

Jack and Bob go Skiing.

Jack decided to go skiing with his buddy, Bob.

They loaded up Jack's minivan and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. They pulled into a nearby farm house and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night.

"I realize it's terrible weather out there and I have this huge house all to myself, but I'm recently widowed," she explained, "and I'm afraid the neighbors will talk if I let you stay in my house."

"Not to worry," Jack said, "we'll be happy to sleep in the barn, and if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light. The lady agreed and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night.

Come morning, the weather had cleared and they got on their way and enjoyed a great weekend of skiing.

About nine months later, Jack got an unexpected letter from an attorney. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the attorney of that attractive widow he met on the ski weekend.

He dropped in on his friend Bob and asked: "Bob, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our ski holiday up North."

"Yes, I do."

"Did you happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and have sex with her?"

"Yes," he said, a little embarrassed about being found out, "I have to admit that I did."

"And did you happen to use my name instead of telling her your name?"

Bob's face turned red and he said, "Yeah, sorry buddy, I'm afraid I did. Why do you ask?"

"No need to apologize, Bob. She just died and left me everything!"

Two Factory Workers.

Two factory workers are talking.

The woman says, "I can make the boss give me the day off."

The man replies, "And how would you do that?"

The woman says, "Just wait and see." She then hangs upside-down from the ceiling.

The boss comes in and says, "What are you doing?"

The woman replies, "I'm a light bulb."

The boss then says, "You've been working so much that you've gone crazy. I think you need to take the day off."

The man starts to follow her and the boss says, "Where are you going?"

The man says, "I'm going home, too. I can't work in the dark."

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Editor's Intro

The idea of this two-monthly magazine is based on an eclectic mix of unusual/humorous stories, jokes, pubs abroad, forgotten classic albums, Arts information, strange science., nostalgia.

If you'd like to contribute an article, email The Editor at the following address:

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Three men on Safari.

A British Man, a French man, and an American man are on a safari in Africa, and they are taken prisoner by a savage group of villagers. As they're being brought to the village, they are told that death was their only option, however, they each had their choice of the method they would use to kill themselves. The British man requested a pistol, and cried out "Long live the queen!" as he blew his brains out. The two others watched in horror as the savages flayed the man and made his skin into a canoe. The French man was next, and he requested a Saber. "Vive le France" was what he cried out as he disemboweled himself. The American guy watched again what they did with his body, as they made his skin into a canoe. The last guy, the American guy requested a fork in which to kill himself. As soon as it was handed to him, he started stabbing himself violently as he screamed "So much for your fucking canoe!"

A Wife's Duty

A couple drove their car to Wal-Mart, only to have their car break down in the parking lot. The man told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car in the lot.

The wife returned later to see a small group of people near the car. On closer inspection, she saw a pair of male legs protruding from under the chassis. Although the man was in shorts, his lack of under-pants turned private parts into glaringly public ones. Unable to stand the embarrassment, she dutifully stepped forward, quickly put her hand UP his shorts, and tucked everything into place.

The wife stood back up, she looked across the hood and found herself staring at her husband who was standing idly by.

The mechanic, however, had to have three stitches in his forehead.

Army commander battered officers with dildo

A Russian army commander has received a two-year suspended sentence after he was found guilty of beating his junior officers with a dildo.

Captain Ilyasov was brought to trial after a soldier, who was himself charged with desertion, told officials he had run away because of nightly beatings from Ilyasov and his dildo.

Private Ruslan Machnev told the court in Yekaterinburg that he had fled after being unable to put up with the relentless taunting that Captain Ilyasov had directed at him.

Ilyasov had carried out so-called night formations in his unit - waking the soldiers and lining them up to check their uniforms. Those found with untidy uniforms were beaten with the dildo (maybe some of them were just deliberately untidy!)

Captain Damir Ilyasov was also stripped of his rank and removed from his post. However, his officers defended him at his military court hearing saying he only hit them lightly with the black latex baton.

The court heard that Ilyasov had bought the penis-shaped "black latex baton" in a sex shop without specifying whether punishing his men was the only reason for the purchase. – (you can imagine the scene in the sex shop "I'd like a dildo please". "Any particular type and size sir?" "Yes, I'd like something in black latex and baton-shaped". The assistant smiles and says "I'm sure this one will give you much pleasure sir." "Oh, it's not just for me, but for my men.," replied the commander)

Is it dangerous to cook Rice?

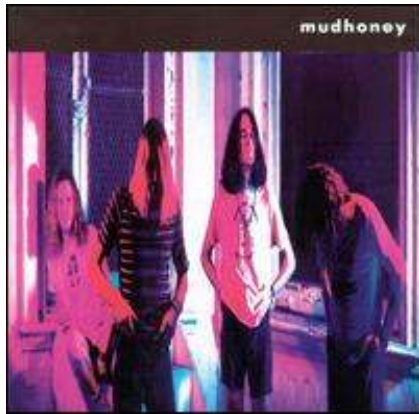
It is if you live in Japan.

A Japanese woman in her 60s had her pacemaker settings changed by a rice cooker. The change was discovered during a regular check-up, but luckily it did not affect her heart condition (only the odd palpitation?)

Officials of the pacemaker's manufacturer inspected the woman's home, and found that her rice cooker was causing the problem.

The Japanese Health Ministry has issued a warning to people with pace makers to stay away from rice cookers with induction heating systems while they are switched on (so basically, it would be better to switch off your pacemaker when cooking rice!).

A FORGOTTEN CLASSIC ALBUM



Mudhoney

True "grunge" is the meshing of punk and blues and Mudhoney pulled it off best with this eponymous LP debut. This was their first full-length album after several singles and an EP (Superfuzz Bigmuff). The songs, with limited chords and intentionally boneheaded lyrics (the suicide tale "By Her Own Hand" being the notable exception) are performed with immaculate sloppiness by each of the quartet's players. Nirvana may have been the band that put an entire

generation in flannel, and Pearl Jam and Soundgarden both sold a lot more records, but Mudhoney was truly the band who made the '90s grunge rock movement possible. From top to bottom, a solid classic. The guitar sound along with the drum parts on this release are unforgettable. Standout cuts are "This Gift", "Flat Out F****d", "You Got It", "Running Loaded" and "By Her Own Hand". They are as good as grunge gets, even if the album didn't sell a million copies. I hate to use "grunge" or "Seattle sound" to describe Mudhoney, but this album really does sum up everything that was so exciting about the then-new sound we were hearing at the end of the 1980s. If you are interested in grunge but do not know where to start your collection, this is definitely the release from Mudhoney that you will want to pick up.

The Angry Baby.

A woman is in the hospital giving birth, and she's up on the stirrups. All of a sudden, the baby's head pops out and looks up at the nurse. "Are you my daddy?" asks the baby head. Shocked, the nurse replies concerned, "Uh, no, I'm not your dad, I'll run and go get him!". With this, the baby's head turns to the doctor and says, "Are you my daddy?". "My goodness no! But the nurse is going to get him, he will be here any minute." Finally, the father comes into the room and the baby sees him and says, "Are you my daddy?" To which the shocked father goes up close to the baby's head and says, "Yes, son, I'm your father."

The baby pulls his hand out and pokes the father in the eye and says, "Well then... STOP POKING ME IN THE HEAD!"

The Vaseline Biker.

A young man has always dreamed on owning a Harley Davidson. One day he has finally saved up enough money so he goes down to the dealer. After picking out the perfect bike the dealer warns him that if he leaves his Harley in the rain the chrome has a tendency to rust. He tells the young man an old biker's trick is to keep a jar of Vaseline handy and smear it on the chrome if the bike must be left out in the rain.

A few months later the young man meets a woman and falls in love. She asks him to come home and meet her parents over dinner. He readily agrees and the date is set. At the appointed time he picks her up on his Harley and they ride to her parent's house. Before they go in she tells him that they have a family tradition that whoever speaks first after dinner must do the dishes.

After a delicious dinner everyone sits in silence waiting for the first person to break and get stuck doing the dishes. After a long fifteen minutes the young man decides to speed things up so he reaches over and kisses the woman in front of her family.

And no one says a word...! Next he decides to take a more direct approach so he throws her on the table and has sex with her in front of everyone. And still no one says a word...!!! Now he is getting desperate, so he grabs her mother and throws her on the table. They have even wilder sex. But no one says a word...!!!!

By now he is getting very worried and is wondering what to do next when he hears thunder in the distance. His first thought is to protect the chrome on his Harley, so he reaches in his pocket and pulls out the Vaseline. And the father says, "Okay dammit, I'll do the dishes

Saturday Morning

Saturday morning I got up early, put on my long johns, dressed quietly, made my lunch, grabbed the dog, slipped quietly into the garage to hook the boat up to the truck, and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour.

There was snow mixed with the rain and the wind was blowing 50 mph. I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad throughout the day.

I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed. There I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible."

She sleepily replied, "Can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that shit."

Weird History

Next time you're washing your hands and the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s.

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children -- last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs -- thick straw -- piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof -- hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor."

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway, hence, a "thresh hold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite awhile. Hence the rhyme, "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Alcoholoscopes

This issue....

SCORPIO (Oct 24 - Nov 21)

Drinking style: Don't ever tell Scorpios they've had enough, for they'll smirk at you and quietly but intentionally keep tipping till they're hog-whimpering drunk, out of 100-proof spite. Scorpios like to drink, and screw you if you have a problem with that. Most of them see the sauce as something to savour in itself, and not as a personality-altering tool - though if depressed, self-loathing Scorpios seek total obliteration. But generally, they're fascinating drinking pals, brilliant conversationalists and dizzying flirts. They also remember everything - especially what you did when you were blitzed. Only drink with a Scorpio who likes you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 - Dec 21)

Drinking style: In vino veritas -- and, for Sagittarius, in booze blurtiness: When buttered, they'll spill all your secrets and many of their own. Tactlessness aside, Sagittarius is just plain fun to drink with. This is a sign of serious partying (what else would you expect from the sign of Sinatra, Keith Richards, the Bush twins and Anna Nicole Smith?). They're the people who chat up everyone in the room, then persuade the entire crowd to travel somewhere else -- like a nightclub, or a playground, or Cancun. Good-natured hi-jinks are sure to ensue (including

Delivery Room Birth

A woman is in the delivery room giving birth, the doctor tells her to push. She does and the baby's head pops out. The doctor says, "Oh! Your baby has slanted eyes." To which she replies "Yeah I heard them Chinese men were pretty good, so I decided to give them a try."

The doctor shrugs it off and tells her to push again. This time the baby's body comes out. "Holy Shit, your baby has a white body," the doctor says. "Yeah I heard them white men were pretty good so I decided to give them a try," she said.

The doctor shrugs it off again and tells her to push again and that will be it. So she does and the legs come out. "Holy Shit! Your baby has black legs," the doctor said. "Yeah I heard them black men were pretty good so I decided to give them a try," she said.

So the doctor shrugs it off again and ties the umbilical cord and slaps the baby on the ass, it starts to cry. The doctor turns to the woman and asks, "How are you going to deal with a baby who has slanted eyes, white body, and black legs?" The woman replies "I'm just glad it didn't bark!"



Beer fit for an Emperor?

For true beer lovers, CK Browar, The Royal Emperor's Brewery, produces five different Polish ales. Its entrance is typical of most Krakow cellar pubs: Small steps wind down into a cozy room dimly lit by stained glass lamps and by the copper shine of the brewing vats in the rear. A number of benches and tables are aligned down a central aisle, which is where you can head to be served or you can just sit and wait for one of the circulating bar staff to take your order. There is a separate glass enclosed restaurant plus a small dining area known as "The Hunting Room". As for the ambience of the bar, it can be very variable depending on when you visit, from a quiet cosiness with little background music to staff serving trays of beer to the chanting hordes enveloped within a monotonous electric throb. The microbrewers themselves are also inconsistent in quality; hit them on the brewers good day and your transformation into a babbling alcoholic is guaranteed. Visit on an off day and you'll want your money back.

The Talking Fish

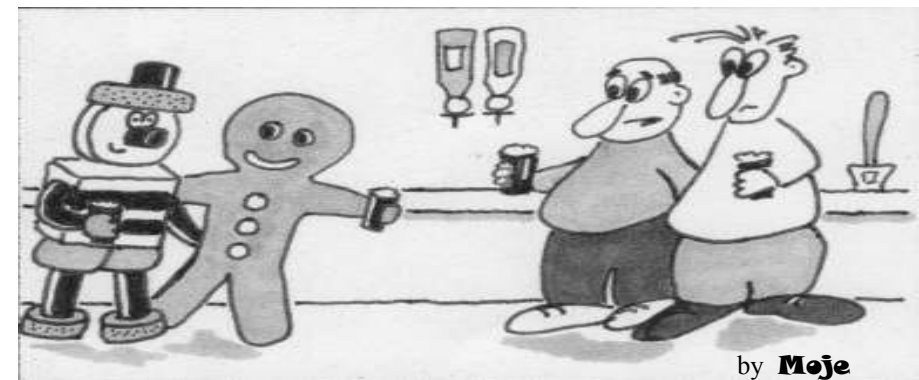
An obscure Jewish sect in New York has been gripped in awe by what it believes to be a mystical visitation by a 20lb carp that was heard shouting in Hebrew. Many of the 7,000-member Skver sect believe God has revealed himself in fish form (does Bird's Eye know about this?). According to two fish-cutters at the Fish Market, the carp was about to be slaughtered when it suddenly began shouting apocalyptic warnings in Hebrew. The only witnesses to the mystical show were Zalmen Rosen, and his co-worker, Luis Niveló. They say that they were about to club the carp on the head when it began yelling (was that something like "Stop! Don't hit me"). Niveló, a Gentile who does not understand Hebrew, was so shocked at the sight of a fish talking in any language that he fell over (laughing?). He ran into the front of the store screaming: 'It's the Devil! The Devil is here!' (so it was a Devil fish then!) Then the shop owner heard it shouting warnings and commands too ("Throw me back into the water you B.....d!"). 'It said "Tzaruch shemirah" and "Hasof bah", he said, 'which essentially means that everyone needs to account for themselves because the end is near.' – Well' it's end was certainly near! The animated carp commanded Rosen to pray and study the Torah. Rosen tried to kill it but injured himself. It was finally butchered by Niveló, the Gentile. - So God was once again killed by unbelievers eh!



Flying Saucers go into Production.

A "flying saucer" that glides three metres above the ground and carries two people has gone into commercial production. The M200G Volanter could be your 's for just under £45,000.

US company Moller International has begun to manufacture parts for its Jetsons-like personal flying pod, the M200G Volanter. The M200G is the size of a small car and is designed to take off and land vertically. The M200G can glide over terrain at 50mph, powered by eight of the company's Rotapower rotary engines. Company founder Dr Paul Moller calls the craft "the ultimate off-road vehicle" as it is able to travel over any surface. "It's not a hovercraft, although its operation is just as easy," said the aeronautical engineering boffin. "You can speed over rocks, swampland, fences, or log-infested waterways with ease because you're not limited by the surface (or by the chasing police cars?) . "The flying saucer is designed to fly at an altitude of up to three metres, where it benefits from extra lift created by a cushion of air - known as ground effect. (and this cushion of air is pushing down on what exactly? – I wouldn't like to be in an open top car!). Moller International has not arranged for training or licensing requirements to operate the vehicle (no training, no license – sounds good to me!)



“You get some unsavoury characters in here...”

Killer Biscuits

Lisa Burnett, 23, a resident of San Diego, was visiting her in-laws, and while there, she went to the local supermarket to pick up some groceries. Several people noticed her sitting in her car with the windows rolled up and with her eyes closed, with both hands behind the back of her head. One customer who had been at the store for a while became concerned and walked over to the car. He noticed that Lisa's eyes were now open, and she looked very strange. He asked her if she was okay, and Lisa replied that she'd been shot in the back of the head, and had been holding her brains in for over an hour. The man called the paramedics, who broke into the car because the doors were locked and Lisa refused to remove her hands from her head. When they finally got in, they found that Lisa had a wad of dough on the back of her head... A tin of Pillsbury biscuit dough had exploded from the heat, making a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot, the wad of dough had hit her in the back of the head. When she reached back to find out what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She initially passed out, but quickly recovered and tried to hold her brains in for over an hour until someone noticed and came to her aid.

Looking for Love?

For male ants looking for love without a fight, smelling like a queen is just the ticket (must make a note of that!). They smell like females to avoid attacks by other more aggressive males, and, despite their feminine aura, still mate successfully with virgin queens in the nest.

This is a rare example of 'chemical mimicry' within a species—males take on the odour of females (would that be Chanel No5?), in order to protect themselves without ruining their chances to mate. The researchers found that young, docile males produce a chemical odour similar to virgin queens. For the docile males, female mimicry is a win-win situation. They avoid fights and copulate with females despite their ladylike scent.

Smelling like a female doesn't come without its annoyances, however. The aggressive males, confused by the scent, try to copulate with docile males (mmm. I think I've heard something similar, just can't think where!). In fact, this was the first clue for the researchers that there was some sort of chemical deception going on in the nest.

"The nests are very dark, and the [aggressive] males don't have very large eyes. Here, chemical communication is the main attraction," says Cremer. The researchers discovered that the docile males lose their ladylike scent as they age (don't we all dear!). Older males that emerged from the nest have their own distinct smell (yes, it has been noticed).



Nostalgia—Ford Anglia

The **Ford Anglia** was a British car from Ford in the UK. It was related to the Ford Prefect and the later Ford Popular. The Ford Anglia name was applied to four models of car between 1940 and 1967. 1,594,486 Anglias were produced, before it was replaced by the new Ford Escort. The first model,

launched in 1940 and given the internal Ford model code of E04A, was a face-lifted version of the Ford 7Y, a simple vehicle aimed at the cheap end of the market, with few features. In 1953, Ford released the 100E. It was a completely new car with a more modern "three-box" style. The vacuum-operated windscreen wipers were also retained, notorious for slowing down when driving up steep hills. The final Anglia model, the 105E, was introduced in 1959. Its American-influenced styling included a nose line sweeping down to a slanted grille in between prominent 'eye' headlamps..An enchanted, flying light blue Ford Anglia 105E features in *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*. . In the 1980s British sitcom *The Young Ones*, punk student Vyvyan Basterd owns a yellow Ford Anglia 105E with flames painted on the side. In the final episode of the series, Summer Holiday, he wrecks it by driving into a lamp post. In the *Heartbeat* series, the police officers mostly drive Anglias. The Ratmobile of 80's morning TV saviour Roland Rat Superstar was a bright pink 1957 Ford Anglia. In *The Italian Job*, a police Anglia 105E was shown briefly when Charlie Croker parked his car outside Royal Lancaster Hotel.

Lobsters in the Pants.

A daring thief who stuffed a pair of live lobsters in his pants learned that crime doesn't pay when the frisky pair gave him a vasectomy. Police say that the 24 year old shoplifter was leaving a Bristol supermarket when he removed the lobsters from their tank and shoved them in his trousers. The man sprinted past stunned check-out girls, but came to a screeching halt when he felt the lobsters clutching on his manhood.

The thorny creatures were finally removed by emergency surgery, the doctor stated, "The patient's sexual abilities will be restored in time, but he will not be able to father children." The thief's painful prank landed him in hospital. But thanks to the kindhearted supermarket manager he will not be charged with any crime. "The guy's gone through enough pain," said the manager. "I think he's learned his lesson. I doubt if he'll ever steal again."

or was he talking bollocks?