

The magazine of Brighton Hash HouseHarriers

R-ns/trash #188 January 2013

Find us on facebook or at 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 REF HARES

7th January 2013 1803 Half Moon, Balcombe 310 307 KIU & Wildbush

Directions: A23 north to Handcross. Right on B2110 over A23 then left on High Street. Turn right at roundabout then after a mile as B2110 bears left go straight ahead on Handcross Road. Right at the end then left for pub. **Est 20 mins**.

14th January 2013 1804 Queen Victoria, Rottingdean 369 023 Prof Pete & Kit

Directions: FROM BRIGHTON PIER. Head along A259 east towards Newhaven. Turn left at 1st set of traffic lights after Rottingdean Windmill. Pub is on right hand side. Limited parking. **Est. 10 mins.**

21st January 2013 1805 Woolpack, Burgess Hill 301 198 Rik & possibly Louis!

Directions: Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next A273. Right at next and pub 500m on left. **Est. 20 mins**.

28th January 2013 1806 Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham 309 084 Phil & Graeme

Directions: A23 south into town, first left Carden Avenue. Pub on right \(\frac{3}{4} \) mile. Est. 5 mins.

4th February 2013 1807 White Hart, Henfield 215 162 Prince Trevor Crashpian

Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

11/02/13 1808 Greens (fka Cuthbert Arms), Freshfield Road, Kemptown -Pete's long overdue 1000th! 18/02/13 1809 Ivan & Pat - pub tba 25/02/13 1810 Eager hare required 04/11/13 1811 Eager hare required 11/03/13 1812 Bouncovsky - pub tba

CRAFT HASH #54:

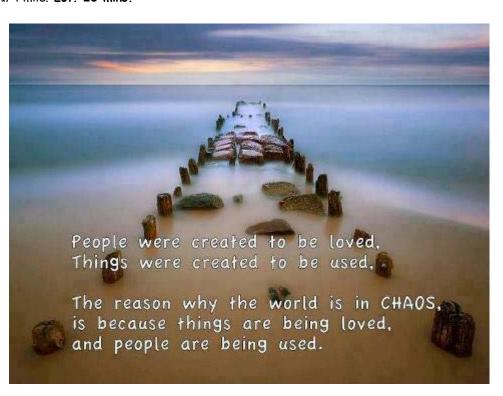
25/01/13 7.30pm
'P' trail from East Croydon station

W&NK Hash:

20/01/13 11 a.m. The Ship Inn, Cuckfield

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

Whether the weather be cold, or whether the weather be hot, We'll weather the weather, whatever the weather, whether we like it or not!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

By all means go dry for January, but it's worth knowing that 'detoxing' does nothing for your health

Peter Oborne has written an entertaining piece about why he's giving up alcohol for January: in essence, because he's worried that he is looking forward to that first drink of the day a bit much, and feeling the effects more than he used to. With the constant nagging background hangover and diffuse feelings of ill health that the end of the year brings, I suspect a lot of us will sympathise. He's doing it as part of Alcohol Concern's "Dry January" campaign; the drink charity is trying to get people to do a sponsored month off the booze, to raise money for (I assume) getting even more people off the booze. You'd be forgiven for being a bit tired of these sponsored months — we've barely seen the back of the damn moustaches — but if people feel it's a good cause, by all means do it. One thing that's probably worth being aware of, though, is that if you do it too, while you'll no doubt raise some cash, and perhaps save a few quid and lose a few pounds, there's very little reason to believe it will make you healthier in the long term.

Every January, hundreds of thousands of people take the month off the booze as a "detox". But your liver will not thank you for it, and in fact the whole concept of "detoxing" is little more than New Age nonsense, a modern penance for the sins of the year, which will do nothing for your long-term health. (Particularly idiotic are the "detox kits" that you can buy from various outlets, which are, as far as I can work out, purest quackery, especially anything which uses the word "quantum".) When the annual January Detox Bandwagon rolled around last year, the British Liver Trust issued a statement pointing out that it was nonsense. They got a consultant hepatologist, Dr Mark Wright, to say: "Detoxing for just a month in January is medically futile. It can lead to a false sense of security and feeds the idea that you can abuse your liver as much as you like and then sort everything else with a quick fix.

"It makes about as much sense as maxing out your credit cards and overdraft all year, then thinking you can fix it by just eating toast in January. The figures just don't stack up."

Essentially, the liver is quite good at repairing itself, but it needs to do it fairly regularly. A few days off the sauce each week, as opposed to a month off every year, is what actual doctors recommend. Feel free, then, to have a booze-free January. You may even find it makes you feel better and saves you some money. But be aware that it does nothing for your long-term health, and to be honest, if you need to take a month off the booze to prove you can do it (and especially if you require a financial incentive, albeit a charity-directed one, to do so), then you might want to think about your relationship with the stuff.

Anyway. Mine's a Talisker, please. Happy new year, everybody!

Fitness resolution? Introduction to parkrun:

Parkruns are a weekly timed 5k event held every Saturday morning at 9.00am. All parkruns are free but you must do a one-off free advance registration at www.parkrun.org/uk/register.aspx. Once registered there is no commitment to run; it's completely in your hands when and where. Just turn up at any one of the 100's of parkrun events across the country, and even abroad, with your barcode, which is scanned with your finishing tag at the end for your time.

There is a lot of similarity between parkrun and hashing in that first timers and visitors are always recognised, and there are awards (good quality material running shirts) for goal recognition, reaching 50 or 100 runs (and 10 for juniors), as well as the camaraderie. Okay, so most hashers aren't competitive, but if you want to step your running up a gear, parkrun can help bring a new element to your running as well as getting you out the door more than once a week! If you're injured or just don't fancy running, you can still be involved as volunteers are always needed.



Recently two people closely connected with Brighton hash have received special recognition in our closest parkrun at Hove Park. Rosemary's daughter and occasional hasher Sarah Russell won the points competition which runs throughout the year with points being awarded for your age-graded finishing position and volunteer work, and Dave Harvey, who has also done a handful of hashes and has ended up being the Brighton hash rep for parkrun became the first runner in the area to reach 200 runs.

Well done to both of them, but other hashers are also discovering parkrun including Tim Jones (44); Mike 'Anybody' Cockcroft (43); John 'Bouncer' Biggins (27); Scott Chinchen (13); Gabrielle 'Angel' Biggins (11); Adrian 'Peter Pansy' Scott; Ivan 'Pondweed' Lyons; Mike 'Cyst Pit' Pegley; Rosemary Noakes; Louis Taub; Lyn Maccallum Stewart; Sarah Healy; and Rik Taub.

In addition to Brighton & Hove parkrun at Hove Park (2.5 laps on path), other Sussex events are available at Eastbourne – Shinewater park (1 lap, 50/50 grass and path) and Tilgate Park, Crawley (testing figure of 8 round the lakes with tough hill), and more are on the cards.



DON'T PLAY WITH THOSE THINGS, YOU'LL HAVE SOMEBODY'S EYE OUT - part 1:





Tales from the rank:

Found this posted on facebook:

"I would like to share a personal experience with you about drinking and driving. As you may know some of us have been known to have brushes with the law from time to time on the way home after a "social session" out with friends or work colleagues. Well, last week I was out for an evening with friends and had a bit too much to drink including some rather nice red wine. Feeling just a bit drunk I still had the sense to know that I may be slightly over the limit. That's when I did something that I've never done before - I took a taxi home. Sure enough on the way there was a police road block, but because I was in a taxi the police waved it past. I arrived home safely without incident. This was a real surprise as I had never driven a taxi before, I don't know where I got it and now that it's in my garage I don't know what to do with it!" Thankfully I am now reunited with my cab and aim to restart work as soon as possible after the Christmas break! Bouncer



The evils of Starbucks don't stop at tax avoidance!

1. Recently, British Royal Marines in Iraq wrote to Starbucks because they wanted to let them know how much they liked their coffees, and to request that they send some of it to the troops there. Starbucks replied, telling the Royal Marines thank you for their support of their business, but that Starbucks does not support the war, nor anyone in it, and that they would not send the troops their brand of coffee.

So as not to offend Starbucks, maybe we should support them by NOT buying any of their products! I feel we should get this out in the open. I know this war might not be very popular with some folks, but that doesn't mean we don't support the boys on the ground, fighting street-to-street and, house-to-house.

If you feel the same as I do then pass this along. Thanks very much for your support. I know you'll all be there again when I deploy once more. Sgt. Howard Wright, 1 Platoon, Recon Company, Royal Marines

2. When the Twin Trade Towers were hit, the fire fighters and rescue workers went to Starbucks because it was close by for water for the survivors and workers, and Starbucks CHARGED THEM!!!



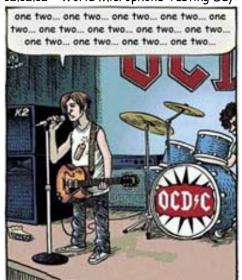
AN ADDED NOTE TO THIS: STARBUCKS HAD STORES ON SEVERAL MILITARY BASES IN THE UNITED STATES. THEY ARE NOW BEING REMOVED BECAUSE OF THIS.

There are 227 Starbucks stores across the UK, and there's no doubt that our soldiers would get the same response from this company, so let us do our bit and boycott Starbucks to show them how despicable their actions are.

3. A Connecticut man has filed a law suit against Starbucks, claiming he was hospitalized after swallowing glass shards in his frappuccino verte. Bernt Ullman says he overheard an employee say the blender "sounded rough." He's suing for 4 million dollars... in a glass? I thought you said extra glass.

IN THE NEWS...

12.12.12 - World Microphone Testing Day:





TELL ME, PENGUIN, HOW DO THE
GEESE KNOW WHEN IT'S
TIME TO FLY SOUTH?

THEY GO THE DAY THEIR
CHRISTMAS CREDIT
CARD BILLS ARRIVE.

This January, why not start the year with an empty jar and fill it with notes about good things that happen. Then, on New Years Eve, empty it and see what awesome stuff happened that year.



AND IT SORT OF BECAME
A HOBBIT

Q: How many Hobbits does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 1 to complain that the lightbulb isn't working, 5 to hold a meeting to decide what to do about it, 20 to form an expedition to the fabled Lightbulb Mines of Mythrill, 30 to throw a going-away party, 1 to ask Gandalf for directions, 1 to sell into slavery when the directions aren't stuck to, and they end up in entirely the wrong part of the country, and ready cash runs low, 5 get lost through natural wastage (bandits, murderers, monsters, etc.) 1 to be thrown to the Dragon that guards the Lightbulb hoarde, 1 to be thrown to the dragon to cover the retreat, 2 to carry the box of lightbulbs, 5 to find a large, sword-wielding barbarian to escort them home with the lightbulbs, another 30 to throw a safe-return party, 5 to get rid of the barbarian, who in typical style, got drunk at the party, 5 to find an Elf in the neighbourhood tall enough to change the lightbulb, one elf, and 5 to compose ballads of derring-do, heroism, sacrifice and lightbulbs. A grand total of 118.





Let's drink Friday because it's the end of the world, Saturday because we survived, Sunday to cure the hangover, Monday to celebrate Christmas Eve and Tuesday for Christmas.

REHASHING

#1798 Old Boot Inn, Seaford: Wiggy claimed it only took him 6 hours to set this r*n, but there was no mention of alleged co-hare, Pirate! So Bouncer found himself drafted in with the simple instruction from hare to just stay with the frontrunners. Oh yeah? Parking was difficult enough at this town pub but made more difficult by the attitude of a local rag who insisted on parking in such a way as to prevent any other access to the side turning. Hare introduced the trail as being set with schoolboy chalk and flour. After a silly circuit following Bouncer it was down to the seafront, then left following no marks at all apparently. Up the Head the pack was quite well spread out but the FRB's were eventually found out and co-hare was able to start lobbing the flour around. KIU especially was sent a real dummy for some reason believing that south might be an option even though the nearest land was France! Wiggy called it to the left and we dropped down to a very mucky track which saw a number of falls as we headed up towards the Golden Galleon. The return involved a dog-leg via the Seaford Head car park before a straightforward road route back. Down downs went to hare Wiggy who was made to neck his own Guinness; Matthew for a mid-run comment that "Wiggy had given Bouncer oral"; Pat for walking and complaining of nausea and back pain leading to Prof suggesting that Kate wasn't the only one up the duff (she should've done oral!). Whose Shouts attempts to stitch up Spreads for a birthday beer, in the uncertain hope that he may end up as nominee, failed, with the last two beers ending up with a drink-off between Tim (as fastest present at the previous days inaugural Downland Devil), and Charlie (who ended up as nominee for Chris after she made some comment about red lights on peoples rears). By a happy coincidence the last two were both also offering to set trail on New Years Eve so a vote was cast between a day hash at Belle Tout or usual time leading into a party at the enjoyable but nevertheless remote, Saddlescombe Manor, with the former winning. Aarghh a torn sheet (anag)!

I estimate last night's run was just over 6.5 miles plus false checking (so those that did 8 miles got a lot of checks wrong!) and hardly any mud compared with recent hashes so I only fell once this week - and that was due to a rabbit hole on the fairway. A soft landing! A fair evening, not as cold as of late. Lack of dogs this week which was probably wise bearing in mind the notice "cliff edge" that kept cropping up by the side of the footpath in the blackness. The torch lights of the hash vanguard turned out to be fishing boats too. The Harveys Old was of course excellent. Whose Shout!

#1799 Hare and Hounds. Worthing: An unusual hash in that there was no mud! Yes NO MUD! Ivan managed to lead us in circles around Worthing via twittens (Are twittens young girls that twitter?) and alleyways, shopping arcades and parks; and in an otherwise flat terrain to provide us with an altitude challenge up to the top of a multistorey carpark; a fun hash indeed, well done Ivan and Mike Cockcroft (hope your hip is OK! Not often do the setters crash into each other) and thanks Ivan for

the mulled wine stop in your office board room...and thanks to your brother for helping too. It is a really nice pub - Harveys went down well, of course. Pity the numbers were a little down - but I guess that's the time of year so close to the festive season. We are still awaiting a route map from Ivan to see where some of us went wrong! Worthing just looks the same wherever you are. Cheers. Whose Shout!

#1801 Bouncer & Angels place, Shoreham: Our usual change of

day meant a Sunday midday r*n for Bouncers 20th anniversary with Brighton hash which clearly impacted on BH7 availability but loads of visitors especially from Hastings H3 and a joint r*n with Henfield H3 helped to swell numbers. Finding the snowman marker was easy (it could only be Bouncers!), and co-hare Bollocks led the hash warm-up - a cup of mulled wine! Henfield hashes silly seasonal hat tradition ensured we drew plenty of attention as we set off for an amble round the streets of Shoreham. An early back check had Wiggy heading for the river with Stavros and Cyst Pit in his wake, and more were tempted by the downs across the A27 at Mill Hill, but it looped back in a figure of 8 to cross Buckingham Park, toy with

Southlands then out over the footbridge and past Tesco's for a run in along the motorway path.

At the on inn supercheap Harveys was accompanied by copious amounts of samosas, bhajis and popadoms before the main fare of a massive chicken korma, vegetable curry and dhal followed. There were loads of sweet options available, contributed by hounds, of which the standouts were Bushsquatters chocolate covered brussel sprouts for the wrong reasons and Chris T's amazing cake for the right reasons. RA Tim awarded beers to the hares Bouncer & Bollocks, lost souls Wiggy and Cyst Pit, Bouncer for 20 years, Bouncer & Angel for hosting, and Bouncer because he'd drunk the last down down too slowly. There may have been others but by this point your scribe was three sheets! Grant thee a hoarsh (anag)... [Pics by Bushsquatter]



Shoreham

Steyning



#1800 Christmas at the Hassocks

As usual for the Christmas hash, there was a smattering of old faces joining us, and as usual Christmas themed get up was the order of the day. Also as usual Airman Bob stole the show (with his nod to our bottom dwelling hasher, Mudlark still checking off-trail in Antarctica) dressed as a penguin, although old dear Chris's old deer get up was a very close 2nd. Pirate, bless him, was worried about Soggy Cracks late arrival, but Black Stockings and Red Slapper didn't seem at all concerned that Lost Box and the Falling Madonna weren't going to make the r*n. And they say it's the guys that don't care! Rides It Baby was once again our hare, this time with the assistance of RA Tim. With the early charge along the road towards Ditchling, it looked like we may be spared the endless mud but just past the Greyhound PH we took a very mucky track across the fields and back towards the Thatched Inn PH. Up towards Oldland Mill, Louis, Rich, and Brent were well ahead despite Charlie's efforts to hold them back and it took a conveniently parked train on the tracks to get the FRB's under control, although it's unlikely that Keeps It Up's red light was entirely responsible for the driver's decision to stop across the footpath. With the pack once again mustered it was off to the Friars Oak PH and scene of many past Xmas gatherings at the Hassocks golf club. Which also has a bar. Which we also didn't stop at. I mean, what the hell, it was obvious how she dreamt up the route but how could the hare miss out on so much potential! All was finally



forgiven as we reached **Ice Box's folks home** for a long overdue and very much appreciated sip stop of mulled wine and mince pies while the BBQ blazed beside us. A rousing chorus of hashy birthday for Sarah's old man and it was back for one last muddy field and the usual underpass finish. For the record Pirate & SC reached the sip after we'd gone, too late for any grog.

A quick spruce up and change into posh gear was followed by a mass gathering at the bar as thirsts were quenched while Charlie wandered around with the booze vouchers, Christmas cards flew backwards and forwards across the room like the paper jets in the House of Lords, and a frantic game of musical chairs without the music eventually led to everyone finding buddies for the night. Pat's efficiency with the food lists meant that no-one had to steal anyone else's grub under the pretext of amnesia as it was all writ large in front of you. As the various courses flew out and the mounds of sprouts and other veg headed up and down the tables, the RA (Tim, replacing Prof who was being held hostage in the Fatherland, must've literally hoovered his own meal to squeeze so much in) cracked on with the annual hash awards.



First up was the **new beard award**, which Tim got assistant Sarah to judge. Bouncers seemed to be the only one specifically grown despite Cyst Pits claim that after winning the Movember competition a few weeks back his was new growth (cheat cheat cheat!), however, ladies were allowed to appear with beards on the night prompting Rides It Baby's Santa beard and Angels soul patch. The judge seemed unaware of that option dismissing them outright as false and awarded **Bouncer** the prize. Also up was a special **Boot** award for **Pirate**, who has shown us the way forward in hash footwear this year appearing in flip flops in the summer, and wellies in winter! The **Mike Morris Memorial Cribbage award** (presented for recording the largest win over or if that hadn't happened the smallest amount of points behind Prof in the strange post-hash pub activities department) went to **Chopper**. And finally in the weird and wonderful section, **Charlie** received a **Short Shorts** award.

In the next batch, the On On award was presented to Cardinal Hugh who achieved his 100^{th} marathon during 2012. There was a consolation Charity award to Pondweed who got all the publicity after reaching his 50^{th} , although your humble scribe feels that Malcolm's treadmill marathon, as well as his 7 marathons in 7 days in March, should have been recognised as bloody

Keeps It Up received for Most Unseasonable hash which I think was his Boxing Day effort last year, Psychlepath for the Longest at the Snowdrop in Lindfield and Prince Crashpian for Wettest at the Friar Soak in April. Cliffbanger received a consolation beer at this point after his individual effort again at the Boxing Day hash when he went off trail to record about 11 miles! Pondweed then took a double with the Biggest hill from the Shepherd & Dog, and Most Concrete in Worthing Town Centre, although to be fair that December run was well received after an extremely soggy autumn.

silliest things for a hasher to do!







Can't remember the precise reason **Dildoped** got the **Clever Dick Award** but his ability to stay in touch in his role as Horny Bastard is legend! **Most remote** hash award went to **Mudlark** in Antarctica and **International hasher** was finally taken away from Keeps It Up as the places he goes to are so far away most hashers haven't even heard of them and awarded to **Bouncer** for the much more local Isles of Wight, Man and Lundy. Oh the joys of scribing enabling such self-indulgence, and incidentally some kind of **good egg award** on the side.

In the final flurry mum Elaine had to stand-in for the absent Peter Pansy (who was trying to locate the Xmas hash in New Zealand) for his legendary navigational skills, and the Cardinal received a special Tourettes award for his disciplined dogmanagement skills. Our gratitude was expressed to Rides It Baby for pulling the whole thing together again by way of the Hash Slut Burkha award (something to do with red lights again I think); Keeps It Up for interrupting Network Rails finely tuned timetable and a rousing Hashy Birthday chorus for the Falling Madonna.





Everybody clapped and cheered the RA and Pat's organisation, and Rik took over on the decks to round off another excellent Christmas hash! And finally, once again, thanks are owed to **Local Knowledge** for the Poinsettias! *Pics by Spreadsheet & Elaine*.

- RIP Patrick Moore. Always had an eye on the stars. F*ck knows what the other one was looking at!
- Sad news about Patrick Moore. I remember, a few years back, when I came second in a Patrick Moore impression contest.
 I won a constellation prize.
- If Patrick Moore ever interfered with Uranus now's the time to mention it.
- My train got delayed by 2 hours today because of a suicide... I fucking hate Christmas Jumpers
- Paddy asked his wife what she'd like for Christmas? She said 'I'd love a black I-Pad', so he punched her in the face
- Did you hear about the woman that had a ladder in her stocking, she didn't half bollock Santa Claus she wanted Perfume.
- Breaking news! Nurse Jacintha Saldanha has turned up safe and well. In a phone call to an Australian radio broadcaster, she said "Beat that for a f*cking wind up!"
- Kate should name her child "Helix Shatterproof". Perfect name for a little ruler.

Global Facts About Sex

At Any Given Moment: FACT: 79,000,000 people are engaged in sex - right now! FACT: 58,000,000 are kissing. FACT: 37,000,000 are relaxing after having sex. FACT: 1 elderly person is reading the Boggy Shoe. You hang in there, Sunshine

It's the end of the World, oh yes it is!

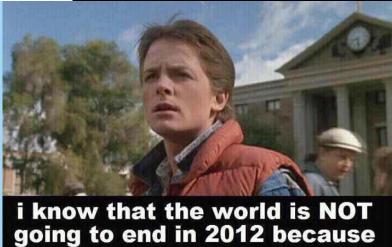
People are making apocalypse jokes like there's no tomorrow.





FORECAST: December 2012





Marty McFly travelled to 2015







If all your plans don't go accordingly today don't worry it's not the end of the world....

In church I heard a lady in the pew next to me saying a prayer. It was so sweet and sincere that I just had to share with you:"Dear Lord,

This has been a tough two or three years. You have taken my favourite actor Patrick Swayze. My favourite musician Michael Jackson. My favourite Blues Singer Amy Winehouse. My favourite actress Elizabeth Taylor. And now my favourite singer Whitney Houston. I just wanted you to know that my favourite politicians are Ed Miliband, Tony Blair, Nick Clegg, Ed Balls, Gordon Brown & John Bercow."

Seasons Greetings HHHashers,

We're hoping that those of you that celebrate Christmas are having a wonderful time, and those of you that don't are also in fine spirits as the year draws to a close.

The Prague Hash House Harriers would like to take up a moment of your time to draw your attention to Europe's first major hash weekend of 2013; A Very Sloppy Easter in Prague.

The event will run from March 29th - 31st 2013, and you can expect all kinds of fun and frivolities, including a Red Dress Run, a normal trail, hangover trail, pub crawl, and a Saturday night party in the drinking capital of the world! More details can be found on the attached flyer, or you can also send us an email at; PragueH3@gmail.com with any questions, and we'll be more than happy to reply.

Prices for the weekend are as follows:

Early Bird Price (payment before 31st January 2013) - 80 Euros per person Later Bird Price (payment before 28th February 2013) - 90 Euros per person Lazy Bird Price (payments after 28th February 2013) - 100 Euros per person

Space is limited, so please book as soon as possible so we can finalise the last few details and give everyone an awesome weekend to remember in Prague. Please also feel free to pass this message on to all of your hashing friends however, if only so they can know what they missed out on if they don't sign up in time :-p

On On Sloppy Stool Prague H3 Medical fact: If a woman drinks two glasses of wine a day it increases the chance of a stroke. If you let her finish the bottle she'll probably suck it as well!

Medical advice section:

FLU SEASON - Read till the very end To avoid it...

- Eat right! Make sure you get your daily dose of fruit and veggies. Take your vitamins and bump up your vitamin C.
- Get plenty of exercise because it builds your immune system.
 Walk for at least an hour a day, go for a swim, take the stairs instead of the lift, etc.
- Wash your hands often. If you can't, keep a bottle of antibacterial stuff around.
- Get lots of fresh air. Open doors & windows whenever possible.
- Try to eliminate as much stress from your life as you can.
- Get plenty of rest.

OR: Take the doctor's approach! When you go for a flu jab, the first thing they do is clean your arm with alcohol...

Why? Because Alcohol KILLS GERMS. So ...

- I walk to the pub. (exercise)
- I put lime in my vodka...(fruit)
- Celery in my Bloody Mary (veggies)
- Drink outdoors on the patio..(fresh air)
- Tell jokes and laugh....(eliminate stress)
- Then I pass out. (rest)

The way I see it, if you keep your alcohol levels up, flu germs can't get you!

REMEMBER: 'A shot in the glass is better than one in the arse!'







NHS Chief Finance Executive (ex-sacked Labour Party quango) to Top British Approved Supplies Company:

NHS: "So how much do you want for doing the whole job?"

BRITISH: "Well, £155,000"

NHS: "And what do you include in that price?"

BRITISH: "Well, I'll give you £75,000 for giving me the contract, I'll take £75,000 bonus for winning the contract and the remaining £5,000 we use to sustainably outsource you the supplies direct from China."

NHS: "That's always been 'best value' for the taxpayer to my understanding."

THE ANT.



Every day a small ant arrives at work very early and starts work immediately. She produces a lot and she was happy.

The Chief, a lion, was surprised to see that the ant was working without supervision.

He thought if the ant can produce so much without supervision, wouldn't she produce more if she had a supervisor!



So he recruited a cockroach who had extensive experience as supervisor and who was famous for writing excellent reports.

The cockroach's first decision was to set up a clocking in attendance system. He also needed a secretary to help him write and type his reports and so...

..he recruited a spider, who managed the archives and monitored all phone calls.



The lion was delighted with the cockroach's reports and asked him to produce graphs to describe production rates and to analyse trends, so that he could use

them for presentation at Board's meetings.

So the cockroach had to buy a new computer and a laser printer and...

... recruited a fly to manage the IT department.



The ant, who had once been so productive and relaxed, hated this new plethora of paperwork and meetings which used up most of her time...!

The lion came to the conclusion that it was high time to nominate

a person in charge of the department where the ant worked.



The position was given to the cicada, whose first decision was to buy a carpet and an ergonomic chair for his office.

The new person in charge, the cicada, also needed a computer and personal assistant, who he brought from his previous department, to help him prepare a Work and Budget Control Strategic Optimisation Plan...

The Department where the ant works is now a sad place, where nobody laughs anymore and everybody has become upset...

It was at that time that the cicada convinced the boss, the lion, of the absolute necessity to start a climactic study of the environment.

Having reviewed the charges for running the ant's department, the lion found out that the production was much less than before.

So he recruited the owl, a prestigious and renowned consultant to carry out an audit and suggest solutions.



a negative attitude".

The owl spent three months in the department and came up with an enormous report, in several volumes, that concluded: "the department is overstaffed..."

Guess who the lion fires first?

The ant, of course, because she "showed lack of motivation, and had



Reminds me of the NHS, as well as every office I've worked at! BUREAUCRACY CREATES JOBS BUT KILLS CIVILISATIONS!

It's the end of the World, oh no it isn't!



It turns out the Mayans were wrong after all and the only Comet to crash and burn before Christmas was one trying (unsuccessfully it seems) to sell electrical goods at a profit.



one on the contraction of the

Irish Coffee

An Irish woman of advanced age visited her physician to ask his advice in reviving her husband's libido.

'What about trying Viagra?' asked the doctor. 'Not a chance', she said. 'He won't even take an aspirin.'

'Not a problem,' replied the doctor. 'Give him an 'Irish Viagra'. It's when you drop the Viagra tablet into his coffee. He won't even taste it. Give it a try and call me in a week to let me know how things went.'

It wasn't a week later when she called the doctor, who directly inquired as to her progress. The poor dear exclaimed, 'Oh, faith, bejaysus and begorrah! T'was horrid! Just terrible, doctor!'

'Really? What happened?' asked the doctor.

'Well, I did as you advised and slipped it in his coffee and the effect was almost immediate. He jumped straight up, with a twinkle in his eye and with his pants a-bulging fiercely! With one swoop of his arm, he sent me cups and tablecloth flying, ripped me clothes to tatters and took me then and there passionately on the tabletop! It was a nightmare, I tell you, an absolute nightmare!'

'Why so terrible?' asked the doctor, 'Do you mean the sex your husband provided wasn't good?'

'Feckin jaysus, 'twas the best sex I've had in 25 years! But sure as I'm sittin here, I'll never be able to show me face in Starbucks again!'

My new blonde girlfriend woke me up on Christmas morning and said "Hey, how about a Christmas blowjob?" I said, "You're crazy, you don't even have a penis." and rolled back to sleep. These blondes, thick as shit some of them.

Apparently it's impossible to eat 4 dry crackers in one minute. Always up for a challenge I thought I'd give it a go. I managed three and then I choked on a plastic moustache.

The acting was wooden and many of the main protagonists miscast. The story line hard to follow and exaggerated to the point of laughable. The singing was out of key and the songs repetitive, whilst the choreography was nonexistent. The special effects were terrible, making the 3D experience stomach-churning. And finally the director didn't seem to know their arse from a banjo, making the whole thing bitty. In conclusion a very disappointing production and I shall not be going to my son's Nativity play again next year.



"Hello"

"Is this Miss Singleton?"

"Yes, it is me."

"Miss Singleton, this is John Smith, your tax accountant. I must inform you that your tax statement was rejected by the Inland Revenue. They say that your salary and your possessions are incompatible. Your salary as a secretary is too low for you to be able to afford a luxury apartment, a new Mercedes-Benz, expensive clothing, jewellery, vacations in US, etc."

"Oh, and what can I do about it?"

"Well, let's do the following: Send me a recent copy of your principal source of income, and I'll see what I can do with it at the Inland Revenue."

"Very well Mr. Smith. I making a photocopy of it now, and I will fax it to you shortly." >>>>>>>

Scraping the bottom dept, this months rude & crude one liners...

- My missus asked me to help her stop sucking her thumb, so I drew a cock on it
- I fitted strobe lights in the bedroom. They're brilliant. It makes the wife look like she's actually moving during sex...
- I went to the doctor's surgery the other day and found out that my new doctor is young female and drop dead gorgeous. I was embarrassed, but she said, "Don't worry, I am a professional I've seen it all before. Just tell me what's wrong and I'll check it out. I said, "My wife thinks that my dick tastes funny"
- That uneasy moment when your doctor is checking your balls for a physical and you run your fingers through her hair...
- I was pretty excited when my new girlfriend sent me a text message claiming that she loves anal. Dyslexic bitch, it turns out that she loves Alan, my best mate.....
- Moulsecombe girl in bed with her boyfriend says, "How dare you call me a slut. Get out of my bed right now and take your mates with you!"
- Life is like a penis. Soft and hanging freely. It's women that make it hard
- I said to the wife, "Get me a newspaper" "Don't be silly," she said "Borrow my iPad" The spider never knew what f*ing hit it.
- A social worker was visiting a nursing home and asked an old lady, "Have you been bed-ridden since you came here?" She replied, "A couple of times, yes, but I prefer it from behind over my walking frame."
- I bought a new perfume for my wife called Chloroform but she says she doesn't like it. She says that it makes here sleepy and her bum sore.
- "Why won't you just be happy for me?!" said the girl with a Dwarf fetish.
- Wife texts husband on a cold winter morning: "Windows frozen." Husband texts back: "Pour some lukewarm water over it."
 Wife texts back 5 minutes later: "Computer completely screwed now."
- The worst part of make-up sex is wiping the mascara and eye liner off of my balls.
- I asked a pretty, young, homeless woman if I could take her home, and she said yes with a big smile. The look on her face



- soon changed when I walked off with her cardboard box.
- A Welsh Muslim was caught having sex with a sheep today. He said it was islamb and he could do what he wanted with it.
- They say that sex is the best form of exercise. Correct me if I'm wrong but I don't think 2 minutes and 15 seconds every 3 months is going to shift this beer belly.
- My grandfather developed cancer when he was younger. Some say he's the most evil scientist who ever lived.

