

Olympic Condoms

A man is out shopping and discovers a new brand of Olympic condoms. Clearly impressed, he buys a pack. Upon getting home, the man informs his wife of his new purchase.

"Olympic condoms?", she asks, "What makes them so special?"

"There are three colours," he replies, "Gold, Silver and Bronze."

"What colour are you going to wear tonight?" she asks cheekily.

"Gold of course," says the man proudly.

The wife responds, "Really, why don't you wear Silver? It would be nice if you came second for a change."



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Front cover . Dance of the Blue Grass by G.Hunter.

WEMPLI

The humorous magazine.

I'm Free!

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Man superglues condom to penis to save on safe sex!

A Romanian man needed some help after his 'great idea' started to feel not so great. He had superglued his condom to his penis.

The 43-year-old father-of-five told doctors he and his wife didn't want any more children. Their obvious solution was to start using condoms, but the condoms Nicolae Popovici's wife bought were a bit 'roomy'.

The couples solution for this small problem was not to buy new condoms that did fit, but to make the big ones fit. One way or another.

They used superglue to glue the condom to the man's penis. This did not only solve the size-issue, but they could also re-use the condoms, so they thought.

After sex, the couple realised the condom was stuck and wouldn't come off. After trying everything they could think off (and these people are resourceful as you may have noticed) Nicolae went to the local medical clinic for help.

One of the nurses said: "He even said that he thought the condom could be used several times and that he wanted it stuck on his penis so he could use it again later. We barely managed to remove it in the end." - Good job he didn't want to go to the toilet in a hurry!

Lady's Bathroom Buttons

A gentleman had a serious problem. He made several attempts to enter the men's washroom, but found it to be occupied. A lady noticed that he was walking strangely, taking small steps, and with a look of pain and anxiety on his face.

"Sir," she said, "the ladies room is unoccupied. You may use it only if you promise not to touch the buttons on the wall."

He was about to explode, and would have promised anything, so he agreed to her terms. The relief was pure joy, and as he sat there, savouring the feeling, he noticed the buttons he had promised not to touch. Three white buttons were identified with the letters: WW, WA and PP, and there was one red button labeled ATR.

Who would really know if he touched them? He could not just sit there and resist a challenge like this, so he pushed the WW button. Warm Water was sprayed gently on his bottom. Such a nice feeling came over him, the men's washroom didn't have nice things like this. Anticipating even greater pleasure, he pressed the WA button.

Warm Air replaced the warm water, wafted and swirled about, gently drying his underside. He knew what he was going to do when the warm air stopped, and without hesitation, he pressed the PP button. A large Powder Puff caressed his bottom, adding a fragrant smell of spring flowers to his unbelievable pleasure. The ladies room was far more than a restroom, it was a place of tender loving pleasure! He could hardly wait for the powder puff to quit. When it did he pressed what he knew was going to be the ultimate joy!

He knew he was in the hospital room as soon as he opened his eyes. A nurse was staring down at him with a smirk on her face. "What happened? How did I get here? The last thing I remember, I was in the ladies restroom!"

"You pushed too many buttons," replied the nurse, as her smirk expanded to a grin. "That last button marked ATR is an Automatic Tampon Remover.

Flatulence inoculation developed

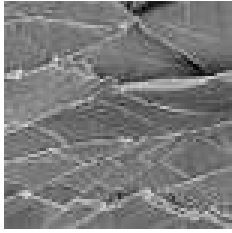
New Zealand scientists claim to have developed a "flatulence inoculation" aimed at cutting down on the massive amount of methane produced by its sheep and cows.

Such animals are believed to be responsible for more than half of the country's greenhouse gases, causing huge environmental problem. New Zealand's trade minister, said that a solution was in sight. "Our agricultural research organisation just last week was able to map the genome that causes methane in ruminant animals and we believe we can vaccinate against" flatulent emissions. Sheep, cattle, goats and deer produce large quantities of gas through belching and flatulence, as their multiple stomachs digest grass. Ruminants are responsible for about 25 per cent of the methane produced in Britain (humans the rest?), but in countries with a large agricultural sector, the proportion is much higher. The 45 million sheep and 10 million cattle in New Zealand burped and farted about 90 percent of that country's methane emissions, according to government figures (maybe you should take a gas mask with you when visiting New Zealand!). Under the Kyoto Protocol to combat global warming, New Zealand must reduce its greenhouse gas emissions to 5.2 percent below 1990 levels by 2012. In the past New Zealand's farmers have showed their disgust at government plans to impose an animal "flatulence tax" by sending parcels of manure to members of parliament. (so, when will there be a vaccination for human farters?)

Sending Nude Pictures

A man moves into a nudist colony. He receives a letter from his mother asking him to send her a current photo of himself in his new location. Too embarrassed to let her know that he lives in a nudist colony, he cuts a photo in half and sends her the top half. Later he receives another letter asking him to send a picture to his grandmother. The man cuts another picture in half, but accidentally sends the bottom half of the photo. He is really worried when he realizes that he sent the wrong half, but then remembers how bad his grandmother's eyesight is, and hopes she won't notice.

A few weeks later, he receives a letter from his grandmother. It says... "Thank you for the picture. Change your hair style, it makes your nose look too short!"



Created: A Glass That Bends

Chinese researchers recently announced that they had created glass that can be bent into right angles without shattering. But this isn't glass as we know it: The new glass is opaque, twice as strong as window glass, and made of metal.

As solids, metals have an orderly atomic structure; in liquid metals, the arrangement becomes random, as in glass. To create metallic glass, scientists supercool liquid metals, effectively "freezing" the random array in place. These bulk metallic glasses, or BMG, are two to three times stronger than the crystalline form of the metals.

To create a glass that is both strong and flexible, the physicists who helped develop the new glass and his colleagues altered an existing BMG recipe, combining zirconium, copper, nickel, and aluminum. Realizing that small changes in the metal mixture would lead to large variations in brittleness, they sought a combination that would keep cracks from spreading. After two years, the scientists produced bendable BMG. It contains hard areas of high density surrounded by soft regions of low density. The result: When a crack begins in one place, it dissipates quickly in the surrounding regions, leaving the whole flexible.

How Long Has it Been?

An old but still ruggedly handsome Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young, idealistic ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation. "Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?"

"Negative, ma'am. Just serious by nature."

The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action."

"Yes, ma'am, a lot of action."

The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up a little. Relax and enjoy yourself."

The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner. Finally, the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?"

"1955, ma'am."

"Well, there you are. You really need to chill out and quit taking everything so seriously! I mean, no sex since 1955!?"

Feeling charitable and a little bit drunk, she took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him several times. Afterwards, panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955!"

The Sergeant Major, glancing at his watch, said in his matter-of-fact voice, "I hope not, it's only 2130 now."



Grandma Loves Oranges

A young teenaged girl was a prostitute and, for obvious reasons, kept it a secret from her Grandma. One day, the police raided a brothel and arrested a group of prostitutes, including the young girl.

The prostitutes were instructed to line up in a straight line on the sidewalk. Well, who should be walking in the neighborhood, but little old Grandma. The young girl became frantic.

Sure enough, Grandma noticed her young granddaughter and asked curiously, "What are you lining up for dear?" Not willing to let grandma in on her secret, the young girl said that some people were giving out free oranges and that she was lining up for some.

"Mmmm, sounds lovely," said Grandma, "I think I'll have some myself," she continued as she made her way to the back of the line. A police officer made his way down the line, questioning all of the prostitutes. When he got to Grandma at the end of the line, he was bewildered. "But, you're so old, how do you do it?"

Grandma replied, "Oh, it's quite easy sonny, I just remove my dentures and suck 'em dry."



Doc backs nose picking

Picking your nose and eating it is one of the best ways to stay healthy, according to a top Austrian doctor.

Innsbruck-based lung specialist Prof Dr Friedrich Bischinger said people who pick their noses with their fingers were healthy, happier and probably better in tune with their bodies.

He says society should adopt a new approach to nose picking and encourage children to take it up.

Dr Bischinger said: "With the finger you can get to places you just can't reach with a handkerchief, keeping your nose far cleaner. "And eating the dry remains of what you pull out is a great way of strengthening the body's immune system. "Medically it makes great sense and is a perfectly natural thing to do. In terms of the immune system the nose is a filter in which a great deal of bacteria are collected, and when this mixture arrives in the intestines it works just like a medicine. "Modern medicine is constantly trying to do the same thing through far more complicated methods, people who pick their nose and eat it get a natural boost to their immune system for free."

The Costume Party

A couple was invited to a swanky Halloween party by a family friend, in which all attendees were required to wear a mask. The wife got a terrible headache and told her husband to go to the party alone, and to make sure to say hello to her family. He, being a devoted husband, protested, but she argued and said she was going to take some aspirin and go to bed and there was no need for his good time to be spoiled by not going. So he took his costume and away he went. The wife, after sleeping soundly for about an hour, woke without pain and as it was still early, decided to go to the party. As her husband didn't know what her costume was, she thought she would have some fun by watching her husband to see how he acted when she was not with him.

So she joined the party and soon spotted her husband in his costume, cavorting around on the dance floor, dancing with every nice "chick" he could and copping a little feel here and a little kiss there. His wife went up to him and being a rather seductive babe herself, he left his new partner high and dry and devoted his time to her. She let him go as far as he wished, naturally, since he was her husband.

After more drinks he finally whispered a little proposition in her ear and she agreed, so off they went to one of the cars and had passionate intercourse in the back seat. Just before unmasking at midnight, she slipped away and went home and put the costume away and got into bed, wondering what kind of explanation he would make up for his outrageous behaviour.

She was sitting up reading when he came in, so she asked what kind of time he had. "Oh, the same old thing. You know I never have a good time when you're not there." Then she asked, "Did you dance much?"

He replied, "I'll tell you, I never even danced one dance. When I got there, I met Pete, Bill Brown and some other guys, so we went into the spare room and played poker all evening."

"You must have looked really silly wearing that costume playing poker all night!" she said with unashamed sarcasm.

"Actually, I gave my costume to your brother, apparently he had the time of his

Out All Night Drinking

An Irishman's been at a pub all night drinking. The bartender finally says that the bar is closed. So he stands up to leave and falls flat on his face. He figures he'll crawl outside and get some fresh air and maybe that will sober him up. Once outside he stands up and falls flat on his face. So he crawls home and at the door stands up and falls flat on his face. He crawls through the door and up the stairs. When he reaches his bed he tries one more time to stand up. This time he falls right into bed and is sound asleep. He awakens the next morning to his wife standing over him shouting at him. "So, you've been out drinking again!!!"

"How did you know?" he asks.

"The pub called, you left your wheelchair there again."

Give and Take

A man is walking on the beach when he trips over a lamp. A few seconds later, a genie pops out and says, "I'm required to grant three wishes, but since you did not treat my lamp with respect, I will give twice what you get to the person you hate most—your boss."

The man agrees and makes his first wish: "I want lots of money." Instantly \$20 million appears in bags on the beach, and \$40 million appears in his boss' bank account.

Next the man asks for an incredible sports car. Instantly a Lamborghini appears, and at the same moment, two show up outside his boss' house.

Finally the genie says, "You have but one wish left; you should choose carefully."

The man says, "Well, I've always wanted to donate a kidney"



Swedes offer freeze-dry burials

Rather than bury or burn bodies after death, a Swedish company has come up with a chilling alternative; freezing them in liquid nitrogen (a more stiffer stiff!), then using sound waves to smash the brittle remains into a powder. Concerns about the environmental impact of cremation, where a body is incinerated at high temperature, and burial, in which a body can take many years to decompose, has led Swedish firm Promessa Organic AB to the new solution. The process involves flash-freezing bodies to -18C, then dipping them in liquid nitrogen with a temperature of -196C. The bodies, extracted from the super-cold solution, are brittle as glass and broken down with bursts of sound to leave a powder substance.

From there, all water is removed in a vacuum chamber before the remains are moved through a metal screen that filters away any precious metals in fillings or remnants of pacemakers and other implants that may have survived the freezing process.

"The method is based upon preserving the body in a biological form after death, while avoiding harmful embalming fluid," said Susanne Wiigh-Maesak, a biologist and head of operations at Promessa, based in Goteborg, 475km southwest of Stockholm.

She said the authorities in nearby Joenkoepping were ready to start operating its first freeze-drying facility in the next couple of years. She has also applied for a patent for the process in 35 countries.

The remains, she said, could be then cremated or buried in a coffin crafted from corn starch. The small casket could be placed in a shallow grave - about 30cm deep - where oxygen and bacteria would take about a year to break them down and return them to the soil.

"On top of the grave you can set a plant, that is taking advantage of the nutrients in the 'compost'," Wiigh-Maesak said, adding that she herself would very much like to become a white rhododendron. (and I can think of some people would probably become Stink plants)

Nostalgia Piece

ZX Spectrum



The original **ZX Spectrum** is remembered for its rubber keyboard, diminutive size and distinctive rainbow motif. It was originally released in 1982 with 16 KB of RAM for £125 and the 48 KB for £175; these prices were later reduced to £99 and £129 respectively. Planning of the **ZX Spectrum+** started in June 1984, and was released in October the same year. This 48

KB Spectrum introduced a new QL-style case with an injection-moulded keyboard and a reset button, retailing for £179.95. Sinclair developed the **ZX Spectrum 128** The **ZX Spectrum +2** was Amstrad's first Spectrum, coming shortly after their purchase of the Spectrum range and "Sinclair" brand in 1986. Many unofficial Spectrum clones were produced, especially in Eastern Bloc nations. In Russia for example, ZX Spectrum clones were assembled by thousands of small start-ups and distributed through poster ads and street stalls. Over 50 such clone models existed. Some of them are still being produced, such as the *Pentagon* and *ATM Turbo*. Most Spectrum software was originally distributed on audio cassette tapes. The Spectrum was intended to work with a normal domestic cassette recorder, and despite differences in audio reproduction fidelity, the software loading process was quite reliable. There were also a plethora of third-party hardware addons. The better known of these included the Kempston joystick interface, and the Currah Microspeech unit (speech synthesis). Keyboards were especially popular in view of the original's notorious "dead flesh" feel.

The prevalent language for distribution was the Spectrum's BASIC dialect Sinclair BASIC. The reader would type the software into the computer by hand, run it, and save it to tape for later use. Another, unusual, software distribution method was to broadcast the audio stream from the cassette on another medium and have users record it onto an audio cassette themselves. In radio or television shows in e.g. Croatia (Radio 101 (Croatia)), Italy (RAI Radio3), Portugal or Brazil, the host would describe a program, instruct the audience to connect a cassette tape recorder to the radio or TV and then broadcast the program over the airwaves in audio format. Some magazines distributed 7" 33½ rpm *flexidisc* records, a variant of regular vinyl records which could be played on a standard record player. These disks were known as *floppy ROMs*.

A Colourful Reunion

An old man sitting at the mall watched a teenager intently. The teenager had spiked hair in all different colours: green, red, orange, and blue. The old man kept staring at him.

When the teenager was tired of being stared at, he sarcastically asked, "What's the matter, old man? Never did anything wild in your life?" The old man did not bat an eye when he responded, "Got drunk once and had sex with a peacock. I was just wondering if you were my son."



Pod. The Breeders

This is a great start for The Breeders. As most would expect, the first CD by Kim Deal's band The Breeders bears significant resemblance to her previous band the Pixies, but with some key differences. Unlike the Pixies, the Breeders are more subtle, relying on a much more subdued approach. A completely excellent album with killer songs. *Glorius* starts out the album which is a slow laid back piece then it goes to the rocking *Doe*. Two killer songs. After that is a great version of the Beatles *Happiness Is A Warm Gun*. *Oh* is a little slow but it gets better from there. Hard to pick a favorite song since most of them stand out. *Hellbound* is a great rocker picking things back up again. *When I Was A Painter* has a really great beat and great bass line.. Fortunately *Gone* sounds very Beatlesque. *Iris* and *Only In 3s* are two of the strongest songs on this album. *Pod* accurately shows that music doesn't need to be over produced and studio enhanced to be catchy but can remain edgy and still get stuck in your head for days. Undeniably unique. Nothing quite like this album came before, plenty of similar music came after. A classic underground indie album

The Rude Customer

An award should go to the Virgin Airlines gate attendant in Sydney some months ago for being smart and funny, while making her point, when confronted with a passenger who probably deserved to fly as cargo. A crowded Virgin flight was cancelled after Virgin's 767s had been withdrawn from service. A single attendant was re-booking a long line of inconvenienced travellers. Suddenly an angry passenger pushed his way to the desk. He slapped his ticket down on the counter and said, "I HAVE to be on this flight and it HAS to be FIRST CLASS".

The attendant replied, "I'm sorry, sir. I'll be happy to try to help you, but I've got to help these people first, and I'm sure we'll be able to work something out." The passenger was unimpressed. He asked loudly, so that the passengers behind him could hear, "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I AM?" Without hesitating, the attendant smiled and grabbed her public address microphone: "May I have your attention please, may I have your attention please," she began - her voice heard clearly throughout the terminal. "We have a passenger here at Gate 14 WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHO HE IS. If anyone can help him find his identity, please come to Gate 14." With the folks behind him in line laughing hysterically, the man glared at the Virgin attendant, gritted his teeth and said, "Fuck You!" Without flinching, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to get in line for that too."



Love or Lust?

It's no use being coy. If you're looking for a fling, it might just be written all over your face. A new study by U.K. researchers found that you can tell just by looking at someone's face whether they're interested in casual sex or long-term commitment. And, not surprisingly, women tend to be more attracted to the men

who look like true boyfriend material, while men are drawn to faces that seem to say "one-night stand," found the study, published in the journal *Evolution and Human Behaviour*.

Researchers created composite images of college students who identified themselves as either looking for a fling or true love and asked 700 participants to separate the hussies from the prudes. And most of the time, their instincts were accurate – 72 percent of the participants were right more than half the time, although they couldn't exactly explain their guesses. For men, — a square jaw, prominent eyebrows and nose and smaller eyes — tends to belong to the sluttier of the sex. Men with softer features were more likely to be looking for a long-term relationship. As for women, it's the hotties who are more likely to have flings. Both men and women who participated in the study thought that the more attractive women would be interested in something short-term, and they were right. The theory sounds a little like common sense: If you're better-looking, you have more opportunities to get some action. And if you're more attractive, people might expect you to have more partners. And more often than not, it's true, and these expectations are fulfilled..

A Reflective Picture

After living in the remote wilderness of Kentucky all his life, an old codger decided it was time to visit the big city. In one of the city's stores, he picked up a mirror and looked in it. Not knowing what it was, he remarked, "How about that! Here's a picture of my daddy."

He bought the "picture," but on the way home remembered that his wife, Lizzy, didn't much like his father. So he hung it in the barn, and every morning before leaving for the fields, he would go there and look at it. The man's many trips to the barn began to draw Lizzy's suspicion. One day after her husband left, she searched the barn and found the mirror. As she looked into the glass, she fumed, "So that's the ugly bitch he's runnin' around with."



Man admits having sex with 1,000 cars

A man who claims to have had sex with 1,000 cars has defended his "romantic" feelings .

Edward Smith, who lives with his current "girlfriend" – a white Volkswagen Beetle named Vanilla, insisted that he was not "sick" and had no desire to change his ways. Mr Smith, 57, first had sex with a car at the age of 15, and claims he has never been attracted to women or men. (It begs the question "What kind of sex?") But his wandering eye has spread beyond cars to other vehicles. He says that his most intense sexual experience was "making love" to the helicopter from 1980s TV hit *Airwolf*. As well as Vanilla, he regularly spends time with his other vehicles – a 1973 Opal GT, named Cinnamon, and 1993 Ford Ranger Splash, named Ginger. Before Vanilla, he had a five-year relationship with Victoria, a 1969 VW Beetle he bought from a family of Jehovah's Witnesses. But he confesses that many of the cars he has had sex with have belonged to strangers or car showrooms. (He said he wasn't sick!) "I just loved cute cars right from the beginning, but over the years it got stronger once I got into my teenage years and was my first having sexual urges. "When I turned 13 and the famous Corvette Stingray came about, that car was pure sex and just an incredible machine. I wanted it. "I didn't fully understand it myself except that I know I'm not hurting anyone and I do not intend to." He added: "There are moments way out in the middle of nowhere when I see a little car parked and I swear it needs loving. "There have been certain cars that attracted me and I would wait until night time, creep up to them and just hug and kiss them.

The Mistaken Hiker

A guy is hiking up a mountain when he notices a girl standing at the edge of a cliff, crying profusely. "Hey," he says, "if you're going to jump, how about giving me a blow job before you do it?" "My life's been nothing but crap," says the girl. "So I might as well." After the girl's done, the guy says, "Wow, that was great. Why are you so depressed, anyway?" The girl replies, "My family disowned me for dressing like a woman."