



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES - *see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:*

17/09/2016 Great North South r*n Isle of Wight H3 - Registration etc. at: <http://www.greatnorthsouthruniow.co.uk/>

17/10/2016 Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th r*n - *Diary date for big celebration - see below for further info.*

25-28/08/2017 UK Nash Hash Easton College, Norwich <http://uknashhash2017.co.uk/>

Sept. 2018 **Mother Hash 80th Anniversary event** - see BS#226 or visit www.motherhash.com for more details.

HASH RELAY RE-SCHEDULED

24th September 2016

To celebrate their coming of age at 55, Bouncer, Prof & Ride It Baby are running a 55-mile relay on Sat 24th Sep. All are welcome to join in, preferably in teams of between 1 & 15 members. We will start at Devil's Dyke at 8am and finish in Lewes at around 6pm. To be followed by ale + meal.

Route + legs + estimated changeover times attached are based on team average of 11 minute miles. Basically Devils Dyke to Foredown Tower, pick up Monarchs Way west to Amberley, then SDW east to Lewes. Please can team captains let Prof know, to get an idea of expected numbers:

p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk

Leg	Checkpoint	Grid ref.	Cum. Dist.	Leg dist	Cum. Time	Clock time
0	Devils Dyke pub	258 110	0		00:00	08:00
1	Bridge near Foredown Tower	255 076	2.7	2.7	00:29	08:29
2	Rising Sun Bramber	197 103	7.7	5.0	01:24	09:24
3	Steyning Bowl	163 095	10.4	2.7	01:54	09:54
4	Findon	122 084	13.6	3.2	02:29	10:29
5	Michelgrove	082 083	16.3	2.7	02:59	10:59
6	Arundel	018 072	21.3	5.0	03:54	11:54
7	Houghton Lane	017 118	25	3.7	04:35	12:35
8	Springhead Hill	070 125	28.8	3.8	05:16	13:16
9	A24 south of Washington	110 120	32.3	3.5	05:55	13:55
10	Steyning Bowl	163 095	36.1	3.8	06:37	14:37
11	A283 lay-by	197 093	38.9	2.8	07:07	15:07
12	Devils Dyke SDW	258 107	43.2	4.3	07:55	15:55
13	Pyecombe	292 127	46	2.8	08:26	16:26
14	Ditchling Beacon	333 130	49.1	3.1	09:00	17:00
15	Lewes Harveys Brewery	422 103	55.3	6.2	10:08	18:08

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th R*N Monday 17th October 2016

It looks like this will now be held at St. Bernard's place, with camping available for the brave. More info as plans are fleshed out but a special souvenir will be available!

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BH7 H3 2000th r'n celebration weekend 24-26 March 2017 - Don't delay registering as there are limited places available at the hostel. ***Next meeting: 7pm Thursday 8th September, John Harvey Tavern, Lewes. All welcome.***

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Phoenix are holding a late night of fun filled athletics action this coming Saturday 20th of August and you are all invited!

What better way to make the whole day athletics related parkrun followed by watching Charlie Grice (hopefully) 1500m and Mo Farah in the 5,000m. Celebrate the Sussex Athletes who have made it to Rio!

[illegible]

Sick & tired of listening to Olympic athletes say how much work they've put in & the sacrifices they've made.. what do they want, a medal?



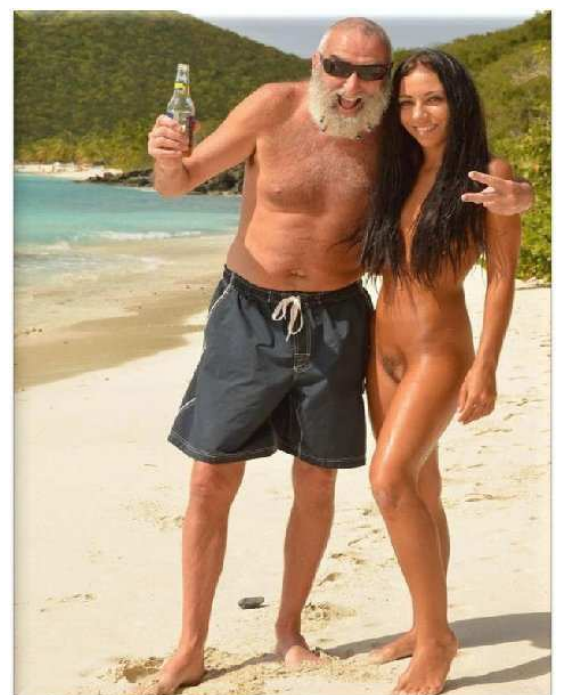
In the great days of the British Empire, a new commanding officer was sent to a jungle outpost to relieve the retiring colonel. After welcoming his replacement and showing the usual courtesies (gin and tonic, cucumber sandwiches etc) which protocol decrees, the retiring colonel said, "You must meet my Adjutant, Captain Smithers, He's my right-hand man and is really the strength of this office."

Smithers was summoned and introduced to the new CO, who was surprised to meet a humpbacked, one eyed, toothless, hairless, scabbed and pockmarked specimen of humanity, a particularly unattractive man less than three feet tall. "Smithers, old man, tell your new CO about yourself."

"Well, sir, I graduated with honours from Sandhurst, joined the regiment and won the Military Cross and Bar after three expeditions behind enemy lines. I've represented Great Britain in equestrian events and won a Silver Medal in the middleweight division of the Olympics. I have researched the history of....."

At that point, the colonel interrupted, "Yes, yes, never mind that Smithers, he can find all that in your file. Tell him about the day you told the witch doctor to eff off."

Usain Bolt reckons he can run at a speed of 40mph, you might think that's good, but if he hits a child there's an 80% chance they'll die.



REHASHING

Queen Victoria, Rottingdean After a couple of weeks of madly long r*ns, and with the collective Mudlarks reputation for same, there was a veiled plea to keep it sensible. So the first thing we did was cross a dangerous road, set off along the cliff edge, and re-cross the dangerous road! There was a bit of mucking about in the houses before we picked up the usual path over to Saltdean. It seemed early for a sip but that didn't stop the FRB's trying to find one, a cunning ploy by the hare as they then had a bit of catching up to do when we hit the countryside again. Our view of the sea was interrupted by the air-sea rescue chopper as we charged down to the lido where, after a couple of false starts, we eventually found our way under the dangerous road to a check on the prom. It was never going to be left but the many flashing lights were a t



the rocks hit the old nosey gene. This also impacted on the sea swim at the end as the first few thought it too dangerous, but most of the girls went for it to the shame of the FRB's. In the pub hares Prof (insisting on a full pint) and Spreadsheet (driving so got a tabasco heavy tomato juice) were duly downed. Virgins Stephani and Richard were next before Bogeyman got called for yet another faceplant. The Cardinal was shamed for animal abuse after posting a piccie of himself with 'new best friend' Matilda the camel, with a complete disregard for Max's feelings. Obviously a female camel can provide for Hugh in a way that a male dog can't, there's nothing funny about him! Bouncer was then downed by Boges for losing his shirt, tankard, way (twice) and plot at the IOW weekend, and Ride-It-Baby forgetting the numpty mug. And finally, Lily the Pink was downed by One E for letting Random near his precious 20 years of the ale trail glass. Which she broke. Another great hash!

Swallows Return, Goring With a bit of fine weather finally arriving, the pub name gave us cause for optimism for the summer. We needed something as hare raiser Pondweed seldom leads by example! It's difficult to avoid road on the out and in trail here so it was a short suicidal stretch to pick up the path up to Highdown, drop down to the main road and along to take the next path up where Bouncer appeared running the trail backwards after going wrong earlier. One check later he went off trail again, going north as we headed west to hit an insanely long bit of check-free trail which was crying out for a fishhook or two. Across the main road hare nipped over the fence to run on a nicely mown stretch as the pack struggled through the long grass. We finally found a check but it wasn't the Rife as hare led us through the streets to the Henty Arms for a return home along the line path, although Pirate needed dragging away from the farmers crop of peas before he eat the lot! Surprise generosity from the pub meant plenty of down downs kicking off with hare Pondweed and assistant Ride it (still no numpty mug). Virgin Chris aka Bouncer (a different one) was then called before a chance for Canada to reverse the Wimbledon final as Keeps It Up outdrank Scotlands Neelia Hasher. Susan's (still no name) nephew came 3rd in schools athletic championships earning aunty a puny beer for elitism. And Prince Crashpian finally received his delayed beer from the Bevy. Anotha gr8 hash!

[illegible]

A young lady walks into a supermarket and on her way round she sees the bloke who had his wicked way with her the previous evening, after they had met in a pub. He was stacking washing powder boxes onto the shelves.

"You lying toad" she yells, "last night you told me you were a stunt pilot"

"No" he says "I told you I was a member of the Ariel display team."

This couple are having difficulty with their sex life. So the husband went to the doctor and asks the doctor is there anything they can do about it.

The Doctor says "Tell me what's up."

So the husband says, "In the evening when we are down stairs we're alright, but when we go to bed and we start to talk about it, we go off it."

The Doctor said, "I think I know the problem. When you go to bed and start to talk about it, you will have to call your private parts by other names."

So the husband goes home and tells his wife what the Doctor had said.

His wife said, "Alright we will try that then. I'll call mine the washing machine."

So the husband said, "In that case I'll call mine the dirty washing."

That night in bed the husband said, "Darling, can I put the dirty washing in the washing machine."

She said "No I've got a headache."

The following night they're lying there, and she said, "Darling, do you want to put the dirty washing in the washing machine."

He said, "No, I did a hand wash last night."

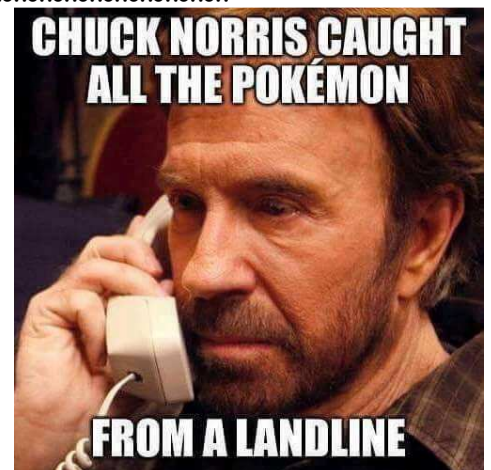
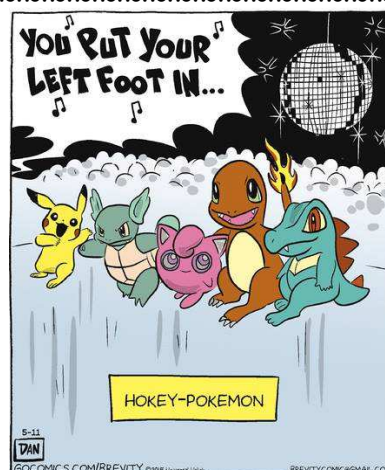


I'll have to buy a new washing machine. The one I have now has been shrinking my wife's clothes for years.

REHASHING (ctd.)

White Hart, Henfield Joining the walkers pack tonight, Bogeyman was enthusing about a facebook video of an American woman (bearing an uncanny resemblance to our Random) taking the piss out of the Pokemon craze with her take called Chardonnay Gol, and had accordingly brought along a bottle to enjoy in the knitting circle. Hare wasted little time getting us out on the footpaths towards Swains farm but the check there caused plenty of confusion before trail was finally revealed across the road, back west, and over towards Broadmare Common. There was a bit of street stuff around Nep Town before we were once again taken round the fields where work has already started on the new estate, more beloved hash territory lost, but where the hell was Cyst Pit going? He was eventually found wandering aimlessly through the sports centre grounds after pack returned to the Downs Link but we were now on a mission to Prince Crashpians house for his, as usual, excellent sip including a shower to refresh hot bods, not least Pengiun Shagger who was crying for water to ease his nettle rash. In the car park there was a second sip stop (third for some who'd smelt the beer pre-run) from the back of the Mudlarks' car but Neelia wasn't too amused when trying to get away early to put the kids to bed found herself diverted up someones drive! Inside there was already lots of consternation for Peter Pansy who'd disappeared to run the trail again looking for his lost car key. Eventually giving up waiting RA called circle to down hare, rapidly followed by virgin Neil (a friend of Flicks who'd blown her out last week!), and visitor Alan from Teign Valley H3. Bouncer then did a tick check warning of the dangers of picking them up this time of year, and taking advantage of the opportunity to give Hash Gomi a beer for moaning about them last January! St. Bernard was called for losing his way, not as he suspected on the previous weekends ultra which had him excluded for missing a cut-off as a result, but for tying his bike up outside the Plough a few doors down. And Angel who is always whacking on about fishooks, was punished for failing to return twice at the OCH3 1500th the day before. Mention was made of the special late opening of the Piston Broke next Saturday for the Lunartic marathon runners and, as Adrian still hadn't returned, numpty was awarded to Pirate for gratuitous nudity while changing. Another great hash!

Half Moon, Balcombe Checking the pub out Keeps It Up discovered that it had recently changed hands so thought a return worthwhile, but on a subsequent visit he commented on the 'for sale' sign outside to the new main hosts surprise! Well they managed to get organised enough to lay on grub and so the hash was on! After a bit of a saunter through the houses we crossed the road to head down and over the railway for a lovely clockwise down and up, in and out trail getting perilously close to Staplefield at one point. That could be why a few managed to get so far ahead after saying the trail seemed familiar whilst your scribe was as lost as ever! We'd been warned about frisky horses but they must've been warned about us as they'd gone when we got there. Or was it St. Bernard and Pirates worrying talk about bulls as we crossed trails with the walkers, as apparently big bulls are good, small bulls bad, so size does matter! Anyway all went swimmingly and we made it back to join a queue to get served as the staff split themselves between bar and kitchen! Why we don't just say get 20 pints of Harveys ready for 9pm before folk get anxious about their grub I do not know! After the hares, Mudlark grumblingly took the blame beer for the FRB's while RA moaned about the good old days when you waited for the next runners before checking. Bosom Boy has been behaving quite erratically recently but with method behind his madness as running 7.5 mins and walking 2.5 mins was preparation for his first ultra run over 31 miles. Pirate was downed for cancelling his trail at short notice before passing the Numpty mug on to Jaws for some hot dog bite thing, Jaws then downed Bouncer who'd winged he was first in but last to get served at the bar, and finally, Crackerjack had a softie for his first completed r*n despite having been on and off with us for over 16 years! Another great hash!

[illegible]

I'm f*cking raging right now!!!!!! I had to leave the house to go to Asda but when I got back there are 4 police cars and 6 police officers in my home. The front door had been knocked off the hinges, stuff everywhere, and apparently they were looking for something. So I'm stuck outside with this police officer and they are inside searching through everything, even my washing. They checked inside my cupboards under my mattress. They tore my things apart. So, as you can imagine, I'm getting upset, and I'm trying figure out what's going on. I asked if they had a search warrant, and if I could see it. The Policeman in my bedroom yells, "Where did you hide it? We know it's here! We are searching and will find it." Then I yell back, "If I had an idea of what you're looking for, maybe I could help!" He shoots me the 'You wanna go to prison?' look, so I shut up and watch one of the other police officers look down at his phone. Then he shouts, "Guys stop! Hold on. We're in the wrong house! The Pokémon is next door!"

SUMMER HOLIDAYS...

A friend went to Beijing for her summer break and was given this brochure by the hotel. It is precious. She is keeping it and reading it whenever she feels depressed. Obviously, it has been translated directly, word for word from Mandarin to English.

Getting There: Our representative will make you wait at the airport. The bus to the hotel runs along the lake shore. Soon you will feel pleasure in passing water. You will know that you are getting near the hotel, because you will go round the bend. The manager will await you in the entrance hall. He always tries to have intercourse with all new guests.

The Hotel: This is a family hotel, so children are very welcome. We of course are always pleased to accept adultery. Highly skilled nurses are available in the evenings to put down your children. Guests are invited to conjugate in the bar and expose themselves to others. But please note that ladies are not allowed to have babies in the bar. We organize social games, so no guest is ever left alone to play with them self.

The Restaurant: Our menus have been carefully chosen to be ordinary and unexciting. At dinner, our quartet will circulate from table to table, and fiddle with you.

Your Room: Every room has excellent facilities for your private parts. In winter, every room is on heat. Each room has a balcony offering views of outstanding obscenity! ... You will not be disturbed by traffic noise, since the road between the hotel and the lake is used only by pederasts.

Bed: Your bed has been made in accordance with local tradition. If you have any other ideas please ring for the chambermaid. Please take advantage of her. She will be very pleased to squash your shirts, blouses and underwear. If asked, she will also squeeze your trousers.

Above All: When you leave us at the end of your holiday, you will have no hope. You will struggle to forget it.

Chinese Tour Guide:-There was this Chinese girl at a travel agency when I was in Shanghai, I asked her if she could escort me for a city tour and asked for her mobile number, so I could call her to make arrangements. She got excited and said: "Sex sex sex, wan free sex for tonigh" Wow, I was guessing this is how Chinese women express their hospitality. But then, my friend interpreted it for me and told me what she really said was..... 666136429

Why is there no Disneyland in China? No one's tall enough to go on the good rides.

[illegible]

CAN ANYONE ON THE HASH HELP OUT?

A group of friends are spending their summer holidays doing a "Fun Run" across the country. They are travelling light and are looking for places along the way where they can crash for a few days. I thought maybe you could help out by welcoming them and making them feel at home.

I took the liberty of giving them a copy of the hash address list with your phone numbers and addresses. They leave in a day or so and you can probably expect them to arrive sometime in the next 3 weeks or so. To help you recognize them (so that you won't be taking in complete strangers), I attach a photo.

If you can think of anyone else who could help out it would be great.

Thanks

on



A certain lawyer was quite wealthy and had a summerhouse in the country, to which he retreated for several weeks of the year. Each summer, the lawyer would invite a different friend of his (no, that's not the punch line) to spend a week or two up at this place, which happened to be in a backwoods section of Maine. On one particular occasion, he invited a Czechoslovakian friend to stay with him. The friend, eager to get a freebee off a lawyer, agreed.

Well, they had a splendid time in the country - rising early and living in the great outdoors. Early one morning, the lawyer and his Czechoslovakian companion went out to pick berries for their morning breakfast. As they went around the berry patch, gathering blueberries and raspberries in tremendous quantities, along came two huge Bears - a male and a female. Well, the lawyer, seeing the two bears, immediately dashed for cover. His friend, though, wasn't so lucky, and the male bear reached him and swallowed him whole. The lawyer ran back to his Mercedes, tore into town as fast as he could, and got the local backwoods sheriff. The sheriff grabbed his shotgun and dashed back to the berry patch with the lawyer.

Sure enough, the two bears were still there. "He's in THAT one!" cried the lawyer, pointing to the male, while visions of lawsuits from his friend's family danced in his head. He just had to save his friend.

The sheriff looked at the bears, and without batting an eye, levelled his gun, took careful aim, and SHOT THE FEMALE.

"Whatdya do that for!" exclaimed the lawyer. "I said he was in the other!"

"Exactly," replied the sheriff, "would YOU believe a lawyer who told you that the Czech was in the Male?"

REHASHING the CRAFT and a taste of an away weekend ...

A good crowd of us went over to the Isle of Wight for their Medieval hash weekend at the beginning of July including Bouncer, Angel, ET, Tayvah, Bogeyman, Roaming Pussy, Black Stockings, Cliffbanger, Bushsquatter, Poo Sticks, Gascok, Muppet, Tea Bar Twin, Pisssticide, Misses Box, Butler the B*stard, Testiculator, Ging Gang Goolie and young Nathan. Apologies if I've missed any other Brighton associates! We arrived to find a huge marquee waiting but beyond that Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy, who arrived a day early, had grabbed a patch for Brighton and Hastings with their tin tent. No time for beer just yet though as we needed had to wear down the two youngsters with us first, so it was off to Robin Hill country park. By the time we returned **#1 Oates' bar** (the



IOW H3 beer monster) was open, so a quick jar before the usual Friday night pub crawl hash as we caught up with loads of old friends. After a trot around a field we headed towards town but Testie was heading away from the hash so, knowing his unerring beer radar, we decided to tag along and weren't disappointed as our select group ended up at the excellent **#2 Yarbridge Inn**, despite it being a bit of a stretch. A very pleasant beer in the garden led us to the decision and realisation that there were no other likely days available to call a CRAFT in July so an executive decision was made that this should be it! Unfair on those who weren't warned I know but with so many regulars away at various times and the need to avoid missing a number leading up to the 100th at the Brighton 2000th weekend called for tough measures! Without a trail to follow but only a handful of pubs it wasn't too complicated finding the hash which, after avoiding the ropey looking Wheatsheaf, we did in **#3 Kynges Well**, although we soon found ourselves unceremoniously bundled into the back room. Conditions getting pretty cramped, we decided to move on to **#4 Bugle Inn**, a somewhat chainy looking pub, however they were rather more welcoming inside despite the fact that quite a lot of the hash had beaten us to it! Time was rushing on though and we were due supper and entertainment back at base so called a halt on our crawling. Well, apart from the unfortunate Wheatsheaf, we'd run out of pubs anyway so it was back to Oates' free bar to enjoy the grub and band, eventually calling it a night after more silliness.

After a massive breakfast on Saturday Angel and myself, having failed to persuade fellow parkrun enthusiast Bogman to join us, headed off to the Medina parkrun on its summer route in Ryde (the usual course at Newport being trashed annually by the IOW festival!), and thank heavens Angel asked for directions from an IOW hasher as we had no idea! This was an excellent course if a bit twisty with some challenging mini-climbs, but plenty of forefront beach. Recommended! Back at camp we didn't have too long before the hash r*ns started and Angel was on the short with the boys while I went for the Long Runne taking in the Round the Island yacht race. Somehow managing to get lost very early on, this turned into a lonely r*n as I followed clues and rumours of the pack until finding the pub stop at the Crab and Lobster, Bembridge. Whilst waiting with the SCB's for the rest to arrive runners were appearing from the cliff path, apparently doing their own round the island run while the yachts were appearing round the point. At least I'd been missed, even if everyone thought it highly amusing, as they all greeted me in the garden! Eventually on on was called and up we climbed eventually heading in to hug the edge before a second stop for ice creams, although light rain was a deterrent! From here it was a straight run down to the picnic stop at Yaverland, although Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger, as usual, made a meal of it! Angel, Bogeyman and myself were soon in the sea, but disaster, when I came back to find my shirt from City H3 visit had vanished! Gutted but beer took my mind off as Oates' bar



became portable, and somehow I ended up as RA thanks to P.Rick. From here we were bussed back to site for some fun and games with chariot races which the boys took too, throwing water balloons at participants when they weren't involved. Then time to get into medieval costume for the evenings banquet. The effort that went into the organisation of this event was impressive with every member of IOW hash getting involved, designing shields to go round the walls of the marquee if nothing more! Once the King & Queen (Magoo & Suction) were seated the entertainment started with a falconry display inside the tent. Somehow Angel ended up 'volunteering' to have a Harris Hawk fly through her arms but shut her eyes at the key moment, meanwhile a bit of well-timed bowing and scraping by myself got the King to announce the BH7 2000th weekend! After the typical medieval fare we were called outside for a fire display from some bloke called Natalie, very funny! The evening was rounded off with more live band action and lots more beer.

Sunday came around too fast and so did the hangover run and my turn to go with the boys. Testie was taking Nathan on his first hash, using a backpack, but he was uncomfortable about something (turned out to be feed) so G3 took him back to site while Testie and I attempted to catch up with the hash, me worrying about ET and Tayvah (Malibog and myself were down the Duke of Wellington in Shoreham a while back and bumped into Tayvah's mum Zoe who insisted on a hash handle, so became Nutcracker because of her ballet interest. She hasn't hashed yet but I think he should be Nutcracker Suite to keep it in the family!). No sooner had we found them than they announced they were going on the SCB route back to site along with some kindly soul, so I wasn't missed this time! All too soon we were all back at site for the closing circle (at which my shirt failed to appear) including stocks, a pastie lunch, packing up and farewells. Another great Isle of Wight celebration weekend!

Our Daily Life in the Middle Ages (around 5th to 15th centuries)

The bread which we eat is sometimes gritty from the millstones used to grind the grain. This may cause our teeth to wear down quickly. Usually the bread does not contain nuts but may be eaten by them.

Peasants may not hunt on the lord's land – listen for the call, “*Gerrorf my larnd*”. Punishment for killing a deer could be death – ask the deer.

Medicine. Sometimes doctors “bleed” people by putting leeches on your skin. Some say these leeches will evolve into Tax Men.

People mostly drink ale or wine. The water is often bad and may induce sickness. We are looking forward to the introduction of Coffee then Tea (in about 100-150 years) and eventually, once cardboard cups are invented, Baristas.

Marriages are often arranged, especially for nobles. Noble girls can often marry at 12 years old and boys at 14.

Baron – A ruler below the king in the feudal system. He ruled an area of land called a fief. He pledged his loyalty to the king in return for land; also, large piece of Beef.

Black Death – A deadly disease that spread through much of Europe during the Middle Ages. Estimates say that it killed at least one third of all the people in Europe. Luckily, you seem to have survived.

Byzantine Empire – the eastern half of the Roman Empire, one of the strongest European empires during the Middle Ages. The capital city was Constantinople, which is Mediaeval for Istanbul.

Charlemagne – King of the Franks and 1st Holy Roman Emperor, he united much of western Europe during his reign.

Chivalry – The code by which knights pledged to live. It involved honour, being courageous, and protecting the weak in return for ladies handkerchiefs.

Codpiece – a pouch attached to a man's breeches or close-fitting hose to cover the genitals, worn in the 15th and 16th centuries; a succulent morsel of fish.

Fief – An area of land given to a lord or baron by a king; light-fingered E. Londoner.

Franks – Germanic tribes who settled in the land which will become France; also people called Francis.

Guild – An association of craftsmen that focused on a specific trade or craft such as making shoes or weaving cloth.

Journeyman – A position in a guild above apprentice, a journeyman worked for a master craftsman and earned wages.

Knight – A warrior who rode a horse and wore heavy metal armour. Knights were rewarded with land and were required to protect the King when needed.

Magna Carta – A document forced upon King John of England by his barons. Did she die in vain?

Manor – Centre of life during the Middle Ages, the manor was the local lord's house or castle; former pub in Sandown.

Moat – A ditch around a castle filled with water – not public bath.

Master – The highest position in a guild, a master could own a shop and hire journeymen and apprentices; Arch enemy of Dr Who (keep an eye out for her/him)

Page – A young boy that acts as a servant for a knight while training to become a knight someday; Later to become a synonym for a sheet of paper.

Serf – A peasant who worked the land for the local lord. The serf had few rights and was little better than a slave. See Baldrick.* Not to be confused with Surf. * *Baldrick was the IOW hasher responsible for registrations etc this weekend.*

Vikings – Roman for 6 Kings. Also, people who came from Scandinavia.

[illegible]

Doctor: "are you sexually active?" Guy: "I play Pokemon Go" Doctor: "a simple 'no' would've been fine"

Babe, I swear I wasn't cheating, just playing Pokémon GO and there was a Jiggypuff at her house. I ain't know she your besty



THE POKEMON DRINKING GAME!

This Beautiful game combines two of the greatest things known to mankind, Pokemon and alcohol. This game will work with the episodes, which are all available online. Alternatively, you could fire up one of the movies, depending on your drinking capacity.

THE RULES

1. Every time the word Pokemon is said, drink.
2. Every time Pikachu says his name, drink.
3. If Brock gets a boner over any female, officer jenny for example, drink.
4. If team rocket decides to show up, drink.
5. If someone is not singing along to team rockets theme song, a slap and a drink are in order for the guilty party.
6. If a Pokeball is thrown, you must drink.
7. If a legendary Pokemon is mentioned, drink for the sheer honor.
8. If ash turns his hat, lookout, 2 drinks for you brave soldier.
9. If Psyduck makes an appearance, drink for his sheer incompetence.
10. If Psyduck falls on his arse, down it
11. The first person to shout Gary is a bellend, as he appears can nominate one unlucky trooper to drink.
12. Drink every time togepi says his name (he never shuts up)

Please share any rules that you may have to add to this beautiful game.



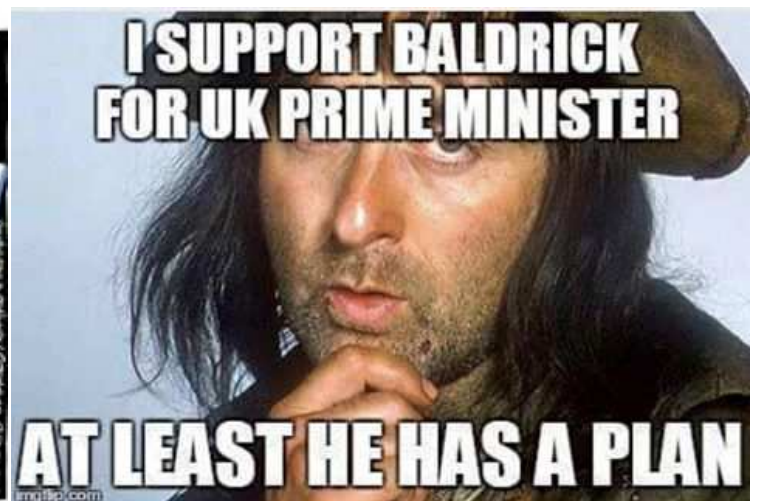
IN THE NEWS...

US election: Artist builds wall around Trump's Hollywood star

Donald Trump's controversial call for a "great, great wall" on the US-Mexico border has yet to be realised but a tiny, tiny one has been built instead - surrounding his star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. The 15cm high concrete wall is topped with razor wire, miniature US flags and includes 'Keep Out' signs written in both Spanish and English. It was created by LA-based street artist Plastic Jesus and was inspired by comments made by the Republican Presidential nominee last year when he outlined plans to build a wall along the US-Mexico border to stop illegal immigrants. One person called the wall "the most genius vandalism of the star yet," while another said it was the "best thing I've seen all day."

[illegible]

Post-Brexit vote, while Corbyn suffers a massive coup by his MP's but doggedly refuses to stand down after losing a no-confidence vote, things get heated in the Conservative party as candidates line up for the top spot after Call Me Dave's resignation:



As May becomes PM and Hammond is lined up to become Chancellor, Top Gear fans eagerly await news of who will be foreign secretary. When asked what to do about Boris, Theresa May replied f.off. Civil servants misunderstood and gave him the job!



As Britain faces up to a future outside the European Union, Europe looks with trepidation at their new map:



Saucy summer postcards time



THE



END

In view of the latest economic situation Ryan Air announce more cut-backs one of which is the downsizing of the flight attendants uniforms. A spokesperson has said this measure will hopefully bring back some customers recently lost to other airlines such as BA.



Laying on the beach today, I noticed a man in the water in some distress shouting "help shark, help!" I just laughed and finished my beer, there was no way that shark was going to help him!!

Top tip: if you're camping in the summer and the attractive girl in the next tent tells you that because it's so hot she will be sleeping with her flaps open, it's not necessarily an invitation to casual sex.....Wish me luck, I appear in court next Monday.



Summers here and the beers in the cooler!

Last week, I took my grandchildren to a restaurant. My eight-year-old grandson asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good, God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would thank you even more if Grandpa gets us ice cream for dessert. And liberty and justice for all! Amen!"

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby, I heard a woman remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice cream! Why I never!"

Hearing this, my grandson burst into tears and asked me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"

After I assured him that he had done a terrific job and that God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my grandson and said, "I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer." "Really?" my grandson asked.

"Cross my heart," the man replied. Then, in a theatrical whisper, he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is sometimes good for the soul."

Naturally, I bought my grandchildren ice cream at the end of the meal. My grandson stared at his ice cream for a moment, and then he did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his sundae and, without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her: "Here, this is for you, you grouchy old bitch. Shove it up your ass!"

My moneys on the lifeguard on the right.



While sports fishing off the Florida coast, a tourist capsized his boat. He could swim, but his fear of alligators kept him clinging to the overturned craft. Spotting an old beachcomber standing on the shore, the tourist shouted, "are there any gators around here?" "Naw," the man hollered back, "Ain't been any for years!"

Feeling safe, the tourist started swimming toward the shore. As he got closer to shore he shouted to the guy again "What did you do to get rid of the gators?" "We didn't do nothin'," the beachcomber said. "The sharks got 'em all."

A man and his son walk into an ice cream parlour. The man orders two vanilla cones, looks at his son, slaps him on the back of the head and says "What do you want, Fathead?" The guy at the counter was appalled. He asked the man why he did that. The man said "There are 3 things a man wants in life, 1) A Big truck. You see out there, biggest damn truck in the county. 2) A nice house. I got the nicest house in the state. And 3) a tight pussy. And I had me one of them until fathead came along."

My wife shouted upstairs, "The sun's just come out!" I thought "Great", threw on some shorts and flip flops and shot down the stairs. I was rather shocked when I got down to find our lad holding hands with his mate Michael.