

CRAPAUD

CHRONICLE

October

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7th 8th 9th

2011

JERSEY H3

JOURNAL



Run #1297

PROUDLY PRESENT

A special newsletter to celebrate 25 years of hashing in Jersey on the occasion of the big anniversary bash

What a legend of a weekend

It was just like it said on the anniversary t-shirt. It was a history-making celebration of the bare essentials of hashing ... running, drinking and yes, occasionally, exposing naked bottoms. On top of those core values you could have added cabaret performing, cross-dressing and flatulence, in all of which hashers in Jersey seem to excel. And they've been doing it for 25 years. Some don't look a decade older, even though the oldest, Popeye, is celebrating his 80th birthday this year.



Does my belly look big in this?



Can't get a note out of the bloody thing

Hashers Utd

For this special silver anniversary weekend the two Jersey hashes, the Crapauds and the Beans, came together and camped it up from the 'on on' and carried on camping until the last down down. It was a weekend to remember. For all those suffering from senile dementia, alcoholic amnesia, or simply weren't there, here's a reminder of what happened.



Do we need our OAP concessionary bus passes?

Run #1158



Red light district?



Guernsey Toms?

RED OCTOBER
The Friday night run

Some dress codes are straightforward. Black tie obviously means you wear an evening tailcoat with matching trousers, white or black waistcoat, black bow tie, white wing-collared formal shirt with double cuffs plus black fine-gauge knee-length socks and black leather formal shoes as well as, of course, the white linen or cotton pocket square folded at right angles to the breast pocket. Red dress means, ahem, you wear a red dress. A concept that proved far too difficult for several hashers. Bear only achieved half marks for his red t-shirt and orange shorts, Twin Peaks barely

troubled the scorer with her red blouse and black shorts and it was nul points for IHHABO in white shirt and grey shorts. There were some splendid offerings on show however. Ill-eagle reprised his French tart's costume, Gigolo wore an Anne Summers-inspired nurse outfit complete with much-fondled, fake (I think) breasts and three harriettes from Guernsey turned up as red devils, looking horny.

Confucius.dot.com
*Give a donkey an education
and you get a smart ass*

More than fifty hashers turned out for the red dress run which kicked off the 25th anniversary celebrations of hashing in Jersey. Fittingly it was held at the Smugglers where it began



Splitting hares?

all those years ago. Amongst those taking part was Knickerless who had been there on that fateful day. Her legs are just as long as they were 25 years ago, possibly longer, because her shorts seem to have shrunk in the wash over the years. Big Dick & Poldark, two more hashers from the early days did the honours as hares for the day, both wearing tasteful red t-shirts with the hare motif in gold lame.

cowboy winter, although at least it was dry. By the time the run set off the light was fading so it was very much a torchlit procession that wended its way across Ouaisne beach towards the round tower.

Confucius.dot.com
*Man who leaps off cliff is
jumping to a conclusion*

Luckily the hares had done their homework and the tide was out. Rather than run on to St Brelade we turned right up the hill alongside the Biarritz Hotel. We'd all given a big cheer when we'd been told there would be a drinks stop en route and though it was a temperance hotel it didn't stop us hoping against hope that maybe our hares had persuaded the owners to relax the rules. Fat chance. Instead we ploughed down the hill towards St Aubin drawing admiring comments from passers-by. Pervey was commended for being 'very fetching', Gigolo did even better. Not only did he

Confucius.dot.com
*Man who wants pretty nurse
must be patient*

Whether Muffdiver's outfit could be described as a dress is debatable. It was more Hare Krishna than Mata Hari, a kind of full-length kaftan or maybe a pre-dyed gown for the operating theatre. Kermit was definitely wearing a dress but it made him look more like a martial arts expert than a hasher with a gender challenge. The previous weekend's Indian summer had given way to a



Horny night nurse



Suitably red-faced?



Tunnel vision



RR gets his man

get admiring glances from punters at the Old Court House but he was implored to show them his tits. He was given a pint for displaying his wares. There was some griping about the number of bars we passed. All the old hands nodded sagely. In their day the hares would have been forced to stand a round. Standards have plummeted since 1986.

Confucius dot com
Harriette who goes camping must beware of evil intent

Captain Poocock was very upset when he realised he'd lost his hat. What's going to happen when he returns to his native Yorkshire and goes for a walk on Ilkley Moor baht 'at? That 'at cost me a fortune," said the hapless Tyke. "£1.50. It would have fed the family for three months. Do you know how much they charge for bread and

dripping in Jersey?" At the bottom of the hill we joined the old railway cycle path and found there was light (ale) at the end of the tunnel. Yes, the fabled drinks stop, had finally come to pass. Sadly Terry the Train was clearly parked up for the night and there was still more work to be done before the On Home and the solace of the Smugglers.

Confucius dot com
Hashing is like parking diagonally in a parallel universe

Fish and chips was the order of the day and we were all able to look back on a very satisfactory start to the weekend's festivities, though for some the evening was by no means over and it was on back to the campsite and a marathon drinking session at the Bleu Soleil which was followed by a farting and snoring competition which Rampant Rabbit apparently won by a comfortable margin (unless you were trying to get to sleep).



No redress

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
The Saturday morning run

The alleged hangover run wasn't until the following day but there were some very bloodshot eyes and thick heads stumbling out of tents for the Saturday run. About fifteen survivors from the red dress run stayed at the campsite overnight including Rampant Rabbit who

looked like he'd done 12 rounds with a bottle of Famous Grouse ... and lost. There were plenty of other strange faces around, among them hashers of yore like Tattoo and Lo Cal. Two of the visitors from Guernsey were overnight casualties and joined the walking wounded, but our guest runner from Looe and Liskeard H3, Nosejob, was nuzzling at the bit. It started with a Magical Mystery Tour. We all piled on to a pair of Tantivy's finest, nearly fifty 'runners' and more than a dozen walkers. We had no idea where we were going but hardly had we begun discussing where we might end up than we were being disgorged at Le Parc de la Petite Falaise above Boulay Bay, the old Mount's Hotel site. The first surprise was being confronted with a fistful of hares, all five of them in orange although Deep Throat was



Donkey nips out



25-year-old t-shirt & slightly older Poldark

Ominously, of the four principals, Bear was wearing a swimming hat and goggles – were we in for an early October dip? Perish the thought. "Welcome to the party run," announced the JH3 GM, but he



Hare force



The lemmings line-up



Canny pair of veterans: Lo Cal and Tattoo

warned us that it wouldn't be politically correct as no allowance had been made for wheelchair users. Luckily, despite plenty of hashers being legless the previous night, all managed to find their feet by the time of the start. Unusually the run was a two-parter with Bear and Charity having laid the first half and Bucket and Legs the second. The 'on on' was called by we all had to wait while Gigolo finished his fag. Inevitably we headed downhill, trampling over a field of yellow mushrooms in the process. Muffdiver warned they were poisonous and while no-one wanted to find out the hard way they did prove hazardous to Kermit who was the day's first

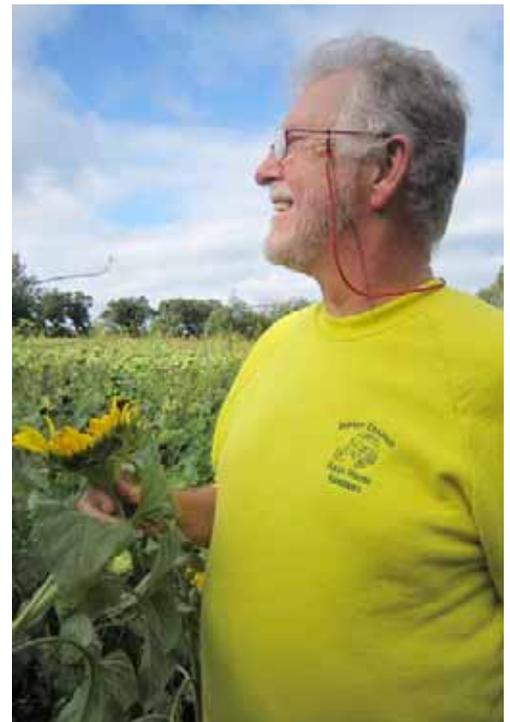
faller. Did you know that Asda had to pay a woman £550,000 compensation earlier this month after she slipped on a mushroom in one of their stores? Sore arse, injured pride, emotional disturbance – our victim would be well advised to talk to his briefs (not your underwear, Kermit, your solicitors). Bear must be good for a few bob. Litigation aside the rest of us made it down the hill unscathed and given we'd had the prospect of drinks stops dangled before us we made a beeline for the Black Dog. Our wet dreams were rudely interrupted by a loud shout of check-back from Bear. Instead we headed up the concrete steps that led to the coastal footpath



Gigolo prepares for splashdown



And they're off



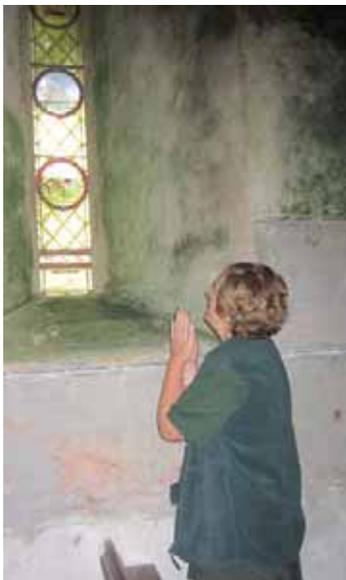
Muffdiver with sinflower



Bellhop



The Muppet movie



Hooker's prayer

towards L'Etaquerel. The going was very congested with so many hashers trying to negotiate the narrow woodland paths but our spirits were quickly restored with an alfresco drinks stop. IHHABO received a down down for bringing his dog – since when has that been a sin? – and Kermit was also punished, apparently for going the wrong way. Clearly Bear was using the hash penal code drawn up in the time of the Marquis of Queensbury in the 1860s. The trail led on past the folly at Jardin D'Olivet where we also encountered the first double arrows of the day. Captain Pooocook found a tree for sale but couldn't persuade anybody to stump up the readies. Soon afterwards Bear and Charity handed over to their co-hares, a curious pairing of the gentlemanly Bucket (pronounced 'bouquet') and the devious Legs (pronounced 'bastard').

Confucius.dot.com
There's nothing wrong with drinking water – as long as it's taken in the right spirit.

We burst through a hedge and headed downhill towards France at a rate of knots. It inspired Muffdiver to pick a flower for his sweetheart, but he gave it to Twin Peaks. We were running in a delightful wooded valley at the back of La Ferme which apparently played host to the largest dairy herd in Jersey. Talking of cowpats, IHHABO soon found himself floundering in a very big one and had to resort to a cattle trough to remove the brown stains from his underpants. In the big open spaces Kermit and Beetroot Bill had donned the front-running mantle much to the chagrin of the Crapaud's FRBs, Jacko and Frisco. The trail took us briefly into the grounds of Chateau La Chaire where we came across an ancient monument. It was Steptoe. By now we were hopeful of another drinks stop as the Rozel Inn approached, but, horror of horrors, we passed straight by the open doors and went into the pub garden and started climbing the



To the manor born?

Hill. Whatever happened to the rule about the hares having to stand a round if the run passed licensed premises? Steptoe was deeply offended and dragged Wet Patch into the pub for a well-earned libation, even if he had to pay for it. Hyacinth, err, Bucket, then took us into the grounds of Rozel Manor where we investigated the Chapel in the hope of a drinks stop. But Hooker's prayers went unanswered. Captain Pooocook begged for handouts to help fund a replacement hat, sorry 'at, but none of us were feeling Charitably-minded, except possibly Knickerless. The funny thing is you spent ages

waiting for a drinks interval then you get two in quick succession. First stop was at Haye Fleurie where the tack room had been converted into a temporary bar. Then as we rounded St Catherine's breakwater (passing another licensed premises in the process) we were invited into the sailing club, where we were greeted with barrels of Liberation Ale and equally welcome nosebags of crisps. What's more the two coaches were parked down the road and we knew we were at journey's end. Happiness abounded – unless you were the hapless Charity. He lost his family



Gagging for it



The wages of sin



The hare tonic was too precious to waste

heirloom – no I don’t mean his didgeridoo, it was his bugle that went missing and by the time we left, it still hadn’t been found. The poor bloke was bereft. A hornless hash horn is no use to anyone, least of all

Knickerless. The boogie woogie bugle boy of company JH3 was bugged. But who did it? Nobody would own up. Still, look on the bright side, there were always down downs to be administered. Former JH3

GM, the Tartan Farter, did the honours, first admonishing the hares including Deepthroat who announced she didn’t want a big one. Did she ever? Our very own swamp rat, IHHABO, took his punishment on his

knees, as did Muffdiver, whose romantic gesture was deemed offensive because the sunflower had technically been stolen. Then it was the turn of Rentabed to be summonsed for picking up litter as well as Tattoo – mainly because it was a long time since we’d seen her buttocks - although the excuse was that she’d fallen backwards off a chair the previous evening.

Confucius.dot.com
Squirrel which runs up woman’s legs will not find nuts

Game over and back on to the coaches for a bite to eat followed by the evening’s entertainment at the Bleu Soleil. A truly great run much appreciated by all, apart from the crestfallen Charity.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
 Evening entertainment

How they must rub their hands with glee at Horseplay when Tinky Winky barrels through the front door. “Quick, the nutter’s back. Bring down all those costumes from upstairs we haven’t been able to sell – you know those ridiculous outfits no-one in the right minds would want to be seen dead in. What do you mean, they won’t fit. He doesn’t care.

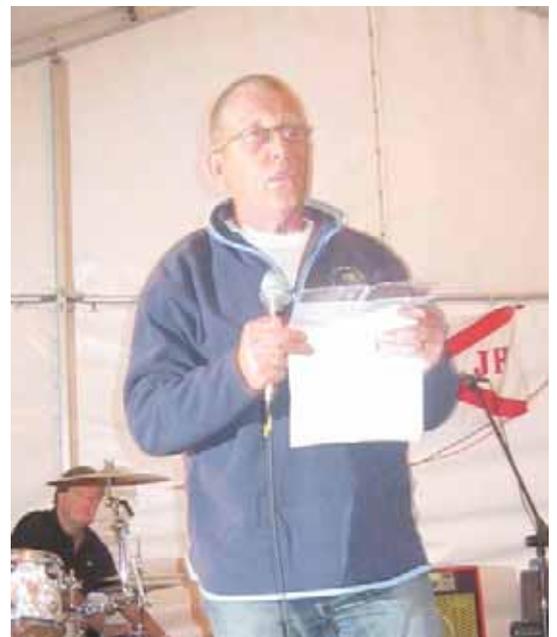
In fact the tighter the better.” To say they saw Tinky Winky coming would be an understatement. Suffice to say our hero emerged from the shop with the latest magnificent ensemble to grace his already burgeoning wardrobe of extravagant party wear. This weekend it had its first public outing. Ray Davies of the Kinks sang about her: “*Girls will be boys and boys will be girls. It’s a mixed up muddled up shook up world except for Lola*”. Did you know that in September 2007 Robbie Williams recorded a cover of the song which spent one week



The Lollipop ‘girls’



The thigh’s the limit



The ditty man



Stocking filler

at number 91 in the Romanian Singles chart? The cheese-monger Barry Manilow also warbled about Lola: “*Her name was Lola. She was a showgirl with yellow feathers in her hair and a dress cut down to there.*” Lady Gaga also penned a song called Lola: “*We’re going to party hard tonight. Hair curled up and my skirt is pretty tight. Hold me, rub me, dance up on me, promise I won’t bite.*” You get the picture? Suffice to say it was Tinky Winky that brought it to life ... and brought the house down. She/he was sensational ... apart from the brown trainers. Either way the stage didn’t know what hit it, but it was about 6.7 on the Richter Scale. The backing group were pretty good too.

Confucius.dot.com
*The hash scribe is a nobody.
 Nobody is perfect. Therefore
 the hash scribe is perfect.*

The evening’s entertainment began with an apology for the absence of the Crapaud’s GM, Shiggy, who had apparently decided to attend a Crosby, Still, Nash and Young gig in London rather than enjoy a hash cabaret event in downtown St Ouen. Each to his own I suppose but, crikey, if listening to Neil Young screeching was better than what the rest of us had lined up we might just as



Absolutely top hat

well have stayed at home and watched Britain’s Got Talent. At least we had a professional compere, an international celebrity, flown in all the way from Scotland at great expense (two groats and a pint of heavy), the Tartan Farter. His sporran was impounded by Jersey customs and immigration under the dangerous wild animals act so instead of the traditional tartan dress he wore natty blue shorts (he’s a Gers fan apparently) along with suspenders, a style of Jock Strap unfamiliar to

those south of the border. Somehow though the combination of sheer lingerie and hairy thighs didn’t work. He was also armed with a Celtic war cudgel but claimed it was merely for staying upright. Apparently he’d been so surprised when Rangers actually scored that he leapt from his sofa and tore a calf muscle. Even worse he spilled his dram all over the shag-pile carpet. The next morning his tongue felt really furry. The extravaganza began with a sparkling performance by

by another of the Crapaud hulks in ladies underwear – this time Illegal Immigrant along with his/her two glamorous assistants ET and Fuzz with their version of Shirley Temple’s trademark song, ‘*The Good Ship Lollipop*’ which had first hit the skids, sorry, I mean, the stage, on the Crapaud Bike Bash the previous month. Then it was a solo act in the shape of the Crapauds’ Pisspot Laureate, Two Stroke, after his sell-out gig in Brittany. He was obviously struggling with his fuel mix (and the poor lighting)



The FRBs ... Foolish Ridiculous Berks



Crapaud Hareways in full flight



Floral down down



Get 'em off

but gave a good account of himself – and a bad one of many of his fellow hashers, including his wife Whinger, who apparently likes to flash her boobs in French pub windows. What's wrong with English ones? Then it was the turn of Top of the Pop's finest, Legs and Co. Not that Legs. Those legs. The ones that belonged to Knickerless. Mind you looking at the other hoofers, Madame Bodypump and Hillbilly, they could just as easily have been called Cleavage and Co. We didn't mind the gap. Dancing to 'Mein Hare' – how appropriate - Flick Colby's finest rolled back the years to give one of the most energetic performances since the rush to the bar after McKinley declared the drinks were on him. Sorry, I'm fantasizing again. How those chairs survived the workout no-one will ever know. Next up was that top class cheerleaders' act, complete with blue skirts and sparkly

pom poms, Mick and the Mechanics. Bear was also involved but he didn't fit the gag. They sang 'It's raining men'. Boys will be girls. We'll never know whether Beetroot Bill and Kermit greased their nipples but at least their big ends were spotless. We know because their performance did end on a bit of a bum note. Very cheeky. Crapaud Harelines touched down next with an invitation from Biggles and Ginger (aka Captain Poocock and Smuggler) to 'Come fly with me', a very funny skit on some of the outrageous antics of airlines like Ryanair. It certainly struck a chord. It all ended with the triumphant appearance of the showstoppers, Lola and the Lolitas, well, after ET had finally finished powdering her nose following her costume change. Oh, what a night, in the words of Franki Valley and the Four Seasons ... and it wasn't over, we still had another class act to see us through until midnight, the Pioneers.



Rentabed and mystery blonde

**HORN OF A DILEMMA
The hangover run**



I'm not feeling horny

Sunday dawned and Charity was still despondent. Did you know the word 'bugle' comes from the Latin word "buculus", which means bullock, ie castrated bull? A bit like Charity, really. To quote Flanders and Swan:

*"Hasn't anyone seen my horn?
Oh where can it have gone?
What a blow, now I know,
I'm unable to play my Allegro.
Who swiped that horn?
I bet you a quid somebody did."*

Well, it wasn't a time for brooding, the hangover run was imminent. Although it did start half an hour late due to a technical hitch because Tinky Winky hadn't finished his breakfast. Well a big girl's got to keep up her calorie intake. When the hares, Tinky Winky and Gigolo, finally consented to address the assembled multitude we noticed a number of new faces, including those of Popeye and Taxi – the latter, another survivor of that original run back in 1986. Gigolo took centre stage. "You know what a live hare run is? Well this is a dead hare run." I think he meant that he'd had a bit too

much to drink the previous night. The Crapauds' religious adviser then announced he'd been sent a sign from heaven which would be encountered during the run. It was in fact a ladies' check and had been drawn to look like Whingers' bosom – presumably Gigolo had seen it in a French bar window. The idea was that once we'd found the sign it was down to the Harriettes to check out the next stage of the run. But they could avoid having to do so by flashing their tits. Things were definitely looking up (or maybe down). Gigolo reminded us that the trail was a de luxe affair laid in finest imported sawdust – from Grouville – and chalk which wasn't chalk. It was Dordogne limestone. Calcium carbonate by any other name, sneered the Crapaud geologist, Rampant Rabbit.

Confucius.dot.com
Knowledge is knowing that a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

Another discordant note was struck by Charity. "Has anybody seen my bugle," he bleated. No-one responded. It was clearly time to call in the Fuzz. But the Thief Inspector had decamped overnight in a search for one of Kojak's lollipops. The only filth left was on IHHABO's shorts. Would the bugler, sorry, burglar, remain unmasked? Would Charity ever feel horny again? Would the run ever start? Finally it did, though



Pair of Whingers ...



Cabbage patch dolls



Three wise monkeys



Not exactly a stand-up comedian

even then Tinky had to remove a stack of plastic chairs before we could squeeze through the rear exit from the campsite. The irritating chairs were replaced by even more irritating nettles before we emerged into open countryside and then on to the Rue de Lecq where there was a loud bang. Had Kermit had a blow-out? No, as we reached the Cliff Path, we realised it had been a shot-gun. According to one hasher, the marksmen had hit six clays, four rabbits and a 1979 Ford Cortina. We sheltered from the shooters in a deep gully where our virgin, Bev, parted company with her glasses, only to be reunited with them soon afterwards, thanks to Molehill. "Have you got my bugle as well?" asked a now clearly desperate Charity. Little did he know that his torment was about to end. First

we reached the Ladies Check. Unbelievably the harriettes started checking out all the possible routes. We had

to make do with Kermit baring his breast. It wasn't quite the same somehow. But when we reached the passage chamber at



... and lots more tits



Rite of passage

passage chamber at La Haugue de Geonnais, there was consolation in the form of a drinks stop, although first we were treated to a bout of Cornish wrestling involving Jacko and Gigolo. Although it could equally well have been some sort of mating ritual. Once the dust had settled Tinky Winky announced he had an



Arrest that man

Confucius.dot.com
A bank is a place that will lend you money if you can prove you don't need it.

announcement to make. It was that Poirot moment, you know, when he gathers all the suspects together and then makes a brilliant deduction leading to the unmasking of the murderer. Well, it wasn't the butler that did it. It was Gobbler. She stole Charity's horn. The vixen, though she claimed she'd done it under orders. The criminal mastermind, the Mr Big, has



Dogging demo?



All for a ladies' check



Oi. That's my bugle

still to be identified – but there's a clue in the name. The instrument was restored to its rightful owner who then proceeded to try and play it, but the notes just wouldn't come out - partially because Charity had been awarded a down down for losing the thing in the first place, which had been stuffed in the horn end and, secondly, because Illegal Immigrant had also secreted a banger inside it. Peace had been restored at last – or not, depending where you were standing. Our visitor, Nosejob, had been less lucky.

mistake of biting on one of those Crapaud rock sticks that we hadn't been able to get rid of years ago. Poor Nosejob. More corrective surgery. He lost a tooth this time. Back on the trail Ballcock had found a carrot which he used to give himself a more manly profile. "Tricia will be pleased," he said. "Let me try it for size," demanded Tinky. "Oh alright then," said Ballcock, "bend over." The last drama was when Pervey parted company with his notes and had to run back to find them, and worse,



Jasper Carrot?



Bucket keeping up appearances



Sole survivors after 25 years



Open and shut case?

Sorry. It's my Glasgow handshaking

and worse, was unable to report on the last stretch of the run back to the campsite. That didn't detract from what was another stonking run by general acclaim.



Gigolo gets a beer shampoo

The down downs proceeded in rapid succession. Gigolo wanted a lady up first but he had to make do with Please Insert. She got one for being a year older. Sadly she wasn't what would have been a highly appropriate 25 – rather it was the reverse (err, 52). The three intrepid Guernsey gals, Duracell, Wag and Last Minute all got their come-uppance. There was a disturbance when an overzealous Health and Safety official decided to mop up all the beer that had been spilled. Later on Captain Poocock was able to wring his Squeegee dry and enjoy a free pint. One loser down but there were another five to punish: .

Confucius dot com
*Never hit a man with glasses.
 Hit him with a baseball bat*

Confucius dot com
Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity

There was chip-buttie break before the final rites were administered which started paradoxically with a christening - a little bit of flour on one shoulder, a little bit of shiggy on the other and a whole lot of beer in the middle. The victim's new hash name would be Spring Bollocks (a twist on Springbok, the initiate being of South African origin).

Pervey was arraigned for losing his notes; Tits and Hooker were charged with losing bits of underwear, though nothing very exciting; the scribe lost the plot as far as Smuggler was concerned but Tinky Winky merely lost his car. Charity didn't get a down down for losing his horn but did get one – apparently for snitching, but on whom wasn't made clear. There was great acclaim for all the organisers of the event including Knickerless who also received a floral tribute acknowledging her individual



Please, Lord of the Hash, let us live long enough to attend the 50th anniversary weekend

contribution. The hares, Gigolo and Tinky Winky were rewarded for their class effort and the icing on the cake was literally just that. A 25-year anniversary cake had been baked by Madame Bodypump. A suitably delicious end to what had been an extremely tasty weekend but which had one more flourish to come ... a big firework display organised by the old banger himself, the Tartan Farter. And, best of all from a Scots point of view, it didn't cost a penny. The whole thing was imaginary but a lot of gullible hashers watched with awe as the rockets whooshed into the sky. Letters of appreciation have come flooding in – both of them. But one described the weekend as “the best party they'd been to in ten years”. Ah, well, only another 25 until the next one.

On on Pervey



Let them eat cake



Losers

H
A
S
H



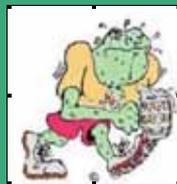
H
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A

A wedding took place in Kilkee, County Clare. In the best Irish tradition everyone got roaring drunk and there was a huge fight between the families of the bride and groom. The Garda were called in to break it up. Those involved were in

front of the court the following week. But tempers were still frayed and the fighting resumed until the Judge finally slammed down his hammer and demanded ‘Silence in court’. The court room went silent and the best man, Paddy stood up. “Judge, I think I’m best placed to explain what happened.” The Judge consented and told Paddy to take the stand. Paddy explained that it was traditional in Kilkee for the best man to

have the first dance with the bride. “Fair enough,” said the Judge. “What happened next?” “Well, said Paddy, “after we’d finished the first dance the music kept playing so we continued dancing to the second song and then the third. We carried on and then, all of a sudden, the groom leapt over the table and gave the bride an unmerciful kick right between the legs. “Bejeezus,” said the Judge. “That must have hurt.” “Hurt,” said Paddy. “You’re not feckin’ kiddin’. He broke three of my fingers.”

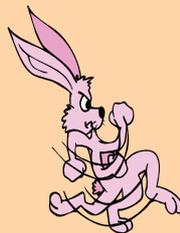
RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



CH3

Run # 1160
Date: 23rd October
Hares: Shiggy
On Down: Vic in Valley

Run # 1161
Date: 30th October
Hares: Please Insert, Twin Peaks
On Down: Five Oaks



JH3

Run # 1299
Date: 23rd October
Hares: TBA
On Down: Trinity Arms

Run #1300
Date: 30th October
Hares: TBA
On Down: TBA

A nun had her annual medical check-up. When the doctor had finished he told her she was pregnant. “Well, I’ll be darned,” said the nun. “Now even the candles can’t be trusted.”

“It’s just too hot to wear clothes today,” Jack says as he stepped out of the shower, “Honey, what do you think the neighbours would think if I mowed the lawn like this?” To which she replied “Probably that I married you for your money.”