

Åndssvage ting du kan give dine spillere, uden at du ødelægger balancen i din AD&D kampagne

AD&D

Returning singing sword of detect darkness.
Leaking canteen of endless water.
Potion of vulnerability.
Jockstrap of attract arrows.
Wand of returning fireball.
Scroll of read magic.
Chastity belt of sex appeal.
Glove of soothe chickens.
Bottomless treasure chest.
Umbrella of stormbringing.

Damovitch

35 regler, som fyre ønskede, at piger kendte:

1. Hvis du synes du er overvægtig, så er du det sikkert. Lad være med at spørge os. Vi nægter at svare.
2. Lær at bruge toiletbræddet. Du er en stor pige. Hvis det er oppe, så slå det ned.
3. Lad være med at klippe dit hår - nogensinde. Langt hår er altid pænere end kort hår. En af grundene til at fyre er bange for at gifte sig er, at gifte kvinder altid klipper deres hår, og bagefter hænger du på hende.
4. Fødselsdage, jubilæer o.s.v. er ikke prøver for at se om vi endnu engang kan finde den perfekte gave!
5. Hvis du stiller spørgsmål som du ikke ønsker et svar på, så forvent et svar du ikke ønsker at høre.
6. Nogen gange tænker jeg ikke på dig. Lær at leve med det.
7. Lad være med at spørge os hvad vi tænker på, hvis du ikke er parat til at diskutere emner som biler, fodbold o.s.v.
8. Søndag = sport. Det er lige som fuldmåne og tidevandets skiften. Lad det være sådan.
9. Indkøb er ikke en sportsgren - og nej, vi vil aldrig tænke på det som sådan.
10. Når vi skal nogen steder, så er hvad som helst du har på helt fint. Det er det virkeligt.
11. Du har tøj nok. Du har for mange sko.

12. At græde er afpresning.
13. Din ex-kæreste er en idiot.
14. Fortæl os hvad du vil. Lad os gøre dette helt klart: Skjulte hentydninger virker ikke. Klare hentydninger virker ikke. Åbenlyse hentydninger virker ikke. Bare sig det!
15. Nej, vi ved ikke hvilken dag det er i dag. Det gør vi aldrig. Skriv mærkedage ind i en kalender og mind os jævnligt om dem i god tid.
16. De fleste fyre har tre par sko - højst. Hvad får dig til at tro, at vi er i stand til at vælge hvilket par ud af 30 der passer bedst til dit tøj?
17. Ja og Nej er helt acceptable svar til næsten alle spørgsmål.
18. Kom kun til os med et problem hvis du vil have hjælp til at løse det.
Hvis du bare ønsker sympati, så brug dine veninder.
19. En hovedpine der varer 17 måneder er et problem. Gå til lægen.
20. Franske film er for franskmænd.
21. Tjek din olie. Vil du ikke nok.
22. Lad være med at simulere. Vi vil hellere være ineffektive end bedrages.
23. Alt det vi sagde for 6 måneder siden er ubrugeligt i en diskussion. Faktisk bliver alle vores udtalelser nulstillet og forældet efter 7 dage.
24. Hvis det vi siger kan forstås på to måder, og en af dem gør dig ked af det eller gal, så mente vi det andet!!!!!!
25. Lad være med at gnide på lampen, hvis du ikke vil have ånden til at komme ud.
26. Når det er muligt, så sig det du vil sige under reklamerne.
27. Christopher Columbus behøvede ikke at spørge om vej. Det gør vi heller ikke.
28. Kvinder der bruger push-up BH og nedringet bluse mister deres rettighed til at klage over at nogen stirrer på deres bryster. Flere kvinder burde bruge push-up BH og nedringede bluser. Vi elsker at stirre på bryster.
29. Vores forhold bliver aldrig som det var de første to måneder. Lev med det. Og lad være med at pive over det til dine veninder, som om DERES forhold er SÅ meget bedre.
30. ALLE mænd ser kun i 16 farver. Lige som Windows' standard opsætning. Fersken er for eksempel ikke en farve, det er en frugt. Vi har ingen ide om hvad cerise er.
31. Hvis det klør, vil vi klø. Sådan er vi.

32. Du kan enten spørge os om at gøre en ting ELLER fortælle hvordan du vil have det gjort - ikke begge dele. Hvis du allerede ved hvordan det gøres bedst, så gør det selv.

33. Hvis det er VORES hus, så kan jeg ikke forstå hvorfor MINE ting bliver smidt i skabet, på loftet, i kælderen eller endnu værre, i skraldespanden.

34. Vi er ikke tankelæsere og bliver det aldrig. Vores manglende evner til tankelæsning er ikke et bevis på, hvor lidt vi holder af dig.

35. Hvis vi spørger hvad der er galt og du siger "ingenting", så vil vi opføre os som om der ingenting er galt. Vi ved at du lyver, men det er ikke besværet værd.

ADVARSEL!

Om kort tid vil tusindvis af danskere modtage en konvolut fra et foretagende som kalder sig "Skattevæsenet". ÅBN IKKE DENNE KONVOLUT!!!

Der er tale om en gruppe af mennesker der hvert eneste år prøver at lokke millioner af kroner fra uskyldige danskere. I brevet påstår de, at du skylder dem penge som - ifølge organisationen selv - skal bruges til dit eget bedste.

DETTE ER IKKE SANDT!

Pengene bruges til at subsidiere bønder, børnechecks og alternativt gadeteater. Oven i købet er organisationen i samarbejde med en anden organisation kaldet "ATP". Denne organisation påstår at den tager penge fra din løn og sparer dem op til din alderdom.

DETTE ER HELLER IKKE SANDT!

Disse penge bruges OGSÅ til at subsidiere bønder, børnechecks og alternativt gadeteater.

Begge disse lyssky organisationer har narret milliarder af kroner fra uskyldige danskere - bliv ikke deres næste offer!

SEND DENNE ADVARSEL VIDERE TIL ALLE DU KENDER!

At være en tissemand...

Subject: Lønforhøjelse

Jeg, Tissemanden, anmoder hermed om lønforhøjelse af flg. grunde.:

Jeg har et hårdt fysisk arbejde.
Jeg arbejder i store dybder.
Jeg slår altid hovedet når jeg er på arbejde.
Jeg har ikke fri i weekenden eller på helligdage.
Jeg arbejder i et fugtigt miljø.

Jeg bliver ikke betalt for overarbejde.
Jeg arbejder på en mørk arbejdsplads, næsten uden udluftning.
Jeg arbejder ved en meget høj temperatur.
Jeg arbejder med risiko for smittefare.

Ledelsens svar:

Efter grundig gennemlæsning af deres anmodning, er vi kommet til den beslutning ikke at give dem lønforhøjelse af flg. grunde.:

De arbejder aldrig 8 timer i træk.
Efter kun at have arbejdet i kort tid, falder De i søvn.
De følger ikke altid den rigtige anvisning/ instruktion.
De arbejder ikke altid der hvor De burde.
De tager ikke noget initiativ, tværtimod skal De sættes under pres, og behandles pænt før De overhovedet tænker på at arbejde.
De efterlader Deres arbejdsplads temmelig beskidt, når De forlader den.
De følger ikke altid sikkerhedsanvisningerne, f.eks. som at bære beskyttelsesdragt.
De går temmelig sikkert på pension før De bliver 67 år.
De kan ikke tage nogle dobbeltskift.
De forlader nogle gange Deres arbejdsplads uden at have gjort arbejdet færdigt.
Og som om dette ikke skulle være nok, er De ovenikøbet blevet set forlade Deres arbejdsplads med 2 mistænktligt udseende sække.

M.v.h.
Ledelsen.

Blondine vittigheder

Tenna's klassiske blondine vittigheder

Hvordan underholder man en blondine i timevis?
valgmuligheder:

1. giver hende en pose M&M og siger de skal lægges i alfabetisk orden!
 2. giver hende et stykke papir, hvor der står vend på begge sider!
- Hvad siger en blondine når vandet går over hendes navle?
Det overgår min forstand!

Hvad er det første en blondine gør om morgen?
tager sit tøj og går hjem.

Hvordan får man en blondine op på toppen af et hus?
siger: drinks on the house.

Hvordan får man en blondine til at samle benene?
man stiger af!

Hvorfor begraver man blondiner i trekantede kister?
Fordi hver gang det bliver mørkt spreder de benene.

Hvorfor har blondiner altid navlepiercing?
Så kan de hænge en wunderbaum (adrw!)

Hvorfor fik blondinen aldrig sit kørekort?
hun blev ved med at lægge sig om på bagsædet (luder).

Hvorfor tager blondiner p-piller?
så de kan finde ud af hvilken dag det er... åh

Hvorfor griner en blondine altid 3 gange af en vigtighed?
Når de får den fortalt..... Når de får den forklaret..... Når de forstår den! (hjælp, hvem sagde hjernedød)

Hvordan kan man se at en blondine har brugt en computer?
læbestift på joysticket, rettelak på skærmen og fedtfinger fra når de prøver at vende siden.

Hvordan tænder en blondine lyset?
åbner bildøren.

Hvorfor står der 17 blondiner uden foran et discotek?
fordi der står at man skal være 18 for at komme ind.....

Hvorfor har blondiner blå mærker omkring navlen?
Fordi det findes også blonde mænd. (kender du noget til det Anders Anders?!?)

Hvorfor er blondine vittigheder altid så korte!!!!
Så kan brunetter sku huske dem..... hi-hi

Hvad er forskellen på en myg og en blondine?
Myggen stopper med at suge når man klapper den.

Børn

At børn kan sige nogle sære ting er der vist ikke tvivl om se blot her, hvad Sally sendte mig;

Et plejehjem er et sted, hvor man opbevarer gamle mennesker og truer dem til at dele værelse med nogen de ikke kan lide. De får medicin og frikadeller, og hver lørdag får de formkage med rosiner. - (Lena 5 år).

På plejehjemmet sidder tænderne løse. Alle tager tænderne ud om aftenen og lægger dem på plads om morgenen. Og så er der morgenbøn bagefter.(Camilla 6 år).

På hospitalet er der fyldt op med gamle mennesker. De er stuvet sammen. De har ofte brækket leddene eller vredet halsen om på lårene. (Pernille 7år.)

Ældreomsorg er noget, de gamle må vænne sig til, hvad enten de kan lide det eller ej. (Anna 8 år)

Ældreomsorg er at dele sine sorger med de ældre. (Hans Anton 7 år)

Bedstemødre har meget store BHer. De er så store, at jeg kan få numsen og to knæ ind i den ene skal. I den anden kan min bror sidde. (Kaja 7år)

Bedstemødre har store numser, fordi de har haft så mange siddende på skødet, at underkroppen er blevet mast udad. (Henrik 8 år)

Det bedste jeg kan lide ved morfar er, at han er sig selv og ikke lader, som om han er et eller andet normalt menneske. (Per-Ole 6 år)

Gamle damer lægger ikke æg. Nar man er omkring fyrre eller halvtreds år holder damerne op med at lægge. Det vil sige, at de ikke længere kan producere mennesker. Rugningen begynder omkring fjortenårsalderen og varer til middelalderen. (Johannes 8 år)

De ældre kan ikke få børn. Deres æggestokke er slidt på og desuden har mændene problemer med protesen. (Stig Petter 9 år)

Gamle mænd kan ikke stive tissemanden så meget af. Hvis det alligevel lykkedes, så synker den sammen med et suk. (Ronny Andre 7 år)

Hvis de gamle kunne få børn, ville det ikke være så godt. Plejehjemmene er overfyldte nok allerede, så tænk, hvis der også kom masser af børnebørn og oldebørn der. (Johannes 8 år)

Hvis en mand siger "jeg elsker dig" til en gammel dame bliver hun rasende, fordi hun er træt af at høre på det. (Lisa Therese 7 år)

Når man dør kommer man til Paris. (Kine 6 år)

Det er typisk Gud at være god. (Jenny 6 år)

Gud kommer egentlig fra Gudhjem. (Lars Henrik 5 år)

Gud er en blød mand. Han er næsten gennemsigtig. (Kate 6 år)

Det er Gud der ejer Solen. Han slår den fra om natten for at spare på strømmen. (Nicole 5 år)

Guds mor hedder Gudmor. Hun er mor til alle hans børnebørn: Moses, Jesus og Julemanden. (Henrik Andre 7 år)

At være engel er typisk kvindearbejde. (Anna 9 år)

Drenge ligner ikke engle. Ikke engang når de smiler. (Cornelia 7 år)

I Paradiset bruger de nogle grønne duske i stedet for underbukser. (Therese 7 år)

Jeg tror, det var en, der hed Mogens, som lavede de ti bud. (Karianne 7 år)

Jesus gik bare forbi et kors, og så blev han pludselig slået med en kæp og sømmet fast imod sin vilje. Så korsede han sig. (Halvor 6 år)

Nogle kastede sten på hans grav. Derfor stod Jesus op og blev jøde. Og så blev der stor opstandelse. (Sofie 9 år)

Præsten klæder sig ofte i Adams pragt. Han læser fra Bibelen og synger Ære være Gud i øjet. (Jenny Kristine 9 år)

En discipel er en slags æsel. (Rune 6 år)

Jeg har spist en discipel engang, men den smagte ikke særlig godt. (Sophie 7 år)

Menigheden er dem, der holder med præsten. (Mie 8 år)

Hvis man lægger sig på knæ oppe ved hegnet ind til præsten, får man hundekiks. (Frida 6 år)

De børn, der skal døbes, skal have en lang kjole på, selv om de er drenge. De er for små til at grine af det. (Johnny 5 år)

Præster skal bl.a. være med til fødsel og dåb og konspiration og begravelse. (Christoffer 8 år)

Hvis man ikke vil være gift længere, fordi manden måske var dummere end man troede, så kan man skilles som venner. (Silje Marie 7 år)

Og der findes to slags engle: Almindelige engle og skytsengle. Skytsengle er skudt ud af kanoner. Dem er der lidt mere fart på. Og så er de ofte lidt mere stive i håret. (Anne Sophie 6 år)

I Danmark er det hvedebrødsdage hver dag med wienerbrød til morgenmad. (Morten 7 år)

Jeg har en hund som tror på Gud. (Ida 5 år)

En dame, jeg kender, er så kristen, at det hedder religiøs. Hun er lige så from som en kat. (Anne Merethe 8 år)

Reeza tror ikke på Gud, han tror på Allan. (Kate 6 år)

Når klokken er 12 vender alle sig mod Mekka og bider i kvasterne på tæppet. (Raymond 7 år)

Når nogen dør, bliver de lagt ned i jorden, og så siger præsten: Af jord er du kommet og der skal du blive. Så tømmer han en spand Jord i hovedet på dig. (Hans Peter Hartsteen 9 år)

Man kan blive frelst eller totalfrelst; det kommer an på hvad man gider. (Ingrid Marie 8 år)

***** KÆRESTER set med børns øjne *****

- Hvis man har en kæreste og et marsvin, man godt kan lide, kan man godt kende forskel. Kæresten, det er ham med hovedet.
(Ann 7 år)

- Jeg vil meget hellere have et kæledyr end en kæreste. For jeg synes, katte er pænere end piger....
(Søren 8 år)

-det synes jeg også, kaniner er.
(Jimmy 7 år)

- Hvis man vil af med en kæreste, kan man bare rejse til Grønland og skrive: "Jeg savner dig slet ikke".
(Cæcilie 8 år)

- Når man er forelsket, sidder den ene hjemme og drikker kaffe og ser en lille film. Og så har den anden ryddet op.
(Henrik 6 år)

- Man kan mærke, man godt kan lide én ved at blive gift med hende.
(Danny 8 år)

- Man kan først få en kæreste, når man har bil. For ellers kan man ikke finde hende.
(Alex 7 år)

- Man finder en kæreste i Tyrkiet. For de vil gerne.
(Esra 7 år)

- Hvis man støder ind i hinanden på gaden, og manden siger: "undskyld", og damen siger: "Det gør ikke noget". Så kan det være de flytter sammen.
(Anna 7 år)

- Man kan score en kæreste henne i fritteren, i det rum, hvor der står "FORBUDT" på døren.
(Maria 7 år)

- Man finder en kæreste inde i midtbyen, for der bor mange damer. De gider nemlig ikke gå rundt og passe grise.
(Søren 8 år)

- Jeg kan ikke rigtig huske, hvordan Pernille og jeg blev kærestere. For det er faktisk mange år siden.
(Rune 6 år)
- Man kan finde en kæreste, hvis man reder sit hår hver dag, indtil hun siger ja.
(Jonas 7 år)
- Hvis man bliver forelsket, spørger man: "Hej, vil du godt lige giftes med mig?".
(Sandra 7 år)
- Hvis jeg ikke kan få dén, jeg er forelsket i, bliver jeg ikke ked af det, fordi jeg er tyrker.
(Cigdem 8 år)
- Man går hen til en og spørger, om de vil være kærestere. Så siger de enten "ja" eller "nej"....
(Claus 8 år)
- ...eller også svarer de slet ikke.
(Jimmy 9 år)
- Hver gang man bliver gift skal man have en ring på. Så man kan kun blive gift med ti.
(Kirstine 7 år)
- Der er en sang om at general Napoleon var gift med 10.000....
(Marco 8 år)
- Hvis man ikke vil være kærestere mere behøver man ikke smide ting i hovedet på hinanden.
(Andreas 9 år)
- Hvis nu ens kæreste går ud en aften, fordi han lige skal ned og købe nogle cigaretter, og han bliver slået ned, og han skal på hospitalet, og man ikke kan få ham hjem. Så er det ikke sjovt at være forelsket i ham.
(Tania 9 år)
- Da min mor fandt en kæreste, inviterede hun ham hjem. Så blev han der lidt, indtil han fandt en kæreste.
(Kim 7 år)
- Man er forelsket, indtil man har født et barn. Og så er han alt for fuld.
(Madeeha 7 år)
- Når man har fundet en kæreste, lover man hende at gå i København og spise shawarma.
(Sammey 7 år)
- Jeg ved, jeg ikke bliver skilt, for hun sagde: "Amar halshug". Så hvis hun lyver, kan jeg bare halshugge hende.
(Thomas 8 år)
- Hvis kæresten laver en kage til manden, og manden ikke gider spise kagen, så finder han en anden kæreste....
(Sammey 7 år)

- ...det er nok fordi, han ikke kan lide kagen.
(Steffen 6 år)

- Jalousi er, når damen siger: "Hej, skal vi ikke gå op i seng nu?". Og næste morgen begynder hun at pakke.
(Kirstine 7 år)

Forskellen på kvinder og mænd

Bemærk at med de nye Drive In-Kontant-Automater vil du som kunde for fremtiden kunne hæve kontanter uden at forlade bilen.

Instruktioner for at betjene automaten følger nedenfor. Læs venligst de instrukser, der passer til dit køn, og husk dem til når du skal bruge automaten første gang.

INSTRUKTION FOR MÆND

- 1) Kør frem til kontanten.
- 2) Rul vinduet ned.
- 3) Indsæt kortet og tast PIN-kode.
- 4) Tryk det ønskede beløb.
- 5) Tag kort, penge og kvittering.
- 6) Rul vinduet op.
- 7) Kør.

INSTRUKTION FOR KVINDER:

- 1) Kør frem til kontanten
- 2) Bak det nødvendige for at få sideruden tæt på kontanten.
- 3) Start motoren igen!
- 4) Rul vinduet ned.
- 5) Find din taske og tøm hele indholdet på passagersædet for at finde kortet.
- 6) Find din makeup og check din makeup i spejlet.
- 7) Forsøg at sætte kortet i automaten.
Åben bildøren for nemmere at kunne nå.
- 9) Indsæt kortet.
- 10) Vend kortet rigtigt.
- 11) Find din dagbog i din taske og læs PIN-koden, der er skrevet på omslaget.
- 12) Tast koden.
- 13) Tast "SLET" og tast den korrekte PIN-kode.
- 14) Tast beløb.
- 15) Check din makeup i spejlet igen.
- 16) Tag penge og kvittering.
- 17) Tøm din taske igen for at finde pungen og put pengene i den.
- 18) Put kvitteringen bagerst i checkhæftet.
- 19) Check din makeup igen.
- 20) Kør to meter frem.
- 21) Bak til automaten.
- 22) Tag kortet.

- 23) Tøm tasken og find kortholderen og put kortet deri.
- 24) Check din makeup.
- 25) Start motoren igen! Og køør væk.
- 26) Køør nogle kilometer
- 27) Slip håndbremsen.

Gå dog væk so!

Fra Tom

Det handler jo også om hvad man skal / kan sige til ens omgivelser når man har fået de første 20 genstande, her vil jeg bringe et par eksempler som man med held kan bruge, hvis det er til en man ikke er helt vild med:

1. Undskyld, hvilken slankekur har du forgæves forsøgt
2. Jeg er overbevist om, at du er langt mere intelligent, end jeg først troede, kan du stave til "Hus"?
3. Hvorfor melder du dig ikke frivilligt som The missing link?
4. Nu kan jeg da godt kende dig.. Det var dig der blev sat til at vaske op på D'Angleterre den anden aften!
5. Dine negle står godt til dit sorte hår!
6. Dine forældre må da være blevet forelsket under mørklægningen!
7. Du ligner min bedstemor... Efter hun blev balsameret!
8. Din far og mor må have været meget tæt beslægtet - var de søskende?
9. Hvem læser undertekster for dig når du ser TV?
10. Tillykke med forfremmelsen. Det var fint klaret... Med dine evner!
11. Du er populær som en brændenælde i en nudistlejr!
12. I hvor mange år har du arbejdet med organiske opløsningsmidler?
13. Havregrød ikke gråt..... sammenlignet med dig.
14. At dine forældre er økonomisk på røven, skyldes ikke din Studiegæld !
15. Du får virkelig "Dyret" op i mig - "Møg-Dyret"
16. jeg har ikke mødt nogen der ikke er gået ild i.

Gå på jule indkøb

Fra Tom

Her er nogle gode råd om hvad I kunne lave i et storcenter:

1. Kom tilfældige varer i folks vogne når de ser væk.
2. Indstil alle vækkeurene til at gå i gang med ti minutter efter hinanden dagen igennem.
3. Lav et spor af appelsinjuice på gulvet, der fører hen til toiletterne.
4. Gå hen til en af de ansatte og sig med en meget officiel stemme, "Jeg tror vi har en Kode 3 i legetøjsafdelingen," og se hvad der sker.
5. Indstil alle radioerne på en polka-station; sluk for dem og indstil volumen til "10".
6. Udfordr andre kunder til dueller med ruller af gavepapir.
7. Bed om at få lagt en pose M&M's tilside til næste uge.
8. Flyt "Pas på! Gulvet er vådt"-skiltet hen til en afdeling der har gulvtæppe på.
9. Begynd at græde, vis nogen kommer og spørger dig om de kan hjælpe med noget, og spørg "Hvorfor kan I dog ikke bare lade mig være i fred?"
10. Kig direkte ind i overvågningskameraet, og brug det som et spejl mens du piller næse.
11. Spørg andre kunder om de har noget frikadelle-mix i deres vogn som du må få.
12. Mens du står og holder et gevær i Jagt og Fiskeri-afdelingen, spørger du pludselig sælgeren om han ved hvor pillerne mod depression står.
13. Byt om på "Herrer" og "Damer" skiltene på dørene til toiletterne.
14. Kryb mistænksomt omkring, mens du nynner melodien fra "Mission Impossible."
15. Gem dig ind midt i en række med tøj på bøjler, og når folk bladrer gennem tøjet kan du f.eks. sige "Vælg mig! Vælg mig!"
16. Når der kommer en meddelelse i kunderadioen, kan du indtage en foster-stilling på gulvet og skribe, "Nej, nej! Nu er stemmerne der igen!"
17. Gå ind i et omklædningsrum og råb rigtig højt, "Hey, jeg er løbet tør for toiletpapir her inde!"

Her er en lille historie om kvinder

En kvinde var ude for at spille golf, da hun kom til at skyde en golfbold ind mellem træerne. Nå, men hun gik ind for at finde kuglen, da hun fandt en frø i en fælde.

Frøen sagde: "Hvis du slipper mig fri fra fælden, får du 3 ønsker. Kvinden befriede frøen og frøen sagde: "Tak, men jeg glemte at fortælle dig, at for hvert ønske, uanset hvad du ønsker, får din mand det 10 gange mere og bedre!

"Kvinden sagde: "Det er da OK", og for hendes første ønske, ville hun være verdens smukkeste kvinde. Frøen advarede hende: "Er du nu klar over at din mand vil blive verdens mest eftertragtede og kvinderne vil flokkes omkring ham ?

"Kvinden svarede: "Det er OK, for jeg er verdens smukkeste kvinde og han vil derfor kun kigge på mig." Og med FLASH-KAZAM m.m. blev hendes ønske opfyldt.

Kvindes andet ønske var at blive verdens rigeste kvinde. Frøen sagde: "Det vil gøre din mand den rigeste i verdenen og han vil have 10 gange flere penge end dig. "Kvinden svarede: "Det er OK, for vi har fælles økonomi." Og med FLASH-KAZAM m.m. blev hun den rigeste kvinde i verdenen.

Frøen spurgte kvinden om hendes tredje ønske og hun svarede: "Jeg vil gerne ønske et mildt hjertetilfælde."

Moral of the story: Women are clever bitches. Don't mess with them!!

Hiorths gamle vitser

Lille Ole, du må ikke pisse i vandet.
Jamen, alle andre pisser da også i vandet.
Måske, men de gør det ikke fra vippen.

Det var unge Hansen der var død.

Han var det man kaldte for en rigtig Playboy, for han havde rent ud sagt horet og drukket sig igennem livet. Da han så i sin tidlige alder stillede træskoene, var det ikke for at komme i himlen. Nej da, han røg i helvede! Men det var slet ikke som han havde forestillet sig; Der var gader og stræder, barer og moteller der lignede de jordiske.

Der kom en nydelig herre og modtog ham, fandt et passende og i øvrigt fint værelse til ham. Nu skulle Unge Hansen lige se hvad de kunne gøre, så han spurgte den nydelige herre, om han ikke kunne få en flaske whiskey, og en blondine op på hans værelse. Det kunne han, og puf, så var den nydelige herre væk, og sørme så - blondine og skotsk whiskey var kommet til. Men der var noget galt! Så Hansen ringede til satan, for at sætte sig i respekt. "Der er hul i min whiskey!" sagde hansen.

"Ja", svarede satan, "det er det lumske ved stedet her: Der er hul i alle flaskerne, - men prøv engang at undersøge blondinen!"

Goddag, jeg vil gerne have et slips, der passer til min øjenfarve.
Beklager, men vi har ikke noget i blodsprængt i øjeblikket.

Hvad får man, hvis man parrer et Jehovas Vidne med en fra Dansk Folkeparti?
Små Mavesure folk, der render rundt og banker på dørene, og beder folk om at skrubbe af helvede til...

"Øhh... Sally, der er ikke noget som den første kærlighed."
"Nej det har du ret i. Men du nu også meget sød, Jesper..."

En pige vader ind i et supermarked, og køber følgende:

- 1 stykke sæbe
- 1 tandbørste
- 1 tube tandpasta
- 1 lille franskbrød

1 liter mælk
1 æble
1 banan
1 appelsin
1 blomme
1 fersken
1 grapefrugt
1 tomat
1 liter juice
1 glas syltetøj
1 bage kartoffel
1 kringle
1 pakke smør
1 rundstykke
1 müsli bar
1 tærte
1 lille pose kaffe
1 frossen færdigret
1 frossen pizza

Manden ved kassen kigger på hende, og siger smilende:

"single, hva'?"

Pigen smiler kælent tilbage og svarer:

"hvordan kunne du gætte det?"

Han svarer:

"fordi du er pisse grim!!!"

Hvorfor gik kyllingen over vejen?

AD&D: Det var der der var flest XP

Call Of Cthulhu: Det var altsammen en del af ritualet

D&D: Det var der de vandrende monstre var til at overvinde.

GURPS: Fordi det betød at afstands modifieren blev lige nøjagtig to mindre!!!

Paranoia: Fordi det er et af de få steder man må opholde sig når man er ultraviolet

-OG SELVFØLGELIG FORDI COMPUTEREN SAGDE DET!!!

COMPUTEREN ER VORES ALLESAMENS VEN OG DEN TAGER ALDRI-Zaaap!

Shadowrun: Det var nemmere at hacke DataNetværket derfra!

Star Trek: Fordi afsnittet altid starter med: "...to boldly go, where no man has gone before"

Storyteller: Det var meget pinefuldt(tm), og gav rig lejlighed for at rollespille den Indre Splittelse(tm) og store Kval(tm)

Systemløst: Fordi den, ifølge sin karakterbeskrivelse var draget mod den anden side

Theatrix: Fordi det giver en bedre historie hvis den er derovre

Toon: Grønnere end giraffen med de tre flødeskumskager om sommeren, nå!

Traveller: Der var en højere techlevel!

Twilight 2K: Er du SINDSSYG!?!?! Veje er sgu 'da minerede!!!

Warhammer fantasy Roleplay: For at undslippe Hobitten!

Hvordan kommer Kyllingen så over vejen?

AD&D Bruger 4-5 kamprunder på at slagte de 5d6 Kobolter der tilfældigt kommer forbi, hvorefter den tager tilbage til den landsby den lige kom fra, for at sælge alt byttet og købe mere proviant

Call of Cthulhu Hele kyllingeflokken krydser på een gang (man splitter aldrig(!!!)partiet)efter på behørig vis at have gennemført et okkult vejrydsningsritual for at påkalde TarMac, en dæmon med ambitioner om at dominere alle veje i universet. Som en følge af at det ikke lykkedes at kontrollere dæmonen, bliver halvdelen af partiet ædt, og den anden halvdel stiger øjeblikkeligt 3d6 i vejrydsnings-mythos, og mister lige så meget Sanity, hvilket betyder at de alle sammen bliver sindssyge og løber direkte tilbage på den anden side igen.

D&D Ligesom AD&D, bortset fra at kyllingen bliver slagtet af Kobolterne GURPS Efter meget grundig planlægning og en sekund for sekund udførsel af hele vejrydsningsoperationen, klarer stifinderkyllingen sit navigation rul og finder ud af de rent faktisk kommer fra den anden side

Paranoia Det gør den ikke fordi en eller anden robot ved en fejl har malet vejen ultraviolet, hvorefter den bliver skudt fordi den ikke adlyder Computerens ordrer, og derfor er nødt til at være en forræder-mutant, eller det der er værre!

Shadowrun Efter Deckeren har jammet lysreguleringen, Shamanen har renset det astrale plan for fjender, og de to Physical Adepts dækker i hver sin retning, ræser Kyllingen over vejen i en Combat-Assault-Hovercraft, standser; bruger hele sin combat pool på at røre jorden på den anden side med en vingspids i 0,0023 sekund, hvorefter den ræser tilbage igen...og bruger de næste tre spilgange på at prale med hvor saaaaj den var!

Star Trek Efter at have mistet et par Security Ensigns, finder en af hovedpersonerne ud af en teknisk løsning der er totalt grebet ud af luften, og helst skal involvere enten 2 til 3 større teknologiske landvindinger og en recalibrering af en tricorder til at ordne problemet (eller brug af en inverse tachyon beam!)

Storyteller Den bruger minimum to timer på at gennemleve en større eksistentiel krise(tm) da den opdager hvor godt der var hvor den kom fra, mens den har travlt med at forføre de lokale kyllinger

Systemløst Eftersom kyllingen, netop fordi den er en kylling, har erfaring med at krydse veje, er den i stand til at krydse vejen uden problemer. Desværre har den ikke nogen erfaring med at undslippe store tankvogne, der kommer ned ad bakken lige lidt for hurtigt...

Theatrix Den bruger et plotpoint på at komme med et statement om at den allerede er ovre på den anden side

Toon Efter at have sikret sig til gentagne gange at der ikke er nogen trafik i 10km i hver retning, tager kyllingen et skridt ud på asfalten, kun for at blive ramt af det krydsende tog, et faldende pengeskab, en prærieulv på raketruleskøjter eller/og noget endnu underligere

Twilight 2K Den gør det meegeet foorsiigtigt, og først efter at have overtalt et par forbipasserende ingeniørtropper til at stryge alle minerne -og selv da helst i et pansret køretøj (eftersom der ikke er ret mange af dem omkring, kan det godt tage et par uger)!

Sponsor Kondomer

Nike kondomer : - Just do it

Ford kondomer : - The ride of your life

Sony kondomer : - Do not underestimate the power of Sony

Microsoft kondomer: - Where do you want to go today ?

M&Ms kondomer : - Melt in your mouth, not in your hands

Coca-Cola kondomer: - The Real Thing

Duracell kondomer : - Keep going and going
Pringles kondomer : - Once you pop, you can't stop
Burger King kondomer :- Home of the whopper
Nokia kondomer :- Connecting People
Motorola kondomer :- What you never thought possible
Renault kondomer :- Size does matter !!!!!
Energizer kondomer:- Never say never die
Diet Coke kondomer:- Just for the taste of it
gevalia kondomer : Hvad byder du uventede gæster
coca cola kondomer: enjoy
fanta kondomer : share the fun, where-ever
sprite kondomer : obey your thirst
pingvin(hit-mix) : en håndfuld er en mundfuld
DSB kondomer : Hvis tiden er vigtig
haribo kondomer : Den er go'
Volkswagen kondomer: It feels bigger than it is
BT kondomer : Så er du med
Venus kondomer : Reveal the goddess in you
Super Brugsen kondomer: Stil kærlige krav
Sweps kondomer : Just a little more bite
Anton Berg kondomer: Fordi vi ikke laver andet
Colgate kondomer : Plejer og beskytter
Lorial kondomer : Fordi jeg fortjener det ____
Høng kondomer : Smagen ændre sig, men formen er den samme ! ____!
Carlsberg kondomer: Leverandøg til det Kongelige Hof
Carlsberg kondomer: lavet på det bedste vi har
BRF kredit kondomer: En ven af huset
Disney kondomer : En verden af magi
Macintosh kondomer: Think different
Og hvis de ikke holder alligevel...
If : Hvis uheldet er ude

Lidt at tænke over...

Fra Tom

- * Hvis svømning slanker, hvad er det så gået galt med blåhvaler?
- * Hvad hedder de små plastik rør, der sidder for enden af et snørrebånd?
- * Hvis der ikke er noget der klæber på teflon, hvordan får de så teflon til at sidde fast på panderne?
- * Hvis du kører med lysets hastighed, hvad sker der så når du tænder forlygterne?
- * Hvorfor laver de ikke fly af samme materiale som den sorte boks?
Den holder jo altid.
- * Hvis du binder et stykke smøbrød fast på ryggen af en kat, og slipper den fra stor højde, hvad sker der så?
- * Hvorfor staves palindrom ikke ens forfra og bagfra?
- * Hvis man forsøger at bevise Murphy's lov, vil det så gå galt?
- * Hvis en ko kunne grine, ville der så komme mælk ud af dens næse?
- * Hvorfor er ordet "forkortelse" så langt?
- * Hvorfor er der kun et monopol tilsyn?

her er lidt mere at tænke over, fra "Den syge pinsvin"

Hvorfor trykker man hårdere på fjernbetjeningen, når batteriet er ved at være fladt?
Hvordan fejrer nudister fastelavn?
Hvis super lim klæber på alt, hvorfor klæber den så ikke på indersiden af tuben?
Hvis en hare fod bringer held, hvad skete der så liiiiige med haren?

Nu hvor du har smilet mindst én gang, er det din tur til at sprede dumhederne og sende dem til nogen, du synes trænger til et smil (måske enda et grin).

Livet og alt det der andet

En professor stod foran sit hold med en del effekter foran sig. Da forelæsningen begyndte, tog han lydløst et stort tomt syltetøjsglas, som han fyldte med sten, som var ca. 5 cm i diameter. Da der ikke kunne være flere sten i glasset, spurte han de studerende:

"Er glasset fyldt nu?" Alle var enige om at det var det. Så tog professoren nogle småsten frem, dem puttede han ganske forsigtigt ned i glasset, imens han rystede det, derved faldt de små sten ned igennem sprækkerne imellem de store sten. Da glasset var proppet til kanten, spurte han de studerende igen, "Er glasset nu fyldt?" Alle var enige om at nu var det fyldt.

Da professoren nu tog en pose med sand frem grinede de studerende, for professoren kunne jo sagtens hælde den del sand ned mellem sprækkerne, der stadig var mellem de store sten og småstenene, han fyldte nu glasset helt op med sand.

"Nu!" sagde professoren "Vil jeg gerne have, at i forestiller jer at dette glas er jeres liv!" De store sten, er de betydningsfulde ting i jeres liv, - familien, kæresten/ægtefællen, børnene, jeres helbred - altså ting, som hvis I mister alt andet, end netop lige disse ting, så vil jeres liv fortsat være fyldt.

Småstenene er så andre knap så vigtige ting, så som jobbet, dit hus, din bil. Og sandet er alt andet. "Se! Hvis I først fylder glasset med sand, så er der jo ikke plads til småsten og store sten. Det samme gælder for jeres liv, hvis I bruger alt jeres tid og energi på små ubetydelige ting, så bliver der ikke plads til de store og betydningsfulde ting. Hav' altid fokus på hvilke ting, der er vigtige for netop dig, så dit liv bliver lykkeligt. Leg med dine børn, afsæt tid til lægebesøg, så helbredet altid er i orden. Gå i byen med din partner, og alligevel vil der fortsat være tid til at tage på arbejde, gøre rent i huset, og alt det andet "sand og småsten" "Fyld dit liv med store sten - ting der virkelig betyder noget. Hold styr på hvad der skal prioriteres som store sten. Resten er jo bare sand!"

Professoren kikker nu hen over de studerende, tager en øl frem, og hælder ganske forsigtigt en hel øl ned i de sidste små mellemrum mellem sandet, småstenene og de store sten. Han vender sig mod klassen og siger: " Og moralen er! Lige meget hvad fanden, der sker i dit liv, er der altid plads til en øl!"

Mærkelige ord

Det er et forholdsvis kendt fænomen, at sprog generelt er misvisende.

Shao-lin farveland

Kung to-fu

Judomani

Kara-tehus

Boksermadras

Bogen "Kvinde kendo din krop "

Bald Desert Eagle

Cyber-punk: "I only have ICE for you "

Revolver doors

Karambolage billard

The disembowling alley

Samurejer

Salmonella Rushdie

Til gengæld findes der også enlang række ord og vendinger, som ikke er nær så farlige som de umiddelbart ser ud til:

Everybody was Tofu Fighting

Skydedøre

Ludomester

Flæskesværd

Tigerrejer

Eksplisionsmotor

Branddøre
Jyske Bank
Granatæbler

Oh, The Irish Ego

Saddam Hussein was sitting in his office wondering whom to invade next when his telephone rang.

"Hallo! Mr. Hussein," a heavily accented voice said. "This is Paddy down in County Cavan, Ireland. I am ringing to inform you that we are officially declaring war on you!"

"Well, Paddy," Saddam replied, "This is indeed important news! Tell me, how big is your army?" "At this moment in time," said Paddy after a moment's calculation, "there is myself, my cousin Sean, my next door neighbor Gerry, and the entire dominoes team from the pub----- that makes 8!"

Saddam sighed. "I must tell you Paddy that I have 1 million men in my army waiting to move on my command."

"Begorra!", said Paddy, "I'll have to ring you back!"

Sure enough, the next day Paddy rang back. "Right Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to acquire some equipment!" "And what equipment would that be, Paddy?" Saddam asked.

"Well, we have 2 combine harvesters, a bulldozer and Murphy's tractor from the farm."

Once more Saddam sighed. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 16 thousand tanks, 14 thousand armored personnel carriers, and my army has increased to 1 and a half million since we last spoke."

"Really?!" said Paddy "I'll have to ring you back!"

Sure enough, Paddy rang again the next day. "Right Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to get ourselves airborne! We've modified Ted's ultra-light with a couple of rifles in the cockpit and the bridge team has joined us as well!"

Saddam was silent for a minute, and then sighed. "I must tell you Paddy that I have 10 thousand bombers, 20 thousand MiG 19 attack planes, my military complex is surrounded by laser-guided surface-to-air missile sites, and since we last spoke, my army has increased to 2 million."

"Faith and Begorra!", said Paddy, "I'll have to ring you back. "Sure enough, Paddy called again the next day.

"Right Mr. Hussein, I am sorry to tell you that we have had to call off the war."

""I'm sorry to hear that", said Saddam. "Why the sudden change of

heart?"

"Well," said Paddy "We've had a chat, and there's no way we can feed 2 million prisoners."

Operating systems

DOS Air: All the passengers go out onto the runway, grab hold of the Plane, push it until it gets in the air, hop on, jump off when it hits the ground again. Then they grab the plane again, push it back into the air, hop on, etc..

Mac airways: The cashiers, flight attendants and pilots all look the same, feel the same and act the same. When asked questions about the flight, they reply that you don't want to know, don't need to know and would you please return to your seat and watch the movie.

Windows Airlines: The terminal is very neat and clean, the attendants all very attractive, the pilots very capable. The fleet of Learjets the carrier operates is immense. Your jet takes off without a hitch, pushing above the clouds, and at 20.000 feet it explodes without warning.

OS/2 Skyways: The terminal is almost empty, with only a few prospective passengers milling about. The announcer says that their flight has just departed, wishes them a good flight, though there are no planes on the runway.

Linux united: Have the biggest and fastest planes, with all the extras, but no one can navigate the machine

Resolutions... If I Ever Become a Vampire

klassiske vampyrer

Denne her kommer fra Troels, ked af at den er på engelsk

Resolutions... If I Ever Become a Vampire

I shall wear tweed, and cheerful bright clothing. Further, I shall only wear trenchcoats if it is raining or foggy.

I will not take my victims home. My neighbors are far too nosy.

I will be secure in my immortality. I do not have to share my story with any reporter or struggling writer.

I will not purchase an expensive foreign sports car or motorcycle. An economical, multi-terrain vehicle with 4 wheel drive will be just fine.

I will immediately become Agnostic, disarming any cross-wielding religious maniacs.

I shall not keep a coffin in the basement, that's the first place people look.

I shall immediately purchase a "Hooked on Phonics" tape, in order to lose any Romanian accent I may have.

My ghouls shall have good posture.

I will purchase a digital watch with an alarm. I will set this alarm for TWO hours before sunrise, giving ample time for traffic and other inconveniences.

If I feel truly alone, and need a companion to share all of eternity with, I shall purchase a dog. Preferably one that is not larger than I am.

If the neighborhood kids are snooping around my house, I will not change into a giant wolf and attempt to destroy them. Instead, I shall call the police and have them arrested for trespassing.

If I believe far too many people are becoming suspicious, I shall not attempt to kill them all. I will simply move, and leave no forwarding address.

There is no logical reason for someone to mistake another human being for a fifteen-foot bat, not even in hysteria. Therefore, I shall refrain from such transformations in public.

Artists are over-emotional and unstable. I shall not keep company with them whatsoever.

I will not attend gatherings of my own kind. If I'm a lethal killing machine, doomed for all eternity to destroy those around me, they probably are too.

I will not pick off friends, family or neighbors of the Hero one at a time. This annoys the Hero and drives him into action. They'll still be there when he is dead.

There are thousands of sick people who want to be vampires. Why pick someone who doesn't?

The Hero will come armed with holy water, a cross and a stake. I will come armed with a 5.56 mm assault rifle and grenades. If the Hero has to cross open ground, there is no better way to reach out and touch someone than with a sniper rifle.

When biting women to make them slaves, I will bite them in out-of-the-way locations such as the inside of the thigh, the lower part of the breast or other location not requiring painfully obvious alteration of clothing or ridiculous accessories to conceal.

I will equip my home with a marvelous device called a burglar alarm with an automatic dialer. It will be difficult for the Hero to kill me while under arrest for attempted breaking and entering.

My coffin will be concealed and will be a plain wooden box. The elaborate oak coffin with gold trim resting in the basement will be equipped with claymore mines designed to shred the body of anyone who opens it.

I will wear a watch and verify what time sunrise is every day.

The formal attire with cape will be reserved for special occasions. Jeans and a t-shirt will be fine for everyday wear as they are less noticeable.

I will wear white clothing, which does not set off my pallor as obviously as black.

If I can't avoid wearing black all the time, and acting wierd, I will go to bars

which cater to that sort of clientele. It would make it more difficult for the Hero to pick me out of the crowd.

I will not engage in a battle of wits with the Hero. I plan on killing him anyway so what's the point?

I will not dismiss a Hero as a mere mortal because he does not have my centuries of experience. Even inexperienced losers can get lucky.

There will be no windows, doors, elevator shafts or air vents accessing my Hidden Lair that have any sort of access to the outside and which sunlight can be directed down using mirrors.

If there must be windows they will be painted over and backed with steel plate so the Hero will face a rude surprise when he throws something through it at sunrise.

When I take the Hero's True Love to make her my concubine and eternal slave I will not show her off to goad the Hero into making an attack. That would goad the Hero into making an attack. She will be tucked away in a quiet room watched over by my loyal servants until the Hero is dead.

I will not transform children. Their bodies will stay the same age forever while their minds grows older and they will become whiny and disobedient.

I will not use bug-eating morons as servants. Pretty females dressed in little French maid outfits are more visually appealing and can also distract the Hero.

While castles and mansions are traditional and have a certain flair, the two bedroom bungalow is less noticeable in suburbia.

My home will not have wooden furniture, the legs of which become sharp, pointed sticks at inopportune moments.

I will have one of my Entranced Subjects constantly observing the Hero and his party. I always want warning if they go to a lumber yard.

My home will have mirrors but they will be located in places such as the bathroom where I am unlikely to be at the same time as the Hero or his friends.

I will not change into a bat, scuttle up walls, fly or hypnotize people when there might be witnesses.

All my concubines will be fully aware that they are not to seduce, attack or even bother visitors staying in the castle unless they have express consent from me.

The blood in the refrigerator will be stored in a tomato juice container and there will be ordinary food in there for camouflage.

I will get a voice coach and change my name. "Hi, I'm Bob," is less suspicious than "I.....am.....Dra.cu.....la."

I will not associate with vampire theatres, vampire whorehouses and prostitution rings, vampire bars or vampire biker gangs. They attract attention.

I will spend no more than 10 years in any one location and when I move it will be somewhere distant. I will not return to a previous home for a minimum of 80 years. Anyone who previously knew me will either be dead or senile.

I will be able to explain porphyria and why that unfortunate genetic condition is the reason I cannot go out in the sun.

I will force myself to look concerned and not hungry when someone accidentally cuts himself.

A Kevlar vest with a ceramic trauma plate located over the heart is a rather trendy fashion accessory.

I will take seriously anyone who approaches me with a water pistol and a confident expression.

Backpacks and small bags capable of holding sharp pointed wooden sticks will be taken from visitors by a servant at the door. Anyone refusing to part with their accessories will be taken into a side room and shot in the knees, handcuffed and chained to the wall, where they will provide lunch for my concubines.

Crossbows, spears, arrows and other antique weapons with wood or large blades will be banned from the castle. There is nothing wrong with a fine collection of rifles and handguns.

I will carry at least a .38 on my person and become proficient in its use. If the Von Helsing is holding me at bay with a religious symbol or I am unable to use my vampiric powers for other reasons, I can always open fire.

I will be a strict atheist, so the hero will be forced to use a copy of "The Skeptical Inquirer" or "Das Kapital" rather than a Bible, delaying him considerably.

Before dining out with anyone, I will verify that garlic is not a major spice at that restaurant.

I will not take blood from people who take cocaine, speed, or other addictive drugs.

All servants, concubines and assorted slaves will be under strict orders not to show excessive devotion to me in public.

Servants, concubines and assorted slaves will have a zero-tolerance rule: one mistake and they're dead. I can always create more.

When recruiting new blood, so to speak, I will first enslave those who might notice odd behavior in my future concubines. Therefore, I take the teacher at the all-girls school first.

All future concubines will be screened and have complete background checks. Those with relatives named Van Helsing will be removed from consideration. The irony is not worth the risk.

Nothing says the Hero can't be a cripple or be suffering massive trauma from a shotgun blast before he becomes lunch.

I will not personally finish off the Hero. That is what loyal servants, concubines and assorted slaves are for. Besides, the True Love is probably tastier.

All future concubines will be strip-searched for rosaries, crucifixes and garlic before I approach them.

All cute but spunky kids in the community who express an interest in the supernatural will be identified and observed for sudden changes in behavior.

I will be an upstanding but otherwise undistinguished resident of my community and will make sure that I cultivate enough friends that I will be warned of anyone spreading malicious rumors about me.

Since it will be the last thing they would expect, I will hire a Mafia hit team to take out the Hero and his friends. Let's see the crucifix protect them from an Uzi.

And if it does, I will immediately leave town (having been spying on them from several blocks away via a convenient hard-to-trace method of my choice).

All villagers will be encouraged to send their children to the schools I will secretly finance. After a few years of modern education they will dismiss the legends told by their grandparents, several of which will undoubtedly be ways to destroy me.

I will ignore all attempts to appeal to my former sense of humanity. I don't have any. That is why it is former.

I will remind myself that I am immortal, not indestructible.

All concubines will save the loose, transparent flowing silk dresses for special occasions. I'm a modern sort of guy so I like a woman in leather and Kevlar, which provides more protection so she lasts longer in a fight.

Although firearms are useless against me and the concubines they work quite effectively on the Hero and his friends. Therefore all concubines will be armed and taught to shoot. They will use hand and fang in attack only as a last resort.

All bodies of former meals will be destroyed in a manner which will make the absence of blood and bite marks impossible to identify.

I will not send bodies or parts thereof of former friends, relatives, mentors or lovers to the Hero in order to demonstrate my complete mastery over life and death.

I will not demonstrate knowledge inappropriate for someone of my apparent age.

I will not begin a vendetta against someone who has destroyed a fellow vampire that I was fond of. They have clearly demonstrated they have the ability to destroy me.

More vampires means lower prey ratio: I will carefully consider if I really want more of us running around.

All the cutlery in my house will be either stainless steel or plastic. No silver. (Besides, I might accidentally cut myself.) But ideally, the steel will have a special surface that makes it look like silver, so the Hero will waste his time trying to stab me with it.

I will keep important bits of my home flooded with a non-flammable poisonous gas at all times. Not needing to breathe is a useful skill.

As cancer isn't a particularly large concern for me, I'll wear asbestos clothing.

I will make lots of long term investments.

With the great wealth I get from the long term investments, I shall endow a genetics program aimed at producing cows whose udders secrete human blood, or a palatable imitation thereof. Then I can go to McDonalds instead of bothering the hero's womenfolk.

While it may offend my dignity, whining incessantly will indicate that I am the protagonist, and will enable me to avoid the attentions of Heros.

As cute as the "Vampire Slayer" is, there are other girls just as cute who are not capable of destroying me.

I will not engage a "Vampire Slayer" in martial arts combat, as that seldom seems to work out well.

If I find out that there is a "Vampire Slayer" living in the vicinity, I will consider moving elsewhere, regardless of the advantages conferred by that particular location.

When faced with a gang of spunky kids determined to stop my evil schemes, I will consider surrender. Or mailbombs.

I will put on lots of makeup and fur, and howl at the moon every once in a while. This should confuse the hero, and will probably enable me to get away with a silver bullet or two.

I will not consider property crimes beneath my dignity. Carjacking is a good source of income, and I don't have to worry much about the possibility of something going wrong.

Top 10 Uholdbare kombinationer

Kombinationer:

1. Jetpilot med højdeskræk
2. Kloakmand med lugtesans
3. Pacifistisk jægersoldat
4. Etisk politiker
5. Frømand med vandskræk
6. Frø med vandskræk
7. Kuldskeer ismand
8. Rollespiller med et liv
9. Lagermand på Haribo
10. Intelligent blondine

Tømmermands kuren

Da der nok er nogle af jer som vågner op lørdag morgen (efter kl. 14:00) med "Racer-Mave" (følelsen af at maven har elevatorfunktion) & med dertil hørende "Håndværker-Besøg" (Tømmermænd) både de fysiske & de moralske, de moralske kan jeg ikke hjælpe jer med, men til de fysiske er der denne Cocktail:

1 del Pernod,
1 del von Oosten,
1 del Pebermyntelikør,
1 del Gin,
et par stænk Tabasco,
2 rå Æg,
salt & peber,

drøn det hele op i en Blender og giv blandingen 1-2 min. (eller stop lige før jeres hoved sprænger af lyden fra Blenderen), hæld hele herligheden op i et bredt glas og tag en lang og dyb indanding (det vil i de fleste tilfælde gøre noget akut ved maven) og drik det så i en laaaaang slurk !

Denne opskrift er testet af Judge, som beskrev at hvis du kan holde maven nede i fem minutter, forsvinder dine tømmermænd bagefter

World Trade Center's Destruktions Ground

Osama's søn kom hjem med 03 i historie.

Osama: "Hvad gik der galt?"

Søn: "Jeg skrev at Eiffeltårnet er højere en World Trade Center"

Osama smilede: "Bare rolig! Det ordner jeg!".

Fodbold; Brøndby

Er man Brøndby fan, skal man tage denne med et smil, det er jo kun "en vits".

ANSØGNING OM OPTAGELSE TIL BRØNDBY SUPPORT

Navn: _____ (efternavn)

Brian

Jimmi

Ronni

Johnny-Brian

(Afkryds venligst fornavn)

Alder: ____

Kon:

____ Mand

____ Ved ikke

Sko Størrelse (ADIDAS eur.nr) : ____

Stilling:

Narkoman Autolakerer Maler

Smusker Arbejdsløs

Ægtefelles navn: _____

Antal børn i husstanden: ____

Antal heraf, som er dine: ____

Moders navn: _____

Faders navn: _____ (Udfyld intet, hvis du ikke er sikker)

Uddannelse: 1. , 2., 3 eller 4. (Afkryds afgangsklasse fra folkeskolen)

Kæledyr :

____ Rottweiler

____ Pitt Bull

____ Kongepython

____ Sort enke

Type og argang bil: _____ 197_

____ Antal gram narko du har købt denne uge

____ Antal fængselsophold

____ Antal køretøjer du ejer !

____ Antal køretøjer du har stjålet !

____ Antal koretojer du har hærget !

- ___ Antal knive du ejer !
___ Antal skydevaben du ejer
Hvor opbevarer du dem:
___ Soveværelset
___ Dagligstuen
___ Køkkenet
___ Skuret
___ Bilen
___ Lommen
Aviser/blade du abonnerer på :
 B.T.
 Ekstra Bladet
 Rapport
Hvad er du medlem af :
 Hells Angels
 Bandidos
 Socialdemokratiet
 Fremskridtpartiet
 South Side Brigade
Du synes at for fed er :
(Afkryds gerne flere)
 Søren Krarup
 Pia Kjærsgaard
 Jonni Hansen
 Jean Marie Le Penn
 Rambo
 Snurre snup
Du har fornylig erhvervet aktier/anpartar i :
 B&W
 Nordisk Fjer Holding A/S
 Accumulator Invest
 Selskabet 13235536 af 17. maj 1992 ApS
Hvor mange FCK-fans har du banket ___
Antal rovmord du har begaet :
 1-2 3-5 Flere
Hvor mange gange siger du Ikk og Mand i en setning.
 1-2 gange, 3-5 gange , Flere
Desuden skal vedlægges lydband med følgende ord :
Brøndby (udtales : "ønby" bemærk således at Brø
er stumt"),
Pansersvin
Ludersøn :
Ansøgning vedlagt straffeattest bedes indsendt til
Brøndby-Support.

julens fristelser

Til alle dem, der skal til julefrokost....
Julefrokosttiden nærmer sig, og det kan være nødvendigt at vide HVILKEN brandert man har på.....

- Askepot-druk: Du kommer hjem og har tabt en sko og tøjet hænger i laser.
Bambi-druk: Dine ben nægter at gøre som du siger og dit hoved føles stort som en badebold.
Tornerose-druk: Du sover i hundrede år.
Snehvide-druk: Du vågner med syv fremmede mænd i sengen.
Lille havfrue-druk: Dine fødder klister sammen og lugter af fisk.
Lille rødhætte-druk: Du vågner med din mormor i samme seng.
Kejserens nye klæder-druk: Du vågner helt nøgen i rendestenen og opdager en pegende folkeskare.
Den grimme ælling-druk: Du vågner med en samlever - men det er ikke din egen - den her er smukkere.

Peter Plys-druk: Din bug har hævet til dobbelt størrelse og din mund er klistret.

Joakim von And-druk: Du vågner og har en stor bunke penge, men ingen bukser.

Hans og Grete-druk: Du kan nemt finde til toiletet ved at følge sporet af nattens opkastninger.

Store Stygge Ulv-druk: Du har så slem ånde, at du kan blæse et hus omkuld.

jyder

dette var tilsendt mig fra Marie C.P.

KØBENHAVNSK PAR FØDER JYSK BARN (Ritzau)

Lars og Cecilie, et sundt og raskt og heltigennem københavnsk par, er endnu ikke kommet sig over den forfærdelige nyhed, de fik i sidste uge, da lægerne på Rigshospitalets børneafdeling gav dem den knusende besked: "Jeres barn er jyde."

Udadtil virker Lars og Cecilies dreng, den 4 år gamle Klaus, som et helt normalt barn. Men månedlange undersøgelser på Rigshospitalet efterlader ingen tvivl om at han er uhelbredeligt jysk. "Selvom vi længe vidste, at der var noget galt med Klaus, så var den endelige dom alligevel et hårdt slag," fortæller Cecilie. "Det er svært at fatte, at han er fuldstændig jysk, og at han vil være det resten af livet." Også lægerne er forbløffede og forfærdede: "Vi har testet begge forældre, og de besidder absolut ingen anlæg for jyskhed," udtaler Overlæge Arne Krogstrup fra Rigshospitalets børneafdeling. "Indtil videre håber vi, at det er et enkeltstående fænomen.

Men vi vil indtrængende opfordre andre forældre til at henvende sig, hvis de mistænker deres børn for at være jyder. Det er særdeles vigtigt at få klarlagt, om dette er et omsiggribende fænomen." Som spæd udviste Klaus ingen klare tegn på, at han var jysk. Først omkring 3-års alderen begyndte han at opføre sig underligt, og vakte forældrenes bekymring. Lars fortæller: "Første gang vi blev urolige var en dag da jeg sad og kiggede i billedbog sammen med Klaus. Der var en lille gris, der havde gemt sig, og så spurgte jeg Klaus: 'Hvor er grisen henne?' Han pegede på grisen og sagde: 'Dær er æ gris.'" "Så grinte jeg og sagde: 'Det hedder altså grisen, ikke æ gris.' Og så stirrede han bare på mig, med en vrede der var helt unaturlig for en lille dreng, som om jeg havde sagt noget fuldstændig blasfemisk, og han sagde med sammenbidte tænder: 'Æ gris! Det bløwwer do nød te å husk, fatter!' Jeg blev faktisk ret bange for ham." Til at begynde med håbede Lars og Cecilie, at Klaus' mærkværdige adfærd bare var noget, der gik over med tiden. "Men det blev værre. Det blev meget værre," siger Cecilie med smerte i stemmen. "Han begyndte at æde enorme mængder mad. Især havregrød. Og han krævede, at vi altid spiser op. Hvis vi levner lidt ved aftensmaden, siger han straks: 'Ka I så fo ded nier! Ska den goe ma bår gå te spill?'" "Og det er umuligt at diskutere med ham," fortsætter Lars. "Han er helt unaturligt stædig. Hvis han ikke får sin vilje, truer han med at melde os for incest og børnemishandling. 'Spis jeres ma, eller a kommer på børnehjem!' siger han. Efterhånden som tiden gik, og Klaus' adfærd blev værre, måtte Lars og Cecilie indse, at der var noget helt alvorligt galt.

"Vi blev for alvor bange for at han var jysk, da vi var i Zoologisk Have for første gang," fortæller Cecilie. "Det virkede slet ikke som om han syntes, at dyrene var sjove eller spændende. Han var mest interesseret i hvor mange æg, pingvinerne gav, og hvad kiloprisen på kamelerne var. Girafferne var han især interesseret i. 'Der ka dæleme bløve mange nakkekoteletter a dem,' sagde han. Vi prøvede at forklare ham, at det var meningen, at man bare skulle kigge på dyrene - ikke købe dem eller spise dem. Men det kunne han overhovedet ikke forstå. Og så sagde han: 'Waffor holler de dyrskue når en it ka køwe kreatuerne? Ded er dæleme da tosset.' Så kørte vi direkte på hospitalet med ham."

Klaus var indlagt i næsten et halvt år, mens børneafdelingens læger forsøgte at stille en sikker diagnose. "Selvom forældrene med rette følte, at deres barn led af jyskhed, så er det en anden sag at stille en klinisk diagnose," udtaler Overlæge Arne Krogstrup. "Klaus måtte igennem mange systematiske undersøgelser, før vi var sikre." Arne Krogstrup observerede bl.a. at Klaus var ganske fascineret af Pia Kjærsgaard. "For det meste ville han helst se børne-tv, som ethvert normalt barn. Men vi opdagede, at når der var nyheder på TV, og der var indslag med Pia Kjærsgaard, satte han sig lige foran fjernsynet og lyttede til hende og nikkede roligt. Han var ofte fuldstændig opslugt. Hvis vi prøvede at fortælle ham, at Pia Kjærsgaard ikke er en sød dame, så stirrede han uforstående på os og rystede langsomt på hovedet. Lægerne blev dog først sikre på,

at Klaus var jysk, da de undersøgte hans humoristiske sans. "Til vores store forfærdelse manglede den fuldstændig. Vi prøvede at få ham interesseret i f.eks. South Park og Casper & Mandril-aftalen. Men han fattede det ikke, og syntes det var dybt åndssvagt.

Derimod brølede han af grin og rullede rundt på gulvet af latterkræmper hvis han så Finn'sk Fjernsyn. Så var vi desværre temmelig sikre på, at han måtte være jysk." Klaus har nu været udskrevet i en uge, og Lars og Cecilie er i gang med den vanskelige proces at lære hvordan man lever med et jysk barn. "Det er meget svært at vide, hvordan man skal gøre, når man ikke selv har haft med jyder at gøre," sukker Cecilie. "F.eks. nægter Klaus at gå i andet tøj end Jack&Jones eller Helly Hansen. I går prøvede vi at give ham noget pænt Benetton-børnetøj på, men han skreg som besat, som om vi prøvede at slå ham ihjel. Jeg har aldrig hørt noget barn skrike sådan. Vores jyske underbo kom farende op til os, og spurgte hvad i alverden vi lavede. Og da hun så tøjet, var det lige før hun også skreg, og hun sagde: 'Dette tøj må aldrig berøre dette barns krop. Hører I?'"

"Vi forsøger at gøre det så godt som muligt, og at holde af ham. Selvom det er svært, så er han trods alt vores barn. Og selvom han nok aldrig bliver rask, så håber vi, at han alligevel få en nogenlunde normal tilværelse. Vi håber, at hvis han bare kan gennemføre folkeskolen, så kan han blive politimand, og være sammen med sine egne. Det vil nok være det bedste for ham."

mænd og religion

One day in the Garden of Eden, Eve calls out to God... "Lord, I have problem!"

"What's the problem, Eve?"

"Lord, I know you've created me and have provided this beautiful garden and all of these wonderful animals, and that hilarious comedic snake, but I'm just not happy."

"Why is that, Eve?" came the reply from above.

"Lord, I am lonely. And I'm sick to death of apples."

"Well, Eve, in that case, I have a solution. I shall create a man for you."

"What's a 'man,' Lord?"

"This man will be a flawed creature, with many bad traits. He'll lie, cheat, and be vain glorious; all in all, he'll give you a hard time. But, he'll be bigger, faster, and will like to hunt and kill things. He will look silly aroused, but since you've been complaining, I'll create him in such in a way that he will satisfy your ah, physical needs. He'll be witless and will revel in childish things like fighting and kicking a ball about. He won't be too smart, so he'll also need your advice to think properly.

"Sounds great," says Eve, with an ironically raised eyebrow.

"What's the catch, Lord?"

"Yeah, well.... you can have him on one condition."

"What's that, Lord?"

"As I said, he'll be proud, arrogant, and self-admiring...So you'll have to let him believe that I made him first...So, just remember... it's a secret...Woman-to-woman!"

Djævlens tal afsløret.

Vi kender alle klassikeren:666, Djævelens tal.
Her er top ti alternative tal med betydning;

DCLXVI: Djævelens romertal.
666.0000: Djævelens præcisions tal.
0,666: Milidjævelens tal.
666 -1 : Djævelens inverse tal.
1010011010: Djævelens binære tal.
665.95: Djævelens udsalgspris.
666 ° C: Djævelens temperatur.
I66686: Djævelen processor.
668: Djævelens nabo.
Word 6.66: Djævelens tekstbehandlingsprogram.

Dam.

sindsyge

Denne lille lækkerbidsken fik jeg fra Edith

- 1) Sæt dig i din parkerede bil m/solbriller på ved frokosttid og peg med en hårtørrer på bilerne der kører forbi. Se om de sænker farten.
- 2) Kald dig selv over samtaleanlægget. Lad være med at maskere din stemme.
- 3) Insister på at din emailadresse er: Xena-Warrior-Princess@companyname.com
- 4) Hver gang nogen beder dig om at gøre noget, så spørg om de vil have pomfritter med det.
- 5) Opfordr dine kolleger til at slutte sig til dig i lidt synkroniseret stoldans.
- 6) Sæt din papirkurv på bordet og mærk den "ind".
- 7) Udvikl en unaturlig frygt for klipsemaskiner.
Fyld kaffeautomanten med koffeinfri kaffe i tre uger. Så snart alle så har vænnet sig til det, skift så til ekspresso.
- 9) Svar til alt alle siger: "Det er noget du tror".
- 10) Afslut alle dine sætninger med "Som profetien forudsagde"
- 11) Juster farven på din skærm så lys/mørke niveauet kan lyse hele dit arbejdsareal op. Insister på at du foretrækker det sådan.
- 12) Lad være med at bruge punktum, komma, semi/kolon eller andre tegn når du skriver.
- 13) Så ofte som muligt så hop i stedet for at gå.
- 14) Spørg folk hvad køn de er. Grin hysterisk når de har svaret.
- 15) Syng med i operaen
- 16) Gå til et poesioplæsning og spørg hvorfor digtene ikke rimer.
- 17) Find ud af hvor din chef køber tøj og køb nøjagtig de samme klæder. Bær dem en dag efter din chef.
(Dette er i særdeleshed effektivt hvis din chef er af det modsatte køn).
- 18) Send en email til resten af firmaet og fortæl dem hvad du laver. F.eks. "hvis nogen har brug for mig er jeg på toilettet i bås tre".
- 19) Sæt myggenet om det sted du sover. Afspil bånd med junglelyde hele dagen.
- 20) Fortæl dine venner fem dage i forvejen at du ikke kan komme til deres fest fordi du ikke er i humøret til det.
- 21) Ring 112 og spørg om 112 er til nødssituationer.
- 22) Ring til krisehjælp eller Selvmordslinjen og lad være med at sige noget overhovedet.
- 23) Få dine kolleger til at kalde dig ved dit brydernavn, Steen Hård.
- 24) Når du forlader Zoologisk Have, begynd så at løbe mod parkeringspladserne mens du skriger: "Løb for livet, de er løs!"
- 25) Fortæl din chef at det ikke er stemmerne i dit hoved der er problemet, men stemmer i hans der generer dig.
- 26) Fortæl dine børn over middagsmaden at grundet familiens dårlige økonomi bliver I nødt til at lade et af dem gå.
- 27) Hver gang du ser en kost, så råb: "Skat, din mor er her!"

starwars - Vader Strikes Back

Take a look at what I found!

There's going to be an extra scene included in the DVD release of The EMPIRE STRIKES BACK coming up next year!

Basically, it expands on the scene where Vader reveals his fatherhood to Luke, and ties up some loose ends created with the release of Episode 1...

It's just great

The Empire Strikes Back: Extra-Special Edition

INT: BESPIN GANTRY - MOMENTS LATER:

A furious lightsaber duel is underway. DARTH VADER is backing LUKE SKYWALKER towards the end of the gantry.

A quick move by Vader, chops off Luke's hand! It goes spinning off into the ventilation shaft.

Luke backs away. He looks around, but realizes there's nowhere to go but straight down.

Darth Vader: Obi Wan never told you what happened to your father.

Luke: He told me enough! He told me you killed him!

Darth Vader: No... I am your father!

Luke: No, it's not true! It's impossible.

Darth Vader: Search your feelings... you know it to be true...

Luke: NO!

Darth Vader: Yes, it is true... and you know what else? You know that brass droid of yours?

Luke: Threepio?

Darth Vader: Yes... Threepio... I built him... when I was 7 years old...

Luke: No...

Darth Vader: Seven years old? And what have you done? Look at yourself, no hand, no job, and couldn't even levitate your own ship out of the swamp...

Luke: I destroyed your precious Death Star!

Darth Vader: When you were 20! When I was 10, I single-handedly destroyed a Trade Federation Droid Control ship!

Luke: Well, it's not my fault...

Darth Vader: Oh, here we go... "Poor me... my father never gave me what I wanted for my birthday... boo hoo, my daddy's the Dark

Lord of the Sith...waahhh wahhh!"

Luke: Shut up...

Darth Vader: You're a slacker! By the time I was you're age, I had exterminated the Jedi knights!

Luke: I used to race my T-16 through Beggar's Canyon

Darth Vader: Oh, for the love of the Emperor... 10 years old, winner of the Boonta Eve Open... Only human to ever fly a Pod Racer... right here baby!

Luke looks down the shaft. Takes a step towards it.

Darth Vader: I was wrong... You're not my kid... I don't know whose you are, but you sure ain't mine... I knew an annoying reptile once... I wonder if he...

Luke takes a step off the platform, hesitates, then plunges down the shaft.

Darth Vader looks after him.

Darth Vader: Get a haircut!

The Secrets of Master Yoda

Take a look at what I found!

There's going to be an extra scene included in the DVD release of The EMPIRE STRIKES BACK coming up next year!

The scene is slightly different from that seen in the original version of The Empire Strikes Back and it reveals Yoda's darkest secrets!

It's just great

DAGOBAH: OUTSIDE YODA'S HUT

The scene is slightly different from that seen in the original version of The Empire Strikes Back. Yoda's hut is larger, with added rooms. There is also a stone wall and a stone outhouse in the background. Yoda is relaxing on a hammock tied between two trees above a stone patio, and there is a patio table and an empty deck chair next to the hammock. Luke Skywalker emerges from the hut carrying a tray with a cup on it.

LUKE: I've brought you your freshly squeezed rootleaf juice, Master Yoda.

YODA: Yes, on the table, you will put it. You I thank. Now, to clean the jacuzzi, you must go.

LUKE: Yes, Master.

(Luke sets the tray on the table beside Yoda, and turns to go. He hesitates.)

LUKE: Master Yoda.....

YODA: Hmmm?

LUKE: (nervously) Master Yoda, you have taught me much about the ways of the Force, but....

YODA: Luke, yes? Something is troubling you, I sense. LUKE: Well, Master, it's just that... (gathering his courage) ...I don't see how anything I've learned is helping me to become a Jedi....

YODA: For over eight hundred years have I taught Jedi. Are you to tell me how it must be done?

LUKE: But the only thing I've learned so far is how to move rocks around with my mind!

YODA: Soon, more I will teach you. My own counsel I will keep on when you are ready.

LUKE: But there must be more to being a Jedi than building stuff out of rocks, fixing up your hut, preparing your meals, bringing you rootleaf juice, and giving you rides around the swamp on my back!

YODA: Necessary, all this is, for your training. Adventure, excitement, you seek. Heh! A Jedi craves not these things.

LUKE: But I've been here for THREE whole years!

YODA: Patience, young Skywalker. You must learn patience!

LUKE: (downcast) It just seems so pointless....

BEN'S VOICE: Stop your whining, Luke.

LUKE: Ben?

BEN'S VOICE: You heard me. No one said becoming a Jedi was easy.

YODA: Yes, Luke, to Obi-Wan you listen! Beware the Dark Side! If you choose the quick and easy path, forever will it dominate your destiny. Consume you it will, as it did Vader.

LUKE: Yes, Master. I understand.

YODA: Discipline, commitment, you must learn. Now, to your chores you must attend. Go, and mind what you have learned.

LUKE: Yes, Master Yoda.

(Luke goes off behind Yoda's hut. Obi-Wan's shimmering blue ghost appears, and settles into the deck chair beside Yoda.)

BEN: See, I told you that boy would believe anything.

YODA: Yes, gullible he is. A good servant he is. BEN: It wasn't easy finding somebody that naive. He still thinks the Light Side of the Force is stronger?

YODA: Heh! So strong is the Light Side, I am content with this slimy mudhole for my home, while in a palace on Coruscant, the Emperor lives? Yet I tell Luke that is what I choose, and he believes.

BEN: (laughing) Yeah.... Look at me! I'm a goddamn blue ghost, and Vader's still out there, hunting the rebels down left and right. Well, the galaxy can go to hell in a handbasket as far as I'm concerned. What do I care? I'm dead!

YODA: Yes, Obi-Wan. The truth you speak. And soon will I join you. Old am I. Tired am I. But, for now, I have my hammock and my jacuzzi, and my rootleaf juice. And a willing servant. Not so bad this is.

BEN: You said it, Yoda.... oh, by the way, your rootleaf patch over there looks a little weedy.

YODA: Heh heh. This you must watch. Come here, young Skywalker!

(Luke bounds back into view.)

LUKE: Yes, Master Yoda?

YODA: To continue your training, I have decided. A difficult task I will set for you. (Yoda winks at Ben.)

LUKE: (overjoyed) Yes Master! Tell me what to do!

YODA: That rootleaf patch, a domain of evil it is. In you must go. (He points with his gimer stick) Those weeds, they are strong with the Dark Side of the Force. Seek them out you must. Destroy them you must! On this all depends.

LUKE: Thank you Master Yoda! (Luke runs over to the rootleaf patch and begins enthusiastically tearing out weeds)

YODA: Heh heh.

BEN: What will you do if he ever catches on? That boy is your only help.

YODA: (staring up at the sky) No, there is another.....

Anakin pops his cherry

EXT. SPAVE

A vast sea of stars severas as a backdrop for the Mainsecede from the Republic.

Title, following by a rollup, whcih crawls into infinity.

There is unrest in the Galactic Senate
Several hundred solar systems under
the leadership of the rebel leader, Count

Dooku, have decalred their intentions to

This separatist movement has made it
difficult for the limited number of
Jedi Kights to maintain peace and
order in the galaxy.

Senator Amidala, the former Queen of Naboo, is returning to Coruscant to vote on the critical issue of creating an army to assist the overwhelmed Jedi.

PAN UP to reveal the amber city planet of Coruscant. A yellow Naboo Fighter flies OVER CAMERA toward the planet, followed by a large Royal Cruiser and two more Fighters.

EXT. CITYSCAPE, CORUSCANT - DAWN
The ships skim across the surface of the city landscape. The sun glints off the chrome hulls of the sleek Naboo spacecraft as they navigate between the buildings of the capital planet.

EXT. CORUSCANT, LANDING PLATFORM - DAWN
Two Naboo Fighters land on one leaf of a three-leaf-clover landing platform. The Royal Starship lands on the central leaf, and the third Fighter lands on the remaining platform.

A small GROUP OF DIGNITARIES waits to welcome the Senator. One of the members of the group is a well dressed JAR JAR BINKS, a member of the Galactic Representative Commission, and DORME, Senator Amidala's handmaiden.

One of the FIGHTER PILOTS jumps from the wing of his ship and removes his helmet. He is CAPTAIN TYPHO, SENATOR AMIDALA'S Security Officer. He moves over to a WOMAN PILOT.

CAPTAIN TYPHO
We made it. I guess I was wrong, there was no danger at all.

The ramp powers. TWO NABOO GUARDS appear. SENATOR AMIDALA, ONE HANDMAIDEN (VERSE) and FOUR TROOPERS descend the ramp. AMIDALA is more beautiful now than she was ten years earlier when, as Queen, she was freeing her people from the yoke of the Trade Federation.

The DIGNITARIES start to move forward. SENATOR AMIDALA reaches the foot of the ramp, when suddenly there is a blinding FLASH and a huge EXPLOSION. The DIGNITARIES and PILOTS are hurled to the ground as the starship is destroyed.

Klaxons blare, alarms sound! CAPTAIN TYPHO and the TWO ESCORT PILOTS get up and run to where SENATOR AMIDALA lies dying. Beyond, ARTOO DETOO drops down from the Naboo Fighter and rolls toward the wreckage. The FEMALE ESCORT PILOT kneels by SENATOR AMIDALA and takes off her helmet, revealing SENATOR PADME AMIDALA.

PADMÉ
Cordé...

She gathers up her decoy double in her arms. Cordé's eyes are open. She looks up at her.

CORDÉ
... I'm sorry, m'lady... I'm... not sure I...

CORDÉ dies. PADMÉ hugs her.

AMIDALA
No!... No!... No!...

PADMÉ lowers CORDÉ to the ground. She gets up and looks around at the devastation. There are tears in her eyes.

AMIDALA
I should not have come back.

CAPTAIN TYPHO
M'Lady, you are still in danger.

Amidala says nothing.

CAPTAIN TYPHO
This vote is very important. You did your duty and Cordé did hers. Now come. (she doesn't respond) M'Lady, please!

She turns. They walk away. ARTOO lets out a small whimper and rolls off after them.

EXT. SENATE BUILDING - DAY
The massive Senate Building glistens in the afternoon sun. Small patches of fog have still to burn off.

INT. SENATE CHAMBER - DAY
The vast rotunda is buzzing with chatter. MAS AMEDDA, the Supreme Chancellor's majordomo, tries to quiet things down as PALPATINE confers with an AIDE, UV GIZEN, riding a small one man floating scooter.

MAS AMEDDA
Order! We shall have order! The motion for the Republic to commission an army takes precedent, and that is what we will vote on at this time.

Everything quiets down. The AIDE disperses, and SUPREME CHANCELLOR PALPATINE steps to the podium.

PALPATINE
...My esteemed colleagues, excuse me... I have just received some tragic and disturbing news. Senator

Amidala of the Naboo system... Has been assassinated!

There is a shock silence in the vast arena.

PALPATINE
(continued)

This grievous blow is especially personal to me. Before I became Chancellor, I served Amidala when she was Queen. She was a great leader who fought for justice, not only in this honourable assembly, but also on her home planet. She was so loved she could have been elected queen for life. She believed in public service, and she fervently believed in democracy. Her death is a great loss to us all. We will all mourn her as a relentless champion of freedom... and as a dear friend.

There is a moment of silence. ASK AAK, the SENATOR of MALASTARE, moves his pod into the centre of the arena.

SENATOR ASK AAK

How many more Senators will die before this civil strife ends! We must confront these rebels now, and they need an army to do it.

A second pod moves into the centre of the area with DARSANA, the AMBASSADOR OF GLEE ANSELM.

AMBASSADOR DARSANA

Why weren't the Jedi able to stop this assassination? We are no longer safe, under their protection.

Senator ORN FREE TAA swings forward in his pod.

ORN FREE TAA

The Republic needs more security now! Before it comes to war.

PALPATINE

Must I remind the Senator from Malastare that negotiations are continuing with the separatists. Peace is our objective here... not war.

The SENATORS yell pro and con. MAS AMEDDA tries to calm things down. SENATOR PADME AMIDALA, with CAPTAIN TYPHO, JAR JAR, and DORME, manoeuvre her pod into the centre of the vast arena.

AMIDALA

My noble colleagues, I concur with the Supreme Chancellor. At all costs, we do not want war!

The Senate goes quiet, then there is an outburst of cheering and applause.

PALPATINE

It is with great surprise and joy the chair recognises the Senator from Naboo, Padmé Amidala.

PADMÉ

Less than an hour ago, an assassination attempt was made against my life. One of my bodyguards and six others were ruthlessly and senselessly murdered. I was the target but, more importantly, I believe this security measure before you, was the target. I have led the opposition to build an army... but there is someone in this body who will stop at nothing to assure it's passage...

Many of the SENATORS boo and yell at SENATOR AMIDALA.

PADMÉ

(continuing)
I warn you, if you vote to create this army, war will follow. I have experienced the misery of war first-hand; I do not wish to do it again.

There is sporadic yelling for and against her statements.

PADMÉ

Wake up, Senators... you must wake up! If you offer the separatists violence, they can only show us violence in return! Many will lose their lives. All will lose their freedom. This decision could very well destroy the very foundation of our great Republic. I pray you do not let fear push you into a disastrous decision. Vote down this security measure, which is nothing less than a declaration of war! Does anyone here want that? I cannot believe they do.

There is an undercurrent of boeing... and groaning.
SENATOR ORN FREE TAA moves his pod next to
AMIDALA.

ORN FREE TAA
My motion to defer the vote must
be dealt with first. That is the
rule of law.

AMIDALA looks angry and frustrated. PALPATINE
gives her a sympathetic look.

PALPATINE
Due to the lateness of the hour
and the seriousness of this
motion, we will take up these
matters tomorrow. Until then, the
Senate stands adjourned.

EXT. EXECUTIVE QUARTERS BUILDING - DAY
The giant towers of the Republic Executive Building
seem to reach the heavens. Traffic clogs the smoggy
sky.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY
CHANCELLOR PALPATINE sits behind his desk with
TWO RED-CLAD ROYAL GUARDS on either side of
the door. YODA, PLOT KOON, KI-AD-MUNDI, and
MACE WINDU sit across from him.

PALPATINE
I don't know how much longer I can
hold off the vote, my friends.
More and more star systems are
joining the separatists.

MACE WINDU
If they do break away -

PALPATINE
No! I will not let that happen!

MACE WINDU
But if they do, you must realise
there aren't enough Jedi to
protect the Republic. We are
keepers of the peace, not soldiers.

PALPATINE
Master Yoda, do you think it will
really come to war?

YODA closes his eyes.

YODA
Worse than war, I fear... Much
worse.

PALPATINE
What?

MACE WINDU
What do you sense, Master?

YODA
Impossible to see ... The Dark Side
clouds everything. But this I am
sure of -
(opens his eyes)
Do their duty the Jedi will.

A muted BUZZER SOUNDS. A hologram of an AIDE,
DAR WAC, appears on the Chancellor's desk.

DAR WAC
The loyalist committee has arrived,
my Lord.

PALPATINE
Send them in.

They all stand as SENATOR AMIDALA, CAPTAIN
TYPHO, JAR JAR, MAS AMEDDA, DORME, and
SENATORS BAIL ORGANA, HOROX RYYDER and
ORN FREE TAA enter the office. YODA and MACE
WINDU move to greet the SENATOR, YODA taps
AMIDALA with his cane.

YODA
With you the force is strong...
young Senator. To see you alive
brings warm feeling to my heart.

PADMÉ
Thank you, Master Yoda. Do you
have any idea who was behind
the attack?

MACE WINDU
Our intelligence points to
disgruntled spice miners, on
the moons of Naboo.

PADMÉ
I don't wish to disagree but I
think that Count Dooku was behind
it.

There is a stir of surprise.

MACE WINDU
You know, M'Lady, Count Dooku
was once a Jedi. He wouldn't
assassinate anyone, it is not in
his character.

KI-ADI-MUNDI
He is a political idealist, not
a murderer.

YODA

In dark times nothing is what it appears to be, but the fact remains Senator, in grave danger you are.

PALPATINE gets up, walks to the window, and looks out at the vast city.

PALPATINE

Count Dooku has always avoided any kind of conflict. It appears he has no desire to start a war. Why would he kill you? To what end?

PADMÉ

I don't know, but everything in my being tells me he was behind it...

After gazing out of the window for several moments Palpatine turns to Mace.

PALPATINE

Master Jedi, may I suggest that the Senator be placed under the protection of your graces.

BAIL ORGANA

Do you think that is a wise use of manpower during these stressful times?

PADMÉ

Chancellor, if I may comment, I do not believe the...

PALPATINE

..."situation is that serious." No, but I do, Senator.

PADMÉ

Chancellor, please! I don't want any more guards!

PALPATINE

I realise all too well that additional security might be disruptive for you, but perhaps someone you are familiar with... an old friend like... Master Kenobi...

PALPATINE nods to MACE WINDU, who nods back.

MACE WINDU

That's possible. He has just returned from a Border dispute on Ansion.

PALPATINE

You must remember him, M'Lady...

he watched over you during the blockade conflict.

PADMÉ

This is not necessary, Chancellor.

PALPATINE

Do it for me, M'Lady, please. I will rest easier. We had a big scare today. The thought of losing you is unbearable.

AMIDALA sighs as the JEDI get up to leave.

MACE WINDU

I will have Obi-Wan report to you immediately, M'Lady.

YODA leans into her ear.

YODA

Too little about yourself you worry, Senator, and too much about politics. Be mindful of your danger, Padmé. Accept our help.

As the JEDI leave the office, PALPATINE continues to pace behind his desk.

PALPATINE

I will not like this Republic, that has stood for over a thousand years, be split in two

EXT. SENATE APARTMENTS - TWILIGHT

A graceful skyscraper twinkles in the evening light of Coruscant.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, APARTMENT CORRIDOR - EVENING

The door to the apartment slides open. JAR JAR walks into the corridor, where TWO JEDI are exiting the elevator. He recognises OBI-WAN and becomes extremely excited, jumping around, shaking his hand.

JAR JAR

Obi! Obi! Obi! Mesa sooo smilen to see'en yousa. Wahoooooo!

OBI-WAN smiles.

OBI-WAN

It's Good to see you, too, Jar Jar.

JAR JAR

Oops! Whersa mesa manners? Excuse me, Master Obi-Wan. I completely forgot myself for a moment there. I have had to learn Diplodialect... speak it like a

native now. Don't really see the point, actually, but members of the Senate seem to prefer it...

JAR JAR notices OBI-WAN'S APPRENTICE.

JAR JAR
(continuing)
...and this, I take it, is your apprentice... Noooooooooo! Annie? Noooooooooo! Little Bitty Annie? (Looks at Anakin)
Noooooooooo! Yousa so biggen! Yiyiyiyi! Annie!! Mesa no believen.

ANAKIN
Hi, Jar Jar.

JAR JAR grabs hold of ANAKIN and envelops him in a big hug.

JAR JAR
Annie! Annie! Yiyiyiyiyiiii!

INT. SENATE BUILDING, APARTMENT - EVENING
PADME is in a conference with CAPTAIN TYPHO and DORME. JAR JAR enters the room, followed by the TWO JEDI.

JAR JAR
Lookie... lookie... Oops!... Oh, dear, I'm afraid I've forgotten myself again.

PADME and TYPHO rise as OBI-WAN and ANAKIN stop before the SENATOR. OBI-WAN steps forward. ANAKIN stares at PADME. She glances at him.

OBI-WAN
It's a great pleasure to see you again, M'Lady.

PADMÉ
It has been far too long Master Kenobi. I'm so glad our paths have crossed again... but I must warn you that I think your presence here is unnecessary.

OBI-WAN
I'm sure the Jedi Council have their reasons.

She moves in front of ANAKIN

PADMÉ
Annie??
(stares)
My goodness you've grown.

They look at each other for a long moment.

ANAKIN
(trying to be smooth)
So have you... grown more beautiful, I mean... and much shorter... for a Senator, I mean.

OBI-WAN looks disapprovingly at his apprentice. PADME laughs and shakes her head.

PADMÉ
Oh Annie, you'll always be that little boy I knew on Tatooine.

This embarrasses ANAKIN, and he looks down. OBI-WAN and CAPTAIN TYPHO smile.

OBI-WAN
Our presence will be invisible, M'Lady.

CAPTAIN TYPHO
I am very grateful you are here, Master Kenobi. The situation is more dangerous than the Senator will admit.

PADMÉ
I don't need more security, I need answers. I want to know who is trying to kill me.

OBI-WAN
(frowning)
We're here to protect you Senator, not to start an investigation.

ANAKIN
We will find out who is trying to kill you Padmé, I promise you.

He's done it again. He bites his lip in frustration and shame. OBI-WAN gives ANAKIN a dirty look.

OBI-WAN
We are not going to exceed our mandate, my young Padawan learner.

ANAKIN
I meant in the interest of protecting her, Master, of course.

OBI-WAN
We are not going through this exercise again, Anakin. You will pay attention to my lead.

ANAKIN
Why?

OBI-WAN
What??!!

ANAKIN
Why else do you think we were assigned to her, if not to find the killer? Protection is a job for local security... not Jedi. It's overkill, Master. Investigation is implied in our mandate.

OBI-WAN
We will do as the Council has instructed, and you will learn your place, young one.

PADMÉ
Perhaps with merely your presence, the mysteries surrounding this threat will be revealed. Now if you will excuse me I will retire.

Everyone gives AMIDALA a slight bow as she and DORME leave the room.

CAPTAIN TYPHO
Well, I know I feel a lot better having you here. I'll have an officer on every floor and I'll be at the command centre downstairs.

JAR JAR
Mesa busten wit happiness seein Yousa again, Annie. Deesa bad times, bombad times.

Captain Typho leaves.

ANAKIN
She didn't even recognise me, Jar Jar. I thought about her every day since we parted... and she's forgotten me completely.

JAR JAR
Shesa happy. Happier den mesa see-en her in longo time.

OBI-WAN
Anakin, you're focusing on the Negative again. Be mindful of your thoughts. She was glad to see us. Now lets check the security here.

ANAKIN

Yes, my master.

EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - EVENING
The vast Jedi Temple sits on an endless flat plain, silhouetted by a against the traffic-filled sky.

INT. JEDI TEMPLE, CORRIDOR - EVENING
MACE WINDU and YODA walk down the long hallways, silhouetted by a lit room at the end.

MACE WINDU
Why couldn't we see this attack on the Senator?

YODA
Masking the future, is this disturbance in the Force.

MACE WINDU
The propecy is coming true, the Dark Side is growing.

YODA
And only those who have turned to the Dark Side can sense the possibilities of the future. Only going through the Dark Side can we see.

MACE WINDU
It's been ten years, and the Sith still have no shown themselves. Do you think they are behind this?

YODA
...Out there, they are. A certainty that is.

MACE WINDU
Do you think Obi-Wan's apprentice will be able to bring balance to the Force?

YODA
Only if he chooses to follow his destiny.

There is a long silence as they walk away. Only footsteps are heard.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT
PADME is asleep in her bed, lit only by the light of the city outside her window coming through the blinds. ARTOO stands in the corner of the bedroom. His power is off.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT
ANAKIN is standing in the living room. He is in a

meditative state. It is quiet. We hear DISTANT FOOTSTEPS in the corridor outside the apartment. Suddenly ANAKIN'S eyes pop open. His eyes dart around the room. He reaches for his lightsaber, then smiles and puts it back in his belt.

The door to the apartment slides open, and OBI-WAN enters.

OBI-WAN
Captain Typho has more than enough men downstairs. No assassin will try that way. Any activity up here?

ANAKIN
Quiet as a tomb. I don't like just waiting here for something to happen to her.

OBI-WAN checks a palm-sized view scanner he has pulled out of his utility belt. It shows a shot of ARTOO by the door, but no sign of PADME on the bed.

OBI-WAN
What's going on?

ANAKIN shrugs.

ANAKIN
She covered that camera. I don't think she liked me watching her.

OBI-WAN
What is she thinking?

ANAKIN
She programmed Artoo to warn us if there's an intruder.

OBI-WAN
It's not an intruder I'm worried about. There are many other ways to kill a Senator.

ANAKIN
I know, but we also want to catch this assassin. Don't we, Master?

OBI-WAN
You're using her as bait??

ANAKIN
It was her idea... No harm will come to her. I can sense everything going on in that room. Trust me.

OBI-WAN
It's too risky... and your senses

aren't that attuned, young apprentice.

ANAKIN
And yours are?

OBI-WAN
Possibly.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

As PADME sleeps, a PROBE DROID approaches outside her window. It sends out several small arms that attach to the window, creating sparks that shut down the security system. Then a large arm cuts a small hole in the glass. A FAINT SOUND is heard as the small section of glass is removed from the window.

ARTOO wakes up, and his lights go on. The PROBE DROID freezes. ARTOO looks around, makes a PLAINTIVE LITTLE SOUND, then shuts down again. The PROBE DROID attaches a little tube to the window. TWO DEADLY LOOKING CENTIPEDE-LIKE KOUHUNS exit the tube, crawl through the blinds and head toward the sleeping PADME.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT
ANAKIN and OBI-WAN continue their conversation in the main room of the apartment.

OBI-WAN
You look tired.

ANAKIN
I don't sleep well, anymore.

OBI-WAN
Because of your mother?

ANAKIN
I don't know why I keep dreaming about her now. I haven't seen her since I was little.

OBI-WAN
Dreams pass in time.

ANAKIN
I'd rather dream of Padmé. Just being around her again is... intoxicating.

OBI-WAN
Mind your thoughts, Anakin, they betray you. You've made a commitment to the Jedi order... a commitment not easily broken... and don't forget she's a

politician. They're not to be trusted.

ANAKIN

She's not like the others in the Senate, Master.

OBI-WAN

It's been my experience that Senators are only focused on pleasing those who fund their campaigns... and they are more than willing to forget the niceties of democracy to get those funds.

ANAKIN

Not another lecture, Master. Not on the economics of politics.... It's too early in the morning... and besides, you're generalising. The Chancellor doesn't appear to be corrupt.

OBI-WAN

Palpatine's a politician, I've observed that he is very clever at following the passions and prejudices of the Senators.

ANAKIN

I think he is a good man. My instincts are very positive about...

ANAKIN looks stunned. He looks sharply at OBI-WAN

OBI-WAN

I sense it, too.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

ARTOO sounds an alarm and shines a light on the bed. THE KOUHUNS are inches from PADME'S face. Their mouths are open, and wicked stinger tongues flick out.

OBI-WAN and ANAKIN burst into the room. The KOUHUNS stand on their hind legs and hiss as PADME wakes up. ANAKIN throws himself in front of her, whacking in half the deadly creatures with his lightsaber.

OBI-WAN sees the DROID outside the window and races straight at it, crashing through the blinds as he goes through the window.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

OBI-WAN flies through the glass window and flings himself at the PROBE DROID, grabbing onto the deadly machine before it can flee. The PROBE DROID sinks under the weight of OBI-WAN but manages to stay afloat and fly away, with the Jedi hanging on for dear life, a hundred stories above the city.

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANAKIN and PADME stare at the sight of OBI-WAN being carried off by the DROID. ANAKIN turns to her. She pulls her nightdress around her shoulders.

ANAKIN

Stay here!

CAPTAIN TYPHO, with TWO GUARDS and DORME, enter the room as Anakin dashes out.

EXT. CITYSCAPE, CORUSCANT - NIGHT

The PROBE DROID sends several protective electrical shocks across its surface, causing OBI-WAN to almost lose his grip. As they dart in and out of the speeder traffic, OBI-WAN disconnects a wire on the back of the DROID. Its power shuts off! OBI-WAN and the DROID drop like rocks. OBI-WAN realises the error of his ways and quickly puts the wire back. The DROID'S systems light up again and it takes off.

EXT. SENATE APARTMENTS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

ANAKIN charges out of the building and runs to a line of parked speeders. He vaults into an open one and takes off, gunning it fast toward the lines of speeder traffic high above.

EXT. CITYSCAPE, CORUSCANT - NIGHT

The DROID bumps against a wall, hoping to knock the Jedi loose. It moves behind a speeder afterburner to scorch him. It takes the JEDI wildly between buildings and finally skims across a rooftop as OBI-WAN is forced to lift his legs, tenaciously hanging onto the DROID. The DROID heads for a dirty, beat-up speeder hidden in an alcove of a building about twenty stories up. When the pilot of the speeder, a scruffy bounty hunter called ZAM WESELL, sees the DROID approach with OBI-WAN hanging on, she pulls a long rifle out of the speeder and starts to fire at the JEDI. EXPLOSIONS burst all around OBI-WAN.

OBI-WAN

I have a bad feeling about this.

FINALLY, the DROID suffers a direct hit and blows up. OBI-WAN falls fifty stories, until a speeder drops down next to him, and he manages to grab onto the back end of the speeder and haul himself toward the cockpit. The JEDI struggles to climb into the passenger seat of the open speeder and sit down next to the driver, ANAKIN.

ANAKIN

That was wacky! I almost lost you in the traffic.

OBI-WAN

What took you so long?

ANAKIN

Oh, you know, Master, I couldn't find a speeder I really liked, with an open cockpit... and with the right speed capabilities... and then you know I had to get a really gonzo color...

They zoom upward in hot pursuit of ZAM as she fires out the open window at them with her laser pistol.

OBI-WAN

If you'd spend as much time working on your saber skills as you do on your wit, young Padawan, you would rival Master Yoda as a swordsman.

ANAKIN

I thought I already did.

OBI-WAN

Only in your mind, my very young apprentice. Careful!! Hey, easy!!

As this conversation is going on, ANAKIN deftly moves in and out of the oncoming traffic, across lanes, between buildings, and miraculously through a construction site. ZAM WESSELL continues firing at them.

ANAKIN

Sorry, I forgot you don't like flying, Master.

OBI-WAN

I don't mind flying... but what you're doing is suicide!

They barely miss a commuter train

ANAKIN

Master, you know I've been flying since before I could walk. I'm very good at this.

OBI-WAN

Just slow down!

ZAM WESSELL and the JEDI race through a line of cross-traffic made up of giant trucks. The speeders bank sideways as they slide around right-angle turns

between buildings. ZAM races into a tram tunnel.

OBI-WAN

(continuing)

Wait! Don't go in there!

ANAKIN zooms into the tunnel after ZAM. They see a tram coming at them. They brake, turn around, and race out, barely ahead of the charging commuter transport.

OBI-WAN

(continuing)

You know I don't like it when you do that!

ANAKIN

Sorry, Master. Don't worry, this guy's gonna kill himself any minute now!

ZAM WESSELL turns into oncoming traffic, deliberately trying to throw the JEDI off. Oncoming speeders swerve, trying to avoid ZAM and the JEDI. ZAM does a quick, tight loop-over and ends up behind the JEDI. She is now in a much better position to fire at them with her laser pistol. To avoid being hit by the laser bolts, ANAKIN slams on the brakes and moves alongside ZAM. She now fires point-blank at OBI-WAN.

OBI-WAN

What are you doing? He's gonna blast me!

ANAKIN

Right - this isn't working.

ANAKIN slides underneath Zam's speeder. They race along in traffic, one speeder right on top of the other. The BOUNTY HUNTER skims over the rooftops, causing ANAKIN to drop behind. ANAKIN goes through his gears, zooming around traffic. They race at high speed across a wide, flat surface of the city planet. A large spacecraft almost collides with them as it attempts to land. They round a corner and clip a flag, which gets caught on one of the front air scoops.

OBI-WAN

That was too close!

ANAKIN

Clear that!

OBI-WAN

What??

ANAKIN

Clear the flag! We're losing power! Hurry!

OBI-WAN leans out of the speeder, then crawls out onto the front engine, pulling the flag free of the scoop. The speeder lurches forward with a surge of power.

OBI-WAN
Whoooooaaa! Don't do that! I don't like it when you do that!

ANAKIN
So sorry, Master.

They chase the BOUNTY HUNTER through a power refinery.

OBI-WAN
It's dangerous near those power couplings! Slow down! Don't go through there!

Huge electrical bolts shoot between the buildings as the speeders pass.

OBI-WAN
(continuing)
Yiiii, what are you doing?

ANAKIN
Sorry, Master!

OBI-WAN
(sarcastically)
Oh, that was good...

ANAKIN
That was crazy!!!

ZAM slides around a corner sideways, blocking an alley, firing point-blank as ANAKIN approaches.

ANAKIN
(continuing)
Ahh, damn.

OBI-WAN
Stop!!

ANAKIN
No, we can make it.

ANAKIN barely misses the BOUNTY HUNTER'S speeder as he dives under it, and through a small gap in the building hitting several pipes and going wildly out of control. ANAKIN struggles to regain control of the speeder, narrowly missing a crane, barely clipping a pair of giant struts. A giant gasball shoots up, causing ANAKIN to spin and bump a building, stalling the speeder.

OBI-WAN
I'm crazy... I'm crazy... I'm crazy.

ANAKIN
But it worked... we made it.

OBI-WAN
(angrily)
It didn't work... we've stalled!
And you almost got us killed!

ANAKIN
I think we're still alive.

ANAKIN works to get the speeder started. It quickly races to life.

OBI-WAN
(very angrily)
It was stupid!

ANAKIN
(sheepishly)
I could have made it...

OBI-WAN
(furious)
But you didn't!!! And now we've lost him.

Suddenly, there is an ambush. Laser bolts fire everywhere. EXPLOSIONS surround them. They look up to see ZAM WESSEL take off.

ANAKIN
No we didn't...

Out of a cloud of smoke and ball of flames the JEDI tear after ZAM. They are . OBI-WAN slaps out the small fire on the dashboard. ZAM goes up and down, through cross-traffic. There is a near miss as a speeder almost hits them. ZAM turns down and left between two buildings. ANAKIN pulls up and to the right

OBI-WAN
Where are you going?! He went down there, the other way.

ANAKIN
This is a shortcut... I think.

OBI-WAN
What do you mean, 'You think?'
What kind of shortcut?! He went completely the other way! You've lost him!

ANAKIN

Master, if we keep this chase going, that creep's gonna end up deep fried. Personally, I'd very much like to find out who in the hell he is and who he's working for...

OBI-WAN
(sarcastic)
Oh, so that's why we're going in the wrong direction.

ANAKIN turns up a side street, zooming up several small passageways, then stops, hovering about fifty stories up.

OBI-WAN
(continuing)
Well, you lost him.

ANAKIN
I'm deeply sorry, Master.

ANAKIN looks around front and back. He spots something. He seems to start counting to himself as he watches something below approach.

ANAKIN
(continuing)
Excuse me for a moment.

ANAKIN jumps out of the speeder. OBI-WAN looks down and sees Zam's speeder about five stories below them cruising past. ANAKIN miraculously lands on top of the Bounty Hunter's speeder. The speeder wobbles under the impact. ZAM looks up and realises what has happened.

ZAM takes off, and ANAKIN slides to the back strut and almost slips off, but manages to hang on. ANAKIN works his way back to the speeder's cockpit, just as ZAM stops suddenly, and ANAKIN flies forward to the left front fork. ZAM shoots at him with a laser pistol. There is a BLAST near ANAKIN'S hand, which breaks off a piece of the speeder. ANAKIN slides to the right fork of the speeder, where ZAM can't reach him. He scrambles to the top, holding onto an air scoop.

OBI-WAN has jumped into the driver's seat of his speeder and is deftly gaining on the rogue speeder. The two speeders dive through oncoming traffic and then through cross traffic. Finally, ANAKIN is able to get hold of his lightsaber and starts to cut his way through the roof of the speeder. ZAM takes out her laser pistol and starts firing at the helpless JEDI, knocking the sword out of his hand. OBI-WAN races under the speeder and catches the Jedi weapon in the passenger's seat.

ANAKIN sticks his hand into the cockpit and, using the Force, pulls the gun out of ZAM'S hand. She grabs the Jedi's hand, and they struggle for the weapon. It goes off, blowing a hole in the floor of the speeder. The speeder careens wildly out of control. ZAM struggles to pull the speeder out of it's nose dive. OBI-WAN gets slowed down by traffic and loses sight of the Bounty Hunter's speeder.

Just as the dragster is about to nose dive into the ground, ZAM pulls it out, and it slides hard on the pavement in a shower of sparks. ANAKIN goes flying into the street.

EXT. ENTERTAINMENT STREET - NIGHT
ZAM exits the crashed speeder and runs. ANAKIN picks himself up off the pavement and runs down the very crowded street.

It's the seedy underbelly of the city. Broken sidewalks, garish lights reflected on the filthy puddles. It's pretty crowded with various ALIEN LOW-LIFES, PANHANDLING DROIDS, and the occasional group of UPPERCLASS SLUMMERS.

ANAKIN barges into several of them as he chases after the fleeing ZAM. He loses the Bounty Hunter in the crowd, then sees him again. The young Jedi is having a very difficult time getting through the crowd.

Ahead, ZAM turns in through a door and disappears.

A nightclub sign is flashing over the door. ANAKIN is just about to follow ZAM when there is a sudden swirl of litter from downthrusters. PEOPLE start moving out of the way, and the open speeder lands in the street beside him. OBI-WAN gets out and walks over, holding out ANAKIN'S lightsaber.

OBI-WAN
Anakin!

ANAKIN
She went into that club, Master.

OBI-WAN
Patience.

OBI-WAN hands ANAKIN the lightsaber.

OBI-WAN
(continuing)
Here. Next time try not to lose it.

ANAKIN
Sorry, Master.

ANAKIN reaches for the lightsaber, but OBI-WAN holds it back.

OBI-WAN

A Jedi's saber is his most precious possession.

ANAKIN

Yes, Master.

He reaches for the lightsaber, OBI-WAN pulls it back.

OBI-WAN

He must keep it with him at all times.

ANAKIN

I know, Master.

OBI-WAN

This weapon is your life!

ANAKIN

I've heard this lesson before...

OBI-WAN finally holds out the lightsaber and ANAKIN grabs it.

OBI-WAN

But, you haven't learned anything, Anakin.

ANAKIN

I try, Master.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

OBI-WAN and ANAKIN enter the nightclub bar, and everyone stares at them

OBI-WAN

Why do I think you are going to be the death of me?!

ANAKIN

Don't say that Master... You're the closest thing I have to a father... I love you. I don't want to cause you pain.

OBI-WAN

Then why don't you listen to me?!

ANAKIN

I will. I'll do better, I promise.

OBI-WAN

Do you see him him?

ANAKIN

I think he's a she...

OBI-WAN

Then be extra careful...

(nods to a room)

Check it out.

OBI-WAN goes away.

ANAKIN

Where are you going, Master?

OBI-WAN

To get a drink.

OBI-WAN heads for the bar. ANAKIN blinks in surprise, then moves into the room, where ALIEN FACES look back at him with hostility, suspicion, and invitation as he moves among the tables. OBI-WAN arrives at the bar. He signals the BARMAN.

CLOSE - Somewhere in the room a HAND moves to a pistol in its holster and unsnaps the safety catch. At the bar, a glass is placed in front of OBI-WAN. A drink is poured. He lifts the glass.

ELAN SLEAZEBAGGANO

Wanna buy some death sticks?

OBI-WAN looks at him. He moves his fingers slightly.

OBI-WAN

You don't want to sell me death-sticks.

ELAN

I don't want to sell you death-sticks.

OBI-WAN moves his fingers.

OBI-WAN

You want to go home and rethink your life.

ELAN

I want to go home and rethink my life.

He leaves. OBI-WAN lifts the drink and tosses it back.

CLOSE. The gun is drawn from its holster and held down out of sight. The BOUNTY HUNTER starts to move toward the bar.

ANAKIN checks out ALIEN FACES. OBI-WAN signals for another drink. The gun moves toward his unsuspecting back.

The drink is poured. OBI-WAN reaches for it. The gun is raised to aim directly at his back, and suddenly OBI-WAN turns fast. His lightsaber flashes. There is a shrill SCREAM and ZAM'S ARM hits the floor. The gun

drops from its twitching fingers. Blood spreads.

The room is silent. ALIENS rise menacingly from their seats, and ANAKIN is suddenly at OBI-WAN's side, his lightsaber glowing.

ANAKIN
Easy... Official business. Go back to your drinks.

Slowly, the ALIENS sit. Conversation resumes. Onstage, THE PERFORMERS pick up their routine. OBI-WAN and ANAKIN lift ZAM and carry her out.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT
OBI-WAN and ANAKIN carry ZAM into the alley and lower her to the ground. OBI-WAN attends to her wounded shoulder. She stares up hatefully at ANAKIN. She winces in pain, then nods.

OBI-WAN
Do you know who it was you were trying to kill?

ZAM WESSEL
The Senator from Naboo.

OBI-WAN
Who hired you?

ZAM glares at OBI-WAN.

ZAM WESSEL
It was just a job.

ANAKIN
Tell us!

ZAM WESSEL
That Senator's gonna die soon anyway, and the next one won't make the same mistake I did...

OBI-WAN
This wound's going to need treatment.

ANAKIN
Who hired you? Tell us... tell us now!

ZAM glares hatefully.

ZAM
It was a Bounty Hunter called...

There is a sudden FTZZZ sound. ZAM twitches. She blinks in surprise and dies.

There is a WEOOSH from above. OBI-WAN and

ANAKIN look up to see an ARMoured ROCKET-MAN taking off from a roof high above. OBI-WAN looks down at ZAM. He touches her neck and pulls out a small, wicked-looking dart.

OBI-WAN
Toxic Dart...

INT. SENATE BUILDING, AMIDALA'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANAKIN and JAR JAR stand near the door of the anteroom to PADME'S bedroom. PADME and DORME move about packing luggage.

PADMÉ
Representative Binks. I know I can count on you.

JAR JAR
Yousa betchen mesa bottums.

PADMÉ
What?!

JAR JAR
(coughs, recovers)
Oh, pardone-ay, Senator. I mean, I am honoured to accept this heavy burden. I take on this responsibility with deep humility tinged with an overwhelming pride. (pompously)
It is not every day that I am called upon to...

PADME kisses him on the cheek and gives him a hug. JAR JAR turns red.

PADMÉ
You're a good friend, Jar Jar. I don't wish to hold you up. I'm sure you have a great deal to do.

JAR JAR
Of course, M'lady.

JAR JAR bows and goes out. As he passes ANAKIN, he flashes a dazzling smile... PADME is in a very bad mood.

PADMÉ
I do not like this idea of hiding.

ANAKIN
Don't worry. Now that the Council has ordered an investigation, it won't take Master Obi-Wan long to find that bounty hunter.

PADMÉ

(frustrated)

I haven't worked for a year to defeat the "Military Creation Act" not to be here when its fate is decided.

ANAKIN

Sometimes we have to let go of our pride and do what is requested of us.

PADMÉ

Pride?!? Annie, you're young, and you don't have a very firm grip on politics. I suggest you reserve your opinions for some other time.

ANAKIN

Sorry, M'lady. I was only trying to...

PADMÉ

Annie! No!

ANAKIN

Please don't call me that.

PADMÉ

What?

ANAKIN

Annie...

PADMÉ

I've always called you that... it is your name, isn't it?

ANAKIN

It's Anakin. When you say Annie it's like I'm still a little boy... and I'm not.

PADMÉ

I'm sorry, Anakin. It's impossible to deny you've...
(looks him over)
...that you've grown up.

PADME smiles at ANAKIN. He becomes a little shy.

ANAKIN

Master Obi-Wan manages not to see it...

PADMÉ

Mentors have a way of seeing more of our faults than we would like. It's the only way we grow.

ANAKIN

Don't get me wrong... Obi-Wan is a great mentor. As wise as Master Yoda and as powerful as Master Windu. I am truly thankful to be his apprentice. Only... although I'm a Padawan learner, in some ways... a lot of ways... I'm ahead of him. I'm ready for the trials. I know I am! He knows it too. He believes I'm too unpredictable... Other Jedi my age have gone through the trials and made it... I know I started my training late... but he won't let me move on.

PADMÉ

That must be frustrating.

ANAKIN

It's worse... he's overly critical. He never listens! He just doesn't understand! It's not fair!

PADME cannot suppress a laugh. She shakes her head.

PADMÉ

I'm sorry... You sounded exactly like that little boy I once knew, when he didn't get his way.

ANAKIN

I'm not whining! I'm not.

PADME just smiles at him. DORME laughs in the background.

PADMÉ

I didn't say it to hurt you.

ANAKIN

I know...

There is a brief silence. PADME comes over to ANAKIN.

PADME

Anakin...

They look into each other's eyes for the first time.

PADMÉ

(continuing)

Don't try to grow up too fast.

ANAKIN

I am grown up. You said it

yourself.

ANAKIN looks deep into PADME'S eyes.

PADMÉ

Please don't look at me like that.

ANAKIN

Why not?

PADMÉ

Because I can see what you're thinking.

ANAKIN

(laughing)

Ahh... so, you have Jedi powers too?

DORME is watching with concern.

PADMÉ

It makes me feel uncomfortable.

ANAKIN

Sorry, M'lady.

ANAKIN backs away as PADME turns and goes back to her packing.

EXT. CORUSCANT, SPACEPORT FREIGHTER DOCKS, TRANSPORT BUS - DAY

A small bus speeds toward the massive freighter docks of Coruscant's Industrial area. The spaceport is bustling with activity. Transports of various sizes moves supplies and passengers as giant floating cranes lift cargo out of starships. The bus stops before a huge intergalactic freighter starship. It parks in the shadows of an overhang.

INT. CORUSCANT, SPACEPORT FREIGHTER DOCKS, TRANSPORT BUS - DAY

ANAKIN and PADME, dressed in Outland peasant outfits, get up and head for the door where CAPTAIN TYPHO, DORME and OBI-WAN are waiting to hand them their luggage. DORME is dressed to look like Senator Amidala.

CAPTAIN TYPHO

Be safe, m'lady.

PADMÉ

Thank you, Captain. Take good care of Dorme... the threat's on you two now.

DORME

He'll be safe with me.

They laugh, and PADME embraces her faithful

handmaiden. DORME start to weep.

PADMÉ

You'll be fine.

DORME

It's not me, M'Lady. I worry about you. What if they realise I'm not you?

PADMÉ

(looks to Anakin)

Then my Jedi protector will have to prove how grown up he is.

DORME and PADME smile. ANAKIN frowns as OBI-WAN pulls him aside.

OBI-WAN

Anakin, you stay put on Naboo.

Do not attract any attention. Do absolutely nothing without checking in with me or the Council.

ANAKIN

Yes, Master.

OBI-WAN

(to Padme)

I will get to the bottom of this plot quickly, M'Lady. You'll be back here in no time.

PADMÉ

I will be most grateful for your speed, Master Jedi.

ANAKIN

Time to go.

PADMÉ

I know.

PADME gives DORME a last hug. ANAKIN picks up the luggage, and the TWO PEASANTS exit the speeder bus, where ARTOO is waiting for them.

OBI-WAN

May the Force be with you.

ANAKIN

May the Force be with you, Master.

They head off toward the giant Starfreighter.

PADMÉ

Suddenly, I'm afraid...

ANAKIN

I'm kinda scared too. This is my

Gnom! Alt en liver behøver.

Guide skrevet af Nicolai Hiorth

first assignment on my own.

There's nothing to worry about...

PADMÉ