



*R-ns/trash #213 February 2015*

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
2nd February 2015	1911	Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield	305 255	Keeps It Up & Wildbush
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again through Cuckfield. Over first roundabout pub on opposite right hand corner at next roundabout. <b>Est 20 mins.</b>				
9th February 2015	1912	Snowdrop, Lewes	425 100	Wiggy
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. <b>Est. 20 mins. <i>Parking difficult.</i></b>				
16th February 2015	1913	Star, Haywards Heath	329 239	Bogeyman
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next roundabout and right again at next. Follow one way system round past pub - car park on right hand side. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
23rd February 2015	1914	Half Moon, Warninglid	249 261	One Erection
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north past Bolney. Next junction is B2115. Right at t-junction. Pub 1 mile on left tricky parking. <b>Est 20 mins.</b> <i>nb. Directions may have changed since Handcross hill road works completed - allow extra time in case!</i>				
2nd March 2015	1915	Woodmans Arms, Hammerpot	067 057	Young Les
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west through Worthing. After going down the hill at Hammerpot, take u-turn at next break in the central reservation, and return east. Take next left at sign to get to the pub. <b>Est 25 mins.</b>				

[illegible]

09/03/15	New Sussex Hotel, Lancing	Bouncer
16/03/15	Romans, Southwick	Ride-it, Baby
23/03/15	TBA	St. Bernard
30/03/15	Flying Fish, Denton	Prof.

**12noon Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> March 2015** Sussex CAMRA  
branches beer festival. Corn Exchange Brighton

Hastings H3: 10.66am Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> March  
TBA, Westfield - King/Queenfisher

**Henfield H3: 11.30am Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> March**  
**Poacher, Hurstpierpoint - Split Pin/ Bollocks**

on

**Thought of the day:** I'm so glad television redefined the word "marathon" to mean the exact opposite of physical exercise.



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

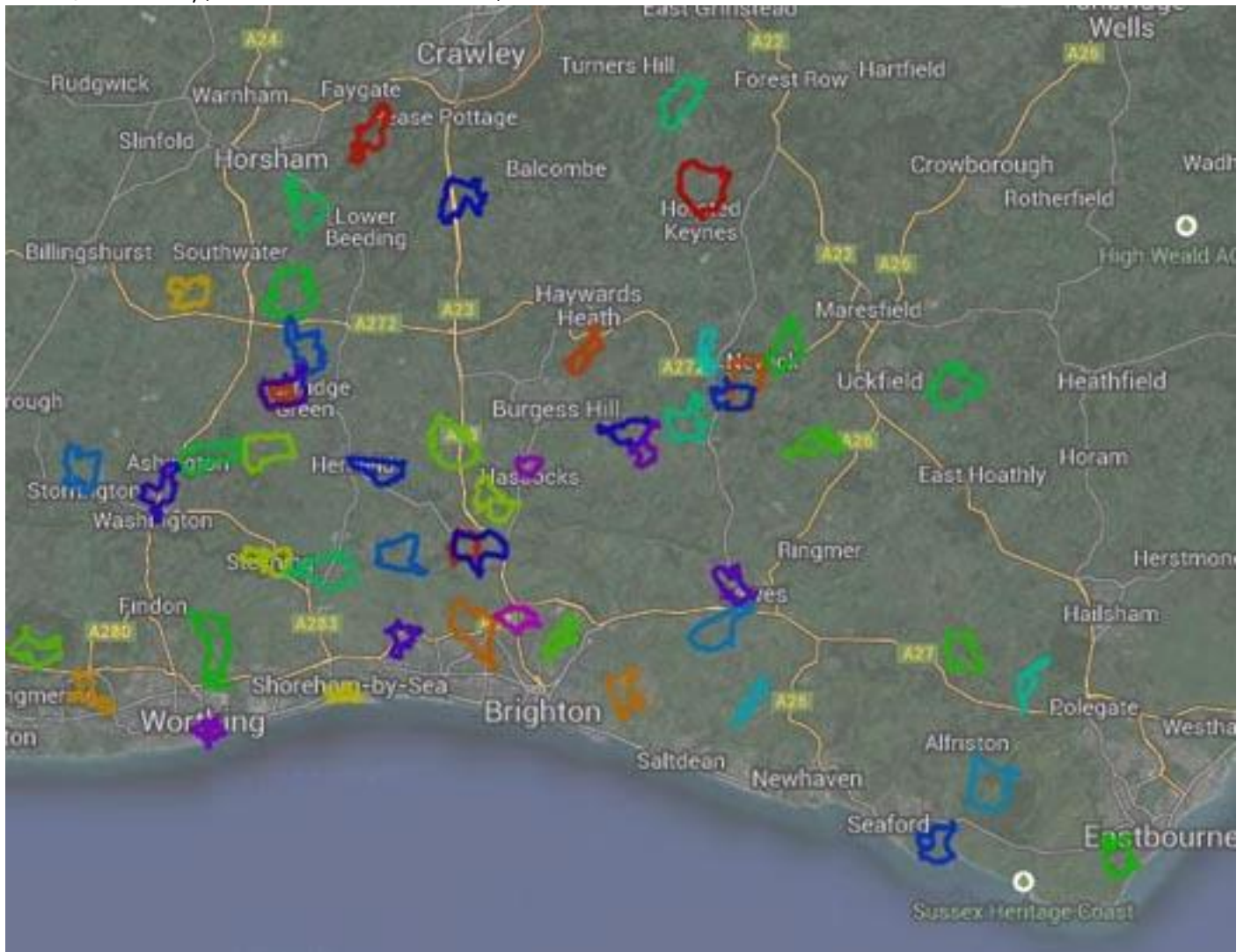
[illegible]

**DIARY DATES:**

Saturday 21/03/15	<b>CRAFT H3 #77</b> Sussex CAMRA branches beer festival at the Corn Exchange in Church Street Brighton. 12 noon until 10pm. Recommended to get tickets in advance!
Saturday 16/05/15	<b>Brighton Hash South Downs Way Relay</b> - <i>To be confirmed by Phil.</i>
Saturday 6/6/15	<b>South Downs Way 100 mile relay.</b> If interested, see Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans for details.
20-21/06/15	<b>2015 CRAFT Campout</b> - Beer & music festival at the Bear PH, Burwash. Fat Controller #2 is organising, but final details still awaited.
17-19/07/15	<b>EuroHash 2015 Krakow, Poland</b> - Several BH7 already signed up! <a href="http://www.eurohash.org/">http://www.eurohash.org/</a>
28 - 31/08/15	<b>18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3</b> - Visit: <a href="http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/">http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/</a>

## WHERE WE HASH MAP

Hares, check out the excellent new page on the website courtesy of webmonster Keeps It Up in collusion with Bogeyman, Where Do We Hash, for areas we haven't been to for a while:



This is the 2014 series, and for anyone who is wondering about the colours, apparently Bogeyman thought the hash should learn the colours of the rainbow in hash date order!

[illegible]

**Parkrun Sweatshop winner for December 2014** *Posted on January 19, 2015 by brightonoffice.*

The Sweatshop prize for December has been awarded to DAVE HARVEY (VM 55-59). Dave is so committed to parkrunning he has rarely missed a week since he started, in August 2008. He completed 47 runs in 2014 alone - pretty impressive! Not surprisingly, therefore, his total to date is one of the highest at Hove Park: 303 by the end of December. Over the last 12 months he's kept up a consistently strong standard, and his current personal best time stands at 23:19 - an improvement of 03:43 since his first parkrun. We think dedication and consistency deserve recognition, as does the work that Dave has put into volunteering at Hove Park, so we are delighted to nominate him for this prize.

Our congratulations to Dave and our thanks to Hugh Brasher of Sweatshop for his generosity in providing the award of a free pair of trainers.

*And our congratulations La Pipe! Now when the hell are you going to commit to the hash again?!!*



**A TIP FROM AN OLD MAN** - When you see a beautiful woman, and want her badly. Please consider the following:

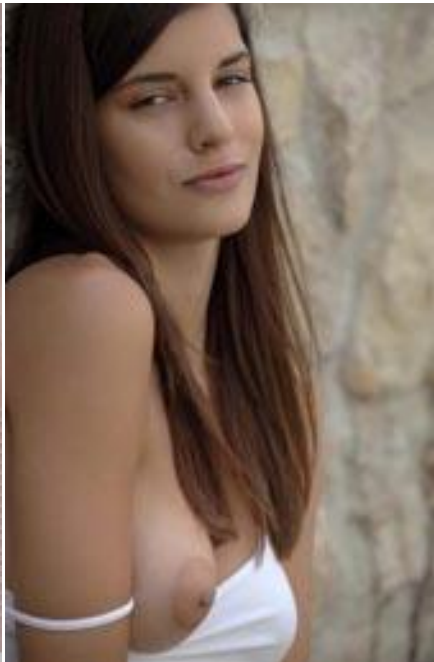
No matter how beautiful she is...



No matter how sexy she is...



No matter how seductive she is...



No matter how amazing her breasts and body are...



Uhh.. I've completely forgotten where I was going with this. That shit happens when you get older.  
Sorry for wasting your time!



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

**Hassocks hotel part 2 - the r\*n review (thanks Ride-It, Baby):** It was a short run - yes, really - approx 2 miles, with a significant number of Santas, a reindeer or two and an Angel. We departed from tradition: the run started at 7.00pm, to allow more time for partying/drinking - so that was an acceptable reason for this sin. Jane and Tony Coe hosted the sip stop and served a warming mulled brandy with a dash of red wine. Then it was a short distance back to the Hassocks Hotel for a damn good party. *Another great hash!*

**Fox & Hounds Haywards Heath** With a minimum of fuss other than to introduce co-hare Malcolm, advise it was a short trail, and let us know there was a sip at his house (to which Local Knowledge suggested that, his house being far enough away, we should just head straight there - a plan fully endorsed by Hash Gomi), Psychlepath called us on over the road to pick up a nice path heading through to Colwell Lane by which point the pack had started to split. After a while the tarmac gave way to the A272 and the pack became a loose collection of strung out bodies until we dropped down Snowdrop lane. Cries of hold check had been shunned and it took a well placed car parked over a check to rapidly bring everyone back together, although this appeared more by luck than design! Ride-It Baby rounded up the FRB's while the remainder wandered through to Franklands Village for the hop down to Rik's house for the sip. Much beer appreciation went on before the downhill sprint to the finish. Back in the car park visitors Spingo, Stinkerbelle (who missed the beer stop after getting led astray by Julia), and Barbie baled out of the pub for their long journey home, while Lily the Pink discovered that, once again, hounds were not allowed so also went home. With beer at just £2.49 on Mondays it was happy days for those not abstaining after the Christmas excess, and should've been for Julia too, with the new £1 subs and the agreement to sub up to 2 pints for down downs but it was still hard work getting her to cough up. RA was clearly worn out, as well as not having a decent central position, as the hares were downed. Singing was so bad that last weeks hares were then also called (having missed out due to the curry and crowds) as the pack clearly needed practice. RA had some lost property to offer out next, which despite Local Knowledge insisting he'd been back to the Hassocks the following day mainly seemed to consist of Peter & Marrión Christmas cards. There were also cards for Ivan, Mike C and Trevor, as well as an inhaler and finally, Wiggy's car keys. "Oi, they weren't lost. I left them with you." Maybe, but WHERE'S THE BLOODY NUMPTY MUG! Julia finally received her t shirt from the 2013 ale trail, and promptly disappeared over the horizon, before Eddie, the longest serving hound without a hash name according to Saddleshafts clipboard, was named Heinz after the song "Just Like Eddie", as well as his resemblance to a German leiderhosen wearing bierkeller resident. The name was deemed as highly appropriate the previous week by Phil who was bemoaning some of the more profane examples when hounds have been allowed to choose, so was inflicted to stop you lot calling him Eddie Cockrunner or something worse. With one beer left and a major brain fade in progress, Bouncer asked the assembled if anyone had any ideas insisting that it must not go for a triviality, which led to Knightrider and others eventually counting him down just to get rid of him. Another great hash!



**Royal Oak, Barcombe** A very welcoming pub, with a very welcoming line in Harveys beers (despite Bogeymans disappointment at the lack of the special, Bellowhead), um, welcomed us after the r\*n. Oh yeah, the r\*n! Despite being an absolutely foul day a reasonably sized pack was gathered for Coops words of wisdom about double checks etc., and there certainly were a lot of checks with 3 in the first 200 yards. Somehow enough of the marks had survived the weather for us to work it out though, and the flour arrows appearing in our wake helped as we took a slightly northerly anti-clockwise route through the slush with Bosom Boy and Pirate on a charge. Eventually, after a stretch on the road, a sign appeared Barcombe 1, which was a cue for a well-earned tarmac return, however, local knowledge had Spreadsheet dragging a few on a mucky off-trail route back despite the fact that he'd found the hares map en route! If only Wiggy hadn't lost the numpty mug... As Bouncer redefined the phrase "cat that got the cream", capitalising on his Old Ale exclusion on an otherwise dry January, Julia played a blinder poncing free



beers from our host. After a bit of advertising for the Henfield H3 Burns hash, down downs went to hares Whose Shout (who nearly got a pint to help out Grahame), and Cooperman (who appeared to be storing the beer in his tash); Bob's Crutch for getting a life and retiring; Spreadsheet for his map misdemeanour; and Hash Gomi standing in for Sir Walter Raleigh by laying himself prostate across (in) a puddle (karma for making a menace of himself by splashing all and sundry!). Wiggy (looking like Max Wall incarnate in his skin-tight tracksters, after forgetting his trousers, and wet look hair) was contrite offering to replace the numpty mug with a yard of ale boot (watch this space), but not contrite enough to neck a beer ("Don't pick on your driver!"), so the rest of the beer went to St. Bernard, partly because he'll always drink it and partly because it was his fault we had so much as, not realising we'd already got DD beer, had blagged 2 pints of ullage! Another great very wet hash!



## In the news – the month in pictures, and coming up...

More terror...



Kids show their ignorance...



Shrove Tuesday...



Rugby's Six Nations tournaments kicks off...

### SIX NATIONS DRINKING GAME 2015

**KEY**

- 1 DRINK (Or a glug, a swig, a gulp, a flinger, etc...)
- 2 DRINKS
- 3 DRINKS
- ! DOWN YOUR DRINK

**COMMENTARY**

- 3 Eddie Butler voiceover
- 1 The World Cup e.g. a player's "World Cup chances", "Pool of Death"
- ! Sam Burgess Unless he actually debuts
- 2 "Toby" Faletau
- 1 "Numbers!"
- 1 "Go wide"
- 2 "Greasy" Describing the ball / weather conditions
- 2 England's injury crisis
- 1 O'Driscoll's retirement "Big shoes to fill", "famous 13 shirt", etc
- 1 Brian Moore speaks Latin...
- ! ...and it's a Harry Potter spell
- 3 Andy Nicol smiles
- ! Pundit replaced during a match a.k.a "Cottered"
- 2 Reference to a player's place of birth
- ! Keith Wood has a new haircut

**INCIDENTS**

- 2 Nigel Owens makes a witty comment
- 1 One-handed camera work (Lingering footage of an attractive girl in the crowd)
- 1 Swearing caught on the ref's mic
- 1 Drink for each angle used during a TMO referral...
- 3 TMO still gets it wrong
- !!! Adam Jones comes out of retirement
- ! Match ends in a draw
- 2 Royalty in the crowd
- 3 Dylan Hartley cheats
- 1 Play missed because we're too busy seeing a replay
- 3 Swan dive
- 2 Player loses an item of clothing
- 3 Doddie Weir turns up in his tartan suit
- 1 Handbags
- 1 Reset scrum

**INTERVIEWS**

- 1 Point to prove Get a result Physicality The boys Front up Y'know Basically Obviously To be honest
- 3 Building for the World Cup
- ! Swearing
- ! Gatland has a strop

**THE MATCH**

- 1 DRINK FOR EACH POINT SCORED
- 1 Penalty
- 2 Penalty try
- 3 Yellow card
- ! Red card

**KICKOFF**

- 1 Each player not singing his anthem
- 3 Each player gaining his first cap
- 2 Fireworks display

**BONUS RULES**

- Will Carling enters your pub It's his round.
- A team gets nilled Buy their supporters a pint and try not to rub it in too much.
- Gavin Henson gets called up Down 1 pint for each club he's played for. (Throwing ice cubes at Flybe cabin crew is optional.)

Follow @WelshDalaiLama on Twitter for more words of wisdom and a blessing for your hangover

New York suffers...



Valentines...



Kids show... (pt. 2)



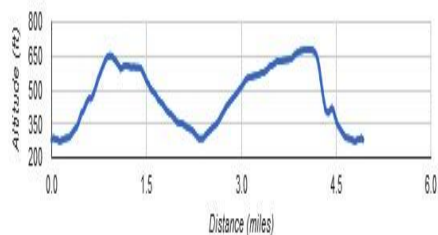


## REHASHING (continued...)

**Chequers, Steyning** Has anybody seen Anybody Seen? Slightly nervous times as we waited in the pub for the hare after his brain fade last time, but Ride-It, baby decided to arrive fashionably late. After Jason and Henry's one-off r\*n with us last year we were treated to the entire Bird family with Vanessa and even Molly the dog also appearing, adding a huge amount of weight to the suggestion of a sip at their house. As we set off to climb via the cricket pitch, the kids were quick to guide us on to the correct route after some locals had removed the marks and we were soon on the long haul up to pick up large chunks of the Roundhill Romp. Progress was slow with the roots but eventually we were heading down for a blessed bit of road. The joy soon wore off as we trudged past more and more houses until we hit a baffling check. Half the pack followed Bouncer homing in on the sip, with even calls of "on-hare", before we were called back and led into the new housing estate for a spot of purgatory before we were allowed the beers. At the sip, breakage one occurred when Jason waved us in with a tealight knocking out the bottom of the glass jar! Lily the Pink's lower lip had been trembling when he thought he'd missed the chance to order grub at the pub so he shot off with Dirty Bitch, thereby also missing the sausages and pork pies Mike had provided at the sip! Back at base, portions were impressive so Wildbush was offering her chips around which led to breakage two when Bouncer dropped a knife shattering one of the down down glasses! After Angels comment about it being "a really lovely... ESTATE", the hares Mike Anybody and Jason were downed to the Grand Old Duke. Then Peter Pansy who'd missed the r\*n, but wanted to show off his tan from Australia, received for his birthday with a nought, early but having survived various adventures including leaping off the highest building in the Southern Hemisphere it's a safe bet he'll make it to Friday! Guest Testiculator received for his comment about fat one's in the front of Wiggy's car (i.e. Bouncer), despite his impressive beer and pie belly. Once again, a few moments silence were held for the lost numpty mug, which should have gone to Local Knowledge for getting so lost in the final estate that he arrived back 40 minutes later than anyone else because "GPS is great in the country, but rubbish in these estates". And finally, Lily the Pink received having caused the parkrun organisers to redefine PB's as 'assisted' if there was a dog involved (You Stupid Bastard!). Another great hash!

That awkward moment  
when you are running  
and your breasts are  
bouncing...  
And you're a guy...

**Half Moon, Plumpton** Another hash that very nearly didn't happen when Spreadsheet hit his sick bed on Friday. Copious calls established the unavailability of Bosom Boy or Bouncer to take over and with co-hare Dildoped nervy about shouldering full responsibility it was lucky that Prof was able to step in to assist. In the week that Spreaders circulated info about this years 100 mile SDW relay it was interesting to see the Harris boys David and Peter making an appearance, but we shouldn't read too much into that! We also discovered that the pub was unaware we would be coming until yesterday, which meant a scary landlady refusing orders without advance payment, and a fluid approach to kitchen times which had her reeling back from 9pm to 8.50 worrying the eaters. So the pack, with a few Australian shirts in evidence (and Bouncer wearing a flouncy multi-coloured outfit a la the newly late Demis Roussos [*he wasn't that big - Pondweed. Oh, thanks a lot! Ed.*] which he claimed was in his honour, as well as a see-you Jimmy wig because his head was cold), took the usual route through the alpaca field (awol) to the first decisive check. Pack opted for the flat field r\*n but hares were quick to call us back for the climb through several more checks to Black Cap, where DP had bumped into long lost hasher Nick Cheyney while setting. Prof took the initiative cutting the corner to get us into Ashcombe Bottom as quickly as possible, where again a large pack took off up the hill possibly led by Dirty Bitch but she doesn't want to get a bad name for herself! The correct trail led further down through the Bottom (phnarr) eventually turning to climb slowly up to meet the South Downs Way, our ground for the next mile or so. Enthusiasm (and possible anxiety about getting back for food, although a few seemed to have taken the initiative and baled out earlier) had DP leading us over the edge for a very steep off-trail drop to meet with the out-trail for the return. Meanwhile sweeper Prof (who claimed to have carved a hill and a mile from Spreadsheets original route) was singing DP's praises (not!) and screeching on-on on the correct route which only he and Local Knowledge bothered with. In the circle DB's

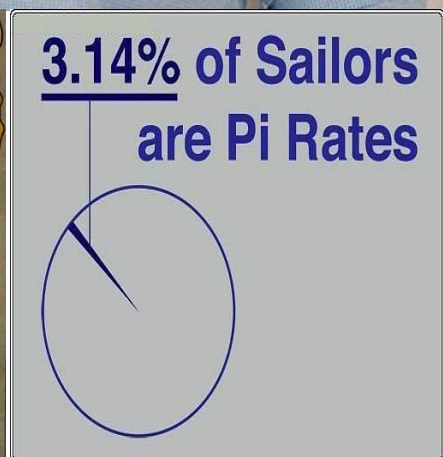
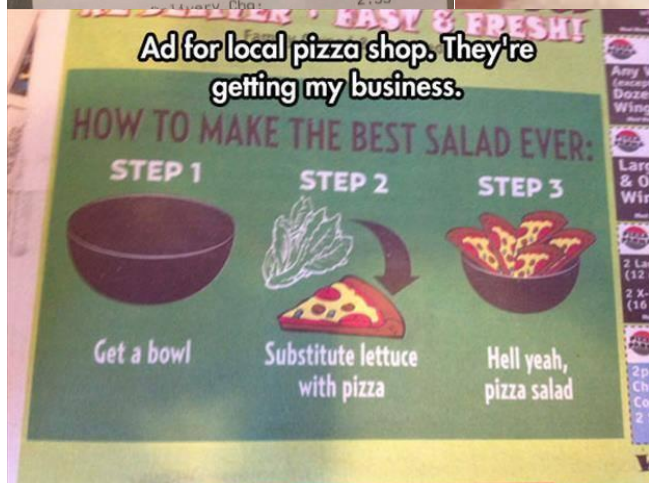
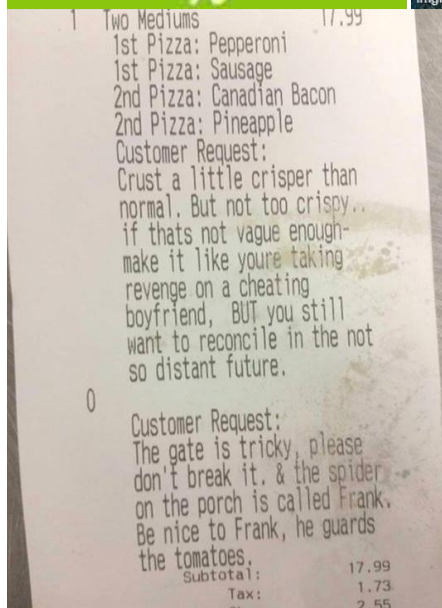
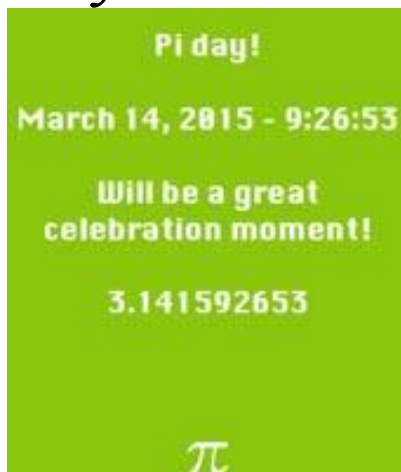


phone revealed the rather lovely shape of the r\*n which got Lily the Pink slightly hot under the collar. Being a pop-up hash, the pop-up hares were called, with special mention to Prof for being in denial about haring then taking charge when Matt went wrong, and Matt for his pop-up ending! Apparently the scarcity of bog roll was down to Pete raiding the university supplies which rely on the single sheet French stuff, which inevitably led to 'Ou est le Papiere?'. Best dressed Australians were then called up, RA decision opting for Local Knowledge (who was pure Outback but drinking water which was deemed appropriate with the Monty Python description of

Fosters - like making love in a canoe: f\*cking close to water!) and Bogeyman (sporting the Kings Cross/ Bondi look with his weird specs, and surfies), and resident Ozzie Kayleen was beseeched to show us her wild bush. Keeps It Up was called for SCB'ing on the Henfield Hash trail the day before, after finding marks when he was 17 miles into the Adur River Marathon, and for having a birthday. For some reason the landlady was keen for us to mention that she gave away free beer on Trip Advisor, which should get them in alright, but may not be a brilliant business plan! Still no numpty award but an attempt to get Wiggy to drink through the spout of a teapot failed abysmally when he identified the contents as not quite milk. Ah well. The entire pub went quiet when a sneezing fit by KIU upset Pompette, and Bouncer, still in Burns mode and thinking Glasgow Kiss, suggested she gave him an Aussie kiss. "What's that?" "Like a French Kiss, but Down Under!" Another great hash!



Pi day. Mmmm. Pi. Pizza pi...









## True love...

Please report suspected exploitation of minors to the appropriate authorities

**You farted in Trader Joe's - m4w (Danbury, CT)**

Date: 2009-12-04, 11:19AM EST  
[Reply To This Post](#)

please flag with care:  
[miscategorized](#)  
[prohibited](#)  
[spam/overpost](#)  
[best of craigslist](#)

You were the tall brunette with the near perfect body that farted in the bread section last night. I was the tall guy next to you that looked over and asked, "Was that you?" You quickly replied "No...Wasn't me!" You almost seemed insulted I would ask. As the stink grew you continued to deny your flatulence, but it was evident. I tried to get rid of the stench by waving 2 loafs of Ciabatta bread. You proceeded to storm off in an angry manner. You are beautiful and even if you are a liar and fart like a Clydesdale, I'd love to meet up sometime.

Daughter: "Daddy, I am coming home to get married. Take out your cheque book. Dad, I'm in love with a boy who is far away from me. I am in Australia and he lives in the UK . We met on a dating website, became friends on Facebook, had long chats on Whatsapp, he proposed to me on Skype and now we've had two months of relationship through Viber. Dad, I need your blessings good wishes and a big wedding." Father: "Wow! Really!! Then get married on Twitter, have fun on Tango, buy your kids on Amazon and pay through Paypal. And if you are fed up with your husband....sell him on Ebay".

Valentine night soon, or as I like to call it Bruce Lee night - enter the dragon. This Valentine's Day, I will almost certainly be inundated. Sorry. In, undated. For Valentines Day, Viagra ice cream is now available to buy. It never softens. The other half just said that she wants something silk for Valentines day, but I bet the Emulsion paint I got her will be the wrong colour. Last year I got her a new iron, but she said she doesn't like golf. The year before I got a new belt and bag. She wasn't too happy but the vacuum worked a treat afterwards. I took one of the Teletubbies to Paris for a romantic weekend. Ooh La La, but you should see my Tinky Winky now. So the waiter sat me at the back of the restaurant and my Valentines date at the front. I thought to myself 'This is never going to work, there's too much distance between us.' My girlfriend was leaving me because of my obsession with rugby..... But we've decided to give it one more try!



### Cute things to call your girlfriend:

1. sugar
2. honey
3. flour
4. egg
5. 1/2 lb butter
6. stir
7. pour into pan
8. preheat to 375°

What with 50 Shades of Grey and Pancake Day there'll be plenty of opportunities for tossing this February.

Planning on giving my wife a treat on Valentine's Day. I'll eat the rest of the packet myself. I'm going to take my wife out on Valentine's Day. Will treat her to a special final meal first. Went to a nail shop with my girlfriend, the assistant said to take a seat in the cuticle. I asked my wife if she wanted to try role reversal - She put the cheese on the outside. I've had to break up with my imaginary girlfriend. I've started seeing someone else. Being single on Valentine's Day is like being an Arsenal fan on Transfer Deadline Day. My wife asked me to buy something to make her look sexy...I bought a barrel of Harvey's. Some women can be so ungrateful. I made breakfast this morning but instead of thanking me, all she did was scream, "Who are you? How did you get into my house?"



## *It's the Tim Vine Appreciation Society...*

Never got the hang of being a hippy. Went to San Francisco with flour in my hair.

Big concerns during the sat navs company's annual stockholders' meeting, this weekend. Many are just not sure the company is heading in the right direction.

I'm finally starting my online taxi company, next week. All I have to do now is to download the drivers.

I absolutely love EBay!... I've sold my homing pigeons four times this month already!

Coughing up on Monday, got an Aneurysm on Tuesday, limbs were falling off by Wednesday, and on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, keeled over on Sunday. Plague David.

I'm colour blind but I don't let it affect my everyday life.

Last night I went to see Joseph and his amazing brown coat. Ended up in hospital but the nurses and doctors soon had me in stitches.

After giving my son two karate lessons he didn't want anymore... But at least I got my car waxed and fence painted! I've made a living booking cheap acts. Anybody want tickets for Frankie goes to Cricklewood?

My son came home with his history homework and asked me.

My mate said I'm changing my name to Gordon what do you think? I said yea gopher it.

I don't know what I'll get if I cross a Hyena with a Rottweiler but if it starts laughing I'm joining in .

I've just invented a brand new word. Plagiarism.

Wanted a job as a clown , but you had to work funny hours !!!!!

Went out with a girl called Similie. Not sure what I metaphor. Perhaps it's a phrase I'm going through. I went out with her mate Anna Gram.

My therapist says I have a pre-occupation with vengeance....we'll see about that.

Just bought some clothes off Jeremy Clarkson and Richard Hammond. Top gear!

I got an email telling me Google Earth know their maps backwards - now that is spam!

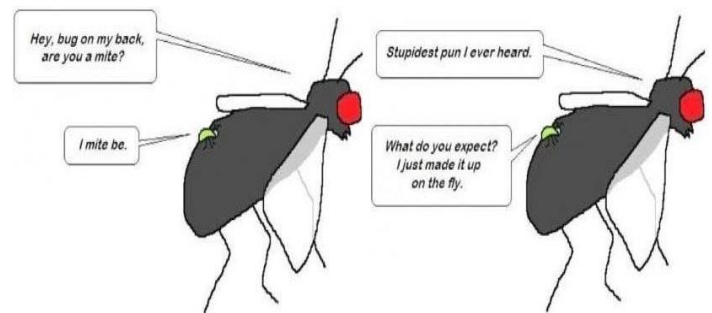
I had a row about food with a guy in the Japanese restaurant today. He said if you knew Sushi like I know Sushi.

I'm just LIVID! I can't remember what 51, 6 and 500 are in roman numerals.

Popped into an off the beaten track garage in Wales to blow my tyres up. I asked the owner "Have you got an airline?" He replied, "Airline? We haven't even got a railway station."

Those haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

Someone's stolen my bed - I won't rest until I get it back.



Apparently you can't call a policeman 'mental'. It's PC gone mad.

My girlfriend hates when I make jokes about her weight. She needs to lighten up.

Me and the lads ended up getting lashed last night!... Never drinking in Saudi Arabia again!

I've lost my Roget's Thesaurus. I just can't find the words to convey how upset I am.

My wife says I have eyes the back of my head! With hindsight I think she is right.

I had to judge a small frilly skirt competition but couldn't separate them so I declared it a tutu draw.

Just managed to download the Titanic soundtrack to my phone, even though some said it was unsyncable.

I see Fern Britton has kidnapped Chris Tarrant and filmed it all. ITV next weekend Brittons got Tarrant.

Vincent Price is taller than Katie Price, but heavier than Alan Price. I found all of this out on a price comparison website.

I was lying on the floor when my girlfriend burst in the bedroom!!! I'm taking her back to Ann Summers tomorrow to get my money back.

I've just been down the high street and there were some of those big orange floating things. The buoys are back in town. My computers just crashed and all the other computers have slowed down to have a look at it .

I bought some shoes from a drug dealer. I don't know what he's laced them with but I've been tripping all day.

Paul McCartney did a live gig and forgot the words to all the Beatles songs. He had to wing it.

A friend of mine just got found guilty of stealing gate posts. He's asked for several other fences to be taken into consideration.

Just been outside & seen a shooting star .... Ulrika.

The girl said she knew me from the vegetable shop but I never saw herbivore

Switched the wife's life support machine off last night. Well, I unplugged the fridge.

My mate thought he was a Terry's Chocolate Orange, he got sectioned yesterday.

A man's been jailed for attacking the person he was playing cards with. He said he couldn't help it, he just snapped.

Been on this awful tasting thick shake diet ...still can't complan.

There's something I love about my chaste girlfriend but I can't put my finger on it.

I cracked open an egg but there was no yellow bit. I thought There must be a yolk here somewhere.

Just met a transvestite from Greater Manchester. He had a Wigan address .

I needed a password eight characters long so I picked Snow White and the Seven Dwarves.



**Chinese Supremacy?** *This article, though aimed at a US audience, gives a scary insight into China's growing economic power.*

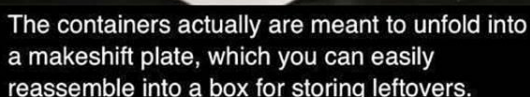
In future China will employ millions of American workers and dominate thousands of small communities all over the United States. Chinese acquisition of U.S. Businesses set a new all-time record last year, and it is on pace to shatter that record this year. The Smithfield Foods acquisition is an example.

Thanks in part to our massively bloated trade deficit with China, the Chinese have trillions of dollars to spend. They are only just starting to exercise their economic muscle. It is important to keep in mind that there is often not much of a difference between “the Chinese government” and “Chinese corporations”. In 2011, 43 percent of all profits in China were produced by companies where the Chinese government had a controlling interest in. Last year a Chinese company spent \$2.6 billion to purchase AMC entertainment – one of the largest movie theatre chains in the United States. Now that Chinese company controls more movie ticket sales than anyone else in the world.

China seems particularly interested in acquiring energy resources in the United States. For example, China is actually mining for coal in the mountains of Tennessee. Guizhou Gouchuang Energy Holdings Group spent 616 million dollars to acquire Triple H Coal Co. in Jacksboro, Tennessee. At the time, that acquisition really didn't make much news, but now a group of conservatives in Tennessee is trying to stop the Chinese from blowing up their mountains and taking their coal. And pretty soon China may want to build entire cities in the United States just like they have been doing in other countries. Right now China is actually building a city larger than Manhattan just outside Minsk, the capital of Belarus.

And what we have seen so far may just be the tip of the iceberg. For now, I will just leave you with one piece of advice - learn to speak Chinese. You are going to need it!

**Chinese takeout containers are actually made to fold out into plates.**



# THE END

When I grow up I want to be a Hasher part 2:



A Chinese couple get married - and she's a virgin. Truth be told, he is not too experienced either. On their wedding night, she cowers naked under the sheets as her husband undresses. He climbs in next to her and tries to be reassuring. My darring" he says, "I know dis yu firss time and you berry frighten. I pomise you, I give you anyting you want, I do anyting juss anyting you want. What chou want?" he says. A thoughtful silence follows and he waits patiently (and eagerly) for her request. She eventually replies shyly and unsure, "I want to try sometin I have heard about... numba 69." More thoughtful silence, this time from him. Eventually, in a puzzled tone he queries... "You want... Chicken wiff broccori ??"

I asked a Chinese girl for her number. She said, "Sex! Sex! Sex! Free sex tonight!" I said, "Wow!" Then her friend said, "She means 666-3629."

I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks so I wondered what do Chinese mothers use? Toothpicks?

I was eating in a Chinese restaurant the other day when I was too full to finish my meal. "Can I have a doggy bag please", I asked. "Ok, One chef special coming right up", he replied.

An American tourist goes on a trip to China. While in China, he is very sexually promiscuous and does not take precautions. A week after arriving back home in the States, he awakes one morning to find his dick covered with bright green and purple spots. Horrified, he immediately goes to see his Doctor. The Doctor, never having seen anything like this before, orders some tests and tells the man to return in a two days, for the results.

The man returns a couple of days later and the Doctor says, "I've got bad news for you. You've contracted Mongolian VD. It's very rare and almost unheard of here. We know very little about it."

The man looks a little relieved and says, "Well, give me a shot or something and fix me up please Doc."

The Doctor answers, "I'm sorry, there's no known cure. We're going to have to amputate your penis."

The man screams in horror, "Oh no! I want a second opinion!"

The Doctor replies, "Well it's your choice. Go ahead if you want, but surgery is your only choice."

The next day, the man seeks out a Chinese doctor, figuring that he'll know more about the disease.

The Chinese doctor examines his dick and proclaims, "Ah yes, Mongolian VD. Velly lare disease."

The guys says to the doctor, "Yeah, yeah, I already know that, but what can you do? My American doctor wants to operate and amputate my penis!"

The Chinese doctor shakes his head and laughs, "Stupid Amellican doctor! Amellican doctor, always want to opulate. Make more money, that way. No need to opulate!"

"Oh thank God!" the man replies.

"Yes!" says the Chinese doctor, "You no worry! Wait two weeky. Dick fall off by itself!"

