



# BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers*

*R-ns/trash #190 March 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
4th March 2013	1811	Giants Rest, Wilmington	546 048	Dave 'Gomi' Bos

Directions: Take A27 east and take 2<sup>nd</sup> right past Alfriston roundabout. Est. 25 minutes.

11th March 2013	1812	Lazy Toad, Shoreham	214 052	Bouncer
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Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Straight on at next roundabout, pub on left at next roundabout. Park at Adur Rec - right over bridge to Airport roundabout, come back on yourself then left. Followed by Bouncers birthday curry at the Cottage Tandoori. Est. 15 mins.

18th March 2013	1813	Rising Sun, Upper Beeding	197 104	Charlie
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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.

25th March 2013	1814	Eager hare required, urgently!
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1st April 2013	1815	Seven Sisters, Seaford
Eddie	492 998	

Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Turn right onto A26 after Beddingham crossing. At roundabout turn left on B2109 then left again at next for A259 into Seaford. After main shops turn left on Alfriston Road when main road bends right. Est. 30 mins.

#### RECEDING HARELINE:

08/04/13 Snowdrop, Lewes	Dave & Matt
15/04/13 TBA	Trevor & Malc

#### CRAFT Hash #56:

15/03/13 7pm Buckingham Arms, Shoreham-by-Sea

#### HENFIELD H4:

17/03/13 11.30am Cat & Canary, Henfield  
Hare SNOTTY, so wear green! [St. Patricks Day]

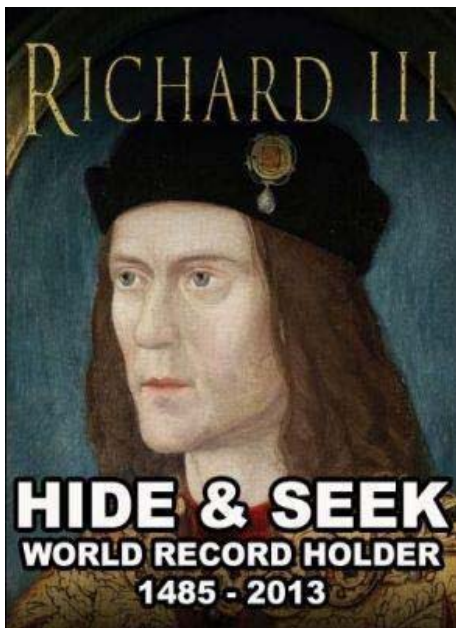
#### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

When you drink, you feel great at the time but awful afterwards. When you run, you feel awful at the time and great afterwards. When you hash, you feel great all the time!



There is a very good reason why "Titanic" wasn't filmed in Brighton:

# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES



**This content warning follows concerns expressed by certain hashers. Any comments or suggestions on the wording gratefully received before we add it to the web site:** The Boggy Shoe is intended to entertain and inform rather than offend. Any non-original material contained herein is believed to be public domain, however, if you have any reason to believe any item is not, wish it to be removed and can prove ownership, please e-mail the editor via the web site link.

[illegible]

## Charlie's birthday bash

As per the run review from the Cuthbert (*see Rehashing page*), Charlie has asked us to keep the weekend of 31<sup>st</sup> May to 2<sup>nd</sup> June free for his big birthday celebrations. Camping will be available (location tba), and the basic outline for the weekend, aside from beer, will be:

- Friday night folk
- Saturday hash & Ceilidh
- Sunday drink on 'til its gone

This event will proceed regardless of the 100 mile relay, however, does offer an excellent apres for those representing the hash! Otherwise, although regular hashers are welcome, this is a closed invite, so please only pass on accordingly.

[illegible]

**DIARY DATES:**

18/05/13	80 mile hash relay - Buriton to Beachy Head
01/06/13	100 mile South Downs Serious relay - Beachy Head to Winchester
25/06/13	Alan Rankin solo round Britain sail hits Brighton Marina - helpers wanted for run organisation
12-14/07/13	Friends of the Mole 25 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary, Whitstable Rugby Club - T-Bar Twin & Plssticide Early birds rate until 31 <sup>st</sup> March: <a href="http://www.fotmh3.com/">http://www.fotmh3.com/</a>
16-18/08/13	Surrey H3 2001 <sup>st</sup> r*n, Plumpton Agricultural College - <a href="http://www.surreyh3.org">www.surreyh3.org</a>

**NOTE DATE CHANGE JUST ADVISED DUE TO DOUBLE BOOKING BY VENUE!**

**May to end September - BH7 35 years Monday night pub crawl - pub list available soon.**

[illegible]

Dear Brighton Hash,

Will you have a beer table at this year's Brighton Marathon?

I'm asking on behalf of a fellow hasher from London's City Hash who is pacing the Brighton Marathon and I guess he wants to bring the possibility of a beer table into his pacing calculations. :-)

On-on!

Mugabe

*Well I don't know what anyone else thinks about this, but having enjoyed the London Hash beer stop on a couple of occasions I think it's a great idea! Mind you, as I'm running this year, I would! What we need are volunteer/spectators, a location (LH3 is usually about 21 miles on the Highway), and, er, beer.*

[illegible]

## TALES FROM THE RANK...

**Magic Badge (may also work in Canada and US)**

The other day I needed to go to the local NHS hospital but not wanting to sit there for 4 hours, I put on my blue jacket and pinned on a plastic ID card that I had made off the Internet onto the front of my jacket.

When I went into the hospital, I noticed that  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the people got up and left. I guess they decided that they weren't that sick after all. Cut at least 3 hours off my waiting time. Here's the patch ----- >>>

Feel free to use it the next time you're in need of quicker emergency service.

It also works at all supermarkets. It saves me hours. At the laundry, three minutes after entering, I had my choice of any machine, most still running!

Don't try it at McDonald's though..... The whole staff disappeared and I never got my order! Also..... never wear it while trying to get a taxi!!





Paolo Esperanza, bass-trombonist with the Simphonica Mayor de Uruguay, in a misplaced moment of inspiration decided to make his own contribution to the cannon shots fired as part of the orchestra's performance of **Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture** at an outdoor children's concert. In complete seriousness he placed a large, ignited firecracker, which was equivalent in strength to a quarter stick of dynamite, into his aluminium straight mute and then stuck the mute into the bell of his quite new Yamaha in-line double-valve bass trombone. Later, from his hospital bed he explained to a reporter through bandages on his mouth, 'I thought that the bell of my trombone would shield me from the explosion and instead, would focus the energy of the blast outwards and away from me, propelling the mute high above the orchestra, like a rocket.'

Fortunately, the audience were sitting in folding chairs and thus they were protected from serious injury, for the chairs collapsed under them passing the energy of the impact of the flying conductor backwards into the row of people sitting behind them, who in turn were driven back into the people in the row behind and so on, like a row of dominos. The sound of collapsing wooden chairs and grunts of people falling on their behinds increased logarithmically, adding to the overall sound of brass cannons and brass playing as constitutes the closing measures of the Overture.

felt searing pain to my mouth, I could swear I heard a voice with an Austrian accent say "Fur every akshon zer iz un eekvul un opposeet reakshon!"

The pyrotechnic ballet wasn't over yet. The force of the blast was so great it split the bell of his shiny Yamaha right down the middle, turning it inside out while at the same time propelling Paolo backwards off the riser. And for the grand finale, as Paolo fell backwards he lost his grip on the slide of the trombone allowing the pressure of the hot gases coursing through the horn to propel the trombone's slide like a double golden spear into the head of the 3rd clarinetist, knocking him unconscious.

*on*



**Yes, they're fake! (the fingernails, that is!)**

## REHASHING

**#1806 Sportsman, Withdean** - I think the dynamic duo of Coops & Chops did us proud! Even stopped the rain - but it never rains on a hash. A quick exit from the stadium, up Tongdean, slipped across woodland bordering the stadium, a little bit of mud (nothing compared with previous weeks) then along the gravel track by side of the railway to Preston Park station, through tunnel, loop around and down steps (some ended up on Dyke Road - tough luck) back down to and through Preston Park, up Preston Drive, left at Osborne road, down steps to Balfour Road (passed the Beard residence) and up to Varndean School. Here Pirate, Keeps it up, Spreadsheet and Liam decide to add a bit and continued up to the Ditchling Road to Woodbourne Garage. We didn't see them again till the pub. Ah well! The rest turned through the school playing field gate, crossed to Surrenden Road then weaved down to London Road and on in. Pub food was declared by all to be extremely good value - so good that Dave Boss refreshed his potato supply regularly throughout the evening. The Harveys was slightly too cold. Barrel ran out at one point. No down downs. Nice town hash - 4.8 miles according to the Rikometer.

Following the discovery of Richard 111 bones scientists are now digging up Tesco's car park looking for his horse!



Someone asked me who Chops was. It's short for Chopper Mutton - a possible reference to 70s footballer Chopper Harris who took no prisoners on the field. So I understand. Coops of course stands for Cooper - no prizes for that one. *Whose Shout?*

**#1807 White Hart, Henfield** - Last night we ran from The White Hart, Henfield; the trail was set by Trevor.. didn't he do well! not only did we have the first 28 way check, we had it twice (or is that 14 ways each time perhaps) and then we were rewarded with a steer bop with hot rausage solls at Trevor's house - thanks Trevor and Mrs Trevor - before doing a circuit of the local children's playground (an old hash tradition) and back to a jolly nice pub. Cystpit brought out a polypin of Harveys from the boot of his car for some pre-loading. Thanks mate. Down downs went to the setter and the usual suspects (Adrain, Hugh, Elaine\*). Naturally there was mud being Henfield. Nice mixture of town and country. Just under 5 miles I was told. Anyone got a route map please? [It'll be hard to beat next week but I'll try. See you all at the Cuthbert for my 1000th] *Whose Shout?* \* PP Adrian for carrying a pack of rocks, Cardinal Hugh for trespassing to keep his shoes dry, and Elaine for hare assistance, but incidentally also getting a naming as she was so slow with the beer. Welcome *Trikerider!*

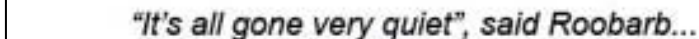
**#1808 Cuthbert, Kempton** - To be honest we should've guessed when the hare announced pre-run that trail was marked in chalk and paper (but that could so easily have been an attempt to ensure there was trail after the 'orrible weather of the previous 36 hours), that those of us in road shoes, and quite a few fell into that trap, were in for a surprise. Sure enough, after a short bimble round the streets and Queens Park (in which either Liam or more likely given recent history, Tim, crashed into a bench) we found ourselves heading away from the seafront and up Whitehawk Hill, where I quickly found myself running horizontally. At the race course check threatened the underpass where Sarah and Tim appeared giggling after on was called straight. Talk was all about the promised steer bop and someone joked that WS's car would be long gone if he'd left it in Moulsecombe, which was where we seemed to be heading down the steps into the Bevendean industrial estate. "I need some bricks if they have the wheels" said Pete. Having recce'd a possible run in this area with Cyst Pit a while back, and guessing that Chopper (who had apparated on Race Hill) might have something to do with the sip, I had a good idea which way trail was to get us back up, and was half-right! After the climb and a brief bit of grass we were back on street where Peter Pansy started pleading with Scott to take his pack of rocks. We cut through to Bear Road and Charlie astutely deduced trail would be along Tenantry Down, where Grahame was waiting with the Harveys. Asking for directions home Brett was frustrated by the discussion that then raged, which prompted Trevor to join in with more nonsense, although it was very easy down and in from the sip. In the pub, hash fodder was soon heading towards its doom, and down downs lined up for hare Whose Shout; visitor 'This Way' from Old Coulsdon H3; Pondweed for his 30 mile pond bashing run of the day before; and Adrian. To be honest the latter was a slight cock-up as he wasn't drinking in preparation for the half-marathon, so I'd considered leniency but when my mouth opened the wrong words came out. Begging to be let off the hook, Charlie was adamant that he could ask but the answer was no so down went the beer. Tim, despite being our Christmas MC/RA has managed to avoid a proper handle thus far but when the right name comes along you have to seize the moment. Running the Barbados hash recently, where health & safety and the EU are distant concepts, Tim had a run in with a piece of scaffold. Given the Scaffolds one & only hit was a drinking song, 'Lily the Pink' seemed an ideal name to embrace the lads previous 'Tranny' inclinations, and so with a grenadine coloured bitter lemon, and a rousing chorus of 'drink a drink a drink' Lily the Pink was christened. The main event this evening though, was the presentation to Whose Shout and Greyhound Chris Dauncey of their 1000<sup>th</sup> run hip flasks, both long overdue. [To recap, when Chopper & Local Knowledge were approaching their 1000<sup>th</sup> runs, talk was of something other than a tankard, so Phil suggested a hip replacement. It was decided that the hash couldn't stretch to that so the hip flask was born as an award (thanks for reminding me Pete!)). With a good quantity of ale in the mega-flask, both Pete and then Chris (hopefully on his way back after a sustained period of injury, now addressed) took long drafts before the hip flask of friendship went round the rest of the hash (despite Prince Crashpians attempts to derail it with talk of Norovirus) until empty. Finally, Charlie asked us all to reserve the weekend beginning Friday 31<sup>st</sup> May for a 3 day birthday bash! We eventually then drank up and all went home after yet another great hash! *Bouncer*



**#1809 Plough, Pyecombe** - When the hare announces beforehand on social media that whatever we go through tonight, the hares have already been through 3 times, panic starts to set in. Nevertheless a good crowd turned up for this local run and we took off along the road. At the first check decisions were split between Wolstonbury (1 way) or Newtimber (4 ways) so logic went with the latter with Whose Shout heading up while Rides It went along the path. Convinced there was a call I flashed back (road noise was high though!) and followed Pat only to see her returning. Back at the 4-way there were no marks and no hounds so I went up the hill but still no go. Having to retrace we finally found the on round Wolstonbury on a progressively muddier bridleway. Good back marking kept us on track through several checks until we found Eddie worrying about his shoes, then Peter and Matthew on a stroll, finally reuniting with the back of the pack after 15 minutes where Ivan fielded the abuse with "the mud was Annes idea". On was already called at the next check but Anne said they were wrong, while Pondweed corrected her. A later look at the map revealed why I incorrectly thought I was ahead of the pack, as both routes went to the same place, but the correct option had an extra check. Charlie took control at the road deducing our assault on Wolstonbury, however, the hare insisted on the climb via Wellcombe Bottom despite the hour. The straightforward bridleway back had most home by 9.15 though.

[illegible]

This Oscar Pistorius story is all a bit strange, isn't it? There must definitely be more to it. He seemed so happy just the other day, he had such a spring in his step. Yes, it was only minutes after Oscar Pistorius's arrest that the jokes began ... all taking the Pistorius. His lawyer's got a hard job ahead of him. Realistically, it looks like Pistorius hasn't got a leg to stand on. Oscar clearly misunderstood when his girlfriend told him that on Valentine's Day he had to take her out. Oscar Pistorius is pleading not guilty due to temporary diminished responsibility. He claims he was legless at the time of the incident. Whatever happens in court, he still has a career. The IOC say he's a front runner at the next Olympics for pistol shooting. Police reconstruction indicates that Pistorius lost it when, for his Valentine's Day gift, his girlfriend gave him a pair of socks. New Valentine's Day card: "Roses are red, violets are glorious. Never creep up On Oscar Pistorius." Too many Oscar Pistorius jokes already. Trying to come up with a new one is like taking a shot in the dark. Looks like he has an expensive lawyer. I hope he can foot the bill. Otherwise, the Oscar goes to.....Jail!! New evidence has been found outside the Pistorius home that completely acquits him of his girlfriend's murder..... Footprints! She didn't notice Oscar sneaking up behind her. It was the silence of the limbs. I see what Pistorius is doing. He is going to jail for 25 years and when he gets released... Bam! President of South Africa. That's how it works over there, right? When Oscar Pistorius said he wanted to be just like able-bodied athletes, who knew he meant OJ Simpson? Surely Oscar Pistorius isn't the first man to wake up legless during Valentine's night, then shoot all over his



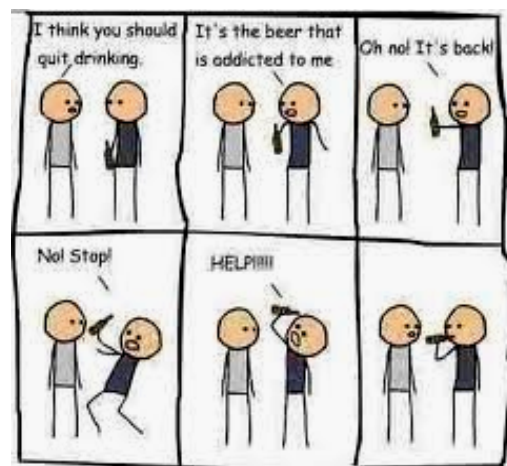
*ononononononononononononononononononon*

Rhubarb & custard to be served at the wake.

A black and white cartoon illustration of a globe. At the top, a label 'NORTH POLE' points to the North Pole. At the bottom, a label 'SOUTH POLE' points to the South Pole. On the right side of the globe, a label 'ALL THE OTHER POLES' has an arrow pointing to the United Kingdom, which is marked with 'UK'. The cartoon is signed 'Bill Caldwell.com' in the bottom left corner.

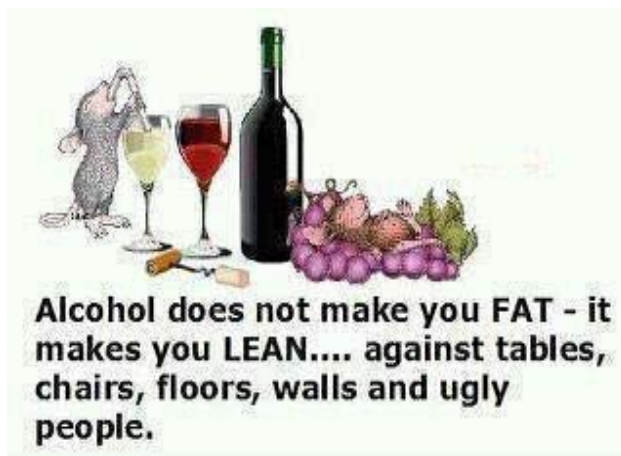
After the revelation that Polish is now the UK's most widely spoken 2<sup>nd</sup> language ahead of Welsh, the Polish embassy advised that there are two distinct dialects:- north Polish and south Polish, but the latter is mostly penguin.

**CRAFT #55 - Mayfair to Covent Garden** - With Keeps Up and Wildbush away at NZ Nash Hash amongst other delights, and no volunteers for an alternative it looked likely that CRAFT would be missing February. Until that is, I realised that there were at least 3 (very) casual previous crafties out to play with me on a pub crawl in London following the monthly Hyde Park final Friday 5k run. Being a bit of a change from our regular CRAFT session I thought it was worth recounting here anyway. Non-r\*nners Barney, Mike & Dave, all just along for the craique were first in the pub along with both our wallets and phones, as the rest of us headed over for the 12.30 start, which was somewhat worrying as we now had no way of contacting them if they failed to appear at the finish! Fortunately their visit to allegedly the rudest pub in London, **#1 the Nags Head**, ended in time for them to catch us changing in the bitterly cold conditions, but that's okay as the Landlord was nice as pie! Despite our post-run thirst we were frog-marched past countless pubs, as well as a dolphin protest outside the Japanese embassy, to **#2 Kings Head**, a Nicholson pub known to regularly stock the wonderful Jaipur India Pale Ale. Two pints and a sizeable quantity of tortilla chips later we grabbed cabs to catch the lunchtime deal at **#3 Belgo's Centraal**, a restaurant that finds favour with the gathered for the Belgian beers on offer. Apart from the freebie with the lunch menu we all also ordered extras from the impressive beer menu, in my case the Delirium Tremens (8.5%) followed by Westmalle Dubbel (7%). Grub was so-so but beer tremendous even with the price! Luckily the group was unanimous that we didn't go for the Schnapps stick! We came close to breaking up here as Mark & Steve found a 2<sup>nd</sup> exit, then Barney steered us to another café for more of the Belgian stuff at **#4 the Lowlander**, in Drury Lane. I opted for the darker La Trappe Dubbel at 6.5%, once again quite marvellous, even if the stairs to the facilities were becoming complicated. This time it definitely got tricky with myself and Dave finding **#5 the Porterhouse** quicker on foot than the rest who'd again opted for the cab. A couple of pints of Red later Ray had disappeared and Long John was starting to talk about the Evening Star in reverential tones, so we made a bid for the train. At this point chaos kicked in with myself, Barney, Dave & Mike all falling through the door of the Strand Tandoori, LJ ended up on a train home and Mark & Steve got as far as Brighton before the bottle went and they called for assistance. Post-curry, I broke away at Victoria but later research reveals the rest had a run-in with the law over a toffee crisp wrapper followed by Barney managing to sink a final pint in **#6 the Albert**! Another great pub crawl but, needless to say, Saturday was a complete write-off.



## Scientists suggest beer after a workout

Researchers at Granada University in Spain have found that beer can help the body rehydrate better after a workout than water or Gatorade. Professor Manuel Garzon also claimed the carbonation in beer helps to quench the thirst and that its carbohydrate content can help replace lost calories, The Telegraph reports. The study involved a group of students who were asked to work out until their body temperature reached 104 degrees. Researchers then gave beer to half of the students and water to the other half. Mr. Garzon announced the results at a press conference in Granada, saying the hydration effect in those who drank beer was "slightly better," The Telegraph reports. A cardiologist with the Real Madrid football team, Dr. Juan Antonio Corbalan, told the paper he long has recommended barley drinks to professional sportsmen after exhausting activities.

[illegible]

A psychologist walked around a room while teaching stress management to an audience. As she raised a glass of beer, everyone expected they'd be asked the "half... empty or half full" question. Instead, with a smile on her face, she inquired: "How heavy is this glass of beer?"

Answers called out ranged from 8 oz. to 20 oz.

She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, it's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my arm. If I hold it for a day, my arm will feel numb and paralyzed. In each case, the weight of the glass doesn't change, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes." She continued, "The stresses and worries in life are like that glass of beer. Think about them for a while and nothing happens. Think about them a bit longer and they begin to hurt. And if you think about them all day long, you will feel paralyzed - incapable of doing anything."

It's important to remember to let go of your stresses. As early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Do this on a Monday just before the hash. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night. And remember to drink the beer!

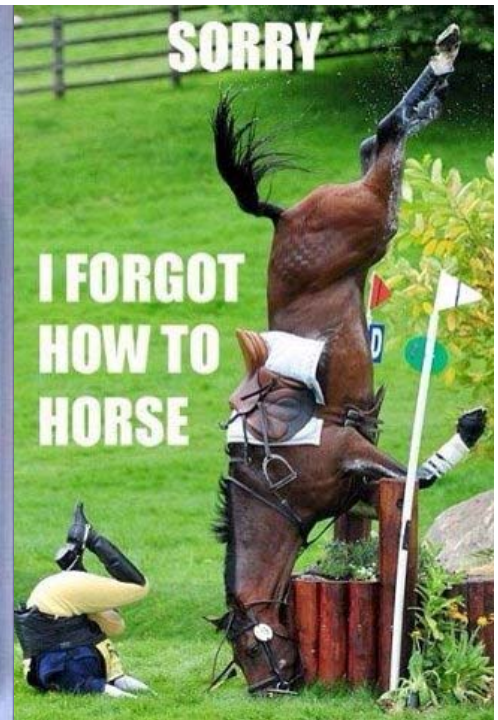


## IN THE NEWS – horses still (but no Findus jokes) ...

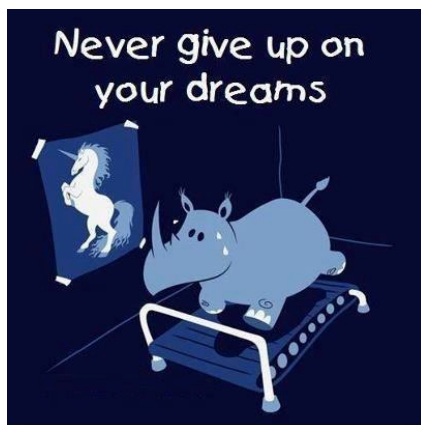
Can't see what all the fuss is about. You put Horseradish on beef anyway right, so they're just cutting out the middleman!



NEW SCANDAL: Vegetarians in the UK were horrified to learn that Pistachio Nut Roasts were found to contain 40% - 60% horse chestnuts! Never mind horses in lasagne, I think I've found Heather Mills missing leg in my Linda McCartney sausages.



If you think the Horse Burgers in Tesco are bad, wait until you see their Unicorn on the Cob.



Police have taken away beef samples and computers from an abattoir in Yorkshire. The beef samples have been found to contain 10% horse, and the computers found to contain 4MB RAM.

Two hungry Yorkshiremen walk into a restaurant. 'ay, ah could eat an 'orse' 'nay lad, nay' so he ate him.

What with all this horsemear scandal my wife bought some proper piece of beef to be minced for her spaghetti bolognese.

"Can you do some mincing?" she asked. So I pouted my lips and used my finger to limply examine the kitchen counter for dust.



# IN THE NEWS(ctd.)...



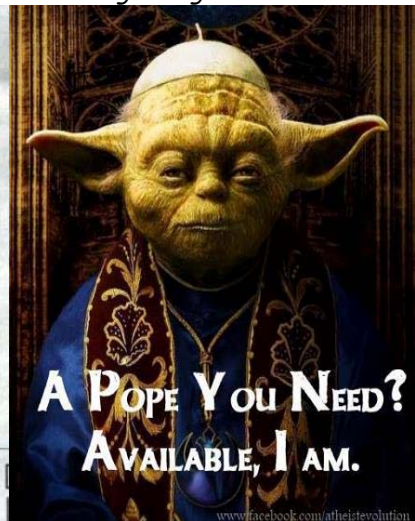
There are 400 billion birds in the world, 250,000 planes, & one Superman. So, to answer your question- statistically it's probably a bird. How come Superman could stop bullets with his chest, but always ducked when someone threw a gun at him?



First Tiger Woods, then Lance Armstrong, now Oscar Pistorius. Nike should start telling their athletes "Just Don't Do It." I think it is just terrible and disgusting how everyone has treated Lance Armstrong, especially after what he achieved winning 7 Tour de France races on drugs. When I was on drugs, I couldn't even find my bike..!

A horse walks into a bar. "Too late" says the bartender, "we're joking about the pope now". "He's right" sighed Richard III

I am 85, I must retire



Pope resigned because he said he couldn't touch on the subjects he felt passionately about.

Chris Huhne wishes he could 'turn back the clock', which oddly enough is yet another serious motoring offence



## March 17<sup>th</sup> – St. Patrick's Day

B&Q IS HAVING A SALE ON IRISH RECLINERS:



Paddy goes to the vet with his goldfish. "I think it's got epilepsy" he tells the vet.

Vet takes a look and says "It seems calm enough to me".

Paddy says, "I haven't taken it out of the bowl yet".

Two Irishmen were standing at the base of a flagpole, looking up. A blonde walked by and asked them what they were doing. Paddy replied, 'We're supposed to be finding the height of this flagpole, but we don't have a ladder.' The blonde took out an adjustable spanner from her bag, loosened a few bolts and laid the flagpole down. She got a tape measure out of her pocket, took a few measurements, and announced that it was 18 feet 6 inches. Then, she walked off. Mick said to Paddy, 'Isn't that just like a blonde! We need the bloody height, and she gives us the length.'

- Paddy and Mick found 3 hand grenades and decided to take them to the police station.  
Mick "What if one explodes before we get there?"  
Paddy: "We'll lie and say we only found two!"
- A coach load of Paddies on a mystery tour ran a sweepstake to guess where they were going. The driver won £52!
- An old Irish farmer's dog goes missing and he's inconsolable. His wife says "Why don't you put an advert in the paper?" He does, but two weeks later the dog is still missing. "What did you put in the paper?" his wife asks.  
"Here boy" he replies.
- The Irish have solved their fuel problems. They imported 50 million tons of sand from the Arabs and they're going to drill for their own oil.
- Paddy decides to take up boxing and goes for the required medical. A few days later the doctor 'phones and says "Paddy, you realise you've got sugar diabetes." Paddy says, "Nice one, when do I fight him?"
- One day an Irishman goes into a pharmacy shop, reaches into his pocket and takes out a small bottle and a teaspoon. He pours some liquid onto the teaspoon and offers it to the chemist. "Could you taste this for me, please?"  
The chemist takes the teaspoon, puts it in his mouth, swills the liquid around and swallows it.  
"Does that taste sweet to you?" says Paddy.  
"No, not at all," says the chemist.  
"Oh that's a relief," says Paddy. "The doctor told me to come here and get my urine tested for sugar."
- Paddy's in the bathroom and Murphy shouts to him, "Did you find the shampoo?"  
Paddy says, "Yes but it's for dry hair and I've just wet mine."
- Paddy took two stuffed dogs to the Antiques Roadshow. "Ooh" said the presenter. This is a very rare set, produced by the celebrated Johns Brothers, taxidermists who operated in London at the turn of the last century. Do you have any idea what they would fetch if they were in good condition. "Sticks?" replied Paddy
- Paddy and Mick get a pilot to fly them to Canada to hunt moose, and bag six. As they start loading the plane for the return trip, the pilot says, "The plane can only take four of those."  
The two lads object strongly. "Last year we shot six, and the pilot let us put them all on board; he had the same plane as yours."  
Reluctantly, the pilot gives in and all six are loaded. However, even with full power, the little plane can't handle the load and down it goes and crashes in the middle of nowhere. A few moments later, climbing out of the wreckage, Paddy asks Mick, "Any idea where we are?"  
"I think we're pretty close to where we crashed last year," says Mick.



# THE



# END

## FIFTY SHADES OF GREY - (a husbands point of view)

The missus bought a Paperback,  
down Shepton Mallet way,  
I had a look inside her bag;  
T'was "fifty shades of grey".

Well I just left her to it,  
And at ten I went to bed.  
An hour later she appeared;  
The sight filled me with dread...

In her left she held a rope;  
And in her right a whip!  
She threw them down upon the floor,  
And then began to strip.

Well fifty years or so ago;  
I might have had a peek;  
But Mabel hasn't weathered well;  
She's eighty four next week!!

Watching Mabel bump and grind;  
Could not have been much grimmer.  
And things then went from bad to worse;  
She toppled off her Zimmer!

She struggled back upon her feet;  
A couple minutes later;  
She put her teeth back in and said  
I am a dominater !!

Now if you knew our Mabel,  
You'd see just why I spluttered,  
I'd spent two months in traction  
For the last complaint I'd uttered.

She stood there nude and naked  
Bent forward just a bit  
I went to hold her, sensual like  
and stood on her left t\*+t!

Mabel screamed, her teeth shot out;  
My god what had I done!?  
She moaned and groaned then shouted  
out:  
"Step on the other one"!!

Well readers, I can't tell no more;  
About what occurred that day.  
Suffice to say my jet black hair,  
Turned fifty shades of grey.  
*Having read 50 Shades of Grey a Welsh  
guy persuades his girlfriend to try kinky  
sex for the first time.  
He says "If it hurts too much, yell the  
safety word twice and I'll stop."  
She says "OK, what's the safety word?"  
"Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobw  
lllantysiliogogogoch"*

Fliers beware of the sub standard maintenance on the  
airplanes that you fly in. This is an actual crack that was  
found in the window frame on a Boeing 737. I'll definitely  
think twice before flying US Air.



## Round-up from SPOOJ:

- Adele Atkins also sung on the new Bruce Willis film; A Good Day to Diet Hard is currently at movie theatres
- I tried to book my car into Kevin Webster's garage, but apparently he doesn't touch anything over 10 years old.
- In hindsight I should have posted my Facebook status as: "I've blown the head gasket on my 1997 XR3i" rather than "I've just buggered a 14 year old escort". The police still haven't seen the funny side, my lap top's been confiscated, and the wife has gone off to her mother.
- I opened a Facebook page for my blow-up doll but the excitement was short lived. Some twat poked her.
- I don't get why everyone told me how great it is to swim with dolphins. I've been stuck in this f\*cking tuna net for five days now.
- The wife said she's not wanting much for Valentine's Day. She said, "Just some chocolates and a few little surprises will do me." Kinder Eggs it is then.
- I asked my Welsh mate how many sexual partners he'd had. He started counting but he fell asleep.

- "I would like to buy a bunch of flowers for my girlfriend". The florist looked at him and said, "Certainly Sir, what is it you're after?" "A fuck ", Paddy replies.
- Went out last night and got really wasted. I woke up in the middle of the night next to some chick who was snoring and farting, so I knew I made it home OK!
- The wife's back on the warpath again. She was up for making a sex movie last night, and all I did was suggest we should hold auditions for her part.
- I've accidentally swallowed some Scrabble tiles. My next shit could spell disaster.
- My sister-in-law sat on my glasses and broke them. It was my own fault. I should have taken them off first.
- I spent a couple of hours defrosting the fridge last night, or "foreplay" as she likes to call it.
- After both suffering from depression for a while, me and the wife were going to commit suicide yesterday. But strangely enough, once she killed herself, I started to feel a lot better. So I thought, "F\*ck it, soldier on!"