

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers) *R-ns/trash #195 August 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

Ram. Firle 469 073 5th August 2013 1833 Dave & Matt

Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Keep left on A27 at roundabout after Beddingham crossing and take 2nd right 1.5 miles Est. 20 mins.

12th August 2013 Stanley Arms, Portslade 254 057 Ivan & Pat

Directions: A27 west to 2nd exit, Hangleton link. At traffic lights turn right on Old Shoreham Road. Through next traffic lights then left just before Texaco garage into Wolseley Road. Pub on right but parking can be tricky. Est. 10 mins.

19th August 2013 1835 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell 417 060 Kit & the Mudlarks

Directions: A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. c.20 mins.

26th August 2013 1836 Sloop, Scaynes Hill 385 243

Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 through Haywards Heath to Scaynes Hill. Turn left by garage opposite Farmers pub. Sloop is 1.5 miles on right. Est. 20 mins.

2nd September 2013 1837 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling 333 172

Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At miniroundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.

# RECEDING HARELINE:

09/09/13 Ship, Cuckfield - Brent & Kayleen 16/09/13 Cock Inn, Wivelsfield - Charlie 23/09/13 Neptune, Hove - Pat 30/09/13 TBA, Lewes - Bouncer

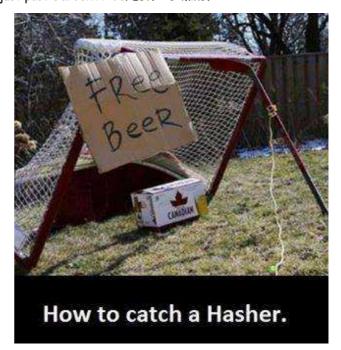
#### CRAFT H3:

06/09/13 Battle of Trafalgar, Brighton - Radio Soap/ ale trail 13/09/13 Mermaid, St. Albans - Mr. X - Friday 13th XXXVI See http://www.hertshash.co.uk/friday\_13th.htm for full details including train times from Brighton. May be some crash space!

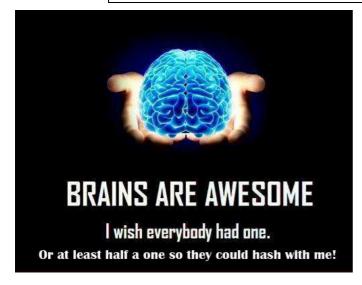
# Thought for the day: DON'T FORGET YOUR ALE-TRAIL PASSPORTS!

I saw some absolutely disgusting behaviour at Brighton Beach today. I saw a man & a woman having an argument in front of loads of kids. Suddenly the woman smacked the guy in the head & it all kicked off. There was a massive brawl & someone called the police. This poor copper turned up on his own & took his baton to the man,

the guy managed to snatch it off him & began assaulting the copper & his wife!



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES



Brighton and Hove CTC is organising a randonnee on 08.09.13. This is a non-competitive cycle ride with a shorter route of 70 km and a longer loop of 100 km. The entrance fee is £5. The ride starts from Brighton University Sports Centre at Falmer.

Please see flyer for more info and application form.

Pat - Easy Rider

# **Solo Round Britain challenge**

Crossed the finish line off Ullapool Harbour at 13.50 hrs on Saturday 20th July, six weeks to the day since leaving. Thanks to host ports, running clubs, sponsors, shore support team and everyone who helped me get round the UK and Ireland. You

can donate on line or by text Go to Charities, its easy and every penny will make a difference - See more at: http://www.soloroundbritain.com/#sthash.Sr3OaSIv.dpuf

# Ale trail 2013 - BRIGHTON H7 35th anniversary summer tour:

Reminder: Please let me have your ale trail passport as soon as you have all the stamps you want on them - 20 for a t shirt; 30 for a sweat or polo shirt; 40 for sweat/polo shirt and a glass; plus further special anniversary bonus shirt available. The aim is to get as many passports as we can up to the 20 pub mark to get the free t shirts to which, as in past years, we will get a special hash overprint added. I will send the order off in bulk for the overprint and re-distribute shirts once done. I am happy to take passports at any time but please make sure you fill in the personal details section, and preferably also put your name on the front cover. As usual I am of course running a number of spare passports for those who prefer not to carry their own, and to take along on the CRAFT nights, but it may be worth claiming one if you would like me to carry it for you. On on - Bouncer

#### 

hi all,

i have just run a big trip to the 3 peaks from the guys and girls of Hastings runners and was thinking about running another one next year (2014) and was just putting out a few feelers to see what interest there might be out there, i ran 5 mini buses last time with 62 walkers but found that guite a handful to organise so i was going to limit it to 26 this time (2 Mini buses) and thought i might try and see if any of you Brighton hashers might be interested, if you are i can give you the details and costs and while you might think 2014 is a long way off it does come round rather quickly!....and things get busy up there and hotels, etc have to be booked well in advance..... and to save confusion this is a walking trip and not a running trip!...

Fat controller no 2 - Hastings Hash

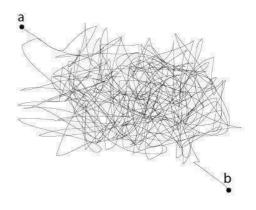
# 

# ANNIVERSARY R\*N TANKARDS ETC. - annual reminder

Although we have a certain amount of record keeping going on it is down to individuals to keep an eye on how many r\*ns they've done and claim their rewards, as the sheets can often be missed, illegible or in a combination of names! Ever more elaborate tankards are issued for 100, 250 and 500 r\*n milestones and hip replacements flasks for a 1000+. Usual method is to let Don, Phil or possibly Bouncer know in advance of a hared r\*n that you wish to claim, so there's extra incentive to get your next haring on the sheet! You've paid for them after all so might as well do it!



How hashers get to the pub



#### DIARY DATES:

Surrey H3 2001st r\*n, Plumpton Agricultural College - www.surreyh3.org

16-18/08/13



#### onononononononononononononononononon

- Breaking news about Nelson Mandela... He has a new sponsorship deal from Duracell.
- At this rate Nelson Mandela will be portraying Morgan Freeman's final moments.
- The inventor of the computer mouse has died. They should have right clicked and saved him.
- "Look, I've found a bottle of Cherry Coke with your name on it." I said to my son Litre.



WHERE FUTURE HASHERS COME FROM (note the beer)...

- Just heard about Mel Smith dying.....am gutted used to love the fresh prince of bel air!
- Papiss Cissé fined for refusing to wear shirt showing Newcastle club sponsor Wonga. Initial fine of £5,000, rising to £47,987,654,334 if he hasn't paid by Friday.

# 



- I've watched every day of Wimbledon so far. Still not seen a Womble.
- After all this time Andy Murray has done it! He's proved a Scottish man in shorts can stand in the sun for 4 hours without getting sunburned.
- Just got back from my mate's funeral. He died after being hit on the head with a tennis ball. It was a lovely service.

#### onononononononononononononononononon

- I don't agree with all this fighting in Helmand. Let them keep their bloody mayonnaise.
- Facebook is a lot like ancient Egypt: people writing on walls and worshipping cats
- Say what you like about Egypt... No seriously, they don't have the internet, they won't find out.
- I was speaking to a man from Syria today and he said, "In my country, bear fighting is the most popular sport." "That's revolting." I replied. "No, that's our second most popular."
- Egypt Rioting in the streets to overthrow evil dictatorship. Libya Rioting in the streets to overthrow evil dictatorship. Syria Rioting in the streets to overthrow evil dictatorship. Bristol Rioting in the streets to stop them opening a new Tesco.
- My wife and I were having a little argument about what had happened during our recent holiday to Egypt. I protested that I never went swimming. She said I was in denial. It was just like that time in Paris. I said I didn't go in the river then either. She said I was insane.

# 

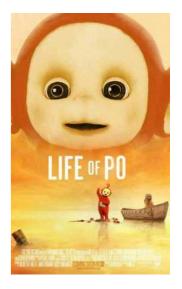
- Still no news of the royal baby. It looks like it's being delivered by Royal Mail.
- Who'd have thought the Queen and I would have something in common? It turns out that she doesn't mind if the royal baby is a boy or a girl. I couldn't give a rat's ass either.
- BREAKING NEWS: The Duchess of Cambridge has gone into labour. She was admitted to hospital this morning. Seems a bit extreme putting someone in hospital for their political views.
- Security dramas at Kensington Palace as small person is forced out of the Royal Box.
- The biggest joke today is; Kate and Will get a 21 room council house with just one brat!
- Royal baby brings back bad memories for me. Last time I was 3rd in line for the throne I crapped myself in Wetherspoons



# REHASHING — check out the website or facebook for the actual r\*n routes!

#### #1829 Black Horse, Findon

The comment was made in the pub that we thought we'd had Mailbog removed 3 months ago, but as Abu Qatada had entered Jordan he decided to sneak back in undercover as he quite fancied sh@gging her too. As this was the only date Mali could make on this visit, the rest being too far east ale trail pubs, he had offered to hare but Young Les got there first. Plan B then was to set up a sip stop en-route, and we were all geared up for it when Les arrived at the start to reveal that he had arranged one. B\*gger it we thought, let's hijack trail and stick one in anyway. A clever little loop at the start brought pack back to within yards of the pub (just the other side of the highly dangerous A24 so no-one was likely to attempt an early bath), before looping off towards Long Furlong. Trail then turned south-east following clear field-edge paths with good views, before dropping into the houses and down to Chez Les for a very nice beer stop with veggie or sausage rolls. The original route was then a 2 mile slog across the gallops home, but Malibogs Wimbledon sip broke that up for a doubtful little climb returning on the angle. Attempts to set up a net were unsuccessful but most made it for the Barley water (was that gin instead of water?) or Pimms, despite the protestations of the hare. Despite the



deviation we were back in the bar by just after 9, where hare was clearly not happy, promising threatening to nominate his down down, but when it came he enjoyed it, along with Malibog as rogue hare, so I had to persuade co-hare Guy to give up his beer as my punishment! Further DD's went to Just Giles visiting from Geneva H3, and virgin Jon; then Brent for a lurking story from Malibogs last visit. Having put him up overnight it was KIU's duty to ensure he left the country by depositing him with Gatwick airport security, but despite doing this drive daily, he managed to miss the M23 turn-off! In a rare balanced diet down down of a half in either hand, Brent also received for his comment when Matthew took a nasty tumble. As all were concern for DP, KIU cared only for the horn. Finally, PP was all expectation when I started commenting on a (non-hash) racing rivalry, but this was about Lily the Pink and Sarah who finally bested Tim at the Steyning Roundhill Romp, and thus she became "Hamstring", because once you pull her your runnings f\*cked! Another great hash!

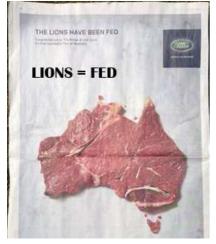
#### #1830 Royal Oak, Barcombe

What a great evening to be trouncing around the Sussex countryside, on a warm summers evening, hearing Mathew's 'bent horn', a quiet Max (as being pulled along by Easy Rider), with a sprinkling of assorted walkers, good company & a hearty welcome at the pub. Well done Peter Beard. **Pondweed** 

There was a field of cows (or possibly bullocks - depending on version you hear) that took unkindly to Max. Pat was in charge and was a little aprehensive. Pirate told her to let Max off the lead and he (Max) would beat the cows to the fence. However one got very close to making it a Pamplona Hash - and Pirate had to throw a branch over the fence to encorage Max to run in the right direction just in time to avoid the charging beast. Fast things these cows when riled. Whose Shout? DD's to hares, newcomer (uncertain), Charlie setting off car alarm twice & birthday, Hugh's dog taking on the cattle.

# #1831 Red Lion, Shoreham

We were greeted by a rather sweaty Prince Crashpian, despite Angel claiming to have seen marks the day before, but in the words of wisdom he announced a sip as his excuse. He also announced a water stop which we ignored wholeheartedly! Then it was off across the Royal Bridge to trip along the slabs by the airport to a hold check at the rec. The usual trees and dog sanctuary led to the roundabout where a large pack decided on houseboats, while others tried the Beach. On was along the Brighton Road, cutting through to West Way before popping back out for a trespass through Golden Sands mobile home park. Despite the large WELCOME sign, we were challenged by a resident but hare dealt with him magnificently, claiming we were visiting Pete in the end home, while the rest of us took flight for the cycle path. A little tease of the sea bore no fruit, as Trikerider whizzed by on her racer, but the bloke with the megaphone doing a running commentary of us from the far side of the Widewater was amusing! And then came the water stop, a dip in the ocean, with a surprising amount of bottlers despite the heat, although Angels concerns about chafing may be the answer! As old Young Les measured his height on a sleeping policeman, hounds were starting to wonder if the hare knew about the footbridge closure when we found ourselves with a very enjoyable



sip courtesy of Mark & Sharon Halls at the shuttle. Unless you were Brett, who decided on a solo tour of the whole of the Beach. While the pack merrily sang "the Wheels on the Bus", Scott and Adrian (who but...) decided to r\*n back, which turned out to be the quicker option but the sit down was nice! Pie and a pint is always popular on a Monday so the pack found itself spread across the various bars and gardens, so some notables missed the circle. Trevor nominated his co-hare hairless Malc, which meant a pint, despatched professionally. With Adrian under orders to take mummy home, Scott was left to take the beer for both, until someone shopped Anne for also r\*nning back, so the short-cutters beer was shared. Psychlepath was up for Royal Baby watching, carrying his phone on the r\*n in case he had to bale out to greet his own new grandchild. In the same batch was Pip, who has reminded a member of the RA team for the last 5 weeks that she still hasn't received her virgin beer, then mentioned that she doesn't drink the stuff! And finally, Andy Murray lookalike, guest, first timer and Dutch visitor, courtesy of Hash Gomi, received to wrap it up as if he was born to the down down! Another great hash...

# REHASHING the CRAFT:

CRAFT #60 Friends of the Mole 25<sup>th</sup> birthday - Whitstable Somehow I missed the Who's Cumming page of the FOTM 25<sup>th</sup>, which apparently was put out very late in the day, otherwise I would have realised that we had a pretty full house of CRAFT regulars in attendance. Arriving late after a gruelling 3 hour drive we wasted no time getting stuck into the pre-hash grub, where Testiculator and Ging Gang advised that we had way in excess of the CRAFT quorum to make this a numbered r\*n, wa\*k, p!ss-up. In the end key members Angel, Cyst Pit & Radio Soap all stayed back at camp minding the kids, whilst I attempted to catch up with the pack (who'd set off over half an hour earlier by train) by running



the 2 miles into town. Luckily the route I'd picked didn't pass any pubs on the way and I soon found myself tucking into the Master Brew in #1 the Coach & Horses, and talking a large amount of nonsense with our Eastbourne contingent of Black Stockings, Red Slapper and the Falling Madonna. With a schedule of 8 pubs and the late start of 9pm I was on a mission so followed Testie and G3 when they moved on to #2 Ship Centurion, past probably the most interesting looking Wetherspoons I've ever seen, converted cinema the Peter Cushing, enabling me to bore them with the time Boris Karloff bought me a beer. At #2, busy inside, pack had spilled on to the pavement, and the craft regulars were defined by the tankards. KIU led us confidently on to #3 The Smack which we missed due to a sneaky alley, and later found out it was the pub of the night! We should have guessed as his pub crawl later seemed to consist of 5,4,2,4,6. Testie was not to be moved though so in #4 Royal Naval Reserve we stayed. Nice pub with Bombardier and wonderfully eccentric landlady and were soon joined by Daffy & Little Bear to complete the CRAFT hardcore. Wandering on Testie and myself were first to the #5 Duke of Cumberland, which had Bouncers (no relation) on the door, a very young clientele and loud pumping bass muzak. With a limited beer choice we only lasted a minute or two at the bar before deciding to move on to #6 the Prince Albert, which turned out to be similar but on a smaller scale. Joined by KIU Wildbush & G3, it was only a few moments later that Brent was seen to rush out of the pub in hot pursuit of 3 lovelies. The gent in him was returning a veil that the bride had dropped! #7 the Pearsons Arms was a definite return to form, an excellent pub full of hashers who informed us that #5 had got good with a Cuban band, typical! With us all holding our tankards it was a puzzle as to whose was on the mantelpiece, until it was revealed to be nailed down. When a local asked how he could get a tankard I explained that there was one in every pub and one day it would call to you. Pointing out the nailed down one I said "that could be it, but remember it will only go to its rightful owner". Failing to lift it he said, "you're a prick", but at least he was laughing! We refilled our mugs for the stroll to #8 the Old Neptune, but sadly missed the cut as they'd stopped serving. Once again the pub was acclaimed, but just to rub salt in, the hares decided to head back to the Smack which had later opening, while we divided to walk or cab back to site. Another great CRAFT, nevertheless! On on, Bouncer 

# CRAFT #61 - 5th year anniversary camp out, Laughing Fish, Isfield

With the ale trail in mind, it seemed a good idea to make this years camp out in the Lewes area so that we could get into town and grab a few stamps in the evening. With a majority happy to go for  $20^{th}$  July, the first challenge was the lack of camp sites within easy reach of the town, but discovering that Mumford & Sons were due to play a festival near the sports centre that weekend meant that what camping there was had already been grabbed. At Charlies suggestion I had a word with the landlord at the Laughing Fish, and discovered that although the grassy field beyond the pub car park was owned by a farmer, the village were buying it. For some reason he decided that we wouldn't be any trouble and allowed us to pitch up, although we weren't allowed barbecues.



I decided to stick vaguely to last years successful formula of an afternoon country pub crawl r\*n, followed by a town stroll round more pubs, and end up in the Fish for some sort of fun & games. As last year there was a healthy interest from Hastings and Henfield hashes with Cliffbanger, Bushsquatter and Poo Sticks all set up when I arrived. Soon to follow were Keeps It Up and Wildbush; Bollocks & Split Pin; Red Slapper; Spingo, Chunderous (sans tent poles!) and Groin Biter; and Dave & Katie Risby. Although r\*n start was scheduled for 1pm, we were held against our will in #0 the Laughing Fish (as if!) as Katie realised it was a point-to-point so, wanting to get away early, decided to drop her car in Lewes. Dave was back too soon though, so after a welcoming circle in which I invited the pack to get all the insults out of the way early, off they went for a short jaunt through to pub #1 Halfway House. Greeted by a hog roast on the terrace and with the weather being kind, we could very easily have been tempted to stay there for the duration, but I had a schedule so bundling the walkers into the car for a short-cut, we headed off to #2 the Green Man in Ringmer, while the r\*nners took all variety of routes to the pub after a trespass through Plashetts Wood (I honestly didn't see the sign when setting so took it as access land!). Groin Biter took enormous pleasure over Spingos mangling of the sexes with regard to a pet pigeon called Sally, and I actually think her OTT laughter was funnier than what set her off! With tankards filled it was time to abandon the car and stroll-on the short distance to our first ale trail pub #3 the Anchor. As Red Slapper chatted up old flames, er contacts, we had a very amusing time in the garden, before heading

off out the back of the village to the Glynde wind turbine for, you guessed it, a beer stop! KIU had been pre-armed with the info so all was set-up by the time the walkers got there and the r\*nners had managed to resist scoffing all the samosas. From here it was a very pleasant stroll over the downs and golf course to Lewes and #4 the Snowdrop, where we found Anne & Bob Witney waiting. It may have been before but possibly also after this pub that the chip shop was raided, but events were definitely getting blurred by now thanks to the bottle of cider left over from the sip that had sustained us on top. In #5 the Gardners Arms, the girls decided that real cider was a bit potent so that was decanted for later purposes, and off we went to #6the John Harvey Tavern, to while away



a bit of time outside before it got too cold. At some stage the Hastings contingent took the bus option back with their freebie passes, but the rest of us were looking forward to lifts from Angel, who duly arrived whilst we were in #7 the Rights of Man, and Lost Box and Butler de Bastard who appeared during #8 the Lewes Arms.

You might have thought that was enough for one day but we pretty well fell straight through the pub door when we got back to the site, which was lucky as they weren't far off stopping serving grub so most of us ordered meals. Whiling away the evening in silly hats involved various silly games including the Toad in the Hole championships in which Red Slapper proved dominant and perhaps the stupidest quiz ever. Having promised a quiz I did actually have a number of questions ready so decided to go for the informal approach but only got as far as Who...? when I was hit by a torrent of abuse, which was strange as no-one had a bad word to say earlier. So I left the question hanging in the air and just pointed at the best answers! Other questions followed thick and fast on the same lines - What?; Where?; When?; Why?; How?; and the tiebreaker, Which? Very late arrivals Pirate and Soggy Crack decided that it was up to them to provide entertain-

ment and came up with a very enjoyable 'not for the sober' game of which I can only remember Das Ist Gut! At some stage the girls headed off to serenade the village with their unique interpretation of Bohemian Rhapsody while the GM KIU took a stroll to sober up and woke up lost!

Somehow we all made it to morning where the communal barbecue of 2012 became a communal breakfast with much bacon, eggs, spuds and mushrooms being washed down by many cups of tea, and the more astute noticed that Bouncers car had returned (Angel having scarpered early gave me a lift round!). At some stage my tankard, which I hadn't realised had gone, also reappeared having been utilised as the Gents all night. And I called you friends! As Bollocks pored over



maps to work out the hangover trail, this year courtesy of Henfield H3, more lightweights made their excuses with the late arrivals Pirate & SC biking off into the sunrise, while Spingo went for the beach. Fascinated by the Sergeant Pepper style cut out, Isfield's Forever, and the Yellow Submarine raft GB and Chunders also decided to bale out to watch our host Steve in the Lewes raft race! No worry as our numbers were soon swelled by the arrival of King & Queenfisher, plus Tosser, Thumper and Dave the dog (aka Bouncer - long story, but on Henfield Hash I am known as Dave). Bollocks and SP had set off some time earlier to set trail so we were left to our own devices to find the route with few able to manage much r\*nning due to the heat. Yes that's it, the heat. No hangovers here, oh no no no no no. Extreme cunning by the hares had us almost to the sip at the Anchor, Barcombe when trail was found along the disused railway. At the check we should have picked up trail just over the fence parallel with the railway back the way we'd just come, but this being the hash we missed it to incur the wrath of the farmer who is apparently going to track us down one-by-one and set his cattle loose in our back gardens. Finally arriving at the Anchor, the hares were having a good old chortle which was short-lived when they saw the queue, and I mean, queue for the bar! We managed to get some water which we necked in the hope that some hops would soon follow but opted for the short return to base for yet more beer at the Fish, where we found Wildbush, Butler & Box whom KIU and Bollocks were meanwhile out looking for on a longer return reversing the walkers



trail. Receiving a call from Shirtlifter and Half Pint, the GM baled out before the down downs, headed for the Cock to pick up his ale trail stamp, found the queue as bad as the Anchor and reappeared just in time to receive a down down for leaving a hash to meet hashers! Well to be fair there were copious excuses before that including hares; a drink off to decide king of tossers between Red Slapper and Tosser; and Lost Box and Butler for SCB'ing the SCB route. From an original idea by Red Slapper, who'd been grilling Dave on the run (Risby not the dog, or even the aka!), there then came a naming. After failing to get anything solid on him she asked him directly if he'd done anything worthy, to which he'd responded "I try to keep my nose clean". You have no idea how many great

suggestions there were, but he ended up as the Bogeyman, and was consequently subjected to beer and flour whilst necking a pint. Wildbush then got beer for getting LB & BtB in trouble, returning to the pub when they heard our calling on the railway track, even though we were still on the outward leg. Kingfisher & Bollocks then attempted to ensure that everyone got beer for something or other, including me having to drink from the dog bowl, for losing all sorts of stuff! Eventually we ran out of beer so took the sensible option of packing up and going home after another great CRAFT camp out weekend! For the record, thanks for the safe return of my tankard and shirt, I did get my bag back from the pub, and the pasta was in the fridge at home, but the pole for the gazebo remains lost! On on, Bouncer x

# For Grahame - a change from down downs, up ups!

UP - This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is 'UP.' It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv], [prep], [adj], [n] or [v]. It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP? At a meeting, why does a topic come UP? Why do we speak UP, and why are the officers UP for election (if there is a tie, it is a toss UP) and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report? We call UP our friends, brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and fix UP the old car. At other times, this little word has real special meaning. People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed UP is special.. And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is blocked UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night. We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP! To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look UP the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions. If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with (UP to) a hundred or more. When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing UP. When it rains, the earth soaks it UP. When it does not rain for awhile, things dry UP. One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now ... My time is UP. Don't mess UP. Send this on to everyone you look UP in your address book .... Or not .... it's UP to you. Now I'll shut UP!

# Conversation between God and St. Francis, so true:

GOD: Frank, you know all about gardens and nature. What in the world is going on down there on the planet? What happened to the dandelions, violets, milkweeds and stuff I started eons ago? I had a perfect no-maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long-lasting blossoms attracts butterflies, honey bees and flocks of songbirds. I expected to see a vast garden of colours by now. But, all I see are these green rectangles.

**St. FRANCIS:** It's the tribes that settled there, Lord. The Suburbanites. They started calling your flowers 'weeds' and went to great lengths to kill them and replace them with grass.

**GOD:** Grass? But, it's so boring. It's not colourful. It doesn't attract butterflies, birds and bees; only grubs and sod worms. It's sensitive to temperatures. Do these Suburbanites really want all that grass growing there?

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently so, Lord. They go to great pains to grow it and keep it green. They begin each spring by fertilizing grass and poisoning any other plant that crops up in the lawn.

GOD: The spring rains and warm weather probably make grass grow really fast. That must make the Suburbanites happy.

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently not, Lord. As soon as it grows a little, they cut it-sometimes twice a week.

GOD: They cut it? Do they then bale it like hay?

ST. FRANCIS: Not exactly, Lord. Most of them rake it up and put it in bags.

GOD: They bag it? Why? Is it a cash crop? Do they sell it?

ST. FRANCIS: No, Sir, the opposite. They pay to throw it away

GOD: Now, let me get this straight. They fertilize grass so it will grow. And, when it does grow, they cut it off and pay to throw it away? ST. FRANCIS: Yes, Sir.

**GOD:** These Suburbanites must be relieved in the summer when we cut back on the rain and turn up the heat. That surely slows the growth and saves them a lot of work.

ST. FRANCIS: You aren't going to believe this, Lord. When

the grass stops growing so fast, they drag out hoses and pay more money to water it, so they can continue to mow it and pay to get rid of it.

GOD: What nonsense. At least they kept some of the trees. That was a sheer stroke of genius, if I do say so myself. The trees



grow leaves in the spring to provide beauty and shade in the summer. In the autumn, they fall to the ground and form a natural blanket to keep moisture in the soil and protect the trees and bushes. It's a natural cycle of life.

ST. FRANCIS: You better sit down, Lord. The Suburbanites have drawn a new circle. As soon as the leaves fall, they rake them into great piles and pay to have them hauled away.

GOD: No! What do they do to protect the shrub and tree roots in the winter and to keep the soil moist and loose?

ST. FRANCIS: After throwing away the leaves, they go out and buy something they call mulch. They haul it home and spread it around in place of the leaves.

GOD: And where do they get this mulch?

ST. FRANCIS: They cut down trees and grind them up to make the mulch.

GOD: Enough! I don't want to think about this anymore. St. Catherine, you're in charge of the arts. What movie have you scheduled for us tonight?

ST. CATHERINE: 'Dumb and Dumber', Lord. It's a story about....

GOD: Never mind, I think I just heard the whole story from St. Francis.



# Only in Scotland...







WELCOME

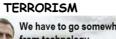








**HEALTH & SAFETY** 



TRANSPORT







PROTESTING

**ESCAPISM** 

**HEADPHONES** 

Man dressed as penguin receives more votes than the Liberal **Democrats** 







**POLITICS** SIGN MAKERS

GLOBAL WARMING



# This month's ramblings from SPOOJ:

I'm not saying that my wife is ugly. But when she boarded the bus in Mumbai, the rapists got off.

NEWS HEADLINE 'Man critical after Smash'. Not surprised, that mashed potato stuff tastes like shit.

I came home from the pub last night a bit pissed and I smelt a delicious meal cooking in the kitchen. It was then I realised I'd walked into the wrong house.

I went to see a friend yesterday. I said to her "why have you got currants in your hair?" She said "it's ok I have just put it up in a bun" I want to know why firemen keep harvesting my cat tree

I thought opening a door for a lady was the polite thing to do, but she just screamed and flew out of the plane.

A ginger guy set up his own social networking business. It's a limited company.

It wasn't easy growing up in an Irish family. When oi was just a lad, three of our beloved family pets died. Of alcoholism. What's 8'6" tall, 4' wide and built like a brick shithouse? My outside bog.



There's just so much shit on the telly these days. I seriously need to get a cage for this parrot.

I'm a proud, upstanding member of the 'double entendre appreciation society'. A man was hospitalized after shoving 6 plastic horses up his ass... His condition was described as "stable"

I asked David Cameron to wash my car, and he refused. Sometimes I think politicians forget who they actually work for.

The Doctor gave a man six months to live. The man couldn't pay his bill, so the doctor gave him another six months.

Rene Descartes sits down at a restaurant and the waitress asks him, "Some soup, monsieur?" To which he responds, "I think not." Poof!

I took my Grandad to a posh restaurant today. I got a few funny looks when I

plonked his urn on the table.

I'm quite sore after last

night's curry. I told my wife and she said 'ring sting?'. Anyway, I called him. He wasn't remotely interested.

As the weather has finally turned out good, I went to the swimming pool this morning. I got chucked out after 10 min. When changing afterwards I realised the letter S on my speedos had washed out!

Man grabs his wife's bottom, 'If this was firm you wouldn't need panties.' She turns around and grabs his penis, 'and if this was firm I wouldn't need batteries.'

Of all the side effects my ADD gives me, pissing my pants has been the worst. I still have control over my bladder, but I just get bored halfway through a piss and put my cock away.

I wish these two tailors would get on with their fight. They've been sizing each other up for hours.

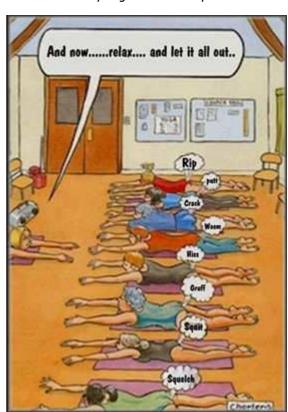
Just saw a dyslexic yorkshire man wearing a cat flap

My favourite phrase from Yorkshire would have to be 'Tin tin tin', Which literally translates as; 'It isn't in the tin'.

Yorkshireman: "Ayup, lad, I need to talk to thee about me cat." Vet: "Is it a tom?" Yorkshireman: "Nay, I've browt it wi' us."

My dog was having a run in the park when this guy said to me, "Whippet?" "No, " I replied, "it's fast as enough as it is."

I watched my first porn film last night. I looked so young back then.



Picnic Supplies