

*"Every year, one funny book seems to stand out from all the others.  
This year, it's Do Ants Have [Assholes]?...a rip-roaring parody"—Spectator*

**JON BUTLER AND  
BRUNO VINCENT**



# DO ANTS HAVE ASSHOLES?



**...AND 106 OF THE  
WORLD'S OTHER MOST  
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS**



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# **DO ANTS HAVE ASSHOLES?**

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WORLD'S OTHER MOST  
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS**

From the popular "Corrections &  
Clarifications" page of *Old Geezer* magazine

**JON BUTLER AND  
BRUNO VINCENT**



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## An Introduction by the Editor

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The *Old Geezer* may be a venerable publication, a historical one in fact, but it has never been a *Young Geezer*. From the moment of its conception, sometime between five and six in the evening—as its creator Phospot Smallblanes-Styveson-Bestface looked down over Gower Street and saw some sportive medical students juggling kidneys for money and thought to himself, *The world's going to hell*—our journal has been a home for more sensible and settled minds in a world where so often newness and excitement seem in danger of overwhelming common sense, decency, and good, solid conservatism.

Of course, since its first issue, the journal has had some rocky times. I am not shy of cover stories past which have seemed (with the help of hindsight) imprudent. “Indians Naturally Subservient, Study Shows” (Nov. 1849), “Abe Lincoln to Host Gala Theater Special! 2 for 1 on Tickets!” (April 1865), and “Ice Caps to Cover Earth by Year 2007” (Jan. 1970) are among them. But our strong suit has been making a home for right-thinking writers with something to say rather than boat-rockers bent on personal glory.

Our “Corrections & Clarifications” page [*Penny, I know you have a blind spot for the word “clarifications”—do be sure not to replicate the misprint in the masthead when*

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*you come to type this up]* has been running since 1941 when the old geezer in charge, Sir Godfrey Phlegming, posed what he thought to be a rhetorical question about the efficacy of contraceptives made from fine bone china. Such a flood of articulate and considered responses did his staff receive that he was persuaded to set up a questions-and-answers page and his secretary (who turned out to be a Nazi paratrooper posing as an aged, crippled washer-woman) elected to publish the three or four most ignorant, absurd, or infuriating exchanges. This tradition has been upheld by all the secretaries to have followed in Fräulein Schencker's footsteps. Only three editors have succeeded Phlegming, each achieving an extraordinary old age in their tenure. I followed old Hal "Haphazard" Hammondsley when he succumbed to a hang-gliding accident on a jaunt with George Burns in 1991, age 102, well may he rest. And at a frisky sixty-nine I look forward to several decades *[unless you cause me a relapse of the Chinese Trots, Penny. I hope you're not introducing new typos into my carefully chosen wrods]* of enjoyable editorship.

While we revere old-fashioned values, I hope we are not entirely ignorant of new trends and language—so, if you'll excuse me, I hope you "love up" our first collection of readers' learned responses to the questions thrown up by everyday life and that it makes you "go down" on our organ!

Tiddly spansks!  
The Editor  
London, 2009



## Are there any undiscovered colors?

SIR MICHAEL CUMMINGS, BIGGIN HILL

I have been furiously mixing paints ever since this question appeared in last month's issue and am astonished and proud beyond measure to be able to announce that I have discovered what I believe to be an entirely new color! By mixing blue paint and red paint, I have come up with a wonderfully rich, regal hybrid that is somehow warmer and more mellow than blue, and cooler and more elegant than red. I call it "Simon," because my name is in fact Simon. I am enclosing a swatch of pure *Simon* for you to reproduce in your magazine—perhaps on the cover?!?

→ SIMON SAYERS, DURHAM COUNTY

*[Ed note: We're not entirely sure, Simon, but we think you might have made purple. Thanks for trying, though.]*

Not to be disrespectful, but this could very well serve as a kind of prototypical stupid question, much as Donald Rumsfeld's words about "known knowns" and "unknown unknowns" have become bywords for political bluster and obfuscation. The way the human eye reacts to the light it receives determines the colors

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we see. A point often made is that we can never be sure that while we agree something is “brown,” we are seeing the same color. In theory I might receive a blow to the head and wake up seeing completely different (or “new”) colors but never know the difference.

Synesthesia is interesting in its implications for this—it results mostly from neurological trauma. In the USSR one Yuri Zherkov survived a plane crash near Katerinapol and afterwards saw colors in musical notes. Taken to the National Soviet Gallery, he was able to play many of the great paintings there in astonishing improvised arrangements on the piano. He had always been tone deaf, however, and his later attempts to paint the great Russian composers’ works were met with critical revulsion, official anger, and banishment to a Gulag for anti-Soviet aesthetic tendencies, where he died of potato poisoning.

→ GREG MARESH, CUBBLING, ALASKA



What was the best thing before sliced bread?

*SIMONE TAYLOR, LONDON*

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Wooden legs, stout, second wives, the King James Bible, iron bridges, public executions, hot acorns at the theater,

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the London Bridge, and Rita Hayworth's tits are among the things that have been historically referred to as "the best thing since." Many other verbatim references are to be found among letter-writers, diarists, and journalists to "the worst thing since": the Black Death, Alaskan whores, that bastard Cromwell, France, the French, French anything, German anything (foreign anything, in fact), the Industrial Revolution, and, in Whitman's famous words, "the law against buggery."

→ TERRY GRAITE, HOLYHEAD, WALES

We in the Best Thing Since Society have spent years campaigning for something to replace sliced bread in the "best thing since" stakes. We are hopeful of recognition through avenues such as this column, so that people might start to call various things the "best thing since..." Here is a selection of our current alternatives: resealable coffee packets, the suck-nipple on bottled water, cash-back, the "recall email" tool on Microsoft Outlook, Snake II, multi-region DVD players, and the *Washington Post* Giant General Knowledge Crossword.

→ JEREMY SHRIMP, BEST THING SINCE SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, DC

As ousted chair of the Best Thing Since Society, reading Mr. Shrimp's facile suggestions, I thought it might illuminate your readers to see the other things that were once considered for entry by that pathetic organization: the Concorde, Col. Oliver North, the



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widget, audio cassettes, Madonna getting into movies, leg warmers, spam, Dan Quayle, medium-wave radio, boxed wine, modernism, postmodernism, and the Emmy for Outstanding Host of a Reality Show.

It will be apparent how transient the appeal of each of these things was. Yet sliced bread remains with us, as useful as ever.

→ JONATHAN RADIOHEAD, NEXT BEST THING SINCE SOCIETY,  
BOULDER, COLORADO

This question was most interesting to me, as a former baker by trade. The best thing before sliced bread was having ordinary, unsliced bread and a full set of f\*cking fingers.

→ HARRY NOEL, WEST TITTERING, SHROPS



When signmakers go on strike, how do they make their point?

JOOST KUYT, AMSTERDAM

As Mr. Herring recounted in his fascinating letter (January issue), striking signmakers make their point precisely by not carrying signs (though as

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some commentators have identified, the whole affair consequently seems like nothing so much as twenty blokes in overalls, looking cross). Further to earlier answers, I remember well the pitched battles between signmakers and militant coal miners in the summer of 1984. When members of the south Derbyshire coal miners union appeared over the hill, carrying homemade banners decrying Thatcher's government, a chilling cry of "SCABS!" went up from the five striking signmakers, and a bloody skirmish ensued, while the police—grateful for the chance to have a cup of tea—looked on.

→ ALBERT SHANKLY, LANGLEY MILL, NOTTS

I am very interested to read the letter of Monsieur Shankly about signmakers who made riots in England in the 1980s. Of course, in France the union of signmakers, FROTAGE (*Fédération Régionale des Ouvriers Textuels/Artisans en Grève*), we do things very differently and with much more class. We do carry signs, but instead of the angry slogan, our signs they feature beautiful paintings of the signmakers themselves, in the style of M. René Magritte, over the legend: *Ceci n'est pas un fabricant des signes*. Though, I confess, we also block all of the roads into Paris and firebomb the houses of old womens.

→ JEAN-MARIE ORANAIS, PARIS



Every day I'm surrounded by people who talk but don't listen to each other. Has anyone ever calculated what percentage of conversation is actually understood, or listened to?

*J. BOX, HEREFORD*

I know that my gran, who talked incessantly for eighty years, was shocked when my granddad died and an autopsy revealed he'd been deaf from birth. She didn't talk much after that.

→ I. BEECHES, BRIGHTON

I don't know whether this has been calculated, but a few readers might recall this story about people not listening from a few years ago. In the late '90s an abandoned lighthouse was reopened on the supposedly uninhabited Orkney Island of Muckle Green Holm. It was found to contain the remains of Percy Bentwhite, an army deserter and passionate radio ham, who had spent his inheritance stacking the lighthouse with equipment to record for posterity everything broadcast by the BBC. When the archive (which ran to tens of millions of feet of tape) was analyzed, countless programs were recovered.

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Among these were the completely unknown broadcasts of Archie Spector, who hosted the *Night Service* on the BBC's Third Program in the late '40s and early '50s. Spector began by asking listeners for their music requests, but when he received no reply, he quickly lost heart and, intuiting that no one was listening, his professionalism began to go downhill. Within a month he was reading his diary out loud, detailing a tortured love for a girl named Maisie. He began to fantasize, visiting his deepest sexual depravities on her. Still uncensored, and perhaps out of desperation, he recounted his entire life story, month by month, in Proustian detail. This lasted three years. By the time he finished he was certainly insane. He began committing lewd acts in public parks and crowing about his crimes over the air to an unheeding police force. Struck with remorse, he read the entire Bible and wept for a fortnight afterwards. He said nothing for three weeks except "Johann Sebastian Bach." He wrote his own soap opera set in a Scottish castle and acted out all the parts, including one with his own name, for which he chose the harsh, grating tones of an old Greek woman. Then for six months he abandoned human speech and expressed himself through sounds he could perform in the studio: clapping, screaming, stamping, vomiting into boxes, even bringing himself to a very convincing orgasm. His career in broadcasting ended when the *Night Service* was abandoned suddenly and arbitrarily in 1953, though he went on to serve for thirty years in Parliament.

→ STEVE THEW, DOWN COUNTY



## How many men would it take to kill an elephant with their bare hands?

JESSICA HAIR, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

I presume, naturally, that any men involved in such a titanic struggle would be naked, their bronzed young bodies glistening in the fierce African sun. Many years ago, before I went up to Oxford, I found myself in just such a situation with Carruthers, who had been a year below me at St. Buggerton's Private School. Driving through the northern expanses of Kenya in my uncle's handsome Derby Bentley, enjoying the cool, spiced smoke of a Sullivan cigarillo, I was at once shocked to see the road ahead blocked by the huge, terrible silhouette of a bull elephant. "Hello, what brave fellow is this?" I asked, turning to Carruthers, who had turned the same shade of ash as the Bentley's plush gray crocodile seating...

→ GENERAL SMYTHINGTON-SMYTHE, DORSET, ENGLAND

*[Ed note: General Smythington-Smythe's correspondence goes on for many pages. To summarize: by his reckoning as a military man, it would take at least a hundred naked, oiled men to subdue an elephant—one to distract it with sticky buns and peanuts, two to poke it in the eye, and the other ninety-seven to bite its tail*

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*and hindquarters until it died through loss of blood, confusion, and stress. Penny, would you be a dear and get me a cup of tea before typing this “Ed note” up for the journal? There’s a girl.]*



## Who gets to name the “Dulux” color chart?

*STELLA REMMINGTON, BOGNOR*

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Sadly, Mrs. Trump’s rather fanciful answer (May issue) about the Dulux Old English sheepdog mascot sniffing colored cards, and urinating at random on flashcard words, is false—though I concede that might explain the baffling “Placebo Jizz Party” that adorned many an English living room in the summer of 1983. The truth, I’m sorry to report, is somewhat duller: the genius behind the naming of Dulux’s color chart is—or at least, *was*—the renowned chromatologist and bon viveur Derek Larousse, a heavysset Frenchman with an enormous nose, wild, untamed eyebrows, and a passion for breeding otters. Larousse made his name on the international color circuit in the 1970s, dating a steady stream of top French starlets and transforming the fortunes of Dulux with literally scores of daring new shades that reflected the classiest brands and trends of the period—“Blue Nun Bleu” and the envelope-pushing “Coq Sportif” (a dangerously

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enflamed pink) being the most famous. From there, as we now know, the maestro's stock fell sharply. Accused by peers of selling out in the 1990s (having broadened his scope to the naming of pharmacy goods, chocolate cookies, and Brangelina's children), nobody really knows where Larousse is or if his work continues.

Or perhaps we do know, after all. Amid the Magnolias, Tuscan Reds, and Sunshine Yellows that fill the shelves of DIY stores across the country, a practiced eye may still spot the rakish mark of the master in the bestselling paint "Red Mimsy" (nothing to do with the recent blockbuster erotic film *The Last Mimzy*); the winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup "Pays de Cons"; and in various feminine hygiene products, the best known of which is, to quote the whispered ad voiceover, the "secret treatment for secret ladies' places," *vagiclote* (to rhyme with "sew").

→ MICHEL ARGOT, NANTES

Further to earlier published answers, it's not often remembered that Andy Warhol prepared his own color chart for a short-lived exhibition at the famous Thievers Street Studio in 1969 called simply "Color Chart." He bought tins of paint from a New York hardware store and painted bland oblongs of them around the room, accompanied by their definition. The exhibition notes replicate the exhibition itself in the form of a color chart and read thusly:

Gray: Brains  
Yellow: Yellow

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Red: Suffragette  
Black: Man  
White: Richard Nixon  
Pale Blue: Desert  
Pale Yellow: Dessert  
Bright Pink with Orange Dots: Long Division  
Skull on a Black Background: Poison  
The Mona Lisa: Bored

The exhibition did not do well, and closed after two weeks.

→ JAMIE THEFFERT, CREWE



## Do ants have assholes?

BRAD NEMATODE, OKLAHOMA CITY

Although it has been rendered useless by evolution, contrary to popular belief the humble ant *does* have an asshole. It is, in fact, the smallest orifice in any known creature, so tiny that it only allows a single atom to pass through at a time. The sound of an ant breaking wind has been recorded as the lowest decibel-level achievable in nature (Prof. Humbert Unself created a fake ant entirely from porcelain which emitted a quieter one). The farts are, however—although silent—quite incredibly violent



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and have accounted for many a fainting fit in university biology departments down the years.

→ DR. DAVID POWELL-STROPES, EMERITUS PROFESSOR,  
DEPARTMENT OF GAS RESEARCH, DUNDEE UNIVERSITY

Powell-Stropes's learned answer has great implications for classicists such as myself. In the well-known Greek myth, the architect and engineer Daedalus was presented with an apparently unsolvable puzzle by King Minos: feed a fine piece of thread through the spiral center of a helical seashell, and win riches beyond measure. As the tale is usually told, Daedalus cleverly tied the string to the back leg of an ant, and tempted it to walk through the helix in search of a single bead of honey placed at the other end of the shell. Or at least, that is how most scholars have got around the tricky—seemingly insurmountable—riddle presented by the original Greek:

*And so cunning Daedalus  
Tricked strong-armed Minos  
Threading the ant's tiny asshole  
Like a needle*

Since ants were not known to have assholes until Powell-Stropes's research was published in this organ, the original version was simply ignored in favor of a much more believable solution, viz. the tying of a knot around the fabulous ant's back leg.

→ PROF. CLIVE LADYWELL,  
DEPARTMENT OF GREEK STUDIES, MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD



Where does my lap go when I stand up?  
And can I have it back?

*BECKY INNES, HOLLOWAY, LONDON*

Lapland.

→ *ANONYMOUS, LAPLAND*

I can't believe that the previous answer actually came from Lapland. The Lapps are an ancient, literal-minded race, so-named by the nineteenth-century Swedish ethnolinguist Per Blonquist because the Lapp language affords no way of expressing the concept of a "lap" at all. In Lapp society, if someone spills a glass of wine during dinner, the wine is said to have landed "on their genitals." Similarly, TV dinners are eaten "off one's crotch," and caution must be taken when offering a temporary seat for a small child on a train. Indeed, such is the consequent linguistic taboo surrounding this area of a Lapp's anatomy that, over the centuries, they took to wearing modesty-preserving napkins pinned over their crotch at all times. This so tickled Blonquist back in 1873 that the placing of a napkin on the lap before eating dinner became something of an overnight trend throughout the great cities of northern Europe (a

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whim that now appears to be simply the height of good manners).

→ EVA ANDERSSON, GOTHENBERG



## Are “crabs” related to crabs?

MRS. MARY BEESTON, STAPLEFORD, NOTTS

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I'm sure that a biologist would say “no.” However, when my husband returned with “crabs” from his annual work conference in Eastbourne, I can report that he moved sideways rapidly, turned red, and screamed when the pan of boiling water hit him, so perhaps they're not so different after all.

→ EMILY DRINKWELL, DOVER

What a fascinating question—indeed they are not. But many of the more mysteriously shaped sea creatures are related to human-borne parasites. Lice, for example, was in the Pleistocene era a large creature that could burrow through mountains and eat trees whole. What we know as the jellyfish was earlier a type of genital wart to be found on larger whales, which broke free and developed independent life. And even earlier, the humble ant was as large as a current-day walrus and would wallow in mud

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pits—so large, in fact, it had parasites of its own, one of which, *Paracletus parnassus*, resided in the warm moist cleft of its backside and would develop into the modern jaguar.

→ JACOB L'ARRIVISTE, ARCHOLE, LOUISIANA

I have no idea about the natural history of crabs, but I would like fellow readers to learn from my terrible mistake, which ruined my sister's wedding day. For the record, "crab paste" from the pharmacist is intended to be smeared on your crotch, to kill pubic lice. "Crab paste" from the supermarket tastes considerably better in sandwiches.

→ CASEY FINK, VANCOUVER



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## Is laughter the best medicine?

RAFAELA ROMAYA, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

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As any student of comedy will tell you, laughter can be our instinctive reaction to almost any emotion—shock, embarrassment, fear, relief, hatred, happiness, or love. We have found that even those trying to cope with the most appalling diseases are comforted by being shown the Robin Williams movie *Patch Adams*. They find it helps to reflect that there are still things in this world more horrible than whatever awaits them.

→ B. BAYERLING & Q. STEMPT, ST. MICHEL'S HOSPICE, AMSTERDAM

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Further to earlier answers, I must report a funny story that my grandfather were fond of telling, about the opening of the first ever fried chicken shop, in the center of Leeds in 1755, by his great-great-grandfather, the fierce, redoubtable Colonel John “Rooster” Saunders (no relation to his now-famous namesake). He was quite the showman, Saunders—folk say he paid for twelve stout local lads to dress up in large, garish chicken suits and flap about outside on the pavement, calling customers in to sample a bucket (in them days, it was literally a wooden four-gallon bucket) of chicken wings and a free pot of pickled eggs (mayonnaise—and, therefore, coleslaw—wasn’t invented until the following year, in France).

One of the lads, worse for wear after a night at the card table, is said to have overbalanced as he clucked about because of his big chicken head—and stumbled into the street, where he was immediately struck by a passing horse. The boy lay in the dust, dazed, so the story goes, and was holding his wing like he’d broken it. In them days of course, it could take a good hour for the doctor’s wagon to arrive, so the lad’s mates set about making him more comfortable where he lay, keeping his spirits up until help came. At that moment, my great-great-great-great-grandfather—never one to have much patience with shirkers—is said to have come out of his shop, his face turning a dark, splotched purple, and barked: “Why in God’s name did that bloody chicken cross t’road?”

At this, the wounded boy is said to have laughed heartily, which must surely have eased his pain. Mind you, the story goes on to tell that old Rooster, bridling at having been laughed at by a mere boy, did not stop

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there, and paid for the Navy to press-gang the lad into service. Clearly, laughter was not much use to his health in the long run, since his joke ultimately landed him in Nelson's service, where he died horribly under cannon fire during the notorious Nicaraguan conflict of 1780.

→ JOSH BUNSWORTHY, LEEDS, ENGLAND

As a youthful-looking single woman in her early fifties who works as a nurse in the burns unit of the Derby Royal Infirmary, I'm delighted to be able to tell your readers that laughter really can help patients to recover faster. I pride myself on my "GSOH"—I love to laugh, go to the theater, and socialize with friends—and my patients always tell me how much it cheers them up to see me around the wards at night. All I need now is a tall, dark, handsome man to take me on long walks in the country, to have fun with, and maybe more; now that really would be a tonic!

→ GRACE BLANCHFLOWER, DERBY, ENGLAND



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## What's in a name?

*CHRISTINA SCHWEPPE, COLOGNE, GERMANY*

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For my money, Grace Blanchflower seems quite the most becoming name I have read these past fifty years, and the person who bears it strikes this humble

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reader's mind's eye as quite perfectly fitting her name's delicate beauty. As a nimble, tennis-playing sixty-seven-year-old who loves country walks, perhaps she would like to join him for one? (A country walk that is, you naughty girl.)

→ EDWARD O. PINKLY, SWEEDTHORPE, DERBS

Some would say, nothing. Others—my wife and I included—would disagree most vigorously.

→ MR. AND MRS. REGINALD C\*NT, BRECON BEACONS, WALES

Mr. and Mrs. C\*nt either have a very unusual name or are being coy about its correct spelling. This reminds me of my great-grandfather's embarrassment as a translator in the brief peace talks which preceded the Zulu war in 1879. As the only isiZulu-speaking English officer, he was chief intermediary between the tribal leaders and the English army. However, a strict Victorian upbringing, censoring of literary texts, and a mother who considered the erection of Nelson's column an ungodly abomination meant that he could not bring himself to utter the names of the tribe dignitaries in full, betraying his position with cowardice by annotating them in Roman script as F'ckulu, C'n'l'ng's, and Chief M'sh(gw)h:gaw-a? (we don't know if this last one began life as a rude word or not).

The peace talks were going well until my great-grandfather's shyness caused the English generals to so horribly mispronounce the names (C'n'l'ng's pronounced

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with all four apostrophes translates into isiZulu as *Man Who Pisses on Wife to Try Make Pregnant*) that the Battle of Isandlwana followed in days. My great-grandfather died during the side-action at Rorke's Drift, upon which the movie *Zulu* is based, and was one of the only men there (living and dead alike) not to be honored for bravery, as he was found with a spear clean through his dictionary and his heart, in a bran tub, where he had hidden when the action started.

→ BERTIE BOLLOCKS-BROWN, FOULNESS

As noted in the *Book of Heroic Failures*, by common consent the worst name recorded in England was Depressed Cupboard Cheesecake, who was born to (depressed) parents in 1972. Depressed is a friend of mine, and we've always agreed that not changing an unfortunate name shows strength of character.

→ SADDAM BUTTPLUG, TEWKESBURY

This is a question that has plagued the Spastics Society for much of its existence. After decades of children labeling each other "spastics" if they showed any signs of a speech defect, it changed its name to Sparks. Within months teachers noticed that the new playground insult was "Sparks kid." It would seem its only chance to prevent adding a new insult to the language by a further name change would be to change its name to the Freaks Society.

→ HOLLY-ANNA BUMFACE, NICE, FRANCE



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