



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers – Runs/trash #98 June 2005

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
6th June 2005	1407		Farmers, Scaynes Hill	368 230	Louis (<i>for Rik</i>)	01444 410656

Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.

13th June 2005	1408		The Berwick Arms, Berwick	526 068	Sally & Nicola	01323 509712
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Directions: Follow A27 east to Drusilla's roundabout (16 miles). Turn left, pub 1 mile on right before level crossing. 25 mins

20th June 2005	1409		Nutley Arms, Nutley	447 273	Mike C. & Ivan	01273 556553
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Directions: A27 east to Lewes. At 2nd roundabout go through Cuilfail tunnel then right on A26. At Horsted roundabout turn left on A22 and staying on A22 turn left again at 2nd roundabout, and again left at 2nd roundabout into Nutley. Est. 25 mins.

26th June 2005	THE ANNUAL FAMILY HASH & BARBECUE, AND 27th BIRTHDAY PARTY, DITCHLING Final details TBA Monday night but either Ditchling Village Green, or Peter Eastwood Plants Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling. Probably 11am run followed by food, beer, games and fun.					
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27th June 2005	1410		Woodman Arms, Hammerpot	067 057	George Baxter	01273 835758
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Directions: A27 west through Worthing. After going down the hill at Hammerpot, take u-turn at next break in the central reservation, and return east. Take next left at sign to get to the pub. Est 25 mins.

Receding Hareline:

3rd July 2005 - Hurstpierpoint - Michael & Richard

10th July 2005 - TBA - Brenda, Hugh & Leslie

17th July 2005 - The Limeburners, Billingshurst - Wiggy

24th July 2005 - Hare needed.

1st August 2005 - Fox & Hounds, Bucks Green - Dave Roberts. Excellent seafood pub, apparently! There's a reasonable likelihood that we could be joined by a few from Guildford Hash House Harriers for a sort of joint run! Also bring your hobby-horses for a romp on the bridleway through the public bar.

Upcoming fancy dress run:

17th October 2005 - "Navy" Nigel will be doing a 200th Anniversary of Trafalgar Run to coincide with his own 500th, which also happens to be a Full Moon, and we will all need to be dressed as sailors and the like.



Francesco Toldo shows Jerzy Dudek how to save penalties prior to Liverpool's European cup final against AC Milan...

FOREWORD is FOREARD - *Bouncers waffle...*

Well they came, they saw, they stayed a couple of days, then they went home again, mostly with a hangover! That's it, after the months of planning the West London weekend is over in a flash! I think everyone enjoyed themselves and I'd like to thank all the Brighton people who put in an appearance, especially those who helped with the run on Saturday, Nigel, Mike, & Les. For a fuller review see pages 4 & 6, and enjoy this issue which mercilessly plunders the souvenir trash for the weekend.

It should be fairly common knowledge now that Rik had a nasty accident during a cycle race a couple of Tuesdays back, which resulted in a broken neck as well as some back and facial injury. George has been to see Rik in Chichester hospital, and he is making good progress but will be unable to hash for at least 3 months. The operation to fuse his 2nd vertebra to the next one was successful, so he can move around a bit wearing a neck brace thing, meaning he won't need to wear a halo (*that's got to come as a relief to a hasher!*). If you wish to visit please check with Karen first as there is a very high chance that Rik is already back at home. Our thoughts are very much with you Rik during the long slow recovery period, but don't forget you have a hash to set on 6th June, so we at least expect to see you in the pub!

Congratulations to Les Plumb on reaching the amazing number of 1000 runs. According to the information Mr. Robbo was enlightening us with at the White Horse, Les has been running with the hash since about autumn 1978, although he didn't make the first run with Pete and Phil. Back in those days the trails were set by rolling a toilet roll along the ground then following it to see where it ended up. I guess that accounts for why the trails were set on the high ground! As fitness levels improved the hash gradually built up to six rolls before Les came along and had the great idea of separating the sheets. Hares then competed to set ever longer trails until, according to a separate conversation the same night with Messrs. Eastwood and Hughes, Pete in a bid to stop this nonsense, set a run from his place that was quite literally a half marathon! Meanwhile Les had already regretted the monster he had created and resolved to acquire the most intimate knowledge of the maps of Sussex thus enabling him to become the ultimate SCB and he has never completed an entire trail since!

It seems that the information in the last issue that Chris was also to celebrate his 1000th run last week was wrong, and he is still a few runs away. Bit of a relief for Julia I'm sure, as it gives us a bit more time to save up, but after Chris that should be it for a couple of years anyway. Reminder here to make sure you sign the board but meanwhile if you do have any information that could prove useful to Theresa in completing the archive please do let her have it.

The relay was again a resounding success, as long as you can happily define success as a very good day out thoroughly enjoyed by all participants. Weather wise it was a bit grim but at something like 8.10 off we set from Buriton and eventually the GPS baton made it to the Beachy Head golf club, before the usual champagne party followed by an après at the Lansdown pub in Lewes, and the curry house next door. Not too many stories - Gabs got lost on her leg and had to knock on farmhouse doors before the boys went to get her back on track, and there was the usual multidirectional approach to Jevington Church. This included Martin coming from the north to add to his southerly approach in 2002! Don't forget your Beachy Head marathon entry's for the next big day out!

(from WLH3 trash - the swine!) A ROUND UP OF THE ORGANISERS AND COMMITTEE...



Bouncer started hashing with Essex H3 back in 1990. After the RA at the time, Titanic (a different one) aka Chuck stayed behind after the Fuckit Interhash, Bouncer found himself in the chair and the Essex H3 discovered his penchant for cocktail down-downs. He still counts as one of his fondest hash memories the final r*n with Essex before heading south when the barmaid concocted such a lethal mixture for his departing DD that he literally couldn't speak for three days. Many others hold the memory in similar affection!

Shortly after moving south to join Brighton H7, where he remains a leading pain in the arse, Trigamist invited him along to "this new hash I've started". This turned out to be one of two possible W&NKH3 runs no.2. From 1998 until the triumphant run at Interhash last year Bouncer was a major player and indeed RA for W&NK, an interest that has since fallen by the wayside as he discovered an alternative use for his ~~pie die eee~~ right hand brought about by an onslaught of small people in the house. Other than an ill advised history of attempting to placate Rhonda whenever the mist hit her, and a bad habit of streaking with Daffydildo whenever the midnight bell tolls, Bouncer has steadfastly failed to manage a r*n with West London.

Anybody else want to own up to this mess? Didn't think so!

MYSTERY OF WHY WE NEED PAGE THREE - REVEALED:

10 Things Men Know About Women

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
10. Women have Breasts

EXPOSURE

A blonde is walking down the street with her blouse open and her right breast hanging out. A policeman approaches her and says, "Ma'am, are you aware that I could cite you for indecent exposure?"

She says, "Why officer?"

"Because your breast is hanging out." He says.

She looks down and says, "OH MY GOD, I left the baby on the bus again!"

KNITTING

A highway patrolman pulled alongside a speeding car on the freeway. Glancing at the car, he was astounded to see that the blonde behind the wheel was knitting! Realizing that she was oblivious to his flashing lights and siren, the trooper cranked down his window, turned on his bullhorn and yelled, "PULL OVER!" "NO!" the blonde yelled back, "IT'S A SCARF!"

Have you always wanted to know why the letters ABCDEF have been used to classify bra sizes?

The Meaning of the ABCDEF Bra Sizing System



A - Acceptable



B - Beautiful



C - Colossal



D - Dramatic



E - Enhanced



F - Frightening

WEST LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 1000 RUNS CELEBRATION WEEKEND IN BRIGHTON - A REVIEW

In gale force winds, I found myself over at Waterhall playing fields setting up a gazebo intended to be the late night beer and cocktail party tent. Daffy and Victoria's Secretion, guesting from California, arrived just as I finished the basic frame and between them taped up all the joints, this being the W&NK gazebo that technically died July last year. As the cover wrapped itself around a chair and the thing took on the aspect of a bloody great kite we decided to try plan B, my 8 person tent. With more bodies on the ground now, between us we managed to set the latter up and head inside to prepare registration, goody bags and beers, only to see the wind press the side of my tent hard into the ground severing the fibre glass pole and ripping the pseudo canvas.

This followed a fortnight in which, aside from the ever-worsening weather forecast, the treasurer Julia unexpectedly lost her husband and could clearly not consider getting closely involved, we'd learned of the nasty accident to Rik, who was to have DJ'd Saturday night, been told by the Lord Nelson that they would not after all be holding a room for us as we would be out for a while on the Friday, the Saturday route was crap, that Madeira Drive was to close for a mini-marathon which complicated our Sunday plans, and that the pub for Sunday, the Master Mariner would not be able to open for us due to a legal cock-up.

During the course of the weekend we discovered that the mini-marathon did not, as we'd assumed, involve children running in the London Marathon tradition, but 2000 mini cars on a trip down from London. You'd have thought they would have advertised it but no mention in the listings for Brighton that day! How were we to get the beers to the beach now?

Well somehow we did and against the odds and all the 'challenges' on the way the whole weekend was a resounding success. In no small part to the ability of hashers to enjoy themselves thoroughly no matter what, which has got to have something to do with beer memory, I'm sure.

Roger Lowrie at the rugby club was very generous in light of our obvious difficulty with the tents in allowing us the full run of the clubhouse throughout Friday and we were able to offer beers to everyone as they arrived. Then off to pick up the minibus with the two drivers who'd actually remembered the two-part licences, whilst others buzzed back and forth to Preston Park to sweep up arrivals. 6.30 and off into town for the Friday 13th run hared by Saddlesniffer and Robocop. This was my first experience of an F13 run and absolutely brilliant it was too, taking in some of the more famous town sites including the pier and pavilion, as well as a lot of tomato sauce and biffing people with a squeaky hammer. You can find a description of the murders re-enacted elsewhere in the trash. Then back to the pub for a while and time for people to do a short stroll around the area before heading back to the rugby club for more beers, samosas, popadoms, Bombay mix etc.

The poster features a blue arrow pointing left with 'WEST LONDON' written inside, and 'HASH HOUSE HARRIERS' below it. To the right is a photo of a large, ornate building. Below this, it says 'West London Hash House Harriers Proudly Present The West London 1000 Runs Celebration Weekend Camping it up in Brighton Friday 13th to Sunday 15th May 2005'. There are two photos: one of a large tent structure and another of a building at night with lights. At the bottom, it says 'HASH TRASH' and provides the website 'http://www.westlondonhashs.org'.

As hare for Saturday I had to get up early to set trail which wasn't fantastic with the hangover I had, but at least a walk in the hills with Angel's bike the week before had given me the final pieces of the puzzle needed to give us a decent trail. Sludge, and Dooberry the dog, were there early to help also, so with Daffy off we went straight uphill! In the interests of a quick setting we separated a couple of times, during which I found myself all alone with two enormous bulls standing on the footpath. On my own I skirted round without antagonising them too much, let's see what the hash make of that! Nearing the end Horny Martin appeared with recent new boot Gary. They'd been doing a r*n and followed trail.

Eventually the A to B trail (*note for Mr. Robbo!*) was set and not before time as we started getting nagging calls on the mobiles, "can we start yet?". Quick lift back and with the addition of Nigel and Les as hares, and following a quick intro by Boy Blunder as the visitors GM off we went. The variable pace of the hares meant we had a good smattering of knowledge throughout the field and, the use of several back and forths off of one main long track, allowed loads of shortcuts. All of which, along with the bulls, which were by now three and getting angrier, served well to keep the pack reasonably tight up to the beer stop. Mike C. joined us for the early stages but duty called and he had to abandon the run before claiming his reward, but Nigel surely deserved double after ensuring the pack went to a pointless check, only to say as he caught up with me again, "I've just been called a bastard!"

In the news recently, plus some other rubbish...

Directions:

1. Start at Brighton Station.
 2. Catch train from Brighton to London Heathrow Airport via London Victoria and the underground.
 3. Catch flight from London Heathrow to Dallas Fort Worth Airport.
 4. Hire car at Dallas Fort Worth Airport.
 5. Start going toward the "Airport Exit" on "International Parkway South" follow for 0.2 miles.
 6. Bear left onto the highway toward "Terminal East Parking" follow for 0.3 miles
 7. Bear left onto "International Parkway North" toward "North Airport Exit" follow for 2.9 miles
 8. Take the "Highway 114 west" exit toward "Fort Worth" follow for 29.2 miles
 9. Then continue on "US 287 north" follow for 91.1 miles
 12. "US 287 north" becomes "Interstate-44 east" follow for 0.7 miles
 13. Take left fork onto "US-287 north" toward "Vernon" follow for 104.0 miles
 14. "US 287 north" becomes "Avenue F (US-287)" ? follow for 2.8 miles
 15. Continue to follow "US 287 north" ? follow for 104.9 miles
 16. Take left ramp onto "Interstate 40 west" toward "Dumas" follow for 7.8 miles
 17. Take "Exit 70" onto "US 60 east" toward "Dumas" follow for 0.5 miles
 18. Take the "Buchanan Street" exit toward "Dumas/Pampa" ? follow for 1.7 miles
 19. Turn right onto "Old Route 66 (Interstate 40)" ? follow for 0.1 miles
 20. Arrive at the centre of "Amarillo, Texas"
- Now you know the way to bLOOdy Amarillo, you can stop singing that f*****g song!



How Smart is Your Right Foot?

While sitting at your desk, lift your right foot off the floor and make clockwise circles. Now, while doing this, draw the number "6" in the air with your right hand. Your foot will change direction and there's nothing you can do about it.

An inflatable student goes to his inflatable school and is having a really bad day. Bored in history lesson, he gets up and walks out. Walking down the corridor, he sees the inflatable headmaster walking towards him and he pulls a knife out and stabs him. He runs out of the school. As he gets outside, he thinks again, "I hate school," and pulls his knife out and stabs the inflatable school. He runs off to his inflatable home.

Two hours later his inflatable mum is knocking at his inflatable bedroom door with the inflatable police. Panicking, inflatable boy pulls out the knife and stabs himself. Later in that evening, he wakes up in an inflatable hospital and see the inflatable headmaster in the inflatable bed next to him. Shaking his deflated head the headmaster gravely intones: "You've let me down; you've let the school down, but worst of all, you've let yourself down."

The New Man U Strip Now Available:



A moment to kill back in the office, try this out!
Go to <http://mappoint.msn.com/DirectionsFind.aspx>
In the Start section, select "Norway" from the listbox and enter "Haugesund" into the "City" field.
In the End section, select "Norway" from the listbox and enter "Trondheim" into the "City" field
Click on "Get Directions"

R U the Weakest Link?

Below are four (4) questions. You have to answer them instantly. You can't take your time, answer all of them immediately. OK? Let's find out just how clever you really are.

First Question: You are participating in a race. You overtake the second person. What position are you in?

Answer: If you answer that you are first, then you are absolutely wrong! If you overtake the second person and you take his place, you are second! Try not to screw up in the next question. To answer the second question, don't take as much time as you took for the first question.

Second Question: If you overtake the last person, then you are...?

Answer: If you answered that you are second to last, then you are wrong again. Tell me, how can you overtake the LAST person?! You're not very good at this are you?

Third Question: Very tricky math! Note: This must be done in your head only. Do NOT use paper and pencil or a calculator. Try it.

Take 1000 and add 40 to it, Now add another 1000, Now add 30, Add another 1000, Now add 20, Now add another 1000, Now add 10. What is the total?

Answer: Did you get 5000? The correct answer is actually 4100. Don't believe it? Check with your calculator! Today is definitely not your day.

Maybe you will get the last question right?

Fourth Question: Mary's father has five daughters: 1. Nana, 2. Nene, 3. Nini, 4. Nono. What is the name of the fifth daughter?

Answer: Nunu? NO! Of course not. Her name is Mary. Read the question again.

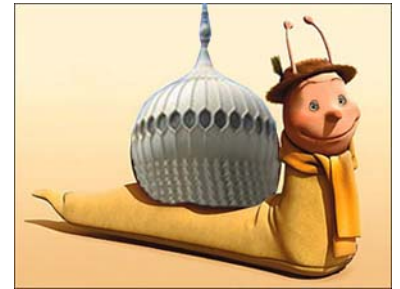
You ARE the WEAKEST LINK!!!!!! Good-bye!!!

Take care up in the hills! Sometimes roads refer to ancient tracks that are no longer navigable by car!



As always the pack had shifted quicker than expected and the beer wasn't there but it arrived before the crowd turned too nasty. Then on for the final stretch to finish at Devils Dyke where the weather was cold but otherwise kind to us. Lunch and beers from the back of the minibus, then off into the woods for a very good circle. Lots of down-downs awarded for various sins, GM's having to drink through the holes in the bottom of a flower pot and various namings. Martin reappeared at this point just in time for a cry of one-in, all-in for the Guernsey boys. Somehow he escaped a beer despite reuniting with his mother hash. Boy Blunder awarded a pint to someone on the basis that they always told their kids the ice-cream van was sold out when the music

played. Very upsetting as we've been telling the boys the same thing and now they know! He then received one for kicking Callum's ball over the edge, another for that faux pas, and yet another, along with a number of others including Sally, for falling into our cunning trap! The main item in the goody bag was an embroidered beach towel, so it seemed logical to include a costume to go with it. As we were going to the Nudist beach Sunday this was cheap to provide as everyone should have brought all they needed anyway, so we attached pink and blue labels to the bags with a note that if anything was missing to let us know, heh heh! And so it went, long, but always fun!



Back at the site everyone got themselves ready for the evenings entertainment. We started with a fairly basic curry, then stand-in DJ Dom, and Juliette got down to the business of getting us on our feet. We were on a pay bar Saturday evening but as seems always to happen no matter how much we warn them, the Harveys was gone before 11 with another hour to go! What a night, just a shame we got kicked out of the main bar at 1 so carried on with songs and jokes in the changing rooms.

Sunday was always going to be complicated with a bussed run on the day that people were packing up, but they could hardly come to Brighton without a seaside visit. There seemed to be confusion about the time with many thinking the busses left at 11 rather than run started then, and a lot did go straight home, but eventually we battled through the mini's to get everyone who was running there for an 11.45 start. Huge thanks to Sir Snot from Henfield for what was almost universally called a great run, with some lovely views over Brighton on a glorious day. We managed to persuade the mini organisers to allow our minibus on to Madeira Drive so once again to lunch, beers, and the closing circle on the naturist beach to the great amusement of the incumbents. Once again the Guernsey boys came in for it as we proudly recalled how we fought them on the beaches and held the nasties at bay, whilst they collaborated! They got their revenge though as they "helped" with the clean-up by taking all the empties in shopping trolleys to the bottle bank. Glass everywhere & thus a great weekend ended!



Awful Authors

1. *The Victorian Bicycle* by Penny Farthing
2. *Lumberjacks* by Tim Burr
3. *Carpeting the House* by Walter Wall
4. *Politeness* by Hugo First
5. *What's for breakfast?* by Hammond Eggs
6. *Continental Breakfast* by Roland Butter
7. *Native American Weaponry* by Tom A. Hawk
8. *Oiling Cricket Bats* by Lynn C. Doyle
9. *Easy Money* by Robin Banks
10. *Stand and Deliver* by Ann Dover
11. *Chemistry* by Tess Tube
12. *Counterfeit Antiques* by Fay Kingham
13. *Successful Books* by Bess Sellers
14. *Foreseeing the Future* by Horace Scope
15. *French Windows* by Pattie O'Dors
16. *Alcohol and Gambling* by Rex Holmes
17. *Personal and Religious Belief* by Mike Reed
18. *Pleasing the Public* by Lois Carmen Denominator
19. *Travelling light* by Freda Wanda Atwill
20. *The Perfect Marriage* by Ruth Fitzpatrick and Patrick Fitzruth



"I DON'T MIND YOU SAYING GOODNIGHT THERE... BUT STOP PRESSING YOUR BOTTOM AGAINST THE DOORBELL!"



Murder 1 – Celia Holloway married womaniser John Holloway after falling pregnant by him. He forever resented being tied having been forced by the church, and eventually left her for various enterprises, in one leaving a suspicious death in his wake. On his return to Brighton Celia was unable to resist his overtures and soon he persuaded her to take lodgings with him although he was by now in a relationship with another. With his new partner as accomplice they set about enticing her to her death before dismantling her body and burying the parts across Brighton. [Re-enacted by Saddlesniffer in Kemp Street with ketchup, squeaky hammer and lots of “volunteers”. At least I think it was this one!]

Murder 2 – Richard Attenborough. No you didn't misread that! The young Dickie played the fictional character, Pinky, in the film Brighton Rock, and was responsible for creating a character totally lacking in compassion for anyone getting in his way. Inevitably he was to come to a nasty end off the end of the pier. [Re-enacted by Daffydildo beside the ghost train on the pier, where the victims screams inside the ride were lost in amongst all the other screams. There was a witness, however, a waitress who Pinky then seduced and married knowing that his own wife could not testify against him. He then persuaded her into a suicide pact, but just as she put the gun to her head, the police arrived. In the tussle that followed, Pinky fell to his own death.]

Murder 3 – As the town was growing at a fast rate during the 18th century, premises were quickly found for a Brighton police force in the Town Hall. It was here that Henry Solomon the first Chief of Police for Brighton was to meet his death at the hands of a petty criminal he had taken in for questioning. Since then larger premises have been created for the expanding police force, and the Town Hall has gone on to become the base for many further atrocities at the hands of the council. [Re-enacted by Robocop, Assistant Chief of Police for Hertfordshire, outside the Town Hall with scrambled egg, porridge, beer, & a can of tomatoes!]



Police are quick on the scene of another local murder

Whilst all this was going on Angel had been making herself popular by passing around chocolate crèmes at each of the stops. All part of the only re-enactment I can discuss with any factual certainty, my own, which took place outside Churchill Square just up from the original site of Maynards sweet shop :



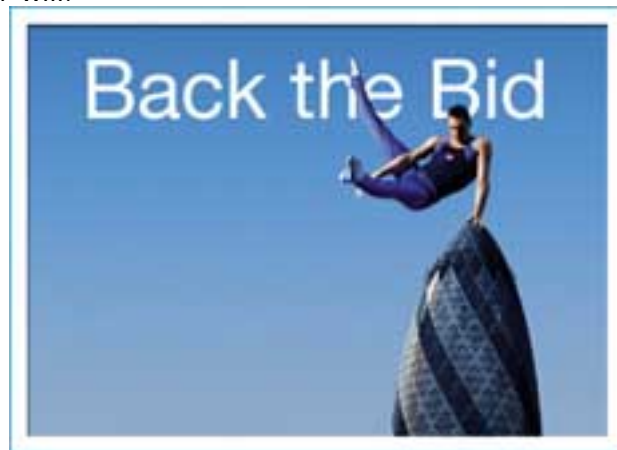
Murder 4 – Christina Edmunds fell in love with one Dr. Beard and embarked on a career of buying Chocolate Creams, lacing them with strychnine, then returning them to the shop via the local urchins. The aim of killing the doctor's wife no matter who got in her way failed when she recovered after just a few days illness, however, she did claim one unfortunate victim in little Sidney Barker, a four year old boy on holiday in the town with his parents. [My original plan, was to get Callum to play the part of victim but he moaned he was too young to die, so Chris Wilce stepped in to save the day, by getting covered in chocolate and lying on the floor. Gabby played the part of Christina Edmonds hence the choccie handout and seeing how the others had gone about it I plundered the audience mercilessly for a selection of urchins etc. An interesting-ish piece of information came my way

shortly before the event. It seems that the best way to disperse the effects of strychnine is with a good muscle relaxant. As just about the entire 100 strong pack had enjoyed some of the murderesses wares I was able to set their minds at ease and point them in the direction of the pub for copious amounts of highly effective muscle relaxing beer, which seemed to go down well.]

Footnote: Brighton Hasher Bunter spent many happy years muff diving on top of the pier during the sixties. That's not relevant here but he also carried out diving of a different sort underneath the pier where it was not uncommon to encounter guns used by nasties from gangland who habitually came down to Brighton to dispose of weapons used in the latest killings by throwing them from the end of the pier.

Motivational sayings we'd like to see, but probably never will:

- 1: Rome did not create a great empire by having meetings. They did it by getting rid of all those who opposed them.
- 2: If you can stay calm while all around you is chaos...then you probably haven't completely understood the seriousness of the situation.
- 3: Doing a job RIGHT the first time gets the job done. Doing the job WRONG fourteen times gives you job security.
- 4: Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.
- 5: Artificial Intelligence is no match for Natural Stupidity.
- 6: A person who smiles in the face of adversity probably has a scapegoat.
- 7: Plagiarism saves time.



... so that's why the windows keep popping out!
(reference to a problem with the gherkin.)



- 8: If at first you don't succeed, try management.
- 9: Never put off until tomorrow what you can avoid altogether.
- 10: TEAMWORK means never having to take all the blame yourself.
- 11: The beatings will continue until morale improves.
- 12: Never underestimate the power of very stupid people in large groups.
- 13: We waste time so you don't have to.
- 14: Hang in there, retirement is only thirty years away!
- 15: Go the extra mile. It makes your boss look like an incompetent slacker.
- 16: A snooze button is a poor substitute for no alarm clock at all.
- 17: When the going gets tough, the tough take a coffee break.
- 18: INDECISION is the key to FLEXIBILITY.
- 19: Succeed in spite of management.
- 20: Aim Low, Reach Your Goals, Avoid Disappointment!

Malcolm Glazer - Personal message to all reds fans

Dear Soccer fans,

As you all know, i've been looking to buy the United's of Manchester for a little while now. I've also heard that some of you may not be too happy about me using, sorry, buying the club in order to reach new heights and also, that I may not be a fan. Well fear not, as i'm writing this personal letter to let you know that i'm a genuine fan of you blue devils. I began rooting for the United's back in 1992 when our little Malcolm JR was practising those Soccer home runs out in the yard. I loved the way you turned defence into offence, and the way that Bobby Shearer used to top half it into the goal bag. Oh man, that play was hot. My son tells me that you even out-zoned your City rivals Southampton in the 4th quarter of the FA World series. As for your current team, that Rude guy is awesome!!!!

I see a profitable future at the United, with the young talent of Cristiano Rooney (man, that guy can dance!) and Peter Shilton giving us hope in defeating the evil Russian tyranny which assaults the freedom of our beloved Soccer. With the marketing potential of those Neville brothers and that Pearce dude leading the team, we can all look to achieving our beliefs of a better future. Especially when I add Alexei Lalas and Cobi Jones to the starting 15.

Now to you, the fans. I've been to see the United's play once before, and the respect you pay your team in silently admiring the play out on the pitch was overwhelming. Because of this, i've just purchased a new £45 million mansion in the Manchester to be close to you guys. And more good news is i'm planning to add an extra 10,000 seats through corporate boxes so more genuine blue devils can experience the play.

What's with the prawn sandwiches I had to eat when I was there? Well, rest assured, it'll be super size prawn baguettes when I take charge. I can't wait to come over to the Manchester isles, as I love the country, especially the beaches and the hot chicks. I hope you can all see my vision of this future, with new shirt sponsors (Dunkin Donuts) and new team name (The Manchester Gloom) i'm sure things are looking bright.

Further good news for you guys is that i've just agreed a partnership deal with McDonalds, who will help in promoting the Manchester brand. This will involve re-naming the stadium to 'McTrafford' as well as an exciting launch of Manchester Gloom plastic fan toys in every happy meal. Cristiano Rooney will be the face of this campaign and during this, he will be marketed globally as Roonald McDonald.

Take care dudes. Regards **Malcolm**



		y or n
1	Ever had a one night stand?	
2	Ever fancied your boyfriends/girlfriends friend?	
3	Ever slept with your boyfriends/girlfriends friend?	
4	Ever been unfaithful?	
5	Ever snogged more than one bloke/girl on a night out?	
6	Ever snogged more than two blokes/girls on a night out?	
7	Ever had a dabble with the same sex?	
8	Ever fantasised about having a dabble with the same sex?	
9	Lost your virginity before the legal age limit?	
10	Fantasised about one of your teachers?	
11	Fantasised about one of your colleagues?	
12	Ever had a erotic dream about a colleague even if you didn't fancy them?	
13	Ever had a Three-some?	
14	Ever slept with more than one person in the same night?	
15	Ever slept with more than one person in the same weekend?	
16	Own any "toys"?	
17	Ever tied someone up or being tied up?	
18	Ever split up with someone as you wanted to go out with someone else?	
19	Ever had phone sex?	
20	Ever had text sex?	
21	Ever let someone take naked photos of you?	
22	Ever been filmed?	
23	Ever watched a porno with a partner?	
24	Ever contracted an STI?	
25	Ever been tested at a clinic just to be sure?	
26	Ever had sex in a car?	
27	Ever had sex on the beach?	
28	Ever two-timed?	
29	Ever been caught having sex?	
30	Ever faked an orgasm?	
31	Ever been on a blind date?	
32	Ever signed up to internet dating?	
33	Ever rung a sex line?	
34	Ever used food during sex?	
35	Bumtricks?	
36	Ever snogged someone on a night out who you didn't fancy just for a dare?	
37	Ever 'exposed' yourself in public?	
38	Ever woken up next to someone you didn't fancy?	
39	Ever been snogged or being involved with someone married?	
40	Ever used someone for sex?	
2½ Points for each yes. Add up your score. Submit to the RA if you dare!		



A -Z OF ESSEX ENGLISH

ASSA COMMONS - Our Parliament Building.
ART ATTACK - Extremely perturbed, as in "Don't tell Sharon, She'll have an art attack."
ARST - Past tense of ask. "Jordan, I must've arst ya free fazzund times to clear up yer room."
BANNISA - A person employed to deny access or eject troublemakers at a club. "Dave's got izself a job as a Bannisa"
BANTY - A chocolate and coconut snack bar.
BAVE - To wash oneself.
BOAF - The two. "Oi Dave, ooja fancy most, Sharon or Tracy?" "Boaf" is the reply.
BRANSATCH - Motor racing circuit in Kent.
CANCEL - Administrative body of a town. "Darren, wive ad annuvva letter from the cancel."
CANTAFIT - Fake, as in money.
CHOONA - An edible fish purchased in a tin and usually prepared with mayonnaise.
CORT A PANDA - A big hamburger (smaller than an arf panda) DAN TO URF - Sensible, practical.
DANNING STREET - Where the Prime Minister lives.
DANSTEZ - On the ground floor, where the biggest telly is.
DREKKUN - Do you consider? as in "Which dog drekkun'll win the next race?"
EFTY - Considerable. "Ere, Trace, this credit card bill's a bit efty." (innit)
EJOG - A small, spiky animal (hedgehog).
ERZ - Belonging to her.
EVVY - A big geezer who protects a smaller and more intelligent geezer, usually for money. "My name's Frank and this is my evvy, Knuckles."
EYEBROW - Cultured, intellectual.
FANTIN - A jet of water for drinking or ornament.
FARVA - A posh way of saying Dad.
FATCHA - Margaret, British Prime Minister 1979 - 1990.
FINGY - A person or object whose name doesn't come to mind. "I ad it off wiv finky last night."
FONG - Skimpy undergarment.
FOR CRYIN AT LAAD - Mild expletive showing annoyance or surprise. e.g. "For cryin at lad, Britney, if I say Yes will you give it a rest?"
GAWON - Go on. "Gawon Darren, eat ya granny's cabbage, it'll do yer good."
GIVE IT LARGE - To be thorough or enthusiastic.
GRAND - A football stadium. "It all wennoff atside the pub near the grand."
HAITCH - Letter of the alphabet between G and I.
IBEEFA - The Spanish holiday island.
IFFY - Dubious. "Ere, Trace, I fink this bread pudding you made last munf's a bit iffy."
INT - Indirect suggestion. "I gave Darren a sort of int that it was time to wash iz feet."
IPS - An unknown area of a woman's body to which chocolate travels. "That Mars Bar will go straight to me ips."
JA - Do you, did you. "Ja like me new airdo, Sharon."
JACKS - Five Pound note. "Lend us a jacks, wilya?"
JAFTA - Is it really necessary? "Oi mate, jafta keep doing that?"
KAF - Eating house open during the day.
KAFFY - A girl's name.
LAD - Noisy. "Jordan, turn that music dan, it's too lad."
LARJ - Enjoying oneself.

LEVVA - Material made from the skin of an animal.
LOTREE - Costs £1 for a ticket.
MA BLARCH - An arch near Hyde Park.
MAFFS - The study of numbers.
MANOR - Local area.
MINGER - An unattractive person (usually woman).
NARRA - Lacking breadth, with little margin. "Mum wannid to come rand but changed er mind. That was a narra escape."
NARTAMEAN - Do you know what I mean? (sometimes used as janartamean).
NEEVA - Not one nor the other.
NES - National Elf Service.
OAF - A solemn declaration of truth or commitment.
OLLADAY - Time taken away from home for rest & adventure
ONNIST - Fair and just, without a lie. "I never did it, onnist"
OPPIT - Go away, as in "Oi you, oppit."
PADDA PUFF - Soft, lacking aggression. "They're alright up front but they got a padda puff defence."
PACIFIC - Specific.
PAFFUL - Having much power or strength.
PAIPA - Sun, Mirror etc.
PANS AN ANNSIS - Imperial weight system.
PLAMMANS - A pub lunch usually made up of cheese & bread.
QUALIDEE - Good, as in "West 'Am's new striker's qualidee"
RAND - A number of drinks purchased for a group.
RANDEER - Locally. "There ain't much call for it randeer."
REBAND - Period of recovery after rejection by a lover. "I couldn't 'elp it. I was on the reband from Craig."
ROOFLESS - Without compassion.
SAFF - A direction of the compass, opposite north.
SAFFEND - An Essex seaside town.
SAWTED - Done, arranged, resolved.
SEEVIN - Very angry. "I woz seevin when I urd wot 'e sed."
TALENT - Attractive members of the opposite sex. "Dave's gan dan tan to eye up the talent."
TAN ASS - A modern terraced house.
TOP EVVY - A woman of plentiful bosom. "Ere look at that, Darren, she's well top evvy."
UG - An unattractive person. "Sharon's new geezer's a bit of an ug."
UMP - Upset, as in Got the Ump.
VACHER - A document which can be exchanged for goods or services. "I got a vacher to get in cheap at Forp Park."
WANNED UP - Tense. "I'm all wanned up at the moment."
WAWAZUT? - I beg your pardon.
WENNOFF - A fight commenced as in "It all wennoff".
YAFTA - You must: "Even if yer guilty, yafta av mitigating circumstances."
YOOF OSTALL - A place where holidaymakers can stay the night.
ZAGGERATE - To suggest something



The latest lottery funded sculpture was much more to the readership's liking...

Hold the inside back page – for the rood bits...

At the exact same time, there are two young men on opposite sides of the earth: One is walking a tight rope between two skyscrapers. The other is getting oral sex from a 85 year old woman. They are each thinking the exact same thing.

What are they both thinking? (see bottom of page...)



John O' Neill hoisted his beer and said, "Here's to spending the rest of me life, between the legs of me wife!" That won him the top prize for the best toast of the night! He went home and told his wife, Mary, "I won the prize for the best toast of the night." She said, "Aye, what was your toast?" John said, "Here's to spending the rest of me life, sitting in church beside me wife." "Oh that is very nice indeed, John!" Mary said. The next day, Mary ran into one of John's toasting buddies on the street corner. The man chuckled leeringly and said, "John won the prize, the other night, with a toast about you, Mary." She said, "Aye and I was a bit surprised me self! You know, he's only been there twice! Once he fell asleep, and the other time I had to pull him by the ears to make him come."

HER DIARY Saturday 21st May 2005:

He didn't phone me all day in work and when I called him he hardly spoke. He was in a really odd mood when I got to the pub, I thought it might have been because I was a bit late but he didn't say anything much about it. The conversation was quite slow going so I thought we should go off somewhere more intimate so we could talk more privately.

So we went to this restaurant and he's STILL acting a bit funny and I'm trying to cheer him up and start to wonder whether it's me or something else. I ask him, and he says no. But you know I'm not really sure. So anyway, in the cab back to his house, I say that I love him and he just puts his arm around me. I don't know what the hell this means because you know, he doesn't say it back or anything.



We finally get back to his place and I'm wondering if he's going to dump me! So I try to ask him about it but he just switches on the TV. Eventually, I just come out and say it. "Are you seeing someone else?"

He says No, but I'm not convinced. Reluctantly, I say I'm going to go to sleep. After about 10 minutes, he joins me and we have sex. However, he still seemed really distracted, and afterwards he just rolls over and goes to sleep.

He doesn't say goodnight or anything. I just wanted to leave. I dunno, I just don't know what he thinks anymore. I mean, do you think he's met someone else??...

HIS DIARY Saturday 21st May 2005:

Shit day - Man U lost FA cup on penalties. Got a shag though.

Bunter went to the doctor and said, "Doctor, I've got a problem, but if you're going to treat it, first you've got to promise not to laugh."

"Of course I won't laugh," the doctor said. "I'm a professional. In over twenty years I've never laughed at a patient."

"Okay then," Bunter said, and proceeded to drop his trousers, revealing the tiniest penis the doctor has ever seen. Unable to control himself, the doctor fell laughing to the floor. Ten minutes later he was able to struggle to his feet and regain his composure. "I'm so sorry," he said. "I don't know what came over me. On my honour as a doctor and a gentleman, I promise it won't happen again. Now what seems to be the problem?"

"It's swollen."

Just outside Westmeston you can see the trees planted in the shape of a 'V' to honour Queen Victoria in her Jubilee year.



What are they thinking: Don't look down.

The Ass end of the trash

Probably a load of shit is really necessary for this word to be left in, sorry but.... one of interest to you

Did you know??

In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before commercial fertilizer was invented, so large shipments of manure were common..

It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, it not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by product is methane gas.

As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term "Ship High In Transit" on them which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term "S.H.I.T", (Ship High In Transport) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I.

I always thought it was a golf term.

One day a farmer's donkey fell down into a well. The animal cried piteously for hours as the farmer tried to figure out what to do. Finally, he decided the animal was old, and the well needed to be covered up anyway; it just wasn't worth it to retrieve the donkey.

He invited all his neighbours to come over and help him. They all grabbed a shovel and began to shovel dirt into the well. At first, the Donkey realized what was happening and cried horribly. Then, to everyone's amazement he quieted down.

A few shovel loads later, the farmer finally looked down the well. He was astonished at what he saw. With each shovel of dirt that hit his back, the donkey was doing something amazing. He would shake it off and take a step up.

As the farmer's neighbours continued to shovel dirt on top of the animal, he would shake it off and take a step up. Pretty soon, everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped up over the edge of the well and happily trotted off!

Life is going to shovel dirt on you, all kinds of dirt. The trick to getting out of the well is to shake it off and take a step up.

Each of our troubles is a stepping stone.

We can get out of the deepest wells just by not stopping, never giving up! Shake it off and take a step up.

Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

1. Free your heart from hatred - Forgive.
2. Free your mind from worries - Most never happen.
3. Live simply and appreciate what you have.
4. Give more.
5. Expect less

NOW ----- Enough of that rubbish . . .

The donkey later came back and bit the farmer who had tried to bury him. The gash from the bite got infected, and the farmer eventually died in agony from septic shock.

MORAL FROM TODAY'S LESSON:

When you do something wrong and try to cover your ass, it always comes back to bite you.



If you see sheep ... You need glasses!