



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R ns/trash #142 March 2009*

<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
2nd March 2009	1602	The Chequers, Steyning	176 113	Mike Anybody
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 1 mile. Park in village car park just past pub. 20 mins.				
9th March 2009	1603	Cat & Canary, Henfield	205 163	Elaine
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout then just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Street. Pub is on right approx. 1km. Est. 20 mins. Elaine's bus pass run!				
16th March 2009	1604	The Plough, Plumpton Green	364 182	Peter & Graham
Directions: A23 north. Filter off at Pyecombe over Clayton Hill on A273. Right on B2112 past Ditchling. Right at Ditchling Common. Pub on right at t-junction. Est. 20 mins.				
23rd March 2009	1605	Royal Coach, Shoreham Beach	207 046	Angel & Bouncer
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Straight on at next roundabout, right at bottom over Norfolk Bridge. Left at next roundabout and first right for car park. Est. 15 mins. <b>CURRY &amp; A PINT £5!</b>				
30th March 2009	1606	Swallows Return, Goring	103 038	Ivan
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. Take first turn-off after road reverts to dual carriageway (Angmering), then left at roundabout on Titnore Lane. Turning for pub is on right after 1 mile. Park in layby's on slip road. Est. 20 mins.				
6th April 2009	1607	Badgers Watch, Telscombe	397 014	Pat
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.				

### RECEDING HARELINE

20/4/09 Juggs, Kingston - Matthew

11/05/09 Foresters Arms, Fairwarp - Brent & Kayleen

23/05/09 **ANNUAL HASH RELAY**

### CRAFT #9:

Friday March 13<sup>th</sup> Brighton and Hove Beer festival.

Advance tickets essential – SOLD OUT see you there! *Well, I have got a few remaining tickets if you're quick!*

### W&NK H3:

Sunday 15th March Dorset Arms, Wythiam - Bouncer

Thought for the day:

*There is light at the end of the tunnel!*





# Inside <sup>PAGE</sup> 3 Today

*This is so priceless, and so, so easy to see happening, customer service being what it is today.*

A woman died this past January, and Citibank billed her for February and March for their annual service charges on her credit card, and added late fees and interest on the monthly charge. The balance had been \$0.00 when she died, but now was somewhere around \$60.00. A family member placed a call to Citibank.

Here is the exchange :

**Family Member:** 'I am calling to tell you she died back in January.'

**Citibank :** 'The account was never closed and the late fees and charges stills apply.'

**Family Member :** 'Maybe, you should turn it over to collections.'

**Citibank :** 'Since it is two months past due, it already has been.'

**Family Member :** So, what will they do when they find out she is dead?'

**Citibank :** 'Either report her account to frauds division or report her to the credit bureau, maybe both!'

**Family Member :** 'Do you think God will be mad at her?'

**Citibank:** 'Excuse me?'

**Family Member :** 'Did you just get what I was telling you - The part about her being dead?'

**Citibank Family:** 'Sir, you'll have to speak to my supervisor.'

**Supervisor gets on the phone:**

**Member :** 'I'm calling to tell you, she died back in January with a \$0 balance.'

**Citibank :** 'The account was never closed and late fees and charges still apply.'

**Family Member :** 'You mean you want to collect from her estate?'

**Citibank :** (Stammer) 'Are you her lawyer?'

**Family Member :** 'No, I'm her great nephew.' (Lawyer info was given)

**Citibank:** 'Could you fax us a certificate of death?'

**Family Member :** 'Sure.' (Fax number was given )

**After they get the fax :**

**Citibank :** 'Our system just isn't setup for death. I don't know what more I can do to help.'

**Family Member :** 'Well, if you figure it out, great! If not, you could just keep billing her. She won't care.'

**Citibank:** 'Well, the late fees and charges do still apply.' (What is wrong with these people?!?)

**Family Member :** 'Would you like her new billing address?'

**Citibank :** 'That might help...'

**Family Member :** ' Odessa Memorial Cemetery , Highway 129, Plot Number 69.'

**Citibank :** 'Sir, that's a cemetery !'

**Family Member :** 'And what do you do with dead people on your planet???'

13 year old father from Eastbourne

It seems he's just joined Fathers for Justice. He's not too sure about the cause but he's already got his own Spiderman outfit.

**Subject:** Should the UK adopt the €uro?

A cross-sectional survey of 1000 people in the UK, made up of Afghans, Pakistanis, Indians, Poles, Iraqis, Somalis, W.Africans, Albanians, Bosnians, Turks, Geordies, Brummies, Glaswegians and Liverpoolians were asked if they thought Britain should change its currency to the €uro.

99% said 'no'; they were happy with the Giro!

At a recent international medical conference on transplants, an Israeli doctor claimed, 'Transplant surgery in my country is so advanced, we can take a kidney out of one person, put it in another, and have him looking for work in six weeks'.

A German doctor said, 'That's nothing! In Germany, we can take a lung out of one person, put it in another, and have him looking for work in four weeks'.

A Russian doctor said, 'In my country medicine is so advanced, we can take half a heart from one person, put it in another, and have them both looking for work in two weeks'.

The English doctor, not to be outdone, said 'Hah!. We can take two arseholes out of Scotland, put them in 10 & 11 Downing Street and have half the country looking for work within twenty-four hours'.

Meanwhile...

Police cordoned off Liverpool City Centre this morning when a suspicious object was discovered in a car. It later turned out to be a tax disc



Paddy takes his new wife to bed on their wedding night. She undresses & lies on the bed spreadeagled & says 'You know what I want don't you?' 'Yeah,' says Paddy. 'The whole friggin bed by the looks of it!'

A petrol station owner in Dublin was trying to increase his sales. So, he put up a sign that read, 'Free Sex with Fill-Up.' Soon Paddy pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10. If he guessed correctly, he would get his free sex. Paddy guessed 8, and the proprietor said, 'You were close. The number was 7. Sorry.. No sex this time.' A week later, Paddy, along with his friend Mick, pulled in for another fill-up. Again he asked for his free sex. The proprietor again gave him the same story, and asked him to guess the correct number. Paddy guessed 2 this time. The proprietor said, 'Sorry, it was 3. You were close, but no free sex this time.' As they were driving away, Mick said to Paddy, 'I think that game is rigged and he doesn't really give away free sex.' Paddy replied, 'No it ain't, Mick. It's not rigged at all at all. My wife won twice last week.'



#### The Irish Sex Fairy

Be sure to read the warning at the bottom. I didn't change a word! I'm not messing with the Irish Sex Fairy!

1. Sex is a beauty treatment. Scientific tests find that when women make love they produce amounts of the hormone estrogen, which makes hair shine and skin smooth.
2. Gentle, relaxed lovemaking reduces your chances of suffering dermatitis, skin rashes and blemishes. The sweat produced cleanses the pores and makes your skin glow.
3. Lovemaking can burn up those calories you piled on during that romantic dinner.
4. Sex is one of the safest sports you can take up. It stretches and tones up just about every muscle in the body. It's more enjoyable than swimming 20 laps, or jogging 20 blocks and you don't need special sneakers!
5. Sex is an instant cure for mild depression. It releases endorphins into the bloodstream, producing a sense of euphoria and leaving you with a feeling of well-being.
6. The more sex you have, the more you will be offered. The sexually active body gives off greater quantities of chemicals called pheromones. These subtle sex perfumes drive the opposite sex crazy!
7. Sex is the safest tranquilizer in the world. IT IS 10 TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE THAN VALIUM.
8. Kissing each day will keep the dentist away. Kissing encourages saliva to wash food from the teeth and lowers the level of the acid that causes decay, preventing plaque build-up.

9. Sex actually relieves headaches. A lovemaking session can release the tension that restricts blood vessels in the brain.

10. A lot of lovemaking can unblock a stuffy nose. Sex is a natural antihistamine. It can help combat asthma and hay fever.

This message has been sent to you for good luck in sex. The original is in a room in the basement of the Dwight House Pub. It has been sent around the world nine times. Now sex has been sent to you. The 'Irish Sex Fairy' will visit you within four days of receiving this message, provided you, in turn, send it on.

If you don't, then you will never receive good sex again for the rest of your life. You will eventually become celibate, and your genitals will rot and fall off. This is no joke! Send copies to people you think need sex (who doesn't?). Don't send money, as the fate of your genitals has no price.

#### Irish Bank Robbery

This is just too funny not to share.

Excerpted from an article which appeared in the Dublin Times about a bank robbery on March 2, 1999:

Once inside the bank shortly after midnight, their efforts at disabling the internal security system got underway immediately.

The robbers, who expected to find one or two large safes filled with cash and valuables, were surprised to see hundreds of smaller safes scattered throughout the bank.

The robbers cracked the first safe's combination, and inside they found only a bowl of vanilla pudding. As recorded on the bank's audio tape system, one robber said, "At least we'll have a bit to eat." The robbers opened up a second safe, and it also contained nothing but vanilla pudding. The process continued until all the safes were opened.

They found not one pound sterling, a diamond, or an ounce of gold.

Instead, all the safes contained covered bowls of pudding.

Disappointed, the robbers made a quiet exit, each leaving with nothing more than a queasy, uncomfortably full stomach.

The newspaper headline read:

IRELAND'S LARGEST SPERM BANK ROBBED EARLY THIS MORNIN G



# REHASHING....

## Run 1600 The Old Boot Inn, Seaford – The Mudlarks – Farcical Aquatic Ceremony#

After farting around with the complexities of the Seaford One-Way System, Wiggy and I found the pub at about 25 to, but it didn't look good. No hashers evident through window and none outside. 'Uh oh' I thought, don't tell me the hares took my little jest about 4pm hash for the 1600<sup>th</sup> ceremony seriously! I stopped car and strolled up to the pub to see a) marks and b) the Cardinal heading off with hound so as time was now rushing on I said to Wigs I'll drop you off with the pack, then park and walk. As we drove up we cornered Phil Mutton cheating so armed with a couple of clues it was back to park then attempt the catch-up. Following Phil's route we found the On Inn pretty fast then a kicked through 6 pointer. I stuck with the obvious path across the golf course, while Wiggy headed up the bank and out of sight and earshot as my on calls were in vain. Well not entirely as Navy heard and called me down to the corner. "Where's the short-cut Nige?" "You've missed it!" "What about the beer stop?"

Having looked at a map I spotted another potential SCB so headed off towards Chyngton Farm. Without a map I soon got muddled and ended up heading back on myself but luck was with me as Ann appeared out of the dark. My greeting stopped her in her tracks and she strolled back with me to pub for an early bath, musing on where her 1600<sup>th</sup> run t-shirt was. I explained that I was walking delicately as Angel had taken us all ice-skating on Friday, a first time for me. "Oh did you bang your coccyx?" picks up the all too sharp Ann. Well, yeah cyx times, but the laugh was on me as the w&nker of the week trophy intended for me by Bodyshop at the Westerham run the day before had to be accepted on my behalf by the wife. Callum had said earlier that day as we passed a field of free range chickens "That's a Cockatoo, Dad", then on being corrected, "Oh I knew it started with Cock!"

Inside the pub the true route was revealed as being out to Cuckmere Haven, along the flats then back over Seaford Head. As folk started to appear in dribs and drabs, Ann went and added a Sussex half to the remainder of my pint to receive the comment from KI U "Are you stealing beer?". Discussion then turned to the CRAFT hash on Friday, and the CRAFT H3 trip to the Hove Beer Festival on Friday 13<sup>th</sup> March, where it was revealed that I may be working behind the bar. The same KI U then asked if that meant I would be able to give them free beer and was reminded sharply of his earlier comment! Charlie seemed concerned by Wiggy's absence for the 2<sup>nd</sup> week running so I felt compelled to tell the tale of how he'd hit the spring at Edburton at high speed on his way to the hash last week. With Gabby at the wheel and Anne helping to push they'd got it out of the puddle but engine was full of water and his car is now deceased. Seems he wasn't alone though as a mid-hash rescue had to be performed at roughly the same location on another victim. For this night he did eventually make it back to the pub having eventually found the right route, and promptly befriended some nutter at the bar who was putting the white wine away two bottles at a time. "He's a harmless nuisance" uttered Wigs only to have him pursuing us around the pub, mainly on all fours, as we attempted to make our escape. Not sure how we should take it but the barman (a ringer for Blue Suit from EGH3!), had kept feeding him as he assumed he was one of ours! Another great hash...

# An expression previously used in Monty Pythons Holy Grail. See below.

Farcical – loads of hashers got lost; Aquatic – this is Seaford!; Ceremony – yes, well, whatever happened to the 1600<sup>th</sup> run!

**Dennis:** What I object to is you automatically treat me like an inferior.

**King Arthur:** Well I am king.

**Dennis:** Oh, king eh? Very nice. And how'd you get that, eh? By exploiting the workers. By hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society.

**Woman:** Here Dennis there's some lovely shit over here. Ooh who's this?

**King Arthur:** I am your king.

**Woman:** Well I didn't vote for you.

**King Arthur:** You don't vote for kings.

**Woman:** Well how'd you become king then?

[Angelic music plays.. ]

**King Arthur:** The Lady of the Lake, her arm clad in the purest shimmering samite held aloft Excalibur from the bosom of the water, signifying by divine providence that I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur. THAT is why I am your king.

**Dennis:** [interrupting] Listen, strange women lyin' in ponds distributin' swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony. You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just because some watery tart threw a sword at you. I mean if I went 'round sayin' I was Emperor, just because some moistened bint lobbed a scimitar at me, they'd put me away.

**King Arthur:** Bloody peasant!

**Dennis:** Oh, what a giveaway! Did you hear that? Did you hear that, eh? That's what I'm on about! Did you see him repressing me? You saw him, Didn't you?



## CRAFT #9 Review - Daffy Dildo in Croydon - Joint trail with SORTED H3 Friday 20<sup>th</sup> February 2009

Cast: Daffy; Bouncer; Boggers; Heavy Pants; Ging Gang; Olly; Testiculator; Wildbush; Keeps It Up; Hardcore Bomber; Rolls Royce; Boy Blunder; Radio Soap; Lost Gray Cells.

First in the pub this time was Boy Blunder. Unfortunately for him he was in the George, and the meeting point was **the Porter and Sorter!** Bouncer arrived at East Croydon station slightly ahead of Daffy and the P trail, which meant he had to call for directions to the pub! Soon the advance guard were established and getting stuck into the ale when Boggers arrived producing a 'proper' tankard, stained and battered unlike Daffy's pristine example, and Bouncers although battered was just a pouffy shape. As Ging Gang and Heavy Pants (finally fulfilling a promise to make a CRAFT!) appeared from their nearby offices via a portion of noodles, Olly materialised from the bar promptly throwing into doubt the claims to first in. Hare started to get the jitters at 7, calling on on before realising he'd still got half a pint. Still as Testiculator arrived, headed for the bar and returned with a full glass, it was one of those 'whilst you're down there' moments and there was almost a chorus as we all called the on, just to see him neck it. An interesting new manoeuvre was established here when Bouncer with his typical hang jaw look of pure gorm was challenged by Ging Gang to say something. Much mirth then ensued when the same look stopped Testie in mid-conversation!



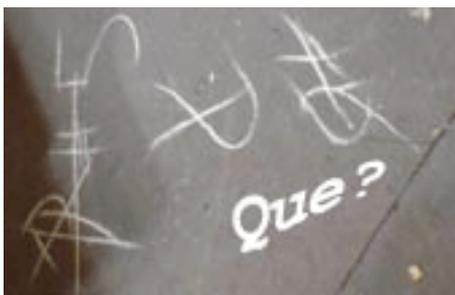
Keeps It Up and Wildbush arrived as Daffy and Boggers were heading out the door so we went straight after them only to lose trail on the doorstep. Local knowledge of Ging Gang ("at last a hash where I'm always going to know where I am") soon put us back on track as we covered the ground to the **Spread Eagle**. Funny how it always seems longer when you're thirsty, but it did seem odd to have Brent lamenting the distance after the marathon gaps between ale emporia on his Lindfield trail. "At least I went in every pub!" he grumbled. At the Spread Eagle we found Hardcore Bomber, choosing us over another potential beer in Wimbledon, although he had taken advantage of a friend holding her birthday drink at this pub to kill 2 birds with one stone. Also here was Rolls Royce and we were finally tracked down by Blunder who burst through the doors like Shrek on acid with pork fat dripping from his face and hands. "Somersfields spare ribs" was the explanation. Wendy decided to chase up LGC who hadn't yet shown to discover she'd received an important, as yet unread, text from several days earlier! Better if she tells THAT particular story, but let's hope they're friends again soon, eh? Boggers was feeling decidedly iffy here so cleared off to get tuck, after coercing the next pub out of hare.

Next up was the **Dog and Bull**, a very pleasant back street Youngs pub. Radio Soap managed to track us down here just after Bouncer had paid for the round. As Testie was receiving attention at the bar coin was passed up to get the girl a pint but some wag local told them to keep the change, causing Bouncer to panic and Cathy to grumble about thirst. We moved through to the back of the bar and were joined by LGC so he was offered Boggers beer on condition he replaced it with a pint of Ordinary when he arrived. 2 minutes later LGC was asking the barman for a Normal! A panicky Bouncer lost his tankard at some point, complete with beer, and convinced there was a piss take going on moped up and down the bar looking for it. "We've hidden it up there" said Blunder pointing at a ceiling full of the things!



Once again hare disappeared so time for the off but the Goose did not look attractive so we continued to **the Green Dragon** where a very strange creature appeared attempting to accost Rolls Royce. While discussing the beer festival next month, RR confessed that he never went out on Friday 13<sup>th</sup> prompting an argument among those who've seen him on F13 runs!

The bulk of the pack had moved on when Olly announced his retirement from proceedings but the debate over whether he was a hasher or not had to be resolved so a naming was proposed and as he is pursuing an archery wanking as Jonathan Woss would say, Quiver was suggested. Oliver Quiver saith the man so All of a Quiver was decided on. Proper respect though as he refused to down Wendy's beer without permission!



Music levels here were pretty high so pack soon moved on to the **Royal Standard** which was a very pleasant peaceful pub where we could at last have a chat, and for Daffy and Caffy to buy Daffodils! Chat mainly consisting of food now, at least that part the scribe could actually remember! As various had already eaten well, the pack split into those eating and those not but a cock-up ensued when Ging Gang got the chalk to mark P trail on to next pub or

station crossing out Daffy's C trail to the curry house. Bouncer was only saved by a phone call from Daffy asking if he could bring his tankard which had been left in the Royal Standard. This meant a double-back and nearly ended in disaster in the pub when Bouncer walked in and grabbed the first tankard he saw only for the owner to remonstrate. Fortunately Daffy's mug was still sitting on the bar and he was able to beat a hasty retreat to follow the long trail down to South Croydon for the curry.

As a co-founder of the Curry Club you'd expect Daffy to deliver on the eating front and he did with this excellent diner which featured some unusual starters and side dishes including chilli panir which Soapie tucked into heartily. The potential for BYO booze was also useful although NTU this time. LGC had to rush off for the train as soon as food was dispatched but Daffy insisted on one last pint so it was into the Wetherspoons pub (a CRAFT first!), **the Skylark**, next door for one final beer before Wildbush route marched Bouncer and KI U back to the station for the last train south. Despite misgivings from some quarters this was an excellent location for a pub crawl and with the late trains took the pressure off for getting home afterwards for many, enabling more relaxed imbibing.



## ELAINE'S PAIGE ABOUT OLD AIGE!



### A new wine for seniors

California vintners in the Napa Valley area, which primarily produces Pinot Blanc, Pinot Noir and Pinot Grigio wines, have developed a new hybrid grape that acts as an anti-diuretic. It is expected to reduce the number of trips older people have to make to the bathroom during the night.

The new wine will be marketed as Pino More.

Remember the music of the Sixties ? Absolutely Wonderful ! Some of the artists of the 60's are revising their hits with new lyrics to accommodate ageing Hashers.

**Rolling Stones** - Hey You Get off of my lawn  
**Bobby Darin** - Splish, Splash, I Was Havin' a Flash.  
**Herman's Hermits** - Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Walker

### The music of the Sixties.

More revised lyrics to bring a smile to all those ageing hashers!

**The Bee Gees** - How Can You Mend a Broken Hip.  
**Roberta Flack** - The First Time Ever I Forgot Your Face.

**Johnny Nash** - I Can't See Clearly Now.

**Paul Simon** - Fifty Ways to Lose Your Liver

**The Commodores** - Once, Twice, Three Times to the Bathroom.

**Procol Harem** - A Whiter Shade of Hair.

**Leo Sayer** - You Make Me Feel Like Napping.

**The Temptations** - Papa's Got a Kidney Stone.

**Abba** - Denture Queen.

**Tony Orlando** - Knock 3 Times On The Ceiling If You Hear Me Fall.

**Helen Reddy** - I Am Woman, Hear Me Snore

And one final classic from the Sixties that will surely bring a tear to the eye of all ageing hashers around the world

**Willie Nelson** - " On the Commode Again "

Three very old ladies and their dogs were sitting on a park bench having a quiet conversation. A flasher approached from across the park. The flasher came up to the ladies, stood right in front of them. He opened his trench coat. Gertrude immediately had a stroke. Then Maude also had a stroke. But Tillie, being older and more feeble, couldn't reach that far.

### DOWN AT THE RETIREMENT CENTER

80-year old Bessie bursts into the rec room at the retirement home. She holds her clenched fist in the air and announces, 'Anyone who can guess what's in my hand can have sex with me tonight!!' An elderly gentleman in the rear shouts out, 'An elephant?' Bessie thinks a minute and says, 'Close enough.'

An old man goes to the Wizard to ask him if he can remove a curse he has been living with for the last 40 years. The Wizard says, 'Maybe, but you will have to tell me the exact words that were used to put the curse on you'. The old man says without hesitation, 'I now pronounce you man and wife.'

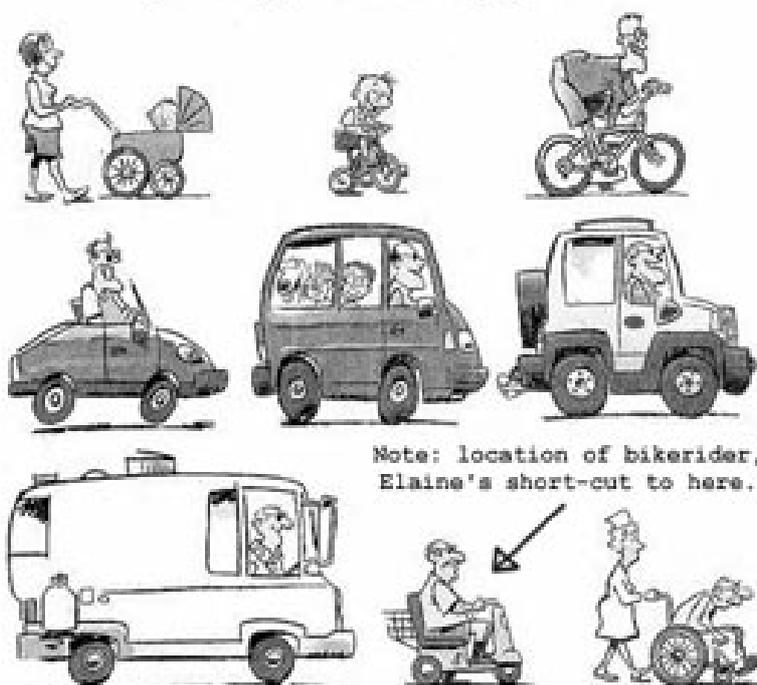
### A STUNNING SENIOR MOMENT

Apparently, a self-important college freshman attending a recent football game took it upon himself to explain to a senior citizen sitting next to him why it was impossible for the older generation to understand his generation. 'You grew up in a different world, actually an almost primitive one', the student said loud enough for many of those nearby to hear. 'The Young people of today grew up with television, jet planes, space travel, man walking on the moon. Our space probes have visited Mars. We have nuclear energy, ships and electric and hydrogen cars, cell phones. Computers with light-speed processing... And more.'

After a brief silence the senior citizen responded as follows: 'You're right, son. We didn't have those things when we were young ... so we invented them. Now, you arrogant little shit, what are you doing for the next generation?'

The applause was amazing.

## The Wheels of Life



# THE



# END



Many years ago a certain Brighton Hasher was travelling back from Edinburgh on the Intercity Express, and was assigned a 2 berth sleeping compartment. Can you imagine what went through his mind when his fellow traveller entered the compartment? To his surprise, his companion was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Quickly they introduced themselves to each other and they then indulged in polite chatter for a while as the train rambled along. As night approached, both travellers started to feel really tired. Though initially embarrassed and uneasy over the sleeping arrangements they quickly fell asleep quickly, he in the upper berth and she in the lower. A few hours later, At 1:00 AM, the man leaned down and gently woke the woman saying, 'Excuse me - I'm sorry to bother you, but would you be willing to reach into the cupboard to get me a second blanket? I'm awfully cold.'

'I have a better idea,' she replied 'Just for tonight, let's pretend that we're married.'

'Wow! - That's a great idea!', he exclaimed.

'Good,' she replied. 'Now get your own Fu#\*ing blanket !'

Two businessmen from New York City are sitting down for a break in their soon-to-be opened new store in the deep South. As yet, the store wasn't ready. Only a few shelves are set up and nothing was yet on display.

One says to the other, "I bet any minute now some idiot is going to walk by, look in the window, stick his face in the door, and ask what we're selling."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when, sure enough, a curious Southern gentleman walks to the window, has a peek, sticks his head in the door and in a Southern drawl asks, "What're y'all sellin' here?"

One of the men replies, "Oh! We're selling assholes here."

Without skipping a beat, the Southerner says, "Well, I see y'all're doing real good, you only got two left!"  
Don't mess with Southerners!

One day, in a flash, the Refugee Fairy appeared to a destitute Afghani immigrant outside the Hackney Social Services offices. My good man, the Fairy said, I've been told to grant you three wishes since you have just arrived in England with your 3 wives and 10 children.

Startled, the immigrant replied, 'Where I come from, we don't have good teeth, so if you don't mind I would like new straight teeth, with lots of gold in them. The Fairy looked into the man's almost toothless grin, and snapping her fingers ZIP The man had a full set of shining new gold teeth.

'What next?' asked the Fairy, 'two more wishes left.'

The immigrant claimant ran his tongue across his new gold teeth, and getting bolder, he said to the Fairy, 'I want a big house in Hampstead Heath with a three car garage and ten bedrooms for my family and the rest of my relatives still in Afghanistan. I want to bring them all over to England.'

In seconds..the earth shook, and as the dust was settling, in the distance could be seen a beautiful mansion at the end of a long tree-lined driveway, with a three car garage and a swimming pool on one side and a marble patio area with benches and BBQ on the other. 'One last wish' said the Fairy

Absolutely ecstatic and now full of beans, the immigrant made his last wish, I want to have white skin like the English, he said, I want to be English and wear English clothes. I don't want to wear these pyjamas and a turban.' In a micro-second, the immigrant was transformed. He was wearing ripped jeans, worn out trainers, a three seasons out-of-date West Ham football shirt and a fake Burberry baseball cap. His bad teeth were back, and in the distance his palatial mansion had disappeared. Devastated, he screamed at the fairy, 'What's happened to my new teeth, and where my mansion gone?'

The fairy said 'Tough luck Dickhead!! Now that you're an Englishman, you have to fend for yourself like the rest of them.'

