



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #83 March 2004

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.
1st March 04	1341	Jolly Boatman, Newhaven	443 017	Pete B & Andy	01273 887579
Directions: A27 east to first roundabout. Turn right through Kingston. Right again at t-junction. Pub on left just in Newhaven - approx. 6 miles. Park in [Niel] Robinson or [Don] Elphick Roads on left, just before pub. Est. 25 mins.					
8th March 04	1342	Badgers Tennis Club, Kemptown	333 038	Mudlarks Pete & Nigel	01273 309562
Directions: From Pier head north, then right just past pavilion on Edward Street. 2nd left after hospital is Church Place. Club is next to Lee Motors, park in street. Est. 5 mins. <i>Showers & Curry night.</i>					
15th March 04	1343	Thatched Inn, Keymer	315 158	Queen Bea Steve H.	01273 842778
Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 towards Ditchling. Take left turn after 1 mile, then left at t-junction and immediately right up Ockley Lane. Pub is set back about 1/2 mile on left. Est. 15 mins.					
22nd March 04	1344	Spanish Lady, Saltdean	383 019	Dave Gomi Bos/Chris	01273 581284
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn left along A259. Through Rottingdean lights, past Saltdean Lido and 2nd left, Long Ridge Avenue. Pub just on right. Est. 10 mins.					
29th March 04	1345	Kings Head, North Chailey	393 210	Tim, Sasha & Co.	01444 230644
Directions: Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is 7 miles up on the right hand side, just before first (T) junction. 20 mins.					

Receding hareline:

5th April	1346	Snowdrop, Lewes	Wiggy	Birthday run
12th April	1347	Star, Steyning	Ivan & (has anybody seen..)	Mike Cockcroft
15th May	XC	Round Sussex relay #2	Chopper Mutton	10th anniversary!
Sept/Oct	XC	Montreuil-sur-Mer #12	The Greyhounds	12th year, 10th anniversary!

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH WEBSITE - www.brightonhash.co.uk.

HERTS HASH 1000TH WEEKEND - CARRY ON HASHING - LEA VALLEY YHA, CHESHUNT

Never, in the field of human endeavour, has so much been done by so few to so many, er, on YHA premises.

Our first weekender of the year saw us arriving shortly before 6pm to be greeted by several old mates as well as the organisers what we know too. They obviously know us as well as we were immediately sent to **Room 101!** Lea Valley is a brand new hostel and is far removed from the hostelling memories of my youth. One large main building with kids playroom, side rooms which quickly became the bar, huge restaurant and a massive main lounge which naturally became the dance floor. Accommodation is in the five smaller pyramid buildings each of which had 8-10 rooms, 3-4 to a room, so for us with the kids there was plenty of space.

Run 1 for the weekend was billed as a black dress run/ pub crawl, that's female apparel rather than dicky bows etc. My turn this time whilst Gabs stayed to put the kids down. After a snack of soup and roll I arrived in a matronly number of Angels at the allotted time to discover that the pack had gone some 15 minutes earlier. The hare was still there though!

Those of us who missed the main group loitered a respectful couple of minutes so the hare could get away then ambled off to pub#1. One look through the door at the heaving mass of hashers had us changing our minds and we decided to get ahead of the game but moving on to pub#2. This involved quite a long run with at least three checks, and going past at least 4 other pubs before getting to our destination. Great motivator, thirst, but we had been warned that, being so close to the Essex border, we were unlikely to get a good reception in our state of dress so boldly stuck with it. Good move as we were enthusiastically greeted by the locals, the landlord, and the hare Mr. X who was by now wondering if anyone else was going to make it. No point rushing on to the last two pubs until the rest of the pack arrived so we got comfortable, had a couple of pints, then a couple more, by which time a karaoke was being set-up. Over an hour after our arrival and after a frantic phone call from Mr. X eventually a number of other hashers started to wander in. Then a flood and with the karaoke and a late extension to midnight, all thought of the final two pubs was quickly abandoned whilst we partied on to hash favourites such as Alice, Delilah, Swing Low (for many years a hash hymn) etc.

Back at base the late arrivals and those who couldn't do the run had already been joined by the part of the pack that got stuck in the wrong pub and the disco was in full swing. Free beer was on so time to really party. I didn't mind. Sticking religiously to our alternating plan meant that I didn't have to run tomorrow!

Naturally the kids woke early to ensure we didn't miss breakfast, no matter what went down last night, and off we went to the restaurant for a rather excellent cooked English.

Our game plan was that I took the kids into town whilst Gabs did the run, but I took the precaution of finding out where the beer stop and reunion of short and long trails was. Good move as the wait to get across the railway line that separated the YHA from civilisation became too tedious by the 8th train with still no sign of the barrier lifting. We then had a thoroughly pleasant stroll through the Lea Valley Country Park getting to the beer just as the short route did, which thankfully included mum.

After our packed lunch, enjoyed at the sip, we once again went our separate ways. Myself and the kids picking the shortest way back whilst the runners went only slightly longer. A big feature of these weekends is always the circle in which the Religious Advisor punishes sinners with beer, or rewards hares, with beer. Hey everyone's a winner! Occasional BH7'er Sludge was called in along with a Herts Sludge to check the birthline. Radio Soap was also called but as she'd gone off doing culture, escaped her birthday beer.



Oh no. WHO let that out?

We used the free time to pop into town and achieve what I had singularly failed earlier, before heading back for a curry supper at the YHA. We put the kids down and then off to the party which was fancy dress themed on the carry on films to mark Hattie Jacques birthday. I've never seen so many bearded nurses! Favourite moment has to be Angel leading the Benny Hill dance whilst Ruby chased her other half, noted Scottish hasher Olympr!ck, with a giant syringe.

My turn to run Sunday and our hearts sank when it was revealed that this would be a short town run. Only downer on an otherwise excellent weekend that finished up with a highly amusing circle. Twonk (organiser of next years Ancient Britons nash hash in Norfolk) did finally get his Viking hat back but not before a down down out of one of the horns (I'd kept hold of it after he nicked my See You Jimmy hat, which I also had returned)! Angel got one for doing the run and remarking how warm her ankles were before realising that she hadn't pulled her knee supports up. Lone Ranger was also hit for racing on the hash.

Thoroughly enjoyable. Can't wait until the next weekender but this only offers a small amount of the fun that can be enjoyed at the **Interhash**. Prices have been held again to **£150** for registration and any of the travelling hashers will tell you how worthwhile it is. Get your forms in and join us on the W-nk run which will certainly be one to remember.

On on Bouncer

IT'S THE BRIGHTON TRASH PAGE THREE PRE-OPERATIVE TRANSEXUAL SHEMALE!!

THE following was received by e-mail on 13/11/03. Suddenly it seems relevant!



THIS is the model beauty six bachelors try desperately to bed in a new reality show - unaware she was born a MAN. The hapless lads spend weeks battling to seduce the South American stunner in Sky One series *There's Something About Miriam*.

But while viewers know her secret from the start, the boys only discover the truth after *Miriam* picks the winner, then lifts her skirt to reveal a full set of wedding tackle.

One embarrassed contestant was so furious at the shock revelation that he PUNCHED the show's producer. Now all six fellas have launched a legal bid to stop the humiliating show going on air. They are also suing TV bosses for sexual assault. *Miriam* is a pre-op transsexual, often called a shemale, which means she still has male genitalia.

But her suitors - who include an aspiring actor, an ex-lifeguard, a ski instructor, a chef and a Royal Marine Commando - know nothing about this as they kiss, cuddle and grope her on screen.

A Sky insider said: "Miriam and the lads are all filmed 24 hours a day at a luxury villa in Ibiza. The boys have to do whatever they can to impress her before she picks her favourite. And at the end of the two weeks, she breaks the shock news that she is a transsexual. It's the lads' worst nightmare."

The show, presented by Tim Vincent, is due to start on Sky One on November 16 at 9pm.

But the fuming contestants, who fear they will be a laughing stock, have hired celebrity law firm Schillings to bring legal action against Sky and production company Brighter Pictures. They intend to sue for conspiracy to commit a sexual assault, because they didn't consent to be kissed and fondled by a man. They are also determined to sue for defamation, breach of contract and personal injury. Schillings have insisted the programme be delayed until the legal dispute is settled.

All six lads signed papers handing producers free reign to use any footage before filming. Yet they now claim they were duped - and have begged telly watchdogs the Independent Television Commission to stop the programme going on air.

A show insider said: "The men had no idea that *Miriam* was a transsexual. They are horrified because there are shots of them snogging, cuddling and groping her. At the end of the show she sat them down and told them, 'I've got something to show you', then lifted up her skirt. One lad was so outraged he hit the producer in the face. It's the cruellest reality show yet."

*How about a nice big
hot steaming cup of
Shut the Fuck Up*



1. Helen, this is some of the most vile tasting shit I have ever had.



2. Bill what ever you do don't drink Helen's coffee it tastes like second rate poison.



3. Actually it is poison I am getting sick of all his bullshit so I put a little bit of poison in every cup



4. I am doing the same thing to Bill. I just love serving him his cup of Shut the Fuck Up

A famous American University completed a study in 1951 that concluded American housewives are forced to take a lot of shit from their loud mouthed idiotic, shithead husbands. The study concluded that the best way to fix the situation is ...
WHAT-EVER, have a steaming cup of **SHUT THE FUCK UP**



Genuine What-Ever is worth waiting for
WHAT-EVER
SPOUSE POISON

*When you have had it up to here
and you aren't going to take it anymore*

P.S. ... Never ever fuck with the person who prepares your meals

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www.ShuttheFuckUp.com

Dear all

Saturday, 31 January 2004

Thank you very much again for sponsoring me on my recent trip to climb the highest free standing mountain in the world (Mt Killimanjaro) to raise money for Scope. Having arrived home and recovered from the trip I am now able to reflect on the brilliant experience I shared with other fund raisers. With your help 55 of us raised over £170,000 pounds.

We headed off from Heathrow to Nairobi in Kenya on the 22nd of January. At this point I didn't really know what to expect and although knew my running and training would make me fit enough; the altitude was a unknown quantity.

The first thing I noticed about Africa was the severe poverty. It really made me realise how lucky I was. It was an 8 ½ hr. journey, through the boarder to Tanzania where we finally settled in the Kibo hotel. This was to be our base for the first night until we began the climb. Both the locals and my fellow climbers were really friendly and easy going so I had already made some good friendships. We sampled the Mt Kilimanjaro beer which was cheaper than buying mineral water. I was beginning to like this place already.

We awoke at 6am, packed, had breakfast and headed for the park gates. One of the requirements to stop dehydration was to drink plenty of water, at least 5 litres a day. It meant stopping every 15 mins. for the toilet but it showed you were well hydrated and made my pack lighter as day progressed. The first part consisted of rainforest. We walked for about 6 hours and at one point all got drenched in a tropical rain storm lasting about an hour. But we soon dried out thanks to the heat. The vegetation was vast and we saw monkeys, birds and wild flowers all around us. Our first stop was the Mandara huts which were 9000 feet above sea level. No one was sick yet but you could defiantly feel you were at altitude and did not want to exert your self. On the way up we had seen a 4x4 ambulance rush up the hill past the gates and at the huts there was a man on a stretcher waiting for the same ambulance having been brought down from higher up. I was chatting to the organizer Richard who said 'take it really slowly' - Polli Polli in Swahili. He said he thought I should try and borrow some 'Diamox' from someone. Statistically people under 25 have a big chance of getting altitude sickness and not to be disappointed if I did not make it

The next day we awoke at 6.30 to get ready for breakfast and trekking. No one had managed to get more than 2 hours sleep - not just me. A lot of people had the giggles and felt emotions in the night due to altitude or medication they were taking. Some had now started taking Diamox – (an altitude combating drug) to help them acclimatize. I personally didn't have this drug and planned to take aspirin to combat a headache or thin my blood when I started suffering. I found out talking to others that I was one of the only ones not taking it. For the 56 people trekking we had 150 support staff, including porters, cooks, guides, caterers, and general logistics for organising 56 people to climb to nearly 20,000 feet. A lot of these people worked their fingers to the bone for under \$1 a day. All were very friendly and the level of service was excellent. I took my hat off to these people and had utmost respect for them. We trekked all day to the next huts. (Hurombo at about 11,000 foot) As we went higher the facilities were more basic. We had solar electric, but the toilets were little more than a hole in the ground and a lot of people were getting stomach bugs. The vegetation had changed and we had come from the rainforest to more open land. It was also slightly colder, 2oC every 1000 foot up. At night it was very cold and you slept fully clothed in your sleeping bag. Views were amazing and you felt like you were in heaven above the clouds. Overnight no one really seemed to sleep again and people were beginning to drop like flies. A very fit man in his 30's who ran in triathlons was taken down on a stretcher with fluid on the lung, apparently very serious. Lots of diarrhoea and stomach bugs. I had been very lucky with the altitude so far. We had a doctor in the group though who carried medication and was able to help a lot of people.

We headed for Kibo huts the next. Many people continued and it was less than 10 who couldn't go on. Kibo was about 15,000 feet. We had to walk across a dust saddle and needed to cover mouth and nose to stop dust from clogging lungs. Beautiful weather and the views of Mkwensey, the mountain beside Killi were fabulous. Within in the last 100 feet of Kibo I got a slight headache. I took an aspirin and it cleared up in about half an hour. I knew I would feel the altitude eventually so I wasn't too alarmed. A lot of people were very sick and 3 had to descend again from Kibo. The same night we would head off at 11pm to begin our ascent. Very cold and slept in bag with gloves and balaclava. We began our ascent at about 11.30pm. It would be the equivalent to climbing more than Britain's highest mountain starting at 15,000 feet. The main problem was that you had to drink a lot of water. The temperature could get as low as -35deg.. It only got to -20deg. but this still meant

our water would freeze within at least of 2 or 3 hours walking. This presented a big problem with no solution. Until the sun came out you had to do without. The climb involved a one-in-three screed slope to the top and then a walk around the brim of the volcano which is permanently ice capped.

People slowly faded out all up the screed slope and luckily Dave and I had a slight advantage from the fact that we did not need to drop out thought exhaustion. Our fitness had helped us out. Soon came the point when I wished I had taken Diamox. Just after 17,500 feet I started to get another headache. As we progressed it got worse and worse. I took two ibuprofen but it felt like my head was in a vice and someone was winding it up as I ascended. It was the worst headache I have ever had and progressed to feeling dizzy and hallucinating. I actually picked up a rock which I thought was a mobile phone. As a group we really had to try and encourage and help each other. Believe it or not I was by no means in the worse state. It was mind over matter and in all the time I have been running competitively, I have never put my body through so much. At the top of the screed - Gillamans point about 19,500 feet. It was dark but suddenly I had made it. I felt like death and didn't know what to do. I was about the 8th person up there and people were crying, laughing, and being sick, clasped in a heap and having diarrhoea. I felt like crying but I think my tear ducts were frozen. I sat down, ate some ice took some pictures and felt a lot better. I always planned to go on to Uhuru peak but now felt I could do it without killing my self. The sun came up and it was truly breath taking. Words can not describe how beautiful it was. 15 mins. after arriving we had to move on to the summit or go down otherwise we would freeze and would not have enough time to descend. About an hour later we had made the extra height to Uhuru. The same thing applied and people were suffering from altitude in many ways. 5895 meters and just under 20,000 feet above sea level the feeling of satisfaction was immense. We took some pictures and soaked up the view. 19 made the summit, only 3 who were not on diamox, Mary, Rob and I.

The descent was the interesting bit. I started to feel as if I was drunk, staggering all over the place. Luckily Dave had read up in detail about altitude sickness and immediately saw something was not right. He hurried me off the mountain making sure I was hydrated and wearing sun cream. This can not have been easy because I was not completely with it and apparently not very obliging to do these things. Once I was down I was treated with injections from the doctor and taken by stretcher a few km. ahead of the others to the Horombo huts where we would be spending the night. I was not the only one to suffer. Mary had to turn back and 5 of us got severe altitude sickness. 3 who had not taken diamox and the others from severe dehydration.

The next day involved trekking slowly back to the park gates, then to the hotel and ending with a gala dinner to celebrate. We tackled the fundraising and Killimanjaro as a team and however far each and every one of us got up the mountain we all reached our own individual summit. I made some friendships and bonds which will last a lifetime and will never forget what we experienced. I have also understood more about Scope and where our fundraising has gone. It is a brilliant and very worthwhile charity. I will be honoured to fundraise for them in the future.

Thank you again

John Baxter

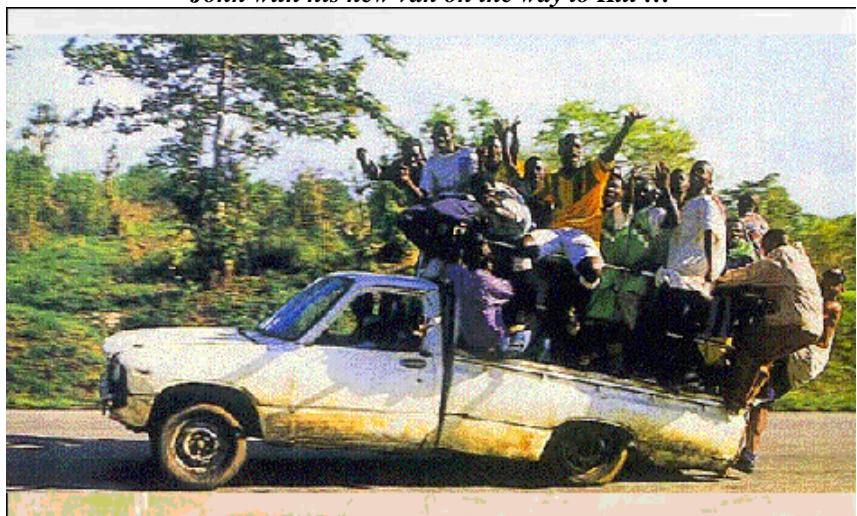
Dear friends and family,

I have recently purchased a Long wheel base 3 ton Ford transit van and started a new business. If you need any thing moved, disposed of or transported I am your man at a very reasonable rate. It will take almost anything. Spread the word.

Thanking you in advance

John

John with his new van on the way to Kili ...



More Worldwide Hash News

Posted on the international hash site:

Good day, My name is David Allen and I am a reporter for Stars and Stripes in Okinawa, Japan.

Yesterday I covered a court-martial for a Marine lieutenant who was kicked out of the Corps and sent to the brig for 30 days for conduct unbecoming an officer. He pleaded guilty to running and swimming in the nude with enlisted Marines, performing a mock sex act in front of a crowd which consisted of enlisted Marines, and having sex with a married enlisted woman who was not his wife. According to the trial testimony, all the behavior stemmed from his involvement with the Okinawa Hash House Harriers, which bills itself as a "drinking club with a running problem."

From the testimony, it would seem that many of the OH3 activities crossed the line between what's allowed as far as contact between officers, non-commissioned officers and junior enlisted personnel. Since many Hashes are located near military bases, I was wondering if you could tell me if there are any similar problems between military members who belong to those clubs? Are members warned about the potential hazards when they join? Is "lewd" behavior in public (the nude running and swimming took place at public beaches) a common Hash ritual?

I have heard that military officials here are looking into the local Hash and considering taking steps to make sure there are no repeats of the behavior described in court yesterday.

As head of the international Hash, do you have any comment about any of this?

David Allen
Okinawa News Bureau
Stars and Stripes

Brighton GM's comments:

(1) I would officially like to comment. Firstly and obviously 'having sex with a married enlisted woman who was not his wife' is both unacceptable and poor hash form. So who can we have sex with? Well, anybody of the same rank or above. Which is a bit worrying, because as GM I hold the equivalent rank of General and therefore can only have sexual relations with another local GM. And that means Leatherback, or Sir Snot. Not a happy thought.

(2) Public sex acts. Some of us might well be guilty. Have you ever dressed up as Ben Laden and pretended to shag a blown up sheep during a hash cabaret? Got you!

(3) Public nudity. Obviously a case of the bloody Americans trying to impose their limited culture on the rest of the world. It means any of us who have ever been in a hash sauna are guilty. Therefore I want us all to meet outside the US Embassy on Monday and go in and confess to the ambassador and promise we will never apply to become marines.

Love and kisses
Local Knowledge

Police have named 6 of the Morecombe victims, they are Way Ding, Sin King, Drow Ning, Leff Too Dy, Fuk Its Cold and Ty Dis Hi.

The boss of the Chinese cockle pickers was cleared today as it turns out he warned them to get out of the water as soon as it reached knee high. Unfortunately knee high was sitting on the promenade at the time eating an ice cream

Two sharks are swimming in the Irish Sea.
One says to the other: "God I'm bored of mackerel ...let's swim to Morecambe and pick up a Chinese."

Q: What are a Chinaman's favourite shoes? A: Winkle pickers.

Morecambe council are spending thousands of pounds on their sea defences. Apparently there are a few chinks in it...

Greetings bouncer@brightonhash.co.uk from Hashers Paradise, Bali.

As we loll around under our palm trees we, the Bali Interhash 2006 Committee realize we need your help. Yes! We are desperate! We want to meet up with these Hounds from Brighton when we go to Cardiff, but we dont know how to contact them.

If you pass them on the trail, would you please ask to visit our website at www.interhashbali.com
Better yet, if anyone would like to know about how we are organizing our bid for Interhash 2006, or just want info on running and funning on the best Hash Island in the world, they can contact us direct.

I am fancylicker@interhashbali.com and the good looking one is diah@interhashbali.com.

We would love to hear from those Brighton hashers or see you at our keg sometime soon.

On on
Fancy Licker

A few greetings for use at Interhash

Croeso i Cymru.....Welcome to Wales
croeso.....welcome
bore da.....good morning
dydd da.....good afternoon
prynhawn da.....good evening
noswaith dda.....good evening
nos da.....good night
sut mae?.....how are you?
da.....good
da iawn.....very good
iechyd da.....good health!
hwyl.....cheers
diolch.....thanks
diolch yn fawr iawn.....thanks very much
toiledau.....toilets
Canol y Dref.....City Centre
rheilffordd.....railway
Brains Bitter.....Welsh Beer

GEMS FROM THE HERTS HASH 1000TH TRASH



Commenting on a complaint from a Mr Arthur Purdey about a large gas bill, a spokesman for North West Gas said, "We agree it was rather high for the time of year. It's possible Mr Purdey has been charged for the gas used up during the explosion that destroyed his house." (The Daily Telegraph)

Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It's a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like. (The Guardian)

At the height of the gale, the harbourmaster radioed a coastguard on the spot and asked him to estimate the wind speed. He replied he was sorry, but he didn't have a gauge. However, if it was any help, the wind had just blown his Land Rover off the cliff. (Aberdeen Evening Express)

Mrs Irene Graham of Thorpe Avenue, Boscombe, delighted the audience with her reminiscence of the German prisoner of war who was sent each week to do her garden. He was repatriated at the end of 1945, she recalled "He'd always seemed a nice friendly chap, but when the crocuses came up in the middle of our lawn in February 1946, they spelt out "Heil Hitler." (Bournemouth Evening Echo).

The priest of a small Irish village was very fond of the ten chickens (plus one cock rooster) he kept in a hen house behind the parish manse. One Saturday night, the cock rooster was missing, and as that was the time the priest suspected cock fights occurred in the village, he decided to say something about it at church the next morning. At Mass, he asked the congregation, "Has anyone got a cock?" All the men stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?" All the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant, either. Has anyone seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?" Half the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "Perhaps I should rephrase the question: **Has anybody here seen my cock?**" All the choir boys stood up.

Bad dog - Read text before looking at pic

You have invited some friends over for some drinks and games. Everyone is kicking back and enjoying the evening. As the evening is winding down, people start to get ready to head home. You get your guests their coats, and start to head for the front door. Suddenly, your guests come to a halt and erupt in laughter. You finally work your way around them, and look down the hallway to see.....



Welcome to Westerham And North Kent (W&NK) run no. 6969 - Interhash 2004

We have a devastatingly stunning trail planned for you in St Gwynno's Forest, north-east of Cardiff, cunningly laid by the right hands of trailmasters Bouncer, Lunchbox and Pissticide. As well as the assortment of woodland, hills and waterfall trails to excite you there will also be a few special souvenirs and the world famous W&NK circle guaranteed to make this one of the most memorable and talked about trails available at Interhash 2004.

Special features include a visit to a roman camp, the mysterious pistol gholea (pistol goolie?) and possibly the greatest Welsh W&NKer Hasher ever buried in the graveyard of St. Gwynno's church. Known as Guto Nyth Bran, Griffith Morgan was allegedly one of the fastest runners ever, able to out-sprint hares and run with the hounds. Challenged to a race by an Englishman called Prince (now there's a bloody great W&NKer if ever...) based in barracks at Monmouth he won the 12 mile challenge in 54 minutes. Congratulating him with a hearty backslap, his girl then dislodged his heart causing him to keel over and die in her arms - beaten by a woman!

Finally, don't forget to order your souvenir t-shirt, as modelled by many of our hares over the weekend.

THE THINGS THEY SAY ... KIDS IN CHURCH

Attending a wedding for the first time, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Why is the bride dressed in white?"
"Because white is the colour of happiness, and today is the happiest day of her life."
The child thought about this for a moment, then said, "So why is the groom wearing black?"

A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class. As she ran she prayed, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!" While she was running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again. As she ran she once again began to pray, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late...But please don't shove me either!"

A little girl became restless as the preacher's sermon dragged on and on. Finally, she leaned over to her mother and whispered, "Mummy, if we give him the money now, will he let us go?"

Three boys are in the schoolyard bragging about their fathers. The first boy says, "My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a poem, they give him £50."
The second boy says, "That's nothing. My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, they give him £100." The third boy says, "I got you both beat. My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect all the money!"

A Sunday school teacher asked the children just before she dismissed them to go to church, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?"
Annie replied, "Because people are sleeping."

A Sunday school teacher asked her class why Joseph and Mary took Jesus with them to Jerusalem. A small child replied: "They couldn't get a babysitter."

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honour thy father and thy mother" she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" Without missing a beat one little boy answered, "Thou shall not kill."

At Sunday school they were teaching how God created everything, including human beings. Little Johnny seemed especially intent when they told him how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Later in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and said, "Johnny, what is the matter?" Little Johnny responded, "I have pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

Two boys were walking home from Sunday school after hearing a strong preaching on the devil. One said to the other, "What do you think about all this Satan stuff?" The other boy replied, "Well, you know how Santa Claus turned out. It's probably just your dad."

Sunday School Lesson

Pastor Jacob was teaching his Sunday school class. He asked the class, "If I sold my house and my car, had a big garage sale and gave all my money to the church, would that get me into Heaven?"
"NO!" the children all answered.
"If I cleaned the church every day, mowed the yard, and kept everything neat and tidy, would that get me into Heaven?" The Pastor continued.
Again, the answer was, "NO!"
"Well, then, if I was kind to animals and gave candy to all the children, and loved my wife, would that get me into Heaven?" Pastor Jacob again asked.
Again, they all answered, "NO!"
"Well", He continued, "then how can I get into Heaven?"
Five-year-old Little Johnny shouted out, "YOU GOTTA BE DEAD!"

A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Janey Sugarbrown."
The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter?" With her mother standing just a few feet away, the little girl replied, "I thought I was, but Mummy says I'm not,"

A mother was teaching her 3-year-old the Lord's prayer. For several evenings at bedtime she repeated it after her mother. One night she said she was ready to solo. The mother listened with pride as she carefully enunciated each word, right up to the end of the prayer. "Lead us not into temptation," she prayed, "but deliver us some E-mail, Amen,"

A little boy opened the big and old family Bible with fascination, he looked at the old pages as he turned them. Then something fell out of the Bible and he picked up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that had been pressed in between pages. "Mummy, look what I found," the boy called out.
"What have you got there, dear?" his mother asked.
With astonishment in the young boy's voice he answered: "It's Adam's clothes!!!!!"

At the beginning of a children's sermon, one girl came up to the altar wearing a beautiful dress. As the children were sitting down around the pastor, he leaned over and said to the girl, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter dress?"
The girl replied almost directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mum said it's a bitch to iron."

An elderly woman died last month. Having never married, she requested no male pallbearers. In her handwritten instructions for her memorial service, she wrote, "They wouldn't take me out while I was alive, I don't want them to take me out when I'm dead."

AT THE ZOO

It's a beautiful, warm, spring morning and a man and his wife are spending the day at the zoo. She's wearing a cute, loose-fitting, pink dress, sleeveless with straps. He's wearing his normal jeans and a T- shirt. The zoo is not very busy this morning.

As they walk through the ape exhibit, they pass in front of a large, hairy gorilla. Noticing the girl, the gorilla goes ape. He jumps on the bars, and holding on with one hand (and 2 feet), he grunts and pounds his chest with his free hand. He is obviously excited at the pretty lady in the wavy dress. The husband, noticing the excitement, thinks this is funny. He suggests that his wife tease the poor fellow some more. The husband suggests she pucker her lips, wiggle her bottom at him, and play along. She does, and Mr. Gorilla gets even more excited, making noises that would wake the dead.

Then the husband suggests that she let one of her straps fall to show a little more skin. She does, and Mr. Gorilla is about to tear the bars down.

"Now try lifting your dress up. Show your thighs and sort of fan it at him," he says. This drives the gorilla absolutely crazy, and now he's doing flips.

Then the husband grabs his wife, rips open the door to the cage, flings her in with the gorilla and slams the cage door shut, saying with a smile, "Now, tell HIM you have a headache!!!

A bloke starts his new job at the zoo and is given three tasks. The first is to clear the exotic fish pool of weeds.

He starts on this when suddenly a huge fish leaps out and bites him. He is not going to let a fish have a go so he beats the offending fish to death with a spade.

Realising that his boss is not going to be best pleased, he tries to find a way to hide the dead fish. He hits on the brilliant idea of giving the fish to the lions as lions will eat anything. So he throws the fish into the lion's cage.

He then moves on to his second job, which is to clear out the monkey house. He goes in and a couple of chimps start throwing coconuts at him. Unamused he swipes at the chimps with his spade, killing them instantly.

He's really worried now, so what does he do? He feeds the chimps to the lions, because lions eat anything. He hurls them into the lion's cage.

Anyway, he moves on to his last job, which is to collect honey from South American bees. He starts on this and quickly gets attacked by the bees. Alarmed, he grabs his spade and smashes the bees as hard as he can, squashing them to death. By this point he is not too worried about the death of bees as he knows what to do by now.

He throws them into the lion's cage, because lions eat anything.

Later that day a new lion arrives at the zoo. It wanders up to another lion and says "What's the food like in here?".

The other lion says: "Absolutely brilliant, today we had Fish, Chimps and Mushy Bees"

A guy goes to the zoo one day, and while standing in front of the gorilla's cage, a gust of wind swept some dust into his eye. As he rubbed his eyelid, the gorilla went crazy, bent open the bars, and beat the guy senseless. When the guy came to his senses, he reported the incident to the zookeeper. Nodding, the zookeeper explained that pulling down your eyelid means "F**k you!" in gorilla language. The explanation didn't make the victim feel any better and he vowed revenge.

The next day he purchased two large knives, two party hats, two party horns, and a large sausage. Putting the sausage in his pants, he hurried to the zoo and over to the gorilla's cage, where he tossed a hat, a knife, and a party horn. Knowing that gorillas were natural mimics, he put on a party hat. The gorilla looked at him, looked at the hat, and put it on. Next, he picked up his horn and blew on it. The gorilla picked up his horn and did the same.

Then the man picked up his knife, whipped the sausage out of his pants, and sliced it in half. The gorilla looked at the knife, looked at his own crotch, looked at the man, and pulled down his eyelid.



A jeweller called the police station to report a robbery. "You'll never believe what happened, Sergeant. A truck backed up to my store, the doors opened and an elephant came out. He broke my plate glass window, stuck his trunk in, sucked up all the jewellery and climbed back into the truck. The doors closed and the truck pulled away."

The desk sergeant said, "Could you tell me, for identification purposes, whether it was an Indian elephant or an African elephant?"

"What's the difference?" asked the jeweller.

"Well," said the sergeant, "an African elephant has great big ears and an Indian elephant has little ears."

"Come to think of it, I couldn't see his ears," said the jeweller. "He had a stocking over his head."

Alcoholoscopes

**Drinking style:**

Impulsive **Aries** people like to party and sometimes don't know when to call it a night. Their competitive streak makes them prone to closing time shot contests. They're sloppy, fun drunks, and they get mighty flirty after a couple tipples. Getting Aries people drunk is a good way to get what you want out of them, should other methods fail. Aries can become bellicose when blotto, but they will assume that whatever happened should be forgiven (if not forgotten) by sunrise. They can be counted on to do the same for you -- so long as you haven't gone and done anything really horrible to them last night, you sneaky Gemini.

**Drinking style:**

Taurus prefers to drink at a leisurely pace, aiming for a mellow glow rather than a full on zonk. Since a truly intoxicated Taurus is a one-person stampede, the kind of bull-in-a-china-shop inebriate who spills red wine on white carpets and tells fart jokes to employers, the preference for wining and dining (or Bud and buddies) to body shots and barfing is quite fortunate for the rest of us. This is not to say that the Bull is by any means a teetotaler -- god, no. A squiffy Taurus will get, er, gregarious (full of loudmouth soup, some would say) and is extremely amusing to drag to a karaoke bar when intoxicated.

**Drinking style:**

Gemini's can drink without changing their behavior much -- they're so naturally chatty and short-attention-spanned that it's just hard to tell sometimes. They can amaze you by conversing with finesse and allusions, then doing something to belie an extremely advanced state of intoxication, like puking in your shoe. Gemini's possess the magic ability to flirt successfully (and uninfuriatingly, which is very tricky) with several people at once. They like to order different cocktails every round -- repetition is boring -- and may create a theme (like yellow drinks: beer, sauvignon blanc and limoncello) for their own amusement.

**Drinking style:**

Cancer is a comfort drinker -- and an extra wine with dinner or an after-work beer or six can be extra comforting, can't it, Cancer darling? Like fellow water signs Scorpio and Pisces, Crabs must guard against lushery. Cancers are brilliant at ferreting out secret parties and insinuating themselves on VIP lists -- and, in true Hollywood style, Cancers are never really drunk; instead, they get "tired and emotional" (read: weepy when lubricated). But there's nothing better than swapping stories (and spit) over a few bottles of inky red wine with your favorite Cancer. Even your second-favorite Cancer will do. The sign also rules the flavor vanilla, and you'd be adored if you served up vanilla vodka and soda.

**Drinking style:**

Leo likes to drink and dance -- they're often fabulous dancers, and usually pretty good drinkers as well, losing their commanding dignity and turning kittenish. Of course, they're quite aware they're darling -- Leos will be Leos, after all. They generally know their limit, probably because they loathe losing self-control. When they get over-refreshed, expect flirting to ensue -- and perhaps not with the one what brung them. But Leo's not the type to break rules even when drunk, so just try to ignore it (try harder, Cancer) and expect a sheepish (and hung over) Lion to make it up to you the next day.

**Drinking style:**

Cerebral **Virgos** are compelled to impose order onto their bender. Their famously fussy quest for purity could lead to drinking less than other signs, sure -- but it could also lead to drinking booze neat, to sucking down organic wine or just to brand loyalty. They rarely get fully shellacked -- but, oh, when they do! Virgo's controlled by the intellect, but there's an unbridled beast lurking within, and they let it loose when walloped. It's dead sexy (and surprisingly unsloppy). As one Virgo friend used to declare, "I'm going to drink myself into a low level of intelligence tonight." A toast to the subgenius IQ!

Alcoholoscopes



Drinking style:

"I'm jusht a social drinker," slurs **Libra**, "it's jusht that I'm so damn social?" Libra loves nothing more than to party, mingle and relate to everyone. Whether dipped in favor of Good Libra (with Insta-Friend device set to "on") or heavier on the Evil Libra side (they are little instigators when bored), the Scales can really work a room. Charming as they are, Libras are notoriously lacking in self-control, however, which can get them into all sorts of trouble -- including wearing their wobbly boots waaaay too early in the evening, flirting with their best friend's beau or even blacking out the night's events entirely. Oops!



Drinking style:

Don't ever tell **Scorpios** they've had enough, for they'll smirk at you and quietly but intentionally keep tipping till they're hog whimpering drunk, out of 100-proof spite. Scorpios like to drink, and screw you if you have a problem with that. Most of them see the sauce as something to savor in itself, and not as a personality-altering tool -- though if depressed, self-loathing Scorps seek total obliteration. But generally, they're fascinating drinking pals, brilliant conversationalists and dizzying flirts. They also remember everything -- especially what you did when you were blitzed. Only drink with a Scorpio who likes you.



In vino veritas -- and, for Sagittarius, in booze blurtiness:

When buttered, they'll spill all your secrets and many of their own. Tactlessness aside, **Sagittarius** is just plain fun to drink with. This is a sign of serious partying (what else would you expect from the sign of Sinatra, Keith Richards, the Bush twins and Anna Nicole Smith?). They're the people who chat up everyone in the room, then persuade the entire crowd to travel somewhere else -- like a nightclub, or a playground, or Cancun. Good-natured hijinks are sure to ensue (including a high possibility of loopy groping; spontaneous Sag is a brilliant booty call).



Drinking style:

Capricorn is usually described as practical, steadfast, money-hungry and status-thirsty -- no wonder they get left off the astrological cocktail-party list. But this is the sign of David Bowie and Annie Lennox, not to mention Elvis. Capricorn is the true rock star: independent, powerful and seriously charismatic, not too eager to please. And if they make money being themselves, who are you to quibble? But just like most rock stars, they're either totally on or totally off, and they generally need a little social lubricant to loosen up and enjoy the after party, especially if they can hook up with a cute groupie.



Drinking style:

Aquarius and drinking don't go together that well (except for water, that is). They have an innate tendency toward know-it-allism, and if they get an idea while sizzled, they're more stubborn than a stain or a stone. If they're throwing a party or organizing an outing, however, they're too preoccupied with their duties to get combative -- and they make perfectly charming drunks in that case. Fortunately, they're usually capital drink-nursers. They also make the best-designated drivers (if you can get them before they start raising their wrist): Aquarius is fascinated by drunken people and capable of holding interesting conversations with soused strangers while sober.



Drinking style:

If you're a **Pisces**, you've probably already heard that you share a sign -- and an addictive personality -- with Liz Taylor, Liza Minelli and Kurt Cobain. Not only do Pisces like to lose themselves in the dreamy, out-there feeling that only hooch can give, but they build up a mighty tolerance fast. Who needs an expensive date like that? On the other hand, they're fabulously enchanting partners, whether in conversation or in crime. With the right Pisces, you can start out sharing a pitcher of margaritas and wind up in bed together for days. The phrase "addictive personality" can be read two ways, you know.