



# BOGGY SHOE

*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)  
R-ns/trash #156 May 2010*

<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 May 2010	1663	Flying Fish, Denton	457 024	Dave & Kit
<b>Directions:</b> A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton then 2nd left Denton Road. <b>20 mins</b>				
10th May 2010	1664	Marquis of Granby, Sompting	162 053	Pat
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take next left. Pub on right, parking limited. <b>Est. 15 mins</b>				
17th May 2010	1665	Friars Oak, Hassocks	303 165	Angel & Bouncer
<b>Directions:</b> Up A23, filter off at A273 over Clayton Hill. Pub on right 1k after Stonepound traffic lights. <b>Est. 10 mins</b>				
24th May 2010	1666	Royal Oak, Wineham	236 206	Pete Beard
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint. Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5miles. <b>Est. 20 mins</b>				
31st May 2010	1667	Six Bells, Chiddingly	544 143	Don & Ann
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Lewes. A26 then B2132 through Ringmer. B2124 to Golden Cross. Turn right on A22 then next left. Keep left and pub is approx. 1.5 miles. <b>Est. 30 mins</b>				

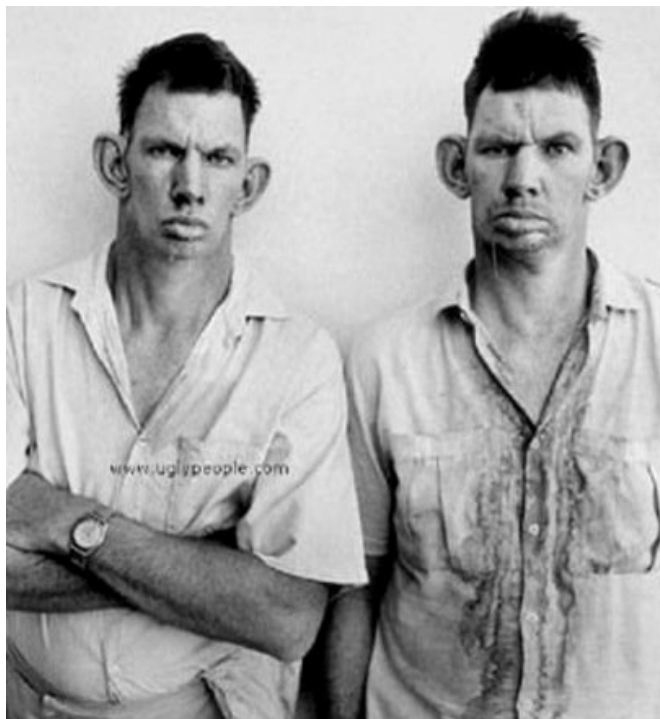
## RECEDING HARELINE:

- 22/05/10 Annual hash relay - South Downs Way  
**Organiser: Phil Mutton**
- 07/06/10 White Hart, Cuckfield - Brent & Kayleen
- 14/06/10 Horseshoe Inn, Windmill Hill, Herstmonceux - Julia & Chris
- 21/06/10 PEP, Ditchling - Peter E. Barbecue night
- 28/06/10 **UK IH alternative pre-ramble** - Ann & Nicola
- 05/07/10 **UK IH alternative post-ramble** - Bouncer
- 12/07/10 TBA - Elaine

**CRAFT #24 - 14th May 2010**  
The Railway, Crawley

## Thought for the day:

Hash house harriers - turning beer, wine and spirits into urine since 1938.



There's nothing sexier than twins.

Both Mr. Mays are Gemini's and between them have 35 personalities.

They are looking for a woman... or two.

**May**

# HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

K'CHING it's EASTBOURNEO! 2nd, 3rd and 4th July 2010

[www.outerhash.org](http://www.outerhash.org)

The UK alternative to Interhash will be held at **Eastbourne Rugby Club** and is filling up rapidly. To be sure of your place on what promises to be an excellent weekend get your registration forms in as soon as possible! The initial price of £60 has been held for Sussex hashers but registrations need to be received by 17<sup>th</sup> May to qualify.  
Contact: **Bouncer** or **Nicola 'Black Stockings' Williams** for more info.

On



**CRAFT #24 - The Railway, 'P' trail from Crawley Station. Hares: Ging Gang Goolie and Heavy Pants 7pm start**  
Come along on the first ladies only CRAFT trail! Fellas dress accordingly (*oh alright, that's just the hares!*), and don't forget your (A)frican tankards.

On

**HASH RELAY - Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> May 2010 starting by Buriton pond**

Once again it's time to dust off the maps, compasses and crampons as we launch our offensive, and believe me it's offensive, on the South Downs Way. As usual, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, Phil declared his team victorious last year so grabs the honours of organising this years event. Prizes are unlikely to be awarded for excellence, but as we just don't know it may just be worth a try. Prizes are also unlikely to be awarded on the basis of most beers consumed as Bouncers team tried this approach last year, but hey, at least we had fun! To be quite honest prizes are unlikely to be awarded.

Full details and teams to Phil 'Chopper' Mutton asap.

On

**Milton Keynes H3 20th Anniversary  
21-23 May 2010 At Buckingham Rugby Club**

Come and celebrate 20 years of Concrete Cows and Roundabouts.

This will be a traditional MKH3 party weekend

For an all inclusive price of £75 you will get all the following:-

- Five meals, (3 meals Saturday, 2 meals Sunday)
- Free bar midnight Friday to Sunday
- T-Shirt and a mystery present
- Great live band on Saturday night

Go to <http://www.mkh3.co.uk/anni> for full information and registration form

Email [20ann@mkh3.co.uk](mailto:20ann@mkh3.co.uk) or Phone Daisy 01908 665503

Hope to see you there

On On Cum Dancing



On

- 🔥 It's a bit early for Iceland volcano jokes. We should wait awhile for the dust to settle.
- 🔥 I see that America has declared war on Iceland. They're accusing them of harbouring a "weapon of ash eruption".
- 🔥 It was the last wish of the Icelandic economy that its ashes be spread over Europe.
- 🔥 Iceland goes bankrupt, then it manages to set itself on fire. This has insurance scam written all over it.
- 🔥 Waiter, there's volcanic ash in my soup. I know, it's a no-fly zone.
- 🔥 Richard Curtis is working on a new rom-com about people stuck in an airport who fall in love. The working title is "Lava Actually".
- 🔥 I came out my house yesterday and was hit on the head by a bag of frozen sausages, a chocolate gateau and some fish fingers. I realised it must be the fallout from Iceland.
- 🔥 Volcano in Iceland. What next Earthquake in Asda?
- 🔥 Woke this morning to find every surface in the house covered in a layer of dust and a foul stench of sulphur in the air. No change, I've been married to that bone-idle slob for 20 years.
- 🔥 What do Cheryl Cole and the Iceland volcano have in common? They both chucked out ash.
- 🔥 There's no pleasing the English. The last time they got the Ashes they were over the moon.
- 🔥 I'm voting for the Icelandic Volcano Party. They've done more to sort out the immigration problems in the last month than Labour have in the last 13 years.
- 🔥 "From Iceland: Put 30 billion euros in the letterbox by the Icelandic embassy tonight and we will turn off the volcano! Don't call the police!"

Britain: Iceland are you crazy?!? Why did you send us volcanic ash? Our airspace has shut down.

Iceland: What? That's what you asked for isn't it ?

Britain: NO! We said volumes of cash! Cash you dyslexic idiot. CASH!



Well done to everyone who took part in the first ever Brighton road marathon. According to the official results, just one hasher finished, so well done Eileen! However, Angel came back with a few names as well as those few I saw myself from the sideline so I have managed to glean the following from the results. If you don't find your name here, or I have your time wrong, tough! Boggy Shoe is supposed to be the forum for hash related stuff but the only feedback I've had is the blurry photo on the left from Ivan.

Position	Time	Name	Chip
7043	6.12	Eileen Sutton	5.53
16	2.48	Louis Taub	2.48
128	3.10	John Baxter	3.10
897	3.43	Ivan Lyons	3.42
1556	3.57	Nigel Wilce	3.46
1812	4.01	Chris Dauncey	3.59
2174	4.08	Pete Thomas	3.58
2199	4.09	Sarah Russell	4.03
3602	4.35	Patricia Morfitt	4.20
3840	4.38	Rik Taub	4.24
5279	5.06	Andy Elliott	5.04

**A message to all members of HashSpace**

I'm sad to say that the hash world lost an icon today... and the world in general lost a good man. The Wolf passed away while on trail today with the Frankfurt H3. He was one of four remaining men who had attended every World Interhash and he was proud of the fact that he had hashed in 80 countries and was tops on half-mind.com's list of Where Have You Hashed?

*Brent and Kayleen knew Wolf for many years and regularly partake his annual hash pilgrimages, visiting many countries on the way. One of the hash legends, his name is up there with G, Horse, Magic etc. Another star on the great sky trail. R.I.P.*



Great picture but in order to justify it's appearance this is the only Hulk joke available on the interweb. Sorry: What has 148 teeth and holds back the incredible hulk? My Zipper.

A class of five-year old students are learning to read. One of them pointed at a picture in a zoo book and said, "Look at this! It's a frickin' elephant!" The teacher took a deep breath, then asked..."What did you call it?" "It's a frickin' elephant! It says so on the picture!" And so it does...



**A-F-R-I-C-A-N ELEPHANT**

**Meanwhile...**

*His request approved, the CNN News photographer quickly used a cell phone to call the local airport to charter a flight. He was told a twin-engine plane would be waiting for him at the airport. Arriving at the airfield, he spotted a plane warming up outside a hanger. He jumped in with his bag, slammed the door shut, and shouted, 'Let's go'. The pilot taxied out, swung the plane into the wind and took off. Once in the air, the photographer instructed the pilot, 'Fly over the valley and make low passes so I can take pictures of the fires on the hillsides.' 'Why?' asked the pilot. 'Because I'm a photographer for CNN', he responded, 'and I need to get some close up shots.' The pilot was strangely silent for a moment, finally he stammered, 'So, what you're telling me, is . . . You're NOT my flight instructor?'*

## CRAFT #23 - St. George's Day pub crawl by train 23/04/10 - Airman hits the rails

In conversation with Brent one Monday night Bob revealed that he regularly arranged a St. Georges Day pub crawl by train and suggested that CRAFT could join in this year as it was on a Friday. CRAFT were at that stage without a firm venue so the offer was taken up and we duly found ourselves meeting up on the train from Haywards Heath to Plumpton to join Bob's crowd in the **Winning Post** for pub 1. Sadly there had been a high dropout from CRAFT regulars due to the clash with SORTED in London, and an office do for Kayleen. Last minute retiree Bagman due to a family commitment meant that just Keeps It Up and Bouncer were representing the CRAFT (although both Dildoped and Cyst Pit would appear later). Both however were already in credit by the time they reached Plumpton. In spite of the early start, and apart from John who is known as Bouncer, there were already several Johns there, one of whom was known as Boris, as well as Jim and Bob, and they were on a mission, destroying 3 pints before we caught the train to Lewes for pub 2. As we left pub 1 Bouncer remembered chalk to mark the trail but had all but forgotten by the time we reached Lewes so marks were far and few between up to the **John Harvey Tavern**. As beers were ordered up we headed outside to enjoy the afternoon sun. Several folk had decided to grab some grub here but were baffled by the non-appearance which turned out to be the bloke sat by the door who claimed every plate for himself. The pub staff were clearly unamused by his shenanigans and handed over a sheet of instructions to punters.

### When Ordering Drinks

- PLEASE remember to order one drink at a time as we like to run backwards and forwards, it keeps us fit.
- When ordering a round please make sure you don't know what you want when you arrive at the bar. We like to stand and wait while you nip backwards and forwards or shout across the room to find out, although we do generally find that other people at the bar who have been waiting "half an hour" may start moaning. Don't worry about them, they are our problem.
- Never say "please", or "thank you" it only irritates us.
- Once you have received two drinks please take them back to your table and stay for a quick chat before coming back to pay, we'll still be waiting, we're not going anywhere and we'd appreciate the rest.
- Please order Guinness last as we really like to stand at the bar with your other drinks while it settles and we are especially pleased when we forget and are reminded to top it up.
- Never put money in our hands we prefer to pick it up off the bar, especially if it's all in change and in a puddle of beer.
- When buying a pint for 'Jim', 'Tom', etc. please don't ask them what they want, just tell us their name or point at them because we like to guess what they drink and get such a thrill when we get it right.
- If not of the faith and when spotting the water jug on the bar please shout: "What's that? Holy Water?". Although we've heard this a million times before, we never cease to find it amusing.
- If, upon arriving at the bar, there is somebody waiting before you, shout up before them, we like to be abused by people who think they have been served out of turn and it is usually our fault, we have the ability to keep track of people as they arrive at the bar, particularly on busy nights, so why not use it. That's why we don't have a ticket system like they do at the deli at Tesco's.
- Always wait until you have been told how much your round is before asking for crisps, snacks, etc. (When requiring ready-salted crisps please ensure you ask for the full range of flavours available before asking for "plain"— it helps us learn the stock).
- If you have been waiting at the bar for at least two minutes then please heckle us and tell us you have been waiting half an hour, it keeps us on our toes as we have no concept of time.
- Make sure that you order at least three drinks for everyone at the table, whether they want them or not, just before last orders. It means you can stay in the pub longer, keeping us here longer because we obviously get paid double for overtime, and love it here.
- Can we remind you that the bell is just to make sure you're awake, we don't want you to come to the bar for last orders until two minutes after we have turned all the pumps off, removed the till and turned all the lights off!
- And finally, remember to be as noisy as you can when you leave. Our neighbours need a daily prompt of how great our pub is and how wonderful it is to live next door to a hive of social activity.

It soon got too cool to stay outside so we purloined King Arthurs table upstairs at which point we realised numbers had grown to a highly respectable 14 including Mike Morris from BH7, Ned and Pete. Although it was on the schedule, only a couple headed down to the **Gardners Arms**, reporting back that it was a bit of a squeeze, so we headed back to the station for the trip to Glynde leaving a few back in the John Harvey. The effect of the beer on Bouncer was now taking its toll and it was only as we headed over the bridge to the **Trevor Arms** that he realised he'd left his bag on the train. Luckily some bird had realised and handed it to Jim who waited for its absence to be noticed before producing said bag. Although there wasn't much of major importance it did contain an England flag that had successfully been draped over tables at every pub. Didn't get any further than the Trevor Arms though! On the way out of the Trevor, where there is a hazy memory of toad-in-the hole being played, Bouncer received a call from Matthew asking if we'd reached Lewes yet and could he join us for a pint? Sheila had arrived at the Trevor to take Bob away and so the party had already started to break up. With last trains for Haywards Heath leaving Lewes soon after we got there it was left to the most inebriated one of the group to find Matthew at the **Lansdown Arms** in Lewes. As we left the train and headed over the bridge for those looking for connections, Mike Morris appeared, breathless, to the realisation that the train we'd just waved bye too was the one he'd been aiming at, and so a call was put in to Maureen to rescue him! Meanwhile Matthew had extricated Bouncer, suggesting the **Crown** had a far more interesting clientele. This proved to be the case as one of the camper imbibers admonished Matthew for apologising. "I never say sorry." This provoked an amusing discussion between Bouncer and the righteous one who remained adamant that he never had and never would say sorry as whatever happened was clearly meant to be. Bouncer decided that this would be an opportune moment to move on so turned to leave the pub. "Oooh, I didn't mean to upset your friend" he said to Matt, "I'm sorry".

And so CRAFT split into even more groups as the evening drew to a close, with Keeps It Up living up to his name by diving into the **Burrell Arms** at Haywards Heath with Boris and possibly Pete, as Cyst Pit, another casualty of prior arrangements, started a long series of phone calls to encourage (as if...) Bouncer to join him at the **Duke of Norfolk** in Brighton. Several more pints and several choruses of "I Wanna Be Like You" later and the game was finally up, and CRAFT #23 declared closed! What a night, thanks Bob, St. George, John Harvey, Trevor, the Duke and all the others who made it for us!

# REHASHING

## 12/4/10 Giants Rest Wilmington, George

Having had to make my own way I ended up several minutes late and had to play catch-up. Luckily some merriment by the hares meant the pack were deceived and I was able to take advantage of some canny back-marking by Snakebite to get back in touch rather rapidly, while everyone else was frolicking around at the reservoir. Catching up with Tim W I spotted Neil Dalgetty just ahead so targeted him next and we found ourselves heading downhill past Dic-Doc and dog plus daughter and others. As Neil carried on checking down (hash rule breach?), the knitters informed me that Bullshit had veered left into the woods. Past experience teaches us all that Larry is the last person to follow but it transpired that he was right as Gromit arrived and followed on. Of course Larry has no idea about calling to see if the message has got through to the following pack (which can be good and bad - see later), which means that we had to check it all out again as us lesser mortals halted below the White Hart. Now r\*nnng with the long absent Chris Neal we swapped excuses for walking up the hill, his something to do with a knee that had been repaired by a pilgrimage to the lakes, mine doctors orders as I'd given blood earlier in the day, and all of a sudden were at the sip where rejuvenating beer and yum yums were to be found. Bumper was somewhat amused by Bullshits sprint through as he'd failed to listen to instructions and pissed off down the hill, off piste. Later reports from the barman were that we seemed a lot happier than that grumpy bloke who'd shot in necked his Harveys and bugged off, heh heh. After the beer, trail was marked straight ahead. There was some talk about a short-cut and a dodgy bridge but we didn't find either as we carried on through the lovely mid-Sussex farms, until Coolbox burst out of the trees having found the SCB I'd missed, closely followed by Lunchbox on marathon training. As we ambled back to the pub at the end, all the bodies I'd missed at the start of the run, overtook on my early SCB, turned out to have found the short-cut home thus proving that cheats never prosper on the hash as there'll only be another cheat along in a minute! Actually, my favourite interpretation of cheating comes from EH3's Vicky Vomit who in a hash quiz deducted 10 points from one team for cheating then awarded 10 points for using initiative. In the pub, those happy souls that had stayed enjoyed a very good curry deal as Root took on RA responsibilities ably assisted by Fetherlite, down downs being awarded to Chris Neal returning to check out the new influx of totty, Fran for overestimating the class of Blue Suit (special mention to Uncle Fester for his choice remark about the new kitchen including a ladder so that the diminutive Suit could reach the sink!), and a water for Larry which, in his absence, John awarded to all the dog owners to drink on the floor from saucers. With no trace of irony after expressing his hatred of the amount of hounds appearing, he then announced next weeks run would be by Strapper and Scrapper, the latter of course being a dog! Another great hash, which I will now confess for Boggy Shoe readers was in fact **East Grinstead H3** from the **Oak at Ardingly** where I found myself promoting Eastbourne. Plans to head on down to Wilmington, fell by the wayside, due to the timing and conviviality of the circle!

**BOUNCER**

## 26/4/10 Coach and Horses, Clapham Ivan

It's been just under 6 years since we last started on the south side of the A27, when tragedy hit us with the loss of Tim Carter while crossing the dual carriageway on the run from the Lamb. So this was a visit to the same running territory albeit from a different pub, and with that in mind Ivan approached Spreadsheet for his views on whether we should pay our respects to Doctor Lurve at the start of the run. "Saying what", said Dave, "that Tim's still dead?". In the end Ivan opted for a quiet warning at the start that if and when we cross the big road that people must be careful as there was an incident last time. "That's the understatement of the f\*cking century" observed Wigdor with his usual tact.

The run started by heading south through the fields before the first check took us west on the same track as last time to the same check as last time. I half wondered whether Ivan was going to set the run that all but Spreadsheet and Auntie Jo missed last time, but trail was found directly over the road rather than through Holt Farm. With all safely across we could relax into the run and spotting the walkers at the edge of woods didn't need Prof to calculate likely trail route. In the woods we discovered that all the paper had been removed so had to rely on Ivans shouted instructions and hasty chalk marks on trees until the obvious solution of using the sawdust lying around occurred. As we crossed from Clapham Wood into Richardsons Wood we were reminded of another 'incident' when John Heming had tripped over the stub of a fence that had been sawn off at the ground, stumbled and badly lacerated his leg by falling on the next stump along, prompting Brett to have to carry the old boy by piggy back to safety! With Brent a distant speck on the horizon checks were a bit redundant as we cut above Long Furlong but at the lane trail still hadn't been called. Charlie and KIU were returning from the route opposite so I headed right following Brett and with Liam and dog in tow. The first mark was fine but a peculiar angle had me calling on on at a bit of material on the fence. Brett had his doubts and sure enough it was called from the direction Charlie and Brent had rejected, but I could see a crowd ahead so carried on to call them back until one turned and yelled back that they weren't with us. Blush, but I could hear the hash calling below so carried on round to find a check just above the farm. Up the hill I again found the next check but dropped back down for a play on the swing as Prof and Spreadsheet appeared, but managed to go wrong at the next check and ended up playing my usual game of catch-up. Once again rejecting the simple route straight down, and after spending most of the daylight part of the run up high in the open, Ivan then got us all lost in the woods, just as it got dark. "Can't get lost here" said Charlie and he was right as we fell out opposite the pub for a much safer crossing to return. In the pub Peter E came up with a brilliant name for Liam as Pooper Scooper after he'd cleaned up after hound as soon as we started. Despite the missing marks, risky crossing and silly woods bit this was a fine run by Ivan, so another great hash!



## MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH part 1

### St Georges Day Celebrations To Be Monitored By Police As Not To Cause Offence To Minorities

The Home Secretary has instructed police to respond quickly should any St George's Day celebrations 'intimidate' or 'frighten' minorities this Friday.

"It's a precautionary measure as it can be frightening for a percentage of the British people to see the cross of St George flying, what we do not want is to cause panic in the inner cities. It may be best if in future we reviewed whether or not the whole day is feasible in a multi-racial society." These comments have been welcomed by many.

"At last some common sense" said former mayor Ken Livingstone "I find the whole St George's Day thing highly offensive to not just non Anglo Saxons but to dragons." (Yes he actually said this)

Yasmin Alibhai-Brown appreciated Livingstone's words. "It's good to see that someone is thinking about dragons" said the 70 year old journalist. Police say that any excessive celebrations will be curtailed and advice that should any minority feel threatened they should immediately call for police assistance.

Frick You - Let's celebrate St George:

ST GEORGE'S Day - a celebration for xenophobes or a chance for us all to display some patriotism?

This debate rears its ugly head each year in advance of April 23. But to those who, quite rightly, feel proud to be English, it seems that our right to show our feelings is being eroded by the politically correct brigade. Do other countries suffer the same fate, or is it just the English who seem reluctant to celebrate who we are? It's not of course the English way to show too much outward enthusiasm for such things, but those who want to celebrate our patron saint's day should be allowed and, indeed, encouraged to do so. Other countries show their flag, Sweden Norway & Ireland to name but a few. Why should we be different because certain idiots, who are made welcome in the UK, say it offends them. If they don't like it.....leave.

#### *In a lighter vein:*

St George is England's best-loved saint, although he was originally born in Northern Ireland. St Patrick of Ireland was born in Wales as was the parents of William Wallace, hence the name, that lovable well know Scottish bandit. In those times George was a humble sportsmith who roamed the country kicking a pig's bladder around, to the great pleasure of the simple folk of Old Trafford.

Then one fatal day he encountered a large flagon. 'You will never defeat me' quoth the flagon.

'You're right there,' said the brave Saint George, 'but I'll die trying.' He then swallowed the flagon in a single draught. But no sooner had he done so than another flagon appeared, even lager than the first. 'Are you looking at me?' said the flagon. But George showed no fear as he despatched the second flagon. But alas, alack, yet another appeared. And another. The poor saint fell to his knees, humbly bewailing his fate. 'Oh mighty flagon, I can beat various blonden damsels, but verily I cannot beat thee'. And so it was that the great knight med his end and George was soon sanctified by his faithful followers and taken up into the great Sky Sports Round-Up.

#### TRIBUTES FLOOD IN FOR ST GEORGE THE BEST

Following the anniversary of the death of St George The Best, patron Saint of All England, tributes flooded in from his past fellow professional drinkers up and down the country. 'To have seen George Best drinking in his prime was a magical sight,' said Old Pete, a tramp fighting with a lamp post in Manchester. 'He could swerve past three or four regulars, leaving them totally bamboozled, to get to the bar first.'

'Whether it was scotch, whiskey, gin or vodka, his handling skills were amazing, both at home and in Europe where they favour wider-rimmed glasses,' said another old drinking pal, sleeping on a bench in Liverpool. 'He was so good they had to take one liver off and try another, but he quickly defeated that too,' remarked a fan laying in the gutter after being thrown out of a bar in Leeds.

'Apparently he was also a footballer, but he never let that get in his way of his drinking,' said another past drinking pal from Sheffield, urinating in his trousers in tribute.

There will be a minutes silence at all branches of Wetherspoons on Friday the 23rd April to mark St Georges Day.



HYPERBOLICS ANONYMOUS

#### Penguins

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica - where do they go? Wonder no more!!

It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintaining a form of compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life. If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into and buried. The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing: "Freeze a jolly good fellow, Freeze a jolly good fellow." Then they kick him in the ice hole. You didn't really think I knew anything about penguins now did you?

## MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH part 2

This was actually taken from a passport application and a member of staff copied it, as it made her laugh all day.

Subject: Passport Application

Dear Minister,

I'm in the process of renewing my passport but I am a total loss to understand or believe the hoops I am being asked to jump through. How is it that Bert Smith of T.V. Rentals Basingstoke has my address and telephone number and knows that I bought a satellite dish from them back in 1994, and yet, the Government is still asking me where I was born and on what date? How come that nice West African immigrant chappy who comes round every Thursday night with his DVD rentals van can tell me every film or video I have had out since he started his business up eleven years ago, yet you still want me to remind you of my last three jobs, two of which were with contractors working for the government?

How come the T.V. detector van can tell if my T.V. is on, what channel I am watching and whether I have paid my licence or not, and yet if I win the government run lottery they have no idea I have won or where I am and will keep the bloody money to themselves if I fail to claim in good time. Do you people do this by hand? You have my birth date on numerous files you hold on me, including the one with all the income tax forms I've filed for the past 30-odd years. It's on my health insurance card, my driver's licence, on the last four passports I've had, on all those stupid customs declaration forms I've had to fill out before being allowed off the planes and boats over the last 30 years, and all those insufferable census forms that are done every ten years and the electoral registration forms I have to complete, by law, every time our lords and masters are up for re-election. Would somebody please take note, once and for all, I was born in Maidenhead on the 4th of March 1957, my mother's name is Mary, her maiden name was Reynolds, my father's name is Robert, and I'd be absolutely astounded if that ever changed between now and the day I die! I apologise Minister.

I'm obviously not myself this morning. But between you and me, I have simply had enough! You mail the application to my house, then you ask me for my address. What is going on? Do you have a gang of Neanderthals working there? Look at my damn picture. Do I look like Bin Laden? I don't want to activate the Fifth Reich for God's sake! I just want to go and park my weary backside on a sunny, sandy beach for a couple of week's well-earned rest away from all this crap. Well, I have to go now, because I have to go to back to Salisbury and get another copy of my birth certificate because you lost the last one.

AND to the tune of 60 quid! What a racket THAT is!! Would it be so complicated to have all the services in the same spot to assist in the issuance of a new passport the same day? But nooooo, that'd be too damn easy and maybe make sense. You'd rather have us running all over the place like chickens with our heads cut off, then find some tosser to confirm that it's really me on the goddamn picture - you know... the one where we're not allowed to smile in case we look as if we are enjoying the process! Hey, you know why we can't smile? 'Cause we're totally jacked off! I served in the armed forces for more than 25 years including over ten years at the Ministry of Defence in London. I have had security clearances which allowed me to sit in the Cabinet Office, five seats away from the Prime Minister while he was being briefed on the first Gulf War and I have been doing volunteer work for the British Red Cross ever since I left the Services.

However, I have to get someone 'important' to verify who I am -- you know, someone like my doctor... who, before he got his medical degree 6 months ago WAS LIVING IN PAKISTAN.

Yours sincerely,

An Irate British Citizen.

I thought this warning was very IMPORTANT, so I am passing it on to everyone I know.

Please pass it on to the people you care about, relatives, friends.

It is important they be aware of this danger. Never, Never,

**Never, Never, Ever... ..>>>**

Being a taxi driver it's interesting that I get a warm reception from so many people just for being a white, English speaker. One fellow complained about a previous experience in which he was forced by the Pakistani cabbie to listen to 'Bhangra FM' for the entire journey. I suggested that perhaps he should have simply reached over and switched the radio off, but he responded that he didn't want to appear racially insensitive and offend the drivers culture.

Plus he didn't want to accidentally detonate the van.

When I was little we used to play a game called 'knock down ginger' where you'd knock on someone's door, then hide so you could laugh at the people when they answered it.

Nowadays it's called "Parcelforce".



**...fart in a wet suit!**

# THE



# END

## Giant Caterpillar found in College Dorm Room....



To my friends who enjoy a glass of wine...  
And those who don't and are always seen with a bottle of water in their hand as Ben Franklin said:

- In wine there is wisdom,
- In beer there is freedom,
- In water there is bacteria.

In a number of carefully controlled trials, scientists have demonstrated that if we drink 1 litre of water each day, at the end of the year we would have absorbed more than 1 kilo of Escherichia coli, (E. Coli) - bacteria found in faeces. In other words, we are consuming 1 kilo of poop..

However, we do NOT run that risk when drinking wine & beer (or tequila, rum, whiskey or other liquor) because alcohol has to go through a purification process of boiling, filtering and/or fermenting.

Remember: Water = Poop, Wine = Health.

Therefore, it's better to drink wine and talk stupid, than to drink water and be full of shit.

### A guy goes to the Council to apply for a job.

The interviewer asks him "Have you been in the armed services?" .."Yes" he says ... "I was in the Falklands for three years."

The interviewer says "That will give you extra points toward employment" . and then asks .. "Are you disabled in any way?"

The guy says "Yes 100% ... a land mine blew my testicles off."

The interviewer tells the guy "OK I can hire you right now. The hours are from 8:00 AM to 4:00 PM ... You can start tomorrow .. Come in at 10:00 AM."

The guy is puzzled and says "If the hours are from 8:00 AM to 4:00 PM .. then why do you want me to come in at 10:00 AM?"  
"This is a council job" he replies: "For the first 2 hours we sit around scratching our balls... no point in you coming in for that."

### Sudan man forced to 'marry' goat

A Sudanese man has been forced to take a goat as his "wife", after he was caught having sex with the animal. The goat's owner, Mr Alifi, said he surprised the man with his goat and took him to a council of elders. They ordered the man, Mr Tombe, to pay a dowry of 15,000 Sudanese dinars (\$50) to Mr Alifi.

"We have given him the goat, and as far as we know they are still together," Mr Alifi said. Mr Alifi, Hai Malakal in Upper Nile State, told the Juba Post newspaper that he heard a loud noise around midnight on 13 February and immediately rushed outside to find Mr Tombe with his goat. "When I asked him: 'What are you doing there?', he fell off the back of the goat, so I captured and tied him up". Mr Alifi then called elders to decide how to deal with the case. "They said I should not take him to the police, but rather let him pay a dowry for my goat because he used it as his wife," Mr Alifi told the newspaper.

**The Silent Generation** are people born before 1946.

**The Baby Boomers** are people born between 1946 and 1959.

**Generation X** are people born between 1960 and 1979.

**Generation Y** Are people born between 1980 and 1995.

Why do we call the last one generation Y? I did not know, but a cartoonist explains it eloquently below...I learned something new today!

*Actually the truth of why youngsters wear their trousers in this fashion is worth repeating! It all started out in California where kids from poorer families would wear their brothers' 'too-large' hand-me-downs. Other kids realised that this symbol of having a 'big brother' stopped them getting bullied so started copying the style. Next thing, everyone is doing it, even in Britain, no matter how unnecessary, or how stupid they look. Modern life is, indeed, rubbish!*

## GENERATION



*Brandon 2008*