

Bayon

A stylized icon of the Bayon temple, featuring a central face with a crown and multiple smaller faces around it, set against a red background.

Pearl

Cambodia's ORIGINAL FREE Tourism and Information Magazine
Est. 1996 Issue 98 October 2004



Photo: Jim Cali2

Bangkok to Siem Reap. The magical bus ripoff

A tale of waiting and waiting for the Siem Reap scam.

I got up at 5.30am, after another sleepless night thanks to the people in the room opposite, in order to get ready for catching the 6.30 bus to Siem Reap.

Luckily I was being picked up from where I was staying so I didn't need to worry about getting a tuk-tuk too early in the morning. Was ready early which I should have known wasn't needed, as it wasn't until about 6.50 that I was asked to get on the back of a motorbike to be taken to where the bus was waiting.

I was a bit concerned when I asked what I was going to do with my pack and the driver said that he would have it on his lap, he could hardly reach the handlebars and I'm not too sure that he could see over the top of it all that well either. He was weaving across that road more than normal bike riders he may have just been tired but I don't think he expected everything to weigh quite that much! Fortunately we only had to go about a kilometer down the road, where there was another wait for about an hour for the bus to fill up and leave.

We then had about four hours driving without a break, although we had aircon I had the side of the bus that was facing the sun so it was pretty hot and uncomfortable. We had entertainment though, mainly provided by a girl who spent nearly the whole journey running up the bus to the toilets to be sick, emerging each time looking more and more of a mess. Eventually we reached a stop for lunch and to collect our overpriced Cambodian visas, and the first wait leading up to the main scam they try to pull when we reach Siem Reap...

After collecting our visas we had another twenty minutes until we reached the Aranyapatet / Poipet border, where we were all unloaded from the bus and were set free to find our own way through Thai immigration and into Cambodia.

The other side of the border was a crazy scene, overloaded trucks weaving through the potholes, kids running around arranging paperwork for customs, red dust covering everything and casinos lining a one km strip forming a mini Las Vegas amid a sea of bodies pushing huge handcarts overloaded with goods (Poipet being the 'wild west' of Cambodia.) Eventually we all made our way through the tiny concrete sweat-box that Cambodia calls immigration. We were then given a health form to fill out and asked if we had a health certificate. Of course nobody had one and a request for fifty baht was made as we lacked this essential piece of paper. After a few curt words the money was waived.

We were herded together into a group and had another short walk and another wait for the next bus to turn up. This turned out to be a pick up truck, which had to fit fourteen people and all their luggage in the back for the hour long trip to Sisophon, where there was a final wait, and a bus to take us to Siem Reap.

This was also where good news and bad news started to circulate, good news being that Siem Reap was only 100km away, the bad news being that it would take 4 to 6 hours to get there. Up until now we had all been quite impressed with the roads, after the horror stories that I had heard about trucks and cars falling into pot-holes and never being seen again, the few pot holes and sand banks we had experienced on the sealed road so far were nothing to worry about. As soon as we left Sisophon though we realised that the next 100km were on dirt roads, churned up by trucks during the wet season and turned to bumpy red dust, covering the rice paddies and every surface in the bus. And as soon as we were bouncing up and down I realised that I was desperate for the toilet, I didn't want to ask the bus driver to stop as it's recommended that you don't leave the road, even into the rice paddies that stretched off either side, in case you find one of the millions of landmines which are scattered throughout Cambodia from years of war. After about two hours, having crossed several decidedly frail looking bridges I was happy to see the bus was going to stop for a break. Being the first off the bus and racing to the toilet I emerged to be mobbed by all the little children who weren't quick enough to catch me on the way in. This was where I was called stingy by a 6 year old girl.....She was trying to sell me a baguette, she was asking for 20 baht and as backpacker habit I offered her 10 baht, this wasn't well received so I upped the offer to 15. "15 is not enough! I buy baguette for 15. You give me 15 and I make no profit!" I was happy enough to be taught about profit and loss margins by a 6 year old Cambodian girl, but then she told me "If you give me 15 baht, you are stingy!" Not quite sure where she managed to learn that particular English phrase, but I was so impressed that I of course gave her the 20 she was asking for....

After getting on the bus and passing the next 2 hours talking to a Russian girl I was sitting next to we finally arrived at Siem Reap at 10.30pm, covered in dust, hot, sticky and tired. And this was where the final part of the waiting-around scam revealed itself, when the bus pulled up at the hotel owned by a friend of the driver. Sometimes this doesn't really bother me, but looking at the rooms none of us were too impressed, so myself, the Russian girl and an Italian girl managed to flag down 3 passing motorbikes (despite the guesthouse owners best efforts to lock us in) and got a lift to a hotel down the road. We liked the rooms, and finally managed to get into bed at about 11pm, 16 hours after leaving Bangkok!

This is a typical story from an independent traveler. So here is what to do and what to avoid.

On a Package - Bangkok to Siem Reap

Warning #1: Plain and simple - the Khao San Road (and Sukhumvit etc..)tourist bus tickets are a rip-off!. The best thing I can do is inform you of the scams that go on and how you can avoid them so if you insist on traveling this way you can at least make it to Siem Reap with most of your money still in your pocket. That said, do consider that no matter what the cost, this trip takes on average 14-17 hours (and occasionally longer!) opposed to 8-10 hours if you traveled independently. If you are traveling as a pair, there may be little difference between the cost of this bus ticket and the cost of using a public bus in Thailand and a private taxi in Cambodia and if there are three or four of you it will almost certainly be cheaper to take the government bus and a taxi. *You have been warned!*

Warning #2: In recent months some of the operators have begun taking their cargo (you!) through either the Pailin or O'Smach border posts. There are several problems with this. One, these are fairly isolated crossing points making it more difficult to avoid their scams as you have few alternate choices. Second, these are much longer ways to travel, thus making an already long trip even longer. Third, despite being assured a bus in Cambodia you may well end up sitting in the back of a pick-up truck from the border to Siem Reap (bumpy and wet!). Fourth, if you find yourself being taken through one of these remote crossings and you ask why, you'll probably be told one of three things: 1.) this way is faster (it most certainly is not!) 2.) the Poipet border is "closed today" (nonsense - it's the main border post between the two countries - it doesn't close). 3.) The road from Poipet is closed, bridge is broken, etc. (more nonsense - it's been two years since the road was in seriously bad condition) *Again, you have been warned!*

Anyway, if you must, here is how the package trips work.

For some time, most agencies on Khao San Road sold the tourist bus ticket for anywhere between 80 and 400 baht. However, due to some problems on the Cambodia side (the authorities in Poipet wanted a cut of the money) ticket prices have been jacked up to around 400 to 600 baht. And not only has there been no reduction in scams, hassles, and delays with this price increase, the fact is that lately there has been an *increase* in scams! So, if you insist on taking this tourist bus do shop around because it's the same crappy service regardless of what you.

Most of the buses will claim to depart from Khao San Road around sevenish. By the time they get everybody picked up and sorted out it may be a bit later. As you'll soon discover there are numerous delays along the way - most of which are pre-planned no matter how spontaneous they may seem.

Neak Krrohorm (Red Dragon) is the main transport company, but there are plenty of other smaller operators of various degrees of dodginess. Regardless of "reputation", they are all guilty of offering similar service, with the same scams, hassles, and delays. The only advantage with Neak Krrohorm is that you are more likely to be on a reasonably comfortable bus opposed to a run-down van, or worse. It's also not uncommon that you'll buy a ticket thinking you're traveling with one company only to be put into a bus with another.

From Bangkok to the Border

This first part of the journey is normal. The real fun begins when you get near the border and the first scam hits. Actually it's the second scam - the first scam was buying the ticket in the first place.

The Border Crossing Scam

As I referred to at the beginning, some of the buses aren't even taking you through the Aranyaprathet / Poipet border crossing, which is far and away the most direct route to Siem Reap. Using another border crossing, such as Pailin or O'Smach is nothing more than another way of ripping you off. If you catch them heading somewhere else besides Poipet you'll probably be told some lame excuse like , "Oh, that border is closed today". That is of course, nonsense.

The Visa Scam

The only fee is the cost of a visa, which if you do it yourself is usually 1000 baht (\$25), the legal fee is \$20 but your chances of getting a tourist visa for the proper \$20 at this border crossing are rather remote whether you're on this bus or arriving on your own.

[Note: if you've been redirected to O'Smach or Pailin you may find this visa fee hiked up to 1500 baht or even \$40!]

When you reach Aranyaprathet (the border town on the Thailand side) the buses will stop at a restaurant either a few kilometers before the border. While the opportunity to eat may be welcome, they essentially have you held hostage because you're too far away to get up and walk to the border yourself. So they start by playing the convenience game. A smiling Cambodian (usually Cambodian, but always smiling) will lead you to believe that it would be so much easier for you to sit and eat while he goes and takes care of that silly visa business for you - and it would be easier *except* that he's going to charge an additional 100 to 500 baht per person to perform this service.

No matter what they may tell you, the Cambodia visa process is incredibly easy. You don't need their assistance! Have your lunch and then go do the visa yourself at the border for 1000 baht. Still, if you try to hold your ground and refuse to hand them your passport, they have all the answers to your objections. And all their answers are lies.

Change money scam

There's a possibility you may be told that you must change as much as \$100 US into Cambodian riel. There is no such regulation in Cambodia and the US dollar remains the de facto currency of Cambodia. But the real scam lies in the fact that you may be given as little as 3400 riel to the dollar. Presently the riel exchanges at around 4000 riel to the dollar and has remained there for several years now. **DO NOT CHANGE ANY MONEY HERE!** They also may try this scam on again in Sisophon.

SARS scam

Remember SARS? That little virus that everyone panicked about in 2003 and has seemingly been eradicated? Well, Cambodia has decided that 2004 will be Keep Cambodia SARS-free Year and you may be presented with a slip of paper from The Ministry of Health.

Most people aren't asked to pay for it, but they do try from time to time to get some money out of unsuspecting tourists. If you're unlucky enough to be asked do not pay one single baht for this slip of paper Everything other than the requirement to have a visa and get a stamp is a **SCAM**.

Getting to Siem Reap

Once you *finally* get on the road, you'll travel all of about 50 kilometers to the town of Sisophon where, you guessed it! A food break! Yes, you ate a few hours ago at the border but they need to waste more time. They'll tell you it's a fifteen-minute break and then the van or bus will drive off and not come back for one or two hours.

You'll probably then manage to travel all of another 50 kilometers before, you guessed it again! another stop! This time in Kralanh which is the toilet capital of Cambodia. there must be at least half a dozen Western toilet blocks in this small village.

Finally, tired and weary (just what they want!), you'll get to Siem Reap somewhere between eight pm and midnight and pull into a guesthouse that paid as much as \$7 a person to have you delivered there. And they have you so worn down that you'd probably agree to sleep in a pig sty if that's what they offered.

Tourists have been hassled for trying to leave the guesthouse they are sold to. However, while the problem has most certainly not been eliminated, reports are less frequent now.

In some cases, if you tried to leave you were at the very least told lies about Siem Reap being dangerous after dark. This is nonsense Siem Reap is one of the safest places in Asia.

In more serious instances some guesthouses have held tourist's bags and demanded payment for their return or they simply locked the gates and refused to let you leave. If you find yourself in this situation the first words out of your mouth should be "I'm going to get the police." And do it.

But to reiterate, this seems to be a less common occurrence now and it really seems that most of the guesthouses have sorted themselves out in respect to this. Still, as this problem hasn't completely gone away, if the guesthouse does cause any problems for you, **Go to the tourist police!!!** That's what they are there for.

The tourist police are located in the main police station, which is a large new building on the corner of Svatha Street and Highway 6 not far from the Grand Hotel and the Royal Residence.

Telephone numbers for the tourist police are apparently 012-969-991, 012-950-091, 012-837-768, 012-862-629, 012-402-424. Don't be afraid to use their services. It's what they are here for.

SUMMARY - Advice to follow if you are using the Khao San Road bus ticket:

- 1.) Ask yourself again, "Why am I doing this and not exploring the option of taking a government bus to the border and a taxi onward to Siem Reap?"
- 2.) Shop around for the cheapest price because the service is the same regardless of what you pay.

- 3.) Neak Krorhorm is the main operator, try to be with them (and you probably will be whether you inquire about it or not), but that doesn't allow you to assume smooth sailing.
- 4.) Be prepared to spend as much as eighteen hours getting to Siem Reap.
- 5.) Do not delude yourself into believing they are doing you a favor by getting your Cambodia visa for you when they dump you at the restaurant near the border (unless they do it for 1000 baht). Do it yourself! You bought this bus ticket to save money, right?
- 6.) There is no law that says you have to change money and certainly not at anything less than 3900 riels to the dollar.
- 7.) There is no law requiring SARS clearance, vaccination certificates, or any other health checks.
- 8.) Be prepared for a dusty ride in Cambodia.
- 9.) Don't worry about bandits on the highway, there haven't been any in years.
- 10.) Nor should you worry about land mines along the road, there aren't any. If the bus makes a toilet stop you're perfectly safe to step behind any bush to answer nature's call. Oh, and what about all those signs posted every ten feet or so along the road? Sorry, they aren't land mine warning signs. There is a communications cable buried alongside the highway and the signs are informing the locals not to dig there or they might snap the cable. You'd have to walk quite a distance from this road to find a land mine.
- 11.) Don't feel pressured to stay at the guesthouse you're delivered to in Siem Reap.
- 12.) If you encounter any resistance leaving the guesthouse you are delivered to go directly to the police. If you decide it's too much effort to fight your way out of the guesthouse, then make a visit to the tourist police your first order of business the next morning.
- 13.) Maintain a sense of humor. Have a laugh! Don't pay them anything to do the visa and be firm about maintaining your accommodation options!

From Bangkok to Siem Reap

- 1.) Get to Morchit (Northern) Bus Terminal. First and second-class buses to Aranyaprathet depart from the ground floor. Blue windows (26 or 31) for first class, red windows to the left for second-class. Fares are 164 or 180 baht for first class, 127 or 140 baht for second class. The 127 and 164 baht fares are for a faster route. Departures are every half hour or so from four in the morning to six in the evening. Trip takes from 3:45 to 5 hours. Or. Train from Bangkok to Aranyaprathet - two departures a day, 5:55 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Takes about six hours. Third-class service.
- 2.) In Aranyaprathet take a tuk-tuk to the border six kilometers away. 50 or 60 baht. Do not allow anyone in the tuk-tuk with you. Do not allow the driver to take a detour to a local travel agency to sell you a ticket on a tourist bus. That's what you are trying to avoid!
- 3.) You'll be dropped off at the end of a large market. Follow the crowd to the immigration posts. Shake off any touts who accost you.
- 4.) Get stamped out of Thailand. Walk to Cambodia. If you need a Cambodia visa you're going to pay 1000 baht for it and an extra 100 baht if you forgot to bring a photo. Do not buy the \$12 bus ticket to Siem Reap. Do not pay for a SARS clearance form. Do not talk to touts or believe what anybody says. Walk past casinos to Cambodian immigration. Ignore more touts (unless one offers a Camry to Siem Reap for 1000 baht). Get stamped into Cambodia.
- 5.) Enter traffic circle chaos. Deal with touts, etc.
- 6.) Get taxi to Siem Reap for 1000 baht. Do not pay any money to anybody until you are delivered to your chosen destination. Do not allow any "friends" into the taxi, not even for ten seconds.
- 7.) If you want a pick-up truck you'll have to change in Sisophon, so only get a truck to Sisophon and only pay to get to Sisophon and then deal with the Siem Reap bit when you get there. Price to Sisophon is 30 baht in the back, 50 baht up front for one seat, 100 baht up front for two seats (recommended). For Sisophon to Siem Reap prices are 50, 100, and 200 baht respectively. Again don't pay anybody any money until you arrive in Sisophon or Siem Reap. Always look for the fullest truck.

Jewish Truths

1. The Harvard School of Medicine did a study of why Jewish women like Chinese food so much. The study revealed that this is due to the fact that Won Ton spelled backwards is Not Now.
2. There is a big controversy on the Jewish view of when life begins. In Jewish tradition, the fetus is not considered viable until it graduates from medical school.
3. Q: Why don't Jewish mothers drink? A: Alcohol interferes with their suffering.
4. Q: Have you seen the newest Jewish-American-Princess horror movie? A: It's called "Debbie Does Dishes."
5. Q: Why do Jewish mothers make great parole officers?
A: They never let anyone finish a sentence.
6. When the doctor called Mrs. Liebenbaum to tell her that her check came back, she replied, "So did my arthritis."
7. A man called his mother in Florida, "Mom, how are you?" "Not too good," said the mother. "I've been very weak." The son said, "Why are you so weak?" She said, "Because I haven't eaten in 38 days." The son said, "That's terrible. Why haven't you eaten in 38 days?" The mother answered, "Because I didn't want my mouth to be filled with food if you should call."
8. A Jewish boy comes home from school and tells his mother he's been given a part in the school play. "Wonderful. What part is it?" The boy says, "I play the part of the Jewish husband." The mother scowls and says, "Go back and tell the teacher you want a speaking part."
9. Q: Where does a Jewish husband hide money from his wife?
A: Under the vacuum cleaner.
10. Q: How many Jewish mothers does it take to change a light bulb? A: (Sigh) Don't bother. I'll sit in the dark. I don't want to be a nuisance to anybody.
11. Short summary of every Jewish holiday: They tried to kill us, we won, let's eat.
12. Did you hear about the bum who walked up to a Jewish mother on the street and said, "Lady I haven't eaten in three days." "Force yourself," she replied.
13. Q: What's the difference between a Rottweiler and a Jewish mother? A: Eventually, the Rottweiler lets go.
14. Jewish telegram: "Begin worrying. Details to follow."

NUMBERS UP. FEET JUST UNDER THE TABLE.

With tourism numbers up over forty percent this year the Pearnik had a chat with the new Minister of Tourism Lay Prahhas.

With a couple of months in the job Lay Prahhas has been busy getting to grips with his new portfolio. He seems to be taking a hands on approach visiting all his different departments listening to their ideas and problems and hopes to visit every province in person in the very near future.

His plan is made up of four parts with the main aim at the moment being to change the worlds perception of Cambodia.

Many countries media display Cambodia as full of landmines, insecure and problems occur on almost a daily basis.

“These ideas of Cambodia obstruct tourism development,” said Lay Prahhas. “We have booked satellite advertising time and are about to start filming. This and more active promotion at international tourism exhibitions will help change peoples perception of Cambodia. We hope to receive one million tourists this year and this will be a milestone for Cambodia.”

The second part of his plan is more co-operation between tourism businesses and the government involving roads airports and other infrastructure.

Thirdly is capacity building, mainly human resources. This involves the establishment of two National Institutes for Tourism Development to train Khmers in the hotel, restaurant, tour guide and hospitality sectors. The minister also acknowledged that while every province had a tourism office it was only actually the physical building. This was something he would start to change when he toured the country.

The final part involves the private sector with the ministry encouraging and supporting projects not only in the hotel sector but with restaurants, shops and bars. More events would be planned thus adding value to every person visiting along with promotion of the countries other tourist attractions.

The final part prompted the question about the new draft law currently being studied where foreign owned bars would come under the ministries authority.

The minister acknowledged that this would probably come to be, but his job was to encourage them and assist them. He then pointed to his active involvement in re-opening one bar that was closed the other month.

The minister seemed very keen on a night market along the river-front but was unaware of the ebb and flow of the battle of tables and chairs on the footpath. He agreed that tourists needed this style of open air drinking and eating and would raise this point with the municipality in the near future so a clear set of guidelines can be drawn up.

We then raised the thorny issues of visa rip-offs at the border, the bus/guesthouse scam in Siem Reap and quite a few others.

He listened intently and discussed most of them with a look of abhorrence.

“Being new in the job I was unaware of many of these problems. This is very bad for Cambodia and will have to be looked into very quickly.”

He then asked us to submit a letter to him raising all these points along with suggestions for improving facilities for tourists. Then he could raise the issues at the next ministerial meeting and send people from the ministry to investigate the issues so directives can be issued.

When the standard step by step approach was raised by us the minister scoffed at the idea saying he had no time for this approach and these points have to be dealt with quickly.

Lay Prahhas seemed friendly and affable but was very stern on problems within the tourism industry. He said he enjoyed tackling these problems as it was important for the country as a whole as tourism is the fastest developing sector.

Who knows he may prove to be a real go getter. Only time will tell.

So if you have any issues you want raised please drop us a line and we will include it in our letter to the minister. In a final twist he has actually asked if we will come in and join the meeting to give more detailed explanations of the problems.

ELECTION NEWS

Geometry Takes Center Stage in Race

Sen. John Kerry turned up the heat on Iraq today, telling an audience in Pittsburgh that the insurgent stronghold known as The Sunni Triangle had expanded and should now rightfully be called "The Sunni Trapezoid." "If you take a look at the so-called Sunni Triangle, it does not have three sides," a hoarse-voiced Mr. Kerry told the crowd. "It has four sides, two of which are parallel and two of which are not."

"George Bush refuses to admit it is a trapezoid," Mr. Kerry said, "but I will." Mr. Kerry's speech drew an instant and harsh rebuke from a Pentagon spokesman, Ira Clausen, who said that calling The Sunni Triangle "The Sunni Trapezoid" was undermining the U.S. effort in Iraq.

Mr. Clausen added, "But even if it is in fact a trapezoid, the Pentagon is well up to the task of stopping this insurgency because a pentagon has five sides and a trapezoid only four."

Even as Mr. Kerry continued to stay on message, bringing out a diagram showing the difference between a triangle and a trapezoid at other campaign stops later in the day, experts questioned the wisdom of introducing geometry into the presidential campaign. "This argument could really backfire on Kerry, because most people really hate geometry."

Bickering Over War Leaves Communists Confused

Citing the persistent bickering over Vietnam in the current U.S. presidential campaign, the president of Vietnam today asked the United States government for "official confirmation" that the Vietnam War is over.

"We were pretty sure that the war was over," said President Tran Duc Luong, "but we thought it wouldn't hurt to check."

Mr. Luong's request could put President Bush in an awkward position, since if Mr. Bush confirms that the war is over he could leave himself open to charges that he is merely trying to avoid fighting in it.

Indeed, after a reporter at a campaign rally today asked Mr. Bush if the war in Vietnam was over, Mr. Bush set his jaw and replied, "Not on my watch." Democratic challenger John Kerry, while not saying outright that he would fight in the Vietnam War if it is not over, injected the phrase "reporting for duty" no fewer than seventy times in his latest stump speech.

Blow, Snow Dominate New Stump Speech

Attempting to change the terms of the debate in the 2004 presidential campaign, Sen. John Kerry (D-Mass) came out swinging today, asking a Michigan audience, "Do you really want four more years of that lying cokehead?"

Saying that a second Bush administration would subject the nation to "four more years of blow and snow," Mr. Kerry unleashed his most savage attack on the president to date, accusing Mr. Bush of spending the federal surplus on a \$40,000-a-day cocaine habit.

"Where did the surplus go? I'll tell you!" thundered Mr. Kerry, who then mimed inhaling a line of cocaine to the delight of the partisan crowd.

Mr. Kerry's decision to accuse Mr. Bush of "snorting foo-foo dust" and "tooting

racehorse charlie" seemed to be inspired by the new unauthorized book about the Bush family penned by celebrity biographer Kitty Kelley, who coincidentally was named to the Axis of Evil today.

But just minutes after Mr. Kerry accused Mr. Bush of "hitching up the reindeers," Vice President Dick Cheney returned fire, telling an audience in West Virginia that if Mr. Kerry is elected, the Earth will spin off its axis and collide with the sun.

After being told of Mr. Cheney's latest dire prediction, Mr. Kerry chuckled, "I guess George Bush isn't the only one in the White House who's horning the Peruvian lady!"

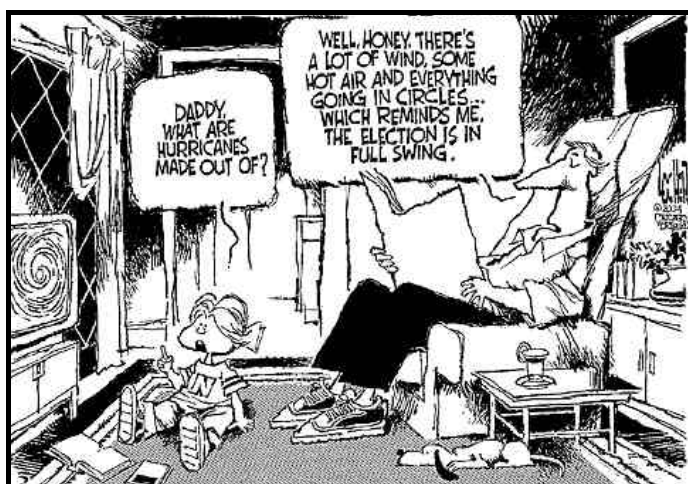
In other campaign news, President Bush told reporters today that he "doubted" that the Texas National Guard memos discovered by CBS last week could be authentic because "I know exactly where the real ones are hidden."

Bass Boat Vets for Truth Question Bush

A group of bass fishermen from Lower Alabama came forward this morning to question President Bush's activities there in the early 1970's.

Dr. Cecil McCoy claims to have treated Mr. Bush in a motel room in 1972 as a favor to an influential friend. After an afternoon fishing in Mobile Bay, the future president had suffered a severe second degree sunburn across the entire left side of his body.

Mr. Bush's fishing policy advisor, Roland Martin, has denied all charges, although the Alabama Department of Natural Resources acknowledged late today that significant gaps exist in the records of the president's boating and fishing licenses.



War Vets Criticize Iraqi Treatment Of Animals

BAGHDAD – International aid organizations expressed concern this month over the growing mistreatment of Western pets under the controversial ‘Adopt an Invader’ initiative. “Remember,” stressed one innocent \$80k-per-week Haliburton employee, “hostages are for life, not just the expiration of your unrealistic demands.”

“Starved of large amounts of aid money, the back up of several thousand heavily armed marines, and lavish Green Zone lunches,” explained one militia fighter, “the poor captives lose the bravado, zeal, and international media focus that once made them so cute, and cuddly.”

Chief Veterinarian Colin Powell urged Iraqis to follow tried and tested US care programs. “Sure, the cages at Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo aren’t huge, but check out those smiling naked guys in a pyramid! And those cool hoods! Ha!

Continued on page 17



Security was beefed up this month for the eighth AIPO junket, with Cambodia once again demonstrating itself to be a regional leader in fecklessness, waste, and wanton profligacy. Here, a military officer deploys state of the art technology aimed at preventing the spread of bird flu, SAMS, and rogue Thai Muslim butterfly units. Full story: page 17.

Government Hits Targets: Economy, Development, The Poor

PHNOM PENH – Rural communities this month lauded the government’s swift move to ratify the joining of the WTO, saying that it demonstrated a renewed commitment to abusing the impoverished.

“The hiatus of discrimination against poor communities,” stated an apologetic spokesperson, “was unavoidable given the political stalemate. I am confident that we, as a government, can now work together again at ensuring the continued stagnation of the country.”

Initial indicators have been positively negative. Land seizure has risen by over 35% in Q3, with other

key indicators such as deforestation, people trafficking, and infrastructure decay also showing promising signs of increase.

Some representatives, however, expressed caution over the new moves. “This will not just happen overnight, but will require the full commitment of all parties,” warned one young lady facing imminent unemployment and a life on the game. “The end of the garment quotas in December will certainly speed the descent, but cannot be relied upon solely to hammer in the final nail.”

To allay such fears, the

government is already pushing new destructive initiatives to choke the last death rattle. The renewal of National Service and the draft will redirect what little family funds exist towards local Military commanders, thereby stimulating spending in the key karaoke sector, and also take targets for the reduction of the armed forces safely out of reach. “Such measures display a clear resolve towards calamity, catastrophe, and corruption,” claimed a Minister. Foreign investors were unavailable for comment due to large, desperate queues at Poche-

Continued on page 17

About Cambodia

- Government continues to hold Thai Muslims for wasting police time through willful and intransigent innocence; Cites UK, US, in defense
Page 17
- Dumb Snooky expat. substance addict loses all to girl, local police – exclusive, insightful, in-depth, cutting-edge journalism
Page 17
- Ministry of Labor error: calls for improved ventilation lead to National draft
Page 17

Country, People To Live “Happily Ever After”

NARNIA – The Prime Minister had harsh words this month for the donor community, stating that Cambodia did not need meddling foreign aid or investment.

It appears that the premier’s comments came after an analysis of leading economic texts by Grimm

and Grimm. Noting that Cambodia has a wealth of natural rainbows in the second half of the economic year, more effort was urged in pot-of-gold searches. Beanstalk plantations would be given extra funding to assist in reaching the clouds, whilst there would be an im-

mediate clampdown on wolves of the big- and bad-variety, and ugly union leaders, and wicked old ladies occupying prime real estate in Daun Penh. “Our new London Embassy will take the gold paving! We can manage alone!” raved the now metre-nosed prem-

Continued on page 17

THE GRIFTERS

By The Stool Pigeon

Sometimes in the game of life, we are taken for a ride.

In this all-too-true story, I am a victim – but in a rather insignificant way. Instead of being perturbed, I feel rewarded for having the opportunity to witness the following scam first hand. My financial fleecing only amounted to 400 pesos (about \$8). It could have been worse. It could have been my life.

This story takes place in a Philippine city called Angeles. The only reason anyone would want to visit this place is Fields Ave., where one can have a field day consuming dirt-cheap beer while easily meeting some of the world's most beautiful women.

OK, so these aren't such bad reasons for visiting here after all.

Anyway, on this fateful day I left my room at Hotel Europhil around noon. There was a gloriously sunny sky, far too bright for my clouded cranium and pinhole pupils to enjoy.

I ambled down Fields Ave. in pursuit of a breakfast beer.

Shortly there after, I was approached by a well-dressed, well-spoken gentleman of perhaps 50 years of age.

I don't trust anyone. It is a character trait that I have that I sometimes regret. I'm sure there have been some earnest people whose genuine, benevolent offers I have refused in the past – all because I didn't believe in their sincerity.

Well, this gentleman (Toni) caught me off guard with an invitation to his villa. I could smell a rat, but I was curious to find out what his scheme might be.

I am abbreviating the details of this story quite a bit, so I'll understand you questioning my delinquent judgement in going to Toni's villa.

The duration of this visit was to be no more than 15 minutes (transportation time included). We arrived at the villa and I was placated by the fact that Toni asked the driver to wait for us.

The gist of this visit was Toni giving me some promo items for a nightclub business that he was involved in. (I suspected much more was to follow and I was curious to see what that might be.)

I was given a beer and introduced to some family members. (All in an atmosphere of sincerity.) Toni excused himself from the room and his brother and I had a good chat.

New faces appeared on the scene in rapid succession. (But no Toni.) One of the entourage claimed to be a landlord and he had a wad of cash in his hand (perhaps the equivalent of \$10,000). He acted friendly and seemed eager to show me a card trick.

Now I knew the game! I'd heard many stories of people unwittingly becoming involved in fixed card games. I had always been intrigued how this worked – and how someone could be so stupid as to get conned into partaking.

And now, here I was, at one in the afternoon in a mini-mansion full of strangers, with a deck of cards and a whack of cash already in sight.

After performing the harmless card trick, the 'landlord' asked me to play 7-card stud with him. I told him, I'd play just for fun, but not money. Just something to do while I waited for Toni to return with the prom package.

The landlord explained, and rightly so, that there is no challenge in playing poker without gambling. Gambling and bluffing ARE the game.

Again, I refused to gamble, stating I didn't have much money with me. So he agreed to play 'for fun', writing down our would be wagers on a piece of paper. I knew where this was leading.

The situation became serious when Toni's brother offered to make a huge side bet (real money) on my hand. The landlord accepted.

The con in a fixed card game is to always give the mark an attractive col-

lection of cards, one that only a fool would bet against or fold on. In 7-card stud, some cards are revealed and some are hidden. The best five cards count.

So after five cards had been dealt, I already possessed a queen-seven full house. The landlord had a hodge-podge with potential for a straight at the most.

The brother upped his bet on my hand and the landlord accepted. I was told if I didn't match and folded, the game would end.

So I said, "OK, I fold."

The brother was livid! "What about my bet? What about my money???", he pleaded.

I told him if he wanted to make a side bet, that was fine – but I wasn't going to, despite having a good hand."

The sixth card was turned up and it was of no use to me. Then the landlord turned a king for himself. This was the obvious sign of a sting. Even though the king seemed useless to his chances, it was still higher than any card I had. (I suspected he had more.)

More side bets were made by the brother and the landlord.

After the seventh cards were dealt, my queen-seven full house lost to the landlord's king-ten full house.

The pot was pretty high and the landlord demanded 5,000 pesos (about \$90US).

He became quite angry when I rejected the idea. The changes in his facial expressions and voice tone were actually rather comical. The brother was also in a fit of anger and bemoaning the money he had 'lost'.

At this juncture, Toni miraculously re-appeared. In his calm manner, he suggested I should pay up. He didn't want any trouble at the house and it would be a huge problem if I didn't pay my gambling debt.

So here I was in a room with a group of strangers, two of them acting negatively toward me. In an attempt to pacify them, I agreed to pay the 300 pesos (a little more than 5 bucks) they had written down on the paper for fun.

The landlord was trying to be forceful. He was adamant about getting his money from me.

I made for the door and slipped my sandals on, fully expecting to be held back or pistol-whipped. But the only one to follow was Toni. He was pleading with me to return, telling me I shouldn't play cards if I was afraid to lose. I pushed him aside and bolted out the door.

True to his word, the driver was still waiting, after what was by now about a forty-five minute time frame. I hopped into the vehicle and said, "Go."

Toni hopped in as well.

I berated Toni for luring me to the villa, but in reality, without him my exodus might not have went so smoothly.

When the driver arrived at Fields Avenue, he requested an exorbitant amount of money to cover return transportation plus waiting time

I offered fifty pesos, take it or leave it.

The driver scoffed at this suggestion.

I posed the question to the driver, "Who hired you? Who asked you to wait? Get the rest of the money from him."

I only offered to pay for the trip I hired him for – my escape.

The scene got a bit ugly and various threats were bandied about. I ended up crumpling a 100 peso note and tossing it on the ground. I turned my back on these bastards and walked away.

In the end, it cost me about eight Yankee bucks to unveil the inner workings of these card game scams. I suppose I came up with a winning hand after all. I got a story out of the deal.



Text a "friend"

The following should be introduced as a message template on Cambodian phones. It sure seems to be standard here:

"Hi how are you where are you what are you doing? Do you miss me? I miss you, but I no money."

Trial or gravy train?

Why is there so much debate at the moment about the Khmer Rouge trial?

Let the Khmers deal with it themselves. It would cost a few thousand but it would be fast and efficient. Why waste more money on those murdering bastards that killed so many here?

Well the UN gravy train wants to pull into town again. Tens of millions of dollars and enough parasites hanging on to send the lowliest street dog running.

UN trials drag on for years waffling on about crap with half the defendants either dying of old age, boredom or cannot stand anymore due to ill health.

It's all another way of spending taxpayers money and supporting

their bloated UN bureaucracy. Spend the money on food aid or medicine not this performing circus.

New Tico award

We often lambaste the Tico for being the most dangerous car on the roads here. Well another prize example just reinforces the fact. Motorbikes swerved out of the way the other week on 178 street as a Tico careered down it seemingly out of control.

Only when the car got closer was the true problem revealed.

A mother was driving with what looked like a four year old in the front standing up bashing the dashboard with the mother screaming at it.

Just to top it off she had a young baby in her left arm which was bawling its eyes out!!

You know how well multi-tasking works here.

Mistaken or just dumb

Well bizzare things happen here but Thailand does have its moments.

A couple are just starting out on what could be a messy divorce.

The Thai wife fell out with her barang husband and decided to teach him a lesson.

She hired a guy to torch his BMW in a car park when he was at work in the evening running a bar they own.

The husband was sick the next day so the wife went to the bar instead of him.

The hired help dutifully torched the BMW in the car park that fitted the description he was given.

The flaw in the plan was the wife forgot that her car despite being a different model was a BMW of the same colour!

Ahh.. To live in a Buddhist country.

Koh Kong to Phnom Penh

The road from Koh Kong is dete-

riorating quite badly at the moment due to the rains.

The worst section being between Koh Kong and the first river crossing (but the rest is not in the least comfortable).

One company has stopped doing a minibus service at the moment due to the cost of repairs and getting stuck all the time.

If you do come that way hire a car. Its normally sixty bucks but if there are four of five of you the cost is the same as the minibus.

Recent reports have passengers having to push minibuses out when their stuck and the trip taking anything up to eleven hours.

A Camry will take about six hours and will most likely not get stuck.

The boat to Sihanoukville is the other option but check the weather as their not called the vomit rockets for nothing.



DODGY DVD REVIEWS

First Daughter

You know that impending terrorist attack they've been warning us about? I think this movie may be it. If I were the real U.S. President and saw this movie, I would immediately surround Hollywood with an invasion force and stop at nothing until director Forest Whitaker had been tracked down and dug out of his spider hole.

"First Daughter" is so bad, it may actually one day become a cult favorite, a centerpiece of midnight showings where drunken, rowdy homosexuals gather to dress up like the characters, recite the lines in unison, and throw condoms at the screen whenever first daughter Samantha (Katie Holmes) and love interest James (Marc Blucas) come together to exchange strained romantic platitudes.

After this movie is over, you'll know what muscles you use to cringe, because they'll be sore by the time the final credits roll. Though she's the daughter of the U.S. President (Michael Keaton), Samantha just wants to go to college and be a "normal girl." You know how to wrap up these "princess just wants to be normal" movies in about 30 seconds? Put princess in a Wal-Mart uniform on the graveyard shift and take away her health care benefits. Since this is Hollywood, however, and not heaven, that doesn't happen here. Samantha's journey of self-discovery entails a mind-numbing procession of staged "spontaneous" collegiate moments. One example: At James's urging, she eats popcorn and chocolate candies -- TOGETHER! "It's disgusting; I like it!" she enthuses as the audience, of course, cringes.

Every interaction between the uncomfortably wholesome Samantha and her uncomfortably earnest family and friends makes you want to turn away from the screen. I haven't seen this much forced warmth since John McCain joined George W. Bush on the campaign trail. An argument between Samantha and President Dad is about as engaging as watching John Kerry debate himself.

The screenplay deserves special mention. The actors should get Oscar nominations just for managing to deliver some of these lines with a straight face. "First Daughter" should be impeached.

Mr. 3000

Much like Kirsten Dunst's tennis in "Wimbledon," Bernie Mac looks like he'd have a better chance sprouting wings and flying into the sky than he does of hitting a major league baseball pitch. His swing resembles a circus clown trying to chop a piece of wood with an axe that's about ten pounds too heavy.

Unfortunately, this doesn't stop anyone from casting him as Stan Ross, a ridiculously selfish player for the Milwaukee Brewers who gets his

3000th hit and immediately quits in the middle of a pennant race. Something like nine years later, as Stan is just about to get into the Hall of Fame, some statisticians discover that Stan got credited for three hits he shouldn't have and is actually three hits short of the magical 3000. In his late 40s, Stan decides to make a comeback to get three more hits and since the Brewers are mired in 5th place, they agree to let him try.

This entire film is designed so that the audience can take some satisfaction from watching Stan learn to not be such a selfish prick. While trying to get his hits, he's humbled the tiniest bit by going on an O-fer streak and watching the team's best player, T-Rex (Brian J. White) behave much like Stan behaved when he was the team's best player. In addition to the baseball, we're treated to Stan's relationship with his best friend, Boca (Michael Rispoli), and with a former flame and ESPN reporter, Mo (Angela Bassett).

Boca hangs around Stan to warm himself off the glow of fame and Mo does much the same, in addition to the supposed great sex (for Mo, that is). Consequently, it's not exactly satisfying when Stan learns to be a team player and these two finally applaud him for not being selfish.

Predictably, Stan has an epiphany toward the end of the film, but it doesn't make up for watching an annoying character for two hours, much less make up for being an annoying person for more than forty years.

Shaun of the Dead

This movie had been sitting around for two years with good reason, but along comes the remake of "Dawn of the Dead" and suddenly somebody somehow gets the message that what we now need is another zombie movie. It's funny how that works. Something unique is created or something is rediscovered and the immediate reaction of the commercial entertainment weasels is to beat us over the head with it until the last thing we ever want to see again is a movie with a zombie in it.

This film is an unusual combination of romantic comedy and zombie film. Undoubtedly, we'll be seeing a mystery zombie film and then zombies in space and then a zombie musical until people are throwing themselves off buildings at the mere mention of the word zombie.

Then the zombies come and like a motivating force straight from the Twelve Step God himself, Shaun has a purpose in life: Save his mother and get back together with his girlfriend, Liz (Kate Ashfield). Really, this isn't much different than watching one of those intolerably sappy romantic comedies where the guy is just screwing around until he finally realizes that he truly loves his girlfriend. This one just happens to have zombies in it.



ONE LUMP OR TWO?

By Mark Hotham

Cambodia seems wonderful in comparison. Some tales from other countries.

Call me old fashioned, but I don't generally enjoy watching young boys being beaten in front of me while I am eating my breakfast. I had assumed that when the woman had asked, "Scrambled or fried?" she had been referring to my eggs and not the hotel staff. But as we had just suffered 18 hours at the hands of the Indian railway system on a train designed with the specific aim in mind of preventing me from sleeping until 5 minutes before we arrived at Hampi, my senses were somewhat dulled. Dawn had hardly shown her big pink face when we were deposited unceremoniously at the guesthouse and all we could think about was breakfast followed by bed.

Even before we had dumped our bags in our concrete cell of a room the poor boy was receiving his first beating of the day. Assuming that he had done something very bad to warrant such a hiding by the 'lady' of the establishment, we headed for the roof top restaurant in search of something to eat. Which was when he got his second pummeling of the day. It was certainly difficult to imagine what he could have done that was so bad in the short space between beatings. He was probably not much more than 14 years old but had that look in his eyes that told you that he had experienced more in those 14 years than he should have done. But his tormentor, a woman perhaps twice his age and build, showed no mercy, nor appeared to have any comprehension of the suffering she was causing him as the blows rained down on his head as he cowered on the floor. He then scuttled off to some dark corner somewhere to lick his wounds, while she continued to serve us our breakfast with a beatific smile across her face. We sat in horrified silence for a few minutes, unable to eat, and then made a tactical retreat to our cell to wrestle with mosquitoes for a few hours.

After such a grueling journey and unexpectedly violent dawn we eventually managed to slip into a troubled slumber, one in which dreams of torture and violence featured highly. Luckily, our bed was a plain concrete platform that added to the distinct feeling upon awaking that we had somehow been interviewed by the Inquisition during those few short hours of oblivion. By the time we emerged from the room, completely unrefreshed, it was hot enough outside to render us easily identifiable as English.

We decided to pop up to the roof again for a quick drink before tackling the ruins of Hampi in the midday sun. Seeing no signs of imminent violence we ordered a couple of lemon sodas and settled back to admire the beautiful view. The human punchbag was in attendance serving drinks and looking extremely subdued and submissive. He had the air of someone awaiting sentence. It wasn't too long before sentence was delivered and then administered. The She-Devil materialized from behind a curtain, as if by magic, now in the persona of Kali, Goddess of Destruction and Retribution. She floated past us, smiling sweetly as she went, and approached the Punchbag who withered visibly in her presence. She proceeded to launch into a tirade of vitriol (at least that is what it sounded like, our Hindi by then being limited to "Hello " and "What are you staring at?") I could sense my girlfriend tensing in anticipation of the ensuing violence. Indeed, Kali soon had him on the floor again as she unleashed slaps and kicks to his prone body. Our tethers snapped

simultaneously and we both stood up and shouted at her to stop, which to our relief, she did. She looked at us as if to say "What the hell's wrong with you two?!"

Indiscriminate domestic violence was not on our 'must see' list for India and we decided to check out immediately. Whilst we felt bad for leaving the boy to the mercy of this violent woman we knew the police would be totally uninterested in the plight of one boy amongst millions and that we couldn't stay forever to look out for him. Our only option was to vote with our feet. We told the manager, who was to be found lounging on his bed, that the reason we were leaving so soon was because we found such wanton violence sickening and unnecessary and would therefore be taking our rupees elsewhere and telling everyone we met to do the same. At this point Kali emerged from the shadows. When it was explained to her why we were leaving she looked at us incredulously. "It's OK" she said, "It's OK, he's my brother." Well, why didn't you say? That's Ok then, beat away.

India is definitely a strange place when it comes to violence. Domestic violence against women and children is often accepted as part of life and leads to a perpetual spiral of physical and psychological abuse that various NGOs, both local and international, are trying to tackle. But violence in public seems to be something altogether different. One senior Indian police officer once explained to me that the reason why the Indian Police Force have a tendency to fire live rounds at large gatherings of protesters was that if they just fired into the air it would have no effect on the mob. You had to peg a few of the buggers before they got the message. Refreshingly honest, if a little colonial. But as frightening as the mob mentality situation can be in India there is also a softer underside to the belly of public violence in the subcontinent. One which seems to contradict the horrific scenes sporadically witnessed there, such as was seen in Gujarat recently.

During eleven months traveling the length and breadth of the country I had occasion to witness untold situations where violence appeared to be imminent, and should have been imminent under normal conditions, but never materialized. Conditions though are often anything but normal in India. The accepted theory amongst some circles that people start to lose it once the temperature gauge hits a certain level cannot apply in India as the temperature gauge spends most of its time above such notional levels. If that theory were to hold true then most of India would be in a permanent state of violent unrest and anarchy. It's just too damn hot to fight.

Again though, it's not as simple as that. To get to the point where violence seems imminent can mean expending a large amount of energy in shouting and gesticulating. Bicycles are thrown down, lungis hitched and rehitched, supplications made to the heavens, and an inordinate amount of shouting and screaming is done. A crowd is drawn, combatants are joined by sympathetic or provocative shouts from the excited throng. And then, nothing. Just when you're deciding whom to put your rupees on, they both walk away. It really can be a very disappointing climax.

On one occasion in a bar in Allahabad, a town more notable for its proximity to the justly famous Ajanta caves than for its woeful amusement park, I was the only witness to a spectacular display

of uncontrolled violence. I had sought sanctuary from the afternoon heat and to watch the one-day test between England and India over a nice cold beer. Apart from myself there was only a small clutch of semi-pissed Indian men, in the process of leaving, and the 3 men who appeared to constitute the staff. After several pathetic attempts in Hindi to order my beer I gave up and concentrated on the cricket, hoping someone would notice me before too long. Several overs later I realized that I was still beerless and looked over my shoulder to see what the delay could be. The men who had been leaving now weren't, preferring instead to have an argument with the staff about something. The debate was getting quite heated and seemed to offer no hope of a beer for me.

It began to develop into a war of verbal attrition. In the blue lungi we had an Indian Danny de Vito, ably supported from behind by his two cohorts, whose sole job seemed to be to push him forward if he took a step back from the fray. Facing up, or rather down, to Dannyji, in the red and green lungi, was an extremely tall Mr Bean look-a-like, whose face was the very epitome of apoplexy. Steam poured from his hairy jug ears as he pushed his finger into the face of his short, rotund opponent. Mr Bean's seconds were looking as though they were already suffering from too many thirds and fourths, and restricted their own roles to shouting slurred abuse at their opposite numbers in the blue camp, whilst holding on to the wooden partitions, either in an effort to appear more upright, or in readiness for a quick hiding place.

By now I was getting a bit irritable myself. My need for a beer was spoiling my enjoyment of the cricket and the handbags-at-ten-paces argument looked as though it would never end. And then it happened. Floating like a bee and stinging like a butterfly, Dannyji reached up onto tiptoe and unleashed a vicious, openhanded roundhouse slap to the neck of Mr Bean. At last we had a breakthrough in the Mexican standoff. I forgot the cricket and turned my full attention to what I assumed would now be a full-on clash of epic proportions worthy of a chapter in the Mahabharata.

But alas, it was not to be. As the echo of the slap died away all 6 men just stood there, looking at each other in muted amazement. No-one moved. No-one spoke. Mr Bean put his hand to his neck, a look of profound confusion on his face. And then he collected his swaying seconds and walked out of the bar without a peep. I felt cheated. Do something, man! He just slapped you! I was tempted to stick my oar in. Stir things up again. But I reasoned that I was more likely to be the recipient of any further violence if I did. At least now I might get my beer.

Indeed, the manager, fresh from his shock victory, swaggered over and took my order at last. Within minutes I was supping a cold beer and watching the English tourists deliver a firm spanking of a more sporting nature. England took the match, and with it the one-day series, and I sat happily clapping to myself. I turned to order a celebratory beer to find the newly crowned champion and his mates eyeing me sternly, evidently not as pleased with the cricket result as I was. Perhaps he too had felt cheated at missing out on a good rumble and was determined to make amends. So I followed Mr Bean's example and recognized the right time to make a tactical withdrawal. I left the money on the table and slipped meekly into the twilight, more confused than ever about India and its non-violent tendencies. END

Bayon Pearnik®

Adam Parker, *Publisher and Editor-in-Chief*
A. Nonnymouse, *Wordsmiths*
Sharpless, *Photos*

Maxwell Perkins, *Editor Postmortis* Dexter Coffin III,
Lawrence Connelly, *Rich, Well-Connected Friends of Publisher*
Jeff Elson, *Associate Deputy Editor* Dr. Safari, *Health Editor*
Ian Velocipede, *Editor-at-Large* James Eckhart, *Editor-at-Large*
A. Fortiori, Dan Meat, Etta Moga, *Assistant Associate Deputy Editors*
Cletus J. "Bubba" Huckabee, Jr., *Movie Reviewer*
Edward R. Murrow, *Famous Journalist*
Autmean Loy, Prakhai Thuich, Som Muiroi, *Overworked Proles*
Sdap Otbaan, Ta Madong Thiet, *Translators* It, *Coffee*
Dim Sambo, *Systems Support* Chubb, *Reception*

The Bayon Pearnik is an independent magazine dedicated to raising beer money as well as encouraging debate over standards of taste, humor and journalistic ethics. Published every month or so in Phnom Penh. Not to be taken seriously or while driving or operating heavy machinery. Always consult your doctor first because we're not responsible for what happens to you.

Advertising, Editorial, Inquiries and anything else :
The Bayon Pearnik, #3 Street 174 / P.O. Box 2279, Phnom Penh 3.
Advertising, Editorial : 012-803-968 (Adam),
Advertising (Siem Reap) : 012 870993 (Kevin)
Office: 023 211921
E-mail: bp@forum.org.kh www.bayonpearnik.com
Sponsored by Open Forum Information Exchange
"We accept anybody's ravings—we often print them!"

CHINESE PROVERBS

Virginity like bubble, one prick, all gone.
Man who run in front of car get tired.
Man who run behind car get exhausted.
Man with hand in pocket feel cocky all day.
Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ.
Man who walk through airport turnstile sideways going to Bangkok.
Man with one chopstick go hungry.
Man who scratch ass should not bite fingernails.
Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.
Baseball is wrong: man with four balls cannot walk.
Panties not best thing on earth! But next to best thing on earth.
War does not determine who is right, war determine who is left.
Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cat house.
Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.
It take many nails to build crib, but one screw to fill it.
Man who drive like hell, bound to get there.
Man who stand on toilet is high on pot.
Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement.
Man who fish in other man's well often catch crabs.
Man who fart in church sit in own pew.
Crowded elevator smell different to midget.

