

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS BOGGY SHOE 

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

Monday 22nd December 2014 - ANNUAL BH7 CHRISTMAS PARTY AND AWARDS NIGHT - BOOKING NOW - See Pat 'Ride-It-Baby' on Hash nights with deposit/ full amount and menu selection or e-mail her at patmorfitt@talktalk.net. nb. PLEASE RETURN ALL AWARDS!

SUBS VOTE: Following various chats on Monday nights I've been asked if I could hold a vote at the Christmas party (as we don't have an AGM/AGPU, this is the biggest gathering of hashers we have every year so should give us the most representative sample - albeit there are a few non-hashers present!) about increasing the weekly subs to £1. There are various reasons for this (some of which have been mentioned in the trash previously) not least because there hasn't been an increase since 1992, but also because price increases since then mean that some of our outlay has increased dramatically without a corresponding increase in income, and we can cite Insurance (up from £45 in 2002 to £200 this year), beer, and the cost of tankards in that.

On the subject of tankards, Phil has done a lot of work recently in updating the access database of run numbers, the effect of which will be to see who is due their anniversary tankards, and initial indications are that there could be quite a few awards owed! So if you feel you're due a 100th, 250th, 500th or even 1000th award this would be a good time to get your claim in, not forgetting to have a r*n, and giving enough notice for the tankard to be ordered. If you're unsure, you'd better also start thinking about your next trail in case you are due! Signing the sheet lucidly on a regular basis would also be helpful!

As far as down downs are concerned, we have been extremely fortunate that so many pubs have been generous with the down down beer, but just occasionally this has to be paid for. The impact on the subs has been kept to a minimum as I have generally bought the beer on the rare occasions it was required, and others (notably Kit and Charlie) have also made a contribution, but it is unfair to expect us to keep this up indefinitely. There was a suggestion that subs would contribute up to a fiver towards the beer if required but this left such a small amount going back to Julia that Phil was uncomfortable with this approach.



Another subject that is gathering momentum on Monday nights is that of our 2000th r**n*, which will be about October 2016. There is growing support for us organising a hash weekend inviting other hashers to join us, to mark the celebration properly, and a number of us have had some experience with organising events for other clubs, most notably the Eastbourne event which was 'almost' a Brighton hash weekend! Whilst costs are covered by registration fees for such events, it is necessary to have a cushion available for those items that need paying for in advance (venue, caterers etc.).

In a similar vein, technology changes have made it easy for us to order exact amounts of club kit without making a big outlay before shirts etc. are paid for, but we should also be holding stock for new hashers and visitors looking for souvenirs, all of which, again, means that good practice is to keep a healthy balance!

The hash currently has a reasonable amount held in the accounts, however, this has been depleted over the last couple of years by outgo exceeding income. It is better to address this now, rather than when we run into trouble so the proposed increase

should find favour with most. Let's face it, what else can you get for £1 these days!

On on Bouncer

[illegible]

GOOD NEWS FROM YOUNG LES:
Telegraph 21/11/14

Elderly runners stay fitter and younger for longer

OLDER people who go running several times a week walk with the same vigour as a 20-year-old, a study has shown.

But those who exercise by only walking are likely to tire more easily, researchers

found. Prof. Rodger Kram, from the University of Colorado, said: "The bottom line is that running keeps you younger, at least in terms of energy efficiency."

The study involved 30 healthy volunteers with an

average age of 69 who either ran or walked regularly for exercise.

In tests, they were asked to walk on a treadmill at three different speeds, 1.6mph, 2.8mph and 3.9mph.

During the training

sessions, measurements were taken of their oxygen consumption and exhaled carbon dioxide.

A co-author of the study, Prof. Justus Ortega, said: "It's been known for a long time that as people age, their

maximum aerobic capacity, or 'horsepower,' declines, and that is true for runners as well. What is new here is we found that old runners maintain their fuel economy.

The study was published in the online journal Plos One.



No jumper? No problem!

TOP TEN POLITICALLY CORRECT CHRISTMAS CAROLS

1. I'll Be Home For a Short Period of Time in December
2. I Saw Mommy Greeting Santa Claus with a Purely Platonic Expression of Inoffensive Mutual Affection
3. Hark! The Herald Mythical Winged Creature Sings
4. Deck the Halls with Boughs of Unendangered Foliage (If office Policy Permits)
5. Grandma Allegedly Got Run Over By an Unidentified Non-Human Perpetrator
6. Higher Power Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
7. Chestnuts Roasting on a Safely Contained, Continuously Monitored, Eco-Friendly, Non-toxic outdoor Fire (For Which I Do Have a Permit)
8. Frosty the Snowperson
9. Have Yourself a Merry Little Day of Winter
10. O Holiday Tree

I'M NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD.COM

Merry Christmas.

[illegible]

Cut a lemon in half and place under the skin of the turkey before roasting for a Christmas meal, the family will still be talking about it next year (however, you may not be invited !)

At last year's Christmas dinner we had family from far and wide including all the children.

MORE RECIPES FOR A GREAT CHRISTMAS:

The canapéngu's...

Presenting the veg...



For afters, and the toast...



**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
JESUS!**



**HAVE A
SPROUT!**

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

Ditchling Common, Ditchling With the après set to be at Pete's place Local Knowledge opted for a different start, presumably having exhausted options of late. So we found ourselves mingling with the doggers, who Pondweed seemed to be all too familiar with, in the Common car park. Hare wasted little time in setting the pack off in a direction which seemed at odds with the trail shown on the walkers maps, so late arrivals were encouraged to short-cut to catch up. Only the haziest information of the r*n route made it to your scribe who was strolling, but basically trail headed east on the south of the road, probably as far as Street Lane before heading north and working a route back for a finish lap of the common. With the serious wet underfoot, walkers debated the Common but opted to stick to the road return before heading down for the bonfire, beer and bangers at Pete's. After the bangers were washed down we were treated to more bangers and other fireworks courtesy mostly of Airman and Pompette who had more sense than to get involved in the lighting, leaving that to Prof and Lily the Pink. Back inside down downs went to hare Local Knowledge with thanks for hosting, and Wildbush for having hared Hastings H3 the day before (from the Laughing Fish but missed circle after going on a rescue mission). Bob & Chris were awarded for the fireworks but also deserved one between them after both filled their tankards with great big grins on their faces before it occurred that one of them had to drive! At the same time, Prof & LTP were downed for the firework lighting which saw explosions all over Pete's garden including one directly towards spectators. Pondweed received the numpty mug (again) for his map fail losing the main pack, then new boy Rob was named One Erection because of his single-mindedness ignoring bridges in his efforts to get to the head. Wiggy then awarded Spreadsheet (pop-up again!), then Dildoped and Bosom Boy as they arrived (one Lewes lad drinks, all Lewes lads drink!). Finally Bogeyman learnt the 'no-hats in the circle' rule, and shortly after, the 'no sitting for your down down' rule, the latter being taken by Roaming Pussy. Another great hash!

Frankland Arms, Washington Once again your scribe was stuck on the walkers route along with a sizable pack but Guy was setting a cracking pace as we took the tunnel under the A24 and the bike path up the side. The result was that by Malthouse Farm we'd lost touch but the walkers map indicated that we should turn in away from the dual carriageway. Bouncer dragged us into a cul-de-sac in Ashington but eventually we found the correct route past the Red Lion (where we found Guy waiting, having missed the turn in his enthusiasm), and under the road to pick up the return route along the much more attractive runners trail, inevitably being overhauled by the pack on the way. In the pub down downs went to hares Young Les, Pondweed and Guy, before Les (still in Remembrance Day mode) got us all to hold a minutes silence and reflect on the Brighton hashers who have passed on to the great hash trail in the sky. Other awards went to Bogeyman in sympathy for his lost bike; Local Knowledge who missed the underpass and crossed the road at the start, then attempted to re-cross on the return due to brain fade; Pirate for a crash and burn on trail; and One Erection for his attempts to get accepted by the Lewes boys by wearing cords. Angel won the numpty award for a very good reason which she can no longer recall, which perhaps speaks volumes! Another Great Hash!

Windmill, Littleworth I've had that feeling of déjà vu before! Yes, just a few short weeks after our previous visit we were back at the Windmill, and why not, especially as previous hare Bouncer had gazumped Trikerider on it. Elaine had hoped Prince Crashpian would assist with laying which would've been handy as he'd been at the earlier visit, but despite his feeble excuses the resulting trail was completely different cutting south then west past the Green Man to the Downs Link. Attempts to steer the pack towards Trikeriders house were curtailed by the river crossing, a potter around Hookshile Wood, and the run down the road back to Partridge Green where Cardinal was spotted scb'ing. The shock of then turning south again was tempered by the surprise sip at Ian Essex's house, before the mad dash up the road home. In the pub we discovered that the board hadn't arrived so very quickly 2 separate sheets did the rounds, along with a 50p mug which apparently got left behind no doubt to the landlords joy! With the prospect of a tea down down less than attractive, Elaine nominated Lily and St. Bernard to tackle the hares drinkypoos. Unusually we managed to keep a new boot in the pub long enough to award Russell, along with sponsor Satisfaction Guaranteed from Guildford H3, as well as Spreadsheet who apparently was responsible for the sheet but had failed. And finally the numpty award went to Keeps It Up for his shocking behaviour standing too close to an electric fence. AGr8Hash!



Mile Oak Tavern "It's not a tavern, only an Inn." This time Don was experiencing that feeling of déjà vu, having missed the change of pub in the summer and ended up on a solo walk. Hare waffled, hounds ears pricked up at the mention of the sip and we were off for a jaunt through a few twittens and streets before hitting the mud, cutting through the tunnel under the A27 and taking the path to Mile Oak Farm. Hare was furiously laying trail behind but obviously had no idea where he'd been as we headed up Southwick Hill spread out like a search posse. A mad sprint down the track led us to a quite frankly rather insanely decorated house complete with hologram Santa waving out the window, where we enjoyed funny French lagers and cheesy bits from the back of Bouncers car. It was a straightforward run north

to drop down the steps back to the pub, despite Wiggy & a couple of others determined to take the Cooks tour south by the road. Back at the pub hare suddenly announced, "I've forgotten the car!" He was sup-posed to drive back from the sip, leaving Angel to manage the return, and that is how you earn yourself a numpty award folks! Other down downs went to the hares and Lily the Pink for failing to step back when Bouncer asked for a volunteer to collect his car! Meanwhile Pirate and Julia were in full moan mode having failed to identify the sawdust trail. Another great hash!



Brighton crawling: With a little bit of time on my hands before I headed into Brighton, and my mum's sound advice to never drink on an empty stomach going through my head, I popped into the Duke of Wellington for a quick pint, and was amused to see that the burning Sky beer Devils Rest has found some creative Dark Star fans. Mixing it up a la King & Barnes Mother-in-Law, a mix of best and Old Ale - Old & Bitter, they'd created Headrest (DS Hophead) and Pale Devil (DS APA). Moving on to **#1 the Evening Star**, the CAMRA ale trail guys were dishing out this years tees, so I had a chat with them before Wildbush & Keeps It Up arrived, closely followed by Testi, a cue for another pint. Very soon after that Neil W appeared with Johnno, and Simon and two of the brewers from Dark Star, all of whom would be on board just for the first pub, but at Simons insistence I accepted a brewers free beer as Ging Gang had now arrived and it was only fair to let her have one before we moved on. My niece Annabel, studying at Brighton uni, and friend Russell(?) also joined us here, with Pirate and Soggy arriving just as we left for **#2 Waggamamas**. The latter were supposed to join us for grub, but despite our best efforts to hold back Pirates installation of a bed in his recently acquired flat had them again arriving as we were leaving. On on to **#3 the Colonnade**, which wasn't on the original plans but Testi was thirsty, this was well worth a visit being a very pleasant little theatre pub. At **#4 the Post & Telegraph**, the quieter of the towns Spoons pubs (as a few of us had vouchers to use up!), we still found Bouncers (no relation) limiting groups to maximum 4 so we had to surreptitiously go in by 2's and 3's. Angel turned up just as we got there having a better grip on arrival times than Pirate, who did actually join us this time, and Annabel reappeared with another friend, Daisy. Things got altogether too comfortable here which meant we once again failed in our bid to get to the CRAFT pub in Upper North Street, before maxing out on intake! Another great boozy Craft hash!

Its strange how 8 glasses of water a day seems impossible but 8 beers is so damn easy!

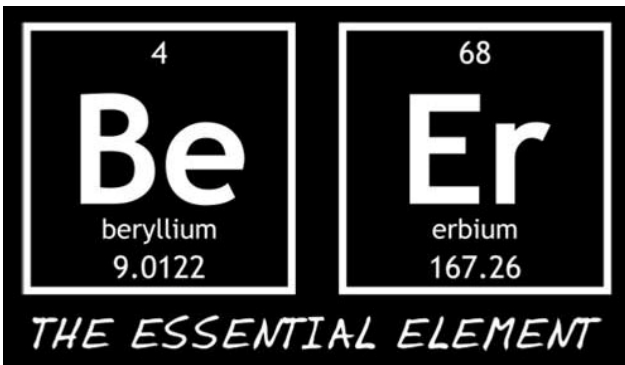


He does this once again for the third time, but not the Jew again. The Arab gets real cranky so he asks the bartender, "What the hell is the matter with that Jew? I've ordered three rounds of drinks for everyone in the bar, all 100 of them but him, and all the silly bugger does is smile and thank me. Is he nuts?" "Nope," replies the bartender. "He owns the place."

"Don't worry darling, you didn't burn the beer!"

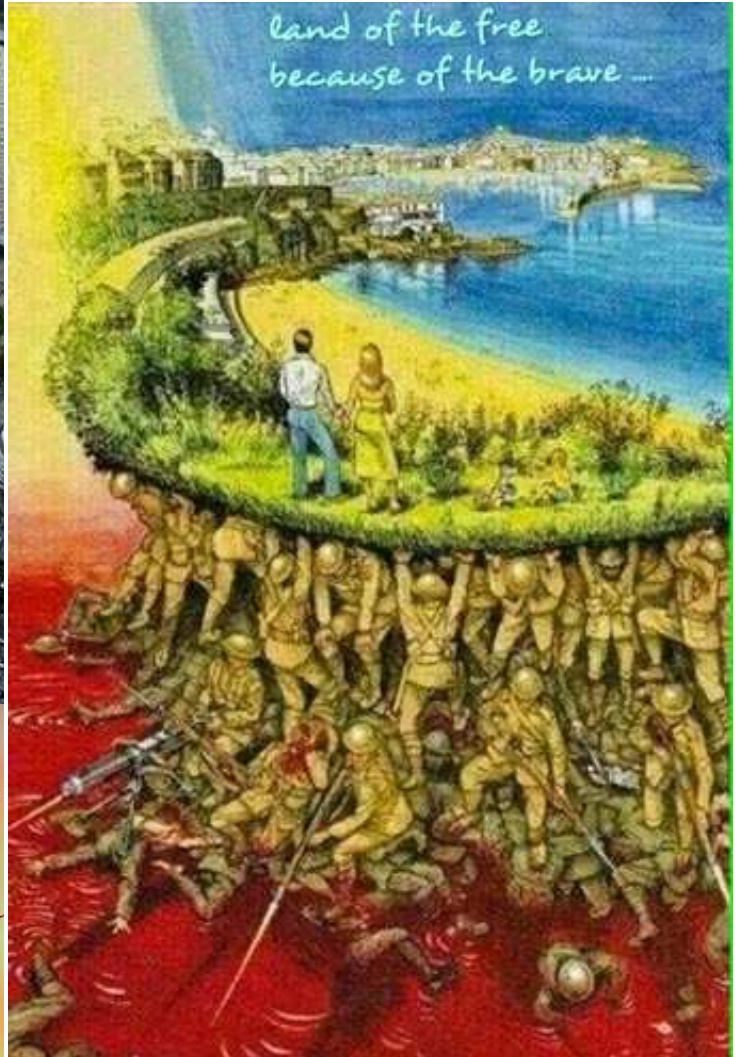
Schlitz

'Duh,' says the blonde, 'He has a licker license!'





Remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice – pictures:



*They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.*

Hashers red dress run:



Tower of London poppies:



Remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice – words:

T'was the night before Christmas, he lived all alone,
In a one bedroom house, made of plaster and stone.
I had come down the chimney, with presents to give,
And to see just who, in this home, did live.
I looked all about, a strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.
No stocking by mantle, just boots filled with sand,
On the wall hung pictures, of far distant lands.
With medals and badges, awards of all kinds,
A sober thought, came through my mind.
For this house was different, it was dark and dreary,
I found the home of a soldier, once I could see clearly.
The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone,
Curled up on the floor, in this one bedroom home.
The face was so gentle, the room in disorder,
Not how I pictured, a true British soldier.
Was this the hero, of whom I'd just read?
Curled up on a poncho, the floor for a bed?
I realised the families, that I saw this night,
Owed their lives to these soldiers, who were willing to fight..
Soon round the world, the children would play,
And grownups would celebrate,
A bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom, each month of the year,
Because of the soldiers, like the one lying here.
I couldn't help wonder, how many lay alone,
On a cold Christmas eve, in a land far from home.
The very thought brought, a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees, and started to cry.
The soldier awakened, and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry, this life is my choice;
I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more,
My life is my God, my country, my corps.."
The soldier rolled over, and drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.
I kept watch for hours, so silent and still,
And we both shivered, from the cold night's chill.
I did not want to leave, on that cold, dark, night,
This guardian of honour, so willing to fight.
Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice soft and pure,
Whispered, "carry on Santa, it's Christmas day, all is secure."
One look at my watch, and I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good night.."

This poem was written by a Peacekeeping soldier stationed overseas. The following is his request. I think it is reasonable:

PLEASE. Would you do me the kind favour of sharing this with as many people as you can? Christmas will be coming soon and some credit is due to all of the service men and women for our being able to celebrate these festivities. Let's try in this small way to pay a tiny bit of what we owe. Make people stop and think of our heroes, living and dead, who sacrificed themselves for us. Please, do your small part to plant this small seed.

A British Serviceman is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank cheque made payable to 'United Kingdom' for an amount 'up to and including my life.' That is Honour, and there are far too many in this country who don't get it.

THE FINAL INSPECTION

The soldier stood and faced God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

'Step forward now, you soldier,
How shall I deal with you ?
Have you always turned the other cheek ?
To My Church have you been true?'

The soldier squared his shoulders and said,
'No, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns,
Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.

They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.
If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand.
There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.
As the soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.
'Step forward now, you soldier,
You've borne your burdens well..
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell.'

Author Unknown

It's the Soldier, not the reporter who has given us the freedom of the Press.
It's the Soldier, not the poet who has given us the freedom of speech.
It's the Soldier, not the politicians that ensures our right to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.
It's the Soldier, that salutes the flag, that serves beneath it, who's coffins are draped by it.

If you care to offer the smallest token of recognition and appreciation for the Military, Please pray for our men and women who have served and are currently serving our country. And pray for those who have given the ultimate sacrifice for freedom.

[illegible]

FINDING COMFORT:

A Nativity Scene was erected in a church yard.
During the night the folks came across this scene.
An abandoned dog was looking for a comfortable, protected place to sleep. He chose baby Jesus as his comfort.
No one had the heart to send him away so he was there all night.
We should all have the good sense of this dog and curl up in Jesus' lap from time to time.
This is too sweet not to share.
Did you notice that the dog breed is a "shepherd!"



The True Story of Rudolph!!

A man named Bob May, depressed and broken-hearted, stared out his drafty apartment window into the chilling December night. His 4-year-old daughter Barbara sat on his lap quietly sobbing. Bob's wife, Evelyn, was dying of cancer. Little Barbara couldn't understand why her mommy could never come home. Barbara looked up into her dad's eyes and asked, "Why isn't Mommy just like everybody else's Mommy?"

Bob's jaw tightened and his eyes welled with tears. Her question brought waves of grief, but also of anger. It had been the story of Bob's life. Life always had to be different for Bob. Small when he was a kid, Bob was often bullied by other boys. He was too little at the time to compete in sports. He was often called names he'd rather not remember. From childhood, Bob was different and never seemed to fit in. Bob did complete college, married his loving wife and was grateful to get his job as a copywriter at Montgomery Ward during the Great Depression.

Then he was blessed with his little girl. But it was all short-lived. Evelyn's bout with cancer stripped them of all their savings and now Bob and his daughter were forced to live in a two-room apartment in the Chicago slums. Evelyn died just days before Christmas in 1938. Bob struggled to give hope to his child, for whom he couldn't even afford to buy a Christmas gift. But if he couldn't buy a gift, he was determined to make one - a storybook!

Bob had created an animal character in his own mind and told the animal's story to little Barbara to give her comfort and hope. Again and again Bob told the story, embellishing it more with each telling.

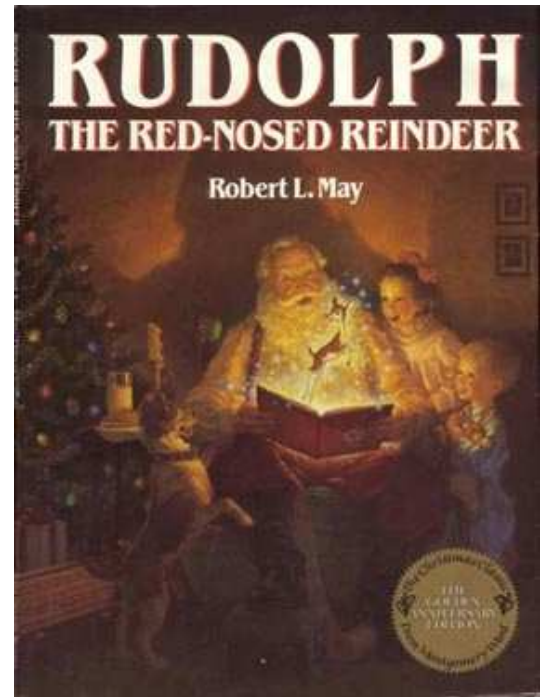
Who was the character? What was the story all about? The story Bob May created was his own autobiography in fable form.

The character he created was a misfit outcast like he was. The name of the character? A little reindeer named Rudolph, with a big shiny nose. Bob finished the book just in time to give it to his little girl on Christmas Day. But the story doesn't end there.

The general manager of Montgomery Ward caught wind of the little storybook and offered Bob May a nominal fee to purchase the rights to print the book. Wards went on to print, "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and distribute it to children visiting Santa Claus in their stores. By 1946 Wards had printed and distributed more than six million copies of Rudolph. That same year, a major publisher wanted to purchase the rights from Wards to print an updated version of the book. In an unprecedented gesture of kindness, the CEO of Wards returned all rights back to Bob May. The book became a best seller. Many toy and marketing deals followed and Bob May, now remarried with a growing family, became wealthy from the story he created to comfort his grieving daughter. But the story doesn't end there either.

Bob's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, made a song adaptation to Rudolph. Though the song was turned down by such popular vocalists as Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, it was recorded by the singing cowboy, Gene Autry. "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was released in 1949 and became a phenomenal success, selling more records than any other Christmas song, with the exception of "White Christmas."

The gift of love that Bob May created for his daughter so long ago kept on returning back to bless him again and again. And Bob May learned the lesson, just like his dear friend Rudolph, that being different isn't so bad. In fact, being different can be a blessing.

[illegible]

Being an atheist is okay.

Shaming religions and intellectualising spirituality as false or stupid is not okay.

Being a Christian is okay.

Being homophobic, misogynistic, racist, or behaving in a hateful manner in the name of Christianity is not okay.

Being a reindeer is okay.

Bullying and excluding another reindeer because he has a shiny nose is not okay.

Why Christmas Trees Are Better Than Women

10. A Christmas tree doesn't care how many other Christmas trees you have had in the past.

9. Christmas trees don't get mad if you use exotic electrical devices.

8. A Christmas tree doesn't care if you have an artificial one in the closet.

7. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you break one of its balls.

6. You can feel a Christmas tree before you take it home.

5. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you look up underneath it.

4. When you are done with a Christmas tree you can throw it on the curb and have it hauled away.

3. A Christmas tree doesn't get jealous around other Christmas trees.

2. A Christmas tree doesn't care if you watch football all day.

And the # ONE reason Christmas Trees are better than women

1. A Christmas tree doesn't get mad if you tie it up and throw it in the back of your pickup truck.



Who says doing Christmas shopping early avoids the crush? Last year, I did mine a full 12 months in advance, and the shops were just as busy as ever.

Gavin McKernan, Ballycastle

I bought my wife a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas. A friend said, "I thought she wanted one of those sporty 4-Wheel drive vehicles." "She did." I replied. "But where in the hell was I going to find a fake Jeep?"

Remember Walking Round in Women's Underwear? Here's some more of Bob Rivers great Christmas songs. Editors personal favourite if you go a-Googling is 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' set to 'House of the Rising Sun':

THE RESTROOM DOOR SAID GENTLEMEN (God Rest ye Merry...)

The restroom door said gentleman so I just walked inside,
I took two steps and realized I've been taken for a ride.
I heard high voices, turned and found the place was occupied,
By two nuns, three old ladies and a nurse.
What could be worse? Than two nuns, three old ladies and a nurse.

The restroom door said gentleman it must have been a gag,
As soon as I walked in there I ran into some old hag.
She sprayed me with a can of mace and smacked me with her bag,
I could tell, this just wouldn't be my day. What can I say?
It just wasn't turning out to be my day.

The restroom door said gentleman and I'd would like to find,
The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the signs.
'Cause I got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind,
Now I can't, sit with comfort and joy.
Boy oh boy. Now I'll never sit with comfort and joy.



*... Her boobs were hung
by the chimney with care,*



*In hopes that St. Nicholas
would fill them with air!!*

IT'S THE MOST FATTENING TIME OF THE YEAR (The Most Wonderful Time...)

It's the most fattening time of the year, With that pumpkin pie filling,
And everyone swilling down eggnog and beer, It's the most fattening time of the year
It's the lip smackingest season of all, While your shopping you're cheating
Impulsively eating that junk at the mall, It's the heav-heaviest season of all
There'll be turkeys for basting, And stuffing for tasting, And giblets and gravy will flow
There'll be cookies that mom baked, And leftover fruit cake from a Christmas a long time ago

It's the scale flattening time of the year, While your diet you're blowing
There's calories going straight down to your rear, It's the scale flattening time of the year

There'll be after meal dosing, And arteries closing, Cholesterol levels will grow
It's too cold to go jogging, To brisk for tobogganing, So pass me a hot buttered roll

It's the most fattening time of the year, All those gingerbread shingles and
Chocolate Chris Kringles will tremble in fear, It's the most fattening time,
It's the belt loosening time, It's the most fattening time of the year

THERE'S ANOTHER SANTA CLAUS (Here Comes Santa Claus)

There's another Santa Claus, There's another Santa Claus, There's another Santa Claus there

Everywhere you look you can't escape, There's Santas everywhere
Bells are ringing, children screaming, Something doesn't seem right
His beard is gray, that's a nice toupee, But his eyebrows oughta be white

There's another Santa Claus, There's another Santa Claus, There's another Santa Claus there

One at the mall and one in the window, Sitting in a velvet chair
Fat ones, skinny ones, tall ones, short ones, Cheeks so rosy and bright
That Christmas cheer smells a lot like beer, Call Santa Claus a cab tonight

Stereotypical White Santa: "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!"

Nasally Voiced Santa: "Ho, ho, ho"

Stereotypical Black Santa: "Yo man! Word to the Kringle. Santa in de house. Yo ho ho"

Stereotypical Asian Santa: "Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas. No, I cannot break a twenty dollar bill. I'm very sorry."

Stereotypical Jewish Man: "Ho, ho, ho. Hey, what am I doing here? Happy Hanukkah!"

Just saw Santa Claus, Just saw Santa Claus, Just gave a Santa Claus change
Drove downtown and a bell ringing Santa Claus, Hit me up again
When those sleigh bells jingle jangle, On my roof top tonight
Will my chimney be backed up, With Santas all crammed in tight



The infamous bottom-scraping backside of the trash - for open-minded adults only.
You have been warned! Read on at your peril:

Dear Father Christmas (Women)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray for a man who's not a creep.
One who's handsome, smart and strong,
Not afraid to admit when he's wrong.
One who thinks before he speaks.
Who promises to call, doesn't wait weeks.
I pray that he is gainfully employed,
Won't lose his cool when he's annoyed.
Pulls out my chair & opens my door,
Massages my back & begs to do more.
Oh! Send me a man who will make love to
my mind.
Knows just what to say when I ask "How
fat's my behind?"
One who'll make love till my body's a
twitchin'
He brings ME a sandwich too, when he
goes to the kitchen!
I wish that this man will love me to no end,
And won't compare me with my best
friend.
Thank you in advance and now I'll just
wait,
For I know you will send him before it's
too late!



Why is Santa's sack so big?

He only comes once a year.

Dear Father Christmas (Men)

As I lay me down to sleep,
I pray for a woman, who's very cheap.
One who's sexy, blonde and long.
Who notices that she's mostly wrong.
One who sucks and doesn't speak,
And promises to do so three times a week.
I pray that she is very randy.
That would really come in handy.
Opens her legs and lies on the floor, And
once I'm done, she begs for more.
Oh! Send me a woman who will not play
with my mind.
Who knows what she wants and that's lots
from behind!
One who'll make love till my body's a
twitchin'
And brings me a beer, when she comes
from the kitchen!
I pray that she'll last right up to the end,
And would never complain when I screw
her best friend.
Thanks in advance and you know I can't
wait,
So I'll screw all the rest 'cause it's never
too late.

[illegible]

The names of the three kings:

Little Johnny was sitting in class when the teacher asked him "Can you tell me the name of the three great kings who brought happiness and joy into people's lives?" To which little Johnny replied "Smoking, Drin-king and F*c-king".

Twass the night before Christmas,
When all through the house,
Everyone felt shitty even the mouse.
With Mom at the whore house,
And dad smoking grass,
I'd just settled down for a nice piece of ass!
When out on the lawn I hear such a clatter,
I sprung from my piece to see what was the matter!
When out on the lawn I saw a big dick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
He came down the chimney like a bat out of hell,
I knew in a moment the f*cker had fell!
He filled all our stockings with pretzels and beer,
And a big rubber dick for my brother, the queer.
He rose up the chimney with a thunderous fart,
The son of a bitch blew the chimney apart!
He swore and he cursed as he rode out of sight,
Piss on you all, f*ck off and goodnight!

