



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
 (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)



*R*ns/trash #139 December 2008*

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated. All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
1st December 2008	1589	Boars Head, Horsham	164 298	Les "Lost" Gray "Cells"
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right and carry on through Cowfold to West Grinstead traffic lights. Right on A24 then at 2nd roundabout take B2237 into Horsham. Pub is ¼ mile on left at junction with Tower Hill. Allow 35 minutes. Turn left for car park immediately on right.				
8th December 2008	1590	The Castle Hotel, Bramber	188 107	Trevor
Directions: A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Straight on at next roundabout and pub is over bridge on left hand side. Est. 20 mins.				
15th December 2008	1591	New Moon, Storrington	087 144	"Wiggy"
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est 25 mins.				



22nd December 2008	1592	The Hassocks	304 156	Don
Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. Est 10 mins. CHRISTMAS PARTY HASH - Deposits to Pete (see form inside)				



29th December 2008	1593	Ansty Cross, Ansty	292 234	Brent "Keeps It Up"
Directions: A23 north to A272 junction. Back under motorway and pub is directly opposite at next mini roundabout. ¼ hour.				

RECEDING HARELINE

5th January 2009 Ivan
 Marquis of Granby, Sompting

12th January 2009 Rik & Louis
 Woolpack, Burgess Hill

26th January 2009 Bouncer
 Burns hash 10th anniversary

CRAFT # 7 pub crawl:
 Burrell Arms, Haywards Heath
 7pm Friday 5th December
 Hare: Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

Thought for the day:
 Eat less; lose weight; drink less; die anyway.
 Might as well Hash!



MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

T shirts will hopefully be ready in time for Christmas! Still waiting on the printers and the trail organiser is on vacation at the moment. Watch this space → [VAT down to 15% so it's not all bad news!]

Christmas party menu for Monday 22nd December is below.
Please let Pete Eastwood have your deposits and menu choices as soon as possible.



THE HASSOCKS
CHRISTMAS MENU
1st November - 23rd December

PATÉ
duck and orange paté with melba toast.
HOMEMADE VEGETABLE SOUP
with a roll and butter.
THAI CRAB CAKES
on a bed of mixed salad with sweet chilli sauce.
FETA SALAD
feta cheese on a bed of mixed salad with vinaigrette.
PRAWN COCKTAIL
on a bed of mixed leaves with brown bread & butter.

ROAST TURKEY
with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.
ROAST BEEF
with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.
NUT ROAST
with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.
SALMON FILLET
with a hollandaise sauce & new potatoes.
ROASTED VEGETABLE & WENSLEYDALE BAKE
with new potatoes.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING with custard
HOMEMADE APPLE & RHUBARB CRUMBLE with custard
TARTE AU CITRON with cream
CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE with cream
MIXED ICE CREAM

COFFEE AND MINCE PIE

£20 per person.
*All Christmas dinners must be ordered in advance. A non-refundable deposit of £5.00 per person is requested to secure your booking.
All prices include 15% VAT.*

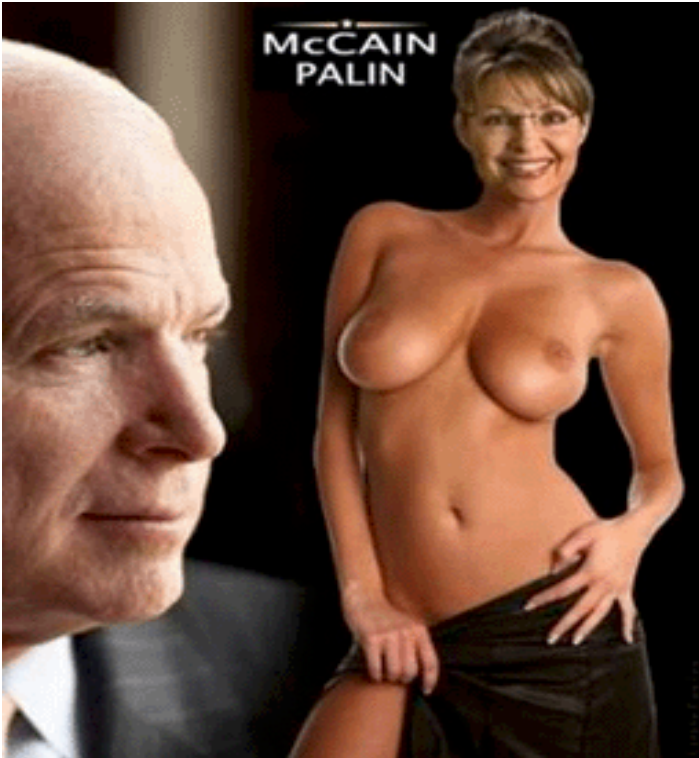
Station Approach East, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8HN
Tel: 01273 842113 email: bookings@thehassocks.co.uk

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

So Gordon Brown is chatting with Barack Obama at their first meeting and says "You know, Barack, I think in honour of your historic achievement we could be prepared to permit the Queens image on your stamps." Confused, Obama says "But what's in it for us?" "Well I've thought about that, and I think we could see our way to putting the image of the U.S. president out to the British public" "What do you have in mind?" "We're going to put the gollywog back on the jam jars."



Last ditch effort by McCain-Palin camp fails:

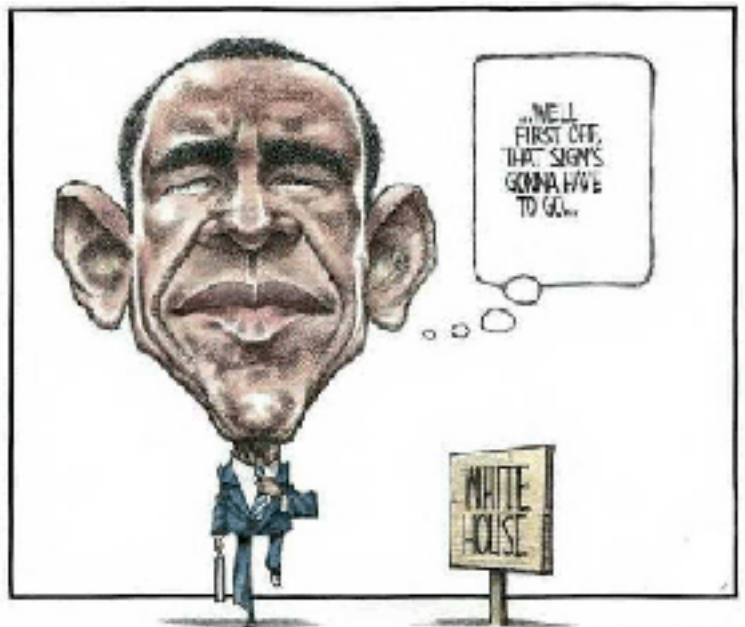


- Black woman all over the world are shaving their pubic hairs today in support of Obama's election. Their message to the World: Read our lips, no more bush
- News from the white house: George bush's wallet is missing already
- Have u ever heard of a black man keeping the same job for 4 years?
- Early voting polls have Obama in the lead, but that all will change once the white people get off work.
- Obama's made the black people made. He promised them a job.
- Obama Kept saying "Change" A lot... it was actually an anagram he kept on using. "Come Help A Nigger Get Elected
- Did you hear the announcement Obama made the other night. All white people need to report to the cottonfield at 7am or else face the consequences!
- Minority groups were complaining that there aren't enough blacks on TV. So television networks are going to run America's most wanted twice a night.
- I don't know why people think one black man can run the country when ten can't run a McDonald's.
- Obama said if he is elected president he is going to tear down the Statue and Liberty. And put up a Statue of Aunt Jemima
- What's the big deal with Obama becoming president black basterds have been breaking into white houses for

- Hallmark is releasing a special Obama christmas ornament this year? Now every one can hang a nigger from a tree!
- Bush has to ride a taxi to the white house for two months because all the presidential vehicles are going to Pimp My Ride
- Breaking news, the U.S. is changing the national bird from a bald eagle to a fried chicken
- I don't care how successful Barack Obama ishe's still another black man in government housing
- Why Doesn't Obama take aspirins??.....He's too proud to pick the cotton out of the bottle.....
- CNN reported that Barack Obama is afraid to go to sleep at night because the last nigga who "had a dream" died!!
- Congress has asked that all assassination attempts on Obama be held on Martin Luther King Day to limit the amount of black holidays.
- The election of Obama is good for the US economy. Sales of Honey, fire lighters and matches will be up in the deep south together with extra large crosses and white pointy hats.
- "I would have to investigate more of Bill's dancing abilities, you know, and some of this other stuff before I accurately judge whether he was in fact a brother." ~ Obama on whether he was our first black president.
- "I don't want to be invited to the family hunting party." ~ Obama responding to revelations that he and Dick Cheney are eighth cousins.
- "But I have to say tonight's venue isn't really what I'm used to. I was originally told we'd be able to move this outdoors to Yankee Stadium, and can somebody tell me what happened to the Greek columns that I requested?" ~Obama at the Al Smith Dinner.

And finally...

- Apparently the White House Gardener has been sacked after asking where the spade was.



REHASHING...

Bax Castle, Two Mile Ash

As trash publisher I always seem to end up taking leftover slots in order to pop out a full trash, which is why the day after the Beachy Head Marathon (4:53 net of the pint stop courtesy of Mr. Luck at the Plough and Harrow) Wiggy and I found ourselves setting trail. The popular move was to keep it short so we bunged in loads of checks. This pub is new to the hash and had just undergone a change of management to the extent that the chef only started on the morning of our visit. So fare was limited but very competitively priced at £5/ head, "We want you back"!

There were loads of options too, but I favoured I tchingfield this time over the lake or Christs Hospital so off we went through the farm to cross the railway line, where loads missed the left turn. Straight on at a couple of checks we then crossed the road to come into I tchingfield church from behind. Across the field with a panoramic view we could see Christs Hospital in front of us but I was highly amused when the entire pack ran left (except for Brett and one other who found the lure of the school too great). After the call back and climb up Westons Hill I was again amused when my silly check worked until Anybody came up from the back to call to the pack "You've just been there!". Once back on track it was a fairly straight forward return through another field, some luvly woods and over the railway line to join the Downs Link back to the pub.

White Hart, Henfield

It's hard to believe that the last run Hugh set was almost exactly a year ago. What is less hard to believe for those who remember his previous efforts was the weather, which was incessantly wet from the start of the day with some very heavy showers punctuating the rain. Despite that the pack was still pretty large at the start, and I think most got home! The early part of the run headed down the alleys backing the High Street until we reached the common. Left here we cut across the back to Swains Farm to head into the woodlands and experience the first of many wet spots. The bridge had collapsed so with his customary gallantry, having not learnt his lesson from the previous weeks dunking when Angel had persuaded him to give her a lift, Nigel was on hand to help folk up the slippery planks. Next we cut up the edge of the Mad South Africans estate, scene of much mirth when Radio Soap set a trespass here a few years back, and soon found a second substantial section of footpath underwater. As everyone else bit the bullet and splashed on I spotted a potential dry route to the side. As I eventually caught up with the pack I observed that if they wanted to lose me properly they were going to have to turn the torches off next time! Shortly afterwards we left a decent enough footpath to cross a field of stubble which caused Don some trouble. Rest of us too when we couldn't get out and had to retrace ¼ mile. Dave Bos got the blame from Wiggy for that but the sign did seem to suggest a left. We continued to splash our way along until we reached Blackstone. By now it was about 8.30 so rumblings of a return were rife and Malc prompted us to a left where a check had us heading back into the same field we'd just left. Rain washed marks made it uncertain going but Brett and Brent at the front were calling so we stuck with it until Hugh appeared from the wrong direction to call a regroup. Jo took some persuading to return from her cut home but eventually we were off again only to hit a farm. Once again we were confounded by the field but eventually and to everyone's disbelief the footpath was spotted by Young Les apparently in the middle of a lake. At the next check on the road I made my big mistake and headed left, getting encouragement from a couple of locals who said I was on target for Henfield. It led straight into a farm and full of doubt I retraced to find Trevor and Pete on the same route. Trevor put me right for Furners Lane and I eventually caught the pack who'd come down through the deer farm for a road finish. In Hugh's words - "you love it!". Another Great Hash, then.

Plough, Pyecombe

As we climbed the hill towards Pyecombe Church, immediately disproving Pete Eastwoods proclamation that this would be a flat one, Sasha came screeching up in the car to demand a pair of shoes from Wiggy, whose own car is both a tribute to the wonders of the pound shop as well as hash clothing emporium. The check at the top had us heading down the South Downs Way and along Pyecombe Street to check 2, where Pat revealed that she was running in her post run shoes as she'd forgotten the runners. I was about to mention Sasha (who it later turned out was asking for Brett) when Les Gray said, "me too". What's going on! It was here that I jokingly said "obvious run, to Charlies, mulled wine and home". Sometimes hares are so tuned in!

Over the footbridge we headed up Newtimber Holt, scene of the 1000 steps Charlie found in the summer, and went up and down and up and down a lot. Someone asked Charlie if this was his handiwork. I wasn't sure if they meant the trail or the steps but it turned out to be both! I got stuck behind I van somehow who was pussyfooting it after his training for Hastings centenary marathon, but eventually broke free where Grahame received first hearing of my Charlie hash joke: Hasher on a precipice on a Charlie run and another enjoying head from a Thai Grandma the other side of the World are thinking exactly the same thing - Don't Look Down! With all the walking the pack seemed to have got pretty split up, and after Les crashed into a bush I found myself alone on the run into a sip at Charlies manor. I was right! Mulled wine, blazing fire and a tot of the rum left after Phil Mutton had quenched his thirst soon lifted the spirits for the return over Newtimber hill to the pub. At least that was the plan, but aware that Brent had a limited amount of Old Ale for grabs in the car park, and having been last out of the sip, I was motoring somewhat when I took a flyer on the downhill! Nothing like Anne though who'd managed to maintain her balance throughout the muck and did some damage to her hand on the flat road section at the end! AAGH!



Apparently the Samaritans have outsourced the call centre to Pakistan. They love it! Anyone calls the first question is can you drive a plane, boat, train, car, bus, submarine, whale, banana shipment, chicken tikka masala,



As a teacher, Ms. Jones, was very curious about how each of her students celebrated Christmas. She called on young Patrick Murphy. "Tell me Patrick what do you do at Christmas time?" she asked. Patrick addressed the class.

"Well Ms. Jones, me and my twelve brothers and sisters go to the midnight Mass and we sing hymns, then we come home very late and we put mince pies by the back door and hang up our stockings. Then, all excited, we go to bed and wait for Father Christmas to come with all our toys."

"Very nice Patrick," she said. "Now Jimmy Brown what do you do at Christmas?"

"Well, Ms. Jones, me and my sister also go to Church with Mum and Dad and we sing carols and we get home ever so late. We put cookies and milk by the chimney and we hang up our stockings. We hardly sleep, waiting for Santa Claus to bring our presents."

Realizing there was a Jewish boy in the class and not wanting to leave him out of the discussion, she asked, "Now, Ivan, what do you do at Christmas?"

Ivan said, "Well, it's the same thing every year. Dad comes home from the office. We all pile into the Rolls Royce, and then we drive to his toy factory. When we get inside, we look at all the empty shelves and begin to sing 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus.' Then we all go to the Bahamas!

What did the Eskimos sing when they got their Christmas dinner? "Whalemeat again, don't know where, don't know when"!

What do a Christmas tree and a catholic priest have in common? Their balls are just for decoration.

What's Father Christmas called when he takes a rest while delivering presents? Santa pause!

What do the reindeer sing to Father Christmas on his birthday? Freeze a jolly good fellow!

Why does Father Christmas like to work in the garden? Because he likes to hoe, hoe, hoe!

Father Christmas wins a saucepan in a competition. Now that's what you call pot luck!

What's the most popular wine at Christmas? "Do I have to eat my Brussel sprouts?"

What beats his chest and swings from Christmas cake to Christmas cake? Tarzipa Mum, Can I have a dog for Christmas? No you can have turkey like everyone else!

What did the big cracker say to the little cracker? My pop is bigger than yours!

Why is a cat on a beach like Christmas? Because they both have "Sandy claws"!

What do you get if you cross Father Christmas with a detective? Santa Clues!

What Do You Get When You Cross A Snowman With A Vampire? Frostbite.

What's happens if you eat the Christmas decorations? You get tinsel-itus!

Who is never hungry at Christmas? The turkey - he's always stuffed.

Who delivers presents to baby sharks at Christmas? Santa Jaws!

What's the best thing to put into a Christmas cake? Your teeth!

We had grandma for Christmas dinner? Really, we had turkey!

What do you call a man who claps at Christmas? Santapplause!

What do vampires put on their turkey at Christmas? Grave-y!

What does Father Christmas call his money? I ced lolly?

What bird has wings but cannot fly? Roast turkey!

Twinkle Twinkle chocolate bar

Santa drives a rusty car

Press the starter

Press the choke

Off he goes in a cloud of smoke!

When Madonna (*hey, that's a Christmas name isn't it?*) first moved to England she said she wanted to feel more English. She is now an unmarried, single mother with three kids from different fathers, one of them black. Job done!



BABY JESUS ENJOYED PLAYING WITH HIS NEW TORCH. (Hasher!)

On the First Day of Christmas my true love sent to me a partridge in a pear tree. Unfortunately it was dispatched via British Rail's parcels service so it never arrived.

On the Second Day of Christmas my true love tried to send me two turtle doves, but the shop had sold out. "There was a pre-Budget run on turtle doves," the shopkeeper explained. "People were stocking up on them in case the purchase tax went up." My true love also sent to me a second partridge in a pear tree, but it was delivered to the wrong address.

On the Third Day of Christmas my true love wanted to send to me three French hens, but under the EEC regulations there is no longer any such thing as a French hen. My true love could have sent me three Common Market hens, plucked and frozen. However, my true love did send me a further partridge in a pear tree and two second-hand turtle doves, but the express delivery service had all their drivers off ill, so they are still in the warehouse.

On the Fourth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me four colly birds (blackbirds). The Post Office returned them with a note saying that the only living creatures that may be sent by post are bees, leeches and silk worms. The PO also returned a partridge in a pear tree, two second-hand turtle doves and three frozen Common Market hens on the grounds that they were a prohibited embarrassing packet.

On the Fifth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me five gold rings. They were confiscated by the Treasury, who warned that gold-hoarding was illegal. My true love also sent to me a partridge in a pear tree, two second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens and four bees, but one of the bees stung the messenger boy and he hasn't been seen since.

On the Sixth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me six geese-a-laying which are now at the RSPCA Refuge for Pregnant Geese. "We take a serious view of this case," an inspector said. "All these poor geese had to sustain them on their nightmare journey was a bowl of water and some pears, which they had to share with a partridge, two second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens and four bees. Also, one of the geese swallowed five brass rings and may have to be operated on."

On the Seventh Day of Christmas my true love sent to me seven swans-a-swimming. They were swiftly followed by a stiff letter, signed "Elizabeth R," warning that if the Royal Swans were not returned smartish, someone's true love would be spending Christmas in the Tower. My true love also sent to me another partridge in a pear tree, two second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens, four bees, five brass rings and six neutered geese with adequate rations, but the postman got mugged.

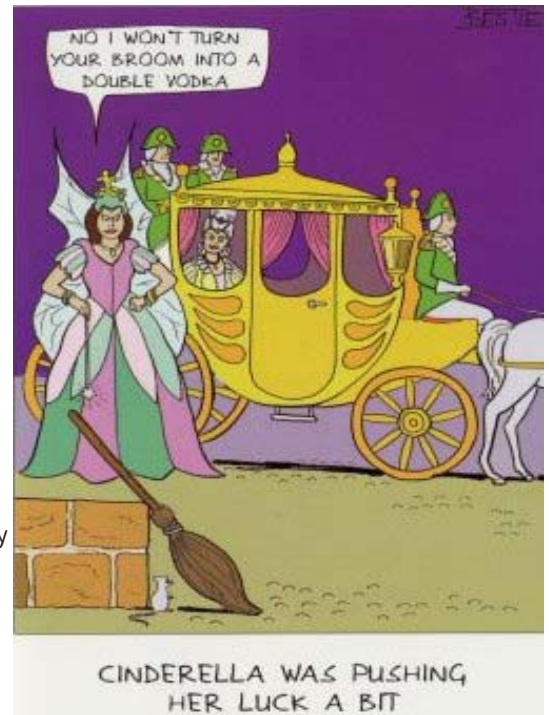
On the Eighth Day of Christmas my true love thought of sending to me eight maids-a-milking. But my true love was not allowed to advertise for milkmaids in the Sjts.Vac. column, as it would have been an infringement of the Sex Discrimination Act. My true love did send to me, though, a partridge in a pear tree, two second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens, four bees, five brass rings, six neutered geese and seven ducks-a-swimming. They were suspected of being a parcel bomb and blown up.

On the Ninth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me nine ladies dancing. The whole pack of them were arrested under the Street Offences Act. My true love also sent to me a partridge in a pear tree, two second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens, four bees, five brass rings, six neutered geese, seven ducks-a-swimming and eight persons milking. On their way to my house by van, the eight persons milking were attacked by the six neutered geese, the partridge went berserk, the pear tree toppled on the driver's head and all involved are now in hospital.

On the Tenth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me ten lords-a-leaping. But just as they came a-leaping up the front steps, they were called back to the House of Lords for an emergency vote. On the same day my true love sent to me yet another partridge in a pear tree, two racing pigeons because she couldn't get any more second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens, four bees, five brass rings, six neutered geese, seven ducks-a-swimming, eight persons milking and nine ladies knitting scarves. A council social worker promptly put them all in a luxury hotel until a suitable hostel could be found for them.

On the Eleventh Day of Christmas my true love wanted to send to me eleven pipers piping, but they refused to come. They still had not recovered from Hogmanay they said and had no wish to take part in childish songs. So all I got from my true love was a partridge in a pear tree, two racing pigeons because she still couldn't find any second-hand turtle doves, three frozen Common Market hens, four bees, five brass rings, six neutered geese, seven ducks-a-swimming, eight persons milking, nine ladies knitting scarves and ten OBES-a-leaping. They found where I had hidden the booze and by midnight the police had to be called.

And, on the Twelfth Day of Christmas, my true love found that she was now penniless and emigrated.



THE CHRISTMAS QUIZ - "A QUIZ FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW EVERYTHING"

- (1) There's one "sport" in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score or the leader until the contest ends. What is it?
- (2) What famous North American landmark is constantly moving backward?
- (3) Of all vegetables, only two can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons. All other vegetables must be replanted every year. What are the only two perennial vegetables?
- (4) Name the only sport in which the ball is always in possession of the team on defense, and the offensive team can score without touching the ball?
- (5) What fruit has its seeds on the outside?
- (6) In many liquor stores, you can buy pear brandy, with a real pear inside the bottle. The pear is whole and ripe, and the bottle is genuine; it hasn't been cut in any way. How did the pear get inside the bottle?
- (7) Only three words in standard English begin with the letters "dw." They are all common. Name two of them.
- (8) There are fourteen punctuation marks in English grammar. Can you name half of them?
- (9) Where are the lakes that are referred to in the "Los Angeles Lakers?"
- (10) There are seven ways a baseball player can legally reach first base without getting a hit. Taking a base on balls-a walk-is one way. Name the other six.
- (11) It's the only vegetable or fruit that is never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form but fresh. What is it?
- (12) Name six or more things that you can wear on your feet that begin with the letter "S."

The girl who replies to the question "What do you want for Christmas?" with "If you loved me, you'd know what I want!" gets a Playstation 2. End of story.

The stuttering patient.

A guy walks into the doctor's office and says, 'D d d doc, I've bbeen sttuttering ffor yyyyears and I I I I'm ttired of it. Cccan yyyou hehehelp me?'

The doctor says, 'Well, I'll have to examine you to see what's going on.' So he examines him and says, 'Well I think I know what the problem is.'

The guy says, 'Wwwell wwww what is it, ddoc?'

The doctor says, 'Well, it's your penis, it's about a foot long and all the down pressure is putting strain on your vocal cords.'

The guy says, 'Wwwat cccan we ddo?'

The doctor advises, 'Well, I can cut it off and transplant a shorter one.'

The guy says, 'Dddo it!'

The guy has the operation and three weeks later, he comes back into the doctor's office and says, 'Doc, you solved the problem and I don't stutter anymore, but I've only had sex once in the past three weeks. My wife doesn't like it anymore. She liked it with my long one. I don't care if I have to stutter, I want you to put my long one back on.'

The doctor says, 'P p p piss o o o off. A ddddeal's a ddddeal!!!'

Two little boys in first grade were chosen to be the leads in their first school play. It was to be a Shakespearean Play. The first little boy was to say "My fair maiden....I have come to snatch a kiss and fill your soul with hope". The second little boy was to reply by saying "Hark!, a pistol shot"

Well on opening night in the school auditorium, the two little boys were a bit nervous, knowing that all the seats were going to be filled with grown-ups. The teacher told them to take their places on the stage and to remember to speak very loud as soon as the curtain goes up. The curtain rose and looking out upon the audience the two boys were terrified.

They stood there frozen. So the teacher whispered for them to begin. The first boy yelled out these unforgettable words..... "My fair maiden....I have come to kiss your snatch!...and fill your hole with soap."

The second boy screams out..."Hark! a shistol pot, a postle shiss, a pot of shit, horse shit, cow shit, bull shit....I never wanted to be in this lousy play anyway... The audience left howling.

The Colonoscopy

All the organs of the body were having a meeting, trying to decide who was the one in charge.

'I should be in charge,' said the brain, 'Because I run all the body's systems, so without me nothing would happen.'

'I should be in charge,' said the blood, 'because I circulate oxygen all over so without me you'd all waste away.'

'I should be in charge,' said the stomach, 'because I process food and give all of you energy.'

'I should be in charge,' said the legs, 'because I carry the body wherever it needs to go.'

'I should be in charge,' said the eyes, 'Because I allow the body to see where it goes.'

'I should be in charge,' said the rectum, 'Because I'm responsible for waste removal.'

All the other body parts laughed at the rectum and insulted him, so in a huff, he shut down tight.

Within a few days, the brain had a terrible headache, the stomach was bloated, the legs got wobbly, the eyes got watery, and the blood was toxic.

They all decided that the rectum should be the boss.

The Moral of the story?

The ass hole is usually the one in charge!



I bought my brother some gift-wrap for Christmas. I took it to the Gift Wrap Department and told them to wrap it, but in a different print so he would know when to stop unwrapping. *David Beckham but accredited to Steve Wright.*

David Beckham meets a hasher in a bar. After a bunch of drinks over several hours, Becks hiccups, drops his head down to his chest, pushes himself away from the bar, and proceeds to hurl all over himself.

Wiping his mouth off on his shirt sleeve, he says, "Man, I gotta go home. I'm already 2 hours late, and now I've thrown up all over myself. Victoria is gonna kill me."

The hasher turns to him and says, "Naw she won't. Listen, you got twenty quid?"

Becks says, "Yeah, why?"

The hasher says, "Take the twenty and put it in your front pocket. When you get home and your wife asks what happened, you tell her some guy threw up on your shirt and he gave you twenty quid for the dry cleaning. I do it all the time."

David says, "Great idea! Let's have another round", and the two continued to drink for the next couple of hours.

Eventually they head home. Sure enough, Victoria is waiting up for David. As he walks through the door, she takes a look at him and says, "Look at you! You're pathetic!! You're five hours late, drunk as a skunk, and you've got dried puke all over the front of you! What have you got to say for yourself?!?"

He says, "Wait honey, listen for a second. This drunk guy threw up on me and gave me twenty quid to get my shirt dry cleaned, I swear. Check my front pocket."

Posh reaches in and pulls out two twenty pound notes. She says, "Wait there's 40 quid in here!"

He says, "Yeah, the other twenties from the guy who shat in my pants!!"

Einstein dies and goes to heaven. At the Pearly Gates, Saint Peter tells him, "You look like Einstein, but you have NO idea the lengths that some people will go to sneak into Heaven. Can you prove who you really are?" Einstein ponders for a few seconds and asks, "Could I have a blackboard and some chalk?" Saint Peter snaps his fingers and a blackboard and chalk instantly appear. Einstein proceeds to describe with arcane mathematics and symbols his theory of relativity. Saint Peter is suitably impressed. "You really ARE Einstein!" he says. "Welcome to heaven!" The next to arrive is Picasso. Once again, Saint Peter asks for credentials. Picasso asks, "Mind if I use that blackboard and chalk?" Saint Peter says, "Go ahead." Picasso erases Einstein's equations and sketches a truly stunning mural with just a few strokes of chalk. Saint Peter claps. "Surely you are the great artist you claim to be!" he says. "Come on in!" Then Saint Peter looks up and sees David Beckham. Saint Peter scratches his head and says, "Einstein and Picasso both managed to prove their identity. How can you prove yours?" Beckham looks bewildered and says, "Who are Einstein and Picasso?" Saint Peter sighs and says, "Come on in, David."

As part of his medical on moving to the States, David Beckham had to undergo a psychiatric test to establish his response to certain questions. "What would happen asked the psychiatrist if I cut off your left ear?"

"Well says David, I'd be half deaf, I suppose"

"Very good. And what would happen if I then cut off your right ear?" says the psychiatrist.

"Oh well in that case I would go blind" says David.

"Why says the psychiatrist do you think you would go blind if I cut off both your ears?"

"Easy" replies David. "My bandana would slip over my eyes".

After the FIRST week in LA David decides it is time to try out the local gents hairdressers

"Ah Mr. Beckham, how would you like your hair done"

"Just shave it all off" says David

But the sharp eyed barber noticed that David is wearing a pair of gold plated headphones and asks if he will take them off

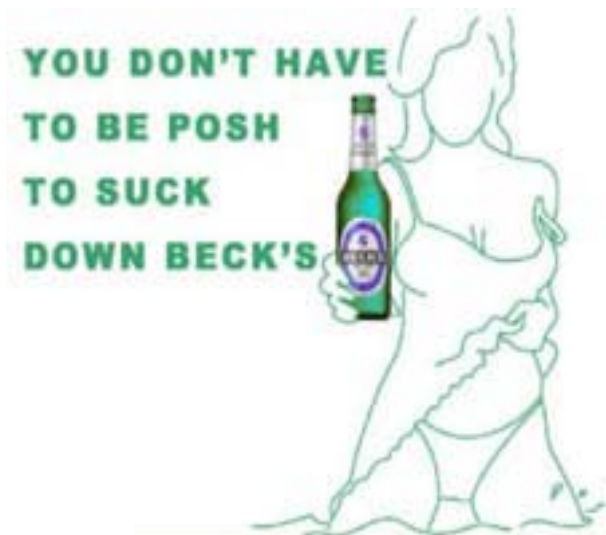
"Nah," says David, "just work around them"

When everything is done the hairdresser looks and thinks it will look bloody funny with a band of hair over Davids bonce, so without asking again he removes the headphones,

David gasps and goes a funny colour, the hairdresser checks his pulse, there is none.....oh shit! 25 million down the drain

He picks up the headphone and listens, Victoria's voice is heard from the aforementioned item saying

"breathe in.....breathe out.....breathe in.....breathe out....."





Things you only do when you're drunk...

- Ask for extra-hot chilli sauce on your kebab
- Try and get off with your best mate's girlfriend
- Piss in your girlfriend's cupboard/out the window/anywhere except in the bathroom.
- Give a running commentary, out loud, on anything you do, even though you're alone (eg. ah'm gonna go into the kitschen, ah'm gonna get myself A beer, an' ah'm gonna drink it... thatsh whad am'm gonna do...etc.)
- Get a tattoo/try to tattoo yourself
- Use classy chat-up lines like: "You've got phemoninal... phemonim.....Great tits. Can I shag you?"
- Fall down open manholes
- Chuck up in the back of taxis
- Climb onto the roof of bus shelters - to get a better view of the stars, Man
- Pull a moonie
- Think it's really funny to put all your female flatmate's underwear in the freezer compartment
- Make "punch" out of half a bottle of vodka, a bottle of red wine, and some Strongbow. Drink it
- Get thrown out of a nightclub for taking all your clothes off
- Sing "Beers, beers, we want more beers, all the lads are

cheerin', Get the fookin' beers in. Beers beers we want more beers" etc. To your Girlfriend's parents.

- Dance as if you are John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever. And bump into things. And break them. And not give a flying f*** about it.
- Make yourself a delicious snack of English mustard on stale white bread
- Decide that the waste bin would look better on your head
- Fall asleep on the stairs, with your trousers around your ankles
- Decide to walk home, even though it's seven miles away
- Fall asleep in a bus shelter
- Fall asleep on the night bus and wake up at dawn, in the middle of nowhere, having had your shoes nicked
- Fall asleep with a pint glass full of water on your chest, and only spill it when you wake up in the morning
- Steal bottles of milk from doorsteps
- Order the hottest curry on the menu
- Ring up every woman in your address book at 2am and say, "Hi, I was just thinking about you. Maybe we should meet up. Now-ish..."
- Attempt to shag any woman who shows a passing interest in you
- Get into a fight with a taxi driver
- Say, "You're my best mate, you are", to people you've just met.
- Decide that you and your ex-girlfriend really should be together.
- Join the French Foreign Legion
- Make a bonfire of photos of your ex-girlfriend
- Get really emotional, put on the most morose record in your collection and weep about nothing in particular
- Dig out you photo albums, get even more emotional, ring up old friends who've moved abroad and tell them they're your best mate ever.
- Attempt to phone the Pope, the Queen, the Whitehouse, etc
- Make lots of inadvisable bets
- Thank cash machines

Things you think you can do when you're drunk

1. Pull any woman in the room
2. Beat any man in the room in a fight
3. Do the Lambada
4. Have a coherent, in-depth discussion about politics, the trouble with women, the English Cricket team, football, etc
5. Stop dual-carriageway traffic just by holding your hand up
6. Persuade 24-hour shop owners to sell you alcohol after 11pm
7. Evade apprehension by officers of the law
8. Fall down three flights of stairs without hurting yourself
9. Do an impression of Riverdance on a narrow window ledge five stories above the street.
10. Find your house



THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH

IT'S THE WTF (What the Funk is going on here) PAGE
A LITTLE BOY WROTE TO SANTA CLAUSE, "PLEASE SEND ME A LITTLE SISTER."
SANTA CLAUSE WROTE BACK, "OK, SEND ME YOUR MOTHER."



LITTLE SISTERS

The best gift you can give your boyfriend on Christmas.

Apparently Gary Glitter left a message on Jonathan Ross's answer phone "I f*cked your daughter"
At least he's got a new job, designing rides for Disney:



Kevin Bloody Wilson - Christmas Song Lyrics

Hey Santa claus you ****!, where's me f...ing bike?
I've unwrapped all this other ~~shit~~ junk and there's nothing that I like.
I wrote you a f...ing letter and I come to see you twice
Ya worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me effing bike.
If I wanted a pair of bloody thongs, I'd have bloody asked.
And this cowboy suit and ping pong set you can shove right up your arsel!
You've stuffed me bloody order up, it's enough to make you spew
And I'm not the only one who's snakey, me sisters dirty too!

(female voice)

Hey santa clause you ****! Where's me f...ing pram?
You promised me you'd bring me one, you remember who I am.
'Cause I'm the little girl who you made sit right on your hand
I'll give you effing ho ho ho, you forgot me effing pram
(male voice)

Next time I come to see ya, I'm gonna punch you in the guts
And I'll let your f...ing reindeer go and kick Rudolf in the nuts!
You just wait 'till next year, when you go to that store
And me and me little sister, come stomping through the door

And we'll say, yeah you wait for it

Hey mums and dads you smell his breath and check his bloodshot eyes
And don't listen to him boys and girls 'cause he tells f...ing lies
He's just an alchie and a pervert, and he's not even very bright
'Cause the old f...ing winker Forgot me effing bike.

You wait you old ****, I'm gonna dob you in
Tell me old man on you, he's gonna punch your effing lights out