

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #173 October 2011

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

3rd October 2011 1737 Swan, Falmer 355 090 Grahame & Who's Shout Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and

immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.

10th October 2011 1738 Rising Sun, Upper Beeding 197 104 Suzy, Dean & Jason

Directions: A27 west past Southwick tunnel. Next left, then 2nd left at roundabout. Right at next and pub is on left at next roundabout. Est. 15 mins.

17th October 2011 1739 White Horse, Maplehurst 189 246 Cardinal Hugh

Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T and 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. After a mile turn right for pub. c.25 mins.

24th October 2011 1740 Flying Fish, Denton 457 024 Snowlark

Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton then 2nd left Denton Road. Est 20

mins. NIGEL'S ANTARCTICA DEPARTCHA R*N

31st October 2011 1741 TBA - Happy Hallowe'en! George Baxter Directions: Instead of his usual last minute pub change, George has this time opted for silence on the location!

7th November 2011 1742 Plough & Harrow, Litlington 523 017 Professor Pete

Directions: A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub

approx. 2.5 miles on right. Est. 25 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

14/11/11 TBA - Pat

21/11/11 PeP nursery, Ditchling - Pete E

28/11/11 Snowdrop, Lindfield - Rik

05/12/11 TBA - Bouncer

12/12/11 The Oak, Cranes Heath,

Arlington - Airman Bob & Chris

Bob's 1000th r*n!

CRAFT HASH #41

07/10/11 Tokyo - Yorkyo Porkyo

Thought for the day:

God is great, Beer is good, Hashers are crazy. I mean, WTF Mudlark!



The Hare and Hounds 1066th run

You are invited to join us for our combined run with The Hare and Hounds (North Herts/Bedford) on Saturday October 29th at the car park in Battle on Mount Street at 1066(11.06am) http://tinyurl.com/65sozwq



On On

Bushsquatter (Hastings Hash)

PS they are also doing a Sunday run on the 30th at 11am from The Sloop Inn, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, West Sussex. RH17 7NP



BRITISH HEART FOUNDATION WHITE NIGHT MIDNIGHT HALF MARATHON Saturday 29 October 2011 - Sunday 30 October 2011 Old Paddling Pool, Kings Road Arches, Brighton, BN1 2FU

Race to the end of British Summer time and discover both Downs and city at night on a special half marathon. This is your chance to beat the clocks and knock at least an hour of your running time when the clocks go back at 2am. The route will take you through silent dark countryside and through the urban Saturday night festival giving you a unique picture of the White Night city.

This half marathon is open to everybody aged 16 years and over - <u>you can register here</u> with a £10 entry fee. Do something different in the middle of the night!

IVAN LYONS 50 MARATHON CHALLENGE: The Goodie Life

I run for many reasons, however we runners tend to love freebies and mementos. For me, though, the promise that there will be plenty of goodies to take home from a race is actually a prerequisite for participation. Show me an event that doesn't offer a technical T-shirt and a first rate expo (for major city marathons) filled with giveaways and in return I'll show you a race application form getting thrown in the bin faster than a flyer for the local fish & chip shop. After 15 years as a runner, my home, unsurprisingly, has been turned into a race museum. Everything from the little rubber disc you use to open a stuck jar lid to the notepad next to the kitchen phone has the name of some race that has long been forgotten stamped on it. I've collected enough free visors to ensure that my nose won't feel sun on it again this decade – if ever. As for the T-shirts...well, if they were all sewn together to make a commemorative quilt, it'd be the size of a circus tent. I have accumulated more than 150 medals much to my wife's annoyance. Heaven forbid if she decided to throw one or two of them away!

On Sunday 11th September, I ran my 45th marathon - The Bacchus marathon at Denbies wine yard, Dorking. This was the second year of this marathon, a two-loop 13.1mile course that took you to the top of the North Downs and back down again...and yes round again. So was it the stunning views, crosscountry running, all the generous sponsorship that has been pledged for me to run 50 marathons, scenic trails of the Surrey countryside that drew me? Or was it all the jelly babies, wine stops (yes really), or knowing on the second loop where all the marshals were giving out the best goodies? At the finish we were presented with a shiny medal, technical running shirt & a barbecue afterwards? Well in truth...it was a bit of both. Not that the entrance fee of over £40.00 was lost on me, together with the petrol to drive to Dorking!

As a long distance runner, we are conditioned to 'do without' so often

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

THE STAFF AND PATIENTS AT THE MARTLETS HOSPICE,
HOVE SEND THEIR SINCERE THANKS TO:

IVAN LYONS

For supporting the Martlets Hospice by taking part in a 50 Marathon Challenge and for so far raising a brilliant £2,130.50 for patient care.

Signed January
Date: 2th August 2011

Martlets
Hospice
Wayfield January
BN3 7LW
www.themartlets.org.uk
01273 273400

that our sense of proportion gets skewed. When little treats are the only rewards one receives, they become... well, big treats.....even if as a runner you have to run 26.2 miles to receive the treat!! Next month I will be running two marathons, Lake Garda in Italy and then back to the North Downs for another marathon. I can't wait for some more treats!

Waddle On friends.

To donate follow link: http://www.webjam.com/50marathons



'Rugby is a sport for ruffians played by gentlemen, football is a sport for gentlemen played by ruffians. Hashing is a sport for everyone played by anyone that no-one knows about.'

Monday 12th September 2011 - Dunedin

They came, they saw, and then the Spanish Conquistadores stripped the Dunedin-based Nude Blacks of their unbeaten record at home.

A vocal crowd of 1500 people, including a large international media contingent, gathered at Kettle Park in Dunedin shortly after noon on Saturday to watch the seven-aside contest.

The undefeated Nude Blacks were the first out of the changing sheds, wearing a new uniform addition - a scarf - before beginning an impressive warm-up routine which drew gasps and cheers from visitors and locals alike. Following a rousing Nude Blacks haka, the fully clothed Conquistadores asked "Are you ready, girls?" before the six senoritas and a senor responded with a well-orchestrated Latin-influenced haka. Any thoughts the all-male Nude Blacks were in for an easy ride was gone the moment guest referee former Highlander and Scotland international Brendan Laney blew his whistle and the Conquistadores let out an "arriba". The hard tackles on soft flesh drew applause from the crowd, particularly when the visitors resorted to their version of strip rugby and removed an item of clothing to celebrate their first try. That celebration was short-lived



when the Nude Blacks scored a well worked try and the Conquistadores responded by putting back on an item of clothing. The psychological warfare coupled with questionable officiating from referee Laney caused the Nude Blacks to push too many passes and take their mind off the ball. While taking a spell on the sideline, Conquistadores' ring-in, Dunedin radio disc jockey Damian Newell, said that apart from the occasional language problem "it was all about the beautiful game". "The girls are putting in the full hits, and as for their offloads ... Sonny-Bill Williams has got nothing on them."

A star for the Nude Blacks was heavyweight prop Tom Heaton (20), who said "they may be pretty but they hit ... hard". While his team liked to see the girls celebrating their tries - "we want to win". "These girls are very serious rugby players." Nude Blacks' stalwart Devon Latoa said he could not fault the senoritas' game plan as it encouraged the crowd to support their tries while dissuading any opportunities for the home team. Organiser Ralph Davies said at the after-match presentation it was the first time the Nude Blacks had lost "and you could not fault the efforts of their opponents today".

Conquistadores' player Monica Garcia said it "was really exciting, and a different game". She hoped the Nude Blacks would travel to Spain to try to regain the trophy. The final score: Spanish Conquistadores 25, Nude Blacks 20.



A rugby referee died and went to heaven. Stopped by St Peter at the gates he was told that only brave people who had performed heroic deeds and had the courage of their convictions could enter. If the ref could describe a situation in his life where he had shown these characteristics, he would be allowed in.

"Well," said the ref, "I was reffing a game between Wales and England. Wales were 2 points ahead, 1 minute to go. The English wing made a break, passed inside to his lock. The lock was driven on by his forwards, passed out to the flanker who ducked blind and went over in the corner. However, the flanker dropped the ball before he could ground it, and as England were clearly the better side all game, I ruled that he had dropped the ball down, not forward, and awarded the try."

"OK, that was fairly brave of you, but I will have to check it in the book," says Peter, and disappears to look it up. When he comes back he says, "Sorry, there is no record of this. Can you help me to trace it? When did all this happen?" The ref looked at his watch and replied "45 seconds ago."

Andy Robinson takes the Scottish Rugby squad out for training and tells everyone to assume their normal position. So they all go and stand behind the goalposts and wait for the conversion.

This months silly short: I've just got a part time job at an Afro-Carribean hair salon. I'm dreading my first day

Dear all.

As you may.. or may not.. know, **Nigel** is leaving to join the British Antarctic Survey team on 26th November and will be gone until March 2013!

For those of you wanting to say "Hi and Bye" we are holding an Open house @ 8 Coombe Rise, Saltdean, BN2 8QN from 2pm on the 19th November......come along whenever it suits you. Drinks and nibbles!"

Regards, Sara Wilce

What people do when it snows Go outside and play in it Write a Facebook Status about it

HASHING IN ANTARCTICA

Antarctic H3 came into being at the Davis Antarctic Base on October 18th 1982, according to Eskimo Nell who'd previously run with Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Temperatures outside (without factoring in wind-chill) were -26 degrees Celsius, with winds often gusting to 60 knots. Paper for the trail was blown to kingdom come, so it was decided to use flour. That was invisible on the snow and ice, so they ingeniously decided to tag seals which stand out a bit more - a great idea until they moved! Twenty kilograms of protective clothing were piled onto each Hasher, and as a blizzard threatened to close in, blizzard lines were

attached, dashing any thoughts of someone short-cutting the pack! Still, the cold beer went down excellently thereafter, and a hash golf day was even held around the same time.

Casey H3 was founded by Ian 'Wheelbarrow' Potrzeba in January 1990 but only met occasionally and are no longer listed. The same is true for the ANARE H3 (Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition) that used to run during the summer.

Nowadays, both the 'Deep Freeze Hash House Harriers' [founded by Aeon 'Rock Hard' Jones in September 1999 - runs monthly and on special occasions] and the 'Brass Monkey Hash House Harriers' [founded: 6/6/98 by Paul 'Muthatucka' Cousens, previously of Cambridge H3] run in the Antarctic. The latter runs from the British Antarctic Survey Base and run a couple of times a year (midwinter and summer solstice - can anyone tell the difference!). They have a 'not-quite-naked' dress code, meaning you wear boots, gloves and a head band to stop the top of the ears freezing, but nothing else. Runs are between

150 to 300 metres long. How cold is it? Beers are kept above the BBQ to stop them freezing!

The **South Pole H3** has occasionally hashed the South Pole itself. Runs usually take place in the extensive network of tunnels that have been dug beneath the pole. The Calgary Hash website lists coldest and hottest runs around the world and claim -71c temperature for a run at the

Antarctica/Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station in December 2006. That actually became -99C taking in wind-chill factor.

The **HUSHHH** is a Solar Eclipse hash which runs on the day of a total solar eclipse and can appear anywhere in the world. Although once again this hash appears to have gone cold (sic!), it was the intention of founder Spoons to somehow get to Antarctica for the total eclipse that took part across wide swathes of the continent on 23rd November 2003 (at least it was summer!). Presumably his silence since means that he went the way of Scott in the attempt!





Bearded men can obtain the appearance of an upper class Antarctic explorer by simply applying Tippex to their beards, painting their noses blue, and cutting off a couple of toes. It never fails to impress the girls.

Penguins

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica - where do they go? Wonder no more!! It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintaining a form of compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life. If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into and buried. The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing: "Freeze a jolly good fellow, Freeze a jolly good fellow." Then they kick him in the ice hole. You didn't really think I knew anything about penguins now did you?

CRAFT #40 - Brighton - Ratstail

For the past 3 or 4 years W&NK H3 have homed in on the annual International Talk Like A Pirate Day and organised very entertaining Pirate themed hashes. On several previous occasions there have also been treasure hunts, in Brighton and more recently Horsham. For the weekend of 17th / 18th October they extended this years celebrations to combine the two and have a treasure hunt Saturday in Horsham followed by a Pirate hash on Sunday, and Ratstail, looking to bring Geneva Hash over after his recent tenure there, decided that offered the ideal opportunity to do so, and offered to set trail for CRAFT into the bargain!

The Law of Sod then stuck its oar in, causing flights to be delayed and so Angel and I were drafted in to set P trail from the station to pub 1. Arriving at Brighton Station at the same time as Daffy and Little Bear meant that we were distracted so maybe some marks were missed on the way to #1 the Basketmakers Arms, where Le (or is that La?) Pipe, Brighton Hash representative for the Park Run was already propping up the bar (having also previously run with Geneva H3). As we got stuck into the Seafarers, Keeps It Up and Wildbush also appeared and between us



we scared some of the punters into moving on so we had a table, the pub being otherwise rammed. Any space was short lived as Ratstail finally arrived with the Geneva H3 rentamob of Roger the Cabin Boy, Scarlet Beaver, St. Knickerless, Sexposure, Weakened Poker, Fleshpot, and Wellington. Testiculator and Ging Gang also managed to get their nose round the door before those of us with noses in troughs finished scoff and moved 20 feet to pub #2 **the George Beard**. Memories of this pub consist of people coming and going with chips and others draping themselves over the sofas, as well as the opportunity to get better acquainted with our visitors. Radio Soap and Cyst Pit arrived whilst we were loitering with intent, then it was off to #3 **the Brighton Tavern**, fulfilling Rats ambition to get to a properly gay bar. As we made our way up hill criticism of earlier marks was put to bed with a huge great arrow from the hare! As we arrived I found myself talking Stretch down the hill to the pub by phone after he'd arrived at our house, followed trail to Shoreham Station then rung me up to find out which pub we were in, not realising he had to get the train too! Angel quickly homed in on 2 attractive guys for some social intercourse, and it later turned out that she had no idea what the pub was about! A machine in the gents had been modified to "you'll love it, and so will he"! With everyone finally there it seemed a good time to call a circle so it was all outside after a failed attempt to ponce some free beer off the barman who apparently even has to account for the slops! Amongst others, awards went to Ratstail for haring, Angel had a half for failing to christen her new tankard properly on Monday, Testiculator had a birthday



beer (disguised as abuse), Wellington for enthusiastically singing "He's the meanest" to every down down, and finally to Stretch for travelling furthest. Okay, the last didn't stick but he'd made far more of a meal of getting there than the Geneva crowd, and on reflection it was a bit harsh to tip his beer over him after he failed to drink during the countdown. Word of warning: if you're given a beer but there's no song, just 10, 9, 8 etc, start drinking immediately. Stretch should've known that! Our antics had the effect of emptying the gay bar as well as drawing a lot of interest from grockles who insisted on taking pictures!

Next up was the #4 Caxton Arms, which Daffy's research showed hosted the Camra Gay and Lesbian meetings. Now everyone was nicely inebriated I tried foisting Chinese snacks off on them. Fortune cookies good, tofu bites bad, especially the condom like packets they came in. There was also a bit of arsing about with a fake egg for some long forgotten reason, before once again my reviews follow the path of getting shorter as the pubs get later in the evening! The Evening Star was the inevitable end to a cracking evening as Geneva wandered off to meet their pre-booked cab, and the rest of us continued with the brain damage before taking our own routes home.

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Three rugby fans were on their way to a game when one fan noticed a foot protruding from a clump of bushes on the side of the road. They all stopped and discovered it was a nude female, dead drunk. Out of respect and propriety, the Springbok fan took off his cap and placed it over her right breast. The All-Black fan took off his cap and placed it over her left breast. Following their lead, the Australian fan took off his cap and placed it over her crotch.

The police were called and when the officer arrived, he conducted his inspection. First, he lifted up the springbok cap, and wrote down some notes. Next, he lifted the All-Black cap, replaced it, and wrote down some notes. The officer then lifted the Australian cap, replaced it, lifted it replaced it, lifted it a third time and replaced it one last time.

The Australian fan was getting upset and finally asked," what are you, a pervert or something? Why do you keep lifting and looking?"

Well," said the officer," I am simply surprised. Normally when I look under an Australian hat, I find an @rsehole!"

REHASHING...

#1734 - The Bridge, Shoreham

Angel's rather belated 250th run and Bouncer's 20th anniversary of hashing run found us parking at various places all over Shoreham with just a handful making it across Norfolk Bridge to the recommended car park. However, as hare announced before the run, amongst those were Anne who had driven the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home, and Wiggy who lives just $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away! Trail started along the riverside before cutting across the High Street to the bemusement of the locals. 1st check at the Church was quickly found down the new East Street precinct heading back to take the footbridge across and down to the Shieldsman, North Shields ferry now in residence amongst the houseboats. In theory the 2nd check here could only go back but the FRB's had other ideas and found an alley the hare hadn't spotted. Much frantic calling and pack was back on trail past the houseboats and on through the woods on the rec. Ignoring the teaser under the railway line to the airport, and the playground, trail led past the outdoor centre with several rejecting the low tide SCB, although Kit almost had 2nd thoughts. Next check was found just behind the hare who led pack over Norfolk Bridge, apart from Mudlark who pushed ahead only to be called back by Gomi when hare slipped down the steps past Ropetackle. We passed the walkers for a second time up the riverside

where trail was literally on the shoreline. Angel then led the lame and lazy on a proper short-cut while Bouncer called pack back to the check they'd missed, carving ahead obliviously on the single mark. Across the horse field locals Wiggy and Anne both missed the style, and even the hare nearly missed the trail through the woods in the dark. Up the steps and round the field there was another tease, with the Downs, but On was called quickly down the hill and round to sip at chez Bouncer. The selection of beers, donuts, crisps, etc. despatched it was a quick jaunt straight back

In the pub, Bunter was found appreciating the ales with son Ben, and Mudlark duly issued Angel with her 250th tankard, although comments were that it wasn't a big enough reward for putting up with Bouncer! Despite the most cohesive singing BH7 have yet managed, she was unable to finish the beer and tipped the remainder on her head, complaining to Nigel that he didn't have to put a whole pint in there. That was rich after all her grumbling when she only got a $\frac{1}{2}$ pint tankard for her 100th! Airman Bob was reflecting on the early days of BH7 when the likes of Ray Philips, Nick Cheyney and Bunter used to stand chatting in the car park stark bollock naked while he felt like

Michelangelo's David with his less prominent tackle! Must've been the cold affecting you more mate! Another great hash...

DAVID IS TO BE RETURNED TO ITALY (THANKS Don)... A bit of cultural news for a welcome change.

After a two year loan to the United States, Michelangelo's David is being returned to Italy: His Proud Sponsors:











#1736 - Ram, Firle

Apparently Spreads had tried to change venue but was foiled by loss of the sheet. R*n headed due west for a while before the long climb, then due east eventually to drop back down to the pub via a little wander around Firle place. A cunning lack of marks kept the FRB's under control as they managed to get the wrong route fairly frequently, and it took the hare to get us back down from the top when the path literally disappeared! Some SCB'ing FRB's did make it back early somehow which is why Wiggy got back to find his car had gone. Hare to the rescue and it was found elsewhere in the car park. His moaning that Bouncer had breached the trust cut no mustard when he later recounted stories of his drinking days with Oliver Reed in the pub, when someone's car ended up in a lake. Another great hash!

DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!

After being married for 40 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said "Forty years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on a sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 23-year-old girl. Now I have a £500,000 home, a £35,000 car, a nice big bed and a large screen TV, and I'm sleeping with a 62-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 23-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black & white TV.

Sometimes you can reach a bit too far!



So when you find yourself over-extended and stuck in a situation that you can't get out of, there's something you should always remember......

Dear Sir,

I would like to report an incident which occurred to my new bar cellar man, Mr Jack Dawson.

As you well know, owing to the refurbishment of the Queens Head Public House after the recent fire, a great new deal of equipment has been installed. The tragic accident to Mr Dawson occurred during the tapping of the new type of barrel for the first time.

A brief description of the incident is as follows:-

The first thing he had to do was to see that the bunghole was clear so that there would be no trouble in setting the cork hole and bunghole on the same level. To achieve this, he bored an eye-hole near the cork-hole on about the same level as the bung-hole.

Unfortunately, there was a pot-hole near the manhole in the cellar floor, and in trying to drill the eyehole, he slipped and, instead of inserting the bung in the bung-hole, he drove the bung-hole up his arsehole. He was bending at the time, and the bunghole went clean through his arsehole, and out through his ear-hole.

You will gather, as I am sure, that the poor chap was in something of a dilemma.

He could either put his arm in the cork-hole and draw the barrel through the bunghole, or put his foot through his armhole, and pull the barrel through his arsehole.

He decided to do neither, but to cut a new hole near the cork-hole, which was blocking up his arsehole. The eye-hole, which you might term, the peep-hole, enabled him to see his ear-hole through his arsehole, but preventing him from tapping the barrel, because in putting his foot through his armhole, he caught his bollocks in the bung-hole. So, in desperation, he stuck a pipe in the corkhole near the bung-hole, laid the barrel on the man-hole near the pothole, drove a wedge between his bollocks and the bunghole, and pulled the barrel backwards through his arsehole. Yours sincerely, Sue Chandler (Landlady)

P.S. He was then able to tap the barrel with little or no inconvenience whatsoever.



Not everyone who turns up..... Is there to help you!!!!

Tales from the rank...

A BOY and his date were parked on a back road some distance from town, doing what boys and girls do on back roads some distance from town, when the girl stopped the boy. "I really should have mentioned this earlier, but I'm actually a hooker and I charge £20 for sex." The boy reluctantly paid her, and they did the thing. After post coital cigarette, the boy sat in the driver's seat looking out the window.

"Why aren't we going anywhere?" asked the girl.

"Well, I should have mentioned this before, but I'm actually a taxi driver, and the fare back to town is £25."



Your monthly round-up of the bad taste jokes on the text rounds:

- I woke up this morning at 8 and could smell something was wrong. I got downstairs and found the wife face down on the kitchen floor, not breathing! I panicked. I didn't know what to do. Then I remembered Wetherspoons serve breakfast until 11.30.
- An Englishman, a Scotsman, a Norwegian, a Latvian, a Turk, an Aussie, a Yank, an Egyptian, a Jap, a Mexican, a Spaniard, a Greek, a Russian, an Estonian, a German, an Italian, a Pole, a Lithuanian, a Swede, a Finn, an Israeli, a Romanian, a Bulgarian, a Serb, a Czech, a Brazilian, a Canadian, an Argentinian, a Korean and a Swiss man walked into a pub. The bouncer says "Sorry.. I can't let you in without a Thai".
- Man shagging 30 stone woman. He says "Can we have the light switched off?" She said "Why? Do you find me repulsive?" He said "No...it's burning my bum".
- News just in....There's female ref for the United v City match. Kick off has been put back an hour so she can park her car.
- I was going to tell the wife the latest rape joke but she said no, so I went ahead and told her anyway.
- Husband says to his wife "Do you fancy playing a rape game?". Wife says "No". Husband replies "That's the spirit!"
- Man: ily. Woman: Awww write the words in full they mean more when they're written properly. Man: Im leaving you
- I walked past a black kid sitting at a bus stop as I went into the bank. When I came out, he looked at me and said 'Any Change?' I said 'Nope, you're still black'
- I hate all this terrorist business. I used to love the days when you could look at an unattended bag on a train or bus and think to yourself I'm going to take that.
- Man in a hot air balloon is lost over Ireland . He looks down and sees a farmer in the fields and shouts to him Where am I? The Irish farmer looks back up and shouts back. "You're in that feckin basket."
- I had a Trivia competition won until the last question which I got wrong. The question was Where do women have the curliest hair?? The answer I should have given was Fiji.
- Japanese scientists have made a camera with a shutter speed so fast, they can photograph a woman with her mouth shut.
- A boy asks his granny, 'Have you seen my pills, they were labelled LSD?' Granny replies, f**k the pills, have you seen the dragons in the kitchen?!
- While in jail recently, George Michael was forced to give hand-jobs to his fellow inmates before making them hot chocolate. A single about his experience will be out shortly entitled "W*nk me off before your cocoa".
- I went to the doctors the other day. He told me I was paranoid. Well he didn't actually say that, but that's what the f*cker was thinking.
- A young Arab asks his father "What is this strange hat we are wearing?" "Why it's a 'chechia' because in the desert it protects our heads from the sun." "And what is this type of clothing we are wearing?" "It's a 'djbellah' because in eth desert it's very hot and it protects your body." "And what are these ugly shoes we have on our feet?" "These are
 - 'babouches' which keep us from burning our feet when in the desert. Why do you ask?" "Why are we living in Wolverhampton?"
- I'm doing a charity gig tonight for people unable to achieve orgasm. Don't worry if you can't come.
- The wife asked me if she pleased me in bed. I said "yes, I especially like that trick you do with your mouth" "what trick?" she said. "The one where you shut the f*ck up and go to sleep"
- I hear Gadaffi has slipped in to Jordan.
 That dirty bitch will have anyone.
- I bumped in to an old mate today. He said "What are you up to these days?" I said "I prepare meals for the homeless, druggies, piss heads and down'n'outs." He said, "So you work in a charity drop-in centre?" I said, "No, I'm a chef at a Wetherspoons pub."



Lie to me, ladies