



R-NS/TRASH #254 JULY 2018

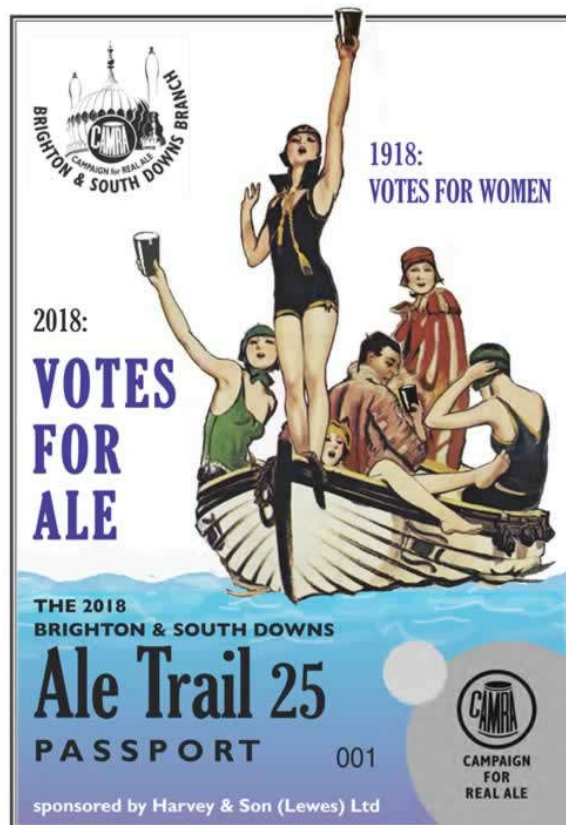
facebook

or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All directions/ timings are vague and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless they don't.

[illegible]

Thought for the day: Gave the wife £500 to go away so I can enjoy the World Cup. She said 'Don't need that much; England'll be back before me'



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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://waqh3.vpsite.se/INTERSCANDI-2019.html>

16-19/08/2019 **EURO HASH 2019** - 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]

DON'T MISS THE 19th ANNUAL HALF-BAKED CRUISE

BOOKING NOW!!!

Sat-Sun 4th-5th August 2018

Sailing from:
The Blue Ship, The Haven,
Billingshurst, W.Sussex RH14 9BS

Fare: Adults £25, Children £10

Itinerary: Half-baked run and games, breakfast, Sunday morning meal, Saturday night camping, Sunday breakfast, Hursley H3, Sunday

Check in: Friday night pitch available at extra cost,
Sat arrival allowed to midday

Cast off: Half-bad in arts to Saturday

Cabins: Camp, dog field, and pub. Toilets are provided. Pets and moved dogs welcome. For the details on the location & B's available, details on

Ship's Menu: **Billi Con Carne** (meat & veg options),
Spaghetti & Macaroni Cheese.
Monday Breakfast by Been Before.

Crew: For further information and payment, contact Portia (07884 494080) or Mudlark (07515 064424) or catch us on a Hursley or Winchester Hash.

on

14th HASH-CAMRA Weekend - 12-15 October 2018

Lower Hyde Holiday Park, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, PO37 7LL

The HASH-CAMRA has been touring southern England and is now venturing overseas to the IOW.

There is a 'Beer and Buses' event on the island on Saturday and Sunday with about 50 pubs running their own 'mini festival' with guest ales and vintage buses running a series of route between the pubs. We will join with the IOW Hash for a run on Sunday 14 Oct and enjoy the transport between pubs the rest of the weekend.

We have booked a number of chalets at Lower Hyde Holiday Park , Shanklin. Each chalet is centrally heated with a kitchen, bathroom , lounge , a double bedroom and a twin bed room. Each accommodation comes with a free ferry crossing for a car and 4 passengers.

Price Approx £35 per person. This includes a programme giving you the bus timetables and a discount on the beers.

Email Bika TMPHendy@gmail.com

<http://www.worthyh3.co.uk/Social/Hash> CAMRA 2018.htm

Friday 24th August – Sunday 2nd September 2018

<https://brightonandhovebeerweek.com/>

If you were to invent a beer city it would be Brighton & Hove. We've got sunshine*, sea, crazy golf, chips on the pier, sticks of rock, a gaudy royal palace, a tenacious football team, a vibrant music scene, a diverse bunch of folk, some very fine brews and lots of wonderful beer venues.

So, put the dates in your diary, because the cream of the Brighton & Hove beer scene is coming together for a week to celebrate #beerbythesea.

No wristbands. No lanyards. No tokens. No beer tent. Brighton & Hove Beer Week, is all about the venues and the breweries that bring great beer to the city every day. Each participating venue will be organising events, collaborations and happenings throughout the week in order to showcase the very best in beer and brewing from Brighton & Hove and beyond. This is about world-class beer served where it should be: in the pubs, bars, restaurants and bottle shops that bring it to you all year round. And it's about a whole heap more than that – because this is Brighton & Hove and we know how to throw a party.

Some individual events may be ticketed but there'll be no wristbands, lanyards, tokens, or central beer tent. It's just you and a whole city full of great beer to explore and enjoy.

Check out all the venues involved in Brighton & Hove Beer Week – there's a map of them on the link. Alternatively, jump straight to the events and start planning your week!

*And no less than 10 of the venues are also on the Ale Trail! Grab your passports from **Bouncer** or in the pubs themselves and get drinking – you know you want to!*



Here's a good game doing the rounds on Twitter. Look up Google images for your job, then find the least appropriate and caption it in the most amusing way possible. There may be a few of these scattered around the trash:

Another Hash Trash in preparation:



Shanna Germain
@ShannaGermain

I don't know what people are going on about with
[#BadStockPhotosOfMyJob](#)
This is exactly what I look like when I write.



 Sian Woolcock
@SWoolzie

Just realised I have been doing my job as a [#librarian](#) all wrong. Need to go buy some glasses and superglue my hand to them! 🤓

[#BadStockPhotosOfMyJob](#) [#LibraryLife](#) ping



Irene López
@fluorescent0

Physicists ALWAYS wear lab coats, especially when we forget our clothes back home.

[#BadStockPhotosOfMyJob](#)

[illegible]

Probably been published before but nothing changes:

What the guys can expect for the World Cup



Italy



Germany



USA



Korea



Portugal



Brazil



Argentina



England

REHASHING

Kings Head, Billingshurst From one end of our r*n area to the other in just one week, but Hash Flash sold the pub well despite his sister, and brand new hare, Sticky Vicky insisting that he wouldn't be helping set. Gathering in the car park hare said we would be setting off from here, but there were also a number at the pub so a quick on-trail was laid to get them round to the start, before we set off on a short loop that brought us back near enough opposite the pub! Trail headed towards the roundabout, cut in parallel before crossing the by-pass and heading out into the countryside. Somehow pack managed to cut a loop off as we bimbled along, but by the time we reached the Arun on the edge of the Wey canal, it became apparent that sweeper Hash Flash had taken a short cut along the road with helper Yogi guesting from Norfolk H3, but St. Bernard was diligently marking anyway. More dodgy calling occurred as we entered the wood and those still on the field edge insisted they were on trail but it all came out at the same place to skirt another field to find the walkers at the sip stop by the lake, SCB's having used the one side the pack hadn't to reach it. Re-crossing the bypass, it was a short hop through the houses on inn. Attempts to get curry numbers beforehand had been largely unsuccessful but once there, orders came flying in justifying the estimated amounts although it looked unnerving with the substantial pack! Hash Flash (point of pub contact) had played a blinder with the landlord, booking six pints for the down downs, so RA had something of a field day dishing out to hare Sticky Vicky, sweepers Hash Flash and Yogi, then a number of virgins Linda and Sharon from Shoreham (friends of HF), and John from Billingshurst (Sticky's neighbour had already left). The relay guys were recognised next for their efforts on Saturday, somehow keeping the hash team alive in numbers and by beating the cut-off, but pleading drivers drinks One Erection, Eat My Cucumber, and Mudlark shared one pint with four pink straws with the inevitable result that Lily the Pink drank the lions share! Cyst Pit was congratulated on a parkrun first also on Saturday, when Coff won, Louie the Lip came second, and dad of both Mike struggled to third for a family 1-2-3. Using the lovely and seldom seen Guildford H3 guest Satisfaction Guaranteed as barometer, we then had a naming and a renaming. Hash Flash is normally a role in a hash hierarchy and BH7 now have their own hash flash, Spurtacus, so as a member of the 'Sticky' family and given his predilection for dating sites, Neil became Sticky Willy, receiving a handful of Goosegrass (aka sticky willy) in his pint. Shaun was also named after an earlier hint that it was coming, given the choices of Bush Baby or Wilds Thing, both related to the fact that work colleague Wildbush had mentored him into the hash, the latter suggested by Bogeyman winning the day. It was nice to see people from so many different hashes represented, many of whom have joined us previously, but especially those from Guildford H3 who were running elsewhere so, as a first timer with BH7, circle was closed with a beer for Dangerous. Much debate then occurred on the toxicity of sticky willy in your pint, thanks to stirrer Layby, but Google says it's okay and the bugger is still alive, RA Bouncer claiming it was because he'd relieved himself on it before putting it in the beer. Another great hash!

Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling - Our club celebration of 40 years! Arriving early as requested to help with set-up, quite a few were already busy, even a tent or two already set-up, so took on responsibility as official beer-taster. After the weekend this was a rather lower profile get together than the 2000th, which was some months earlier than the open party, in a way a shame as many of the old faces we'd hoped would join us didn't make it. St. Bernard cornered me for a quick description of the route from which we worked out a reasonable walkers SCB and off went about 12 of us walking in pursuit of the main pack. Trail headed over the road then north up to Fragbarrow, across to Folders Lane, back over the railway and into the edge of the Common. Come Again was asking for no more than 3 miles so the plan was to cut back at the lane while the main pack continued to Wivelsfield and round the back of St. Georges retreat. The rough estimates were flawed though and we ended up hitting 2 miles before crossing the main Common back towards the Plumpton Road, where pack appeared out of the woods. Re-crossing the railway we headed diagonally right and on-inn along the verge, by which time I was feeling decidedly iffy (not the beer - I'd picked up a fever). Before I collapsed I was ushered through to a bed for a few minutes recovery, while everyone else enjoyed the barbecue grub and conversation. The ministrations of Bushsquatter and Angel meant no chance to shut eye so eventually got up to call a circle against Local Knowledge's wishes (sorry Petel!), but we had an awful lot of beer to get through having still got a firkin from the weekend. St Bernard was called as hare, myself and Phil being let off for the walks as there was no trail! Staying on just a little bit longer it was good to welcome visitors Beer Pump and Propshaft from the IOW H3, as well as old hands Malibog and Red Sausage next. A number of willing helpers were missed at the weekend circles including Friday pub crawl hare Lily the Pink, St. Bernard as beer monster, Molly the ice cream lady (not actually here again tonight but she seems to know Prince Crashpian very well so he took on her behalf!), and Psychlepath as DJ. Best fancy dress awards were also overlooked but as they'd brought their tents with them, Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy came into the circle prompting calls for recognition for Spurtacus' drag and Wilds Thing's army camp get up! Just Val finally received a name



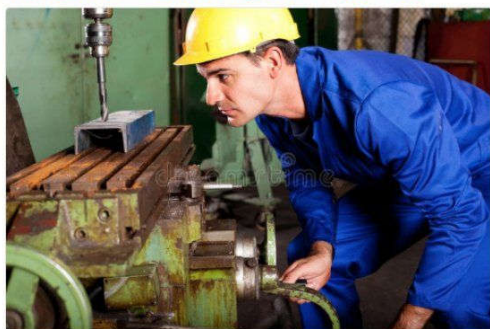
Wonder Junkie
@_johnnyjones

Follow

- Workpiece not clamped: check.
- No eye-pro: check.
- Face squarely in the danger zone: check.

Let er' rip!

#BadStockPhotosOfMyJob #Machinist



with suggestions from Badgers Hole (play on her surname), Soixante Neuf (her age next birthday), and Faceplant (another Bushsquatter!) being rejected in favour of Bogeyman's idea of Swallow, as she's a slight bird that flits in and out or something. Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger had been talking up a big run next week but both deserved for recent marathon failures. PS had the misfortune to be mugged, then made it all the way to Edinburgh and the hotel before realising he'd lost his booking code with his phone. That wasn't the downer, but returning home without contacting old BH7 hasher Hamstring for assistance was! The surplus beer was blamed fairly on St Bernard (who'd got me panicking, turning up at the very last minute with the beer on Friday) and Beerpump (who'd left us with cans of lager and cider for the Saturday circle)! A very late return of the SDW sign by Bosom Boy allowed Mudlark, having forgotten the Xmas winner, to award it on to LTP who got lost on the SDW relay. And finally, Pondweed awarded the Numpty on behalf of Ride-It, Baby nominating myself for my car fail at the weekend, and Lily for his bike fall on the way home Saturday. Clear winner though was Silver Fox who'd turned up with bloodied face, scars and cauliflower ear after hitting a pothole at pace on his bike. Another great celebration hash!

BOUNCER

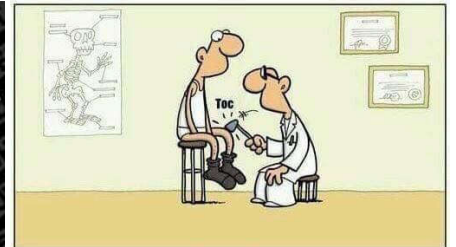
WORLD CUP RAMBLINGS



'Let's show Theresa May how easy it is to leave a group of 32 countries by a set date'



Beware the counterfeit England shirts on Ebay



It wouldn't be PC to mock Cup holders Germany after their early departure, but this is the Hash Trash:

We feel deeply sorry for the Amazon employees in Germany, 14 day no quibble returns on shitloads of German Flags, scarves, banners and shirts.. It's going to be a long, long fortnight..



amazon.de



Carrying Portugal



Carrying Argentina



40 YEARS OF BH7 + 10 YEARS OF CRAFT H3 A CELEBRATION!

Once again another excellent weekend event with a fantastic effort by all those involved from BH7 that helped to pull it off! Over 150 folk from hashes far (yes, including Woof Woof Woof from Riviera H3, Heavy Pants!) and, near especially our close neighbours Hastings and EGH3, came to enjoy the beautiful weather, wonderful r*ns, beer, pub crawl and party from the RFC.

There are some great pictures on the facebook page, or if you haven't already seen it, Malibog has also put together an excellent photographic summary of the weekend in his latest Hash Trash which you can download here:

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/arclc5zntf0v8mt/Stockholm%20Trash%202018%20-%20Vol%2006.pdf?dl=0>

From lunchtime Friday onwards, the trickle of hashers arriving soon turned into a flood gathering round tents while the many elves of BH7 happily decorated the hall supervised by Roaming Pussy, and Red Slapper and Falling Madonna cracked on with registrations, including a songbook by Keeps It Up and headscarf from a design by Lawrence Elwick.

Bogeyman took on minibus duties on Friday dropping folk off at the Brighton Beer Dispensary along with ale trail books*, hash identifier rainbow leis (initially refused beer by barman!) and maps. And CRAFT hare Lily the Pink eventually turned up to lead us onwards to Craft Beer Co (of course!), Evening Star, Prince Albert, Lord Nelson, and the Basketmakers Arms, which was enough for most of us! Hardier souls found the Mitre on their way back to the site through one of the many ways offered, but hare led by example with Hash Gomi in tow, also taking in the Brighton Bierhaus and the Southover! Meanwhile, Psychlepath spinning the tunes kept the late arrivals jumping, even prompting an early bath from the pub crawl when others heard he was on. *The pub crawl was a self-guided visit to pubs in this years ale trail, the theme for which is Votes for Ale (votes for all), slightly tying in to the weekends theme allowing the guys to dress as women if they so choose. Late night antics at the cocktail tent were led by Tequil'over in fine voice!

An early start saw the minibus head off laden to the parkrun at Bevendean for Bouncers 200th (see run report later), but delays in the kitchen meant we all missed the breakfast. Then a detour was required to grab water for the r*ns so we arrived back just as the long trail were circling up. Later described as 'a bit slopey', something of an understatement as all r*ns were uphill from the site, the short SL'ASH hash trail by Testiculator took in Devils Dyke pub and the Royal Oak in Poynings on their village day. Hot Fuzz's medium trail wandered over to Jack and Jill windmills for the first sip arriving with Drambulie and Bosom Boy's long trail, offering a chance to switch, and all ending up after a 2nd sip at Saddlescombe farm for a lunch of pasties, fruit, crisps and beer. A few brave souls walked/ran back (long hares grabbing the flour to set unless you were Chaos who opted for the road) but most took the minibus, hash games falling by the wayside due to the trail overruns. Circle up was called for 5.30pm and RA's Mr. X and Testiculator did a sterling job, although the Bill & Ted skit got a bit confusing! Forty is usually recognised as a Ruby anniversary so a Ruby (Murray - curry in cockney rhyming slang) was called for as people got themselves tarted up for the evening party with Main Vein opening with I Want To Break Free (we all remember that video!). Disappointingly few had taken the hint about the Rocky Horror show for inspiration, but that didn't stop Psychlepath chucking out the Time Warp during his DJ set, as people enjoyed the photo booth. After a 2nd excellent set by the band the inevitable naked r*n took place, but whatever happened to hares (harriettes) Trouble and Chunderwoman? Apparently they'd already done it earlier, which left a few following Daffy Dildo's meandering round the fields and across to the cheese and wine party at the cocktail tent. It was here, during a shots session that a few found themselves necking the chilli oil the olives had come in, which killed off things, but another good singing session was enjoyed regardless.

Morning came and the inevitable hangover r*n, set by Brighton Cooperman, while IOW Cooperman moaned that he'd been poring over maps for hours worrying how he was going to pull this off! A predominantly street r*n offered views of the sea, plenty more slopes, and windmills of course, before the closing circle with Bouncer standing in for Mr. X who'd been "Southern Railed". A good round up with all the under 40's being called and heartening to see that, apart from a few very young kids, the vast majority were from BH7 which all bodes well for the future of the club. The committee were thanked with a special mention to security guy Dave, who was savaged by Chunderwoman and last seen floating into the flight path for Gatwick Airport. An excellent weekend was had by all:

*Thank you for a brilliant weekend, so great to see everyone again, had such a laugh. Sorry we rushed off in the morning, we had to get back for birthday party (nearly forgot!). Well done to all organisers, we had a ball **Chunderous***

Ps Teq is completely knackered, deservedly so, noisy b'strd!!

*Thank you Brighton Hash for truly fantastic weekend. We as a family loved it. **Bully. Loobs. Simples and Tadpole.** XX*

*I can still taste olive oil! **Canary Boy***

*Thanks for a lovely weekend. Just to share for others to check. I think I have a tick bite on my arm. Seems high but was enough for me to do a double check and does look like it could be. **Ging Gang Goolie, Testiculator & Little Spew***

Thanks Bouncer and team for all the hard work and organisation, it was a fantastic weekend! My first hash weekend and I had a

*great time! **David Sims***

*What a brilliant weekend. Thank you Bouncer, Keeps It Up, Wildbush and crew for making it a weekend to remember. On on to the next one. **Randy Pandey @ Loopy Lou** xx*

*Thanks for an awesome weekend to all the mismanagement. Great band, trails down downs and company. Xxx on on to the full moon x **Creeper***

*Many many thanks Bouncer and all the team for your hard work that made this weekend happen. It was great all round 😊:-) On on, **Catnap***

*Great weekend on on! **Optimist***

*Fabulous weekend to celebrate Brighton hash's 40th anniversary. **Titanic Dickhead***



REHASHING (CONTINUED)

WORLD CUP 2018

CARLING

FREE DRINKS
DURING ALL
SCOTLAND
IRELAND
AND
WALES GAMES

[illegible]

QUICK QUIP: So the missus says to me "You have always put football before me!" I said, "That's bollox, we've been together for eight seasons now." She replied, "I'm leaving you!!" I said "Why don't you just go out on loan?" Boff!

At this stage of the tournament it seems the Golden Boot is heading towards a Welshman, even though I wasn't aware they'd actually qualified! Owen Goal is leading England's Harry Kane by 9 goals to 6!

PARKRUNNING HASHERS

5k run adds 30 minutes to your life but takes 40 minutes - 25th April 2018

A FIVE kilometre run adds 30 minutes to your life but takes 40 minutes, health experts have confirmed. After putting on running shoes, stretching and uploading all the details to multiple social media platforms are taken into account, the time taken to run five kilometres is closer to an hour. Professor Henry Brubaker, from the Institute for Studies, said: “This makes the whole endeavour twice as ineffective.”

The confirmation that running is essentially futile has confirmed what everyone has been thinking. Runner Tom Booker admitted: “I knew this shit was stupid. Every time I went running I thought about how I’d spend my extra half an hour, and then I’d get back and realise I could have just watched an episode of *Luther* instead.”

Professor Brubaker added: “Running is like growing your own vegetables.”



on

Shit hits fan on Bevendean parkrun:

There is a facebook group for many things parkrun related but one of these groups is rather full of the self-righteous and ended up almost starting a war! As mentioned elsewhere in this publication, Cyst Pit and his boys Vincent (Coff) and Louie (the Lip) managed a family domination with 1st, 2nd and 3rd on 2nd June. As RD, Val (Swallow) pointed this out in her run report asking if it was a first. While many congratulated the achievement, as well as the speed Vinnie managed to get 30 seconds ahead of Mike, a few sad gits pointed to the rule about under 11's being within arms length of an adult, which would make CP's arms rather long. Val had to justify allowing the result to stand against PR policy, however, as Bevendean is a small parkrun, visibility is high (Vinnie was never out of Cyst Pits sight) and everybody knows him, all was fine in the end. Just steer clear of the parkrun discussion group – muppets!

[illegible]

Bevendean Down run #123

There is an old joke that uses this run number to get to a punchline, unrepeatable here in a family read, however, looking back from a fortnight in the future and seeing no report had been written I

Beverdean Down parkrun # 122 - 02/06/2018									
Pos	parkrunner	Time	Age Cat	Age Grade	Gender	Pos	Club	Note	Total Runs
1	Vincent PEGLEY	23:13	JM10	67.98 %	M	1	Brighton Phoenix	PR stays at 00:22:58	58
2	Levin PEGLEY	23:48	JM10	71.50 %	M	2		PR stays at 00:23:39	31
3	Michael PEGLEY	23:48	VMS50-54	61.97 %	M	3	Brighton Hail House Harriers	PR stays at 00:22:43	77

thought it worth paraphrasing the punchline to ask "What did you miss 123 for?"

As this was my 200th run (not a recognised milestone admittedly, however, as it represents 1000 kilometres of parkrun, it possibly should be!), and Brighton Hash House Harriers were hosting a major event on the edge of the town to celebrate their 40th anniversary, a significant number of attendees and visitors from other hash chapters and parkruns were present.

Amongst those dragging themselves from their tents were regular RD Val Brockwell, to assist this weeks RD Felicity Alder with marshalling duties, and significant other Stewart Gregory who sneered at the 12 mile run coming up later in the day to record yet another first place finish here on a hot morning which became a lot hotter later on.

Aside from the smattering of non-hash visitors, who of course we extend a big welcome to, were 5th male Andy Del Nevo and 5th female Jules Williams, normally on duty at South Norwood where Andy proposed to Jules on the finish line last year, actually moving his stag weekend so he could be here today. Other hash visitors included Ben Ralston, Ross Barry, Karen Hedderman (finally using her barcode after 2 years of it sitting in a drawer!), Lauren Scordilis (delighted to record a first in her age category), and Zsuzsanna Balint.

Elsewhere excellent PB's were recorded by 2nd and 3rd place finishers Ross Brocklehurst and Benn Pomfrett (whose father Keith was once also a mainstay of Brighton hash, just saying!), as well as Chris Keene, Roy Hill, Abdullah Al-Ausi, Michael Pirri, and Vincent and Sarah Lane. Cat Bounds was first female home in an impressive 22.40, albeit still a long way off her PB, but in the absence of superfast juniors no-one could touch Stewarts 77.92% for age related %.

As for my own run, a rather unimpressive 32 minutes after an exhausting evening, even if I did find myself hitting the wall (seriously on a 5k?) on the 2nd lap, but a huge thank you to all those who came out to support and enjoy a little beer on the hill at the end, as well of course to all the marshals that ensured it happened!

As we say in the hash, on on!

John 'Bouncer' Biggins



A photograph of three men standing together outdoors. The man on the left is wearing a blue t-shirt and black shorts. The man in the middle is wearing a purple t-shirt with a graphic and black shorts. The man on the right is wearing a light blue t-shirt, black shorts, and a black baseball cap. They are all smiling. In the background, there are trees, a white building, and a white SUV parked. A brown patio umbrella is visible on the right.

A photograph of three cheerleaders in red and white uniforms dancing in front of a blue building. The cheerleader on the right is wearing a white top with 'POKES' written on it and a red skirt. The other two are wearing red tops and skirts. They are all smiling and have their arms raised. In the background, there are other people, including a man in a yellow safety vest and a man in a red shirt. There is also a large green plant on the left and a blue building with a white roof in the background.

The next time you get a rejection letter from a hoped-for employer or publisher, just send them the following:

Dear [name of the person who signed the rejection letter],
Thank you for your letter of [date of the rejection letter]. After careful consideration, I regret to inform you that I am unable to accept your refusal to offer me [employment with your firm/a contract to publish my book].

This year I have been particularly fortunate in receiving an unusually large number of rejection letters. With such a varied and promising field of candidates, it is impossible for me to accept all refusals. Despite [name of the co or agency that sent you this letter]'s outstanding qualifications and previous experience in rejecting [applicants/manuscripts], I find that your rejection does not meet with my needs at this time.

Therefore, I will initiate [employment/publishing] with your firm immediately following [graduation/job change, etc. -- get creative here]. I look forward to working with you.

Best of luck in rejecting future [candidates/manuscripts].

Sincerely,

[your name]



Julius Goat
@JuliusGoat

Follow

These #BadStockPhotosOfMyJob grossly misrepresent what my career as an abacus musician on a pirate ship is really like.



step up from this piece of crap job.

I wish the company would go to pieces and hope one day you too will realise that you cannot manage your way out of a paper bag. Glad to be gone,

Dear Editor, I would like to confirm my status as the latest rodent to vacate your increasingly leaky vessel. Yours, Mr. X (?)

Dear John:

Please take note of the fact that I am hereby tendering my resignation from ***, effective, September 1, 2000. While I have a high degree of personal respect for you and the opportunities you have offered me, I am no longer comfortable working for a technology organization largely populated by politocrats, vengeful rivalries, and fiefdoms reminiscent of imperial Chinese literature. In fact, I dare say that I would rather be tied in a leather bag with ravenous, rabid ocelots than remain at this company any longer than the next two weeks.

It was my sincere hope that the reptilian extraterrestrial tyrants who clandestinely own and operate the Technology Group would reveal themselves during my tenure here, but it appears they are far cannier than I ever gave them credit for. Hopefully, their insidious plot to befoul the American financial industry with foolish and ill-advised technology policies will eventually be revealed, but until then it seems their plans may march on uncontested. I give you due credit, for choosing to remain here to fight this hideous alien menace from within.

God's speed, and may the Force be with you.

Sincerely,



James Wong
@Botanygeek

Follow

As a botanist, I am so petrified of plants I cover my entire body in hazmat safety gear. (Except the parts actually touching them, of course).

Sometimes, when I am feeling a bit wild, I bring my microscope to the bedding plant aisle of a garden centres.

#BadStockPhotosOfMyJob



Extracts from resignation letters: How many of these could you use...

An offer of 1 million pounds plus free sex with a page three girl could not convince me to stay with your company. A position of junior goat herder in Mongolia would be a more positive career step, than staying here. What a shame. Our group have worked well, but, yet have been criminally overlooked.

Finally: If you pay peanuts, you get monkeys.

Dear Unpersonable B*tch

As per the piece of crap I signed on my first day of this dreaded job, I hereby give 2 minutes notice of my intention to leave this awful company. I want to thank you for all you have not done for me in my employment here. It has been sheer torture working for you and representing this crappy company.

It is now time for me to move on and I have accepted a position as a garbage person. This decision was quite easy and took little consideration. However, I am confident that this new role represents a



Laura Bretherton
@phytoplanktonic

Marine biologists never have to pack food supplies when in the field. #BadStockPhotosOfMyJob

2:24 PM - May 6, 2018

♥ 7 See Laura Bretherton's other Tweets

THE



END

REMEMBER

**DOGGERS DIE
IN HOT CARS**

This guy was stranded on a desert island with Cindy Crawford. He was cool, and he didn't make any moves towards her for several weeks. Finally one day he asked her if maybe they could start up a physical relationship, so as to attend to each other's needs. Cindy said she was game, and a very nice sexual relationship began.

Everything was great for about 4 months. One day the guy went to Cindy and said, "I'm having this problem... it's kind of a guy thing, but I need to ask you a favour." Cindy said "Okay." The guy said "Can I borrow your eyebrow pencil?" and Cindy looked at him a little funny, but said "sure, you can borrow my eyebrow pencil." The guy then said "Do you mind if I use the eyebrow pencil to draw a moustache on you?" Cindy is getting a little worried, but says "Okay." Then the guy said "Can you wear some of my guy clothing, I need for you to look more like a man?" Cindy is getting a little disappointed at this point, but says "Well I guess so." Then the guy says to Cindy, "Do you mind if I call you Fred?" Cindy, very dejected, says "I guess not."

So the guy reaches out and grabs Cindy by the arms and says "Fred, mate - You won't believe who I've been shagging!!!"

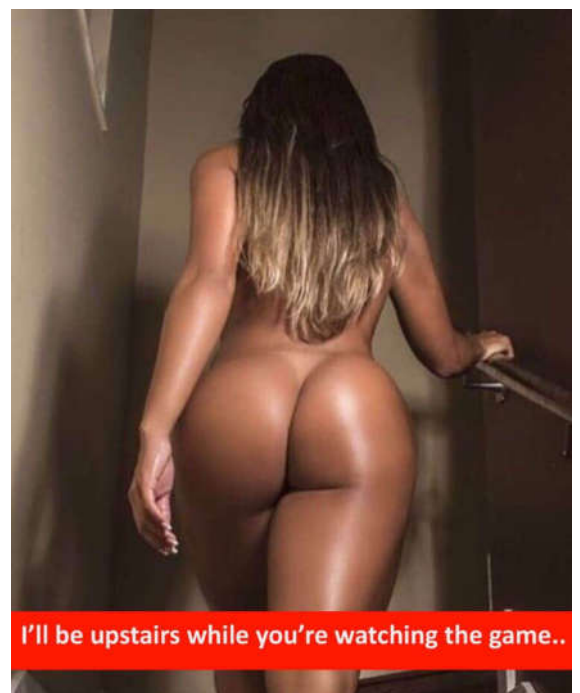
A plane crashes on a desert island and only three men survive. As the men come to their senses they see another man approaching them, as he gets closer he speaks to them, "There is only one port on this island where you can get a ship to safety" he says, "However, I am a cannibal and I'm hungry so I'm going to make you a deal. I'm going to get my dick out and if all three of your dicks put together are of equal size or bigger then I'll guide you to the port, if they are smaller I will kill you all and eat you". All three men readily agree thinking there's no possible way they can lose but when the cannibal gets his dick out, they see it's 20 inches long!

The first man of the three gets his out and it's 10 inches long, feeling confident now, the second man gets his 9 inches out. Finally the third man gets his dick out and although it's only 1 inch long the trio still win the bet. The cannibal keeps his word and leads them to safety. Sometime later on the boat home the first man begins to brag... "You two are lucky my dick is 10 inches long you know", he says to his companions. They agree and congratulate the man on having such a long penis.

After a while the second man says, "You two are very lucky my dick is 9 inches long or we would have been eaten by that cannibal back there", once again, his two companions agree.

As the night nears its end they ask the third man his thoughts on the experience, "All I have to say" begins the third man, "is that you two are damn lucky I had an erection"

A Muslim dies and goes to heaven. He is about to climb up the white clouded stairs and stops in front of a golden gate. There is a bearded man waiting for him. The Muslim asks: "Are you Mohammed?" "No, I'm St. Peter. Mohammed is higher up" The Muslim is very happy to hear that Mohammed is more important than Saint Peter and is higher up. He climbs another flight of stairs. Tired, he stops in front of another large gate. He finds a young man with curly blond hairs and asks: "Are you Mohammed?" "No, I'm Michael, Mohammed is higher up" The Muslim is in ecstasy learning that Mohammed is more important than angels. He climbs an even longer flight of stairs. Exhausted, he reaches another gate, even bigger. He is met by a bearded man and asks him: "Are you Mohammed?" "No. I am Jesus. Mohammed is further up" The Muslim is ecstatic and explodes with happiness learning that Mohammed is even more important than Jesus and that his religion is indeed the best of them all. He cannot wait to meet Mohammed. He quickly climbs further up. Panting, breathless, exhausted, he arrives at a huge white gate. Waiting for him is very old man with a long white beard. The Muslim asks with the little breath he has left: "Are you Mohammed?" "No. I'm God, but I see you're tired, come in, seat down, rest for a moment. Do you want some water, a coffee perhaps? And the Muslim says: "Yes, a coffee ... I would be very grateful" So God turns around, raises his hand, whistles, and says. "Mohammed, two coffees"



I'll be upstairs while you're watching the game..