



THE GOVERNING BODY OF AMATEUR POOL®

The OPAL 'GEM' EXPRESS

JULY 5, 2010
NLSU2010-07

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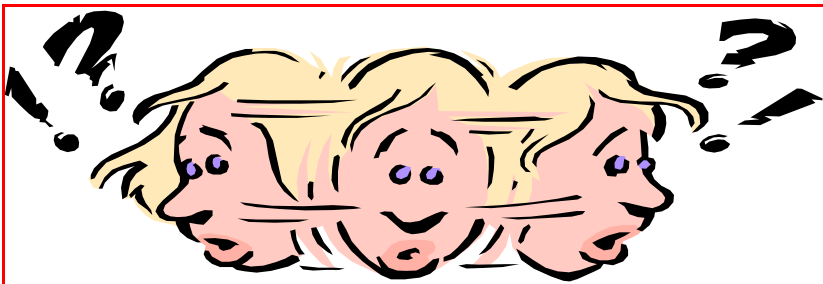
HIDDEN (*Except when in parenthesis*) somewhere in this Newsletter are "5" more A P A Membership

numbers just waiting to be discovered. Unfortunately no body else joined Steve & Robert as finder's of their numbers from the June 21 Newsletter so there's going to be Loser Part of three for your jeering pleasure and ridicule this week. However, from the June 28th newsletter already three people have notified us that they've found their number as well as uttered the magic shirt words. They are: **John Blue** (97200381) who plays for Rodder's "Table Scraps" in the Southeast division, **Pat Erwin** (97204379) who plays for Midway's "Latecomers" in the Southern division, and **Greg Nealeigh** (97214835) who plays for KC Sports Bar's "Toadily Wasted" in the Park Rose division. Bottom line: There's 2 from that week plus 5 in this week's. Is one of them yours?

REMEMBER, You have only until the writing of the 2nd Newsletter following the one your number is in to call the league office with the magic words "**Gimme My Shirt**" Otherwise, it's off you go to where everyone can see you and laugh, giggle, snort, and snicker, tee hee, ha ha, because they know there'll be a shirt waiting for them seeing how you obviously don't want yours— **INSTEAD--BE AN OPAL WINNER --FIND YOUR NUMBER**

SUMMER BASH WORK PARTY AUGUST -- 7TH

SUMMER BASH -- 3 DAYS OF FUN AUGUST 13 -- 15



This time around we've **97216616** very craftily hidden the 5 membership numbers in the most devious fashion and hard **97208554** to find places that we could think to imagine. Purposefully, we've hidden them in where they're going to **97217205** be almost impossible to find, **97210730** and we're sure that many numbers will most likely still go unfound if history repeats itself anyway. So, **97213475** have fun, good luck, and great hunting.



Here's a prime example of why "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus" offered by an English professor from the University of Colorado for an actual class assignment: [Becky \(Violet\)](#) & [John \(Blue\)](#)

Submitted By: Jerry Bayer

The professor said, " For homework tonight, you will pair up with the person next to you. one of you will write the first paragraph of a short story. You will e-mail your partner that paragraph and send another copy to me. The partner will read the first paragraph and then add another paragraph to the story and send it back, also sending another copy to me. The first person will then add a third paragraph, and so on back-and-forth. There is to be absolutely NO talking outside of the e-mails and anything you wish to say must be written in the e-mail. The story is over when both agree that a conclusion has been reached." The following is just one of those stories.



Hope Everyone had a "Blast" over the 4th!

At first, Laurie couldn't decide which kind of tea she wanted. The chamomile, which used to be her favorite for lazy evenings at home, now reminded her too much of Carl, who once said, in happier times, that he liked chamomile. But she felt she must now, at all costs, keep her mind off Carl. His possessiveness was suffocating, and if she thought about him too much her asthma started acting up again. So chamomile was out of the question.

Meanwhile, Advance Sergeant **Carl Harris**, leader of the attack squadron now in orbit over Skylon 4, had more important things to think about than the neuroses of an air-headed asthmatic bimbo named Laurie with whom he had spent one sweaty night over a year ago. "A.S. Harris to Geostation 17," he said into his transgalactic communicator. " Polar orbit established. No sign of resistance so far..." But before he could sign off a bluish particle beam flashed out of nowhere and blasted a hole through his ship's cargo bay. The jolt from the direct hit sent him flying out of his seat & across the cockpit.

He banged his head and died almost immediately, but not before he felt one last pang of regret for psychically brutalizing the one woman who had ever had feelings for him. Soon afterwards, Earth stopped its pointless hostilities towards the peaceful farmers of Skylon 4. "Congress Passes Law Permanently Abolishing War and Space Travel," Laurie read in her newspaper one morning. The news simultaneously excited her and bored her. She stared out the window, dreaming of her youth, when the days had passed unhurriedly and carefree, with no newspaper to read, no television to distract her from her sense of innocent wonder at all the beautiful things around her. "Why must one lose one's innocence to become a woman?" she pondered wistfully.

Little did she know, but she had less than 10 seconds to live. Thousands of miles above the city, the Anu'udrian mother-ship launched the first of its lithium fusion missiles. The dimwitted wimpy peaceniks who pushed the Unilateral Aerospace disarmament Treaty through the congress had left Earth a defenseless target for the hostile alien empires who were determined to destroy the human race. Within two hours after the passage of the treaty the Anu'udrian ships were on course for Earth, carrying enough firepower to pulverize the entire planet. With no one to stop them, they swiftly initiated their diabolical plan. The lithium fusion missile entered the atmosphere unimpeded. The President, in his top-secret mobile submarine headquarters on the ocean floor off the coast of Guam, felt the inconceivably massive explosion, which vaporized poor, stupid Laurie.

This is absurd. I refuse to continue this mockery of literature. My writing partner is a violent, chauvinistic semi-literate adolescent.

Yeah? Well, my writing partner is a self-centered tedious neurotic whose attempts at writing are the literary equivalent of Valium. "Oh, shall I have chamomile tea? Or shall I have some other sort of F--KING TEA??? Oh no, what am I to do? I'm such an air headed bimbo who reads too many Danielle Steele novels!"

A\$\$h@le.

B*tch!

F*** YOU - YOU - F***ING NEANDERTHAL!!

In your dreams, You Powder-puff Ho. Go drink some tea.

Professor — **A+** *I really liked this one.*

THE LOSER'S CORNER

The 3 people listed below are losers from the June 21st Newsletter. If you happen to see any of these people give it to 'em good—Tease 'em relentlessly. Laugh it up, get everyone's attention, point at 'em, while giving them the old "L" sign,—Oh and be sure to thank 'em for leaving a shirt in the box for YOU!

1—IAN ROSE (97213117) who plays for White Horse's "Long Shots" in the **OUTBACK** division.

2—SHANNON DUGGAN (97216081) who plays for Pit Stop's "Pit Crew" in the **SUNSET** division.

3—LAWRENCE CONN (97210239) who plays for Mousetrap's "Trappers" in the **NO-PO** division.

If you don't want to be caught here for everyone to see, then look to see if your number isn't hidden somewhere. **REMEMBER**, it is possible for your number to come up at anytime. Therefore, pay attention to detail, **READ THE NEWSLETTER..!**

