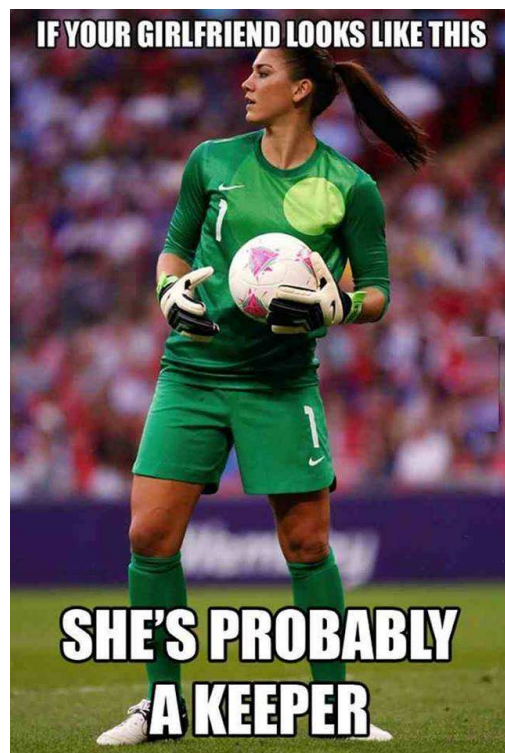




*R-ns/trash #205 June 2014*



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

**DIARY DATES:**

07/06/14	South Downs Way 100 mile relay. Any on-the-day support out on course much appreciated!
20/06/14	Burgess Hill Runners Friday pub run hash - Royal Oak, Newick. Bogeyman and Twinkle.
27-29/06/14	City H3 25 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary Worthing RFC. <b>See page 5 for more info!</b>
05-06/07/14	CRAFT CAMPOUT #4 - Maynards Camping Park, Crossbush, Arundel Call 01903 882075 to book.
12/07/14	Charlie 'St. Bernard' Cain is having a party at his place. Speak to Charlie for more details.
29/10/14	Eastbourne Walking Festival hash - Black Stockings and Red Slapper.

on

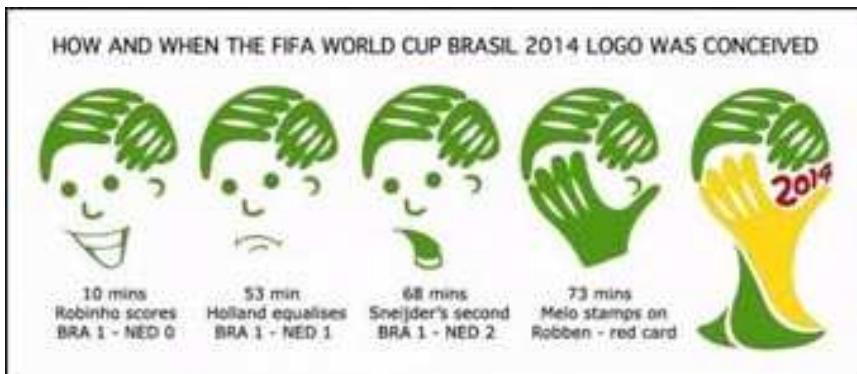
I am going to Paris to run La Grande Classique, on the 28<sup>th</sup> September, and I expect to run with Paris Hash the Saturday before. They run in town every fortnight, so that's good.

<http://www.parisversailles.com/lgc.php?lang=en>

This is a great run 10 miles from the Eiffel tower to Versailles, with roads closed, 25,000 runners and international names.

Don't know if anyone else would like to do it too?

## On on, John Jaws

[illegible]

**EuroHash 2015 17.-19 July 2015** visit: <http://www.eurohash.org/> for more information. Unfortunately not in a format I can easily copy and paste to here!

[illegible]

Oxford Hash House Harriers are hosting the 18th UK Nash Hash over the Summer Bank Holiday weekend, Friday 28 to Monday 31 August 2015. Oxford Hash House Harriers were established on 6 October 1999 and have been running continuously every Wednesday since.

Oxford is the city of dreaming spires. It is a city of magnificence and majesty. Its streets are not paved with gold but are lined with the rich tapestry of its history and architecture, Washed with the wealth of knowledge, culture, endeavour and literature that has passed down them.

## REGISTRATION FORMS NOW AVAILABLE

***Great to see so many Brighton hashers already registered! If you haven't tried Nash Hash before, it's a great opportunity to meet other hashers and find out how they do things!***

[illegible]

**nb:** Scotland will not be represented at the World Cup as they have voted to hold a separate competition.





***This months page three bird is the artist formerly known as Tim the Tranny! Huge congratulations to Tim and fellow runners for completing the London to Brighton run! Well worth some sponsorship:  
[www.justgiving.com/timwjones](http://www.justgiving.com/timwjones)***

The moment we realised we had gone off course early on and added 10 extra miles was pretty hard. Finished running 72 miles just as it got dark. Very painful! Thanks so much for all the sponsorship so far, it's what kept me going. Anyone that doubted I'd finish, now's the time to dig deep. And anyone that sponsored per km, I did 117km not 100km!

**Lily the Pink**

***From Tims brother Dom:***

To all those who supported our efforts on The London 2 Brighton Challenge, a huge thank you - we couldn't have done it without you.

We ran 100km in 13hrs 18mins, this however included a 10 mile detour from the official route (after which we HILARIOUSLY realised that we had been following some similar looking arrows for a completely different race). We finished the route in 15hrs 45mins having run a total of 117km; I wouldn't have got near completing it without the true grit, good humour and general party vibes of Tim Clovin and Simon Bailey.

To our pit crew on the day and all the team from Action Challenge manning the rest stops - your encouragement was unbelievable, deeply in your debt.

[illegible]

With fans like this, it's clear why Brazil & Argentina are favourites!



And something for the girls - a 1-pack vs. 6 pack:



***If I wanted to watch someone struggling to score for 90 minutes, I'd to go the pub with my mates...***



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

**1872 Preston Park, Brighton** With Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger in the chair signs were ominous from the start, and the close proximity of the previous weeks run gave us a pretty good idea of where the start might go. And it did. Straight up the Drove, crampons not included! After a quick right at the top, every check continued the same way, straight up Dyke Road to the roundabout at the top, shedding bodies left, right and centre with hounds joining the walkers, choosing their own slightly more interesting routes, or even aborting for home. Finally with a bit of grass under our feet we continued along the lads marathon training route towards Devils Dyke, with Prof chomping at the bit! PS gave us a short-cut here sending us down to the golf club. Having got us out into the country we then ran down the metallated old railway line despite the options. Another brief spell of grass followed, the arse end of Hangleton, and Goldstone Crescent to Hove Park. Return to the pub was straight up Droveaway and back down the Drove, apart from those who decided to use the station tunnel. Wiggy's call for a pond finish for the tarmac twins might've been fair but with Adrians mum Elaine there, and the pub just happening to have taster paddles made the prospect of corporal punishment just too much to resist, so Trikerider and Angel gave them a good spanking. They then had to chug all three 1/3<sup>rd</sup> pint tasters each for haring, then PP for asking Lily the Pink what the longest hash he could get away with would be, and for commenting that he's often run further than 6 miles on a hash night! PS deserved his extras for blaming PP, and for leaving all but the front runners in the dark in Hove Park by not actually putting any marks down! Elsewhere SCB awards went to Sno'balls for joining the walkers, and Prince Crashpian for his "I'm going this way" variation, and long-cutter awards to Prof as the only one to complete the whole trail, and Bouncer for following LTP under the railway, only for LTP to slip off home. Another great hash!

**1873 Laughing Fish, Isfield** Originally booked by Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy to celebrate their ##<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, events inevitably overtook things and they had to offer it out. Which made it an ideal opportunity for virgin hare **Just Michael** to set trail so **Bosom Boy** was seconded to help. Heavy rain did little to disrupt marks but Rich needed the dribble dropper for other reasons as we followed a trail described by St. Bernard as a double lollipop, having had a sneak peek at the walkers map. A short road jaunt and we were into countryside for the first loop bringing us to the top of the village before heading out to cross the river. Running along the western bank there was a moment when Wiggy yelling at us from the other bank had us wondering if we should cross, but no, he was off-piste and never did make it back! A charge through the woods brought us into the 2<sup>nd</sup> loop which was reet confusing as we headed away from the pub. Crossing trail again we found Bosom Boys fresh dust to take us through the 3<sup>rd</sup> loop to re-cross the river at the same stage (if only Wiggy had waited there!) in the middle of a very long check-free on inn. In the pub hares were downed before a 'dedication to the cause' themed circle. **Young Les** had somehow picked up that it was Berwick Inn this week but finding no-one there headed for Giants Rest. Eventually set right by the wife he arrived just too late to run so joined in the walkers trail. After 3 pubs though he was obviously too pissed to stick around for the circle so had already gone! Dedication part deux was **Who's Shout** for weekly braving the walkers trail after picking up an injury playing football with a small grandchild. **Pondweed** may seem dedicated with his marathon targets but sold his entry to the Bawl run to Lily the Pink ostensibly to chase the Seagulls. Of course he gave some old flannel about his nan's birthday but as he's had 90 years to stick the date in his diary, case was dismissed. Finally occasional visitor **Lickaflit** deserved a beer for scrapping every hire car he gets when in the UK, but should really have had it for all the photographs he was taking! Another great hash!

**1874 Berwick Inn** Bank Holidays are funny things, very often resulting in a small pack as family take over, but **Airman** & **Pompette** managed to pull quite a crowd, given that this was also a distance for many. Or maybe it was the leftover beer from the post-relay bash being distributed by **Keeps It Up** in the car park beforehand? Lots of visitors lined up for Chris' words of wisdom including guests from Hastings H3, London H3 and even **Bagman** from EGH3!



It took the pack a matter of seconds to go the wrong way to Bob's annoyance as they missed the footpath beside the unit, but soon back on track to head along parts of the Vanguard Way we'd missed on Saturday. The pre-warned holes had **Anybody** being all hip and mentioning they weren't the biological parts referred to in Courtney Love's band name. Even retired GP's can surprise! With the rather well-fed **Testiculator** being a light weight it was down to **Bouncer** to buck the trend and head down the path with the stingers and take the brunt of the formicacidation, but as pack caught up he was seen wallowing around at the far-end of a dried muddy field, insisting he was on while Pompette led pack the quicker route. And so we wandered on, frequently, like the bemused sheep we stumbled on hiding beneath a horse, following anyone who would take the initiative, adding loads of extra distance, until Airman appeared to again yell at us for being off-trail. Taking that as a hint the sip may be near meant **PP & PS** burst into sprint mode. Not before we got lost again though did we find the long-absent **Dave & Jenny Taylor** dishing out the beer, from which it was a short saunter back for a well-timed end. A potentially nice pub was



on

*Brighton to New Zealand...*

*'Anybody Seen' Mike Cockcroft is receiving regular updates apart from the blog for anyone who wishes more information on Suzy & Dino's adventures.*



### A break from the bikes!

**oo**

City Hash is 25 years old this year and we are holding a Jubilee celebration weekend at Worthing Rugby Club on 27-29th June. We are generally fit, youthful and good looking, myself and a few other longer-in-the-tooth hashers apart, and we all like to party. We would love for other hashes to join us to celebrate, and to introduce some of our younger members to other hash traditions.

The cost for the entire weekend is £75 per person. The outline programme is set out below. But as you live close by then why not bring a group down and join us for just for the Saturday or Sunday hash, circle and on-on-on, which will cost you just £20. This includes pre-dinner cocktails on Saturday, because it is my birthday, and a fantastic Hog Roast on Saturday evening, followed by CRAFT H3 pub crawl/treasure hunt. On Sunday, the trail starts a little later and will end with a BBQ party, possibly on the beach.

If people want to stay the weekend, they can register via the City Away Weekend on Facebook or contact any committee member via [www.Cityhash.org.uk](http://www.Cityhash.org.uk)

If anyone wants to make a day of it, please let me have names and numbers asap.

Thanks and hope to see you there!

On on

Mouthwash GM, City Hash

## THE PROGRAMME:

## Friday

1200+ set-up camp  
1700-1930 registration at site  
1930 Silver Dress Party  
2100 Fish Supper  
1230 Late night hash bar & nibbles

## Saturday

0900-1000 Breakfast in clubhouse

1000-1100 registration open  
1130 circle up (including day visitors)  
for hash CH3 #1367  
1400 Circle, lunch  
1500-1700 Hash games and bar  
1630-1800 GM's Cocktail party  
1730 Hog Roast Buffet  
1900 CRAFT H3 Treasure hunt PAYG

## Sunday

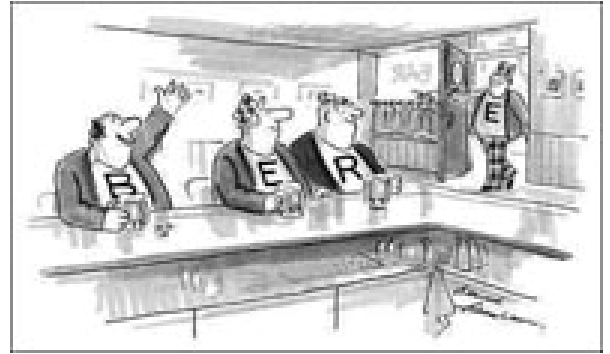
0900-1030 Breakfast in clubhouse  
1130-1200 Sunday day registration  
1200 circle up (including day visitors)  
for CH3 hash #1368  
1330 Circle and BBQ (off-site weather  
permitting)  
1500 Event close but party on!



## REHASHING the CRAFT & relay

**Horsham - Ging Gang Goolie and Testiculator.** Apart from the known start from the Station, very much a convenience stop, I'm not going to tell you where this trail went and with good reason! Several expected Crafties found themselves unable to make it at short notice for various reasons good bad and indifferent, meaning that for much of the night it was just me and the hares. Still we had a cracking time in pubs 2 and 3 before eating at and being joined by Angel for pub 4 and wandering on to pub 5, and very possibly 6. Memory by this time had been turned off by the combination of alcohol and the hares decision to re-run (sic!) the crawl in the future. Another great Craft, and your loss, so diary it as soon as we know when it will recur!

**Bouncer**



*HASH ROUND SUSSEX RELAY #3*

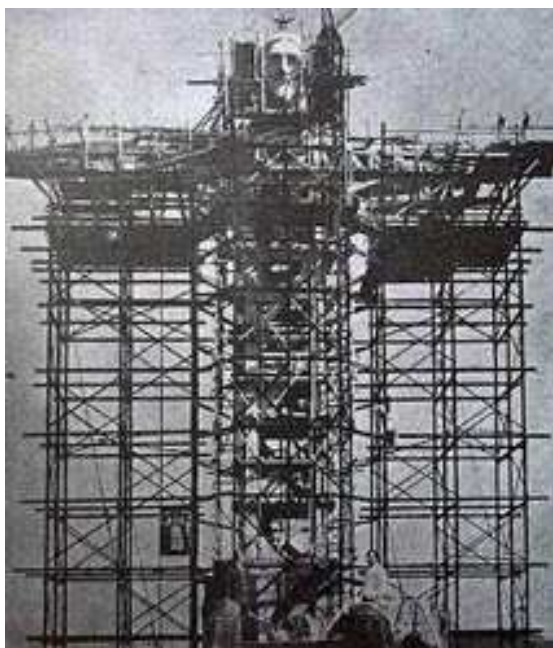
With our annual South Downs Way relay being so familiar it was easy to think this years decennial round Sussex relay to raise funds for Lorna Elwick would be a similar breeze! A year in the planning is not unfortunately how this went, nor did we refer to either of the two previous events from 1994 or 2004, notes for which are probably locked away with the planning permission to destroy planet Earth and make way for a new intergalactic super highway in a filing cabinet in the basement of Bureaucracy towers. Still, on paper, said being various OS maps of the area, Saddleshafts plans to wander round Le Grand Randonees of the Sussex border path, Vanguard Way, Weald Way, Cuckoo Trail and South Downs Way seemed pretty sound. And so, in confident mood we gathered at chez Pete's where bacon butties, fried eggs and other comestibles were on offer to be washed down with teaze and coffeez, thanks to Marion. Relaxing into our role as benevolent guests it was 8.10 before the anchor squad of Don, Pete and Anne set off, the former 2 strolling and the latter not sure of the way to Wivelsfield Green so having to take a relaxed start also! At the changeover, executive decision maker extraordinaire Phil decided to set Keeps It Up and Hash Gomi off early to catch up, while others were trying to extort car park fees from the footballers arriving. Continuing the catch up theme, and with still no sign of the 1<sup>st</sup> stage runners(?) Prince Crashpian and Psychlepath were ferried up to the next changeover and launched early. Bouncer then headed on to the Sloop as it was only a short stage, only to get a call from KIU asking where everyone was so had to return to pick him up. No sign of Gomi though, it later transpiring that he was the 2<sup>nd</sup> person to get lost (yes, Anne had wandered on stage 1), and had doubts when he did find the pub not realising that the Farmers had changed it's name! Luckily Trevor and Rik successfully negotiated their stage so Cardinal, Max and Bouncer set off determined not to suffer similar fate. All was going so well until the Sussex Border Path signs went on longer than expected before vanishing completely. After sticking a loop in though Bouncer found Hugh had made the same mistake and the pair were briefly together before the latter successfully worked out where they'd gone wrong and backtracked to Horsted Keynes while the former twisted the scenery to fit the map to head off across Ashdown forest, eventually being picked up by, of all things, the other team. With KIU on foot and Pompette and Airman on a longer road route by tandem things were starting to get moving and we weren't too far behind schedule. This time KIU found a bridge missing and was also challenged by misdirecting locals, to trail in after Prof and Bouncer had set off for Blackboys. Staying together at least they didn't get lost this time, and Dave Harris then headed out with Cardinal and Max. At Chiddingly things got a bit complicated when neither Wiggy or Lily the Pink made it to the start. So Bobs Crutch set off with Hash Gomi, shortly before we found Wiggy (who had returned from Barcelona at 5am in the morning) hiding round the corner, while Tim made some excuse about injury after smashing his parkrun time earlier on. With the inbound runners taking their time, inevitably coming from separate directions neither of which were correct, Prof found a lovely spot to scoff his lunch while the logistics of bikes were discussed and cars set off to see Saddleshaft, Wildbush and Soggy Crack pedal out from Hellingly. It should have been easy from Jevington, really it should. Back on the familiar territory of the South Downs Way Wiggy and Prof were sent on their way from the Church, the latter opting for a stage and a half recce for his SDW 100 leg, while the Bos provided all the ingredients needed to knock up some cracking sarnies. After a substantial wait it turned out the rest of the cars were in the car park below, upsetting for Dave H who'd popped home so he could give the dog a run and had missed the start. Saddleshaft managed to keep his bike together this year, while SC survived without brakes. With Airman and Pompette taking over to run this time from Prof further on, Pirate and Prince Crashpian set off from Alfriston where the arrival of Wiggy (who didn't get lost but went the wrong way) told us that Prof had long gone. No time was wasted in getting to Males Burgh, swerving Bogeymans call for a beer in Alfriston (which he successfully found in Rodmell) where Gotlost and Bouncer set off with Aunty Jo popping up in support en route. After a freshener to start, the Abergavenny Arms proving a very popular beering hole, Psychlepath and Bogeyman set off to find their way, via the Amex by all accounts, to Housedean Farm. Very much on the home straight now Prof and Pirate carried the imaginary baton to Ditchling Beacon for Angel, Aunty and Bobs Crutch to carry home through the chicken farm. Pompette and Airman set off with them but returned to find a safer route down when Bob's hip started to play up. It only remained for Phil to declare his team winners and for us to fill up on the Downland brewery beer from St. Bernard while enjoying the superb grub from Pete & Marion, and Brett & Jo, as well as Pete's signature crumble, and of course make substantial donations to the Lorna fund! For the record, Lily the Pink did actually make it when the incentive was there - beer! And it was a very great pleasure indeed to see Lorna make it and see her laughing at the tales of the day. Total raised so far is around the £470 mark, which will all go to Lorna, the club picking up the other outlay. If you would like to contribute further, then all donations will be very gratefully received by Don.



**RANDOM FOOTBALL/ WORLD CUP IMAGES:**



All that effort just so someone could post a selfie to the World:





## Hashing and Brazil

This may come as something of a surprise but, although the roots of hashing are firmly bedded in Malaya, digging a little deeper, if it wasn't for Brazil hashing may never have come about! Naturally the link is again provided by mischief making Brits abroad, and I shall elucidate shortly.

Firstly a bit of background, which as usual comes courtesy of Stu Lloyds excellent hash bible, Hare of the Dog. Early 1938 Malaya was prosperous and expanding thanks to the good prices being fetched for rubber which resulted in bodies being shipped from England to feed the boom. Mostly in Kuala Lumpur, there were said to be 30,000 Brits in the region, fulfilling industry support roles such as administration, engineers, doctors, police, technical advisers etc. These are the self-same expats responsible for the founding of the Hash House Harriers, following discussion at one of their regular lunches. Although not necessarily directly employed in the rubber industry, that was the reason they were there!

It was a French explorer called Charles Marie de La Condamine who first drew attention to the valuable properties of the Brazilian rubber tree *Hevea brasiliensis*, American inventor Charles Goodyear who in 1839 discovered vulcanization (the process of heating latex to keep it malleable), but ultimately the British who benefitted most! In the late nineteenth century a lot of Brazilians grew immensely wealthy as world demand for rubber increased. Industrious botanist Sir Joseph Hooker, director of Kew Gardens from 1865 to 1885 (who had encouraged Richard Spruce to bring seedlings of the cinchona tree from South America which were transplanted to India providing an antidote to malaria, and incidentally one of the essential ingredients of gin and tonic), in 1876 persuaded one Henry Wickham (now much reviled in Brazil) to smuggle enough seeds to germinate rubber trees at Kew. By 1900 they were successfully transplanted to Malaya where Henry 'Rubber' Ridley persuaded tea producers to raise the plant on their land. By 1908 Malaya was producing rubber at 1/5<sup>th</sup> the price of Brazil and by 1920 the country's most profitable export business had collapsed. Growth in Malaya continued as more estates switched to rubber when global coffee (previously the chief crop) prices fell.

Noel Coward put it as 'Mad Dogs and Englishmen', but Somerset Maugham's assessment of the British in the Far East was of a 'fast, hard-drinking, socially and morally second-rate set in a first class country' (inaccurate as Civil servants assigned to the Far East were hand picked from the top universities and public schools). Whatever the view, surely only the English could have come up with the hash, and you certainly can't imagine the Portuguese doing it!

If you're out there for the footie though, you can still get your fix in a select too few places:

- |   |                |                    |   |
|---|----------------|--------------------|---|
| ✓ | Brasilia H3    | Brasilia           | Every other Saturday 3pm. Occasional Thursdays.             |
| ✓ | Brazil Nuts H3 | Sao Paulo area     | 1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday 2pm <i>Currently in remission.</i> |
| ✓ | Fortaleza H3   | Northeastern coast | Variable run times  |
| ✓ | Rio de Janeiro | Rio de Janeiro     | Every Saturday 3pm. Every full moon 8pm.                    |
| ✓ | Sao Paulo H3   | Zona Sul           | 1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday 1pm                                |

[illegible]

*It's all about the hair:*

### The French squad:







## World Cup 2014: how to get drunk, flirt and apologise in Portuguese

If you're an English football fan travelling to the World Cup in Brazil, you're going to need some help. You should learn how the public transport works. You should know how much to tip waiters. You should get some sense of how drunk you can reasonably get before the police turn the water cannons on you. But most of all, you're going to need some Portuguese. Brazil's native tongue is a strange and flowery language, similar to, but distinct from Spanish, and vital to learn if you're going to get by. You could buy a phrasebook, but they tend to be too generic for everyday use. So, instead, here are 20 Portuguese phrases specific to your situation that should make your trip that much easier.

### Some useful apologies

"Sorry for making a mess of your country. I promise we'll be out of here by the semi-finals, tops."

Desculpe por fazer bagunça no seu país. Prometo estar fora daqui até as semifinais, no máximo.

"I apologise for being unable to refer to the Arena Pantanal without giggling like a four-year-old."

Me desculpe por não conseguir me referir à Arena Pantanal sem rir como uma criança de quatro anos.

"I apologise for claiming a caxirola was simply a poor man's vuvuzela."

Me desculpe por dizer que a caxirola era simplesmente uma vuvuzela de pobre.

"I'm sorry for torching your Fiat Strada, but I couldn't find any Costa Rican cars during my brief post-loss rage window."

Me desculpe por incendiar seu Fiat Strada, mas não consegui achar nenhum carro da Costa Rica durante meu breve acesso de raiva pós-derrota.

### How to ask for help

"Excuse me, your radio appears to be playing Pitbull's official World Cup song. I will require a box of matches and an axe as quickly as you are able."

Com licença. Seu rádio parece estar tocando a música oficial do Pitbull para a Copa. Vou precisar de uma caixa de fósforos e um machado o mais rápido possível.

"Wayne Rooney has been sent off again. Please give me a cushion to wail obscenities into."

Wayne Rooney foi expulso de novo. Por favor, me dê uma almofada para abafar obscenidades.

"Pardon me, can I borrow a calculator? I am an England supporter and I can't work out how many years of hurt it's been."

Me desculpe, me empresta a calculadora? Eu torço pela Inglaterra e não consigo somar há quantos anos soffo.

"Please read me one newspaper column about Brazilian football, so I can pass the whole thing off as my own opinion for the duration of the tournament."

Por favor, leia para mim uma coluna do jornal sobre o futebol brasileiro, para que eu possa passar tudo como minha própria opinião durante o torneio.

### What to say during a match

"I sure hope that trumpet guy continues to play the same two bars of The Great Escape theme again and again for the duration of this game."

Eu realmente espero que o cara da trombeta continue tocando repetidamente as mesmas duas faixas de Fugindo do Inferno até o fim do jogo.

"Allow me to wait until we have either scored or conceded a contested goal before I pass judgment on Fifa's new goal-line technology."

Deixa eu esperar até que tenhamos feito um gol, ou termos um contestado a nosso favor, para dar minha opinião sobre a nova tecnologia na linha de gol da Fifa.

"You know, as much as I appreciate watching world-class football in a glorious country full of beautiful people, I can't help but miss Clive Tyldesley's keen-eyed observations. Você sabe que por mais que eu aprecie assistir a um futebol de primeira, num país glorioso cheio de gente bonita, eu ainda sinto falta dos comentários afiados do Clive Tyldesley."

### How to go for a drink

"Give me your wateriest lager. I'm warning you, though, I don't want it to taste of anything."

Me dê sua cerveja mais aguada. Mas estou te avisando: não quero que tenha gosto de nada.

"I don't care what you give me, so long as it's enough to help me fling this patio table through that shop window."

Não me importa o que você me dê, desde que seja o suficiente para me ajudar a arremessar essa mesa naquela vitrine ali.

"What's Portuguese for Wetherspoons?"

Qual o equivalente em português para 'Wetherspoons'?

"We both know that I won't be able to pronounce 'caipirinha' properly, so it's probably better for all involved if you just give me a gin and tonic."

Nós dois sabemos que não vou conseguir pronunciar 'caipirinha' direito, então provavelmente é melhor para todos os envolvidos que você me dê simplesmente uma gin tônica.

"I am drunk and wish to commemorate this trip with a tattoo. Please hilariously misspell the Portuguese for 'Live without regrets' in a place where everyone can see it."

Estou bêbado e quero comemorar essa viagem com uma tatuagem. Por favor, só de farra escreva errado "Viva sem arrependimentos" num lugar em que todos possam ver.

### Some killer topical chat-up lines

"Hey baby, let's practise for the Olympics. I'll be the water hygiene expert, you be the corrupt local mayor."

Oi gata, vamos praticar para as Olimpíadas. Eu serei o especialista em higiene da água, e você a prefeita local corrupta.

"I'm going to call you dengue fever because, honey, you give me gastrointestinal bleeding ... of the heart."

Vou te chamar de febre da dengue porque, querida, você me dá sangramento gastrointestinal ... do coração.

"Was it heaven you fell from, or the cab of a badly maintained, unregulated tower crane?"

Você caiu do céu, ou da cabine de um guindaste irregular e sem manutenção?

"Has anyone ever told you that you look like Sepp Blatter?"

Alguém já te disse que você se parece com o Sepp Blatter?

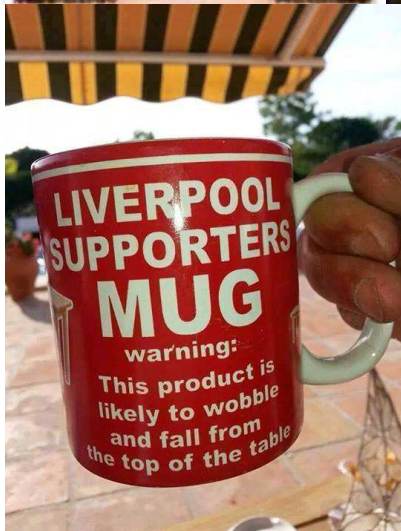
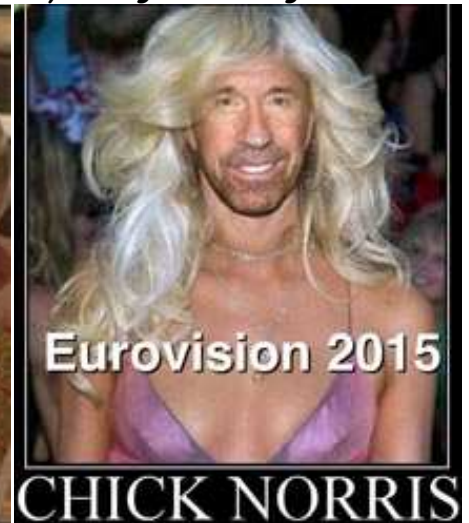


*In the news etc...*

*First pictures of Rolf in the dock, and cameraman plays a blinder at Farage's expense:*



*Oh how we laughed, but did you know the translation of Conchita Wurst is 'Pussy Sausage'? Last laugh on who!*



*Graphic art in Brazil shows the World Cup is damaged goods with the rich/poor divide as seen in Sao Paulo:*





## RANDOM FOOTBALL/ WORLD CUP HUMOUR:



STRIKER Lee Todd has become the fastest player to be sent off in football history - after just two seconds. Referee Peter Kearle gave a shrill blast on his whistle to start the game as the bricklayer stood beside him. Lee, 22, doubled up with his fingers in his ears and muttered: "F\*\*\* me - that was loud."

But the referee instantly pulled out a red card and gave the six-footer his marching orders. Now Cross Farm Park Celtic's star Sunday League goalscorer has been landed with a £27 fine and 35-day ban for using "foul and abusive language".

World Cup news; having touched down in Brazil yesterday, the England football team went to visit an orphanage in the slums of Rio. "It's heartbreaking to see those smiling faces with no hope" said Costa aged 6.

LONDON (Reuters) - It's the ultimate status symbol for a West Ham fan with a fat wallet and an ego to match -- the personalised car number plate "WE57 HAM". The plate is up for auction later this month with a reserve price of 4,000 pounds, small change for most premier league players. "We know what a large and passionate support there is for West Ham," said Damian Lawson, of the Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency (DVLA), the auction's organiser. Because the number reads so well we think it stands a real chance of topping the table of football plates."

Bidding will have to be fierce to beat the current record for a football-themed plate. The DVLA sold "AR53 NAL" for 36,000 pounds in 2004. Private sales of plates such as "1 UTD", for Manchester United, have reportedly fetched even bigger sums.

After losing their last two games, gloomy Hammers' fans may, however, be more tempted by Lot 835: "LOS 3R", which has a reserve price of 900 pounds.

Here are the 10 most expensive football plates sold by the DVLA:

- 1 - AR53 NAL (36,000 pounds)
- 2 - V1 LLA (35,000 pounds)
- 3 - ALB 10N (19,000 pounds)
- 4 - DER 8Y (14,500 pounds)
- 5 - S41 NTS (11,500 pounds)
- 6 - PRE 570N (9,400 pounds)
- 7 - 1 WBA (8,400 pounds)
- 8 - W1 GAN (7,700 pounds)
- 9 - EVR 70N (6,400 pounds)
- 10 - S9 URS (4,600 pounds)

### 10 rules of Football as a kid

1. The fattest one is always the goalkeeper.
2. The person who's ball it is decides who plays.
3. Penalties are only awarded if injured player swears a lot.
4. The match only ends when everyone is tired.
5. No matter how many you are winning by the winner is always determined by " next goal wins".
6. No referee.
7. If nobody has a football, a plastic bottle will do.
8. If you are picked last, you have no hope in life.
9. Getting a football stuck under a car is the most stressful part of life.
10. When the owner of the ball gets pissed off, it's game over.

Phone rings, woman answers. The pervert, with heavy breathing, says, "I bet you have a tight arse with no hair?" Woman replies, "Yes, he's watching the football - who shall I say is calling?"

It was good to see new goal line technology working so well at the football yesterday, I did wonder why Van Persie was given out LBW though.

If the Korean National team wins the World Cup, I'll eat my cat.

I've just stocked my fridge with beers for the World Cup, customised for each match. I've got San Miguel for when Spain are playing, because it's Spanish; Beck's for when Germany are playing, because it's German; and Carling for when England are playing, because it's shit.

A programme on BBC Two tonight titled, "Can England win the World Cup?" It's on for forty minutes, does it really take that long for the presenter to just say no?

Experts predict that an African team will come away with the World Cup trophy. Therefore security has been increased.

Apparently selling t-shirts for the upcoming World Cup which say "Anyone but England" is not racist. Excellent news, I'm off to write "Anyone but Muslims" on the runways at Manchester Airport.



R Hodgson who Hart in Henderson,  
Lambert be thy Baines,  
James Milner come,  
Jack Wilshire be done,  
Oxlaide as it is in Chamberlain  
Give us this day our Danny Welbeck  
And forgive us our Phil Joneses  
As we forgive those who Phil Jones against us  
Raheem us not into Glen Johnson  
But deliver it to Stevie  
For Wayne is the Lampard  
The Sturridge and the Barkley  
Lallana Lallana  
Our Men.



# THE END

## What the guys can expect for the World Cup



Italy



Germany



USA



Korea



Portugal



Brazil



Argentina



England

A young guy out on the town with his mates spies the girl of his dreams across the dance floor. Having admired her from afar he plucks up the courage to talk to her. Everything goes better than expected and she agrees to accompany him on a date the following Saturday evening. Saturday night arrives and the man arrives at her house laden with flowers and chocolates. To his amazement she answers the door in nothing but a towel. "I'm sorry," she exclaims, "I am running a bit late. Please come in and I'll introduce you to my parents who will entertain you while I finish getting dressed. I should warn you however, that they are both deaf mutes." With

this she ushers him into the living room, introduces him to her parents and promptly disappears.

As you can imagine this is a little uncomfortable as both parents are completely silent. Dad is sitting in his arm chair watching a football match, and Mum is busy knitting. After about ten minutes of complete silence, Mum suddenly jumps from her chair, pulls up her skirt pulls down her knickers and pours a glass of water over her @rse. Just as suddenly Dad launches himself across the room bends her over the couch and takes her from behind. He then sits back down in his chair and places a match stick under each eye lid. The room is plunged back into eerie silence and the young man is shocked into disbelief.

After a further ten minutes the mother again rises from her chair, pulls up her skirt, pulls down her pants and throws another glass of water over her @rse. Dad leaps up gives her one from behind and places two more match sticks under his eyelids. No sooner have they concluded this strange behaviour and the daughter returns fully dressed ready for their date.

The evening is a complete disaster with the young man completely distracted by the goings on in the living room. At the end of the evening the girl asks, "What's the matter? Have I done something wrong?"

"It's not you," replied her date, "It's just that the strangest thing happened while I was waiting for you and I am still a bit shocked."

After pleading with him to explain in more detail the young man reluctantly recounts the story. 'Well, first your Mother jumps from her chair and lifts up her skirt. She then pulls down her pants and throws a glass of water over her behind.' "I see," says the girl, "What happened then?" "Well, if that isn't enough your Father races from his chair leans Mum over the couch and does her from behind. He then sits back down and places a match stick under each eye lid.'

"Oh, is that all?" replies the girl. The young man can't believe the casual response to this weird practice. "It's easily explained. Mum was simply saying, 'Are you going to get this a\$\$hole a drink?' and Dad was replying, 'No, f\*ck him. I'm watching the match.'"

