a tough run up a couple of hills for views over Winchester made far more pleasant by the sight of Drag Queens Saltire at the top! Somehow we found ourselves in the middle of a race at several points so would stand aside to let the runners through accompanied by a song. Great fun! This was a terrific weekend proving that you can do it for £30/ head despite a couple of soon resolved hitches, which Hoggie was eager to take on board for Nash Hash. Apparently we can now look forward to a breakfast of Pizza! lunch of Pizza! and supper of Pizza! after Pearl'n'Deans observation that it was cheaper than the curry!



REHASHING

Ivan at the Frankland Arms, Washington

I was busting my head trying to recall the name of a certain island north of Australia in the car on the way over, said island being the home hash of Rob Malibog who was due to land and head straight to the pub to join us for the après. Wiggy suggested Tasmania and New Zealand before getting the idea about north and recommending Sumatra, Japan, Sumatra, Borneo and Sumatra. In the car park I chucked the same question at Charlie to get a strange look in return, followed rapidly by Wiggy suggesting it might be the one written on my hat. Quite so, Papua New Guinea, said hat being a gift from Kalbo Rob on his previous visit.

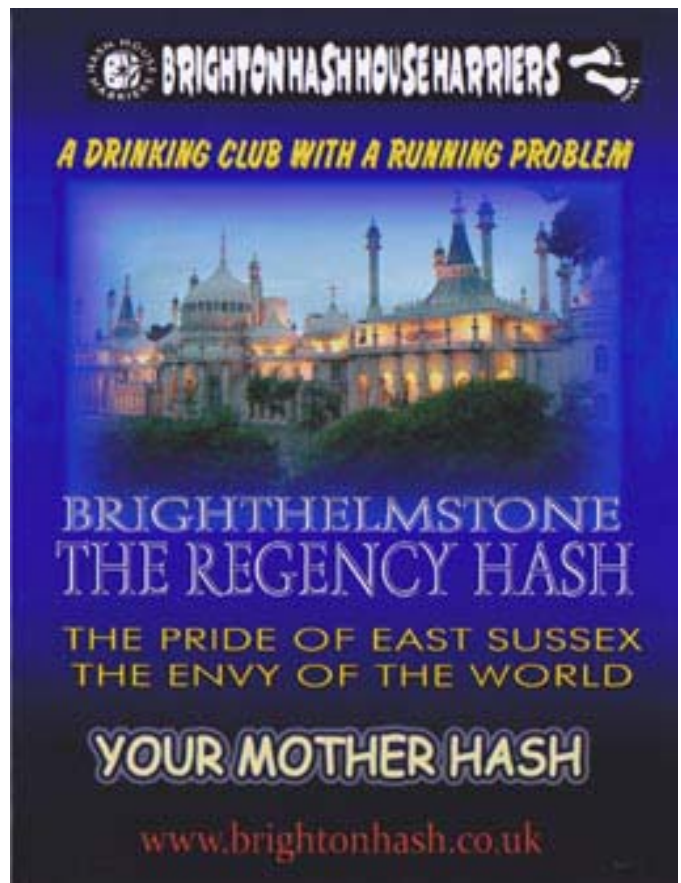
It always bodes when the run starts by heading out and along a respectably busy road without a path. Mind you it always bodes when you see I vans name on the run sheet, meaning it boded for him when we passed a pond 30 seconds in! There was a quick turn off, however, and we then cut up towards the quarries before the check took us underneath the A24 and up into Warren Woods. The old maxim 'never check down' is there for a bloody good reason, so why did I decide it could possibly be to the right in the woods? Having been going well I was naturally dragged to the back as I cut across to catch up at the car park. Earwiggling furiously I then picked up from the hare that it was down the road marginally ahead of anyone else so again galloped off, crossed the Storrington Road and carried on towards Sullington hill. At the check I opted for right as Brent charged on up the hill. Plenty of mud here but no marks so returned to report accordingly to Ben and Jo who were close behind. It was here we lost Brent for quite some time cos it wasn't up the hill either but back towards the bridge for a potentially huge SCB. The path up the side of the A24 was the correct option so off we went again accompanied by the usual motorway sounds, through a couple of fields and eventually hitting the Staircase. Plenty of grumbling here but hare cheerfully called out 176 assuming it was because people had lost count, and cared! At the top we regrouped then down to a check where Brett, Jo and Nerys all confidently headed for the safe crossing. This was an I van run though, so it was across 6 lanes of fast traffic, which may have been less of a concern than Jo's previous blunderbuss warnings as Nerys realised we were going to pass her Grans house. It was here that my grumbling gut came into its own announcing its presence in no uncertain terms as Don and Anne asked if there was a free run date coming up. Not nice and apologies to those in the vicinity, so although it was already established that we were heading sideways over hill and through the woods, I still followed Dildoped up so that I could have a moment alone. As we came out of the woods the next check took us hard right and back across the fields to pop out of the bushes directly opposite the pub. Job done and a very fine hash from I van who modestly acknowledged that "I had to get it right at some point".

Sure enough in the pub I was accosted by Gollum Malibog 'he of the many hash names', Dragon Lady, Liz, and Derek who all bore the moniker of lightweight well, for not doing the run! Another great hash ...

St. Mary's Gate, Arundel - Bouncer - "The return of the 'bogs!"

What can I say? Another truly great hash...! Here's a 3rd party opinion:

Gathering outside a new pub to the hash, which for some reason had booked us in for 27th August instead of July (doh!), Ed was seen stretching - what info has he got about the run? Hare eventually arrived and off we set only to be called back for some boring chat about swans and an introduction to the Malibogs on their annual visit. "Sort your priorities out" called hare as senior and junior bogs got confused. Down the hill we followed green marks to the roundabout and crossed over to cut up through the Trout Farm. Some confusion as Charlie seemed to have called it uphill, according to Brett, but wrong as it was up the road. Next check was up the hill though to a 4 way check. Local knowledge from Jo had us all following right but again we were called back, except Jo who was convinced! Straight down the track we met up with the walkers at the next check which was a bit of a give away but by now the visitor Rob Malibog was calling from across the field. Over the road and through the woods check was called pretty fast then a brief flirt with houses and on to next check. This led through a field of pony's and eventually back to the roundabout. Over the road we cut down to the river and under the bridge where hare had SCB'd to remind us about the swan again. Pointless really as the thing had gone but it was here that Charlie started to freak out as he'd lost the car key and had to retrace. Collective concern went by the way as we crossed the car park from the river to cut back to the moat. Along the path and under the bridge check was found up the side of the lake, through some real bog. Brett led up the hill to the folly after the next check as everyone adopted the crampons approach. Although there was another check it was straightforward along the road to the gate where a couple more visitors had set up a cider and muffin stop from Bouncers car. Only a short drop down to the pub from here where we settled into the various rooms including a gambling den for the hash cribbage team! Meanwhile Malibog gave us some interesting hash cards bearing the legends Lifetime Member, Your Mother Hash or Run With Us. These put Brighton as 'The Pride of East Sussex' apparently because he'd done the same for Chichester as the Pride of West Sussex As they were heading out the door Rob Malibog called out to the Bouncers that they should come and stay with him in Papua New Guinea. "I'm not going there" responded Angel pointing at Kalbo's pate, "they eat people. look they've already eaten all your hair". Another great hash...



EXPLODING URBAN LEGENDS

The Neiman-Marcus Cookie Recipe *Angels Dad tried this recently and whatever the history, it is nice!*

Neiman Marcus is a very expensive boutique shop (they sell a typical \$8.00 T-shirt for \$50.00). My daughter and I had just finished lunch at a Neiman-Marcus Cafe in Dallas, USA, where we decided to try the 'Neiman-Marcus cookie'. It was so excellent that I asked if they would give me the recipe. The waitress said with a small frown, 'I'm afraid not, but you can buy the recipe.' I asked how much, and she responded; 'Only two fifty - it's a great deal' I agreed to that, and told her to add it to my bill. Thirty days later, I got my Visa statement, and the Neiman-Marcus charge was \$285. I looked at it again, and I remembered I had only spent \$9.95 for two sandwiches and about \$20 for a scarf. At the bottom of the statement, it said, 'Cookie Recipe - \$250.00'. So I called Neiman's Accounting Department and told them the waitress had said it was 'two fifty', which clearly does not mean 'two hundred and fifty dollars' by any reasonable interpretation of the phrase. They would not refund my money because according to them; 'What the waitress told you is not our problem. You have already seen the recipe. We absolutely will not refund your money.' I explained to the Accounting Department lady the criminal statutes which govern fraud in the state of Texas. I threatened to report them to the Better Business Bureau and the Texas Attorney General's office. I was basically told: Do what you want. Don't bother thinking of how you can get even, and don't bother trying to get any of your money back' I said, OK, you've got my \$250, and now I'm going to have \$250 worth of fun. I told her that I was going to see to it that every cookie lover in the world with an e-mail account gets a \$250 cookie recipe from Neiman-Marcus for free. She replied, 'I wish you wouldn't do that.' I said, 'Well, perhaps you should have thought of that before you RIPPED ME OFF!' and slammed down the phone. So here it is!

NEI MAN-MARCUS COOKIES (Recipe may be halved as this makes heaps)

2 (500 ml) cups butter
680 g chocolate chips
4 (1000 ml) cups flour
2 (500 ml) cups brown sugar
2 tsp. (10 ml) Bicarbonate of soda
1 tsp. (5 ml) salt
2 (500 ml) cups sugar
500 g Grated Cadbury chocolate
5 (1250 ml) cups blended oatmeal
4 eggs
2 tsp. (10 ml) baking powder
2 tsp. (10 ml) vanilla
3 cups (375 ml) chopped nuts (optional)

Measure oatmeal, and blend in a blender to a fine powder. Cream the butter and both sugars. Add eggs and vanilla, mix together with flour, oatmeal, salt, baking powder, and bicarbonate of soda. Add chocolate chips, grated Chocolate and nuts. Roll into balls, and place two inches apart on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees (180 C).

The above quantities make 112 cookies. Enjoy!

Hashers might want to try adding a little something 'extra' but don't let the wife drive afterwards. I did and she went through a contra-flow at 10 miles an hour with one hand over her left eye soon after pub closing time.

An elderly man lay dying in his bed. In death's agony, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs. He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.



The Neiman Marcus \$250 Cookie Recipe story is considered to be an urban legend. It was an early example of viral communication that was originally passed along via xerox copies. The legend gained even more notoriety as a popular viral e-mail message that readers were encouraged to forward to all their friends.



With laboured breath, he leaned against the doorframe, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven: there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table, were literally hundreds of his favourite chocolate chip cookies. Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man? Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table, landing on his knees in a rumpled posture. His parched lips parted: the wondrous taste of the cookie was already in his mouth, seemingly bringing him back to life.

The aged and withered hand trembled on its way to a cookie at the edge of the table when, suddenly, it was smacked by a spatula by his wife. "Fuck off" she said, "they're for the funeral."

Little Johnny was in school one day when the teacher brought around cookies for snack time. "Here, Little Johnny, have a cookie." "I don't fucking want one," declared Johnny. The teacher was shocked. She called Little Johnny's mother and scheduled her to come in for a meeting the next day. When Little Johnny's mother arrived, the teacher had her hide behind the curtain until snack time came around. As she came to Little Johnny, she again told him, "Here Little Johnny. It's time for your cookie." "I don't fucking want one," stated Little Johnny again. The teacher pulled aside the curtain and said to his mother, "See? Did you hear what he said?" "So?" said his mother, "Don't fucking give him one."

Another clever Japanese invention!

Mars The Red Planet is about to be spectacular!

Check it out, guess no one will get much sleep in August. This month and next, Earth is catching up with Mars in an encounter that will culminate in the closest approach between the two planets in recorded history. The next time Mars may come this close is in 2287.

Due to the way Jupiter's gravity tugs on Mars and perturbs its orbit, astronomers can only be certain that Mars has not come this close to Earth in the last 5,000 years, but it may be as long as 60,000 years before it happens again.

The encounter will culminate on August 27th when Mars comes to within 34,649,589 miles of Earth and will be (next to the moon) the brightest object in the night sky. It will attain a magnitude of -2.9 and will appear 25.11 arc seconds wide.

At a modest 75-power magnification Mars will look as large as the full moon to the naked eye.

Mars will be easy to spot. At the beginning of August it will rise in the east at 10p.m. and reach its azimuth at about 3 a.m.

By the end of August when the two planets are closest, Mars will rise at nightfall and reach its highest point in the sky at 12:30a.m. That's pretty convenient to see something that no human being has seen in recorded history. So, mark your calendar at the beginning of August to see Mars grow progressively brighter and brighter throughout the month.

Share this with your children and grandchildren.

NO ONE ALIVE TODAY WILL EVER SEE THIS AGAIN

WATER FOUND ON MARS



The Michael Jackson tributes:

- Word has it Michael Jackson wanted to be laid to rest at sea, he wanted to be strapped to a couple of buoys!!
- Michael Jackson is dead, Hospital staff don't know what to do with the body, as plastic recycle night is next Tuesday.
- Out of respect McDonalds are releasing a mcjackson burger, it has 50 year old meat between 10 year old buns
- The US Coroner's office have announced that Michael Jackson's body will be melted down & re-packaged as plastic toys - So kids can play with him for a change!
- Michael Jackson's will states that at his funeral - It doesn't matter if you wear black or white!
- Michael Jackson died, because his heart could no longer beat it!
- Apparently Michael Jackson died picking his nose. Doctors say they couldn't blame it on the sunshine; they couldn't blame it on the moonlight but blame it on the bogey.
- Good News Indeed - Could this be the light at the End of the Tunnel

Shares of Tupperware increased by 46% this morning. After the announcement that Michael Jackson had willed his mortal remains to the company

- From the Financial Correspondent of the Stockholm Trash
- Apparently, while trying to revive him, one doctor turned to the other and said "so you wanna be starting somethin', so you wanna be starting something!!"

- Undertakers have confirmed Michael Jackson will be melted down and used to make toys. This way the kids can play with him for a change
- What's the difference between Michael Jackson and Alex Ferguson? Fergie will be playing Giggs in August!

And so on ad infinitum...

Have to say that a piece of information that I found highly amusing concerns Jackos number 1 hit Billie Jean, which is based on a true story. Seems MJ had woken one day to find a stranger by his pool on a sunbed. When challenged she said he was the father of one of her twins!

The big bad Wolf said "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down." The little piggy puts his head out of the window and says "F.. off or I'll sneeze on you."



Swine flu panic hits new levels...

THE



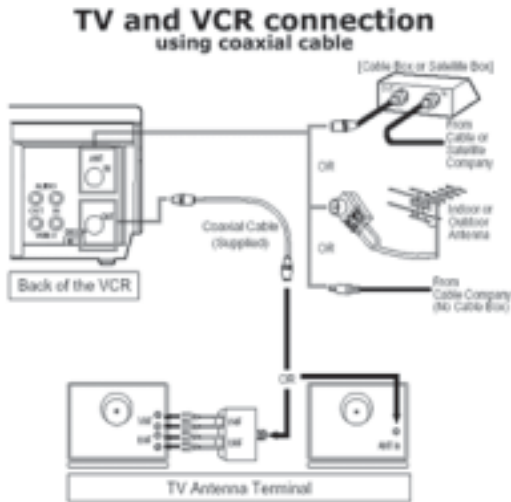
END

BURGLARY IN FLORIDA

You just can't make this stuff up!! When southern Florida resident Nathan Radlich's house was burglarized recently, thieves ignored his wide screen plasma TV, his VCR, and even left his Rolex watch. What they did take, however, was 'a generic white cardboard box filled with a greyish-white powder.' (That's at least the way the police report described it.)

A spokesman for the Fort Lauderdale police said, 'that it looked similar to high grade cocaine and they'd probably thought they'd hit the big time.' Later, Nathan stood in front of the numerous TV cameras and pleaded with the burglars: 'Please return the cremated remains of my sister, Gertrude. She died three years ago.'

The next morning, the bullet-riddled corpse of a local drug dealer known as Hoochie Pevens was found on Nathan's doorstep. The cardboard box was there too; about half of Gertrude's ashes remained. Scotch taped to the box was this note which said: 'Hoochie sold us the bogus blow, so we wasted Hoochie. Sorry we snorted your sister. No hard feelings. Have a nice day.'



If anyone of you electronic guru's knows how to connect the digital convertor boxes please let me know.

My new neighbour keeps on asking me.

My wife complains about the time I am spending there to try and help - I really don't know how.

Here is a photo of what the set-up looks like:



40 Gypsies arrive at the Pearly Gates in their Transit vans and caravans. St Peter goes into the gatehouse and phones up God, saying, 'I've got 40 travellers here. Can I let them in?' God says 'We are over quota on Pikeys. Go out and tell them to choose between them which are the 12 most worthy, and I will let just the dozen in.' Less than a minute later St. Peter is on the phone to God again 'They've gone', he tells God. 'What?' says God, 'All 40 of them?' 'No, the f***ing gates!'

THE END:

Husband and wife are waiting at the bus stop with their nine children. A blind man joins them after a few minutes. When the bus arrives, they find it overloaded and only the wife and the nine kids are able to fit onto the bus. So the husband and the blind man decide to walk. After a while, the husband gets irritated by the ticking of the stick of the blind man as he taps it on the sidewalk, and says to him, "Why don't you put a piece of rubber at the end of your stick? That ticking sound is driving me crazy." The blind man replies, "If you had put a rubber at the end of YOUR stick, we'd be riding the bus, so shut up."