

## QI: Stephen Fry's Closing Comments

### SERIES A

1. That about wraps it up for *QI*. It only remains for me to thank Danny, Alan, Hugh, and John, and to leave you with something quite interesting. And it's this local tidbit from *The Independent*. An army bomb unit was called to investigate a suspicious-looking package outside the Territorial Army unit in Bristol. They blew up, with a controlled explosion, the package, only to discover that it was a parcel of leaflets explaining how to deal with suspicious packages. Good night.
2. Well, thank you very much! The only thing that remains for me is to thank Bill, Alan, Rich, and Jeremy for sharing their pain with us tonight, and for me to say something quite interesting to finish with, and it's the tragic, telling, but mercifully-brief excerpt from a court report in the *Guardian* which goes: "The marriage suffered a setback in 1985, when the husband was killed by the wife." Good night.
3. That's it from *QI* for this week, and thank you very much indeed to Meera, Clive, Bill and Alan. In an evening when we've discovered that, er, deserts can be made of ice and that Andersons are by no means always annoying, I ask you to give your verdict on this thought of Rita Mae Brown's: "If the world were a logical place, then men would ride side-saddle." I don't know what that means, either. Good night.
4. That's about it for *QI* this week. There's just time for me to thank Jeremy, Howard, Jo, and Alan, and to say something quite interesting to finish with, concerning an interesting property of graphite, taken from the Agony column in the *Daily Mirror*. "Dear Marge, I noted, in your column a few weeks ago, the pros and cons of women going without a bra. A few weeks ago, I saw a small item in the paper which may help to settle the matter. It is said that if a woman is not certain whether or not she should go braless, she should place a pencil under her bosom. If the pencil stays there, she should wear a bra. I would sign my name to this letter, but my wife still has my pencil." Good night. Thank you.
5. Well, that's about it for *QI* this week. It only remains for me to thank our splendid panel of Alan, Rob, Rich, and Gyles, and to end on this quite interesting snippet of information on adultery, taken from our court report in the *Daily Express*. Mrs Hancox, at Middlecote, Coventry, said that she became Mennors' mistress in 1967. He was a gentle lover and they, quote, "had a very good relationship," unquote. When asked by the prosecution, "Can you remember how long it continued?" she replied, "About half an hour." Good night. Thank you.
6. Well, it only remains for me to remind any young people watching of the horrendous dangers of playing truant from school, by pointing at Jo, Alan, Howard, and Danny, and to say something quite interesting to finish with, in keeping with tonight's theme of antidotes and answers. It's a report of a medical emergency, almost as ancient as Pliny,

taken from the *Daily Mirror*: "Last Christmas, shoppers in a local supermarket were distressed to see an old lady collapse. They gathered 'round, erm, sympathetically, and a doctor, who happened to be passing, er, correctly diagnosed her as suffering from hypothermia. Er, this was later confirmed, but found to be aggravated by the stolen frozen chicken hidden in her fur hat." There you are. Good night.

7. So, that's it from *QI* for this week. It only remains for me to thank Jackie, Alan, Jo and Jimmy, and to add something quite interesting to end on, in this case, a letter from the *Daily Mirror*, also concerning anthropology in a way.

Er, "There were four of us", it goes, "in the doctor's waiting room, when I walked a Pakistani gentleman. He was about to go straight into the surgery when a woman jumped up and grabbed his arm, saying in very deliberate English, 'We are before you; you take your turn. Understand?'"

"The Pakistani, in equally deliberate English, replied: 'No, you are after me. Me doctor. Understand?'"

8. So, as we bid a tearful farewell to Clive, Sean, Linda, and Alan, a final reminder of why the battle for interestingness matters. When a market-research team was asked recently to come up with a new name for the merger between a university and a college in Bradford, they took three months, this company, to suggest the following alternatives: University of Bradford, *The University of Bradford*, or Bradford University. Their fee was £20,000.
9. Well, that about wraps it up for *QI*. It only remains for me to thank Jo, Alan, Dave and Jeremy, and to pose one last pertinent and quite interesting question, and it is this: What's long and pink and hard in the morning? Answer: The *Financial Times* crossword. Good night. Thank you.
10. Well, that about knocks it on the head for *QI*. It only remains for me to thank our four wise monkeys: Rich, Julia, Peter, and Alan, and to close with this thoroughly positive and quite interesting thought from yet another great British Alan: the boxer Alan Minter, who reassures us, "Sure there have been injuries and deaths in boxing, but none of them serious." Good night.
11. Well, that's it, ladies and gentlemen, for another edition of *QI* this week. Thank you to Richard, Linda, Bill, and Alan, and finally, just to show off that the spirit of Aristarchus is still alive today, here is the crisp and unimprovable description of an eclipse of the sun, as related by an unnamed Australian aboriginal astronomer in 2002. "Kerosene lamp belong Jesus gone bugger-up." Good night.
12. I'll leave you with this charming seasonal inquiry made last Christmas by an elderly American couple in the tourist office at Stratford-Upon-Avon. True. [*American accent*]

"The map is great, but do you think you could show us the quickest route to Shakespeare's manger?" Merry Christmas, everyone!

## SERIES B

1. Well, my thanks go to Bill, Sean, Jo, and Alan. I'm gonna leave you with two quite interesting remarks on the subject of colour. The first is from Frank Borman, the Apollo 8 astronaut: "My experience helped me to see how isolated and fragile the earth really is. It was also beautiful. It was the only object in the entire universe that was neither black nor white." And the second is from former U.S. president Gerald Ford: "Ronald Reagan doesn't dye his hair; he's just prematurely orange."
2. Let me leave you with one very extraordinary bird tale. Tibbles, the lighthouse keeper's cat, arrived on tiny Stephens Island in New Zealand at the beginning of the last century, and soon, piles of small bird corpses began piling up by the back door. And the puzzled lighthouse-keeper sent off some samples and what delighted to learn that Tibbles had discovered a new species, the only flightless perching bird in the world ever recorded. Er, but it was unfortunately too late; by the time that news arrived, Tibbles had tracked down and killed *every last example* of what is now known as the Stephens Island wren. It's the only case of a single individual wiping out every member of a whole species.
3. Two fingers to Alan, and to you all. [*makes the Polish salute*] It's, erm, *do widzenia*. Good night.
4. That is all from *QI* this week. From Alan, Barry, the two Jeremies, and me, a *braw bricht moonlicht nicht* to ye all. Good night. Thank you very much indeed.
5. And that's it from *QI*, this week, at least. To Bill, Jimmy, Jo, and Alan, there's nothing left to say but the words of [the immortal Swedes](#). "The winner takes it all/The loser standing small." Good night.
6. Well, that's all from Alan, Bill, Anneka, Sean and me for this week. Please do write to us if you have got something quite interesting to add, but, er, don't write to us pointing out that beavers could be mistaken for euphemisms. We never use euphemisms, and we think people who do are complete front bottoms. Good night.
7. Well, there you are. So, that's all from Rich, Arthur, Dara, Alan, and me. As they say in Ireland, "May you get to heaven a half hour before the devil knows you're dead." Good night.
8. Well, that's all for this week. I leave you with the thought that while most of us drink at the fountain of wisdom, others merely gargle. From Rich, Fred, Jo, Alan and me, it's good night. Good night.

9. That's all. That's all from Rich, Johnny, Josie, Alan, and myself. I leave you with this quite interesting thought. [*thinks in silence for several seconds*] Good night.
10. Well! That's it from *QI* this week, and so from Clivalob, Phillalob, Johnalob, and Alan Daviesalobalob, er, and from little mee-ee, good night. Good night.
11. Well, that's all from *QI* for this week. A big hand, please, for our singers: Sean, Mark, Linda, and Alan. And we leave you with this famous amento, the observation of the conductor Sir Thomas Beecham to a lady cellist: "Madame, you have between your legs an instrument capable of giving pleasure to thousands, and all you can do is scratch it." Good night.
12. So, from Rich, Mark, Phill, Alan, and myself, and from all of us at *QI*, hope you enjoy the rest of the Christmas holiday. Er . . . Have a brilliant new year, and we'll see you all again very soon. Good night. Happy Christmas.

#### SERIES C

1. Well, that's it from *QI* for another week. My thanks to Rich, Rob, Bill, and Alan. I leave you with this cautionary thought. Captain Cook may have observed the transits of Venus in 1769, but he never lived to see the Venus de Milo, which wasn't discovered 'til 1820. Will Rogers saw it, though, and observed to his niece, [*American accent*] "See what'll happen if you don't stop biting your fingernails?" [*bobs eyebrows quirkily*]
2. Well, that is about it from Andy, Arthur, Doon, Alan, and me. I leave you with the wise words of the great Woody Allen. "Of all the wonders of nature, a tree in summer is perhaps the most remarkable, with the possible exception of a moose singing 'Embraceable You' in spats." Good night.
3. There you are. Well, that's . . . that's just about everything from *QI*. Thank you to Alan, Sean, Jimmy, and Rory for being very game fowl indeed. I leave you with this piece of uncommon knowledge about calcium, from Jack Handy. "Most people don't realize that large pieces of coral, which have been painted brown and attached to the skull by common woodscrews, can make a child look like a deer." Good night.
4. Well, there we go. That's just about it from *QI*. My thanks to fellow invigilators Jeremy, Xander, John, and Alan. Until next week, I leave you with this quite interesting question. What do lawyers and sperm have in common? One in fifty-million has a chance at becoming a human being. Good night.
5. Well that's all we have time for this week. My thanks to Rich, Sean, Jo, and Alan, and I leave you with a helpful tip from the billionaire John Paul Getty: "My formula for success," he said, "is: rise early, work late, and strike oil." Good night.

6. Oh. So, it's hi-dee-hi and baked potato from *QI*. My Tom Hanks go to Phill, Rory, Bill, and Alan. I leave you with this castle and fort on the origins of London slang. In the early years of the 20th century, children's construction sets, like Meccano, were sold in two kinds, labelled "Box Standard" and "Box Deluxe". And that, or so they say and persuade me, is where we get the two phrases "bog standard" and "dog's bollocks"! . . . Language is a strange thing, but she is my mistress. Good night.
7. Well, that is it from *QI* for another week. My thanks to Rich, Sean, Jeremy, and Alan. I'll leave you with the final words of the Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa, who was gunned down in 1923. [*Spanish accent*] "Don't let it end like this," he said, as he died. "Tell them . . . I said something." I know just how he felt. Good night.
8. Finally, to another city with cosmic connections. A man recently went into one of the largest bookshops in Manchester and strode up to the counter in the cartographic department. "Do you have any globes?" he said. Erm, "Over there on the shelf, sir," the assistant replied. "No," he said, "these are all of the world. I want a globe of Salford." [*raises a hand bemusedly*] Zai jian! Good bye.
9. My goodness me, that's just about it from *QI* this week. My thanks go to Helen, Andy, Bill, and Alan, and one of the little-understood differences between men and women, of course, is that women live longer. The world's oldest recorded human being was Jeanne Calment of Arles in France, who died recently aged a hundred and twenty-five years old. On her one hundred and twenty-first birthday, she was asked what the secret of her longevity was. She attributed it to olive oil; she ate it nearly every meal as well as rubbing it into her skin. "I only have one wrinkle," she said, "and I'm sitting on it." Good night.
10. Well, that's it for *QI* for another week. My thanks to Clive, Mark, John, and Alan. I leave you with this cautionary snippet about paying attention. A radio interviewer from GLR Radio, carried away with news of a possible discovery of a cross between an elephant and a woolly mammoth, asked a paleontologist, "So, it would be, like, some sort of hairy gorilla, would it?" To which the paleontologist replied, "Yes, pretty much . . . except . . . elephant-shaped, and, er . . . with tusks." Good night. Thank you very much.
11. Well, that leaves me to thank Phill, Clive, Jo, Alan and Jack Handey who brings down the final curtain with this sad clown closer: [*American accent*] "You know what would make a really good story? Something about a clown who makes people happy, but inside he's real sad. And also, he has severe diarrhoea." Good night.
12. So, it's good night from Phill, Dara, Bill, and Alan. And I leave you with this sobering thought from astronaut John Glenn, the first man to orbit the earth. When asked to describe his last thoughts before taking off into space, "I looked around me and suddenly realized," he said, "that I was sitting on a million tonnes of fuel, in a rocket that had been built by the lowest bidder." Good night.

## SERIES D

1. And my thanks to Jimmy, Sean, Jo, and Alan. I'll leave you with the observation of former Prime Minister David Lloyd George. [*vaguely Irish accent*] "The most dangerous thing in the world," he said, only in a Welsh accent, "Is to, er, to try to leap a chasm in two jumps." So from all of us at *QI*, good night.
2. Oh. From Clive, Vic, Arthur, Alan, and me, that's all from *QI* this week. One last word on discoveries from the plenipotentiary of gobbledegook himself, Ken Dodd. "The man who invented cat's eyes got the idea when he saw a cat facing him in the road. If the cat had been facing the other way, he'd have invented the pencil sharpener." Good night.
3. Well, my thanks go to Liza, Jeremy, Neil, and Alan, and I leave you with this dog-eared newspaper cutting from the Europa Times:

[*with German accent for Gerber's speech*]

"Lucky is basically a damn good guide dog," Ernst Gerber, a dog trainer from Wupperthal, told reporters. "He just needs a little brush up on some elementary skills." Gerber admitted to the press conference that Lucky, a German Shepherd guide-dog for the blind, had so far been responsible for the deaths of all four of his previous owners. "I admit it's not an impressive record on paper," said Gerber. "He led his first owner in front of a bus, and the second off the end of a pier. He actually pushed the third owner off a railway platform just as the Cologne to Frankfurt Express was approaching. And he walked his fourth owner into heavy traffic before abandoning him and running away to safety. But apart from epileptic fits, he has a lovely temperament . . . and guide dogs are hard to train these days."

Asked if Lucky's fifth owner would be told about the previous record, Gerber replied: "No, it would make them nervous, and that would make Lucky nervous. And when Lucky gets nervous, he's liable to do something silly."

Good night.

4. Well, my fevered thanks go to Phill, Rory, Ronni, and Alan. And speaking of what dolphins don't drink, I'll leave you with this topical photograph. Good night.

**Viewscreens:** *Picture of an Evening Standard placard leaning against a gushing water main. The headline reads: "WATER METER FOR EVERY HOME".*



5. Well, on that *bombshell*, the time has come to leave the shadow of the valley of death behind us. Thank you to Clive, Andy, Sean, and Alan, and I leave you with this thought, courtesy of the great Johnny Carson. "For three days after death, hair and fingernails continue to grow, but phone calls taper off." Do be careful out there. Good night.
6. That is a fantastic result. And with that bombshell, it's time for me to leave this "D for Drinks" edition with a little advice from Rodney D-d-d-d-dangerfield. Don't do it. He said, "I drink too much. The last time I gave a urine sample, it had an olive in it." See you next week. Bye-bye.
7. Oh. From Julian, Dara, Jo, Alan, and me, that's it for now. Come back next week for more of the same, if not more of the sane, for as Salvador Dalí said, "The only difference between me and a madman is that I'm not mad." Good night.
8. My thanks, of course, to Rich, Jonathan, Phill, and Alan. And I leave you with the wise advice about your little ones, and it comes from Robert Orben. "Never raise your hand to your children. It leaves your mid section unprotected." Good night.
9. Oh. Well, it's a happy day whenever you're here. And my thanks go to our other happy, happy happies, Andy, David, John, and Alan. And I leave you now to mull on the complex moral implications of the tragic tale of four carrier pigeons that landed in a Canadian army trench during the First World War. The Canadians ate three of them and used the fourth to send a thank you letter. Good night.

10. That's it from *QI*. I leave you with this mysterious quatrain from Stephen Wright, the Nostradamus de *nos jours*. "I went to a restaurant/That serves breakfast at any time./So I ordered French toast/During the Renaissance." Good night.
11. And my thanks go to Roger, Vic, Mark, and Alan. I leave you with a famous denial. When the American President, Thomas Jefferson, was asked if he was having an affair with one of his slaves, Sally Hemmings, he replied, "The man who fears no truth has nothing to fear from lies." DNA recently, on Sally's descendants, has shown that this meant "Yes." Good night.
12. That's all from Jo, Jessica, Phill, Alan, and from me, and I leave you with one last good housekeeping hint, courtesy of *Viz* magazine's Top Tips. "Press Rice Krispies into the treads of your car tyres for that expensive gravel drive look." Happy Hoovering, good bye. Thank you very much.
13. My very special spicy mulled thanks to Rich, Dara, Jo, and Alan, and I leave you with this seasonal mince pie from the great black American comic Dick Gregory. "I never believed in Santa Claus, because I knew no white dude would come into my neighborhood after dark." Good night.

#### SERIES E

1. So, that's all from Jimmy, Rob, Bill, Alan, and me, but, er, here's one last question for you at home. How do you know that God is a civil engineer? Because when he designed the human body, he put the recreation area right next to the sewage outflow. Good night.
2. So, with our duties electrically discharged, that's "good bye" from Rich, Sean, Jo, Alan, and me. Good night.
3. Well, that's it from Jimmy, Johnny, Phill, Alan, and me, and from Dick Cavett, who tells us, "I eat at this German-Chinese restaurant and the food is delicious. The only problem is, half an hour later, you're hungry for power." Good night.
4. So, with nowhere else left to explore, it's a tearful valediction from Rich, Sean, Bill, Alan, and me, and this moving quatrain from TS Eliot's *Four Quartets*:

We shall not cease from exploration  
 And the end of all our exploring  
 Will be to arrive where we started  
 And know the place for the first time

Good night.

5. And finally, from me, it's "jó éjszakát". And I leave you with this thought from Jackie Mason: "80% of married men cheat in America. The rest cheat in Europe." Do svidaniya.



6. So, it's every good wish from Clive, Vic, Jeremy, Alan, and me, and I would go along with Steven Wright, who says, "You can't have everything. After all, where would you put it?" Good night.
7. Well, that's all from Clive, Vic, Jo, Alan, and me. I leave you with this chilling report of modern espionage recruitment techniques. Two men and a woman recently made the shortlist for CIA assassin. And the first man was taken to a door and told that his wife was in there sitting on a chair, and he was given a gun and told to go in and kill her. And he said, [*American accent*] "I can't do that. I cannot kill my wife. You can't ask me to." And they said, "Well, then you, can't be a hit man for the CIA. And so, he left. And the second man was told the same thing. He went in; five minutes passed; he came out in tears. He said, "I can't do it. I just can't do it. I can't be a CIA killer."

And then, the woman's turn came. They said. "This is your final test. You're husband's in there, sitting on a chair; here's a gun; kill him." She went through the door, barely closed the door. They heard six rounds fired straight away. then banging, screaming, and shouting. Then she came out. She said, "You bastards! You might have told me there were blanks in the gun. I had to beat him to death with the chair leg!"

Good night.

8. So, that's it from Jimmy, David, Phill, Alan, and me, and columnist Jerry Dennis, who had this to say, that is neither "ear" nor there: "I met a girl this morning with a glass eye. She didn't tell me; it just came out in the conversation." Good night.
9. But of course, the really big winners tonight are all the children that you will be helping with your donations. Don't forget to call 08457 33 22 33 and tell them QI sent you. So that's all from Bill, Jo, Jeremy, Alan, Pudsey, and me, and I leave you with this thought about one form of entertainment we haven't covered tonight, from Noel Coward. [*as Coward*] "People are wrong when they say that opera is not what it used to be. It is *exactly* what it used to be. That is what is wrong with it." Good night.
10. So that's it for this week from Charlie, Sean, Phill, Alan and myself. Jolly boating weather to you, and this last thought from the not-at-all-English Oscar Wilde. "If England treats her criminals the way she has treated me, she doesn't deserve to have any." Good night.
11. So as the killer locusts of Abadon swarm around us and the end of the show draws nigh, it's good night from Jimmy, Dara, Doon, Alan, and me, and I'll follow the advice of the King Of Hearts, which he gave to the white rabbit: "Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on 'til you come to the end and then stop." Good night.
12. So, the wind of change blowing about our ears; it's time to pull down the flag for the last time in this series, and to say good night from Mister Bailey, Master Lock, Miss Brand,

my rascal Davies, my humble and obedient self, and from the show on which the sun never sets. Very happy Christmas from me, and good night.

13. Well, that's your lot for the year. From Alan and me and all our guests on the "E" series, good night. Happy Christmas. See you next year. [*laughs manically*]

*Santa-Stephen starts to tickle Alan again, but Alan jumps off his lap as the ending credits start to roll.*

## SERIES F

1. So, children, that's it. Before we all climb the wooden hill to Bedfordshire, it's "good night" from Terry, David, Ronni and Alan, and me, and we leave you with a final piece of homespun wisdom from George Burns: "Happiness is having a large, caring close-knit family in another city." Good night.
2. Well, that's it from Sandi, John, Sean, Bill, Alan, and me. I leave you with a simple truth gleaned from the Blogosphere. "Friendship is like wetting your pants. Everyone can see it, but only you can feel its warmth." Thank you, and good night.
3. So, all that remains for me is to thank Andy, Rob, Charlie, and Alan, and as we lower the *QI* flag, we raise a glass to curiosity, for as Dorothy Parker once said, "The cure for boredom is curiosity. There is no cure for curiosity." And as Steve Wright added, "Curiosity killed the cat. But for a while, I was a suspect." Good night.
4. So that's all from us this week. My thanks to Sean, Johnny, Pam, and Alan, and I leave you with this thought on the subject of "Fight or Flight" from Michael Friedman. "The scientific name for an animal that doesn't either run from or fight its enemies is 'lunch'." Good night.
5. Well, there you have it. Oh. It only remains for me to wish you *au revoir, à bientôt, adieu*, and to say thank you to Jo, Hugh, Phill, and Alan. I leave you with the perfect French-baiting headline from the *Daily Telegraph* of 1929: "Great Storm in Channel, Continent Isolated". *Salut maintenant. Merci.*
6. So it's goodbye from Jimmy, Marcus, Sean, Alan and myself, we hope that this show has been a warning to you all against choosing the paths of fraud and fakery. As Groucho Marx said; 'The secret of life is honesty and fair dealing. If you can fake that, you've got it made'. Good night.
7. Anyway, it's thanks to Phill, Dara, Jo, and Alan, and I leave you with this face saving story: Abraham Lincoln was once accused of being two-faced. And he replied, "If I were two-faced, do you think I'd be wearing this one?" Thank you, and good night!

8. And so, it's good night from Rich, Reg, Clive, Alan, and me, and we leave you with this thought from Oscar Wilde. "Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months." My name is Stephen "My Bottom is a Treasure House" Fry; thank you, and good night.
9. NOT FOUND
10. So, that's all from this florid and formal edition of *Q!*. It's good night from Jo, John, Jimmy, Alan, and from me, and I leave you with this floral tribute from Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a great pick-up line: "Won't you come into the garden? I'd like my roses to see you." Good night.
11. And so, it's good night from Emma, John, David, Alan, and me, and huge thanks to our mothers and agents and everybody who believed in us and made it possible. You're all wonderful, you're all family, and I . . . I leave you with this account of a successful family publicity stunt. The great American showman P. T. Barnum created an exhibit entitled "The Happy Family", which consisted of a cage containing a lion, a tiger, a panther, and a baby lamb, which was extremely successful. And one day he was asked about his plans for "The Happy Family", which had toured everywhere. [*American accent*] "The display will become a permanent feature," he said, "if the supply of lambs holds out." Good night.
12. So, it only remains for me to thank my fellow diners, Rich, Jimmy, David, and Alan, and to leave you with the reproving words of our favourite dame, Dame Nelly Melba, on being presented with a gelatine-based pudding which had not been allowed to set properly. "There are two things I like stiff," she said, "and one of them's jelly." Good night.

## SERIES G

1. So, that's it from Rob, Dara, David, Alan, and me, and I leave you with this quotation from Eric Morecambe: "My neighbour asked if he could use my lawnmower, and I told him of course he could, so long as he didn't take it out of my garden." Thank you, and good night.
2. Well, that's it from Sandi, John, Sean, Bill, Alan, and me. I leave you with a simple truth gleaned from the Blogosphere. "Friendship is like wetting your pants. Everyone can see it, but only you can feel its warmth." Thank you, and good night.
3. Well! That's it. Thanks to Phill, Sean, Liza, Alan, and me, and we'll leave you with this self-evident truth from James Hetfield out of off of Metallica, who said, "It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye. Then it's fun and games but you can't see any more." Good night.

4. So it only remains for me to thank Rob, Jimmy, Jo, and Alan, to wish you all safe onward journeys, and I leave you with this from Ambrose Bierce. "War is God's way of teaching Americans geography". Good night.
5. So we are bidding a cool Yule and a gear New Year to you all, from David, Bill, Lee, Alan and me. And tonight, for some reason, I thought I'd leave you with a joke about doctors and time travel. "Doctor, doctor, I keep seeing into the future." "And when did this start?" "Next Tuesday afternoon." Good night and happy Christmas.
6. Ah. So that's all from *QI*, my thanks go to Graham, Dara, David and Alan and I leave you with our genius, Leonardo Da Vinci's favourite joke. It was asked of a painter why, since he made such beautiful figures - which were but dead things - why his children were so ugly. To which the painter replied that he made his pictures by day but his children by night. Good night.
7. That's all from this edition of *QI*, so it's good night from Ronni, Sandi, Jack, Alan and me. Hopefully the real winner tonight has been mutual understanding and respect. I leave you with this thought from Canadian feminist Charlotte Whitten : "Whatever women do, they must do it twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, that isn't difficult." Good night.
8. I leave you with a story about the Bloomsbury Group writer, Lytton Strachey, who was – how shall I put it – a confirmed bachelor, an aesthete, and also a conscientious objector and a pacifist. And he appeared before the conscientious objection board and they were obviously going to quiz him on whether or not he truly was it or was just a coward trying to get out of serving. They said, "Mister Strachey, are you married?" "No." he said. "Well," they said, "Do you have a sister?" "Yes I do have a sister." And they said, "Well, suppose a German soldier came and tried to rape her, what would you do?" He said, "Well in that case, I would endeavour to place myself between them." Good night.
9. So it's farewell from High, Andy, Phill, Alan and myself and I leave you with a story of the couple who went to the Natural History Museum and they saw the big dinosaur skeleton there and they asked the attendant how old it was. He said, "It's 65 million, fourteen years and three months old." And they said, "Well that's amazing, is that like carbon dating? How can you tell so precisely how old it is?" He said, "No, you see, when I first came here they told me it was 65 million years old and I been here fourteen years and three months." Thank you, good night.
10. So it only remains to say thank you from David, Sean, Jo, Alan and me and I leave you with this thought from the great Jack Handy: "Before you criticise someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way, when you criticise them, you'll be a mile away... and you'll have their shoes!" Goodnight.
11. So that's it from Jan, Jimmy, Clive, Alan and me. Good night.

12. That's the lot from QI. My thanks to Barry, Rich, Bill, Alan... and I leave you with one last interesting thing about gravity. You know in the early days of television, it was widely believed that television sets weighed more when they were switched on. And the main reason for this belief apparently came from reading the manufacturer's instructions, which warned people always to switch off their sets before attempting to move them. Good night.
13. Ah. So, before the show breathes its last, I've just got enough time to thank Jimmy, Jack, Sue, and Alan, and I leave you with the following boo-boo from baseball great Yogi Berra. "You should always go to other people's funerals," he said. "Otherwise, they won't come to yours." Thank you, and good night.

## SERIES H

1. That's all from this heterogeneous edition of QI so it's goodnight from Jack, Phil, Ross, Alan and me, and I leave you with this... Good night.
2. So all that's left for me is to thank Sue, Gyles, Bill, and of course Alan; and I leave you with this. Um, it's an anatomy lesson.

In order to accustom medical students to the business of getting used to dead human flesh; an anatomy professor basically said to the class, "Look, you've got to get used to doing this, I need one of you students to come forward, you're a first year." Stood him by the body, said you've got to do what I do, and he put his finger up the rectum of this dead body, like that, and then just sucked it. He said "I know, I know, I know, but you've got to learn how to be a doctor." So this medical student puts his finger up, like that, and went like that. [sucks finger] And he said "The other thing about being a doctor is you must be observant. I put my middle finger up the rectum, and sucked my index."

Thank you and good-bye.

3. So, my thanks to David, Danny, Sean and Alan and I leave you with this observation from Will Rogers: "The trouble with practical jokes is that very often they get elected." Thank you and good night.
4. So all that's left is for me to thank Jo, Jimmy, Jack and, of course, Alan and I leave you with this thought about being human and being happy. If you really want to be happy, all you have to do is say, "I am beautiful." So I want you all tonight to go and look at the mirror and say, "Stephen Fry is beautiful." Good night.