



### You can Hypnotize Chickens

A chicken can be hypnotized, or put into a trance by holding its head down against the ground, and continuously drawing a line along the ground with a stick or a finger, starting at its beak and extending straight outward in front of the chicken.

If the chicken is hypnotized in this manner, it will remain immobile for somewhere between 15 seconds

to 30 minutes, continuing to stare at the line. (I know a few people like that!) It has been demonstrated that chickens can be hypnotized by holding them still and drawing a chalk line on the ground away from the beak. One explanation given for this was that the birds imagined that they imagined themselves to be held fast by the chalk line, as by an unbreakable fetter. (Was this information gained directly from interviewing a few chickens?) The chalk line has subsequently been found to be totally unnecessary. The best way to hypnotize a chicken is to hold it firmly on its side on a flat surface for around thirty seconds. Although the bird will struggle initially, it will suddenly become completely still, the muscles may become stiff and assume a waxy flexibility - remaining in any position you care to place them. This immobility can last from one minute to up to two or more hours with the bird lying inert, until suddenly it will give a few little squawking sounds before rising to its feet and running away. ( A new way to keep the kids quiet?)

H B Gibson, in his book *Hypnosis - its Nature and Therapeutic Uses* - states that the record period for a chicken remaining in hypnosis is 3 hours 47 minutes. When the chicken's eyes are closed it is likely to remain hypnotized for a longer time length (before you eat it!).

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# WEMPLI

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The free humorous magazine.

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## The sky is smiling

## Towns designed for drunks

## Dead man elected as Mayor

## Enemies of the People

Plus a selection of jokes and other stories.

## Out on the Range

A cowboy, Earl, is out riding the range when he comes across a rattlesnake sunning itself on top of a boulder. The boulder is right next to the trail, so Earl decides not to take any chances. He lifts up his rifle and takes aim. Suddenly, the snake sees Earl and calls out “Stop! Don’t shoot!” Earl is astonished; he’s never heard of a talking snake before, and puts down the rifle. The snake continues, “I’m a magic snake. If you spare my life I’ll grant you three wishes.” “Okay,” says Earl. “I can see you’re a talking snake, but I ain’t so sure you’re a magic snake. How are you going to prove it to me?” “It’s easy,” says the snake. “Just make three wishes – whatever you want.” “Okay,” says Earl. “How about you fix for me to be the best damned shot in the world?” “It’s done,” says the snake. “You see that ant, standing on that cactus way over there? You can shoot that ant right between the eyes.” Earl looks at the cactus and finds he now has superhuman sight; he can clearly see the ant, and when he raises his rifle it is as steady as a rock in his hands. He pulls the trigger and Blam! The ant gets it in the middle of the forehead. “Damn!” exclaims Earl. “I am the best shot!” “What else would you like?” asks the snake. “You’ve got two wishes left.” “Well,” says Earl. “I’ve always wanted to be one of them handsome dudes that gets all the girls. Tell you what: make me as good looking as that Brad Pitt, and give me a package like this here horse I’m sitting on, and I reckon we’re quits.” “It’s done,” says the snake and quickly slithers away. Earl heads back to the ranch-house as fast as his horse will carry him. When he gets there he leaps out of the saddle and runs inside to find a mirror. He stands in front of it, and sure enough, he looks like a handsome movie-star. Another cowboy, Jeb, walks in and comments on the difference. “You been to the beauty parlour, Earl?” he asks. “You sure are better-looking now than when you rode out.” “That’s nothing,” replies Earl. “Just wait ‘til you see the size of the dick I’m hauling inside these jeans.” With this, Earl drops his pants and looks down to admire his new equipment. There’s a pause, then Earl lets out a sigh, pulls his pants up and heads for the door. “What’s up?” asks Jeb. “Where you goin’?” “Gotta find a snake,” replies Earl. “Turns out I was riding a goddamn mare.”



## Man Impales Rectum on Fence.

Siyanda Pasiwe says he was drinking somewhere in East London, South Africa. And being drunk he did what anyone would do and decided to climb over the fence of a museum and sleep it off. As he says: *“I woke up and decided to continue walking home, but when I saw a tree I thought I would be able to jump to the other side.”* He climbs. He falls. A 30cm pike pierces his rectum. *“I thought that the electric fence had a mechanism to keep me glued to it.”* He does not scream for help. Why? Because he is breaking in with intent to steal an artefact? No, says he. He is not screaming for help because he feels no pain. (Bollocks!). With the morning, come the fire and rescue workers. With an angle grinder, they cut the steel spike off the fence. Pasiwe is damaged severely (rectum – he’s bloody ruined them!). He is taken to hospital... (You could say that the fences are very dangerous and should have a knob on the end for safety, but in this case, they have.)

## The Mouse and the Lion

A mouse and a lion are drinking in a bar when a beautiful female giraffe walk in. “Wow,” says the mouse. “I’d sure fancy some of that!” “Why not try your luck?” says the lion. So the mouse goes over to the giraffe and starts chatting her up. They get along really well, and after a short while the leave together. Next week, the lion’s sitting in the bar when the mouse staggers through the door and collapses into a seat next to him. “Holy cow,” says the lion. “You look shattered. What happened to you?” “It’s that giraffe,” replies the mouse. “The giraffe?” says the lion. “But I thought you two really hit it off. “But why do you look such a wreck?” asks the lion. The mouse replies, “Because in between all the kissing and the sex, I must’ve run a thousand miles.”

what next....? Bugger Bentley... Screw Saab.... Poke Porsche..?

## Down the Lane

A man is driving down a country lane when he spots a nude young man hugging a tree. As he gets closer, he realises that the youngster's arms have been handcuffed around the tree, trapping him. He gets out to see what's the matter. "Thank God you pulled over," says the young man. "I'd stopped to give this girl a lift, but when she opened the door, her boyfriend jumped out of the bushes and mugged me. They took my car, my wallet and all my clothes and left me like this. "That's terrible," says the man. "You can say that again," says the youngster. "This must be the worst day of my life." The man starts to undo his trousers. "Yes, sweetie: and it's not getting any better, is it?"



### The Sky is smiling.

The sky is smirking. It's an upside down rainbow over Cambridge...

*Exceptional atmospheric conditions created a rare and stunning display in the skies above*

*Cambridg. Englan. A circumzenithal arc - which looks like a bright, upsidedown rainbow - was visible above the city.*

*Cambridge-based astronomer Jacqueline Mitton captured the stunning sight, caused by sunlight being refracted through ice crystals high in the atmosphere, with her camera. The phenomenon is rarely seen outside the polar regions.*

*She said: "I've never seen anything like it before".*

*"The conditions have to be just right: you need the right sort of ice crystals and the sky has to be clear. It's quite surprising for this to occur somewhere like Cambridge, usually it is in places that are colder."*

More evidence of global warming... or just crap on the lens?

## At the Garage

A doctor is at a garage picking up his car. He's just had the bill and can't believe his eyes. "This is an extraordinary amount you're charging for servicing my car," he says. "It's more per hour than I get paid as a doctor. "Well, that's fair enough," says the mechanic. "I mean, I have to keep up with new types of car coming out all the time. You doctors get to work on the same model year after year."

## The Tramp

A spinster hears a knock on her front door and opens it to find a tramp begging for food. She's about to turn him away when she notices the tramp has huge shoes on. Remembering the theory that men with big feet have equally large penises, she invites him in. Next morning, the tramp wakes up after a night of passion and finds a £50 note and a letter pinned to his pillow. The letter reads 'But some shoes that fit.'



### Man adopts Childlike Potato

A man finds and gives home to potato with a human face. Treats him like a son: A father of three daughters, and he says has always wanted a son.

So, when his mother handed him a inch-long potato taken from a bag of Maris Pipers with an uncanny likeness to his nephew, he thought his prayers had been answered. He could not believe the likeness the vegetable he has dubbed 'Spuddy' bears to his young

six-year-old relative. The 46-year-old man said: "He is only tiny but you can see a little face and even got the hair which looks like it is blowing in the wind; all the neighbours have been over and they cannot believe the likeness. "My mum, Evelyn, gave it to me and said to give it to my youngest daughter Olivia, 9, and she will not leave him alone now. "We have got him in an egg cup and he is like a member of the family now, the only problem is that he is shrivelling up so I am not sure how much longer he will be with us." (Can we not save the poor little mite, or eat him before he goes bad..?)

## Two Painters

Two men are painting the ceiling of a church when they look down and see a little old lady kneeling in prayer. The painters decide to play a prank on her. One of them puts on a deep booming voice and calls out, "Old woman! This is Jesus, thy Lord!" The old lady ignores him. The man thinks she might be deaf, so in a louder voice he calls, "Old woman! This is Jesus, thy Lord!" There is still no reaction, so the man shouts again even louder, "Old woman! This is Jesus, thy Lord!" The old lady shouts back, "Will you be quiet, young man? I'm talking to your mother!"



## Forgotten Classic Album

### The Crossing.

An absolute powerhouse of a debut album, *The Crossing*, introduced the world to Big Country's uniquely heartfelt and soaring guitar-rock sound. Stuart Adamson became an instant guitar-god to millions of rock fans who had suffered through years of disco just waiting for such a new hero. Adamson fit the bill remarkably well, being both an electrifying guitarist and a gifted lyricist. In addition to Adamson, the band featured co-founder Bruce Watson (guitar) with proficient session players Tony Butler (bass) and Mark Brzesicki (drums). All of the songs on *The Crossing* are superb, ranging in tone from stirring anthems like "In A Big Country", "Fields of Fire", "A Thousand Stars" and "Inwards", to more down-to-earth and surprisingly romantic ballads like "Chance" and "The Storm". Most of the music here has a deep emotional warmth that immediately set the band apart from many of the other stadium-rock bands of the time. Big Country didn't really fit in with any preconceived idea of what constituted an "80's band", consequently, *The Crossing* still sounds as unique and vital as the day it was released.

### The Prospector

A prospector goes into a remote mining community and is horrified to find there aren't any women in the area. He's even more horrified when he finds out that the locals use sheep for sex. For months the man resists temptation, but the day arrives when he can't stand it any more; he goes out, finds a pretty young sheep and takes it to bed. Next day, he decides to show off his new girlfriend and takes it to the town saloon. As soon as he enters the saloon with the sheep the place goes silent, and everyone stares at him in horror. "What's the matter with you all?" cries the man. "You all do it, so don't pretend you don't!" "Sure we do," says the barman, "but never with the preacher's wife!"



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## The Special Slippers

A newly-married couple go to Tunisia for their honeymoon. One day, they're wandering through a market when they're invited into a shop selling slippers. They have a look at the wares, but can't see anything they like. They're just about to leave when Abdul the shopkeeper takes a pair of slippers from a high shelf. "Please, sir," he says, "before you go, try on the special slippers. They have a magical ability to increase your sex drive. If you put these on, you will be insatiable. You will never tire of the sexual act." The couple are dubious, but to humour Abdul the man takes off his shoes and puts on the slippers. Immediately, the man's eyes begin to bulge out of their sockets. He gives a great roar, rips off his shorts, bends Abdul over a chair and starts tearing his robes. "No, no!" shouts Abdul. "Wrong feet, wrong feet!"



### Enemas of The People

The world's first monument unusually dedicated to enema treatments has been unveiled at a health centre in the southern Russia's town of Zheleznovodsk. The 1.5 meter-high bronze sculpture, weighing 350 kilograms (771.6 pounds), portrays "three angel-like children carrying above their heads a big pear-like enema," the centre director said. The initiative to erect the sculpture was proposed by the centre's administration, where hundreds of similar procedures are carried out every day. "At first I was worried when I was asked to do the sculpture", Avakova the artist said. "But I decided to take inspiration from a classic." Botticelli's *Venus and Mars* shows three infants stealing a weapon from the God of War as the Goddess of Love watches. "The irony is that the little infants steal the weapons of Mars. They joke with him, with the god of war, and war is a tragedy." "Likewise, an enema is an unpleasant procedure as many of us may know. But when cherubs do it, it's all right." (I wonder if the artist was flushed with success.)



## A weapon could make you Gay

Gay bomb is an informal name for a potential non-lethal chemical weapon, which a U.S. Air Force research laboratory speculated about producing.

The US military investigated building a "gay bomb", which would make enemy soldiers

"sexually irresistible" to each other, government papers say.

The plan for a so-called "love bomb" envisaged an aphrodisiac chemical that would provoke widespread homosexual behaviour among troops, causing what the military called a "distasteful but completely non-lethal" blow to morale. Scientists also reportedly considered a "sting me/attack me" chemical weapon to attract swarms of enraged wasps or angry rats towards enemy troops. A substance to make the skin unbearably sensitive to sunlight was also pondered.

Another idea was to develop a chemical causing "severe and lasting halitosis", so that enemy forces would be obvious even when they tried to blend in with civilians (they obviously don't know who I know!).

In a variation on that idea, researchers pondered a "Who? Me?" bomb, which would simulate flatulence in enemy ranks. However, researchers concluded that the premise for such a device was fatally flawed because "people in many areas of the world do not find faecal odour offensive, since they smell it on a regular basis". (Mmmm... they must go to same places as me!)

## Jesus and Moses

Jesus and Moses get together at a heavenly beach party and have a talk about old times. Moses recalls the occasion he parted the Red Sea and Jesus asks to see him do it again, Moses obligingly taps his staff, holds it over the water and the sea parts in a spectacular fashion. "That's great," says Jesus. "I can do something with water too. I can walk on it." So Jesus takes off his sandals and walks into the surf. However, Jesus takes about ten steps before he starts sinking. He staggers back to the shore, his clothes soaking. "Well, that was embarrassing," says Jesus. "I guess I must have lost the knack." "You might have," says Moses, "but let's not forget, the last time you did that stunt you didn't have holes in your feet."



## UK Towns Designed For Drunks

"Drunks become irritants because they slow people's progress towards their goal," says study leader Simon Moore, from the University of Cardiff, who presented the findings at a Conference in London. "They may then become targets of violence." Moore and his team of researchers attempted to learn more about

drunken behaviour by making 24 visits to the city centre between 11pm and 3am on Friday and Saturday nights, breathalysing people and monitoring their gait. The aim: *They hope to come up with street designs that direct late-night revellers safely home to their beds instead of into the path of trouble. The findings have not been published but* imagine the new town to feature:

Wide gutters for easier aiming of bodily fluids

Softer pavements made from fire-retardant sponge

Circular Streets to help the drunk walk it off and remain in the Drunk Zone

Old cardboard boxes with "Taxi" written on the side into which drunks can crawl and with the command "home, James" sit in comfort while a damp-palmed man feels their pockets for cash

Lots more lamp posts to hold on to

Students to act as "bumpers" against which drunks can stumble (wait out for those clipboards. Ouch!). Student should be equipped with scores, so giving the drunk the thrill of human pinball as they meander home

Beds in pubs

## Golfing Technique

A man and his wife consult a golf pro to try and improve their game. The pro examines the man's technique and says, "Your grip's too tight. Imagine you're holding the club like you'd hold your wife's breast." The man does so, and hits the ball right on to the green. Next, the pro looks at the technique of the man's wife. "I can see your problem," says the pro. "Your grip's also too tight. Handle the club as if it were your husband's penis." The woman does so, but only manages to knock the ball a few feet from the tee. "Okay," says the pro, "Not to worry. Now, the first thing you have to do is take the club out of your mouth."

## Nostalgia Piece



### Hai Karate Aftershave

Pfizer (famous for Viagra) developed Hai Karate. Hai Karate after shave lotion came with 'self-defence' instructions to help you fight off the hordes of horny women attracted by the scent. Don't dare use Hai Karate without memorising this: These instructions will help you to defend yourself from women in case you apply an over

dose of Hai Karate. It then gives three simple steps to 'remove' the offending women. The Hai Karate adverts had a plot line which made the average 'Carry On' film look like a slightly more than complex 'Shawshank Redemption'.

Basically the ads started off with a Nerdy looking bespectacled Geek liberally dousing himself with Hai Karate and then going for a walk, or in later ads, going to the Hospital or somewhere else equally mundane. It was then that fantasy kicked in! Geek Head always managed to bump into the same voluptuous, busty Brunette who, overwhelmed by the amazing potency of Hai Karate, turned from a respectable passer-by into a sex-craved Nymphomaniac. Our Geek hero would then proceed to attempt to fight her off with a series of pathetic Martial Art manoeuvres before finally succumbing to her insatiable fragrance fuelled sexual frenzy. In later ads the busty femme-fatal would be cunningly disguised as a Dental Nurse, or a Librarian or a Traffic Warden, but the plot remained the same and Nerd always submitted to her 'charms'!

I'm pretty sure any smellies released today which advocated the hitting of women or men wouldn't get very far! Although a little bird told me Calvin Klein is considering releasing CK Slap-Per the fragrance for chicks that don't have to try too hard.

### The Muscle Transplant

A man has his impotence cured with an elephant muscle transplant that increases the strength of his erections. On his first day out of hospital, he takes his girlfriend to dinner. The meal is going well until the man starts to feel aroused. At this point, his fly bursts open and his huge penis snakes out of his trousers, grabs a bread roll and disappears under the table. "Wow!" says his girlfriend. "Can I see that again later, in the bedroom?" "I don't know," replies the man. "There must be a limit to the number of bread rolls it can stuff up my ass."



### Romanians Elect Dead Man For Mayor

"I KNOW he died, but I don't want change," a pro-Ivascu villager tells Romanian television. "The vote goes on as planned... We don't have any legislation which allows us to halt the electoral process," says a spokesman for the Electoral Commission. Neculai Ivascu, 57, ran the village of Voinesti, Romania, for 18 years. He died from liver disease just after voting began - but still won the election by a margin of 23 votes. The country's Social Democrat Party (PSD), have called for a new vote, so allowing a fair go for one and all. Mr Ivascu will be made to stand against: Illie Snookercu; Vlad the Impaler, Elena Ceau°escu (Monster Raving Loony Party) and many many more...

Politicians voted in posthumously. An interesting idea. A collection of inanimate corpses couldn't do much worse than half the lot we vote in. Actually in most cases apart from the lack of smell and the presence of a pulse who we know the difference?

### The Pep Pills

Man goes to the doctor to ask for help. It seems his wife just isn't interested in sex any more. The doctor gives him a small bottle of pills. "These are experimental," he says. "We don't know all the side-effects, and the tests carried out so far indicate they're very powerful. You mustn't give her more than one!" The man goes home and wonders how he's going to ask his wife to take a pep pill. While he's having dinner, inspiration strikes; he'll drop a pill in her coffee cup. Unfortunately, his hand's were shaking and he accidentally drops in two pills. The man's very worried; the doctor told him he mustn't give more than one! Inspiration strikes again. He stirs the pills into the coffee, then drinks exactly half of it. A moment later, his wife comes in and drinks the remaining coffee before taking the empty cup into the kitchen. The man wonders how long the pill will take to work, He doesn't have to wait long. Seconds later, his wife steps into the room dripping with sweat and with a wild look in her eye. Tearing off her blouse, she pants, "I want a man inside of me. I want a man inside of me right now!" The man gulps and wipes the sweat from his forehead. "You know what?" he squeaks. "So do I."