



# BOGGY SHOE

*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)*

*Runs/trash #107 April 2006*



<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)
3rd April 2006	1450	Pond Road c/p, Shoreham ON ON	Lazy Toad	215 053	Bouncer	01273 441611
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Left at next roundabout, then 2nd right, Mill Lane. Keep going down under railway bridge then right and 1st left. Trail from Pond Road car park on left. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>						
10th April 2006	1451	Pumphouse, Cooksbridge		401 137	Sasha and Julia	01273 479200
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Lewes. At first roundabout left up to lights. Left on A275, pub on left just over level crossing. <b>15 mins</b>						
17th April 2006	1452	The Winning Post, Plumpton Green		365 163	Peter B & Phil M.	01273 887579
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north, keep in left-hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go right on B2116. Turn left just past Half Moon and pub is just past level crossing on right hand side. <b>Est. 20 mins</b>						
24th April 2006	1453	Royal Oak, Poynings		262 120	Cardinal Hugh	01273 494200
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north, 3rd exit on A281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round to pub on right. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>						
1st May 2006	1454	War-Bill-In-Tun, Warbleton		609 183	Don	01273 385637
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Lewes. Left at 2nd r/b through tunnel, then right on A26. Right on B2192 right through to Cross-in-Hand. Right again on A265 through Heathfield. Right onto B2096 opposite Crown Inn and 4th right, Chapel Cross. Pub approx. 1.5 miles on left. <b>Est 40 mins. Go on it's a bank holiday, you know it makes sense</b>						

**RECEDING HARELINE:**

20/5/06 Annual hash relay Buriton to Beachy Head.

5/6/06 TBA Shoreham ish Grant Oggy Aileen

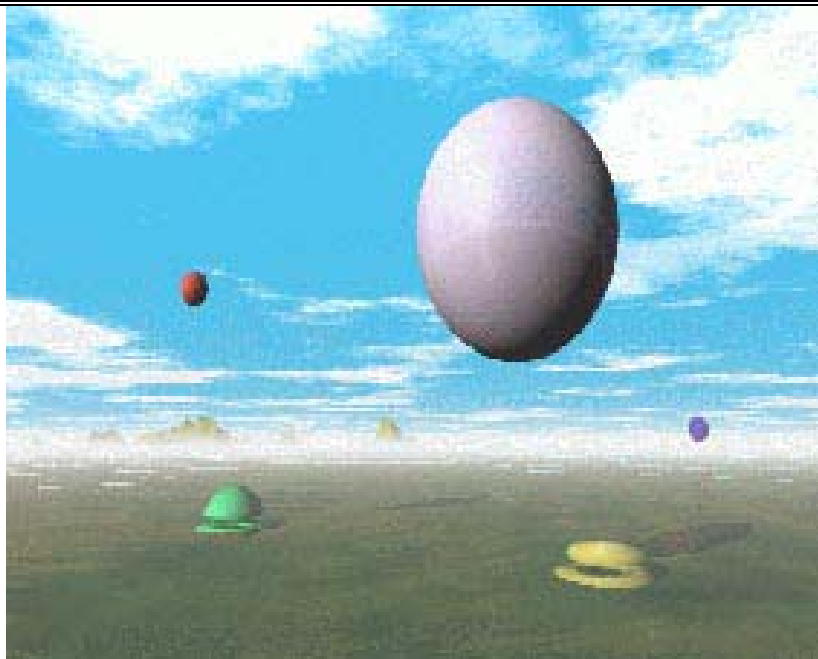
19/3/07 1500th run. Celebration event tba.

*Have you ever wondered where easter eggs come from?*

*They grow at the bottom of a shallow sea, off the coast of a small island. Here they mature until in the early spring of each year the ripened eggs break loose from the sea bed, rise into the air and find their way to the world's breakfast tables.*

*I only wonder... that small island, would that be Easter Island?*

*(highlight to see impressive night view)*



## Happy Easter!

I had this great idea to scatter DVD style 'Easter Eggs' around the trash. You know where they hide something in such a way that you have to do a bit of decoding to work it out. With a straightforward Word document it could work quite well. Remember the girls hidden behind the flowers a few issues back? All you had to do was select the image of the flowers and change the contrast settings. Then there's the different fonts...



This is a straightforward webbing font alphabet at 20 but there's loads more available using Insert Symbol from the Word toolbar. The other fun thing to try is Google I feel lucky today which has thrown up a few surprises. Here's another I've been sent but to be honest haven't yet tried, let me know how it goes!

***Fire up google and tap in March 20th then hit enter web button***

Of course you'd need a bit of steering to identify the Easter Eggs in a PDF file so maybe I'll think about that for next Easter (when else!) and for now your Easter Egg hunt will have to be restricted to the fairly obvious kids game of finding the eggs on every page.

Don't forget to get yourself into a team for the relay on Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> May. It's always worth getting out and checking the route early, as even hardened South Downs Way runners have got themselves lost running areas they thought they knew well. On a related subject this is an excellent site which enables you to track your route in so you can see how far you've run anywhere in the world > [www.sueandpaul.com/gmapPedometer](http://www.sueandpaul.com/gmapPedometer). Alternatively info has just come through about the following for London only:

### **AKQA helps Nike claim new territory with RouteFinder:**

The days of runners driving around their running routes to check the distance are over. Nike, in conjunction with AKQA, has launched RouteFinder, a revolutionary new tool that opens up a whole new world of training, motivation and community-building opportunities for runners.

With RouteFinder, Nike becomes the world's first running company to give runners the power to create, measure, save and share their running routes with a growing community of runners all over the capital. It's been made possible by an innovative fusion of the Run London and Google Maps interfaces, offering a range of functions and features that have more in common with a standalone software application than a web page.

Using the intuitive Run London interface, users can easily search the city by postcode, distance, or type of run (hilly, flat, park etc.) for routes other runners have created. Or they can begin creating a run of their own simply by clicking points on the map. They can even save a list of favourite routes, send them on to friends and browse the top-five routes of the season.



**In Alaska these multi-coloured chicks had their eggs injected with dye before they hatched. But don't worry, farmers say the dye is harmless!**



**Easter Island Egg Hunt**

RouteFinder is just the latest in a stream of legendary Run London digital products and services developed by AKQA that have helped keep a community of runners engaged, motivated and (most importantly) running since the very first Nike 10K in October 2005. AKQA and Nike launched another world first when runners were able to watch a video clip of themselves cross the Nike 10K finish line on their mobile phones only hours after the event.

Nike recognised the degree of commitment shown by the most dedicated Run Londoners by inviting them to be the first to try RouteFinder for themselves. A core of 450 runners, each of whom had attended all three of the Nike timed runs organised so-far, were invited to take part in the Beta test program. They were directed to a password-protected version of the feature, and invited to return their feedback to Run London to help refine RouteFinder prior to launch. RouteFinder is available at <http://www.runlondon.com/routefinder>.

**BOUNCER**



## EASTER PAGE THREE



The nice thing about being senile is you can hide your own Easter eggs.

What do you get when you cross a chicken and the Easter Bunny?

A: A good Easter.

What do you call Easter when you are hopping around? A: Hoppy Easter!

What do you get when you find a rabbit with no hair? A: A hairless hare!

Why are people always tired in April? A: Because they just finished a march

Why did the Easter egg hide? A: He was a little chicken!

What do you call a duck who plays basketball? A: A slam duck.

What do you get when you pour hot water down a rabbit hole? A hot cross bunny!

When the ark's door was closed Noah called a meeting with all the animals. "Listen up!" Noah said with a demanding voice. "There will be NO sex on this trip. All of you males take off your penis and hand it in to my sons. I will sit over there and write you a receipt.

After we see land, you can get your penis back."

After about a week Mr. Rabbit stormed into his wife's cage and was very excited. "Quick!" he said, "Get on my shoulders and look out the window to see if there is any land out there!"

Mrs. Rabbit got onto his shoulders, looked out the window, and said, "Sorry, no land yet."

"Damn!", exclaimed Mr. Rabbit.

This went on every day until Mrs. Rabbit got fed up with him. Mrs. Rabbit asked, "What is the matter with you? You know it will rain for forty days and nights. Only after the water has drained will we be able to see land. But why are you acting so excited every day?"

"Look!", said Mr. Rabbit with a sly expression, as he held out a piece of paper, "I GOT THE HORSE'S RECEIPT!!!"

Three blondes died and are at the pearly gates of Heaven. St. Peter tells them that they can enter the gates if they can answer one simple question. St. Peter asks the first blonde, "What is Easter?"

The blonde replies, "Oh, that's easy! It's the holiday in November when everyone gets together, eats turkey, and are thankful."

"Wrong!", replies St. Peter, and proceeds to ask the second blonde the same question, "What is Easter?"

The second blonde replies, "Easter is the holiday in December when we put up a nice tree, exchange presents, and celebrate the birth of Jesus."

St. Peter looks at the second blonde, shakes his head in disgust, tells her she's wrong, and then peers over his glasses at the third blonde. He asks, "What is Easter?"

The third blonde smiles confidently and looks St. Peter in the eyes, "I know what Easter is."

"Oh?" says St. Peter, incredulously.

"Easter is the Christian holiday that coincides with the Jewish celebration of Passover. Jesus and his disciples were eating at the last supper and Jesus

was later deceived and turned over to the Romans by one of his disciples. The Romans took him to be crucified and he was stabbed in the side, made to wear a crown of thorns, and was hung on a cross with nails through his hands. He was buried in a nearby cave which was sealed off by a large boulder."

St. Peter smiles broadly with delight. The third blonde continues, "Every year the boulder is moved aside so that Jesus can come out... and, if he sees his shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter.



AT THE LAST SUPPER, JESUS HAD A SHREWD IDEA WHO HAD BETRAYED HIM.

**AFTER COMPLAINTS THAT WE DIDN'T CELEBRATE BURNS NIGHT THIS YEAR (A BI-ANNUAL CELEBRATION FOR THE HASH) HERE'S A LITTLE APPETISER FOR NEXT YEAR - DO HAGGIS CELEBRATE EASTER?**

In some places, there is some strange legend about rabbits laying chocolate eggs, here in Scotland, we have no such frivolous and obviously false tales. I mean, think about it for a moment. You tell your kids, "Hey, kids, the Easter Bunny's been here and laid eggs all over the garden!" What kind of a tale is that to relate to kids? They rush out there, looking for eggs, and invariably eat them right away! Mostly they throw up lots afterwards and their parents ask why?

Think about the hygiene issues for a start. Would you really want to eat something that had just been up a rabbit's rear end without giving it a thorough wash first? Come on, be realistic. Then again think about the size of the eggs. Yes, I know there are some small ones, but have you seen the size of some of these eggs to [supposedly] come out of a rabbit?

If a rabbit had laid one of those, I think we'd find it not too far away gasping in relief from having had something like that pass through its digestive system. How on earth does a rabbit not only manage to lay something like a six inch diameter chocolate egg, wrapped in shiny silver paper with pretty decorations on it, but avoid screaming in pain during the process? Surely most of the kids that believe in the Easter Bunny should waken up during the night and run terrified to their parents wondering what the unholy row is. Kids believe in this sort of thing, they're so gullible, and yet they find it difficult to believe in a three legged aquatic, avian, mammal like the haggis. What is wrong with this world?

Now, what I think happened is that Easter Bunnies, do exist, but that many years ago they made such a fuss about being so cute and fluffy and cuddly, that they really REALLY irritated all the other animals to the point where all the others had a meeting to decide what could be done to silence them. Suggestions like mass genocide (or should that be mass rabbicide?), deportation to Australia, designer diseases and the like were all suggested, but due to the overall inherent kindness of the other animals, all were turned down. As is the norm with all meetings, there was a break for lunch, which in those days consisted of chocolate eggs, and during the lunch break, an Easter Bunny wandered into the proceedings asking what was going on. The stoat replied that the rabbits were excluded from the meeting, to which the rabbit said, "How can you do such a thing to me, after all, I'm so cute and fluffy and cuddly - in fact, I'm the cutest and fluffiest and cuddliest of all the animals?"

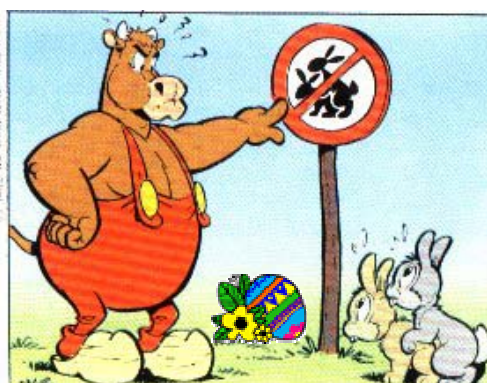
At the time, the elephant was a little put out, because he was considered to be fluffy, cute and cuddly (that was before the crocodile attacked him with a razor and a portable air compressor - did you know elephants used to be small, cute and cuddly, as well as fluffy?). The panda was a wee bit miffed as well, because after all, even before the kangaroo gave him his black eyes in a small disagreement over the bamboo shoots (which the kangaroo misheard and thought it was some kind of new liqueur), he did look quite cute, fluffy and cuddly. It didn't go down terribly well with the koala either, but he was far too shy to say anything about it. In fact, all the animals thought they were at least as cute and fluffy and cuddly as the rabbits, but they were all too well mannered to say so. Only the haggis knew they weren't cute and cuddly, in fact, they knew haggis were thought of as downright ugly by most of the others. So, the haggis, having had a few whiskys (he was from Glasgow anyway), turned to the rabbit, and said, "See you Jimmy, if you don't shut up about being so cute and cuddly and fluffy right now, ah'm gonna' stuff this chocolate egg so far doon yer throat, it'll come oot the ither end!"

The rabbit's reply of "Oh yeah, you and whose army?" didn't quite come out like that, but more, "Oh yeah, you and whose ... aaargh!" Of course, all the other animals while secretly delighted at how the rabbit had finally been silenced, couldn't show their approval openly, and so the poor haggis had to be disciplined for his actions. The other animals decided to restrict him to one country only, but as compensation, they picked the most beautiful country in the world - Scotland.

So you see, now you have the Easter Bunny, but you could so easily have had an Easter Haggis!



**"What a lucky break!  
Not only do we FIND the Easter bunny...  
BUT we catch him right when he's  
making chocolate mini-eggs!"**





## POLICE BAR 'OFFENSIVE' T-SHIRTS

By David Sapsted (Filed: 09/03/2006)

Police have ordered a shopkeeper to remove a toddlers' T-shirt from his window display because its slogan "Winner of the Egg and Sperm Race" was deemed offensive.

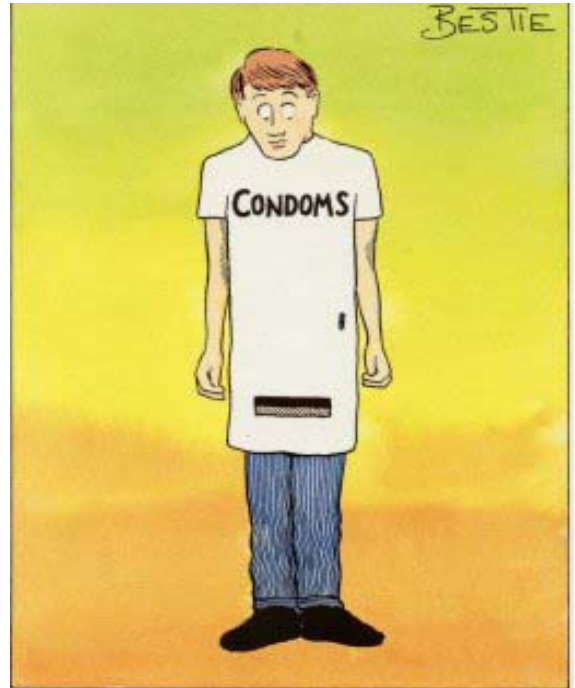
Tim Price, who has run the Ju-Ju clothes shop in Brighton for 11 years, said yesterday that he was stunned when officers began telling him what T-shirts he could and could not display.

"Apparently, someone had found the word 'sperm' offensive. Is sperm a swear word?" he asked.

Mr Price initially left the T-shirts in the window but covered up the offending words and replaced them with less offensive ones. The move, however, only brought another visit - and another warning - from the police.

"Our customers are bewildered. We do not set out to offend - the T-shirts are supposed to be funny. It's odd that we can't display them but people can wear them in the street. Are they breaking the law?"

A Sussex police spokesman said: "An officer has spoken to the staff at Ju-Ju and advised them to display some of the more controversial items within the store or cover offending words to prevent further complaints."



THE CATALOGUE HAD PROMISED THAT THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED T-SHIRT WOULD MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A SEX MACHINE.

### *CANT' HASH TODAY Melody - Scotsman's Kilt?*

*Adapted from a Clancy Brothers tune by unknown hashers*

*Dear Hash I sing this song for to tell you of my plight,  
At the time of writing this, I am not a pretty sight,  
Me body is all black and blue; me face a deathly gray,  
And I hope you'll understand why I can't hash with you today.*

*I was workin' on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,  
And throwin' 'em down from such a height was not a good idea.  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he bein' an awful sod,  
He said I'd have to take them down the ladder in me hod.*

*Now shiftin' all them bricks by hand seemed so awful slow,  
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below.  
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see,  
That a barrel full of buildin' bricks was heavier than me.*

*Now when I untied the rope, the barrel it fell like lead,  
And clingin' tightly to the rope I started up instead.  
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,  
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel comin' down.*

*Now the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped,  
And when I reached the top I struck the pulley with me head.  
I still clung on though numbed and shocked from this almighty blow,  
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.*

*Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,  
I then outweighed the barrel and it started up once more.  
Clingin' tightly to the rope then, I headed for the ground,  
And I fell among the broken bricks that were scattered all around.*

*As I lay moanin' on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst,  
And the barrel struck the pulley wheel and didn't the bottom burst.  
A shower of bricks came down on me, sure I didn't have a hope,  
And as I was losin' consciousness, I let go the bloody rope.*

*Now the barrel being heavier, it started down once more,  
And landed right across me as I lay there on the floor.  
I broke three ribs and me left arm, and I can only say,  
That I hope you understand why I can't hash today with you today.*

### **Even at Easter no-one is safe from Bird flu >**

A bear, a lion and a chicken meet.

Bear says: "if I roar in the forest, the entire forest is shivering with fear."

Lion says: "if I roar in the desert, the entire desert is afraid of me."

Says the chicken: "big deal I only have to cough, and the entire planet s\*\*\*'s itself."



# GOOD DIET ADVICE!



Chocolate  
is a  
Vegetable!!



Chocolate  
is derived  
from  
cocoa beans.

**Beans = Vegetable**

Remember:

"STRESSED"  
spelled backward is  
"DESSERTS"



Sugar is derived from  
either Sugar Cane or  
Sugar Beets.  
Both of them are plants,  
in the vegetable category.

**Thus, chocolate is a vegetable.**



To go one step further,  
chocolate candy bars also  
contain milk, which is dairy...



Chocolate-covered raisins,  
cherries, orange slices and  
Strawberries all count as  
fruits



**So candy bars  
are a health food**

**So eat as many as you want.**

- 🍫 If you've got melted chocolate all over your hands, you're eating it too slowly.
- 🍫 The problem: How to get two pounds of chocolate home from the store in a hot car?  
The solution : Eat it in the car park!
- 🍫 Diet Tip : Eat a chocolate bar before each meal. It will take the edge off your appetite and you will eat less!
- 🍫 If I eat equal amounts of dark chocolate and white chocolate, is that a balanced diet?  
Don't they actually counteract each other?
- 🍫 Chocolate has many preservatives. Preservatives make you look younger!
- 🍫 Put "eat chocolate" at the top of your list of things to do today. That way, at least you will get one thing done.
- 🍫 A nice box of chocolates can provide your total daily intake of calories in one place.



## ANIMAL TRAGIC .....

If you think life is bad.....  
How would you like to be an egg?  
You only get laid once.  
You only get eaten once.  
It takes four minutes to get hard.  
Only two minutes to get soft.  
You share your box with 11 other guys  
But worst of all..  
the only chick that ever sat on your face was your mother!!!  
So cheer up, Your life ain't that bad!!!!

Just some information for those who care.

KFC has been a part of American traditions for many years. Many people, day in and day out, eat at KFC religiously. Do they really know what they are eating? During a recent study of KFC done at the University of New Hampshire, they found some very upsetting facts. First of all, has anybody noticed that just recently, the company has changed their name? Kentucky Fried Chicken has become KFC.

Does anybody know why?

We thought the real reason was because of the "FRIED" food issue. It's not. The reason why they call it KFC is because they can not use the word chicken anymore. Why? KFC does not use real chickens. They actually use genetically manipulated organisms. These so called "chickens" are kept alive by tubes inserted into their bodies to pump blood and nutrients throughout their structure. They have no beaks, no feathers, and no feet. Their bone structure is dramatically shrunk to get more meat out of them. This is great for KFC because they do not have to pay so much for their production costs. There is no more plucking of the feathers or the removal of the beaks and feet. The government has told them to change all of their menus so they do not say chicken anywhere. If you look closely you will notice this. Listen to their commercials, I guarantee you will not see or hear the word chicken.

A fancy lady on vacation took a stroll through the woods. Suddenly, a little white duck, all covered with shit, crossed her path. "Oh, dear", the lady said, "come on, I'll clean you!" She took a Kleenex from her purse and did a good job. After that she urged the duck away, "Be careful next time!" She walked on and another duck, with shit all over it, crossed her way. Again she took a Kleenex and cleaned the little animal. She warned this one as well and the duck took off. Then she encountered a third duck, with the same problem. "Now I have had it!" She screamed, "what have you been doing?" And for the third time she acted like a Florence Nightingale. She walked on - suddenly she heard a voice from the bushes. "Hey, you, lady!", sounded a male voice in distress.

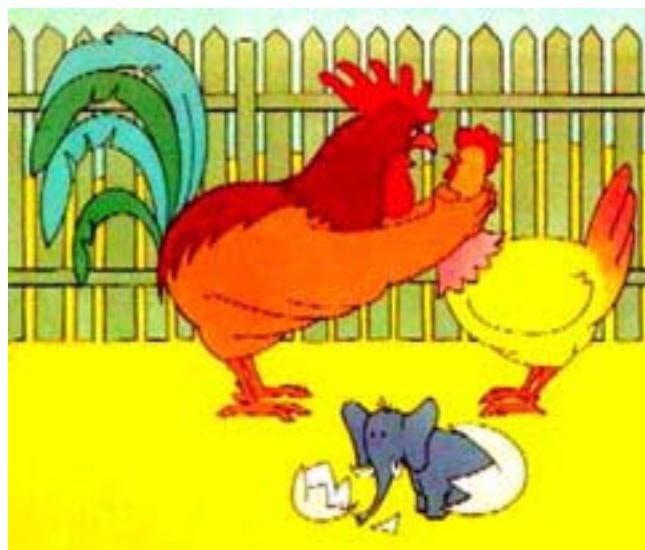
voice in distress.

"Yes?" she replied.

"Do you have a Kleenex?"

"Not anymore, no.", she answered.

"Too bad, I'll have to use another duck."



seen."

To which the farmers wife replied, "You think that's funny, you ought to see that rooster hold a hen down with one leg and try to get those coveralls off with the other."



A travelling salesman was passing through the country side and stopped at a farm asking for some cool water. The old farmers wife invited him to sit in the shade of the porch with her and got him some cold lemonade. They sat and talked for a while when suddenly a hen went running by with a rooster covered in a pair of coveralls chasing her. The salesman asked "What in the devil was that?" The old farmers wife told him "Well you see, some years ago we had a tornado come through here and hit the hen house. It killed all our chickens except for that rooster, but it plucked every feather off of him. Well I kind of felt sorry for him, seeing how as he did survive a tornado and I knitted him a pair of coveralls." The salesman said "Well that is just about the funniest thing I have ever



**Tragic News to report.**

Today, the world was stunned by the news of the death of the Energizer Bunny. He was six years old. Authorities believe that the death occurred approximately 8:42 last evening. Best known as the irritating pink bunny that kept going, and going, and going, "Pinkie", as he was known to his friends and family, was alone at the time of his death.

An emergency autopsy was performed early this morning. Chief Medical Examiner, Dura Cell, concluded that the cause of death was acute cardiac arrest induced by sexual over-stimulation. Apparently, someone had put the bunny's batteries in backwards and he kept coming, and coming, and coming...

Mike Hucknell was having sex with a rabbit. He was holding back the ears but the bunny was too tight to mention.

A man goes up to the minister at the local church. "Reverend", he said, "we have a problem. My wife keeps falling asleep during your sermons. It's very embarrassing, not to mention disrespectful. What should I do?"  
"I've noticed this and have an idea if you're up to the task", said the minister. "Take this hatpin with you. I will be able to tell when Mrs. Jones is sleeping, and I will motion to you at specific times. When I motion, you give her a good poke in the leg. In church the following Sunday, Mrs. Jones dozed off. Noticing this, the preacher put his plan to work. "And who made the ultimate sacrifice for you?" he said, nodding to Mr. Jones.  
"Jesus!" Mrs. Jones cried out as her husband jabbed her in the leg with the sharp object.  
"Yes! You are correct, Mrs. Jones!" came the minister's quick reply. Soon, Mrs. Jones nodded off again. And again, the minister noticed. "Who is your redeemer?" he asked the congregation, motioning toward Mr. Jones.  
"My God!" howled Mrs. Jones as she was stuck again with the pin. "Right again!" bellowed the minister, a slight grin on his face. Before long, Mrs. Jones again winked off. However, this time the minister did not notice. As he picked up the tempo of his sermon, he made a few hand gestures that Mr. Jones mistook as signals to bayonet his wife with the hatpin yet again. The minister asked, "And what did Eve say to Adam after she bore him his 99th son?"  
As Mr. Jones enthusiastically poked his wife's thigh with the hatpin piercing her skin she screamed, "You stick that fucking thing in me one more time and I'll break it in half and shove it up your ass!" "Amen!" replied all the women in the congregation.

Jesus, in a very worried state, convened all of his apostles and disciples to an emergency meeting because of the high drug consumption problem all over the world. After giving it much thought they reached the conclusion that in order to better deal with the problem, that they should try the drugs themselves and then decide on the correct way to proceed.

It was therefore decided that a commission made up of some of the members return to earth to get the different types of drugs. The secret operation is effected and two days later the commissioned disciples begin to return to heaven.

Jesus, waiting at the door, lets in the first disciple:

"Who is it?"

"It's Paul"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring Paul?"

"Hashish from Morocco"

"Very well son, come in."

"Who is it?"

"It's Mark"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring Mark?"

"Marijuana from Colombia"

"Very well son, come in."

"Who is it?"

"It's Matthew"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring Matthew?"

"Cocaine from Bolivia"

"Very well son, come in."

"Who is it?"

"It's John"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring John?"

"Crack from New York"

"Very well son, come in."

"Who is it?"

"It's Luke"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring Luke?"

"Speed from Amsterdam"

"Very well son, come in."

"Who is it?"

"It's Judas"

Jesus opens the door. "What did you bring Judas?"

"The FBI, YOU MOTHER F\*\*\*\*RS! EVERYONE AGAINST THE WALL! IT'S A RAID"



**In Bucharest, Romania, Easter eggs are painted with pictures of Jesus**





Below is a transcript from a possibly true but definitely funny 'Cybersex' conversation in a chat room.....

Wellhung: Hello, Sweetheart. What do you look like?  
Sweetheart: I am wearing an expensive red silk blouse, a black leather mini skirt and high heeled boots. I am tanned and very buffed. I workout everyday. My measurements are 36-24-36. What do you look like?  
W: I'm 6'3 and about 250 lb. I wear glasses and have on a pair of blue sweatpants I just bought at Walmart. I'm also wearing an old T-shirt, it's got some barbecue sauce stains on it and it smells kind of funny.  
S: I want you. Would you like to screw me?  
W: OK  
S: We're in my bedroom. There's soft music playing on the stereo and candles on my nightstand. I look up into your eyes and I'm smiling. My hand works its way down to your crotch and I begin to feel your huge swelling bulge.  
W: I'm gulping. I'm beginning to sweat.  
S: I'm pulling up your shirt and kissing your chest.  
W: Now, I'm unbuttoning your blouse. My hands are trembling.  
S: I'm moaning softly.  
W: I'm taking hold of your blouse and I'm sliding it softly off.  
S: I'm throwing my head back in pleasure. The cool silk slides off of my warm body. I'm rubbing your bulge faster now, rubbing and pulling.  
W: My hand suddenly jerks spastically and tears a hole in your blouse. I'm sorry.  
S: That's, OK. It wasn't really too expensive.  
W: I'll pay for it.  
S: Don't worry about it! I'm wearing a lacy black bra, my soft breasts are rising and falling as I breathe harder and harder.  
W: I'm fumbling with the clasp of your bra, I think it's stuck. Do you have scissors?  
S: I take your hand and kiss it softly, I reach behind my back and undo the clasp. My bra slides off. The cool air caresses my breasts, my nipples are erect for you.  
W: How did you do that? I'm picking up the bra and inspecting the clasp.  
S: I'm arching my back. Oh baby, I just want to feel your tongue all over me.  
W: I'm dropping the bra. Now I'm licking your, you know, breasts They're neat!  
S: I'm running my fingers through your hair. Now I'm nibbling your ear.  
W: I suddenly sneeze. Your breasts are covered with spit and phlegm.  
S: WHAT?  
W: I'm so sorry. Really.  
S: I'm wiping your phlegm off of my breasts with the remains of my blouse.  
W: I'm taking your sopping wet blouse from you and throwing it in the corner of the room.  
S: OK. I'm pulling your sweatpants down and rubbing your hard tool.  
W: I'm screaming like a woman! Your hands are cold! Yeeee!  
S: I'm pulling up my miniskirt. Take off my panties.  
W: I'm pulling off your panties. My tongue is going all over, in and out and nibbling on you. ummm, wait a second.  
S: What's the matter?  
W: I've got a pubic hair caught in my throat. I'm choking.  
S: Are you OK?

W: I'm having a coughing fit. I'm turning all red.  
S: Is there anything I can do to help?  
W: I'm running to the kitchen. Choking wildly. Looking for a cup. Where do you keep your cups??  
S: In the cabinet to the right of the sink!  
W: I'm drinking a cup of water. There that's better.  
S: Come back to me, lover.  
W: I'm washing the cup now.  
S: I'm aching for you lover.  
W: Now I'm drying the cup. I'm putting it back in the cabinet and now I'm walking back to the bedroom. Wait it's dark, I'm lost. Where is the bedroom?  
S: Last door on the left at the end of the hall.  
W: I found it.  
S: I'm tugging off your pants. I want you so badly.  
W: Me too.  
S: I kiss you passionately. Our naked bodies pressed against each other.  
W: Your face is pushing my glasses into my face. It hurts.  
S: Why don't you take your glasses off?  
W: OK. But I can't see very well. I'm placing my glasses on the nightstand.  
S: I'm bending over the bed. Give it to me baby!  
W: I have to pee. I'm fumbling my way blindly to the bathroom  
S: Hurry back lover.  
W: I find the bathroom and it's dark. I'm feeling around for the toilet and lift the lid.  
S: I'm waiting eagerly for your return.  
W: I'm done going. I'm feeling around for the flush handle.....uh-oh!  
S: What's the matter now?  
W: I just realized I peed in your hamper. Sorry again. I'm walking back to the bed now. Blindly feeling my way.  
S: Mmmm, yes. Come on.  
W: Now I'm going to put my, you know, thing in your umm, woman's thing.  
S: Yes! Do it, Baby! Do it!  
W: I'm touching your smooth butt. It feels so nice. Ma'am, I'm having a little problem here.  
S: I'm moving my ass back and forth. I can't wait another second. Slide it in! Screw me!  
W: I'm flaccid.  
S: WHAT?  
W: I'm limp. I can't sustain an erection.  
S: I'm standing up and turning around; an incredulous look on my face.  
W: I'm shrugging with a sad look on my face, my wiener all floppy. I'm looking for my glasses to see what the problem is.  
S: NO! Never mind. I'm getting dressed, I'm putting on my underwear and my wet nasty blouse.  
W: No wait. I can't find the night table. I'm reaching across the dresser, knocking off cans of hairspray, your picture frames and your candles.  
S: I'm buttoning my blouse. I'm putting on my shoes.  
W: Now I've found my glasses. My God! One of your candles fell on the curtain! The curtain is on fire. I'm pointing at it with a shocked look on my face.  
S: Go to hell! I'm logging off, LOSER!  
W: Now the carpet is on fire! Nooooooo!  
**USER 'SWEETHEART' HAS LOGGED OFF**

*THE COMIC STRIP PRESENTS ...*

*One lucky night on the hash*





## FIVE RULES FOR MEN TO FOLLOW FOR A HAPPY LIFE:

1. It's important to have a woman who cooks from time to time and cleans up at home.
2. It's important to have a woman who can make you laugh.
3. It's important to have a woman whom you can trust and who doesn't lie to you.
4. It's important to have a woman who is good in bed
5. It's very, very important that these four women don't know each other.

A crusty old Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event, hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young, idealistic ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation.

She said, "Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?"

"Negative, ma'am," the Sergeant Major said, "Just serious by nature."

"The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action."

The Sergeant Major's short reply was, "Yes, ma'am, a lot of action."

The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up a little. Relax and enjoy yourself." The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner.

Finally the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?"

The Sergeant Major looked at her and replied, "1955."

She said, "Well, there you are. You really need to chill out and quit taking everything so seriously! I mean, no sex since 1955! She took his hand and led him to a private room, where she proceeded to "relax" him several times.

Afterwards, and panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955!"

The Sergeant Major, glancing at his watch, said in his matter-of-fact voice, "I hope not, it's only 2130 now!"

YOU GOTTA LOVE THAT MILITARY TIME !!!!



*Stevie Gerrard's Trophy Room*

In a mental institution a nurse walks into a room and sees a patient acting like he's driving a car. The nurse asks him, "Charlie, what are you doing?"

Charlie replies, "Driving to Chicago!" The nurse wishes him a good trip and leaves the room.

The next day the nurse enters Charlie's room just as he stops driving his imaginary car and asks, "Well, Charlie, how are you doing?"

Charlie says, "I just got into Chicago."

"Great," replies the nurse.

The nurse leaves Charlie's room and goes across the hall into Bob's Room, and finds Bob sitting on his bed furiously masturbating. Shocked, she asks, "Bob, what are you doing?"

Bob says, "I'm screwing Charlie's wife while he's in Chicago!"

A virile, young Italian gentleman named Guido was relaxing at his favourite bar in Rome, when he managed to attract a spectacular young blonde. Things progressed to the point where he invited her back to his apartment, and after some small talk, they retired to his bedroom where he rattled her senseless. After a pleasant interlude, he asked with a smile, "So...you finish?"

She paused for a second, frowned, and replied, - - "No."

Surprised, the young man reached for her and the rattling resumed. This time she thrashes about wildly and there are screams of passion. The rooting ends, and again, the young man smiles, and again he asks, "You finish?"

And again, after a short pause, she returns his smile, cuddles closer to him, and softly says, - - "No."

Stunned, but damned if this woman is going to outlast him, the young man reaches for the woman yet again using the last of his strength, he barely manages it, but they end together, screaming, bucking, clawing, and ripping the bed sheets. The exhausted man falls onto his back, gasping. Barely able to turn his head, he looks into her eyes, smiles proudly, and asks again, "You finish?"

Barely able to speak, she whispers in his ear, - "No, - I Norwegian."

## BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH

**CALL THE BUM SQUAD!** A World War II veteran came into a London clinic with a haemorrhoid problem. One painful pile would often hang down from the man's anus and he was in the habit of pushing it back with an artillery shell. On this occasion, the shell got stuck. Doctors were going to remove it but the man told them the shell was still live. So the hospital called in the army bomb disposal who built a lead box around the man's anus to defuse the shell so it could be removed.

**KLINGONS AROUND URANUS** A 20-year-old man came to the ER with a stony mass in his rectum. He said that he and his boyfriend were fooling around with concrete mix, when his boyfriend had the idea of pouring the mix into his anus using a funnel. The concrete then hardened, causing constipation and pain. Under general anaesthesia, a perfect concrete cast of the man's rectum was removed.....along with a stray Ping-Pong ball. Flippin' 'eck eh?

A middle aged woman went to the gynecologist and was told she was in perfect health and had the vagina of a 20 year old. She was so excited, she ran home to tell her husband. "What about your fifty year old arsehole?" he asked "He didn't say anything about you, dear." she replied.

Two plastic surgeons are talking about their recent operations, and one mentions that he grafted tits onto a sailor's back sometime ago. "Was it a success?" asks the other. "Incredibly!" says the first. "I did it on a percentage basis, and if his arsehole holds out, we'll be millionaires pretty soon."

**WHO IS THE BOSS?** When the body was first made, all the parts wanted to be the Boss. The Brain said "I should be the Boss because i control all the body's responses and functions" The feet said " We should be Boss because we carry the brain about and get him to where he wants to go" The hands said "We should be Boss because we do all the work and earn the money" And so it went on. The heart, the lungs, the eyes. Until finally the arsehole spoke up. All the parts laughed at the idea of the arsehole being the Boss, so the arsehole went on strike. He blocked himself up and refused to work,within a short time the eyes became crossed, the hands clenched, the feet twitched, heart and lungs began to panic and the brain fevered. Eventually they decided that the arsehole should be Boss. The motion was passed All the other parts of the body did all the work while the Boss just passed out a load of shit. The moral of the story is, you don't need brains to be the Boss, any arsehole will do!!!!!!

### SUBJECT: FLOUR & WATER

How come when you mix water and flour together  
You get glue?..  
and then you add eggs and sugar...  
and you get cake?



Where did the glue go  
**NEED AN ANSWER?**

You know darned well where it went!



That's what makes the cake Stick to your BUTT