



Thought for the day: *Incorrect punctuation may cause nightmares: "There's a maypole dancer" ^^^*

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

18-20 May 2018 **UK Nash Bash 2018** Brighstone Holiday Centre. Hosts: Island Pedallers Bash H3 www.nashbash2018.co.uk/

18-20 May 2018 **Barnes H3 Summer Ball** - The Chase Hotel, Ross-on-Wye. http://www.barnesh3.com/Booking_form.pdf

25-27 May 2018 World Interhash - Nadi, Fiji <http://fijiinterhash2018.com/>

27-29 July 2018 UK Full Moon Nash Hash 2018 Buckingham Rugby Club Hosts: Milton Keynes H3 www.fmnh2018.co.uk/

14-16/09/2018 **Mother Hash 80th Anniversary event** - see BS#226 or visit www.motherhash.com for more details.

17-19/05/2019 Interscandi HALLSTAHAMMAR, SWEDEN - <http://wagh3.vpsite.se/INTERSCANDI-2019.html>

16-19/08/2019 **EURO HASH 2019** - On on to cruise Scotland. <https://eurohash2019.com/> Full - register for cancellations.

23-23/08/2019 **UK Nash Hash 2019** - Caledonia H3 Kelso, Scottish Borders <http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk/>

[illegible]

BH7 40TH / CRAFT 10TH ANNIVERSARY CAMPOUT BRIGHTON RUGBY CLUB - 8TH-10TH JUNE 2018

Last call for full registrations because we're, er, full! Don't forget partial registration forms are available for Brighton and SLASH hashers only. These are valid for Saturday either just for the runs, evening party, or both. There is a small charge to cover our expenses which will be amply rewarded with beer, food, transport and entertainment, including our own Psychlepath DJ'ing and Proxy's excellent hash band Main Vein back again! If you wish to join in please use the form as we've had to close website registration for technical reasons. Anyone is welcome to join us on the Friday night pay-as-you-go pub crawl starting at 6pm from the site (*still tba but see below*), returning to site from about 9-ish. Sundays hangover run is also open to all starting about 11ish with a closing circle at 1pm. And I keep whacking on, but please assist if you can over the weekend, whether registered or not. We can always use more help with the trails and elsewhere. Many thanks

on

BH7 40TH ANNIVERSARY PART TWO – It was on, then it was off, then it was on again! Yes, there will be an Ale Trail this year and it is the intention that once again we will do this as a club to mark our 40th anniversary as we did for our 25th, 30th and 35th. Definite pub information is pending but should be available at the launch party on Sunday 27th May at the Schooner in Southwick, along with passports and the chance to get your first stamp. For the uninitiated, the ale trail includes 40 pubs in the Brighton and South Downs CAMRA area, including many regular hash venues. By visiting just 20 pubs and getting a stamp for each in your passport you will receive a free t-shirt, which we will get overprinted highlighting the hash. The trail lasts until the end of September giving us plenty of time to hit 20 pubs on hash nights, and CRAFT crawls, so please consider the trail pubs when looking to set your next hash.

on

BH7 40TH ANNIVERSARY PART THREE - Plans are in progress to hold an in-house celebration at Local Knowledges place on the Monday following our weekend celebration. This is likely to follow the tried and tested format of previous years but full details should be available in the next issue. Save the date in your diary now!

on

SURREY HASH3 EVENT - all invited!

SH3 Dawn Patrol walk on Saturday 30th June in Cranleigh, Starts 6 (yes 6) am!

A fabulous walk in the quiet Surrey Hills from Shamley Green, to Peaslake (for coffee and doughnuts) and then onwards via the ridge between Pitch Hill and Reynards Hill, and finally down to the Three Horseshoes in Cranleigh - eta 11am. Brunch served at only a tanner a head including a pint of ale or glass of wine.

Walkers and non-walkers welcome.

Link to form and more details:

<https://goo.gl/forms/Lih1WdfRCUbL6QPY2>

Sign up soon, pay for your brunch a little later.



Alien inadvertently used to mark BH7 trail!

Dear Brighton Hash House Harriers,

We would like to offer your runners a 10% discount on signing up for this year's HEROES RUN – the family fun day on Hove Lawns on 13th May 2018.

The event, which has 5k and 10k options for adults plus a youth mile and 500 metre dash for children, returns to Hove Lawns on 13th May in aid of RISE, Brighton & Hove's domestic abuse charity. RISE works with over 2,500 women and children each year in Brighton & Hove, and this year the HEROES RUN will raise money to fund a child counselling service, to support children impacted by domestic abuse. If everyone raises just £20, we could fund a counsellor for a year.

So could you and your runners be heroes for RISE?

Adults 5K (ages 13+): entry price £18

Adults 10k (ages 16+): entry price £22

500m Mini HEROES Dash: entry price £5

Youth Mile: entry price £10.

A 10% discount to anyone from your club to sign up if they use the code DAREDEVIL at checkout.

For the little ones, sibling discounts are also available, although it must be noted that those under 8 must be accompanied in the race by a parent or guardian; those under 16 will have to be registered in the event by a parent or guardian.

More information can be found at: <http://www.heroesrun.org.uk/>, where it is also possible to register online for the event, or you can contact us if you have any more questions.

Thank-you, hope to see you at the race!

Ellie Ball - Social Media Volunteer

NEWS 21/03/2018 08:16 SAST NSFW: Should Women Be Allowed To Bare Their Breasts In Public? A US Judge Says Yes. By David Moye, HuffPost US

Women in Fort Collins, Colorado, are a little freer now that a federal judge has halted an ordinance prohibiting the public baring of female breasts.

U.S. District Judge R. Brooke Jackson granted an injunction on Wednesday, writing that the municipal ordinance discriminated against women and reinforced negative stereotypes. Jackson explained: "I find that the ordinance discriminates against women based on the generalized notion that, regardless of a woman's intent, the exposure of her breasts in public (or even in her private home if viewable by the public) is necessarily a sexualized act. Thus, it perpetuates a stereotype engrained in our society that female breasts are primarily objects of sexual desire whereas male breasts are not."

The judge pointed out that laws requiring women to cover their breasts turn them into a sight to see: "The naked female breast is seen as disorderly or dangerous because society, from Renaissance paintings to Victoria's Secret commercials, has conflated female breasts with genitalia and stereotyped them as such. The irony is that by forcing women to cover up their bodies, society has made naked women's breasts something to see." Jackson also noted that Fort Collins hadn't offered "any meaningful evidence that the mere sight of a female breast endangers children: The female breast, after all, is one of the first things a child sees. Of course, those are very young children, but children of any age might come upon a woman breastfeeding a child and see a naked breast. Yet no one suggests that they are harmed by that experience. Indeed, public breastfeeding is permitted by Colorado law."

The city ordinance required females over the age of 10 to pay a \$250 fine if they displayed any part of the breast below the top of the nipple. There was an exception for mothers who were breastfeeding. No woman has been charged with violating the ordinance, according to The Associated Press. City attorney Carrie Daggett issued a statement Wednesday saying that Fort Collins will no longer cite women for exposing a breast in public, pending a final decision in the case. She added: "While the judge has acknowledged the other cases upholding similar laws, he concluded he is likely to find the city's restriction on female toplessness in public is based on an impermissible gender stereotype that results in a form of gender-based discrimination. The city is reviewing the judge's decision in this case and city legal, policy and enforcement staff will be considering the city's options for next steps in light of the order." Brit Hoagland, one of the plaintiffs in *Free the Nipple v. City of Fort Collins*, declared the preliminary injunction a "historic victory," one that grants privileges to women that men have enjoyed all along. It's a huge relief," she told the *Coloradan*. "It is definitely a big win."

Fake News: United States Federal Court Did NOT Rule Females are Free to Display Their Breasts in Public Everywhere
by: Maarten Schenk Sat, 24 Mar 2018 15:18:12

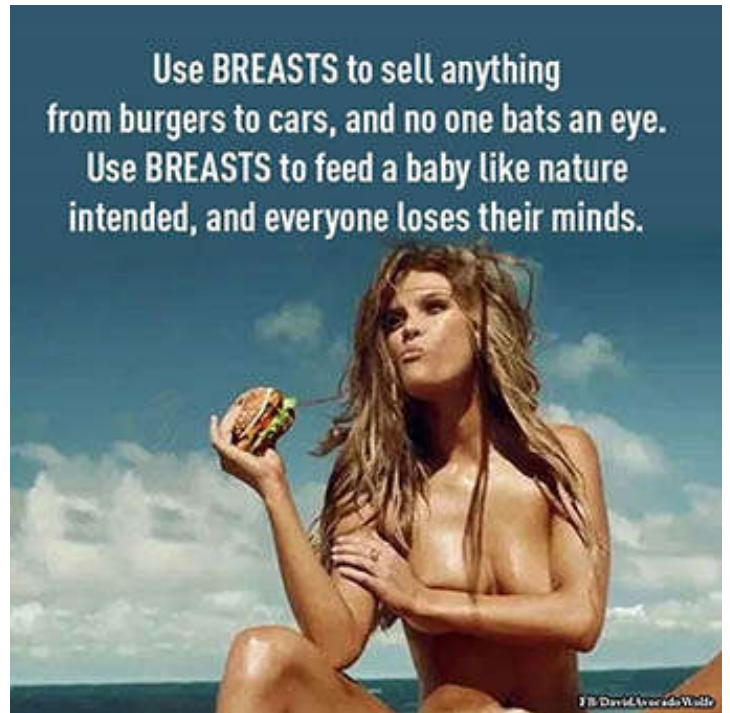
A 2017 story suddenly went viral again which made the misleading claim women are now free to display their breasts in public anywhere in the U.S. Fact checking website Snopes.com already looked into the matter shortly afterward on April 17, 2017:

Their conclusion was that the story was essentially false: WHAT'S TRUE In February 2017, a U.S. District Court judge granted an injunction on an ordinance banning female toplessness in Fort Collins, Colorado.

WHAT'S FALSE A federal judge did not rule that all women are permitted to go topless in any jurisdiction in the United States.

on

Oh dear, America! Whatever will they make of this then:

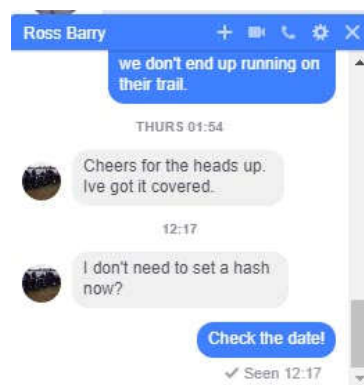


REFRESHING

Stand Up, Lindfield The realisation that EGH3 were running just a few inches away at the Red Lion called for a swift rethink on the trails to make sure we didn't lose too many hashers out there, having already reached our quota for the outgoing tax-year. With their move to Monday nights being a gradual process, they were setting off at 7pm, putting the daft idea in the heads of a few to tackle both trails, which meant that those that did received the full force of the inclement weather. It never rains on the hash, although it is common knowledge that cucumbers are 95% water, so any water you encountered was simply the wake from Eat My Cucumber from when he set trail, although it was actually drier for us than our neighbours! So with the lure of a sip, off we set along Denmans Lane and Sunte Avenue where trail took us up a river where a footpath used to be. Strolling with Prince Crashpian, we took the direct route over the railway line to turn left and meet the in-trail while hardier souls such as Local Knowledge attempted to follow the runners on the big loop taking in familiar running territory close to KIU and Wildbush's place, although the bridge under water made life tricky! It would have been rude not to pop into the Witch so we did for a swift half, which (*sic!*) tied in nicely to the FRB's passing and leading us into the sip. Back in the pub, we tucked into the excellent Thai grub before Cucumber and Just Kim were downed. New boots Dermot and Randoms brother George were welcomed, although nervously as the latter works at Porton Down so was given space in the current post-Skripal poisoning climate. Bang on queue, splitters Bogeyman, Wildbush etc. who'd attempted the multihash option arrived walking straight into the circle, although Roaming Pussy nominated Chipmunk, followed rapidly by my lower lip quivering when I realised Boges had just polished off my beer for his downer. Cucumber got extra beer for falling hook, line and sinker for an April Fool facebook post:

Due to the complications with running two trails in Lindfield on the same evening, we've decided that, to save Cucumber the bother, we will run the EGH3 trail in reverse. Of course this means we will get to their sip somewhat ahead of their pack and no doubt clean it out, but needs must! Men must wear Easter Chicks outfits and girls must be dressed as playboy bunnies. Also revised start time 7pm. On on!

Then the pub erupted as Local Knowledge returned in rather ill humour having lost trail and had to knock on doors to find his way home. Another great hash, with the added amusement of a report the following day of 'a couple in their 70's' seen putting white flour down in Lindfield and nicking eggs intended for a kiddies Easter Egg hunt (EGH3 not us!). **Bouncer**



Snowdrop, Lewes Originally scheduled for the Juggs at Kingston, Just Julia put her foot down forcing Lisa to change to this old favourite, seldom visited due to the lack of parking. Then the message comes out that it would be a live trail with a sip so the usual confusion amongst hounds milling around outside the pub until someone made a decision. Setting off towards the A27 and Cliffe Industrial Estate, it didn't take pack long to miss the stile up to pick up the path through the valley. Soon after, almost the entire pack went left towards the golf club instead of right for the run up Mount Caburn. Your scribe being a walker on this occasion found it amusing watching the U turn as the error was realised, and we waved goodbye as they continued on a route that would ultimately lead them to Saxon Down and... back to the golf club. For that was where the sip was, so no prizes for guessing which way the walkers went, but were ahead of the hares reaching the car (Lisa had thoughtfully left the lights on so we could find it). A quick call and we found the key and a lovely sip was our reward. Due to the light



rain we opted to stay ahead of the pack and headed off down the hill for the on-in, so missed the amusement of Keeps It Up leading pack astray with the result that the sip stop came to them horn blasting. As usual we took over the upstairs room frightening off the other folk who'd come to enjoy the gentle Monday night jazz. RA lost the plot in the circle claiming this as Lisa's first time as hare, when she'd helped Julia previously, then again with a failed attempt to find her a name! Various options were considered: Deputy head; Miss!; Lights are on but...; Second best head etc. but at least there was a good excuse for an old teacher joke:

At a queue in the Supermarket a certain hasher noticed a rather dishy blonde behind him waving 'hello'. He was rather taken aback that such a looker would be signalling to him, and although her face is vaguely familiar, he can't place where he might know her from, so says, 'Sorry, do you know me?'

She replies, 'I may be mistaken, but I thought you might be the father of one of my children'

His mind shoots back to the one and only time he'd been unfaithful: "Bloody hell!" he says "Are you that stripper on my stag night that I shagged on the pool table in front of all my mates whilst your mate whipped me with some wet celery?" "No" she replies, "I'm your son's English Teacher"

Two second generation hashers were introduced, Miles and Douglas ex-Bangkok, then Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger chastised for confusion over the crosses and bars at the Henfield H4 r*n the day before. Getting back on track Wiggy received his knighthood and along with it the numpty mug as a lifetime keepsake as a new mug was introduced courtesy of Pirate, then KIU got the actual numpty award for his short-cut across the car park. Another great hash!

Fountain, Ashurst Prince Crashpian has been having a bit of trouble with a local landowner who doesn't understand the basics of footpaths, so decided the hash would educate him with a mass appearance! Despite efforts to cajole people into action, however, the pack wasn't large and no amusing stories of peasants revolting against colonial overlords came out. A short run was much appreciated by those who made it though, and no doubt another great hash was had!

Another trashy wedding means another wedding trash:



Above: Apparently Prince Harry has actually hashed!

Below: This Morning feature a very strange souvenir:



REFASHING (continued)

Paiges Wood, Haywards Heath To paraphrase Mrs Merton interviewing Debbie McGee, "So England, why do you now celebrate the **far more alcoholic** St. Patricks Day rather than your own St. George's day?" At least our Canadian and Australian colonials set the trail but only a few had bothered donning red and white hashing gear! The usual footpath route towards the Wheatsheaf was followed by a left along the road, then right into the woods and up to the cemetery. As a number did the usual fruitless search for long lost hasher Tim "Doctor Lurve" Carters final resting place, Bouncer went long down past Cuckfield Park, returning triumphantly with an L plate found by the roadside and thus satisfying his own overlooked request to wear the colours of St. George. A timely check and cheeky shortcut brought the laggards back in touch and on we went to Whitemans Green. Down the back of the houses and out onto Horsgate Common light was rapidly fading rendering the bluebells invisible, and then the hare got lost calling us back from the correct route which we found again a couple of minutes later after a brambly loop, before dropping through the woods again for the on-in. After the usual excellent fare at Chez Wildbush circle was called with hares downing to particular mention of the lost trail and bluebells! New boot Dan was customarily welcomed before Fukarwe received his 'more often than not' drivers down down of water as a welcome back after completing the Vienna marathon, one of many that are keeping him from the hash at the moment. Roaming and Bogeyman looked resplendent in their matching St. George's outfits, as usual nailing the fancy dress, but Roaming nominated Bouncer for his red/ white fail, so the costume had to be transferred! In the numpty stakes, Bogeyman again received mention for the cuts on his back but it was Stewart who took the prize after ending up on a parallel path then bursting out from the brambles to find pack rather than take the short safe backtrack! Another great hash!



Fox, Patching Dissent in the ranks as the hare formerly known as Pondweed claimed this as his annual bluebell trail, while Angel insisted that she was the one for the annual bluebell run! A quick check reveals that the former did indeed set 2014 and 15, got Bouncer to set in 16 but Angel did an actual trail the last three years so you be the judge! Or not, we all like bluebells so what the hell, let's have 2 trails and no bickering. Anyhoos, off we set along the road to the footpath left. Lots of water lying around made it a bit squelchy but Ride-It Baby was in no hurry to get wet, riding it (baby) on the gate to avoid splash, so it caused no end of mirth when she fell off the gate straight back into the puddle! There was a bit of a road reprieve through Patching village before the field paths to the inevitable Angmering woods. Naturally there were several paths worth of shiggy, and of course some amazing bluebells, before we found anything approaching dry land from which it was a long haul directly back to the pub for an early finish. Our usual shock tactics worked and gradually the good people of Patching eased their way through to the other bar or out the door so that we could be regaled with the usual nonsense from

French: ...Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, sixty-ten...
Other languages: **stares**
French: **stares back**
French: ...sixty-eleven, sixty-twelve, sixty-thirteen...

French: ...sixty-sixteen, sixty-ten-seven...
Other languages: *shutting eyes*
French: ...sixty-ten-eight, sixty-ten-nine...
Other languages: *hands over face*
French: ...four twenties! :) Four twenties one...

the RA, and he got off to a cracking start with some inexplicable rubbish about the French counting system. Hare Fukarwe was renamed by Pirate recently but KIU's website still carries the old name much to the disgust of an anonymous 'hash police' e-mailer who turned out to be, yup, Pirate! Other names that have struggled to take hold include

Snickers for Marathon bars, and our hare being so keen on marathons made a link that could have been a lot funnier with a little more thought, although the discovery that multipacks contained wrappers with various options on including Numpty was a reasonable attempt. Also mentioned was hares requirement to buy OH Nina a new handbag for every marathon he does and given that he's on his

way to 100 in 100 weeks, that's a lot of handbags. Fukarwe himself had better hope that Nina doesn't read these pages and see his comment about his last one being the Mad Cow marathon! Someone who can be quite vocal on the sidelines, but far more restrained with his own achievements, was awarded next and congratulations, but as he was trying to keep it a secret don't tell, to Cyst Pit on reaching 50. Moving swiftly on we reached the numpty awards and several honourable mentions were covered including RA going to the wrong pub after publicising on social media; Angel regularly denouncing Facebook as a useful tool took even herself by surprise posting photos from last weeks trail on the Whatsapp kids football group to much mirth by the other parents; Angel again (earning her the runner-up numpty bar award) for forgetting her trousers; and finally, a worthy recipient in Ride-It, Baby for her stile style fail right in front of previous holder Stewart. Prof then introduced a new occasional feature 'In Memoriam' as we raised our glasses to remember old hash pubs that have fallen by the wayside - this week the Royal Oak at Jacobs Post which has now been demolished. Another great hash!



It's the gratuitous filler page:

St, George the married years:



One Erection and Lily the Pink - Brighton Marathon.

McCavity (green) down for London marathon at LH3:



As an Aussie, Americans are always asking me where in Australia there **isn't** something trying to kill you...

"School" is my answer

If you'd have sex with me tonight I'd be perfectly fine with you telling everyone it was just an April Fool's joke.

someecards



Parkrunning hashers



Please add to the next trash: A big thank you to all that came and supported the Bevendean parkrun by volunteering and/or running the course at run #115. You brought a smile to the day and it was noted. There is a small write-up on their website <http://www.parkrun.org.uk/bevendeandown/news/2018/04/19/run-report-no-115/>.

Stats: Brighton H7 Bevendean parkrun takeovers to date: #115
#94 #62 #54

On On Cyst Pit

Run report no. 115

Posted on [April 19, 2018](#) by [bevendeandownoffice](#)

Marathon weekend and again Brighton hash house harriers did a takeover as volunteers at Bevendean parkrun. A luxurious ratio – 14 volunteers supported 42 runners. There was some lovely weather for running and I wonder how many, having run, thought they had overdressed on the day – I had to shed a layer on the second lap. It was a fast week too with Stephen FERRONI giving his second impressive performance at Bevendean, coming first into the finish funnel at 17m 08s. Some way behind him was everyone else, but 8 PBs were achieved nonetheless. Well done everyone. And a warm welcome to our 9 first timers. I believe you enjoyed yourselves and we hope to see you again anytime.

And just like every week there was a good atmosphere at Bevendean and like every week it carried on into the Bevy for post run grub and banter. I rewarded myself with a large breakfast after an impressive PB. Not sure how I will justify the same reward next week, but I'll think of something.

Still in keeping with the parkrun theme, later in the day two of our Bevendean Parkrun stalwarts Vinnie and Louie Pegley ran the Brighton mini mile as part of the Brighton marathon weekend. Both did very well; Vinnie coming 5th in his race and Louie came 2nd in his. The Parkrun link is Paul Sinton-Hewitt awarded the Bronze, Silver and Gold medals to each of the race winners.

Finally a big thank you to Brighton Hash House Harriers for providing such a jolly bunch of volunteers. Are you part of a (small) group that would like to take the reins for a week? – it's really very easy...Trust me if Brighton hash house harriers can do it anyone can! Just email bevendeandownhelpers@parkrun.com to get in touch.



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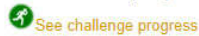
pARKRUN loves April Fools:



St Albans parkrun

ANNOUNCEMENT: following your feedback that grass is slippery when wet and that you're not keen in hills, St Albans parkrun is pleased to announce that next week's trial route will be carpeted throughout, and slightly downhill all the way, despite starting and finishing in the same place. We are also excited about the upcoming launch of our separate VIP funnel, complete with foot massage and PB purchasing service, which for a weekly £5 subscription will ensure that St Albans parkrun remains free for everyone.

Easter BUNNY (4 parkruns)



Most Recent Runs

Event 🏆	Run Date 📅	Gender Pos 🏆	Overall Position 🏆	Time 🕒	Age Grade 🏆
Rothwell parkrun	31/03/2018	12	17	28:57	50.55%
Pontefract parkrun	15/04/2017	104	134	27:00	54.20%
Pontefract parkrun	26/03/2016	21	22	21:56	65.65%
Pontefract parkrun	04/04/2015	28	28	21:56	65.65%



Trumpton parkrun | Trumpton
parkrun

Nothing - it's free! but please register before your first run. Only ever register with parkrun once. Don't forget to bring a printed copy of your barcode (request a reminder). If you forget it, you won't get a time.

PRANKRUN.ORG.UK

The Real Mother-In-Law



Yet more wedding humour:

As my 5 brothers and I slowly carried our uncle Dave into church, I suddenly thought to myself, "This wedding is a bit weird."



A fresh-faced lad goes to his mother with the following question:

"Mum, why are wedding dresses white?"

The mother looks at her son and replies, "Son, this shows the town that your bride is pure."

The son thanks his mom and goes off to double-check this with his father.

"Dad, why are wedding dresses white?"

The father looks at his son in surprise and says, "Son, all household appliances come in white."

If it's true that girls are inclined to marry men like their fathers, it is understandable why so many mothers cry so much at weddings.

A Jewish town had a shortage of men for wedding purposes, so they had to import men from other towns. One day a groom-to-be arrived on a train, and two mother-in-laws-to-be were waiting for him, each claiming ownership on him.

A rabbi was called to solve the problem. After a few minutes of thought, he said: "If this is the situation, you both want the groom, we'll cut him in half and give each of you half of him."

One woman replied: "In that case, give him to the other woman."

The rabbi said: "Do that. The one willing to cut him in half, is the real mother-in-law!"



Listener: "My most embarrassing

moment was when my artificial leg fell off at the altar on my wedding day." Simon

Fanshawe: "How awful! Do you still have an artificial leg?" (Talk Radio)

A police officer in a small town stopped a motorist who was speeding down Main Street.

"But officer," the man began, "I can explain."

"Quiet!" snapped the officer. "I'm going to let you spend the night in jail until the chief gets back."

"But, officer, I just wanted to say,"

"And I said be quiet! You're going to jail!"

A few hours later the officer looked in on his prisoner and said, "Lucky for you, the chief's at his daughter's wedding. He'll be in a good mood when he gets back."

"Don't count on it," answered the guy in the cell. "I'm the groom."

"Sure Marriage can be fun some of the time. Trouble is you're married all of the time!"

The Hillbillies are in town.

Billy Joe and Mary Sue newly joined in holy matrimony are spending their wedding night at the Motel Honeymoon Suite. They have abstained from the dirty deed until this very night. Just as Billy Joe is about to make love to his new wife for the First time, she stops him: "Wait Billy Joe, I just thought you should know....this ain't just our first time....this here is my first time ever. I'm a virgin. I been savin' myself just for you" "What you sayin' Mary Sue" replies Billy Joe.

"I said I am a virgin. One hunnert percent cherry. Just for you on our weddin' night"

"You're a VIRGIN?" "That's right, please be gentle."

"Gentle! Gentle my ass, I'm outta here!" With that Billy Joe pulls up his pants and leaves his virgin bride, lying alone and n*ked. He slams the motel door and jumps in his pick-up and drives back home. "Pa! Pa! Wake up! You're not gonna believe this!"

"Huh? Billy Joe, what the hell you doin' here? It's 3am on your Wedding night! Why the hell ain't you and that pretty new wife of yours on a haystack somewhere, f***ing like rabbits?"

"Pa, I was all set to do just that, when Mary Sue up and tells me that's she's a virgin!" "A VIRGIN?"

"That's right Pa. One hundred percent cherry. As soon as she told me I got the hell outta there as fast as I could"

"Well, son, lemme tell you, you did the right thing.....cos if she ain't good enough for her own kinfolk, she certainly ain't good enough for ours!"

TWO GOLDEN RULES TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE:



1, The wife is always right.

2, When you feel she is wrong slap yourself and read rule number 1 again.

IN THE (alternative) NEWS...

SHOCKING FOOTAGE SHOWS THOUSANDS OF WHITE PEOPLE CHASING GROUP OF BLACK MEN AROUND LONDON



Metropolitan Police detectives have promised an immediate investigation after footage emerged on Sunday of a group of black men being chased around London by THOUSANDS of white people.

Royal baby born on St George's Day to be England's saviour, if it's a boy

23rd April 2018

THE new Royal baby born on St George's Day will be possessed with the spirit of King Arthur and is fated to save England, unless it turns out to be a girl.

Nationalists believe that the baby, born on the dragonslayer's sacred day, is destined to become either a great leader who will conquer the whole of Europe by fire and sword or a princess.

Patriot Stephen Malley said: "He will emerge from his mother with a St George's cross birthmark on his face, marked by Albion."

“As he grows he will prove himself a master swordfighter, a skilful tactician, and a boy who refuses to accept that we are a second-class nation, swearing to restore our country to greatness.

“Accepting the sword Excalibur, by his 16th birthday he shall ride up and down Britain to form a great army of true patriots, leading them through the Chunnel to lay waste to the EU and force its leaders to declare fealty to him in perpetuity.

“Then we’ll start building the fleet.”

He added: "A girl couldn't do that. Come on, this isn't Game of Thrones. You need to get out of your fantasy land."

on

After a terrible season for Arsenal, Wenger resigns:

A name is finally chosen for the Royal baby, Prince Louis.

<https://petition.parliament.uk/petitions/21...> See more



Petition: Get Wenger to stay at AFC.

NLIO.

petition.parliament.uk



This month's RIP's include Eric Bristow, and Dale Winton:



**JUST THINK OF THE FUN YOU
COULD BE HAVING WHEN YOU
HEAR THE BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP**



DALE WINTON'S LAST TROLLEY DASH

Wedding day photos – making it a day to remember:



THE END

A Mother had 3 daughters and they were all getting married as virgins within a short time period. Because Mum was a bit worried about how their sex life would get started, she made them all promise to send a postcard from the honeymoon with a few coded words on how marital sex felt. The first girl sent a card from Hawaii two days after the wedding. The card said nothing but: 'Nescafe' Mum was puzzled at first, but then went to her kitchen and got out the Nescafe jar. It said: 'Good till the last drop'. Mum blushed, but was pleased for her daughter. The second girl sent a card from the Maldives a week after the wedding, and the card read: 'Rothmans' Mum now knew to go straight to her husband's cigarettes, and she read from the pack: 'Extra Long. King Size' She was again slightly embarrassed but still happy for her daughter. The third girl left for her honeymoon in Auckland, New Zealand. Mum waited for a week, nothing. Another week went by and still nothing. Then after a whole month, a card finally arrived. Written on it with shaky handwriting were the words 'Air New Zealand' Mum took out her latest travel magazine, flipped through the pages fearing the worst, and finally found the ad for Air NZ. The ad said: 'Ten times a day, seven days a week, both ways.'

John and Mary had been high school sweethearts, but they had never had sex. "We'll have to wait until we are married," she told him. So he waits. They are engaged three years, and finally the big day rolls around. On their wedding night, Mary comes out of the bathroom, and says "I have some bad news. I have my period, and I don't want our first time to be all messy!" John says, "You're kidding!"

Mary says, "We'll just have to wait a bit longer." Mary goes to sleep, and wakes up at 3:00 am to get a drink. On her way back to bed, she notices Johnny wide awake staring at the ceiling. "There's no use John," she said "You might as well go to sleep." "I would, except my dick's so hard there's not enough skin left to close my eyes!"

Another nice young girl wished to save her virginity until after she was married. She loved her boyfriend and they had been going out for some time but he was getting very frustrated. He proposed marriage to her, but her family wanted a big wedding resulting in a long engagement. She stuck to her principles, but on advice from her Greek girlfriend, decided to allow her fiancé to have anal sex with her. After a month or so she started to feel a bit unwell and went to see the doctor, who took some tests. When the results came back she was amazed to be told by the doctor she was pregnant.

He laughed when she claimed she was a virgin, but upon examination he became curious.

She said, "I can't get pregnant from anal sex! Can I?"

The doctor said "Well, yes you can."

She said "No that's impossible!"

The doctor sighed and said "Well my dear. Where do you think the European Parliament come from?"

A posh hotel holds three weddings on the same day and at the end of the night the 3 grooms meet up at the bar to discuss the day's events over a couple of beers. One questions the other two, "listen, it's our wedding night and I was wondering - how many times are we expected to...um...you know.... do it"

The other two look blankly at him, wondering if the usual 2 pumps and a squirt is enough, or if should they go for it twice, seeing as it is a special occasion. Eventually, they all decide to retire to their respective wives and see how the night goes, with the idea to meet up the following morning over breakfast to discuss what went on. Suddenly one of the grooms pipes up, "Hold on lads, we can't discuss our first night marital goings on over the breakfast table with our new wives sat with us."

"No you're right. What we'll do then, is for every piece of toast we order with our breakfast, that'll be the amount of times we did it" offers another groom. They all decide it's an excellent idea and depart.

The next day in the hotel dining room, the grooms are all looking a bit dishevelled, but that's nothing compared to the brides, who can barely stagger across the room to their tables. The waitress comes up to the first groom to take his order, "Hello, I'll have the full English breakfast with THREE pieces of toast please". The other two grooms smile at him and raise a glass of fresh orange in a toast to his fantastic prowess.

The waitress moves to the second couple, and the groom orders, "I too shall have the full English breakfast but could I have FOUR pieces of toast" The other two grooms turn to make pistols from their fingers to shoot a salute to the master swordsman. The waitress gets to the last groom "I shall also have the full English breakfast please, yet I shall have..." he takes a deep breath "SEVEN, yes SEVEN PIECES OF TOAST" he calls for everyone's benefit whilst giving a big cheesy grin to his two wedding mates, who stare at him in disbelief at the thought of how raw his manhood must be.

"Seven pieces of toast sir?" queries the waitress. "Why, that's an awful lot"

"Yes indeed young lady, seven pieces of toast it is." She writes down his order and turns away, but before she can leave, the groom calls after her again.. "And by the way love, can you make two of those brown?"

