



The Laboratory Rabbit.

A rabbit one day managed to break free from the laboratory where he had been born and brought up. As he scurried away from the fencing of the compound, he felt grass under his little feet and saw the dawn breaking for the first time in his life. "Wow, this is great," he thought. It wasn't long before he came to a hedge and, after squeezing under it he saw a wonderful sight: lots of other

bunny rabbits, all free, having fun and nibbling at the lush grass.

Hey," he called. "I'm a rabbit from the laboratory and I've just escaped.

Are you wild rabbits?"

"Yes. Come and join us," they cried. Our friend hopped over to them and started eating the grass. It tasted so good, unlike his tasteless food he grew up with. "What else do you wild rabbits do?" he asked. "Well," one of them said. "You see that field there? It's got carrots growing in it. We dig them up and eat them." This he couldn't resist and he spent the next hour eating the most succulent carrots. They were wonderful. Later, he asked them again, "What else do you do?"

"You see that field there? It's got lettuce growing in it. We eat them as well." The lettuce tasted just as good and he returned a while later completely full. "Is there anything else you guys do?" he asked. One of the other rabbits came a bit closer to him and spoke softly. "There's one other thing you must try. You see those rabbits there," he said, pointing to the far corner of the field. "They're girls. We shag them. Go and try it." Well, our friend spent the rest of the morning screwing his little heart out until, completely knackered, he staggered back over to the guys. "That was fantastic," he panted. "So are you going to live with us then?" one of them asked. "I'm sorry, I had a great time but I can't." The wild rabbits all stared at him, a bit surprised. "Why? We thought you liked it here." "I do," our friend replied. "But I must get back to the laboratory. I'm dying for a cigarette."

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diTempli

The humorous magazine.

I'm Free!

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Funeral Suit

A bereaved woman goes into a funeral home to make arrangements for her husband's funeral. She tells the director that she wants her husband to be buried in a dark blue suit. He asks, "Wouldn't it just be easier to bury him in the black suit that he's wearing?" "No," she insists. "It must be a blue suit."

She then gives him a blank check to buy one. When she comes back for the wake, she sees her husband in the coffin and he is wearing a beautiful blue suit. She tells the director, "That is absolutely perfect! I love it! How much did it cost?" He says, "Actually, it didn't cost anything. The funniest thing happened. As soon as you left, another corpse was brought in, this one wearing a blue suit. I noticed that they were about the same size, and asked the other widow if she would mind if her husband were buried in a black suit. She said that was fine with her. So, I switched the heads."



Musical condom hits the high notes.

A musical condom designed to play louder and faster as lovers reach a climax is to go on sale in Ukraine.

Grigoriy Chausovsky, from Zaporozhye, said his condoms came fitted with a special sensor that registers when the condom is put on. It transmits a signal to a miniature speaker in the base of the condom which play a melody.—(would that be 'I'm horny—horny, horny, horny?')
He told local media: "As the sex becomes more passionate, it registers the increased speed of the movements and plays the melody faster and louder." - (that puts a different spin on 'let's play some music')

Strange case of Piles.

A prisoner has been caught with an entire mobile phone charger hidden up his bottom. Suspicious officers noticed murderer (note surname) Tony Pile's discomfort while searching his cell.

He finally confessed and grimaced as he produced the cable and plug.

Two fist-sized blocks of cannabis and cocaine were also found hidden in the cell on D-wing at Swaleside Prison on the Isle of Sheppey, Kent.

A Prison Service source said: "We've known for some time that prisoners hide phones up there but this is a first.

"Pile had somehow managed to secrete the entire charger where the sun doesn't shine.

"It just goes to show the lengths some inmates will go to stay in touch with the outside world while banged up."



Poor Parrot

A lady who was very lonesome bought a parrot from a pet store, complete with cage. Before purchasing it she got a guarantee that the parrot would talk. She took the parrot home. In a week and a half she returned to the store very disappointed. "The parrot doesn't talk." "Did you buy a mirror?" "No." "Every parrot needs a mirror." So she bought a mirror and installed it in the parrot's cage. Another week and a half went by and she returned. "The parrot still doesn't talk." "Did you buy a ladder?" "No." "Every parrot needs a ladder." So she bought a ladder and installed it in the cage. Another week and a half passed and she returned. "The parrot still doesn't talk." "Did you buy a swing?" "No." "Every parrot needs a swing." So she bought a swing and installed it in the cage. A week and a half later she returned. She was furious! The store owner asked, "Did the parrot talk?" "No!, he died." "Oh, that's terrible. Did he say anything before he died?" "Yes." "What?" "He gasped 'Don't they have any food down at that store?'"

The Stranded Irishman.

One day, an Irishman, who has been stranded on a desert island for over ten years, sees an unusual speck on the horizon. "It's certainly not a ship", he thinks to himself.

As the speck gets closer and closer, he begins to rule out the possibilities of a small boat, then even a raft.

Suddenly, emerging from the surf comes a drop dead gorgeous blonde woman wearing a wet suit and scuba gear.

She approaches the stunned man and says to him, "Tell me how long has it been since you've had a cigarette?"

"Ten years," replies the Irishman.

With that, she reaches over and unzips a waterproof pocket on her left sleeve and pulls out a pack of fresh cigarettes.

He takes one, lights it, takes a long drag and says, "Faith and begorah! That's good!"

"And how long has it been since you've had a sip of whiskey?" she asks him.

Trembling, the castaway replies, "Ten years."

She reaches over, unzips her right sleeve, pulls out a flask of Irish whiskey and hands it to him. He opens the flask, takes a long swig and says, "Tis absolutely fantastic!"

At this point she starts slowly unzipping the long zipper that runs down the front of her wet suit, looks at the man and asks, "And how long has it been since you've played around?"

With tears in his eyes, the man falls to his knees and sobs, "Oh, sweet Jesus! Don't tell me you've got golf clubs in there too?"



A FORGOTTEN CLASSIC ALBUM

Ocean Rain is probably the most cohesive yet also the most varied album **Echo And The Bunnymen** released. No two songs here seem to be much the same, but the orchestrations lend everything a similar shared sound, albeit varied with different guitar sounds. 'Nocturnal Me' has great orchestration that adds the kind of drama created through bass and drums. On 'The Killing Moon', one of the band's finest moments, the orchestra is deployed to spectacular effect. McCulloch gives the performance of his life, while the group's often overlooked guitarist Will Sergeant plays with imaginative dexterity. We continue, 'Crystal Days' being implausibly, an even better pop song that 'Silver' or 'Seven Seas', the two main 'pop' singles here. 'The Yo Yo Man' joins 'Nocturnal Me' in being a different kind of song, but also a song very much of the same quality as everything else here. 'Nocturnal Me' seems to lyrically and musically take you on a journey, a soundtrack to an imaginary movie. It's also a song beautifully recorded with all sorts of exotic additional instrumentation to help things out. 'My Kingdom', 'Crystal Days'. Both are glorious, intelligent guitar pop songs. Songs with a class and sophistication! The title song 'Ocean Rain' is a beautiful ballad creating sound landscapes of depth and dimension. No doubt, one of the best of the 80's.



Take The Bait

It was a cold winter day, when an old man walked out onto a frozen lake, cut a hole in the ice, dropped in his fishing line and began waiting for a fish to bite. He was there for almost an hour without even a nibble when a young boy walked out onto the ice, cut a hole in the ice not too far from the old man and dropped in his fishing line. It only took about a minute and WHAM! a Largemouth Bass hit his hook and the boy pulled in the fish. The old man couldn't believe it but figured it was just luck. But, the boy dropped in his line and again within just a few minutes pulled in another one. This went on and on until finally the old man couldn't take it any more since he hadn't caught a thing all this time. He went to the boy and said, "Son, I've been here for over an hour without even a nibble. You have been here only a few minutes and have caught about half a dozen fish! How do you do it?" The boy responded, "Roo raf roo reep ra rums rrrarm." "What was that?" the old man asked. Again the boy responded, "Roo raf roo reep ra rums rrrarm." "Look," said the old man, "I can't understand a word you are saying." So, the boy spit into his hand and said, "You have to keep the worms warm!"



Brewer angers church with Jesus image

A Lithuanian brewer has angered the Catholic Church by using an image of Jesus wearing headphones to advertise beer. The Kalnapilis-Tauras company is offering free CDs of Lithuanian "ethno-hits" with their beer. And to advertise the promotion, they are picturing a wooden sculpture of Jesus wearing headphones over his thorny crown on the label. Archbishop of Kaunas, Sigitas Tamkevicius, said the labels offended believers— (of the ipod god?). He added the use of Catholic symbols for commercial purposes, particularly for alcoholic drinks, was "completely unacceptable and unjustifiable" - (as he didn't get any freebies?). Company manager valdas Tekorius however said they had no intention of stopping the campaign.— (of Jesus listening to music?) He insisted the image of Jesus was not meant as a religious symbol (like a swastika is not a religious symbol?) but as a part of the country's folk culture— (so Jesus came from Lithuania?)



The Blonde And The Alligator

A guy walked into a bar with a pet alligator by his side. He put the alligator up on the bar and turned to the astonished patrons. "I'll make you a deal. I'll open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. Then the gator will close his mouth for one minute. He'll then open his mouth and I'll remove my unit unscathed. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink." The crowd murmured their approval. The man stood up on the bar, dropped his trousers, and placed his privates in the alligator's open mouth. The gator closed his mouth as the crowd gasped. After a minute, the man grabbed a beer bottle and rapped the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opened his mouth and the man removed his genital, unscathed as promised. The crowd cheered and the first of his free drinks was delivered. The man stood up again and made another offer. "I'll pay anyone \$100 who's willing to give it a try." A hush fell over the crowd. After a while, a hand went up in the back of the bar. A Blonde woman timidly spoke up, "I'll try, but you have to promise not to hit me on the head with the beer bottle."



The Soccer Stars

A teacher at a school for blind kids is taking his school's soccer team to an "away game". They stop for a rest break, and to let the kids work off some energy with a little impromptu practice in a nearby pasture. The teacher is sitting in a nearby diner, explaining to another patron how it is that blind kids can play soccer. "We made a special ball, with a bell in it, so the kids can keep track of where the ball is and what it's doing by listening for it. They're pretty good at it too." "Very clever!" remarks the other patron.

Just then they are interrupted as another patron, who is looking out the window, says, "Hey! Are you the guy with those damn blind kids from the bus?" "Yes," says the teacher, stung by the way "his" kids are being referred to, "what about it? You got something against blind kids?" "Nothing, ordinarily," says the guy, still scowling out the window, "but you better get them rounded up quick! They're kicking the hell out of my best milk cow!"



Why We Gossip

Because we might just be evolutionarily designed to judge and talk about others.

Primateologist Robin Dunbar of Oxford University claims that gossip is not always bad. Dunbar says, instead, that gossip has been selected by evolution as a way to hold large human groups together. Many other primates, such as baboons, live in big groups and they use grooming as a social tool to make, keep or break social connections. But during our evolutionary history, Dunbar explains, human groups became way too large and no one had the time to groom everyone they needed. Gossip, or talk about each other, then replaced grooming as a social glue among humans. Gossiping might be part of human nature, but we are not born gossiping. Children learn the art of conversation through a lens of socialization. Children also quickly understand that language is there for the using, and that it's pretty easy, natural really, to manipulate others with words. And as any parent knows, even tiny children with only a few words are masters at getting what they want by verbal begging. It's no wonder that these kids turn into gossiping adults able to manipulate conversation, and people, to their own advantage. No baboon's grooming ever did that.



Gorilla Problem

A certain zoo had acquired a very rare species of gorilla. Within a few weeks, the female gorilla became very ornery, and difficult to handle. Upon examination, the zoo veterinarian determined the problem. The gorilla was in heat. To make matters worse, there were no male gorillas available. While reflecting on their problem, the zoo administrators noticed Paul, an employee responsible for cleaning the animals' cages. Paul, it was rumored, possessed ample ability to satisfy any female, but he wasn't very bright. So, the zoo administrators thought they might have a solution. Paul was approached with a proposition: would he be willing to screw the gorilla for five hundred pounds? Paul showed some interest, but said he would have to think the matter over carefully. The following day, Paul announced that he would accept their offer, but only under three conditions.

"First," he said, "I don't want to have to kiss her. Secondly, I want nothing to do with any offspring that may result from this union." The zoo administration quickly agreed to these conditions, so they asked what was his third condition.

"Well," said Paul, "you've gotta give me another week to come up with the five hundred pounds."



Surf's up for Stalin.

An album of Stalin-era prison songs mixed with Hawaiian-style surf music (surfing USSR?) is proving an unlikely hit in eastern Europe. Creator Mikhail Antipov said Gulag Tunes, which has a cover showing Stalin draped in a Hawaiian-style garland of skulls, has been flying off shelves in Moscow.

And he said thousands of copies had been ordered across eastern Europe. He added: "We call this classic rebellious prison music 'blatniye pesni' and I have added luau-style percussion and keyboards. "It is so popular because the topic is very rich, and no one has ever done this before." Songs include a take on the classic Vaninsky Port which refers to a network of Stalin-era prison camps and includes the line: "You will lose your mind against your will. From there, there is no way back." - (mmm... not quite Bob Dylan!)



Your Initials Could Spell Success

If your name begins with a "C" or a "D" you may not fare so well in school. This relationship between a person's initials and how well he or she performs in school was recently determined in a series of psychological studies examining how the so-called "name-letter effect" influences performance in different situations.

Students whose names began with 'C' or 'D' earned lower grades than students whose names began with 'A' or 'B.' Students with the initial 'C' or 'D,' presumably because of an unconscious fondness for these letters, were slightly less successful at achieving their conscious academic goals. Interestingly, students with the initial 'A' or 'B' did not perform better than students whose initials were grade irrelevant. Therefore, having initials that match hard-to-achieve positive outcomes, may not necessarily cause an increase in performance. However, after analysing law schools, the researchers found that as the quality of schools declined, so did the proportion of lawyers with name initials 'A' and 'B.' "Basically what [they] found was that people tend to favour the letters in their own name, and in particular, they have a fondness for their initials," said Joseph Simmons of Yale University, co-author of the new study.. The study also showed that the effect seemed to influence people's life decisions. People are also more likely to choose romantic partners with similar names (so Jack is more likely to marry Jackie) and to choose products that resemble their names, - (so a person with the surname Carver would buy a piece of sculpture, and a person with Richard as a surname would buy a?)

Three Psychiatrists

While attending a convention, three psychiatrists take a walk. "People are always coming to us with their guilt and fears," one says, "but we have no one to go to with our own problems." "Since we're all professionals," another suggests, "why don't we hear each other out right now?" They agreed this is a good idea. The first psychiatrist confesses, "I'm a compulsive shopper and deeply in debt, so I usually overbill my patients as often as I can." The second admits, "I have a drug problem that's out of control, and I frequently pressure my patients into buying illegal drugs for me." The third psychiatrist says, "I know it's wrong, but no matter how hard I try, I just can't keep a secret."

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Nostalgia



Mousetrap. Board game.

The object of the game is to build the trap, and to trap the other mice. The original version, designed by Marvin Glass and allowed the players almost no decision-making. However, the unpredictable nature of the trap mechanism means that the game has an additional layer of sophistication that makes the game

far more interesting than others where the chief randomizing agent is a pair of dice. In the 1970s, the board game surrounding the Mouse Trap was redesigned by Sid Sackson, adding the cheese pieces and allowing the player to manoeuvre opponents onto the trap space.

Players travel as mice from one end of the board to the other, moving in a turn based manner guided by a six sided die, supplied with the game. Upon landing on a square, they either retrieve a piece of cheese, or assemble a piece of a complex mouse trap contraption that is the game's namesake, and which was inspired by the work of Rube Goldberg. The contraption has gears, a marble which rolls from end to end down a miniature staircase, ramps, rubber bands, a diving man, and ends of course in a mouse trap, specifically a dome-shaped cage which clatters down a toothed pole. Upon reaching the end of the board, all players travel in a circle, ending up underneath the 'net' of the trap, or on a space to 'trip' the trap. Operating the contraption requires a piece of cheese, gained earlier.

The game's designer refused to pay licensing fees or royalties to Rube Goldberg, despite Marvin acknowledging being inspired by Goldberg.

In 2006, the game was re-released in the United Kingdom, with a completely new design. There are now three mousetraps: the board and plastic components are completely different. The most obvious change is the additional of a model toilet (!) at the top of the tallest part of the game.



Man needed surgery after sex with Hedgehog

A Serbian man needed emergency surgery after he had sex with a hedgehog on a witchdoctor's advice. Zoran Nikolovic, 35, from Belgrade, says the witchdoctor told him

it would cure his premature ejaculation. But he ended up in an operating theatre after the hedgehog's needles left his penis severely lacerated. A hospital spokesman said: "The animal was apparently unhurt and the patient came off much worse from the encounter. We have managed to repair the damage to his penis." - Prick!



Monkeys paying for sex.

Male macaque monkeys pay for sex by grooming females, according to a recent study that suggests the primates may treat sex as a commodity. "In primate societies, grooming is the underlying fabric of it all," said Dr. Gumert, primatologist at a university in Singapore. "It's a sign of friendship and family, and it's also something that can be exchanged for sexual services," Gumert said. Gumert found after a male grooms a female, the likelihood that she will engage in sexual activity with the male was about three times more than if the grooming had not occurred. ("Flattery will get you everywhere.") And as with other commodities, the value of sex is affected by supply and demand factors: A male would spend more time grooming (chatting her up) a female if there were fewer females in the vicinity. "And when the female supply is higher, the male spends less time on grooming (basically, the easier the conquest the cheaper the sex). The mating actually becomes cheaper depending on the market (The Bigg Market?)," Gumert said. Other experts not involved in the study welcomed Gumert's research, saying it was a major effort in systematically. "It is not a rare phenomenon in nature that males have to make some 'mating effort' in order to get a female's 'permission' to mate," said Dr. Hammerstein of Humboldt University (How true!)

Not The Real Thing.

An airplane full of a shipment of Pepsi flying over Africa had a malfunction, and went down. A few weeks later, Pepsi sent a rescue plane. They searched the area and found a tribe of cannibals. They walked up to the Chief of the tribe and asked him if he knew anything about the crash. The Chief said, "Yeah." When asked where the crew was, the Chief replied, "We ate the crew, and we drank the Pepsi." The rescue crew were shocked. One man asked, "Did you eat their legs?" The chief replied, "We ate their legs, and we drank the Pepsi." Another rescuer asked, "Did you eat their arms?" The Chief said, "We ate their arms, and we drank the Pepsi." After looking totally perplexed for a minute, a third asked, "Did you...you know...eat their...ah, err, 'things'?" The chief said, "No." "No?" asked the rescuer. "No," replied the Chief. "Things go better with Coke."



Charlie's Bar. Copenhagen.

An oasis for real ale lovers in the middle of Copenhagen. Just a minute walk from the busy city centre of Strøket at Pilestræde 33. A perfect place to relax. This long narrow pub is excellent by UK standards let alone those abroad. During my short holiday in Copenhagen this was one of the highlights. Up to six regularly changing cask-conditioned ales on handpump. A burgeoning array of Danish beers is also available, and Charlie's Bar is one of very few outlets for them. The pub is often packed but you are served quickly and efficiently by the friendliest team you will find in any Copenhagen bar. A warm, friendly buzz of conversation fills the air and, although I intended to visit other pubs that night, I stayed until closing time. The cellar has space only for the lagers and Danish beers, so the ales are actually cellared quite ingeniously at the rear of the pub by means of a custom-built cooling compartment. The pub is Cask Marque accredited - one of only two such pubs outside the UK. Charlie's Bar insists that there are other beers in Copenhagen besides the omnipresent Carlsberg and Tuborg, and serves more than 46 draft and bottled beers to prove it. The bar calls itself "proudly independent, independently proud" because it doesn't kowtow to the two big Danish brands. The dark room with low ceilings, owned by a transplanted Scotsman, is refreshingly unpretentious, with a laid-back crowd of regulars, both locals and expats.



Men eating grass.

One afternoon, a man was riding in the back of his limousine when he noticed two men eating grass by the road side. He ordered his driver to stop and he got out to investigate. "Why are you eating grass?" he asked one man. "We don't have any money for food," the poor man replied. "Oh, come along with me then." the man from the limousine said excitedly. "But sir, I have a wife with two children!" "Bring them along! And you, come with us too!" he said to the other man. "But sir, I have a wife with six children!" the second man answered. "Bring them as well!" So, they all climbed into the car, which was no easy task, even for a vehicle as large as the limousine. One of the poor fellows expressed his gratitude, "Sir, you are too kind. Thank you for taking all of us with you." The rich man replied, "No, thank you... the grass at my place is about three feet tall and I could use the help!"