



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #126 November 2007*

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

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

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

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
5th November 2007	1533	Beardsfield Nursery Ditchling	333 172	Pete "Local Knowledge" Eastwood
Directions: 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 straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.				
12th November 2007	1534	The Berwick Inn, Berwick	526 068	Pete and Nigel Mudlarks
Directions: Follow A27 east to Drusilla's roundabout (16 miles). Turn left, pub 1 mile on right before level crossing. 25 mins.				
19th November 2007	1535	Fox, Small Dole	213 128	Hugh "Cardinal" Martin
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins.				
26th November 2007	1536	White Horse, Maplehurst	189 246	Grahame Cooper
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T and 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. Pub approx. 1 mile on left. Est 25 mins				
3rd December 2007	1537	Eight Bells, Jevington	562 017	Nicola "Black Stockings" Williams
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Polegate. Right for Eastbourne and right again after ¼ mile signposted for Wannock. Pub on right 2.5 miles. Est. 40 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

10th December 2007 - Rosemary & Terry

17th December 2007 - Hash Xmas Party

23rd December 2007 - Sunday Run
Midday start - Eager hare required

31st December 2007 - Bouncers 500th.
New Years Eve hash and party

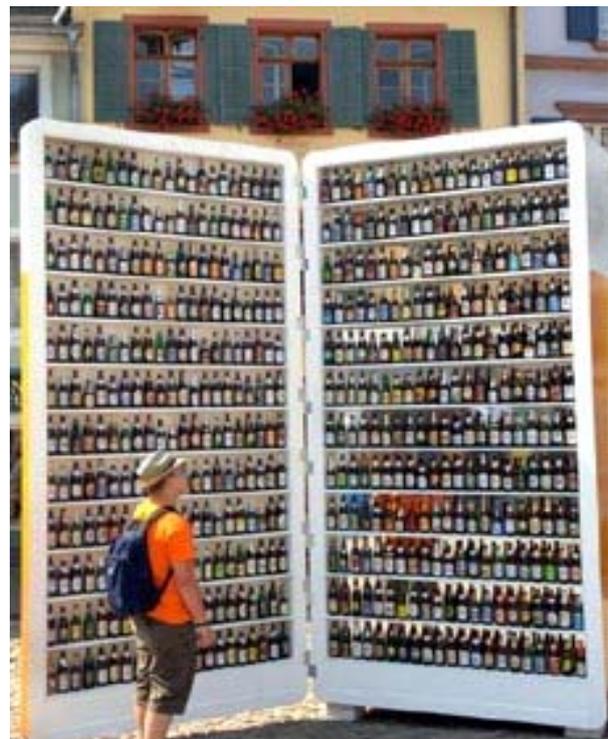
Thought for the day:

Hashers never get injured.

Well they do but they're usually to drunk to notice.

Is that a bad thing?

I think not.





OCTOVERS OBER...

...and Novembers here. A personal relief as I've managed to steer off the beer for most of the month. Oh alright there was a couple at Pete Beards birthday hash beer stop but that was a special occasion. Anyway, a warning to all. I t's done nothing for the waistline, and I got injured, so what the hell, hashers are just not meant to be without alcohol.

So why indulge in this madness in the first place, Bouncey? Ahh kind of you to ask. I t was of course for the Beachy Head marathon which I'd promised myself to make a decent crack of this year. Yup, it's the prelude to yet another review, but also a nice escape from doing more waffle (or at least *different* waffle), so here we go:

The old Seven Sisters marathon was one of the most popular marathons in the country for years, filling up immediately each year, but when the previous organiser announced that it would no longer go ahead Eastbourne Council got involved, the cost shot up and it suffered a huge reduction in numbers. Out of respect to the previous organisers wishes, and to bring the focus more onto the town, the name of the event was changed. Now in its 5th year as the Beachy Head, and despite the enforced introduction of yet another b*st*rd hill it's popularity is once again back to the original levels, in no small part thanks to the hard work and involvement of Brighton Hasher, our very own Nicola.



Of course, since Al Bray, Bunter, Wiggy and others first took part in the earliest days of the event, the hash have always been involved, both as participants and in the drinking capacity as the post-run champagne and visits to the Pilot bear witness. Since Nicola came along though, hashers have also been very much in evidence as part of the marshalling team,

this year with Pat, Martin, Mike & Alison (several times), Pete and Phil, Anne, Anne and Liz, around the course, and Sally and James on timekeeping. Also out on route were Brett and Jo, Spreadsheet, John H, and supporting: Chris Dauncey and Al Bray.



So, yeah. Got injured and resigned myself to walking the route and knowing that that would mean a much shortened route so planned to set off early. That was confounded when I didn't bother to read the literature and thought it was 9.30 kick off. So with 1 minute head start I strolled round to take the walkers side route up the hill just in time to see Sasha going through. Wiggy wasn't too far behind and soon after came Bob Luck. By then I felt inspired to try a jog and stayed with Bob for the next few miles, talking arseholes and tippex, and writing songs for Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson. Bob was recovering from a long-course Duathlon in Virginia the week before and had only returned on Wednesday so made an ideal companion being more than happy to walk the climbs, although I'm not so sure about what he thought of the singing. At Alfriston we took stock and felt good enough to make the climb out the other side towards Bo Peep, but then the ravages of the week before took effect and, typically just as Deacs went through, we turned back to take the riverbank route (via a couple of false trails) to Litlington

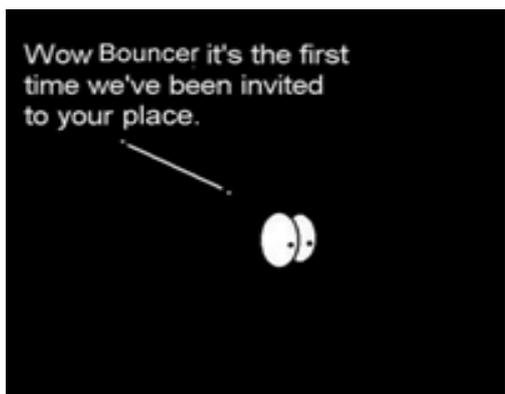
to meet with Sheila.

She wasn't there when we reached the Plough and Harrow so the obvious move was to grab a pint until Julia came through and told us that she was round the corner. For some reason I couldn't tear myself away and ended up having a second until we'd cheered Wiggy along. By now time was ticking and I reckoned to have lost any SCB advantage and was still unsure whether the calf might go again at any moment so gave in and took the kind offer of a lift to Birling Gap. From there I actually thoroughly enjoyed the run-in up Beachy Head, and down to the finish which I ran with Stretch from Guernsey Hash who knew Martin as VNM, and, finally, Pete Bidmeed, who has promised to return to the hash soon!

By all accounts this was an exceptional year for the event with almost perfect weather conditions, temperature and especially the ground under foot, all combining to help Sasha, Ivan and Julia to great new PB's. Congratulations to them all and also to Wiggy, Alan, Pete, and anyone else I've overlooked, for completing, and thanks to Dave for the photos.

BOUNCER

BOUNCERS 500TH RUN & NEW YEARS EVE PARTY – 31st December 2007. 57 Downsway, Shoreham-by-Sea
Hash meeting at usual time 7.30pm; Post hash beers grub and beers; Then party on to the wee small hours of the New Year!



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

HASHERS AROUND THE WORLD...

BERLIN (Reuters) - A German man who had been drinking heavily at Munich's Oktoberfest beer festival got stuck in a chimney for 12 hours while trying to climb into a friend's apartment, police said on Friday. After finding his friend was not at home, the 27-year-old climbed on to the roof of a neighbouring building at about 2 a.m. (1:00 a.m. British time) on Thursday and headed for what he thought was a gap in the wall between the two houses. He found himself sliding almost 30 metres (98 feet) head first into a chimney, a spokesman for Munich police said. An 82-year-old janitor from the hotel next door eventually heard the man's calls for help and he was rescued at around 2 p.m. by fire brigade officers who knocked a hole into the side of the chimney to liberate him, the spokesman said. He had managed to turn around and had removed his clothes to try to help him squeeze back up. "Miraculously, he was only slightly injured in the fall, sustaining just grazes and bruising," police said. The man was taken by helicopter to the hospital, where he is being treated for hypothermia, they added.

PARIS (AFP) - It may be the longest hangover in the history of binge beer drinking. When a 37-year old man walked into a hospital emergency room in Glasgow, Scotland last October complaining of "wavy" vision and a non-stop headache that had lasted four weeks, doctors were at first stumped, the British journal *The Lancet* reported Friday. The unnamed patient "had no history of head injury or loss of consciousness; his past medical record was unremarkable, and he was taking no medications," Zia Carrim and two other physicians from Southern General Hospital said in a case report. Body temperature and blood pressure were both normal, and a neurological exam scanned negative. But when an eye specialist was called in, the fog began to clear, at least for the doctors. The patient, said the ophthalmologist, had swollen optical discs, greatly enlarged blind spots and what eye doctors call "flame haemorrhages," or bleeding nerve fibres. "We sought a more detailed history" from the patient, noted Zia drly. That is when the man revealed he had consumed some 60 pints — roughly 35 litres — of beer over a four day period, following a domestic crisis. Severe dehydration caused the alcohol, the doctors guessed, had led to a rare condition called cerebral venous sinus thrombosis (CVST). A scan of the brain's blood vessels confirmed the diagnosis. CVST — which can cause seizures, impaired consciousness, loss of vision and neurological damage — strikes three or four people per million, mainly children, every year in Britain. The cause is generally unknown. It took more than six months of long-term blood-thinning treatment to restore the man's normal vision — and to get rid of the headache, the doctors reported.

SYDNEY (AFP) - An admission of a drunken visit to a New York strip club by the man tipped to be Australia's prime minister by the end of the year drew a typically laid-back reaction Down Under on Monday. Christians, feminists, pollsters and even political opponents played down the harm the revelation could do to the chances of Labor Party leader Kevin Rudd taking the nation's top job from Prime Minister John Howard. Feminist Eva Cox of the Women's Electoral Lobby said: "Going on the piss for one night, basically, and doing something dumb is not a cardinal sin — it's obviously not part of what he does generally. "You can't condemn somebody for getting on the piss — we would never have elected Bob Hawke in that case." Bob Hawke, prime minister from 1983 to 1991, won four consecutive federal elections — and, reputedly, a world championship for drinking a yard-glass of beer, about three pints or 1.7 litres, in record time. Some analysts have even suggested the night out in the Big Apple could help Rudd, a professed Christian with an almost cherubic face, in the rough and tumble of Aussie politics. The Labor Party leader admitted that he visited Scores, a Manhattan "gentlemen's club", during a boozy night out on a taxpayer-funded trip to the United Nations as shadow foreign minister in 2003. Rudd said he had drunk too much and did not have a "completely clear recollection" of whether there were semi-naked women in the club or what they were doing. It was the sort of admission which could see a US politician's career crash and burn, but the leader of the Australian Greens Party, Senator Bob Brown, said Rudd's escapade should be kept in perspective. "Four years ago Kevin Rudd got drunk and took himself into a strip club. Four years ago John Howard, sober, took Australia into the Iraq war. I think the electorate can judge which one did the more harm," Brown said. The Australian Christian Lobby said that while Rudd's actions would affect some people's view of him, no one was perfect. "I think it's a case of, Let he who is without sin cast the first stone. We are all fallible," said the group's managing director Jim Wallace. A Labor party ally of Rudd's, Queensland state premier Peter Beattie, said it just showed the politician had some "blood in his veins" and would probably win him votes, rather than lose them. Opinion polls over several months have shown Rudd and his centre-left Labor Party with a strong lead over Howard and his conservative Liberal-National coalition ahead of elections due by the end of the year. Rudd said Monday he expected "to take a hit in the polls" over his night out with New York Post editor and fellow Aussie Col Allan and Labor member of parliament Warren Snowdon. "But I am not by habit or by reputation or by instinct a heavy drinker," he told national radio. One newspaper reported that Rudd had been warned by bouncers for touching the dancers, but Snowdon said that was a lie and Allan said Rudd had behaved like "a perfect gentleman". The Labor leader has suggested that the story of his night out was leaked by Foreign Minister Alexander Downer in an attempt to tarnish his image ahead of the elections. "I have never tried to present myself as Captain Perfect — Captain Morality or anything like that — I'm not, never have been, and we all make mistakes and I've made one here," Rudd told reporters. Asked whether his wife, businesswoman Terese Rein, had given him a "verbal bollocking", Rudd replied cheerfully: "Terese is a firm woman, we've been married a long time."



RUN REVIEWS ETC

As mentioned last time, every so often I feel inspired to write a review of the hash just enjoyed. Not having got round to printing these before, here are a couple from earlier in the year. Don't be shy about trying it!

11th June 2007 Crown, Turners Hill

As we turned into the car park the Motley Crue were gathering so I yelled, "Oi, Tommy Lee, Nooooo. You might be a member of the World's hardest drinking, and most sexually active pop ensemble, but hashers you ain't." Er. Anyway. I strolled into the pub to make sure the barbie was alight and, noticing the shirts, the barmaid with a respectable n.o.b.* factor panicked, "hash house harriers, you're a week early! That's not until next week." A quick explanation that there were many chapters and light dawned on, for want of a better name, Dawn. "Oh you must be the private party of 12, ordering to eat at 9pm". '12? I thought as I looked at the huge pile of bodies building up behind me eager to order their 'am'n'eggs'n'chips'n'tomarter source. "Fancy a pint then?" the lovely Dawn offered as I calmed her further concerns about the table not being big enough and it's the biggest one we've got etc. I was so-o-o tempted and would have succumbed had it not been for her expectation of remuneration, so quietly stepped back to let the Addams family and consorts at the trough. *nibbles on the bar – the barmaid grading system.

Outside the hare had finally appeared and blurted out a few words of wisdom "thou shalt run on the right of the road unless thee is left-handed in which case run backwards" or something. Wasn't really listening, (and as it turned out it didn't matter anyway) taking the opportunity to catch up with long lost Greyhound Robbo on a return visit with daughter Lorna.

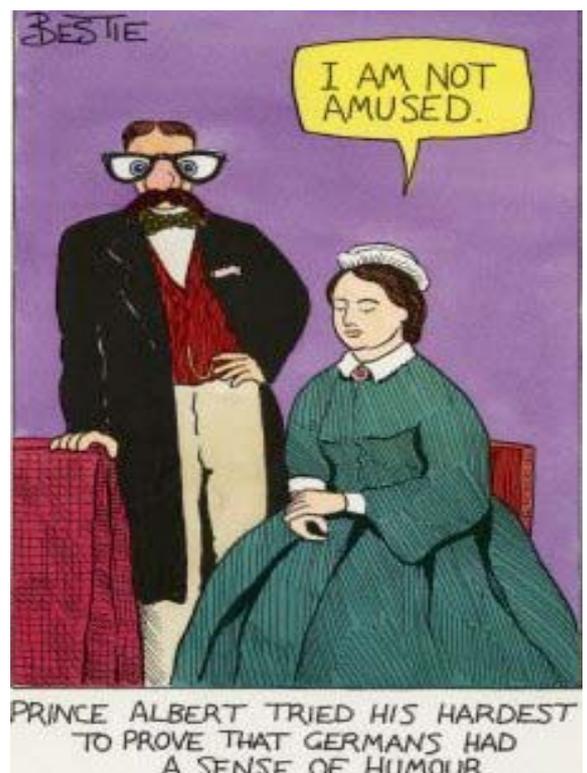
Off we went east along the road quickly past the first check hinting north to find the track south. More downhill (the clue's were there!), to a check at a finger post. As usual some went up the footpath whilst others chose the side of the field and those of us on the latter course were soon vindicated by the sound of the horn. Bit louder than normal I uttered to Fruity running beside me, at which point realization dawned that it was an irate gamekeeper pursuing us in his 4x4, bashing his birthday present for all it was worth and yelling, "You're going the wrong way". How does he know which way we're going I pondered, as memories of Soapies recent Henfield run came sprinting into my head, but now the hare was calling us back too.

Up the hill and through some lovely woods I got deep in conversation with Navy Mudlark about his recent dice with life on the South Downs Way 100 mile relay. We still hadn't caught up when we went through the next check and realized we were now running against the arrows! Was it because I hadn't been paying attention to the bit about running backwards at the beginning or did we miss a call due to our chat? No, Charlie Cain enlightened us, due to the fupuck, hare was now running the trail in reverse. That's original, but Donald wasn't changing the marks on the way throwing us all into confusion! At last we caught up to the main pack as they veered off to the left gathering to peer through someone's garden gate. Charlie called those who'd gone over the edge back to the sound of much laughter as a clearly knackered Coops arrived tail-end to be told that he was on and the diversion was just to look at a kitchen garden that had hit Dons hotpot.

Pinning Don down as we climbed yet another hill I begged the question of his co-hares absence. Seems that Ben had joined him for a pint the previous day, set trail together (including the trespass), had another couple of pints with Don, before they headed off in separate directions, then made a bit of a pub crawl of the journey home climaxing in a magnificent fall from his bike ripping calf to shreds on the way. Ah, the old hash adage about hashers not getting hurt! How often have I heard that misquoted? Of course the true story is they never feel pain, due to the care taken to numb that part of the brain with alcohol. [*Whisky is reputed to be a cure for snakebite. Hence ... "I always keep a supply of stimulant handy in case I see a snake — which I also keep handy." — W.C. Fields*].

Don was pointing to some distant hills and wistfully recalling his original route so I think we had a lucky escape as we headed back on a figure of 8 to find the arrows were now mysteriously pointing in the right direction again (how do they do that with chalk?), as we returned on a section of the out trail before the final road sprint due north back to the beer. All became clear in the pub as a map was presented showing some lovely clear tracks through the woods. What it didn't show was the orange outline that marked a private estate as access land. Doh Don.

In the pub the beer was soon flowing and chips appeared, then singularly failed to be eaten, being voted well down the rankings on the cheesy chiopometer. Even the hounds hounds in the garden turned their noses up. Many an amusing conversation, as ever, took place amongst which my favourites were the star ranking system on the website, [I t's a well known fact that nobody knows how to use this witness Rosemary's dismay at her 2 point ranking, and Profs one star self vote as he grappled with the meter. Mike Cockcroft was not unhappy as his run from home won 5 stars although he was puzzled how a dry street run could garner so much support. Louis, a heads up please on this lot matey!] and conversation with Emily about her stroll in the rain round the bottom of Wales, where as remote as she could get she found a telephone box with the government warning that smoking was prohibited on these premises. I think it was also here that I heard the story about some American who, on arrival in Scotland asked the restaurant staff if they served haggis. On receiving a positive response she then ordered it rare to medium! Goodnight...



3rd September 2007 Laughing Fish, Isfield

Originally billed as an Eddie run but not actually broadcast this appeared on the last trash as an 'eager hare required'. Subsequently Dave Evans e-mailed me to say the Lewes crowd would do something, and the following Monday Angel came home to tell me that Dave had opted to stick with Isfield. I confirmed this to Louis on Sunday evening and he subsequently updated the web site but for some reason nominated Mike question mark as hare. It was with some surprise that I received an e-mail from Dave on the Monday morning. Having just checked the web site and seen what he thought was his pub with the wrong hare, it transpired that he'd also got the date wrong thinking he was setting next week. After sorting out profanity filter interference and Dave rearranging things he was able to set trail at 5.30pm and so we gathered. It transpired that the pub doesn't do food on a Monday, so they offered to call in Pizzas from Uckfield but this didn't actually go any further.

And so off to the first check where 2 ways were marked. The footpath sign offered a 3rd so Charlie checked it. No other takers as we headed north! After a few fields we were on a track where a large crowd were coming back having discovered the On Inn. Took a number of checks to catch up when rest were spotted trying as many different routes across a stubby cornfield. The pack were rewarded with a stunning sunset which was good but the flipside was the realisation that we would soon be in the dark without hashlights. Doh! Rest of the run featured lots of road, plenty of cows as usual showing lots of interest in Eddy who was there after all and Louis insisting on taking us all the way round the church on a silly check. That gave dad Rik the chance to catch up. Pete and Eddy discreetly took the SCB route taken and guest Ibrahim (from Vienna - Voldobuna) was not taken by the coo poos. As usual there was a Gamekeeper chasing in his car which Charlie was quick to 'negotiate' with and soon we were on Inn in the dark tempting me to attempt a 2nd round as we crossed the outward trail again.

Back in the pub one bar was particularly busy with the World Toad in the Hole championships, entry £1. Shame Sasha and Julia weren't there as we could well have had World Champions in our midsts. I was taken by Matthews Pewter mug which he always pours his ale in to drink from. Suggested that when he gets to his 100th perhaps Julia could bung him a fiver to save the club getting a new one! I then asked if he'd hashed before joining us and received the surprising response that he used to join the mysterious Rodmell hash. He has promised a little bit of history on this short-lived neighbour which hopefully will appear soon, hint hint! Great hash in a great pub, and the icing on the cake was Hugh strolling in about an hour after the pack!



The image shows a newspaper clipping from 'The Herald' dated Thursday, October 11, 2007. The main headline is 'Powder mystery' in large, bold, serif font. Below the headline is a photograph showing a close-up of a gutter with a pile of white powder. To the right of the photo is a text article. The article starts with a bolded sub-headline: 'MYSTERIOUS piles of powder which appeared in Steyning last week are not thought to have been poisonous.' The text describes the discovery of yellowish-white powder in the gutter and next to lamp-posts in Church Street, past Fletcher's Cruft and towards Goring Road. It mentions that neighbourhood wardens Paul Sweeney and Kylie Calder were reported to by a man concerned it could be harmful to animals or children at the nearby school. The article notes that the powder had not been put down by Steyning parish, Horsham district or West Sussex county councils, and that the police and neighbourhood wardens had not been told about it. It concludes by stating that a county council investigator examined the powder and a spokesman believed it to be similar to powder used to mark football pitches and could possibly have been a trail laid for a drag hunt.

Oh dear oh dear. Has the lunacy surrounding the IKEA New Haven incident Stateside now reached Blighty? Well before I get the blame for this here's a little extract from Henfield Hash website...

Henfield Hash House Harriers Run #64

Tuesday 2nd October 2007 7pm The Star Steyning

...Marks for the run varied from 9 to crap, but high visibility marks were not in question, next day an anthrax alarm was raised! Bin Laden has Bin here with the McDougal brothers! ..

A construction site boss was interviewing men for a job, when along came Shawn. The boss thought, "I'm not hiring that lazy ass Paddy," so he decided to set a test for Shawn, hoping he wouldn't be able to answer the questions, and he'd be able to refuse him the job without getting into an argument. The first question was, without using numbers, represent the number 9. Shawn says, "Dat's easy" and proceeds to draw three trees.

The boss says, "What the hell's that?"

Shawn says "Tree 'n tree n' tree makes nine".

"Fair enough," says the boss. "Second question, same rules, but represent 99."

Shawn stares into space for a while, then makes a smudge on each tree. "Der ya go sir" he says.

The boss scratches his head and says, "How on earth do you get that to represent 99?"

Shawn says "Each tree's dirty now! so it's dirty tree, n' dirty tree n' dirty tree, dats 99."

The boss is getting worried he's going to have to hire him, so he says, "All right, question three. Same rules again, but represent the number 100".

Shawn stares into space again, then he shouts, "I got it!" he makes a little mark at the base of each tree, and says, "There ya go sir. 100."

The boss looks at Shawn's attempt and thinks, Ha! got him this time. "Go on Shawn, you must be crazy if you think that represents a hundred."

Shawn leans forward and points to the marks at the tree bases, and says, "A little dog comes along and craps by each tree, so now ya got, dirty tree an' a turd, dirty tree an' a turd, and dirty tree an' a turd, which makes a hundred. When do I start?"

Three blondes were applying for the last available position

on the Highway Patrol. The detective conducting the interview looked at the three of them and said, "So you'd like to be cops?" The blondes all nodded. The detective got up, opened a file drawer and pulled out a file folder. He opened it up, pulled out a picture, and said, "To be a detective, you have to be able to detect. You must be able to notice things such as distinguishing features in a suspect."

He stuck the photo in the face of the first blonde, and withdrew it after about two seconds. "Now," he said, "Did you notice any distinguishing features about the man?"

The blonde immediately said, "Yes, I did. He has only one eye!"

The detective grabbed the photo, shook his head and said, "Of course he has only one eye in this picture. It's a profile of his face. You're dismissed!"

The first blonde hung her head and walked out. The detective then turned to the second blonde, stuck the photo in her face for two seconds, pulled it back and said, "What about you? Notice anything unusual or outstanding about this man?"

"Yes," said the second blonde. "He only has one ear."

The detective put his head in his hand and exclaimed, "Didn't you hear what I just told the other lady? This is a profile of the man's face. Of course you can only see one ear. You're excused, too!" The second blonde sheepishly walked out of the office. The detective turned his attention to the third and last blonde and said,

"This is probably a waste of time, but let's try this again." He held the photo in front of her for a few seconds and withdrew it, saying, "All right. Did you notice anything distinguishing or unusual about this man?"

The blonde said, "I did! This man wears contact lenses."

The detective frowned, took another look at the picture, and began looking at some of the papers in the folder. He looked up at the blonde with a puzzled expression and said, "You're absolutely right. His bio says he wears contacts. How in the world could you tell that by looking at this picture?"

The blonde rolled her eyes and said, "Duh! With only one eye and one ear, he certainly can't wear glasses."

Hospital Query

A woman called a local hospital. "Hello. Could you connect me to the person who gives information about patients. I'd like to find out if a family member is doing better."

The voice on the other end said, "What is the patient's name and room number?"

"Sarah Finkel, room 302."

"I'll connect you with the nursing station."

"3A Nursing Station. How can I help You?"

"I'd like to know the condition of Sarah Finkel in room 302."

"Are you a family member?"

"Yes, Yes I am..."

"Hold on.. let me look at her records... Mrs. Finkel is doing very well. In fact, she's had two full meals, her blood pressure is fine, she is to be taken off the heart monitor in a couple of hours and, if she continues this improvement, looks like Dr.Cohen is going to send her home very soon!"

"What a relief! Oh, that's fantastic, that's wonderful news!" The woman said.

The nurse said, "From your enthusiasm, I take it you are a sister or perhaps an aunt?"

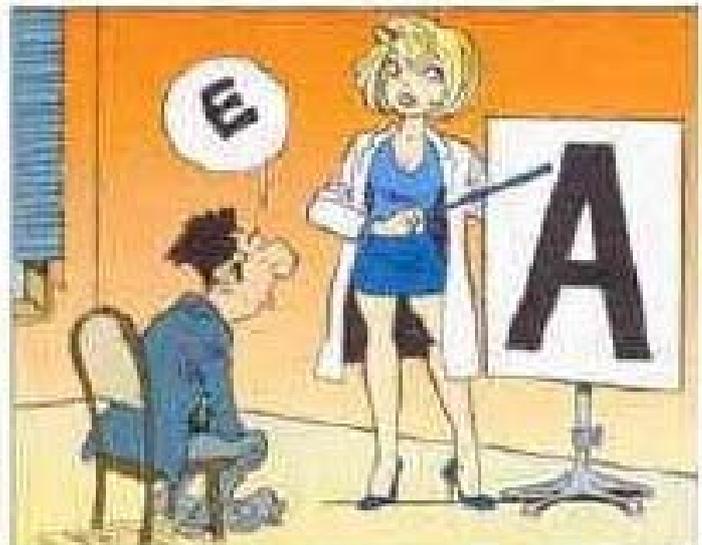
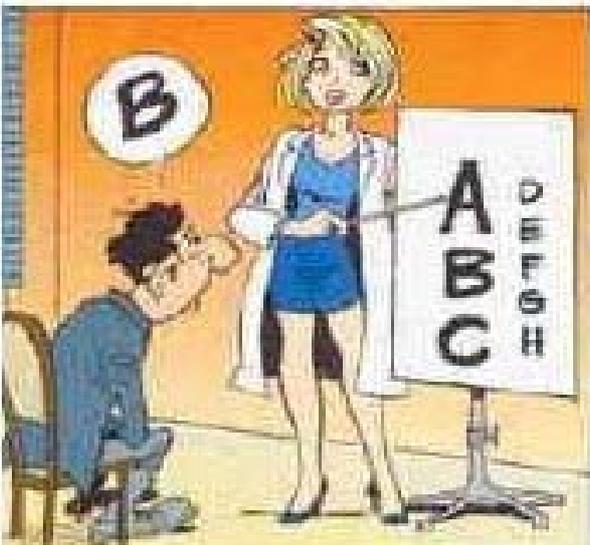
"Neither! I'm Sarah Finkel in 302...and NOBODY ever tells me ANYTHI NG!"

New Seat Belt Law - effective October 1, 2007

The national Highway Safety Council has done extensive testing on a newly designed seat belt. Results show that accidents can be reduced by as much as 45% when the belt is properly installed. An example of correct installation is attached:



*The Comic Strip Presents...
The tryout for new hash spex!*



THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH

One night, after the couple had retired for the night, the woman became aware that her husband was touching her in a most unusual manner. He started by running his hand across her shoulders and the small of her back. He ran his hand over her breasts, touching them very lightly. Then, he proceeded to run his hand gently down her side, sliding his hand over her stomach, and then down the other side to a point below her waist. He continued on, gently feeling her hips, first one side and then the other. His hand ran further down the outside of her thighs. His gentle probing then started up the inside of her left thigh, stopped and then returned to do the same to her right thigh. By this time the woman was becoming aroused and she squirmed a little to better position herself. The man stopped abruptly and rolled over to his side of the bed.

"Why are you stopping darling?" she whispered.

He whispered back, "I found the remote!"



Morning Sex

She is in the kitchen preparing to boil eggs for breakfast.

He walks in.

She turns and says, "You've got to make love to me right now".

His eyes light up and he thinks, "This is my lucky day."

Not wanting to lose the moment, he embraces her and then gives it his all right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she says, "Thanks," and returns to the stove.

More than a little puzzled, he asks, "What was that all about?"

She explains, "The egg timer's broken."

Hmm... where's that damn cat I can smell?

Dave came home from the pub late one Friday evening stinking drunk, as he often did, and crept into bed beside his wife who was already asleep. He gave her a peck on the cheek and fell asleep. When he awoke he found a strange man standing at the end of his bed wearing a long flowing white Robe. "Who the hell are you?" demanded Dave, "and what are you doing in my bedroom?"

The mysterious man answered "This isn't your bedroom and I'm St Peter."

Dave was stunned "You mean I'm dead!!! That can't be, I have so much to live for, I haven't said goodbye to my family. . . You've got to send me back straight away."

St Peter replied "Yes, you can be reincarnated but there is a catch. We can only send you back as a dog or a hen." Dave was devastated, but knowing there was a farm not far from his house, he asked to be sent back as a hen. A flash of light later he was covered in feathers and clucking around pecking the ground. "This ain't so bad" he thought until he felt this strange feeling welling up inside him.

The farmyard rooster strolled over and said "So you're the new hen, how are you enjoying your first day here?"

"I t's not so bad" replies Dave, "but I have this strange feeling inside like I'm about to explode."

"You're ovulating" explained the rooster, "don't tell me you've never laid an egg before."

"Never" replies Dave. "Well just relax and let it happen"

So he did and after a few uncomfortable seconds later, an egg pops out from under his tail. An immense feeling of relief swept over him and his emotions got the better of him as he experienced motherhood for the first time. When he laid his second egg, the feeling of happiness was overwhelming and he knew that being reincarnated as a hen was the best thing that ever happened to him. The joy kept coming and as he was just about to lay his third egg he felt an enormous smack on the back of his head and heard his wife shouting. "Dave, wake up you drunken b*****d, you've sh1t the bed."

A Little Johnny was sitting on the curb with a gallon of turpentine and shaking it up and watching all the bubbles.

A little while later a Priest came along and asked the Little Johnny what he had. Little Johnny replied, "This is the most powerful liquid in the world, it's called turpentine."

The Priest said, "No, the most powerful liquid in the world is Holy Water. If you take some of this Holy Water and rub it on a pregnant women's belly, she'll pass a healthy baby."

The Little Johnny replied, "You take some of this here turpentine and rub it on cat's ass and he'll pass a motorcycle. So piss off"

Q: What's the difference between a nine-month pregnant woman and a super-model?

A: Nothing (if the pregnant woman's husband knows what's good for him).