



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #79 November 2003
www.brightonhash.co.uk

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start
 All directions/ timings start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No.
3rd November 03	1324	White Horse, Ditchling		325 152	Peter Eastwood	01273 845329
Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at mini-roundabout and park in village car park on right. Pub is back across mini-roundabout on left. Est. 10 mins.						
10th November 03	1325	Poacher, Hurstpierpoint		287 163	Aunty Jo	01273 833617
Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint exit, right at T junction, straight over roundabout & next right for village car park. Est. 15 mins. Pub is on north side of the high street about 5 minutes walk. Run will be from car park.						
17th November 03	1326	Old Railway Tavern, Henfield		206 163	Wiggy & Bouncer	01273 440578
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 into Henfield. A2037 into the village. Just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Lane. Pub is on right approx. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Est. 20 mins.						
24th November 03	1327	Downs Hotel, Woodingdean		357 059	Mudlarks Nige & Pete	01273 271441
Directions: A27 east to Falmer. Right on B2123. Pub is on right hand corner at traffic lights. Est. 10 mins.						
1st December 03	1328		TBA		Martin & Tim	01273 241829
8th December 03	1329	Trevor Arms, Glynde		458 086	Dave, Niel & Chris	01273 473622
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. 1st left after Beddingham level crossing and roundabout. 1 mile on left. 15 mins.						
15th December 03	1330	Ladies Mile, Patcham		307 089	Rosemary & Sarah	01273 506571
Directions: A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. Est. 1 minute 37 seconds.						

Receding hareline:

1331	22/12/03	TBA	Volunteers & suggestions wanted - quite URGENT	Christmas Hash
1332	29/12/03	TBA	Don Elwick	
1333	5/1/04	TBA	Gabrielle Biggins & Anne Ungoed	Angel's 100th

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH website. Suggestions for content and links to Louis Taub please.

Message from the Editor

DRAFT ONLY

~~Compiling the trash has always been very stressful. I am constantly being promised all sorts of help, articles, run reviews and contributions from lots and lots of people. I've pushed and pushed, included reminders regularly in the editorial, tried delegation, the mighty P word and even had my eldest teach me what an e-mail was, but where is it when I need it? You bastards!!~~

As we celebrate 25 years of the Brighton Hash, may I say what a truly great honour it is to be constantly able to assist the club in such a privileged and appreciated way as by the compiling of the trash.

~~The result is that it's always rushed out at the last minute, with poor quality humour, downright offensive articles and virtually no reference to the bloody hash throughout the pages, and it's all your fault not mine.~~

My grateful thanks go to all those who, from the beginning and thereafter, so unselfishly offered their suggestions, their unstinting help and assistance and responded to my, often totally unreasonable, demands on their time.

~~God knows I've tried! I take no responsibility for all the errors and crap bits. A bit of advice for my successor never give something like this to the wife or mismanagement for comment and especially don't ask for~~

~~approval. They think they know everything but they know fuck all.~~ *This trash is dedicated to all of you. I hope you find it to be all that you deserve.*

Never again you sods.

BOUNCER.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

It's amazing how often jokes are recycled, turned round and put out again such as Irish jokes which reappeared as Essex girl jokes, became Blonde jokes and now, once again as David Beckham jokes! Cross pollination in the hash is also very common and I confess that when the trash started 10 years ago they were in large part repackaged Essex trashes. The Boggy Shoe was born 5 years ago now and has also been a source for others, such as the Blue Peter job carried out by Lone Ranger, who literally cut the millennium edition BH7 trash #51 up and glued huge chunks of it into the East Grinstead 666th souvenir programme. In a new occasional I shall be visiting other trashes and stealing bits from them starting with the aforementioned EGH3 666th with the above and a couple of other items in this issue.

Huge thanks to the organising team for the French trip again. Wonderful lunch by the team including Candy, Helen, Pat etc., great (short) run by Niel and Tony (on which the beer belt once again featured strongly - until Ollie got hold of it!), good (if a little more basic than in the past) grub at the Taverne L'Ecu (where the Bouncers stayed), and the Hermitage (where I managed to nick a bit more brekkie) proved popular.



Favourite moment? Well I was all bitter and twisted about Wiggy's Sue undercutting me on the ferry price, and then waving a complementary box of wine under my nose on the boat. Laugh, I bloody killed myself when I found out they'd booked the return for 5.30am on the Sunday and had to pay an excess! Mind you nearly did it myself too but picked it up on the e-mail confirmation of booking. I must say a huge thanks to Bob and the team that helped look after the boys to enable both Gabs and myself to run. Now if you can just be around every Monday

Well the t-shirts from the 25th anniversary summer tour have been ordered and I'm delighted to say that everyone who did more than 5 runs will be given the opportunity to have this quality limited edition. That is based on board signings so please make sure you see the board each week. You never know what you might miss out on otherwise!

They Found NEMO ...



A Kiwi had tickets and was in Australia for the Rugby World Cup and was not feeling well, so he decided to see a doctor. "Hey doc, I dun't feel so good, ey" said Wiremu. The doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had long existing and advanced prostate problems and that the only cure was testicular removal. "No way doc" replied Wiremu "I'm gitting a sicond opinion, ey!" The second Aussie doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him that testicular removal was the only cure. Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment. Wiremu was devastated, but with the Rugby World Cup just around the corner he found an expat Kiwi doctor and decided to get one last opinion from someone he could trust. The Kiwi doctor examined him and said "Wiremu, you huv prostate suckness, ey".

"What's the cure thin doc, ey?" asked Wiremu hoping for a different answer.

"Wull, Wiremu", said the Kiwi doctor "Wi're gonna huv to cut off your balls."

"Phew, thunk god for thut!" said Wiremu, "those Aussie b*stards wanted to take my test tickets off me!"

Julius Caesar was addressing the crowd in the Coliseum. "Friends, Romans Countrymen, lend me your ears. Tomorrow I take our glorious army to conquer Northern Europe and I shall start with France. We shall kill many Gauls and return victorious."

The crowd are up on their feet "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees, hail mighty Caesar".

In the background, Brutus turns to his mate and says "Caesar doesn't half talk some sh&t eh? He couldn't fight his way out of a wet parchment bag."

Six months later, Caesar comes back having conquered France and addresses the crowd in the Coliseum. "Friends, Romans and Countrymen, I have returned from our campaign in France and as I promised, we killed 50,000 Gauls".

The crowd is up on their feet again. "Yeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeees, hail mighty Caesar".

Brutus once again turns to his mate "I'm sick of his bullsh&t. I'm off to France to check this out." So Brutus sets off for France.

Three weeks later he comes back to Rome, just as Caesar is addressing the public in the Coliseum again. Caesar is giving his usual patter to the assembled throng, "Friends, Romans Countrymen, tomorrow we set off for Britain and we are going to sort those buggers out!" The crowd is up on their feet.

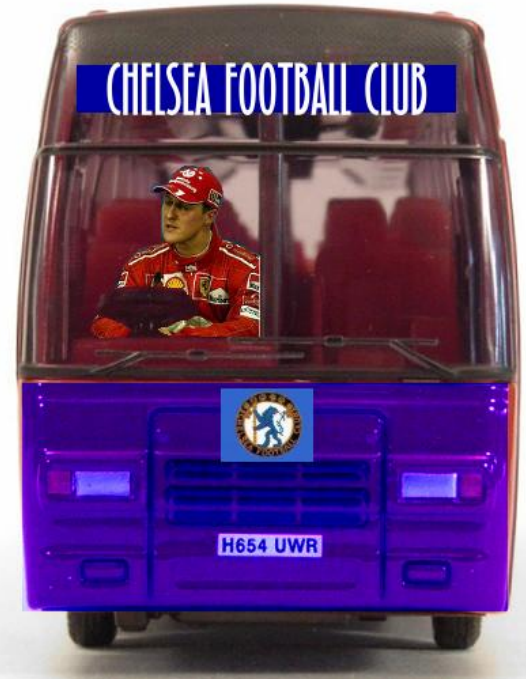
"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees, hail mighty Caesar"

Brutus jumps up and shouts, "Caesar, you are exposed as a liar. You told us that you had killed 50,000 Gauls in France but I've been there to check it out and you only killed 25,000!" The crowd is stunned and all sit down in silence.

Caesar gets up and looks slowly round the Coliseum then across at Brutus and says "Brutus, you are forgetting one thing....."

Frank Bruno has been caught shagging a Teletubby... When questioned by Police he admitted that he was f*cking La-La.....

CHELSEA DENY THAT SPENDING HAS GOT OUT OF CONTROL



Away Gauls count double in Europe."

A man died and went to heaven. As he stood in front of St. Peter at the Pearly Gates, he saw a huge wall of clocks behind him. He asked, "What are all those clocks?"

St. Peter answered, "Those are Lie-Clocks. Everyone on Earth has a Lie-Clock. Every time you lie, the hands on your clock move."

"Oh," said the man, "whose clock is that?"

"That's Mother Teresa's. The hands have never moved, indicating that she never told a lie."

"Incredible," said the man. "And whose clock is that one?"

St. Peter responded, "That's Abraham Lincoln's clock. The hands have moved twice, telling us that Abe told only two lies in his entire life."

"Where's Tony Bliar's clock?" asked the man.

"Bliar's clock is in Jesus' office. He's using it as a ceiling fan."

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints.

We spend more, but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less.

We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time.

We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values.

We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life.

We've added years to life not life to years.

We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor.

We conquered outer space but not inner space.

We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul.

We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice.

We write more, but learn less.

We plan more, but accomplish less.

We've learned to rush, but not to wait.

We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships.

These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes.

These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill.

It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom.

A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it.

A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak, and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

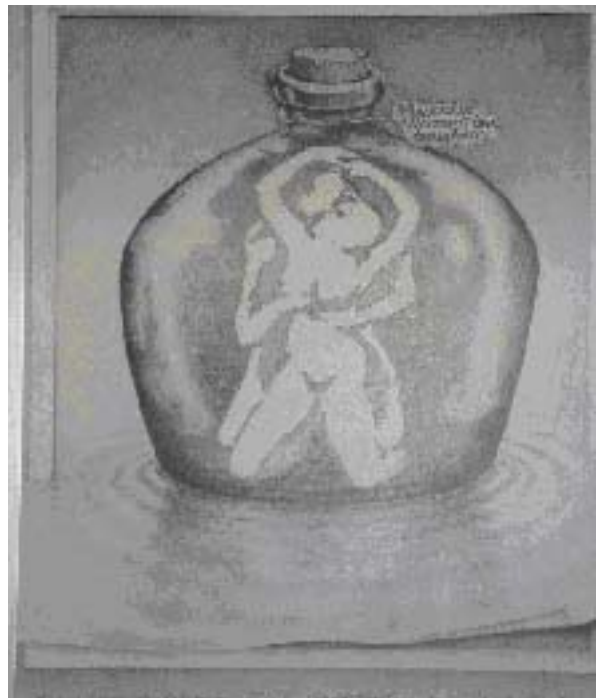
1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight and height. Let the doctor worry about them. That is why you pay him/her.
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. " An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is poor, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, to the next county, to a foreign country, but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

If you don't send this to at least 8 people.... who cares?

TAKE A LOOK AT THE PICTURE BELOW. NOW READ THE FOLLOWING EXPLANATION OF WHAT YOU REALLY SAW . .



Research has shown that young children cannot identify the intimate couple because they do not have prior memory associated with such scenario. What they will see are the nine dolphins. *Additional note:* This is a test to determine if you already have a corrupted mind. If it's hard for you to find the dolphins within 3 seconds, your mind is indeed corrupted.

WELL, FRENCH CONNECTION UK ME!

I have to say the article going around about the Cambridge University research into how the mind 'reads' words even if the middle letters are muddled got me thinking. There is a peculiar addendum to this in that it doesn't work for capitals (unless you're on the French highways team who gave me a bloody parking ticket in Le Touquet! See them at work in the editorial).

My parents live in Canewdon, Essex, so called because of a battle fought in the area by the historical Danish King. I recently discovered that in Olde Englishe his name was spelt Cnut presumably a silent C and a reference to his attempts to turn back the tide. Or was it? The Cambridge University Neurological Team's research may well have just altered history so in honour of this great king there are a number of references to him on these pages. Just hope the spellcheck's working!

Those portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity
Are fashioned with considerable care;
What first appears to be just a simple cavity
Is really an elaborate affair.

Many doctors of distinction have studied these phenomena
In a series of experimental dames;
They have made a list of everything in feminine abdomina
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the Vulva, the Vagina and the jolly Perineum,
And the Hymen which is sometimes found in brides
And a host of other gadgets if only you could see'em,
Such as Clitoris and Lord knows what besides.

What a pity then it is that when common people chatter
Of the mysteries to which I have referred,
They refer to this most delicate and complicated matter
By using such a short and nasty word.

During a golf-club's couples competition, an English, Irish and Scottish couple were waiting to start at the first tee. The Englishman's wife steps up to the tee and as she bends over to place her ball a gust of wind blows her skirt up and reveals her lack of underwear. "Good God! Why aren't you wearing any knickers?" her husband demanded. "Well, you don't give me enough housekeeping money to afford to buy any." The Englishman immediately reaches into his pocket and says, "For the sake of decency here's 50 pounds, go and buy yourself some underwear." Next the Irishman's wife bends over to set her ball on the tee. Her skirt blows up to show that she is wearing no undies. "Bejesus woman. You've no knickers - why not?" She replies, "I can't afford any on the money you give me." He reaches into his pocket and says, "For the sake of decency here's 20 pounds, go and buy yourself some underwear!" Lastly, the Scotsman's wife bends over. The wind also takes her skirt over her head to reveal that she too is naked under it. "Hoots, lassie! Why d'ye have no knickers?" She too explains, "You don't give me enough housekeeping money to be able to afford any." The Scot reaches into his pocket and says, "For the sake of decency here's a comb. Tidy yourself up a bit!"

Mute Kid with tourettes



www.kontraband.com

Why is a pussy like a warm toilet seat? A: They both feel good but you wonder who's been there before.
What do you call an Italian man eating pussy? Cunnilinguini.

THIS MONTHS BLAST FROM THE PAST:

How Romantic is your chap?

Complete the quiz below and find out just how high he scores in the romance stakes!!!

His favourite name for you is . . .

- A Sweetness, prettiness, honeypie, petal.
- B Babe, baby.
- C Bunny, squirrel nutkin.
- D Cunt.

He wants to make love to you, he says . . .

- A Nothing – but he tells you with his eyes, his hands.
- B Hey babe/baby – lets get down on it.
- C Kissy kissy.
- D Get your frock off, cunt.

You're in the middle of a blazing row, you're most likely to end the evening . . .

- A Laughing and hugging.
- B Sharing a joint, injecting each other.
- C Over his knee getting a good spanking.
- D Unconscious/Told to fuck off because you're a cunt.

His favourite part of you is . . .

- A Every little bit of you.
- B Breasts, buttocks.
- C Your funny little nose.
- D Cunt.

GRATUITOUS REFERENCE TO THE FEMALE ANATOMY PAGE - PART TWO

Doris & Fred had started their retirement years and decided to raise some extra cash by advertising for a lodger in their 2 up 2 down terrace house. After a few days a young attractive woman applied for the room and explained that she was a model, working in a nearby Manchester studio for a few weeks and that she would like the room Monday through Thursdays, but would pay for the whole week. Doris showed her the house and they agreed to start right away.

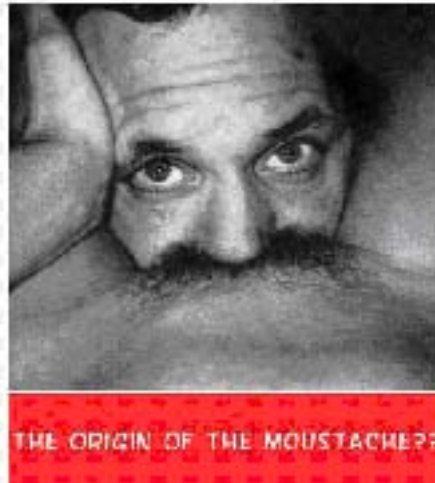
"There's just one problem," explained the model. "Because of my job I have to have a bath every night, and I notice you don't have a bath." "That's not a problem," replied Doris. "We have a tin bath out in the yard and we bring it in to the living room, in front of the fire, and fill it with hot water." "What about your husband?" asked the model. "Oh, he plays darts most weekdays so he will be out in the evenings," replied Doris. "Good," replied the model, "I'll go to the studio and see you tonight."

That evening Fred dutifully went to his darts match while Doris prepared the bath for the model. After stripping, the model stepped into the bath and Doris was amazed to see that she had no pubic hair. The model noticed Doris' staring eyes, smiled and explained that it is part of her job to shave her pussy, especially when modelling swimwear or underclothes.

Later when Fred returned Doris related this oddity; he didn't believe her. "It's true, I tell you," said Doris, "Look, if you don't believe me, tomorrow night I'll leave the curtains slightly open and you can peek in and see for yourself."

The next night Fred left as usual and Doris prepared the bath for the model.

As the model stepped naked into the bath, Doris, standing behind her, looked towards the curtains, and pointed towards the model's naked pussy.



She then lifted up her own skirt and, wearing no panties, pointed to her own hairy mass. Later Fred returned and they retired to bed. "Well, do you believe me now?" she asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "I've never seen anything like it in my life. But why did you lift up your skirt and show your hairy twat?"

"Just to show you the difference," answered Doris. "Anyway, you've seen my pussy millions of times."

"Sure, I have," replied Fred, "but until tonight, the rest of the friggin' dart team hasn't!"

A guy is driving down a country road when he comes upon a sign saying "Apples - £5.00 each." He thinks that is a lot of money so he decides to go see what's up. He goes up to the farmer and says, "Hey, how come these apples are 5 bucks each?"

The farmer replies, "They are peanut butter and jelly apples." The farmer hands him one and says, "Here, try one."

So the man takes a bite out of the apple and says, "Peanut butter - that's great, but I thought you said that they were peanut butter and jelly apples." The farmer tells the man to turn it around. The man bites the other side and exclaims "Son of a gun - jelly!" The man says, "These apples are great - give me some."

He gets back in his car and drives a little further down the road and then sees another sign "Apples - £10 each." Again, he pulls over, goes to the farmer and says, "Hey, what's up with these apples?"

The farmer says, "They're ham and cheese apples. Here, try one." The guy takes a bite and exclaims, "Son of a gun - ham!" The guy then says, "Let me guess - I have to turn it around."

The farmer says "You got it."

The guy bites the other side and says, "Cheese." Again the man says, "These apples are great - give me some."

Then he gets back in his car and drives down the road. He comes upon a third sign that says "Apples - £50 each."

The guy really wants to see what's up with these apples. Again, he pulls over, goes up to the farmer and says, "What's the deal with these apples? 50 bucks each?"

The farmer tells him that "These apples are pussy apples. Here, try one."

The guy takes a bite out of it and says, "Yuck! This apple tastes like sh!t." The farmer says, "Turn it around!"

During a round of golf, Steve knocks his ball into the trees. He finally finds it in a patch of pretty yellow buttercups. Trying hard to get his ball back into play, all he manages to do is thrash just about every single buttercup. All of a sudden...POOF!!! In a flash and a puff of smoke, a little old woman appears. She says "I am Mother Nature! Do you realise just how long it took me to make those buttercups?. Just for that you won't have any butter for your popcorn for the rest of your life; better still you won't have any butter for your toast for the rest of your life.... As a matter of fact you won't have any butter for anything for the rest of your life!" Then POOF....she was gone. After Steve got hold of himself, he hollered for his friend Bob "Bob, where are you?" Bob yells back "I'm over here in the pussy willows." Steve shouts back..."DON'T SWING, BOB!!!! ? FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T SWING!!!"

A lesbian goes to see her GP for her annual check up. The GP does an internal and says, " My, you're looking pretty clean these days " The lesbian replies, " I should be, I have a woman in three times a week! "

If the Pilgrims had killed cats instead of turkeys would the yanks eat pussy every Thanksgiving?

Finally, does anyone know what new West End production with Ardol O'Hanlon, "See U Next Tuesday" is about?

Study: Fellatio may significantly decrease the risk of breast cancer in women

Thursday, October 2, 2003 Posted: 9:19 AM EDT (1319 GMT)

(AP) -- Women who perform the act of fellatio on a regular basis, one to two times a week, may reduce their risk of breast cancer by up to 40 percent, a North Carolina State University study found.

Doctors had never suspected a link between the act of fellatio and breast cancer, but new research being performed at North Carolina State University is starting to suggest that there could be an important link between the two.

In a study of over 15,000 women suspected of having performed regular fellatio over the past ten years, the researchers found that those actually having performed the act regularly, one to two times a week, had a lower occurrence of breast cancer than those who had not. There was no increased risk, however, for those who did not regularly perform.

"I think it removes the last shade of doubt that fellatio is actually a healthy act," said Dr. B.J. Sooner of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, who was not involved in the research. "I am surprised by these findings, but am also excited that the researchers may have discovered a relatively easy way to lower the occurrence of breast cancer in women."

The University researchers stressed that, though breast cancer is relatively uncommon, any steps taken to reduce the risk would be a wise decision.

"Only with regular performance will your chances be reduced, so I encourage all women out there to make fellatio an important part of their daily routine," said Dr. Inserta Shafteer, one of the researchers at the University. "Since the emergence of the research, I try to fellate at least once every other night to reduce my chances."

The study is reported in Friday's Journal of Medical Research.

In 1991, 43,582 women died of breast cancer, as reported by the National Cancer Institute.

Dr. Len Lictepeen, deputy chief medical officer for the American Cancer Society, said women should not overlook or "play down" these findings.

"This will hopefully change women's practice and patterns, resulting in a severe drop in the future number of cases," Lictepeen said.

Sooner said the research shows no increase in the risk of breast cancer in those who are, for whatever reason, not able to fellate regularly.

"There's definitely fertile ground for more research. Many have stepped forward to volunteer for related research now in the planning stages," he said.

Almost every woman is, at some point, going to perform the act of fellatio, but it is the frequency at which this event occurs that makes the difference, say researchers.

The research consisted of two groups, 6,246 women ages 25 to 45 who had performed fellatio on a regular basis over the past five to ten years, and 9,728 women who had not. The group of women who had performed fellatio had a breast cancer rate of 1.9 percent and the group who had not had a breast cancer rate of 10.4 percent.

"The findings do suggest that there are other causes for breast cancer besides the absence of regular fellatio," Shafteer said. "It's a cause, not THE cause."



PHARMACISTICALLY CHALLENGED

Dinner with the Girlfriend's Parents

A girl asks her boyfriend to come over Friday night and have dinner with her parents. Since this is such a big event, the girl announces to her boyfriend that after dinner, she would like to go out and make love for the first time.

Well, the boy is ecstatic, but he has never had sex before, so he takes a trip to the pharmacist to get some condoms. The pharmacist helps the boy for about an hour. He tells the boy everything there is to know about condoms and sex.

At the register, the pharmacist asks the boy how many condoms he'd like to buy, a 3-pack, 10-pack, or family pack. The boy insists on the family pack because he thinks he will be rather busy, it being his first time and all.

That night, the boy shows up at the girl's parents house and meets his girlfriend at the door. "Oh, I'm so excited for you to meet my parents, come on in!"

The boy goes inside and is taken to the dinner table where the girl's parents are seated. The boy quickly offers to say grace and bows his head.

A minute passes, and the boy is still deep in prayer, with his head down.

10 minutes pass, and still no movement from the boy.

Finally, after 20 minutes with his head down, the girlfriend leans over and whispers to the boyfriend, "I had no idea you were this religious."

The boy turns, and whispers back, "I had no idea your father was a pharmacist."

Are you a parent, if so here is one of those helpful quiz's that can identify if your child has a drug problem.

Many parents today are concerned that their offspring might somehow be involved in the world of illegal pharmaceuticals, or "drugs". This is a healthy concern. Knowing your kids are "high" is the first step toward helping them avoid problems with their health, their exams, the law, and getting those hard-to-clean vomit stains out of the Oriental rug.

KNOW THE WARNING SIGNS- select the option which best describes your child.

1. Your child's idea of a fun sport to play is:
A) Kicking an imitation pigskin ball around
B) hitting a white rubberish ball into a hole in the ground
C) inserting a pointy needle into a vein and mixing foreign substances into the human bloodstream.
2. Your child's idea of a responsible adult is:
A) Tony Blair
B) Tom Hanks
C) Charles Manson.
3. Your child's favourite hobbies include:
A) Model Railways
B) Playing computer games
C) Taking white, powdery substances from a big bag and breaking it down into many smaller bags.
4. Your child's pet is:
A) a puppy dog
B) a 16' python
C) a colony of imaginary bugs and spiders that crawl under their skin.
5. Your child's breath smells like:
A) a fresh, minty mountain top
B) lunch
C) an opium den.
6. When your young ones dress up to go out, they look like:
A) Fred and Ginger
B) Posh and Becks
C) Sid and Nancy
7. Your child would identify Lebanese Gold as:
A) a precious metal
B) a theme park
C) a good deal, but not as potent as the stuff from North Africa.
8. When you ask your child how their day at school was at the dinner table they answer:
A) they scored a goal for the school team
B) they scored the highest grade in class on a math test
C) they scored and got high.

Total up the number of times you answered "C" to the questions above, and consult the table below.

No "C's" - Chances are your child is not on drugs. They probably aren't that exciting either. Kick them out of the house and force them to live on the cold streets for a few months to let them really appreciate life in all it's murkiness.

1-3 "C's" - Your child might be on drugs, but you can't be certain. Put a flashlight up to their face and flash it in their eyes. This doesn't really tell you anything, but it scares the pants off your kids and is kind of fun.

3-6 "C's" - You may as well face it, you've got a little druggie on your hands. Your child is a menace to society and must be dealt with accordingly. We suggest a good flaying to help them kick their nasty habit. Confiscate all their stash immediately.

7-8 "C's" - Your child has never used drugs. No sir. Just smile nicely at them and slink out of the house. Never return.

Modern Mathematics

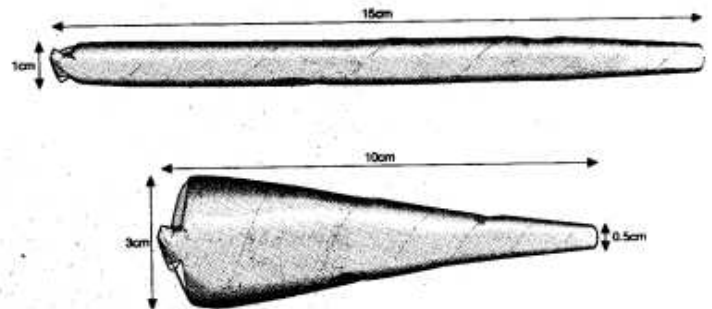
Paper 1

Tuesday July 23 2002 – Morning
Time: 1 hour

- 260,000 people are attempting to leave Fatboy Slim's beach concert, which finishes at 11pm on Saturday. Trains are running twice a day, one at 11.17pm, the other at 8.15am, and each can take 587 passengers. At what time, and on what day, will the last person to leave the party get on the train?
- You arrive at a festival with 12 ecstasy pills. The first pill will mash your head for one hour. Thereafter the effectiveness of each successive pill is reduced by 12%. If you beak all the pills, how long will you spend off your face?
- Your friend has a pair of designer trainers that cost her £140. They can survive for 45 miles of walking. The non-designer pair would have cost her £29, and could cover 32 miles. Has she been ripped off?
- The new Eminem album has 820 swear words. Your local radio station broadcasts the entire album, but is forced to insert beeps for each rude bit. If there are 567 fucks, each lasting 0.13 seconds, and 253 bitches, each lasting 0.19 seconds, how much of the broadcast, to the nearest second, will be beeps?
- There are four people left in the Big Brother house. They are given the task of finding out what their total volume is, using only a ruler and the swimming pool. Can this be done? Explain how.
- If Rio Ferdinand gets paid £70,000 per week, and he plays 90 minutes of football, what is his hourly rate?
 - He was bought by Manchester United for £29.1m. How many years will he have to play for the club to receive as much money as he was bought for?
- Posh and Becks give you the job of cleaning the windows at Beckingham palace. They would like an estimate, as they do not want to pay more than £80. You know there are 25 rooms, and that only four-fifths of them has a window. If each window takes you 5 minutes, and you charge £15 per hour, will you be able to get the job done within the budget?

- If $W=18$, $E=26$ and $I=4$, what numbers do you need to complete the word "Westlife"?
- You are choosing a pay-as-you-go mobile phone. Network X will give you 100 minutes calling time, and Network Y offers 60 minutes. You would like to invite some friends to join you at School Disco.com. Anyone you call on network X will come along, but each person you call on network Y has a 7-2 chance of bringing a friend with pigtails in a school skirt. Assume it takes you 53 seconds to explain the situation and that you use the phone up. On average, is it better to go with network X or Y if you want loads of mates?

10 Look at the diagram below:



- Which funny fag will hold the most grass?
 - The completed biffer burns at 0.3cm per minute and is 15cm long. You are the last in line for the spliff, and there are 12 people in total wanting a toke. If each person hogs the jay for one minute and four seconds, will you get a hit?
- You are playing Soldier of Fortune on your PlayStation2. Enemies bleed to death in 8 minutes after a gut shot, 15 minutes after a kneecapping, and instantly after a headshot. Starting with a headshot, you perform one of each in succession, every second, non-stop, for four hours. How many people will you kill?
 - How many members are there of the So Solid Crew?

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE IRISH...

O'Grady is a bus driver for the Dublin Bus Company. One day O'Grady is headed to work on his bus route, when he runs across a delivery van stranded at the side of the road. The van driver works for the Dublin Zoo. He pleads with O'Grady to do him a favour.

He offers a 100 euros to O'Grady to help him deliver a truckload of penguins to the zoo, because they needed to be there within the hour. Agreeing, O'Grady proceeds to load two dozen penguins onto his bus. Then, off they drive towards the zoo.

An hour later, the delivery driver gets his van fixed and heads off to the zoo to catch up with his delivery. As he's driving down the road, he sees O'Grady and the busload of penguins heading in the opposite direction. He turns his van around and chases in pursuit.

He finally catches up to the bus and pulls over O'Grady on the side of the road. In an irate voice he asks, "Hey, O'Grady. I thought I gave you a 100 euros to take the penguins to the zoo for me?"

"Calm down," O'Grady says. "I took the penguins to the zoo. We had change left over, so now I'm taking them to MacDonalds"

Paddy had been drinking at his local Dublin pub all day and most of the night celebrating Ireland's draw with Germany. Mick, the bartender says, "You'll not be drinking anymore tonight, Paddy".

Paddy replies "OK Mick, I'll be on my way then." Paddy spins around on his stool and steps off. He falls flat on his face.

"Shite" he says and pulls himself up by the stool and dusts himself off. He takes a step towards the door and falls flat on his face. He looks to the doorway and thinks to himself that if he can just get to the door and some fresh air he'll be fine. He belly crawls to the door and shimmies up to the door frame. He sticks his head outside and takes a deep breath of fresh air, feels much better and takes a step out onto the sidewalk. He falls flat on his face.

"I'm fockin' focked," he says. He can see his house just a few doors down, and crawls to the door and shimmies up the door frame, opens the door and shimmies inside. He takes a look up the stairs and says "No fockin' way". He crawls up the stairs to his bedroom door and says "I can make it to the bed." He takes a step into the room and falls flat on his face. He says "Fock it" and falls into bed.

The next morning, his wife, Jess, comes into the room carrying a cup of coffee and says, "Get up Paddy. Did you have a bit to drink last night?". Paddy says, "I did Jess. I was fockin' pissed. But how'd you know?"

"Mick called. You left your wheelchair at the pub."

Kerry man meets a woman in a bar and chats her up. He invites her back to his place for the night but she says "I'm on my menstrual cycle."

He replies "I'll follow on my Honda".

On the new Irish 'Who wants to be a millionaire' the presenter asks the contestants "Right, fastest fingers first, put these four films into the order in which they came out, earliest first - Rocky, Rocky III, Rocky II and Rocky IV"?

Three men: an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Scotsman are in Miami beach for a two-week period helping out on a project. About midweek they decide to walk up and down the beach during their lunch hour. Halfway up the beach, they stumbled upon a lamp.

As they rub the lamp a genie appears and says "Normally I would grant you three wishes, but since there are 3 of you, I will grant you each one wish."

The Scotsman went first. "I would like to spend the rest of my life living in a huge house in St. Thomas, with no money worries and surrounded by beautiful women who worship me." The genie granted him his wish and sent him on off to St. Thomas.

The Englishman went next. "I would like to spend the rest of my life living on a huge yacht cruising the Mediterranean, with no money worries and surrounded by beautiful women who worship me." The genie granted him his wish and sent him off to the Mediterranean.

Last, but not least, it was the Irishman's turn. "And what would your wish be?" asked the genie. "I'm going to miss my mates, I wish they were back here" replied the Irishman.

Paddy and Jonathan are walking home after a night on the piss. They've got no money to get a taxi and are staggering all over the place when they find themselves outside the bus depot. Paddy has a brainwave and says to Jonathan "Get in there and steal a bus so we can drive home and I'll stay out here and look out for the police".

Jonathan duly breaks into the garage and is gone for twenty minutes while Paddy is wondering what the hell he's doing. Eventually Paddy sticks his head around the door and sees Jonathan running from bus to bus and looking very worried. "What the hell are you doing Jonathan, get a move on!" to which Jonathan replies "I can't find a number 7 anywhere Paddy" Paddy, holding his hands to his head in disbelief, shouts "You f&*king idiot Jonathan, steal a number 9 and we'll get off at the roundabout and walk the rest of the way!"

Mick and Paddy are out in the country shooting rabbits.

Suddenly, right in front of him, his friend Mick falls to the ground, throws a quick spasm, then lies perfectly still.

He doesn't seem to be breathing, his eyes are rolled back in his head. In fact, he looks pretty well dead! Quick as a flash, a horrified Paddy whips out his mobile and calls 999. He gasps breathlessly to the operator...

"Mick just fell to the ground right here in front o' me! He's not breathing. He has no heartbeat! I think he's dead! What can I do?"

Well accustomed to this sort of situation, the emergency operator responds with her most soothing tone...

"Okay Paddy, you must try to stay calm. If there's anything that can be done, we'll do it. But you will have to keep your cool, then we can take it one step at a time! Okay now?"

"Sure! Sure! Of course, your right. I'm fine. Just tell me what must I do?"

"Great! Now first of all, lets make sure he's dead." ...The line goes silent, then a shot is heard.... Paddy's voice comes back down the network...

"OK! What next?"

Official MUFC Maths Workbook

Stage Two maths for 7-11 year olds. This has been introduced as part of the Government's maths campaign.

1. Roy is 78 yards away from the referee at Old Trafford and David is 65 yards away. If Roy can run at 21mph and David can run at 16mph, who will be sticking their vein-bulging forehead into the hapless whistler's face first, assuming Roy does not stop to stamp on an opponent on his way.
2. If one minute of time is taken up in a game for substitutions and one minute for injuries, how much injury time will be added on by the referee if Man Utd are losing at home?
3. Ryan is a Welshman. Express, as a percentage, the number of internationals he has missed on a Wednesday evening compared to the miraculous recoveries he made for the following Saturday.
4. Manchester United are one of the giants of world club football How many more European Cup Finals have they appeared in than Steaua Bucharest? (For one extra mark; How many more than Reims?)
 - 4a. How many more times have Manchester United won the European Cup than Nottingham Forest?
5. Phil Neville has 30 international caps. If you take away the number of appearances when he was the only adult male in England who could just about kick the ball with his left foot, how many are left?
6. You are the referee at Old Trafford. How near to a visiting defender does a tumbling United forward have to be to earn a penalty if he goes down in the box? (Note; Round your answers down to the nearest 20 yards.)
 - 6a. Probability. Express the statistical probability of visitors to Old Trafford being awarded a penalty. Compare this with the probability of opponents of Manchester United being awarded a penalty home or away, and then discuss if a penalty awarded to Manchester United would be awarded to their opponents in identical circumstances.
7. Mark "The Red" lives in Guildford. How much does it cost for him and his two sons to travel to the Theatre of Silence every other weekend, including limited edition match day programme, a few drinks and prawn sandwiches all round? How much could he save per week if he watched his local team instead? (Note; round your answers down to the nearest thousand pounds).
8. Alex had a hotel room booked in Glasgow for the Champions League Final. How much money will he lose when cancelling his reservation?
9. Ruud is 6ft tall and very strong and fast. How much pressure need be applied to make him tumble over in the opponents penalty area? (note answers must be in lbs per square inch. However, answers such as however much pressure is applied by Ferguson to referees are accepted).
10. Alex has won it 1 time, Bob has won it 4. Alex has one, Bob does not. What am talking about? Explain your answer (because nobody else can).
11. Juan is a very lazy boy and often goes missing. Alex is very cross and wants to sell him. If Juan cost £28m to buy, how much do you think Alex could sell him for? How many pennies will Alex lose?
12. What is the total number of chickens counted before they were hatched by Manchester United and their supporters who thought Leverkeusen were a pushover

The Manchester United Computer Virus

Be on the lookout for a new breed of 'Evil Manc' computer viruses. They could seriously affect / infect your PC.

Virus name and what it does:

- 1) The Manchester United Virus – Where the computer develops a memory disorder and forgets about every thing before 1993.
- 2) The Manchester United shirt virus - This one is especially hard to detect as it changes its format every three months.
- 3) The David Beckham virus – Affects newer computers mainly. The computer looks great, all the lights are on, but nothing works.
- 4) The Roy Keane virus – Throws you out of Windows.
- 5) The Alex Ferguson virus – The computer develops a continuous whining noise. The on screen clock runs a lot slower than all the other computers in the building and it makes you miss things on screen that everyone has noticed.
- 6) The Forlan virus - The computer is unable to get any thing into the Inbox.
- 7) The Laurent Blanc virus – The computer is unable to clear anything from the inbox
- 8) The Ryan Giggs virus - The computer develops a processor problem whereby it thinks it's better than it actually is. It also experiences dramatic fluctuations in performance.
- 9) The Fabien Barthez virus – You just can't save anything. You could buy the 'Juan Veron' patch but it is very expensive, only works sometimes and is probably going back to the suppliers soon

WORK RELATED FOOD FOR THOUGHT ...

When the body was first made all the parts wanted to be Boss. The brain said, "I should be Boss because I control the whole body's responses and functions."

The feet said, "We should be Boss as we carry the brain about and get him to where he wants to go."

The hands said, "We should be the Boss because we do all the work and earn all the money."

And so it went on and on with the heart, the lungs and the eyes until finally the asshole spoke up. All the parts laughed at the idea of the asshole being the Boss.

So the asshole went on strike, blocked itself up and refused to work. Within a short time the eyes became crossed, the hands clenched, the feet twitched, the heart and lungs began to panic and the brain fevered.

Eventually they all decided that the asshole should be the Boss, so the motion was passed.

All the other parts did all the work while the Boss just sat and passed out the shit!

Moral You don't need brains to be a Boss - any asshole will do.



Thought for the day...

Life at work is like a tree full of monkeys, all on different limbs at different levels. Some monkeys are climbing up, some down. The monkeys on top look down and see a tree full of smiling faces. The monkeys on the bottom look up and see nothing but assholes.

Reasons to embrace change

Start with a cage containing five monkeys. Inside the cage, hang a banana on a string and place a set of stairs under it. Before long, a monkey will go to the stairs and start to climb towards the banana. As soon as he touches the stairs, spray the other four monkeys with cold water.

After a while, another monkey makes an attempt with the same result - all the other monkeys are sprayed with cold water.

Pretty soon, when another monkey tries to climb the stairs, the other monkeys will try to prevent it.

Now, put away the cold water. Remove one monkey from the cage and replace it with a new one. The new monkey sees the banana and wants to climb the stairs.

To his surprise and horror all of the other monkeys attack him. After another attempt and attack, he knows that if he tries to climb the stairs, he will be assaulted.

Next, remove another of the original five monkeys and replace it with a new one. The newcomer goes to the stairs and is attacked. The previous newcomer takes part in the punishment with enthusiasm! Likewise, replace a third original monkey with a new one, then a fourth, then the fifth. Every time the newest monkey takes to the stairs, he is attacked.

Most of the monkeys that are beating him have no idea why they were not permitted to climb the stairs or why they are anticipating in the beating of the newest monkey.

After replacing all the original monkeys, none of the remaining monkeys have ever been sprayed with cold water.

Nevertheless, no monkey ever again approaches the stairs to try for the banana. Why not? Because as far as they know that's the way it's always been done around here.

This is the story of four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was asked to do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn't do it.

Consequently, it wound up that Nobody told Anybody, so Everybody blamed Somebody.

A Japanese company and an American company decided to have a canoe race on the Missouri River. Both the teams practised hard and long to reach their peak performance before the race. On the big day the Japanese won by a mile.

Afterward, the American team became very discouraged and morally depressed. The American management decided the reason for the crushing defeat had to be found. A "Management Team" made up of senior management was formed to investigate and recommend appropriate action.

Their conclusion was the Japanese had 8 people rowing and 1 person steering, while the American team had 8 persons steering and one person rowing. So American management hired a consulting company and paid them an incredible amount of money.

They advised that too many people were steering the boat, while not enough people were rowing. To prevent losing to the Japanese again next year, the rowing team's management structure was totally reorganised to 4 steering supervisors, 3 area steering superintendents and 1 assistant superintendent steering manager.

They also implemented a new performance system that would give the 1 person rowing the boat greater incentive to work harder. It was called the "Rowing Team Quality First Program," with meetings, dinners and free pens for the rower. "We must give the rower the empowerment and enrichments through this quality program."

The next year the Japanese won by two miles. Humiliated, the American management laid off the rower for poor performance, halted development of a new canoe, sold the paddles, and cancelled all capital investments for new equipment. Then they distributed the money saved as bonuses to the senior executives.

Thank god this is just a story and this sort of thing doesn't happen in real life eh?

THE STANCE

My mother was a fanatic about public toilets.

As a little girl, she'd bring me in the stall, teach me to wad up toilet paper and wipe the seat. Then, she'd carefully lay strips of toilet paper to cover the seat. Finally, she'd instruct, "Never, never sit on a public toilet seat." And she'd demonstrate "The Stance," which consisted of balancing over the toilet in a sitting position without actually letting any of your flesh make contact with the toilet seat. But by this time, I'd have wet down my leg. And we'd go home.

That was a long time ago. Even now in our more mature years, The Stance is excruciatingly difficult to maintain when one's bladder is especially full. When you have to "go" in a public bathroom, you find a line of women that makes you think there's a half-price sale on Mel Gibson's underwear in there. So, you wait and smile politely at all the other ladies, also crossing their legs and smiling politely. And you finally get closer. You check for feet under the stall doors. Every one is occupied.

Finally, a stall door opens and you dash, nearly knocking down the woman leaving the stall. You get in to find the door won't latch. It doesn't matter. You hang your purse on the door hook, yank down your pants and assume "The Stance." Relief. More relief.

Then your thighs begin to shake. You'd love to sit down but you certainly hadn't taken time to wipe the seat or lay toilet paper on it, so you hold The Stance as your thighs experience a quake that would register an eight on the Richter scale.

To take your mind off it, you reach for the toilet paper. The toilet paper dispenser is empty. Your thighs shake more. You remember the tiny tissue that you blew your nose on-that's in your purse. It would have to do. You crumble it in the puffiest way possible. It is still smaller than your thumbnail.

Someone pushes open your stall door because the latch doesn't work and your purse whams you in the head.

Occupied!" you scream as you reach out for the door, dropping your tissue in a puddle and falling backward, directly onto the toilet seat.

You get up quickly, but it's too late. Your bare bottom has made contact with all the germs and life forms on the bare seat because YOU never laid down toilet paper, not that there was any, even if you had enough time to. And your mother would be utterly ashamed of you if she knew, because her bare bottom never touched a public toilet seat because, frankly, "You don't know what kind of diseases you could get."

And by this time, the automatic sensor on the back of the toilet is so confused that it flushes, sending up a stream of water akin to a fountain and then it suddenly sucks everything down with such force that you grab onto the toilet paper dispenser for fear of being dragged to China. At that point, you give up. . You're soaked by the splashing water. You're exhausted. You try to wipe with a Chicklet wrapper you found in your pocket, then slink out inconspicuously to the sinks.

You can't figure out how to operate the sinks with the automatic sensors, so you wipe your hands with spit and a dry paper towel and walk past a line of women, still waiting, cross-legged and unable to smile politely at this point. One kind soul at the very end of the line points out that you are trailing a piece of toilet paper on your shoe as long as the Mississippi River! You yank the paper from your shoe, plunk it in the woman's hand and say warmly, "Here. You might need this."

At this time, you see your spouse, who has entered, used and exited his bathroom and read a copy of War and Peace while waiting for you. "What took you so long?" he asks, annoyed. This is when you kick him sharply in the shin and go home.

This is dedicated to all women everywhere who have ever had to deal with a public toilet. And it finally explains to all you men what takes us so long.

New device to improve man's aim...



Leaving London, I decided to stop at one of those motorway service areas. I go into the gents, The first cubicle is taken, so I go into the second one. I had just sat down when I heard a voice from the other stall.....

Hi there, how is it going?

Okay, I am not the type to strike up conversations with strangers in toilets. I didn't know what to say, so finally I say: - Not bad.....

Then the voice says: So, what are you doing? I am starting to find this a bit weird, but I say: - Well, I'm going up north.....

Then I hear the person, all flustered, say: Look, I'll call you back--every time I ask you a question this idiot in the next toilet keeps answering me!!!

An extremely modest man was in the hospital for a series of tests, the last of which had left his system upset. Upon making several false-alarm trips to the toilet he decided the latest was another false-alarm and stayed put. He suddenly filled his bed with diarrhoea and was embarrassed beyond his ability to remain rational. Losing his presence of mind, he jumped up, gathered up the bed sheets, and threw them out the hospital window. A drunk hasher was walking by the hospital when the sheets landed on him. He started yelling, cursing, and swinging his arms wildly, which left the soiled sheets in a tangled pile at his feet. As the pissed hasher stood there staring down at the sheets, a security guard who had watched the whole incident walked up and asked, "What the hell was that all about?" Still staring down, the hasher said: "I think I just beat the shit out of a ghost."

HISTORY LESSONS

Next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.

Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children--last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it -- hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs -- thick straw -- piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof -- hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house.

This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor."

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway --hence, a "thresh hold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while -- hence the rhyme, "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon."

They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Most people did not have pewter plates, but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made from stale bread, which was so old and hard that they could be used for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed and a lot of times worm and mould got into the wood and old bread. After eating off wormy, mould trenchers, one would get "trench mouth."

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up--hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realised they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

And that's the truth...(and whoever said that History was boring?!)

and there's more ...

1. In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. Hence the phrase "goodnight, sleep tight".
2. It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the honey month or what we know today as the honeymoon.
3. In English pubs, ale is ordered by pints and quarts. So in old England, when customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them mind their own pints and quarts and settle down. It's where we get the phrase "mind your P's and Q's".
4. Many years ago in England, pub frequenters had a whistle baked into the rim or handle of their ceramic cups. When they needed a refill, they used the whistle to get some service. "Wet your whistle" is the phrase inspired by this practice.
5. In ancient England a person could not have sex unless you had consent of the King (unless you were in the Royal Family). When anyone wanted to have a baby, they got consent of the King, the King gave them a placard that they hung on their door while they were having sex. The placard had F.*.*. (Fornication Under Consent of the King) on it. Now you know where that came from.