



Find us on  **facebook** or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
2nd January 2017	2011	Tiger Inn, East Dean	558 979	Lily the Pink
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Drusillas roundabout. Right, 1st left then right over bridge, and right again. Left on A259 at T junction. Take road for Birling Gap and park in car park 1st right. Est. 30 mins. Important: NOON start				
9th January 2017	2012	Lockhart Tavern, Haywards Heath	331 242	One Erection
Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next two roundabouts, left at next, then straight on for one-way system. Pub on left on the Broadway. Parking tricky. 20 mins.				
16th January 2017	2013	Snowdrop, Lindfield	354 239	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 through Ditchling, past Wivelsfield. Turn right up Hurstwood Lane opposite the Fox pub. Right again at end, then left onto Snowdrop Lane. Pub 200yards on left. Est 25 mins.				
23rd January 2017	2014	Half Moon, Plumpton	364 133	Spreadsheet & DP
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout turn right on B2116. Take turning on left just past the pub for the car park. Est. 20 mins.				
30th January 2017	2015	Cat & Canary, Henfield	205 163	Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout then just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Street. Pub is on right approx. 1km. Est. 20 mins.				
6th February 2017	2016	Queen Victoria, Rottingdean	369 023	Prof
FROM BRIGHTON PIER. Head along A259 east towards Newhaven. Turn left at 1st set of traffic lights after Rottingdean Windmill. Pub is on right hand side. Limited parking. Est. 10 mins.				

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

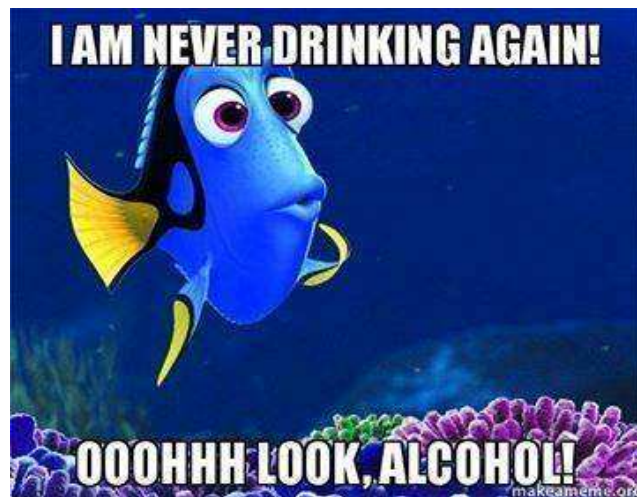
RECEDING HARELINE:

13/02/17	Windmill, Littleworth	Rich
20/02/17	TBA	Wiggy
27/02/17	Elephant & Castle, Lewes	Julia & Lisa
06/03/17	TBA	Bouncer

HASHING AROUND:

East Grinstead H3	1/01/16	11.00am
Sir Humphrey Bean, Tonbridge		
Hastings H3 Sunday #317	8/01/16	10.66am
Dordrecht Way, Hastings - ASBO & GTS		
Henfield H3 Sunday	TBA	11.30am
CRAFT H3 #96 - Friday	27/01/17	19.00pm
Railway, Lancing		

Thought for the day: *May the best of 2016 be the worst of 2017.
And not just the hashes!*



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

24-26/03/2017 BH7 2000th r*n celebration weekend - see below, website or grab forms on Mondays.

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

25-27/05/2018 **World Interhash - Nadi, Fiji**

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

[illegible]

BH7 2000th celebration weekend: See website for day rate application form. ****Limited places****, so get in quick!

Next meeting will be at the Southeast YHA 13.30 on Sunday 15th January. Officers only please to avoid overwhelming them. If you wish to join us for a follow-up meeting in Lewes afterwards please let us know. All extra input and help will be very gratefully received!

[illegible]

There has been some interest in ordering extra t-shirts from the 2000th celebration in October, both from those who attended and for others who weren't able to join us. If this interests you please let Pete LK know asap.

[illegible]

BEER LOVERS MARATHON LIEGE, BELGIUM - Sunday 4th June 2017

A few of us have already booked for this as part of an organised trip by Princess Albert from London Hash. If anyone fancies joining us, it looks like being a great, fun weekend. Either book direct through the main site or I believe there are still some places available on the package which includes accommodation, as well as being in with up to 150 other hashers!

<http://beerlovermarathon.be/en/home-3/>

[illegible]

4th Annual Winchester Caravan Weekend 17-20 March 2017

Location : Shorefield Country Park, Shorefield Road, Milford-on-Sea, Hampshire, SO41 0LH, United Kingdom

The Caravan weekend goes on tour to get some variety on the Hash trails. We are with the same company so much the same facilities (entertainment hall, bars, pool) see the web site for details. <http://www.worthvh3.co.uk/>

Friday Evening	1600 onwards – Keys available for mobile homes. 1900 - A short Social run taking in a pub (or 2) in Lymington.
Saturday	1100- Hash run starting from the camp site - with a picnic lunch on completion Afternoon - Last Saturday of the 6 nations Rugby so you can all gather to watch in the bar or use site facilities , swimming pool etc. Evening meal - Self-financing probably on site Entertainment – The on site entertainment starts at 1930 for children and Cabaret from 2100. Mysteriously it appears Hash Skits have not been requested.
Sunday	1100 Hash. Aiming for a joint run Afternoon. Site facilities available for use. Remember that we have the mobile homes until Monday 1000. Evening – Caravan party ?? Pimms Party anyone

Runs – Non weekend Hashers may join in any of the runs paying normal organising run fees hash

Accommodation – Centrally heated caravans. Either 4 berth (Double room and a twin room) or 6 berth (Double and 2 twins). Cost £50 per berth (There may be a small variance if prices have changed by the time we book). A Deposit of £10 on booking in cash or by Bank transfer to 40-17-42 Acc 11127373

Bookings with: Pushover or Bika use slip below or Email debbie.middleton@btinternet.com or TMPHendy@gmail.com

Name	Passport Name	E-Mail
------	---------------	--------

Phone Number (mobile preferred) _____ Sharing With (if you want to choose your van mates we will try keep you together. Indicate who is taking a double) _____

Deposit Paid £10 Yes / No

A few of us really enjoyed this weekend last year - highly recommended!

As the clock clicks over to mark the start of yet another new year, and the champagne starts flowing, will there be any change in the Boggy Shoe? Will, for example, the Shoe finally follow the Politically Correct path of the Sun and stop publishing pictures of topless girls? Will it follow the path of Playboy magazine in March 2016 and stop publishing photos of nude women? Will there be an outcry if it does, or will it be just accepted that another giant of the print world has gone soft/ seen the light*? To be honest we at Trash Towers can't be bothered to find out, and will stick with it as we've always had good reason to include smut, er, beauty.

* Delete as applicable.

This issue, for example, we feature lots of beautiful ladies celebrating New Year, because (and all names are withheld deliberately), as we all pranced around singing Auld Lang Syne with Jools Holland on the box, I was once again reminded of one of our hashers who told me on more than one occasion that he never went out to celebrate New Year, preferring instead to mark it by playing bedroom games with his squeeze while sharing a glass of champagne. Sigh, maybe one year!



What time does the naked midnight hash start?



Champagne is ready and good to go!



Take that, Playboy!



"Phnaarrrr." And indeed phnarrrr! Wait, is that Kate?

REHASHING



Plough, Pyecombe It's always wise to expect the unexpected with a St. Bernard r*n, but one thing we can always expect is that he will tell us all a load of lies at the start. So after the banter of a dry, flat r*n we set off up the muddy path to circumnavigate Wolstonbury Hill. For a change we were on the lower slopes, which had the effect of sending the checkers up high only to be recalled at most checks, apart from Keeps It Up who broke the cardinal guideline by checking down, as if we were ever going over to the golf course. The climb did inevitably arrive but immediately dipped away before reaching the top down past the chalk pit and through the underpass. Check here confused many although a small advance guard had found trail across the fields past Newtimber Church and started the assault on the next hill. Here pretty well most of the pack went wrong as we now followed the lower slopes of Newtimber Hill, although secateurs were the order of the day as there didn't seem to be a path for much of it. At least there was a decent length of road to shake the muck off the boots for the On Inn. In the pub RA attempted to use the St. Bernard song again but there was some confusion over the tune - Ghostbusters not Dambusters or even the Great Escape as was briefly mooted! Next up for beer was Peter Pansy who's last run had been in the summer, so he'd turned up with no torch. Lily The

Pink then awarded the Mouth to Mouth marathon participants Peter Pansy who came 8th; Bouncer who finished after a Beachy Head fail but carried spare shoes all the way round; and KIU who got lost in Arundel and started heading back up the other side of the river! Wiggy passed the numpty mug on to St. Bernard for not giving the correct information, which Charlie defended but there was something about mud so it sounded like bull shit to us! In conversation later there was a surprise revelation that Local Knowledge used to fancy Vera Lynn's daughter, but it had just occurred to him that she would now be in her 70's! Another great hash!

White Horse, Ditchling Bogeyman has a knack of persuading Burgess Hill Runners along to try hashing whenever he hares and tonight was no exception with the appearance of old friend of mine Catherine Kempton. Sadly I was confined to walking so didn't have long enough to chat with her before on was called, and the pack promptly split into three - runners, walkers and slow walkers. Armed with nothing more useful (or less come to that!) than the location of the sip, it soon became myself and Wiggy strolling together across the mud through the Nye (cue some wit about the Nye is the end. You had to be there.) and beyond to Underhill Lane. An SCB had by now been marked by assistant Errol skipping a loop round the Church to take us back across Westmeston Place, where we were again overhauled by the pack. Having explained to Wiggy that I was chasing the sip I took off along the road, evading his attempts to discuss a film he'd seen recently, past the pub and pond to find everyone enjoying Roaming Pussy's legendary cheesy stars, trees etc (including a special bespoke angel for Angel), sweets and grub. Amazingly Wiggy actually found us, driven by fury that I hadn't told him where the sip was, but there was plenty left for him, despite Hash Gomi offering to sell packs of M&M's supposedly, according to the rumour mill, half-inched from Dave's car. Back in the pub the Christmas crowds confined circle to a small area at the front with the result that a number missed out. Bogeyman was downed as hare, while Errol was eased to one side temporarily which meant Prof got the blame for interrupting. Discussion then took place on finally giving Errol a name mostly based around the Small Package, Little Box, Bridesmaids Box (always the bridesmaid, never the bride when it comes to trail setting) concept in view of his chosen vocation of making such items, but other suggestions also arrived for dog abuse after he tossed flour over one while on trail. The cramped conditions, and a lack of firm decision making, as well as a lot of shouting from Cyst Pit meant that he once again downed unnamed, which is a real shame given his record of post hash pub appearances! Moving on, Angel received for insisting on running in her Xmas jumper throughout December as well as having racked up an impressive 43 straight runs. Get a Life! And finally, Ride-It, Baby received the numpty award in absentia after it was revealed that Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger hadn't made it as they'd managed to get locked out, she very quickly said "Oh, I did that today too and had to break". Another great hash! Bx

Half Moon, Balcombe Boxing Day this year fell on a Monday which meant the annual Westerham & North Kent (W&NK) Boxing Day hash could be a joint with BH7 if we did, as we generally do, a day hash and thus saving Keeps It Up and Wildbush a trail! Those who don't read their runsheets properly were invariably confused, with w&nkers coming back from checks saying that was the Brighton hash route while Wiggy was coming back from the same direction saying that was the W&nk trail and moaning about the lack of co-ordination between chapters setting from the same place on the same day at the same time. Well well! This was eventually sorted out and a couple of cheeky loops early on sorted the pack out until we hit a lane and field which split us nicely so the slowest got a huge head start! With hundreds of checks there was lots of opportunity for the pack to regroup so somehow it all worked out despite being a live hare, and we found our way trending east to drop down the road, and return west past the excellent lake sip stop. From here we just had to haul our Christmas pudding guts up the hill on inn, although Cyst Pit managed to upset his son Coff by tipping him off a bridge. Back at base W&NK RA Layby exercised her sexual privilege to call the hares before moving on to a bit of romance as Jools had finished the Christmas Day bonus parkrun to find her other half standing there with a sign offering a proposal of marriage (which incidentally nearly had Bouncer marrying Bosom Boy off in his absence due to a slight misunderstanding!). Yorky Porky went into one about the history of Christmas, denouncing Jesus, only to be directed to Pirate who had hashed in his sandals, earning them both a down down. There was a slight sideways step next with Legolas from Old Coulsdon H3 awarding Fleur her 500th award, as she'd missed out the day before. Then Bouncer took the helm to award lost souls Twin Peaks (has hashed little lately, but still managed rather a lot of marathons), Meme (finally found us after threatening to run with BH7 for years), and Wooden Chew (last seen wandering the Brighton streets in the middle of the CRAFT hash). Proxy definitely needs to put new shoes on his Christmas list, and finally Pirate again for his soppy romantic gift to Soggy Crack of a canoe. And, as it happens, a beer, as he nominated! In the pub, and as a sign of our brief union, Angel and Chipmonk turned up in matching Xmas jumpers, while elsewhere a battle royale took place on the pool table! Another Great Hash!



A silhouette of a person in a dynamic kicking pose stands on the edge of a dark, textured rock. To the left of the person, the year '2017' is written in large, bold, black digits. To the right, the number '6' is shown in a similar bold, black font, appearing to be in mid-air as if just kicked off the cliff. The background is a vibrant sunset or sunrise sky with warm orange and yellow tones and scattered clouds.



JANUARY			APRIL			OCTOBER		
04 Robert Stigwood age 81			06 Merle Haggard age 79			23 Pete Burns age 57		
07 Kitty Kallen age 94			20 Victoria Wood age 62			24 Bobby Vee age 73		
10 David Bowie age 69			21 Prince age 57			NOVEMBER		
14 Alan Rickman age 69			21 Lonnie Mack McIntosh age 74			03 Kay Starr age 94		
15 Dan Haggerty age 74			24 Billy Paul age 81			07 Leonard Cohen age 82		
17 Dale Griffin age 67			JUNE			11 Robert Vaughn age 83		
18 Glen Frey age 67			03 Muhammad Ali age 74			13 Leon Russell age 74		
FEBRUARY			16 Jo Cox age 41			25 Fidel Castro age 90		
03 Maurice White age 74			28 Scotty Moore age 64			DECEMBER		
03 Joe Alaskoy age 63			JULY			07 Greg Lake age 68		
19 Harper Lee age 88			2 Caroline Aherne age 52			08 John Glenn age 95		
MARCH			AUGUST			18 Zsa Zsa Gabor age 99		
06 Nancy Reagan age 94			13 Kenny Baker age 81			24 Rick Partin age 68		
08 Sir George Martin age 90			29 Gene Wilder age 63			24 Richard Adams 96		
10 Keith Emerson age 71			SEPTEMBER			25 George Michael age 53		
24 Garry Shandling Show age 66			25 Arnold Palmer age 87			27 Carrie Fisher age 60		
						28 Debbie Reynolds 84		

[illegible]

All of the ten senior members of the Board of Directors of the company were called into the chairman's office one by one until only Donny, the junior member, was left sitting outside. Finally it was his turn to be summoned. He entered the office to find the chairman and the ten other directors seated around a table. He was invited to join them, which he did. As soon as he had sat down the chairman turned to Donny looking him squarely in the eye, and with a stern voice, asked, "Have you ever had sex with my secretary Miss Knauss?"

"Oh, no sir, positively not!" Donny replied.

"Are you absolutely sure?" asked the chairman.

"Honest, I've never been close enough to even touch her!"

"You'd swear to that?"

"Yes, I swear I've never had sex with Miss Knauss anytime, anywhere."

"Good, then you can fire her !"

REHASHING the CHRISTMAS PARTY

A good crowd was gathering outside the Hassocks Hotel as we pulled into the car park, all fetchingly dressed in Christmassy get up. Within seconds though, Wiggy and I found ourselves alone. Somehow Angel had made the call for an incredibly sharp start but the immediate marks from the pub were none too clear. Once I heard the horn though (strangely silent at the start although **DildoPed** insisted he'd blown, but immediately said he didn't want yet another lambasting for deafening those who got too close), it was easy enough to find the pack wandering round Grand Avenue. After a slight deviation we were on Ockley Lane, where we stayed until crossing onto Cobbs Lane and, bang, the sip stop. Already! **Badger** was our host this year and what a place he has there! My early attempt to grab the biggest cup of mulled wine backfired with **St. Bernard** chucking the empties for me to fill, while others warmed themselves round the fire-pit in the garden gazebo or whatever the hell you call it! Lots of chat and catching up with the more rarely seen hashers who always appear for the Christmas shindig, while long absent returnee and John's Dad **George** critically appraised the workmanship of the house, and we were soon on our way for a swift return along Dale Avenue for the shortest hash of the year.

Bouncer



Lily the Pink



One Erection



Rib helps Peter Pansy



Mudlark & Ride-it, Baby



St. B, Bouncer & Pondweed

The usual confusion ensued inside as we bought beers from the bar then got the tokens to get beers from the bar, Christmas cards flew around, and everyone rushed to find seats, all while catching up with more fair weather hashers, or those too broken to have made the run. Eventually **Mudlark** called us to some sort of order and got in with the first batch of awards which pitted **Lily the Pink** against **St. Bernard** with the patented straight arm. There was blatant foul play as the arm wasn't quite tight enough on Lily to prevent him drinking normally, while St. Bernard attempted to use the other arm! **Imelda** has also been missing somewhat lately, which can't just be down to his recent nuptials, and indeed turned out to be as a result of a promotion. Aggy was named DD last year for **Double Delight** (a reference to her assets being too robust to be held captive by a single loaner bra) but received special mention this evening having come straight from a lunchtime Christmas celebration, as Double Dinner! As the meal progressed the usual entertainment between courses had **One Erection** awarded the mankini, now getting decidedly baggy so he was let off the hook (or was that the rest of us!) and didn't have to put it next to his skin. **Keeps It Up** and **Wildbush** were back as International hashers, then **Peter Pansy** received an all-new condom demonstrator dickhead award for setting half a hash. **Shwiggy's** certainty of location continues unabated ("I knew where I was lost" - Thanks **Jaws!**), however, it rarely coincided with where the hash were particularly at Glynde so he got the beacon! **Come Again** received something for the fish supplies, and **Ride-It, Baby** was once again recipient of the Burkha with thanks for her organising efforts. **Roaming Pussy** got a special award for her exceptional sip stops, despite rarely being able to make the runs. Then finally, in closing the awards, St. Bernard was again called up along with **Local Knowledge** to thank them for the 2000th. Huge thanks to Mudlark and **Prof** for the awards entertainment, then it was time to push the tables back and for **Psychlepath** to take over on the decks as we hit the floor. With the ongoing rail problems, many left soon after the meal having booked cabs or car shared so the party broke up earlier than normal, but still another great Christmas hash, this year topped off with Local Knowledges Christmas card being a hyacinth! Thanks to all involved - Pat, Nigel, Pete, Rik etc.



Bushsquatter, Roaming Pussy & Bogeyman



Prince Crashpian, Cyst Pit & Knightrider



Lone Ranger, Su, Black Stockings & Muppet

Having fun when you're snowbound:



Our annual foray into Mid-Sussex was given a boost this year with the opening of a new Dark Star pub in Haywards Heath, the Lockhart Tavern, so turning our backs on Cuckfield and Lindfield, **Bogeyman** and **Roaming Pussy** hared the latest CRAFT with that as the 'worst kept secret' destination! Before that, though, we had to make a crawl of it so headed to the usual pub **#1 the Burrell Arms**, handy for the station, where our hares were joined by **Wildbush** and **Keeps It Up** to find an improved beer situation on previous visits. Hanging around a decent enough length of time to give **Navigator** and pals from the BUMS (Birmingham Full Moon H3) a chance to turn up, reality kicked in and the likelihood of them leaving their weekend accommodation in Brighton (hence an e-mail asking if we were up for beers!) to risk Southern discomfort, became more remote. Meanwhile, **Bouncer** and **Angel** were on their way but had pre-announced their late arrival with a request for KIU to mark trail from their house to pub **#1**. The vagueness of the request meant that the ever-helpful Brent marked the wrong bit of trail, resulting in the pair having to be talked in by phone, until trail was picked up to **#2 the Sergison Arms**. Uniting with the rest of the group by a scorching hot fire, it was announced that this was the Beachy Head Jumpers Winter Solstice Hash, although it was later to come as a surprise to **Butler the Bastard** and **Misses Box** both conspicuously absent! The barmaid had perfected her half smile at the obvious request to have Mary Jane, such being the name of one of the beers on offer (as well, incidentally, as Malibogs daughter). On on to **#3 the Star** the beer de choix here was Rocking Rudolph, nicely tying into our Christmas jumpers for the CRAFT Christmas trail by keeping the theme going. We knew where we were going though, and so tarried little before moving on to **#4 the Lockhart Tavern**. The Star had been busy but the



Lockhart was rammed, proof if it were needed that the town was crying out for a decent ale pub. The enthusiasm whilst queuing at the bar was palpable with folk actually, like us, having come a long way to try the huge range of beers on offer. Despite that a table was found at the rear end of the pub where the hungry were able to order grub as we learned that the name came, not from Gilderoy in Harry Potter, but the first superintendent of a Victorian lunatic asylum nearby. For some reason the notes say that Keeps It Up was on something called Xmas Cake at 11.5%, while Bouncer got stuck into Creme Brulee (temporarily named Creme Butler by spellcheck in honour of the absent Jumpers founder) having inadvertently been on the tasting panel when the trial batch was produced. Angel hadn't been drinking but her reaction to a photo of Brent looking very small against Bogeyman was priceless and suggested otherwise! Then one of the sticky moustaches from last years Christmas CRAFT was found on Bouncers jumper, cue lots of silly drunken humour and entertainment, but eventually Bogeyman announced we should pay before we forget or forget it! And so ended another great Craft hash as we fell out the doors to head home.

**TODAY I LEARNED THE AVERAGE PERSON
CONSUMES 10 ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES A
WEEK.**



The Irish are always the first ones to come to the aid of their fellow man...passengers, in this case! Shortly after take-off on an outbound, evening Aer Lingus flight from Dublin to Boston, the lead flight attendant nervously made the following painful announcement in her lovely Irish brogue:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm so very sorry, but it appears that there has been a terrible mix-up by our catering service I don't know how this has happened, but we have 103 passengers on board, and unfortunately, we received only 40 dinner meals. I truly apologize for this mistake and inconvenience."

When the muttering of the passengers had died down, she continued, "Anyone who is kind enough to give up their meal so that someone else can eat, will receive free and unlimited drinks for the duration of our 5 hour flight."

*Her next announcement came about 2 hours later:
"If anyone is hungry, we still have 40 dinners available."*

Gorgeous Use of Snow

The annual Snow Sculpture contest in Breckenridge, Colorado attracts contestants from all over the world.
Talk About A "Snow Job".....!!!



IN THE NEWS part 2

2/12/16 The Latest (true) 'News' From Rotherham...

Buttock Tattoo Terror Lands Rotherham Pair In Hospital

A furious row has broken out between a local tattoo artist and his client after what started out as a routine inking session, left both of them requiring emergency hospital treatment.

Vintage film fan and part time plus size model Tracey Munter (23), had visited the Ink It Good Tattoo Emporium on Wellgate last week to have the finishing touches applied to a double buttock representation of the chariot race scene from the iconic 1959 film, Ben Hur. Tattooist Jason Burns takes up the story. *"It was a big job in more ways than one."* he told us *"I'd just lit a roll up and was finishing off a centurions helmet. It's delicate, close up work. Next thing is, I sense a slight ripple in her buttock cleavage area just around Charlton Heston's whip, and a hissing sound – more of a whoosh than a rasp – and before I know what's happening, there's a flame shooting from her arse up to my roll-up and my beards gone up like an Aussie bush fire."*

Jason says he rushed to the studio sink to quell the flames, only to turn round and see Tracey frantically fanning her buttock area with a damp towel. The flames had travelled down the gas cloud and set fire to her thong which was smoking like a cheap firework. *"To be honest", said Jason, "I didn't even realise she was wearing one. You'd need a sodding mining licence and a torch to find out for sure. She could have had a complete wardrobe in there and I'd have been none the wiser."*

Jason and Tracey were taken to Rotherham District Hospital accident and emergency department where they were treated for minor burns and shock. Both are adamant that the other is to blame. *"I'm furious" said Jason, "I've got a face like a mange-ridden dog and my left eyebrow's not there any more. I don't know about Ben Hur – Gone With The Wind's more like it. You don't just let rip in someone's face like that. It's dangerous."*

But Tracey remains both angry and unrepentant; *“I’m still in agony,”* she said, *“And Charlton Heston looks more like Sidney bloody Poitier now. Jason shouldn’t have had a fag on the go, and there’s no way I’d guff on purpose. He’d had me up on his bench on all fours for nearly an hour. I can only put up with that for so long before nature takes its course. My Kev knows that. I give him my five second warning and I’d have done the same for Jason, but I didn’t get chance – it just crept out.”*

Ted Walters from the South Yorkshire Fire and Rescue service wasn't surprised when we told him what had happened "People just don't appreciate the dangers..." he told us, "We get called out to more flatulence ignition incidents than kitchen fires these days, now people have moved over to oven chips. We have a slogan 'Flame 'n fart – keep 'em apart'. Anyone engaging in an arse inking scenario would do well to bear that in mind in future."

[illegible]

GOLDEN OLDIE TIME (*old joke, all-new cast*):

An American airline plane was about to crash with 5 passengers aboard but only 4 parachutes

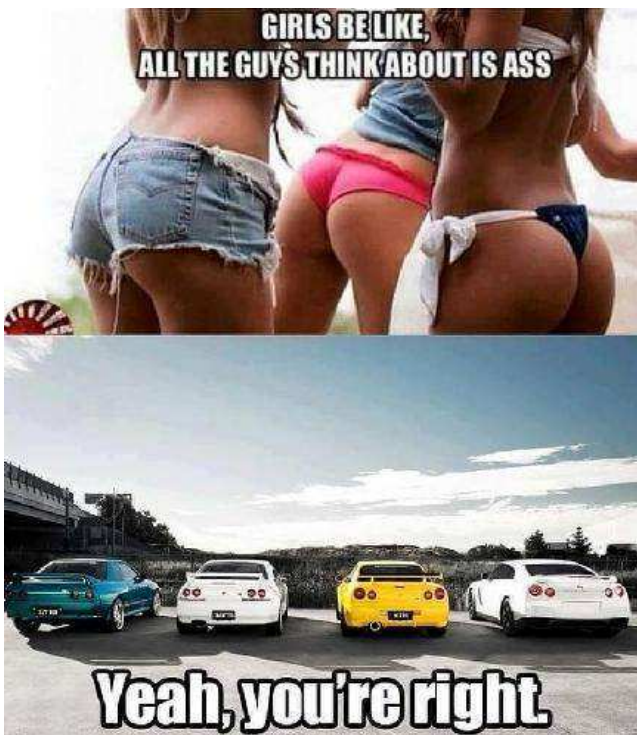
The 1st passenger, Angelina Jolie, said, "I am a great Actress and said to be the most beautiful woman in the world! So Americans don't want me to die". She took the first pack and jumped out of the plane

The 2nd passenger, John McCain, said "I'm a Senator and a decorated war hero of the USA" and he grabbed the second pack and jumped out of the plane.

The 3rd passenger, Donald Trump, said "I am going to be the next President of the USA, I am the smartest man in our country and I will make America great again" taking the pack next to him and jumped out.

The 4th passenger, Preacher Billy Graham said to the 5th, a ten year old schoolgirl, "I have lived a full life and served my God the best I could. I will sacrifice my life and let you take the last parachute."

The little girl said: "That's O.K., Mr Graham. There's still a parachute left for you. The smartest man in America took my schoolbag!"



All new "What Did I Miss?":



WHAT DID I MISS?

MY WIFE SAID:

"Experts say you should bake a cake with your child."
I'm in trouble again but I don't know why.



WHAT DID I MISS?

She said: "Can you pick up a jigsaw for the nieces
Christmas present please? Peppa Pig or something."
How was I to know?



WHAT DID I MISS?

She asked me to come up with a fancy dessert.
Thought I'd better steer clear of cakes, but I'm still wrong.



WHAT DID I MISS?

She started to suspect I'm doing it deliberately
just to get out of doing the cooking.
Between you and me...



WHAT DID I MISS?

You know how it is when you fall through the door
after an afternoon session and think it would be a
good idea to do some cooking? Don't ask. Just... don't.



**THE WIFE ASKED ME
TO BOIL THE KETTLE!**

WHAT DID I MISS?

When you're hanging from the office Christmas party,
she really needs to explain herself clearer.

A photograph showing a woman in an orange tank top and jeans performing a backbend. She is supported from below by a man in a light blue t-shirt. The woman's hands are clasped behind her back, and her head is tilted back. The man is looking up at her. In the background, there is a poster featuring a skull and crossbones with the text "HELL ON WHEELS" and "FLIP".

No need to thank me. I share this in the interest of better health.

Daftland

When the history is written of Daftland
Historians may just recall
That the craziest people in Daftland
Are the public, who put up with it all!!!!

She replied: "Go look in the garage."

