



Madeleine v Rensburg  
Editor

Ian Rosendorff  
Managing Director



tel: +27 11 908 3627 / fax: +27 11 908 4138  
SALES: fleecytextsales@telkomsa.net  
DESTOKS: fleecytextacc@telkomsa.net  
EDITOR: clubfleecytext@telkomsa.net  
WEBSITE: www.fleecytext.co.za

# CLUB

## JUNE 2012

# FLEECEYTEX

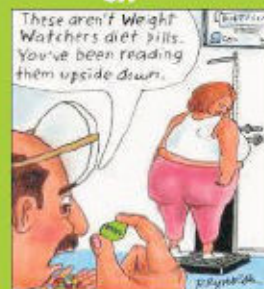
## WHAT'S INSIDE?

FLEECEYTEX Info  
FLEECEYTEX Laughs  
FLEECEYTEX Office stuff  
FLEECEYTEX Cook  
FLEECEYTEX Diary  
FLEECEYTEX Special  
FLEECEYTEX Inspiration



Knitex House  
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SA



## THE BAR...

There I was sitting at the bar staring at my drink when a large, trouble-making biker steps up next to me, grabs my drink and gulps it down in one swig. "Well, whatcha gonna do about it?" he says, menacingly, as I burst into tears. "Come on, man," the biker says, "I didn't think you'd CRY. I can't stand to see a man crying."

"This is the worst day of my life," I say. "I'm a complete failure. I was late to a meeting and my boss fired me. When I went to the parking lot, I found my car had been stolen and I don't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. I found my wife with another man and then my dog bit me."

"So I came to this bar to work up the courage to put an end to it all, I buy a drink, I drop a capsule in and sit here watching the poison dissolve; then you show up and drink the whole thing! But enough about me, how's your day going?"







# Fleeceytex info

new new new

new new new

## MINI SAMPLE FILES

"Only want a slice  
off the cake?"



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news!"



## Fleeceytex laughs

A little girl asked her father, "How did the human race start?"  
The father answered, "G-d made Adam and Eve and they had children and so all mankind was made."  
Two days later the girl asked her mother the same question.  
The mother answered, "Many years ago there were monkeys from which the human race evolved."  
The confused girl returned to her father and said,  
"Dad, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by G-d & Mom said they developed from monkeys?"  
The father answered, "Well, dear, it is very simple.  
I told you about my side of the family and your mother told you about hers!"



### LOL!

Do not argue with an idiot.  
He will drag you down  
to his level and  
beat you with experience.  
Knowledge is knowing a  
tomato is a fruit...  
Wisdom is not putting  
it in a fruit salad!

### SOME FUNNY PHOTO'S!





# Fleeceytex office stuff



**Some clever advise from the Bosses desk!**  
**Emails emails emails...**  
**How to make your emails work for YOU!**

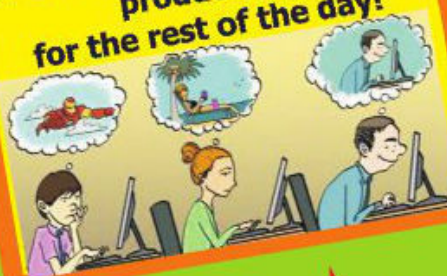
## **1. Organise emails:**

Process information as quickly as possible and turn it into actions. Start by organising your emails into various file folders. If the message needs to be actioned, move it to a 'To-do' file. If it is for reference, print it out immediately, file it and delete the email. If it is a meeting, move it to your calendar. Take the To-do emails and plan to action them in your diary. Let your diary tell you when to action the email.

## **2. Plan when to read emails:**

Plan in your diary when to check on emails. The human mind is an inquisitive mind. As soon as an email arrives, we are tempted to read it. Not only does this distract us from what we are working on, it also wastes unnecessary time responding to something that may not be important. When someone emails you, they are not necessarily expecting an immediate response, rather a proficient response. If they require an urgent response they won't have any difficulty in reaching you by any other means.

**You never know when it will strike, but there comes a moment at work when you know that you just aren't going to do anything productive for the rest of the day!**



**I'm always slightly terrified when I exit out of Word and it asks me if I want to save any changes to my ten-page technical report that I swear I did not make any changes to!**



## **My job search...**

My first job was working in an Orange Juice factory, but I got canned... Couldn't concentrate.



Then I worked in the woods as a Lumberjack, but just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe.



After that, I tried being a Tailor, but wasn't suited for it - mainly because it was a sew-sew job.

Next, I tried working in a Muffler Factory, but that was too exhausting. Then, tried being a Chef - figured it would add a little spice to my life, but just didn't have the thyme.



Next, I attempted being a Deli Worker, but anyway I sliced it... couldn't cut the mustard.

My best job was a Musician, but eventually found I wasn't noteworthy. I studied a long time to become a Doctor, but didn't have any patience.

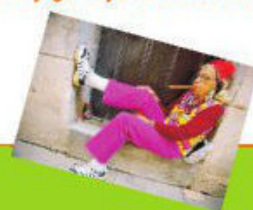
Next, was a job in a Shoe Factory. Tried hard but just didn't fit in. I became a Professional Fisherman, but discovered I couldn't live on my net income.



Managed to get a good job working for a Pool Maintenance Company, but the work was just too draining.

So then I got a job in a Workout Centre, but they said I wasn't fit for the job... After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as a Historian until I realized there was no future in it.

**SO, I TRIED RETIREMENT ...  
AND I FOUND I'M PERFECT FOR THE JOB!**







# Fleeceytex cook



## HOMEMADE HOT CHOCOLATE...

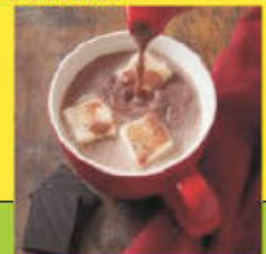


### 1. Ingredients

- 2 squares of any chocolate – preferably smooth
- 1 Cup of milk

### 2. Method

Take out milk, chocolate and a cup.  
In the cup first place 2 squares of Milk Chocolate.  
Next, slide the cup into the microwave and heat for 35 seconds.  
When melted, pour in the cup of milk.  
Mix it together until you get that warm brown colour.  
Next, slide it back into the microwave for your desired time or until the milk is well heated. Enjoy!



# Fleeceytex diary

## Answers of a brilliant Student who obtained 0%

- Q1. In which battle did Napoleon die? \* **His last battle.**  
Q2. Where was the Declaration of the Independence signed? \* **At the bottom of the page.**  
Q3. River Ravi flows in which state? \* **Liquid.**  
Q4. What is the main reason for divorce? \* **Marriage.**  
Q5. What is the main reason for failure? \* **Exams.**  
Q6. What can you never eat for breakfast?  
\* **Lunch & dinner.**  
Q7. What looks like half an apple? \* **The other half.**  
Q8. If you threw a red stone into the blue sea what will it become? \* **wet.**  
Q9. How can a man go eight days without sleeping?  
\* **No problem, he sleeps at night.**  
Q10. How can you lift an elephant with one hand?  
\* **You will never find an elephant that has only one hand.**  
Q11. If you had 4 apples and 3 oranges in one hand and 4 oranges and 3 apples in the other, what do you have?  
\* **Very large hands.**  
Q12. If it took 8 men 10 hours to build a wall, how long would it take 4 men to build it? \* **No time at all, it is already built.**  
Q13. How can you drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it? \* **Concrete floors are very hard to crack.**



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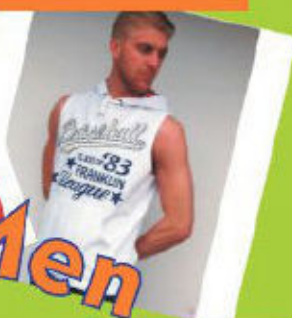
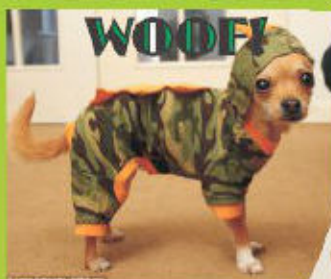
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**woof!!!**

**Other wear...**



**Men**



**KIDS**





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**FLEECEYTEX KNITTING 1989 [PTY] LTD**

**For our animal lovers...**

**Excerpt from a Dog's Diary...**

8:00 am - Dog food! My favourite thing!  
9:30 am - A car ride! My favourite thing!  
9:40 am - A walk in the park! My favourite thing!  
10:30 am - Got rubbed and petted! My favourite thing!  
12:00 PM - Lunch! My favourite thing!  
1:00 PM - Played in the yard! My favourite thing!  
3:00 PM - Wagged my tail! My favourite thing!  
5:00 PM - Milk Bones! My favourite thing!  
7:00 PM - Got to play ball! My favourite thing!  
8:00 PM - Wow! Watched TV with the people! My favourite thing!  
11:00 PM - Sleeping on the bed! My favourite thing!



**Excerpt from a Cat's Diary...**

Day 983 of my captivity....

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the carpet. The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape.

Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a 'good little hunter' I am. There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of 'allergies.' I must learn what this means and how to use it to my advantage.

Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow -- but at the top of the stairs. I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released - and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously retarded. The bird has got to be an informant. I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe. For now...



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