



BOGGY SHOE



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

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
3rd November 2008	1585	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Pete & Charlie
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. NB: On on will be at the Royal Oak, Jacobs Post, Map ref 339 198. Continue north on B2112 past Common.				
10th November 2008	1586	White Hart, Henfield	215 162	Hugh
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
17th November 2008	1587	Plough, Rottingdean		Mudlarks
Directions: A27 east to Falmer. Turn right and carry on through Woodingdean. Pub on right in one-way system. Est. 15 mins.				
24th November 2008	1588	Plough, Pyecombe	292 126	Charlie
Directions: A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. Est. 5 mins.				
1st December 2008	1589	Boars Head, Horsham	164 298	Lost Gray Cells
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right and carry on through Cowfold to West Grinstead traffic lights. Right on A24 then at 2nd roundabout take B2237 into Horsham. Pub is 3/4 mile on left at junction with Tower Hill. Allow 35 minutes. Turn left for car park immediately on right.				

RECEDING HARELINE

22nd December – Hassocks

Hotel

Christmas Party Hash

CRAFT # 6 pub crawl:

Lansdowne Arms, Lewes

7pm Friday 7th November

Hare: Gill 'Snow White' Durrance

26th January 2009

AusTRAILia Day Burns hash 10th anniversary

Thought for the day:

Take up hashing and hear heavy breathing again!



HALLOWE'EN HASH NOTICEBOARD

Beachy Head marathon

Many many thanks to all you Hashers who helped on Saturday with the Beachy Head Marathon. This year we had more of you (us!) than ever which was really fantastic. We couldn't manage without all our fantastic volunteers and I feel very grateful that you are so willing to get involved. THANK YOU!

I hope those of you who were running also had a great day. Weren't we lucky with the weather Bet you're glad you didn't decide to do the OMM!

The results and a great video clip are on the website: www.visiteastbourne.com/whatson/bhm. There is also www.beachyheadmarathon.org.uk but not sure what is on there.



Nicola Williams
Event Co-ordinator
Beachy Head Marathon



Ever wondered where you are on the hash?

In case you hadn't already heard, Prof 'Peter Thomas, Professor of Astronomy' Mudlark is conducting a lecture on the state of the universe on Tuesday 4th November from 6.30pm. Apart from covering an enormously interesting and relevant subject he is offering free drink and grub to attendees so please make the effort to support Pete.

Full details on or around page 5 or per attachment.

Christmas run and party

Hassocks Hotel, 22nd December 2008

We all had a great time here last year so are looking to return this year. Clear your diaries and names and deposits will be collected in the near future. Limited places!

Burns hash 26th January 2009

2009 sees the 10th anniversary and 6th running of our bi-annual Burns hash and for some odd reason it falls on Australia Day. A celebration of Australia Day has been mooted in the past so ideas are sought on the best way to celebrate the joint occasion (Aussie fancy dress instead of kilts; barbecued haggis; etc.)! Incidentally, 2010 sees the first time since 1999 that Burns night has actually fallen on a Monday!

From Charlie:

It appears that the radio frequency currently used by Mountain Rescue may be under threat as a result of competition for frequencies from digital providers.

Mountain Rescue are organising a 10 Downing Street Petition to the Prime Minister on this subject, which you may feel is worthy of support. <http://petitions.number10.gov.uk/MRT-RF-licences/>

Please forward to anyone you think might be interested.

Hash t shirts

I should be picking these up this week but it may be a week or two more before I can hand them out as we are hoping to get an overprint recognising our 30 years of hashing in Sussex. I'm afraid I had to estimate some sizes so if you didn't reply to the e-mail you'll have to take what you get!

CRAFT #6

Meeting at the Lansdowne Arms Lewes 7pm on 7th November 2008. All are welcome to join us on our latest perambulation around the pubs, this time under the watchful guidance of Gill 'Snow White' Durrance on a visit from Kalgoorlie. Expect some fun courtesy of Kalgoorlie's famous son (adopted)!

On on

Bouncer

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

How to pronounce Oklahoma correctly

I never knew this. I guess I had been pronouncing it correctly, but I never knew the story behind it..

There is a right way and a wrong way to pronounce Oklahoma

The proper way is: ' Okla . . homa' (There's a pause between the 'a' and the 'h'.) See photo:-

One day my housework-challenged husband decided to wash his sweatshirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to me, "What setting do I use on the washing machine?" "It depends," I replied. "What does it say on your shirt?" He yelled back, "University of Oklahoma." And they say blondes are dumb...

Memory...failing...mind...fading...

A guy in a supermarket.

A beautiful blonde waves at him and says hello.

He's rather taken aback, because he can't place where he knows her from, so he says "Do you know me?"

To which she replies "I think you are the father of one of my kids."

Now he thinks back to the only time he has ever been unfaithful to his wife and says, "My gawd, are you the stripper from my bachelor party that I laid on the pool table, with all of my buddies watching, while your partner whipped my ass with wet celery and stuck a carrot up my butt?"

She said, "NO! I'm your son's Math Teacher!"

Top this for a speeding ticket...

Two British traffic patrol officers from North Berwick were involved in an unusual incident while checking for speeding motorists on the A1 Great North Road. One of the officers used a hand-held radar device to check the speed of a vehicle approaching over the crest of a hill, and was surprised when the speed was recorded at over 300 mph. Their radar suddenly stopped working and the officers were not able to reset it.

Just then a deafening roar over the treetops revealed that the radar had in fact latched on to a NATO Tornado fighter jet which was engaged in a low-flying exercise over the Border district, approaching from the North Sea. Back at police headquarters the chief constable fired off a stiff complaint to the RAF Liaison office.

Back came the reply in true laconic RAF style:

"Thank you for your message, which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Tornado had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked onto, your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it. Furthermore, an air-to-ground missile aboard the fully-armed aircraft had also automatically locked onto your equipment. Fortunately the pilot flying the Tornado recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile systems alert status, and was able to override the automated defence system before the missile was launched and your hostile radar installation was destroyed. Good Day..."

What do you call a vampire that lives in the kitchen? *Spatula!*
Why couldn't the skeleton go to the dance? *He had no body to go with!*

What is a vampire's sweetheart called? *His ghoul-friend.*
What's the difference between Michael Jackson and Casper? *One is pale and scares kids and the other is a friendly ghost.*
What do you call the ghost who haunts TV shows? *Phantom of the Oprah!*

What do little ghosts drink? *Evaporated milk.*
When do ghosts usually appear? *Just before someone screams.*
What should you say when you meet a ghost? *How do you boo?*
How does a witch tell time? *She looks at her witch watch.*
What would you find on a haunted beach? *A sand witch.*



Quote of the month: "This is worse than divorce. I've lost half my fortune and still got the wife." A. Banker.

With redundancies at investment banks around the globe looming, now is the time for us to show the World just how much we care. It's just not right. Hundreds of investment bankers in your very own country are living at or just below the seven-figure income level! Atrocious! And, as if that weren't bad enough, they will be deprived of pay for several weeks-possibly a whole year-as a result of their redundancy. But now you can help! For about one thousand pounds a day - that's less than the cost of a large screen projection TV - you can help an investment banker remain economically viable during his time of need. One thousand pounds a day may not seem like a lot of money to you, but to an investment banker it could mean the difference between a vacation spent golfing in Florida or a Mediterranean cruise. For you, one thousand pounds is nothing more than three months rent or mortgage payments. But to an investment banker, one thousand pounds a day will almost replace his pay. Your commitment of one thousand pounds a day will enable an investment banker to buy that home entertainment centre, trade in the year-old BMW for a new Ferrari, or enjoy a weekend in Rio.

"HOW WILL I KNOW I'M HELPING?"

* Each month, you will receive a complete financial report on the investment banker you sponsor. Detailed information about his stocks, bonds, property, and other investment holdings will be mailed to your home.

* You'll also get information on how he plans to invest the £5 million lump severance package he will receive upon outplacement.

* Plus upon signing up for this program, you will receive a photo of the investment banker. Put the photo on your refrigerator to remind you of other peoples' suffering.

"HOW WILL HE KNOW I'M HELPING?"

Your investment banker will be told that he has a SPECIAL FRIEND who just wants to help in a time of need. Although the investment banker won't know your name, he will be able to make collect calls to your home via a special operator just in case additional funds are needed for unexpected expenses.

Simply fill out the form below:

___YES, I want to help!

I would like to sponsor a redundant investment banker. My preference is checked below:

- Research analyst
 - M&A specialist
 - Trader*
 - Derivatives trader**
 - Entire emerging markets trading desk***
 - I'll sponsor an investment banker most in need.
- Please select one for me.

* Higher cost

** Much higher cost

*** Please call our 900 number to ask for the cost of a specific team (Sorry, does not include secretaries). Please charge the account listed below £1,027.39 per day for a research analyst or M&A specialist for the next 3 months. Please send me a picture of the investment banker I have sponsored, along with my very own corporate logo baseball cap to wear proudly on my head.

- MasterCard
- Visa
- American Express
- DiscoverCard
- Diner's Club



Lehman brothers staff blockade the banks HQ in protest.

Your Name: _____

Telephone Number: _____

Card Number: _____ Exp.Date: _____

Signature: _____

Mail completed form to any major investment banking firm or call 1-888-TOOMUCH now to enroll by phone. (Children under 18 must have parental approval.)

Note: Sponsors are not permitted to contact the investment banker they have sponsored, either in person or by other means including, but not limited to, telephone calls, letters, e-mail, or third parties. Keep in mind that the investment banker you have sponsored will be much too busy enjoying his free time, thanks to your generous donations.

Contributions are not tax-deductible.

CRAFT #5 Horsham! Les organises a piss-up in a brewery...



Lost in the memories of CRAFT #4 are the reasons why we ended up in Horsham, but then again why not? Perhaps it was to do with Les's recent move to the town, perhaps because Bouncer used to live here and is always up for a visit to his old Friday night haunts, or maybe it was some 6th sense that told us collectively that Horsham was the place to be on Friday 3rd October. As Keeps It Up and Wildbush are going AWOL for most of October, taking on the Silk Road hash event visiting dozens of countries on the way we decided to go first Friday so they could be around, and subsequently found out from Scud that the Weltons brewery would be holding a launch party for the new season Old Ale. The Les move option was poor really as he didn't know the pubs so along with Brent and Kayleen he went out the previous week to recce and confessed it had given him an excellent insight into the pubs as well as ensuring we knew where the brewery was for the hash.

So the start point of the Bedford Arms outside the station was mooted and Bouncer found himself first there after an early arrival in Horsham, and an early beer in the Bear. Hepworth Sussex was the order as Les, KI U and WB all arrived together to the news that apologies had been received from far and wide: P:Rick (IOW) on holiday, Ponce (Cardiff) regrets; Matt and Jenny guests; HP - party; Daffy - gig etc. So the select group sat down for a quick review of individual CRAFT moments of the month (something we did last time but forgot to report!). Bouncers revelation that he'd accidentally deleted the CRAFT page on Hashspace on Monday would have been the winner if it hadn't turned out that he wasn't important or clever enough to do that kind of fu*k up, and the temporary glitch that removed it during an upgrade had been corrected. Apposite really as we were in the strange position of having a hare with no name for the first proper CRAFT outside of the ale trail. As both Wildbush and Keeps It Up rightly couldn't remember if they'd had a repeatable senior moment, it was down to Les to prove his worth and got off to a great start by forgetting the chalk. KI U stepped in to mark trail, and also to remind us that Les had for some reason gone into the ladies at the Black Horse on Monday. Research into the brewery night had seemingly drawn a blank until Bouncer produced the programme for the Horsham Food and Drink Festival at Wendy's party which had elicited the response from Les "Oh it's in there! I've got one of those." So with a half pint down Les Gray became Lost Grey Cells. If he can't remember that...!

The brewery was beckoning so off we went through the chill wind on an interactive trail to find a heaving warehouse in a lonesome part of town. Various ales were available but the first pint had to be the Old in view of the launch and we were asked to donate £1 per pint into the bucket half of which was going to the costs of the evening and half to charity. Bargain! We were tucking into the tremendous selection of bread and cheese when Scud (complete in dragon costume), Fetherlite and Stonker all arrived, very closely followed by Chipmunk and Layby. Lots of discourse went on including the year we should keep the tickets too as they were recycled from last year. Meanwhile, having forgotten his tankard and dealing with a floppy plastic pint Bouncer ended up dropping ½ of his 9th pint on the floor for no good reason, although when he also juggled ¼ of his 11th it was a definite jog from Fetherlite as they did a little jig in the 'corridor'. By this time Scud had been killed as part of the Morris dancers show and had joined us for a drink, in time for the barman announcing that we'd put enough in the bucket and beer was now free. Maybe that explains why your scribes memories are all mixed up and

I can't quite recall the points of the evening that Les met an old schoolmate, I met a couple of Horsham Joggers I knew and press-ganged them into the CRAFT, or one of the Morris men came up to me and tried to get me to join up "as it's a dying tradition that nobody's taking up nowadays and we really shouldn't let it go without a fight". Seeing that Scud had already signed them all up for the W&NK hash (W&Nker badges being prolific) I mentioned that there seemed to be a big crossover between hash and Morris what with Scud, Yogi, Charlie, Pete, Kathleen etc. and the EGH3 Dwile Flonking challenge earlier in the year. "Exactly", he continued with all the smooth patter of a master salesman, "everyone's doing it, so don't miss the boat, join the Morris today whilst there's still a few places available".

The free beer, food and entertainment certainly meant that there really was no need to travel any further despite Layby asking at one point what the next pub was, and so the Malt Shovel, Green Dragon, Crown and all the other pubs checked the previous week by the hare will have to wait until another time. As that may well be the Weltons Old Ale launch on the 2nd October next year though we shall have to see! I leave you now with the jolly song Barry (not Bunter!) introduced us too:

Oh for Me Grog

chorus:-

Oh for me grog my jolly jolly grog

Oh for me beer and tobacco

Well I spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin

Now across the Sussex Weald I must wander

I'm stiff stoney broke and I've parted with me moke

And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder

And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou

That's the way you're treated when you're down and under

Well I'm crook in the head for I haven't been to bed

Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder

I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches
So I'd better make a push out over yonder

I'll take that Old Man Plain and I'll cross it once again
Until me eyes the track no longer see boys
And my beer and whisky brain looks for sleep but all in vain
And I feel as if I had the Darling Pea boys

So hang that blasted grog, that hocused shanty grog
And the beer that's loaded with tobacco
Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the peg right in
And I'll settle down once more for some hard yakka

Cricketers Berwick, Mudlarks

"On on to the beerstop" yelled Nigel Mudlark. That was good enough to get everybody out of the pub for the START of the run! With the weather a vast improvement on the deluge of the day before it was heartening to hear that the proposed 7.5 mile route had been curtailed to kilometres. The free beer held me in its sway so long that I had to hoof it to catch up at the style. More by luck than judgement though I found the next couple of checks pretty quickly and soon found myself in the awkward position of leading the pack thanks to Pete's suggestion that Phil should 'check that way'. Still on only one we hit a t-junction with no obvious marks. Hare Nigel found it hiding it behind a bush though and on we went into Alfriston. Nicola was called to check being that we were on the Beachy Head marathon route, then came the slog up the hill another check. I'd been having a bit of a struggle but the site of Pat (who, with Ivan, had arrived late and missed the beer stop) bombing past in a crop top was inspiring. After a stretch on top we headed down a somewhat worrying descent that actually threatened more than it gave, being quite nicely laid to lawn. At the road split we all preferred right, following round back in to Berwick, but then came a problem - wrong village, we were in Alciston! As we were a substantial breakaway group the temptation was to head to the road but we cut through the churchyard and soon saw another group heading across a field. Nonchalantly joining in, the final stage was along the hedge line before cutting across a cloying field and a final bit of road for another beer stop finish. There was much banter about the previous Fridays pub crawl in which the newly named Lost Grey Cells claimed he could now officially have "he could organise a piss-up in a brewery" on his gravestone, and Chris for some reason questioned what CRAFT stood for:- Campaign for Real Ale and Financial Times?" Some people just Can't Remember A F'ing Thing!

Star Steyning, Anybody with Nobody

Must be something to do with Prof and his upcoming letcher but my mind was whizzing off on all sorts of tangents as we tootled around the hills around the aptly named Star. As I contemplated the absence of anything in the Universe, as well as the absence of anything to mark the trail, I recalled the advice in the Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, a tome briefly referred in Douglas Adams' (with whom incidentally I share a birthday. Except he's dead and I'm only half dead.) book of the same name, which has roughly the following to say about the Universe:

Area: Infinite. *Just the biggest thing ever.*

Imports: None. *It is impossible to import anything into an infinite area, there being no outside to import things in from.*

Exports: None. *See Imports.*

Population: None. *In an infinite space, there must be an infinite number of worlds. However not every one of them is inhabited therefore there must be a finite number of inhabited worlds. Any finite number divided by infinity is as near to nothing as makes no odds. Anyone you meet from time-to-time is therefore the product of a deranged hasher brain.*

Monetary Units: None. *There used to be until last week! Ooh er little bit of politics.*

Art: None. *The function of art is to hold a mirror up to nature, and there simply isn't one big enough - see point 1.*

Sex: None. *Well, in fact there is an awful lot of this, largely due to the lack of trade and art to keep the non-existent people of the Universe occupied. But it's complicated so you are referred to hash trashes 3, 5, 9, 14, 17 - 58, and 64 onwards, mainly.*



Er, anyway so we met up as per, went running as per, shortcut as per, got back to the pub as per and drank as per. In between, there was some conversation about wet puddles (as opposed to what exactly?*), badgers, the law of trespass (with particular reference to the application of the 'ignorance is no defence' maxim, when allied to proof of Mens Rea, which is essentially what Charlie was going on about after charging past a tree that clearly had PRIVATE written on it. "Didn't see it mate". Phil suggested the tree had fallen and the note referred to the fence yonder but well anyway whatever. Then there was all that stuff about kamikaze Kleenex as the paper clearly felt obligated to join in as the leaves cast themselves from the trees. In spite of the insistence of the wet stuff that falls from the firmament (not rain obviously as it never rains on the hash) this was a nice run and Mike had found new routes both up and down, although Don and I found yet another new return!

* *Yup this was one! If wet is a relative state, a boggy shoe after a primary dunking cannot get any wetter after a secondary dunking so is the source of the secondary dunking therefore a dry puddle?*

And finally: This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did. Somebody got angry about this, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.



This story happened about a month ago in a village in Sussex, and even when it sounds like an Alfred Hitchcock tale it's real. This guy was on the side of the road hitch hiking on a very dark night and in the middle of a storm. The night was rolling by and no car went by, the storm was so strong he could hardly see a few feet ahead of him. Suddenly he saw a car coming towards him and stop. The guy without thinking about it got in the car closes the door just to realize there's nobody behind the wheel. The car starts slowly, the guy looks at the road and sees a curve coming his way, scared he starts to pray begging for his life. He hasn't come out of shock, when just before he hits the curve, a hand appears thru the window and moves the wheel. The guy, paralysed in terror, watched how the hand appears every time they are before a curve. The guy gathering strength gets out of the car and runs to the nearest town. Wet and in shock goes to a pub and asks for a double whisky, and starts telling everybody about the horrible experience he went thru. A silence enveloped everybody when they realize the guy was crying and wasn't drunk. About half an hour

later two guys walked in the same pub and one said to the other "Look Pete, that's the asshole that got in the car when we were pushing it."

Elf 'n' safety stormtroopers raid Teddy Bears' picnic

Last updated at 12:37 AM on 28th October 2008

If you go down to the woods today, forget about disguise - you'd better wear a hard hat and a hi-viz jacket. Dingly Dell has fallen to the elf 'n' safety nazis. For the past 12 years, retired builder Mike Kamp has been collecting firewood from the forest near his home at Betws-y-Coed, North Wales. It's a right enshrined in the Magna Carta of 1215, the template for democracies around the world. Free men down the centuries have been granted the liberty to gather dead wood from common land to fuel their stoves, repair their homes and make charcoal. That was before the Forestry Commission came along and started demanding that anyone wanting to collect wood would need a licence to forage. Now it has imposed an outright ban, stating: 'This is an area where we are subject to increasing constraints in terms of health and safety. We have a duty of care to people in our wood.' Note the use of the possessive our wood. It isn't their wood. It's common land and it belongs to everyone.

As Mr Kamp said: 'They are claiming there are health and safety issues. But people have walked through the woods collecting firewood for hundreds of years without too many safety problems.' Precisely. I doubt there is one recorded incident of a firewood-related fatality in North Wales. This, as usual, is about bureaucrats justifying their own sad existence and protecting their backs in the event of someone turning their ankle in a rabbit hole, ringing Blame Direct, and suing for com-pensayshun. It's the same warped thinking which led to plans for an open-air ice rink in Bath this Christmas being abandoned because council officials feared it could be a magnet for paedophiles. How sick do you have to be to reach that conclusion?

And a school in Colchester has banned children from bringing in broomsticks for Halloween in case they get hurt. In fairness, they were only following official advice on the NHS website: 'Be careful with witches' brooms made from sticks. If the sticks get dislodged, they are a choking hazard. These brooms should be labelled For Adult Use Only.'

You couldn't make it up. Where is it all going to end? We take you over now to a briefing at the multi-million pound headquarters of the government's Firewood Prevention, Elf 'n' Safety and Child Protection Joint Task Force.

'Listen up, team. We've had a tip-off that a number of teddy bears are going down to the woods today and we want to maintain the element of surprise. So you'd better go in disguise.'

'Why's that, guv?' 'For every bear that ever there was will gather there for certain because today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic. Every teddy bear who's been good is sure of a treat today. There's lots of marvellous things to eat and wonderful games to play. But they don't have a catering licence or a safety certificate. If anything goes wrong we could have carnage on our hands. Food poisoning, sprained ankles, it doesn't bear thinking about, if you'll pardon the pun.'

'Oh, very good, sir.' 'I want the tactical support unit beneath the trees where nobody sees. They'll hide and seek as long as they please, 'cause that's the way the teddy bears have their picnic. 'And I don't want any heroics, either. If you go down to the woods today, you better not go alone. It's lovely down in the woods today, but safer to stay at home.' 'What do you want us to do, guv?' 'Watch them, catch them unawares. See them gaily gad about, they love to play and shout, they never have any care.' 'At six o'clock their mummies and daddies will take them home to bed, because they're tired little teddy bears. That's when we move in.' 'Why wait until six o'clock, guv?' 'We suspect a major paedophile ring is operating in the area. After all, we've only got their word for it that they are mummies and daddies. Remember little Maddie? 'I want names and addresses and don't forget to read them their rights. I'm not having any of them getting off on a technicality. 'Social services are providing armed back-up, the helicopter is on standby and I'm bringing in the firewood squad. We believe that some of the contraband wood is being used to make offensive weapons - ie: witches' brooms.

'So let's do it to them, before they do it to themselves. And, hey, hey, hey. Let's be careful out there.'



When I got home last night, my wife demanded that I take her someplace expensive.... so, I took her to the petrol station.

—And that's how the fight started.....

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for my pension. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realised I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later. The woman said, 'Unbutton your shirt'. So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair. She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed my pension application. When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office. She said, 'You should have dropped your pants. You might have got disability, too'

—And that's how the fight started.....

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table. My wife asked, 'Do you know her?'

'Yes,' I sighed, 'She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since.'

'My God!' says my wife, 'Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?'

—And that's how the fight started.....

I rear-ended a car this morning. So, there we were alongside the road and slowly the other driver got out of his car. You know how sometimes you just get so stressed and little things just seem funny? Yes, well I couldn't believe it.... he was a DWARF!!!

He stormed over to my car, looked up at me, and shouted, 'I AM NOT HAPPY!!!'

So, I looked down at him and said, 'Well, then which one are you?'

—And that's how the fight started.....

A husband had just finished reading a new book entitled, 'You Can Be THE Man of Your House.' He stormed to his wife in the kitchen and announced, 'From now on, you need to know that I am the man of this house and my word is Law. You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, and when I'm finished eating my meal, you will serve me a sumptuous dessert. After dinner, you are going to go upstairs with me and we will have the kind of sex that I want. Afterwards, you are going to draw me a bath so I can relax. You will wash my back and towel me dry and bring me my robe. Then, you will massage my feet and hands. Then tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and comb my hair?'

The wife replied, 'The undertaker would be my first guess'

—And that's how the fight started.....

A Catholic Priest, an Indian Doctor, a rich Chinese Businessman and an Aussie were waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers in front of them.

The Aussie fumed, "What's with those blokes? We must have been waiting for fifteen minutes!"

The Indian Doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such poor golf!"

The Chinese Businessman called out "Move it, time is money"

The Catholic Priest said, "Here comes George the greens keeper. Let's have a word with him."

"Hello, George!" said the Catholic Priest, "What's wrong with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?"

George the greens keeper replied, "Oh, yes. That's a group of blind fire fighters. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime." The group fell silent for a moment.

The Catholic Priest said, "That's so sad. I think I will say a special prayer for them tonight."

The Indian Doctor said, "Good idea. I'm going to contact my ophthalmologist colleague and see if there's anything he can do for them."

The Chinese Businessman replied, "I think I'll donate £50,000 to the fire-fighters in honour of these brave souls"

The Aussie said, "Why can't they f*cking play at night?!"

—And that's how the fight started.....

Three women friends, one in a casual relationship, one engaged to be married and one a long-time wife, met for drinks after work. The conversation eventually drifted towards how best to spice up their sex lives. After much discussion, they decided to surprise their men by engaging in some S&M role playing. The following week they met up again to compare notes: Sipping her drink, the single girl leered and said, 'Last Friday at the end of the work day I went to my boyfriend's office wearing a leather coat. When all the other people had left, I slipped out of it and all I had on was a leather bodice, black stockings and stiletto heels. He was so aroused that we made mad passionate love on his desk right then and there!' The engaged woman giggled and said, 'That's pretty much my story! When my fiancé got home last Friday, he found me waiting for him in a black mask, leather bodice, black hose and stiletto pumps. He was so turned on that we not only made love all night, he wants to move up our wedding date! The married woman put her glass down and said, 'I did a lot of planning. I made arrangements for the kids to stay over at Grandma's. I took a long scented-oil bath and then put on my best perfume. I slipped into a tight leather bodice, a black garter belt, black stockings and six-inch stilettos. I finished it off with a black mask. When my husband got home from work, he grabbed a beer and the remote, sat down and yelled, 'Hey, Batman, what's for dinner?'

—And that's how the fight started.....

HOW FIGHTS GET STARTED





Two old men feeling they are close to their last days on earth decided to have a last night on the town. After a few drinks they end up at the local brothel. The madam takes one look at the two old geezers and whispers to her manager, "go up to the first two rooms and put an inflated doll in each bed, I'm not wasting two of my girls on them". These two are so old and drunk they won't know the difference." The two men go up the stairs and take care of their business. As they are walking home the first one says, "You know, I think my girl was dead!" "Dead?" says his friend, "why would you think that?" "Well, she never moved or made a sound all the time I was loving her" His friend says, "I think mine was a witch." "A WITCH!!! Why the hell would you say that?" "Well, I was making love to her, kissing on her neck and I gave it a little bite, then she farted and flew out the window.

BALTIMORE, Maryland - The school board is not about to make a distinction between a good witch and a bad witch. They suspended 15-year-old Jamie Schoonover when a fellow student accused her of casting spells. Schoonover acknowledged that she practices witchcraft but denied the placing of any hexes, spells or enchantments. Her mother, a transsexual who was originally her biological father, defended Schoonover saying spell casting isn't something a novice is going to know how to do. [This gem of a story actually happened about a year ago. It seems the father/mother and daughter practice witchcraft together in a close family setting. I'd love to see what Christmas is like at their house.]

CINDERELLA

Cinderella wants to go to the ball, but her wicked stepmother won't let her. As Cinderella sits crying in the garden, her fairy godmother appears, and promises to provide Cinderella with everything she needs to go to the ball, but only on two conditions. "First, you must wear a diaphragm." Cinderella agrees. "What's the second condition?" "You must be home by 2a.m. Any later, and your diaphragm will turn into a pumpkin." Cinderella agrees to be home by 2 a.m. The appointed hour comes and goes, and Cinderella doesn't show up. Finally, at 5 a.m., Cinderella shows up, looking love-struck and very satisfied. "Where have you been?" demands the fairy godmother. "Your diaphragm was supposed to turn into a pumpkin three hours ago!!!" "I met a prince, Fairy Godmother. He took care of everything." "I know of no prince with that kind of power! Tell me his name!" "I can't remember, exactly...Peter Peter, something or other..."

Autopsy Lesson

An autopsy professor was giving an introductory lecture to a class of students. Standing over a corpse, he addressed the class. "There are two things you need to make a career in medical forensics. First, you must have no fear." Having said that, he shoved his finger up the corpse's anus and licked it. "Now you must do the same," he told the class. After a couple of minutes of uneasy silence, the class did as instructed. "Second," the professor continued, "you must have an acute sense of observation. For instance, how many of you noticed that I put my middle finger up this man's anus, but licked my index finger?"



THIS MONTHS BLAST FROM THE PAST:

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