

We Men know when our past has caught up with us.

The realisation that we can run but we can't hide.

Take that 'friends reunited' web site. I knew I should have left it alone. But it's been so addictive to log onto, and read what others have been doing with their lives.

Well it's caught up on me this time, in the form of a letter inviting me to a school reunion. Now we boy's, were right tear a way's at our old school. In fact it was the boys not the girls who ended up having to stand outside in the corridor during lessons for bad behaviour.

So if I went to a school reunion, the only people that would recognize me would be the cleaners!!

It's definitely becoming a woman's world, with blokes being forever put down.

Why oh why is it completely ok, and even a jolly good laugh, for women to go out and watch men taking their clothes. If a bunch of girls, (mainly work colleagues), go out and shout; "Off Off Off," to a bunch of blokes on stage, and then rub baby oil into them.

But if we blokes did the reverse, of that we would be frowned upon by society, and even called names like Old purvies. I don't know why, because we are not even allowed to do that hands on baby oil thing.

The time has come my brothers, to unite and reverse this downward trend of down - trodden blokes everywhere, and create an all female Chippendales Squad

We could call them; 'The potato peelers!'

The Japanese will invent anything, just as long as it's small and electronic

There's this new device aimed at single people, or people on the pull.

What you do is, turn it on (Chortle Chortle), and it emits a low-level radio wave to tell anyone else carrying the device, that you are available.

The transponder on the other persons devise alerts the carrier that you are available, and you both can break the ice without any put down from that person.

So if you can't get yourself a girlfriend or a boyfriend, then get one.

So the more people who wear this device, the more it goes off.

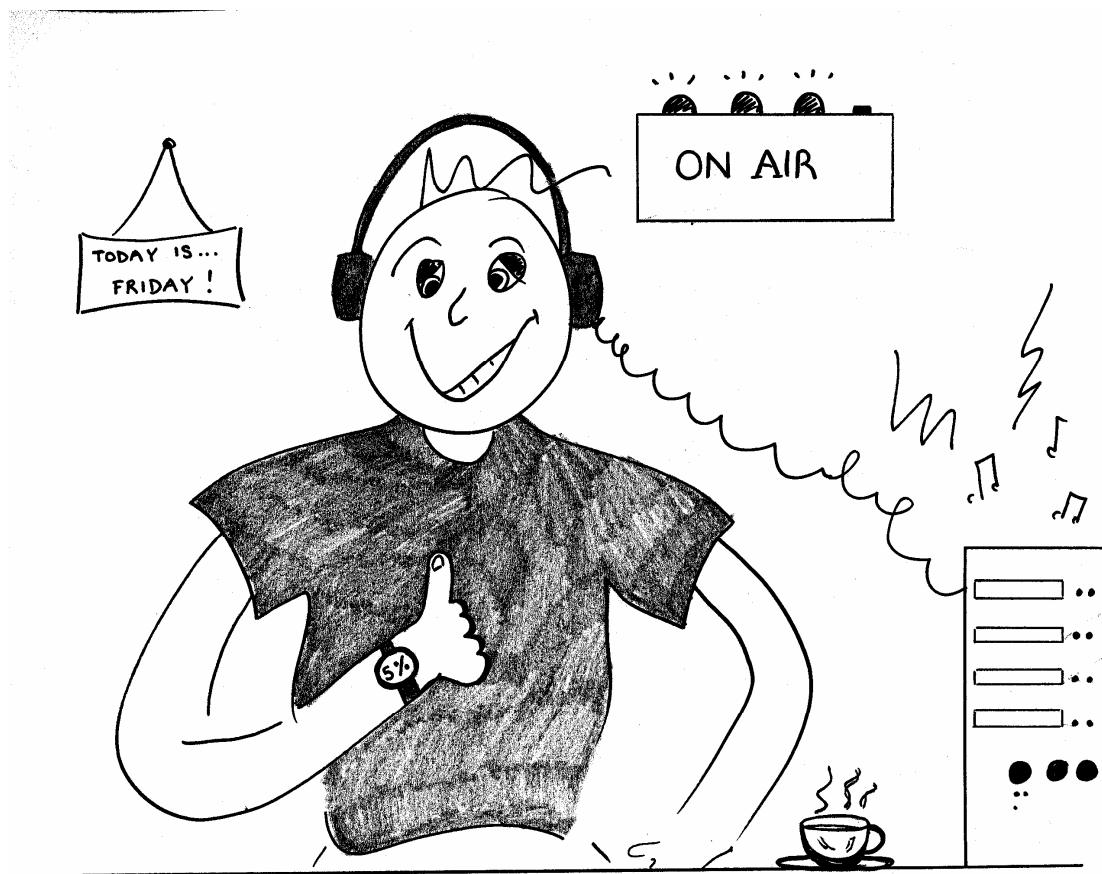
So at the end of the day it could get quite deafening.

Especially when I bought one, and accidentally walked into a train-spotters convention

How we men give 100% of our time to our job

I take my job seriously. In fact I give 100% of my time to my work. I give: -
12% on Monday
23% on Tuesday
10% on Wednesday
50% on Thursday

And 5% on Friday



School Uniform Parties are the in thing at the moment (FWARR !!)

Perhaps we are trying to re-live our youth, or pander to a fantasy. I found an old airport uniform of mine, from way back. I felt guilty for not having taken it back. So I did, and now my conscience is cleansed.

After all I could never go to a uniform party and pull birds, dressed as an airline steward.

Men always feel really wealthy at the start of the month

It's those who still feel wealthy, once the bills are taken care of that I get jealous of.

As every woman knows, these are the Sugar Daddies of society, always rich, no matter what time of month it is.

I see it all the time. Blokes, with a flash car and a flashy bird.

Several blokes I went to school with are now professional Sugar Daddies.

I've no idea how they got their money.

Well a new law is coming out in Italy, that will allow Sugar Daddies to claim back all the presents they bestowed on their flashy young girlies, during a separation.

Great idea, perhaps we should adopt it here.

**After all a Ferrari isn't just for your Bimbo,
It's for life!!**

If you only had one question, what would it be?

Last year I went on a walking holiday among the foothills of Mongolia. It was one of those adventure holidays that you brag about all year. On the last day I had the opportunity to meet Mon-Lomsay, who is reported to be the oldest man in the world, at 121 years of age. It was quite an experience. There he was wrinkled and small, and sitting in the fetal position.

My guide acted as translator. I was told that this was the first time since he was 4 that he had met a westerner, and had remained in this remote part of the world all his life. I asked if he had any questions from the outside world, things he may like to know.

Well he looked up at me with his one good eye and said; "Is Cliff Richard still in the charts?"

Some languages are just too sexy to learn.

Spanish has got to be the most difficult language to learn. I'm having a terrible time trying to learn the Spanish Masculine- Feminine translations to things. Despite the cassette I have in my car to help me do this, I have only learnt these very few words, which I hope will get me to where I want to go over there: -

EL Gwapo
EL Caberon

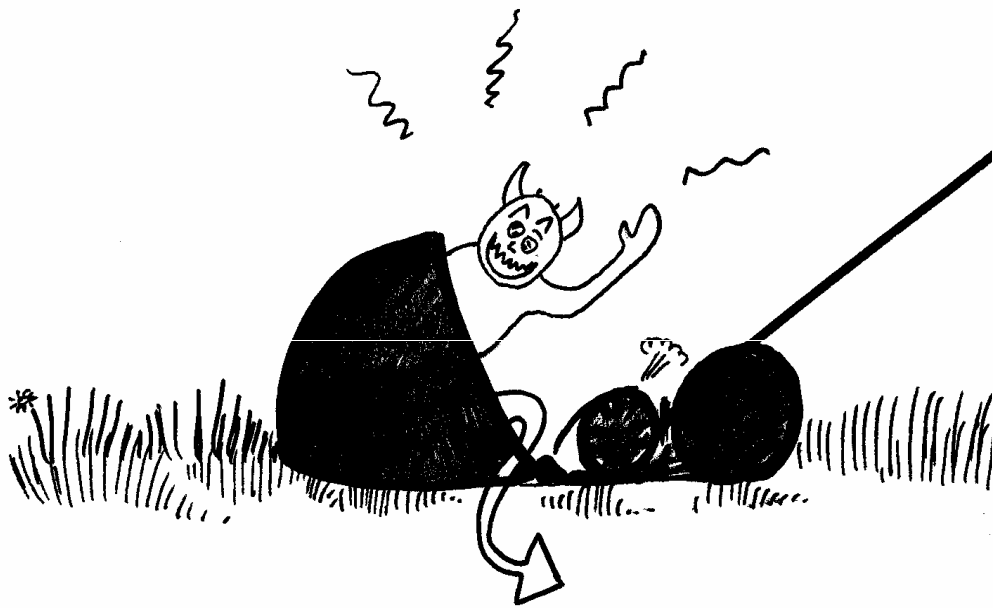
And EL McFurson

How's your little demons?

Every year it's the same. That little demon hides out in my attic and tampers with my Fairy-lights.

Not just one, but several. Loosening them and blowing a few bulbs. So by the time I realize it, it's too late. I am in a twist around the tree, trying to tighten them all up, in order to find the faulty one, or the blown one. Yet they worked perfectly well last year.

During the festive season, that little demon moves house to live in my shed and tamper with the lawn mower, just in time for the first cut in spring.



Fuel Crisis, what fuel crises?

During that fuel crisis a couple of summers ago, people were lining up at the pumps to fill up, even for stupid amounts like 25pence worth. Nutters! But the biggest nutters were the people who lined up for a pump on the left of the car.

Most cars seem to have the filler caps on the right of the car now, and the vain drivers didn't want to stretch the free and remaining pumps across their cars to fill up on the other side, thus the lines of waiting drivers stretched for miles.

Finally it was cool again to drive a Morris Minor!

If doesn't matter where It's made, it will break down

Something as simple as a new toaster should be able to work first time. Not so. Fuse in, Leads in place, Bread ready to be baked, and yet still no go. Twelve pounds ninety eight I paid for that including tax. It's enough to make you chew your own foot off. Five hours of turning the air blue before I calmed down and learnt a valuable lesson, and this is my advice to anyone buying something electrical today.

If in doubt, read the instructions.

A numb bum is never a good start to a holiday

If you start squeezing it, you look like a right pervert, especially in airport departure lounges. I reckon I must have spent half my holiday in those places and half my holiday money too. Those delayed flights are so frustrating. All you can do is sit down and spend money. Here is what you do. Get a couple of the bins and put them a few feet apart. If you can't get bins, use a couple of jackets, placed evenly on the floor. Get several of your fellow delayed travellers, and have a kick-a-bout with a beach ball. The security guards will have a field day. Just pretend they are the referees.

I wouldn't say we were delayed that long last year, but on the way back we had enough time for a whole flipping tournament!

Sometimes you just have to take the law into your own hands

Six weeks we were onto the council in my old place to get the street lamps sorted out. They kept on insisting that there were none in existence on my street, when clearly there were. That's council red tape for you. So me and my then neighbour decided to nip down the hardware shop and purchase a few bulbs, and sort it ourselves.

Bad mistake!

Our ladders weren't long enough, so my neighbour had to do a stretch and dangle manoeuvre to reach the casing. Then after he had replaced the bulb there was no way of getting down.

Just then the local police pulled up, and I was left to do the talking. "What's going on 'err then?"

I though fast and said; "Errrr, just a bit of light relief!"

It's so complicated buying a person a ring

Now I know I don't buy one everyday, so I thought "ah clever, I'll measure the diameter of a ring in use." As every schoolboy knows, you can then get the circumference, multiplying the diameter by Pi (3.14159265). But that's still not good enough for the jewellers.

They insisted on me subversively getting hold of a ring in use and bringing it in to measure. Which is difficult if the finger is still attached to it!

Kind of spoils the whole surprise.

Turns out it's a size Y.

"Y?"

Well that's exactly what I said to him.

You have to allow for finger expansion during the times her in doors does the washing up!



Bouncer fashion is on the rise

Our Christmas party took us to a nightclub, and there were these two bouncers standing there

Both of them must have weighed the same as a London taxi, and just as wide. Hair growing on the palms of their hands yet well dressed. In fact more like a Gorilla put in a suit and strategically shaved.

But what was new is the fad of tattoos on the back of the head. This one had green flames shooting up from the back of his neck. Tattoo your brain while you're at it. At least if you don't like it you can always grow your hair back.

So if you're a Bouncer going for a job, and you want to impress, don't show them your Qualifications, just show them your tattoos!!

Can't take my mother anywhere!

Now it's normally me who gets dragged around department shops, but this time I was doing the dragging. We went into this one place, where they come up to you and spray perfumes or after-shaves onto you as you walk in. Normally you can just say no and they will leave you alone, but this place went one step too far with my mother

"Would madam, care if I close her enlarged pores for her"
To which my mother replied: -

"Would madam care to close her enlarged mouth!"

That German bloke can change your life completely

That German bloke called: 'Hair Cut'!!!!!!!!!!
Three people stopped me in the street today to say hello. This is before I met that German bloke.
15 minutes later and no body recognized me. Does my hair grow that quickly?
Even that German bloke didn't recognize me, in-fact I could have got away without paying!
There is always that one sarcastic person who does recognize me after a visit to the barbers, and it's always the same comment I've heard since playground days: -
"Oh the helicopters flying low are they?"

Come the revolution he'll be first against the wall, for a 'Shot - back - and - sides'!

I wonder about dog owners sometimes

Perhaps it's just me, but they must be deaf.
Every time you knock on the front door of a house that has a dog, the dog barks loudly, and the owners shout back loudly.
"Down! Down! Down! Now! Go on get back in there! Back in there! I said, Now"!!!
Then they feel embarrassed or something, because they are always apologizing for their pet dog. This normally happens after the dog introduces himself to my left leg.
"Oh he's harmless, and he makes the kids laugh."

Well he didn't make me laugh, I watched that dog for an hour, and not once did that dog tell a joke!