



R-ns/trash #256 September 2018

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

The hash started in 1938, so our hash starts at 19.38, unless otherwise indicated.
All directions/ timings are vague and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless they don't.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARE\$
3rd September 2018	2098	Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield	RH17 5DW	Wildbush & Keeps It Up
Directions: A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again through Cuckfield. Over first roundabout pub on opposite right hand corner at next roundabout. Est 20 mins.				
10th September 2018	2099	CROWN, NEWICK	BN8 4JX	Hot Fuzz
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout then left at lights up A275. Right on A272 at Chailey junction into Newick. Right past village green and pub just up on right. Est 25 mins.				
17th September 2018	2100	Crown & Anchor, Preston Park	BN1 6SA	Random Sparkles
Directions: From pier, head north on A23 past Preston Park. Go through traffic lights and take 2nd left. Limited parking. nb. From north you cannot turn at pub. Take the road before at the lights then go left 4 times! Est 5 mins.				
24th September 2018	2101	OLD BOOT INN, SEAFORD	BN25 1PE	Not So Fast Heinz
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Right onto A26 at Beddingham roundabout. Next left and left again for A259 into Seaford. Turn right on Church St. at Station. Right at end and right again for car park. Pub back in South Street. Est 20 mins.				
1st October 2018	2102	Bent Arms, Lindfield	RH16 2HP	Rainbow Balls
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. Past pond and up High Street, turn right with pub on corner, then left for car park. Est 20 mins.				

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

RECEDING HARELINE:

8/10/18	TBA - Cooperman?
15/10/18	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath - Psychlepath
22/10/18	Watchmakers Arms, Hove - Bouncer & Angel

Hashing around Sussex:

HASTINGS H3 Brede High Woods, eastern car park TN31 6EX
2nd September 10.66 (11.06)am – Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
 On on afterwards - the Cross in Staplecross.

CRAFT H3 #112 – Last chance ALE TRAIL dance!

15th September 12.00pm RIGHTS OF MAN – P trail from station, plus up to 7 more **PASSPORT PUBS!** Bring passports and tankards.

W4NK H3 The Carpenters Arms, Limpsfield Chart RH8 0TG
16th September 11.00am – Lunchbox & Layby birthday hash

HENFIELD H3 #163 Royal Oak, Wineham
23rd September 11.00am – Tosser & Dave

Thought for the day:

Hashing is all about following the trail – **WHATEVER** is used to mark it!



Middle-aged man in running shorts 'asking for it' with provocative outfit

A MIDDLE-aged man has caused a stir at work by donning a provocative outfit that clearly shows he is 'asking for it'.

Brent Crowle, 49, was seen unashamedly flaunting his assets while heading for a lunchtime jog, opting for thigh-skimming nylon shorts and a tight t-shirt highlighting his ample cleavage.

Manager Kayleen Holland said: “Look at him. You have to ask, what kind of message is he trying to send with that clothing? Why would he put on such a sexual display if not for the attention of women?”

She added: "It's not just him. My assistant regularly comes to work in tight-fitting trousers and the lad in the cafe was clearly signalling when he asked me 'how do you like it?' as I ordered my coffee this morning. I'm not sexist – but I am only human. They know exactly what they are doing."

Meanwhile, Crowle continued his sensual display by applying chapstick in full view of several women near the photocopier.

[illegible]

Women On Tumblr Point Out The Most Common Mistakes In Female Characters Created By Male Writers - By Giedrė

Sometimes when you read a book, you ought to suspend your disbelief in order to believe the fantasy. However, there are times when it's impossible to ignore some of the blatant inaccuracies, especially when they are connected to a huge demographic (like half the world's population). It's no secret that, at times, male authors describe women in the weirdest ways, creating an awkward unrealistic image that, unfortunately, other men often buy into. Well, women are not too happy about it, and some have come together to compile an 'open letter' to men writers. From the realities of periods to functionality of high heels, these ladies cover a wide range of topics, correcting misconceptions found in books penned by male authors. See below to learn a thing or two!

Lesser known facts when writing women:

- High heeled shoes don't become flats if you break the heels off.
- The posts of earrings aren't sharp.
- Nail polish takes a long time to dry and smudges when wet.
- You can't hold in a period like pee.
- Inserting a tampon is not arousing or sexual in any way, ever.
- Bras leave red marks on the skin under and around boobs and it is a magical experience when taken off.
- Make up can take anywhere from 5 to 25 minutes depending on how skilled you are.
- Taking hair out of a ponytail after wearing it for hours does not make it perfectly straight when it comes down.
- Hair when wet sticks to the skin it no longer flows, idiot.
- When women with long hair kiss, turn around, do anything, their hair falls in the way.
- Stockings are itchy and tear like wet paper bags.
 - Pantyhose, tights, leggings, and stockings are each different.
 - Waxing hurts and leaves red skin for a while afterwards while shaving leaves stubble
 - Most can't run in heels unless they have been VERY worn
 - Insecurity in appearance doesn't mean "buy me a drink"
 - EVERYONE HAS DIFFERENT TASTES IN EVERYTHING



Having large breasts sucks. It sucks beyond belief. If a garment happens to fit your large chest, odds are it won't fit the rest of you. Underboob sweat is real and terrible. Bending over for extended periods of time will tweak your back out. Running can be painful due to boob turbulence. Bras are hellu expensive. Big breasts are not fun.

Putting a tampon in isnt a quick bend-poke-done kinda deal. It involves cubicle yoga, messy hands, numerous curse words as you realise it isnt in correctly and have to take it out and start again with a new one.

Yes to all of this. But also:

If her hair is in an updo, one does not simply remove a hairpin to send her hair cascading down her back. No. If her hair is an updo, it will take at least an hour and an extra set of hands to remove the 137 bobby pins that are holding her hair in place. Furthermore, there's probably a can's worth of hairspray in there, intended to withstand category 2 hurricane winds. There's no cascading happening here - the best you can hope for is a misshapen nest of hair to clump and poof unattractively in the back while it still remains flat against her scalp.

And a helluva lot more very funny responses! Worth checking out, especially if your hash name is Mugabe ;-)

As Angel has been known to say on occasion:

I don't do weights, but I hold my boobs while I hash and surely that has got to count for something.

REHASHING

The Bull, Shermanbury - Despite a plaintive plea on facebook, no run report has been forthcoming for this re-scheduled run after the double booking a few weeks back. Suffice to say both Cardinal's hastily posted map the following day (with apologies to the walkers for not providing any clues on the night), and the website tracker show a trail out through Shermanbury Place, up Greentree Lane, over to Partridge Green and home via the Downs Link with the tiniest suggestion of a fishhook (or KIU going badly wrong). Virgin dog hare Mitch and Dad Hugh clearly thought that Bogeyman's proposal last week that all trails should now reflect the pub name was a Cock & Bull story, although with a bit of artistic licence you could probably squeeze a Bulls head out of the squidge of Garmin Art. There was no circle as Bouncer was away, Lily the Pink found himself forced to stay home and finish off leftover beer from a soiree at the weekend, and Mudlark was distracted by the deliciousness of the pub pizzas. Another great hash? Someone tell the trash!



Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath - Seeing Layby with Eric on the other side of the road it appeared that the dog's had been arguing when suddenly all the women also rushed across as Pirate and Soggy Crack had turned up with new baby Astrid for inspection. Bogeyman started a rumour of a no-show by the hare prompting Keeps It Up to start running up and down the road looking for him or trail. One Erection cut it fine but made the start, while previously rumoured co-hare Psychlepath was on a break in the West Country, taking the beer stop to Truro with him. His influence was very much in evidence early doors as we ran out to the B2272, then up to the hospital to pick up the A272 Winchester to Heathfield road. As we neared the Snowdrop pack was thrown into disarray when we went off-road, obviously forgetting that Rjk wasn't responsible! Out of the woods, and into the meadows beyond, Hot Fuzz was joking that this was his 'other' place before we discovered a fishhook. With the pack well strewn we had to climb right back up the hill, Lily the Pink closing on rear gunner Hash Gomi who promptly turned and showed him a clean pair of heels going the wrong way. Continuing, we went left at Slugwash Lane (Local Knowledge declining an offered SCB) then a quick right and downhill into more woods. The entire pack bypassed the shiggy going right, while the trail and Bouncer (catching up) went left to fall into a mudbath. To add insult to injury, the returnees from the next fishhook included Wilds Thing shouting how disappointed he was with Bouncer not doing the turn, but it turned out to be Bogeyman he was on about! Back on Slugwash it was left and right again, out to cross the main road, the check sending hounds in all directions before hare gave up and pointed north. Still ignoring him most of the pack went through the churchyard picking up marks left along the lane to another check, which it appears didn't get kicked! Back marking had up to this point been excellent but soon after a field of feisty horses, a few went on an unscheduled left before the call back revealed a new arrow, a Chinook flew over prompting a faint hope that Psychlepath had returned to give us a sip after all, and suddenly hash lights started to appear slowing everyone down on the trail home. Taking advantage of local eateries and the goodwill of the pub allowing food from outside in, folk were soon feeling replete and circle up was called. One Erection took a pint as hare claiming Rjks share, before Happy Endings from Rjviera H3 was welcomed back with new boot Sam. Gomi broke the fishhook rules as well as his own land speed record, and Wilds Thing for his identification error. With Cucumber away, Kim was here on her own, showing just how far she's come in confidence since starting to run only recently, but Happy Endings had misheard her introduction thinking she was called Just Kick'im. RA decided that was appropriate with her horsey connection and he having been left to fend the nags off during the run, and so her name was formalised. One Erection offered to take Psychlepaths 1000th but can't count as he was due his own 100th. Somehow Bogeyman had got hold of the Numpty mug and was very keen to pass it on to Keeps It Up for believing his rumour-mongering despite KIU having a strong case for Boges getting it by missing the fishhook. Cardinal hadn't received his hare beer last week, and had also managed an epic fall off the bridge, but had gone so the beer went to the other faller, Bouncer, and then we thought we'd better see what had happened to Local Knowledge who still wasn't back! He eventually appeared about 10.20 having missed the unkicked check and wandered through to Valebridge Road, but was greeted with a large wine which was enough to prevent a meltdown. Another great hash!

today I learned that goats who won't stop head butting have to wear pool noodles and it feels like information I should share

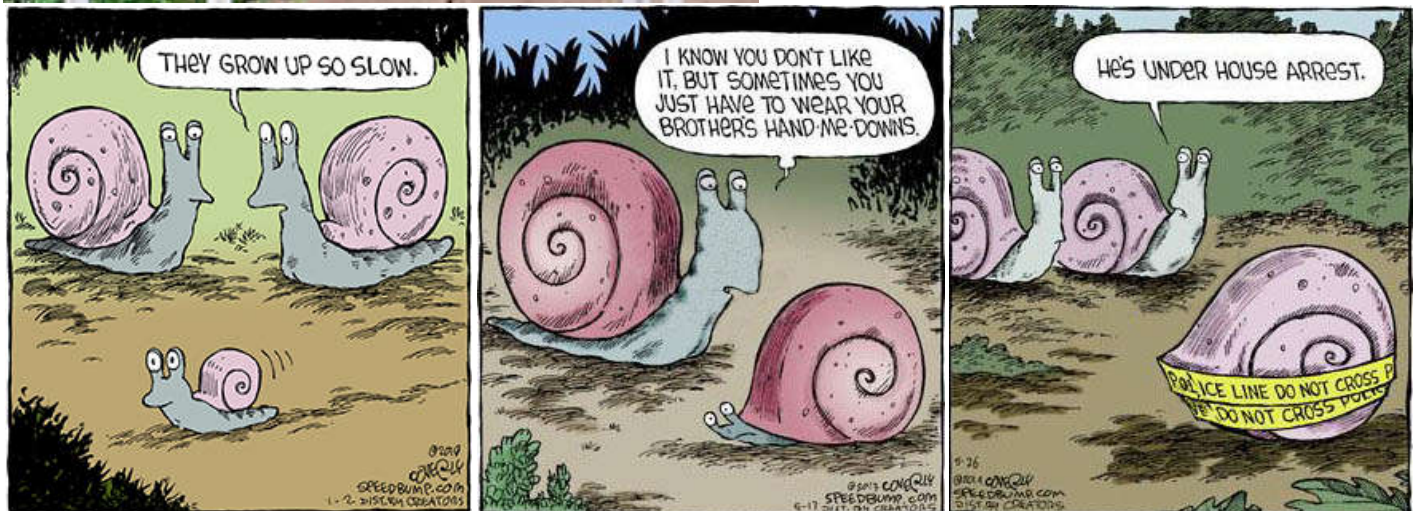


GOLDEN OLDIE: Shut the gate!

One day a hasher looks out his window and can't believe his eyes. There in his tree is a huge male gorilla so he calls 999 and the operator tells him there is a city wide-hunt for the gorilla and a specialist team will be sent to him shortly. Twenty minutes later a van pulls up and a soldier comes running up to his door. The hasher opens the door and points the gorilla out to the soldier who says, "I'm going to need your help to capture this gorilla!" The soldier takes him to his van, opens the door and takes out a pair of handcuffs, a goat and a shotgun. "Here's what we need to do," says the soldier; "I'll climb up and start shaking the tree until the gorilla falls out. When he hits the ground, the trained goat will butt the gorilla in the nuts. In pain the gorilla will throw his arms in the air and all you have to do is put the handcuffs on him. OK?" "OK!" Says the hasher, "But what is the shotgun for?" "If I fall out of the tree first. Shoot the goat!"

My girlfriend walked outside this morning to see this, a bunch of snails in a circle with leader in the middle...

A boy hears a knocking at the door, he opens it, looks left, looks right, then up and down, and finally sees a snail. He throws the snail into the yard about fifty feet. Thirty years later the man hears a knocking at the door, he goes to the door, looks up, looks right, looks up, and then sees a snail at the door step. The snail says "What the heck was that for."



Just witnessed an epic burnout...

Slugs and beer

Yo Man, check out the rack on that babe

Listen. You guys have a "rack" just as much as I do. We are hermaphrodites

Dude, I think she just called you gay

REHASHING (continued)

White Horse, Ditchling - The suggestion of setting off from the car park was all very well except nobody could actually get in the car park due to a rehearsal by the Ditchling Choralists or something! A big welcome back for Simon Brown, long lost old hasher who hasn't been seen for 17 years along just for the walk. Some old twaddle from hare and we were off right to cross the fields for a ridiculously early fishhook. "On on right" called Keeps It Up at the check, while everyone else went straight on, hares confessing to a mix up while setting resulting in double marks when Angel used her other left. We continued up the Nye, then on to the bostal climb towards the Beacon interrupted by a sheep track over the access land at the check. Back down to Westmeston at the next check, RJB had a fall but was okay, then we bumped into Wiggy who wasn't, having lost the knitting circle. A new path the other side of the hedge inside the road led to a track into a field where a second fishhook reunited the pack and on we went for the meander up to Streat church. Clear marks left here caused more confusion as hare was already calling us back muttering about the horses mouth and an on-back it seems had been rubbed. By now light was fading and the lumpy ground and brash weren't helping but it still doesn't excuse Cyst Pit ignoring the fishhook by raising the bar out of the way! At the sip stop we were treated to the 'last of the summer wine', basically sangria made from the remainder of the 40th weekend's wine and nibbles, and Simon, who'd overshot on the walkers short cut, caught us up. On inn was through the campsite and via the twittens to complete the horses ear for the garmin art much to Bogeyman's delight. Circling up and Lily the Pink awarded Angel and Bouncer as hares, then KIU for getting caught by the double marks. Cyst Pit thoroughly deserved punishment for the fishhook but received his overdue 100th tankard, almost a reward! Returnees Simon Brown, and Dangleberry were recognised next, before an animal abuse charge was levelled at Kell for throwing Chief over a stile but as Cyst Pit dropped him, he got beer. There was a numpty nomination for Angel by KIU for the left error, but it went to Alex for racing to make sure he was in the numbers at the fishhook. There was much debate about the horses-head shaped trail which worked either way, you decide! Another great hash though I say so myself! Bxx



Best of first world problems:

The pub password-protected their WiFi. Asked for password. Barman says, "You have to buy a drink first." Buy drink. Ask for password. Barman says, "You have to buy a drink first. Lower case, no gaps" Six years to write a sequel? REALLY?

Face Time makes me look horrible.

New HDTV too thin. Wii sensor keeps falling off.

20 nuggets, one dipping sauce.

My daughter is reading Fifty Shades.

Ran out of flour setting hash. Had to cancel sip stop.

Swedish furniture too confusing to make.

My cookie is too big to dunk.

My mum friended me on facebook.

My mum unfriended me on facebook.

Six years to record a follow-up album? REALLY?

Wife finds out I've been having fun on the hash and decides to come with me.

Watched TV after the hash, too drunk to fast forward through commercials. Minutes of my life wasted.

Phone battery died halfway through workout. Condemned to finish with no music.

I just know the hairdressers are talking about me. But I don't even know what language they're speaking.

My grandma just accidentally sexted me. Her sex life is apparently more interesting than mine.

Complained about the head on my beer, but it was a marked glass.

Slow wiper setting too slow. Fast wiper setting too fast.

Not enough gold to buy my Elf Lord a new warhammer

Game of Thrones was on an hour ago. Why isn't it on Netflix yet?

Oh spit! That hash cake at the sip was technically four servings!

I want to read outside, but the glare washes out my screen.

Paid for the all-you-can-eat buffet. Full after one plate of salad.

My Garmin can't find enough satellites to get going.

Six years to film a sequel? REALLY?

Keep getting down downs, can't drink beer fast.

No 4G in the office restrooms.

Nobody 'liked' my status.

"Press one for English"?

Lost car keys while hashing, had to walk home drunk.

My password expired. I loved that password.

Used satnav to get home from pub. Took me past the police station.

How the hell do you fold fitted sheets?

RA caught me sidestepping the fishhook.

Alexa doesn't understand me and I'm not even Scottish.

Two years between UK Nash Hashes? REALLY?

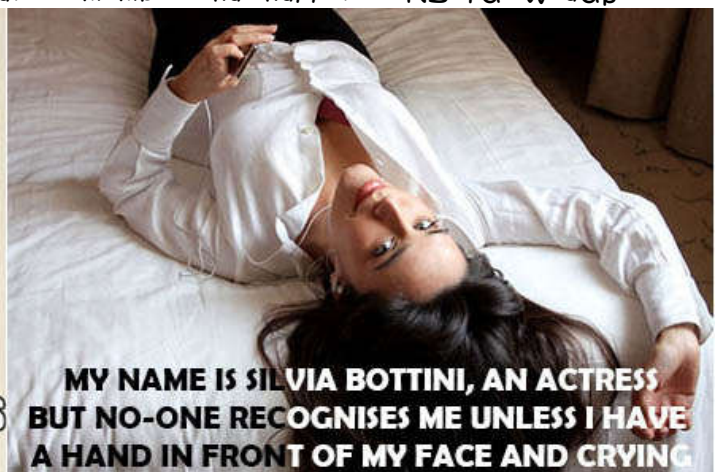
Predictive text keeps changing my swear words. But not into anything funny enough to share. (what the duck? Don't give a ship. Motherfunky.)

Facebook broken. Now I have to phone my 350 friends to tell them I've been for a run.

My ex showed up on the hash. Now what do I do Monday evenings?

Updated my status to "in a relationship" and Facebook flagged it as 'fake News'

No-one else will write run reviews, just because they can't remember what happened. NLtGItWoaGS...



REHASHING the CRAFT or what we dun on on our holidees.

Once again all was quiet on the CRAFT front in August, not unusual in the busy summer months, but using a cheeky bit of artistic licence and twisting time around the little finger, the August trail mooted for the 17th has been re-booked for 11.59pm Baker Island Time (or International Date Line West time zone) on 31st. Which is 11.59am on Saturday 1st September to you and me. Which in turn means the report will have to wait until next time!

The wife Nicola asked me to take her picture with the plane in view..... so I did, that's her on the far left 😊



It would be nice to get some holiday reports where a hash visit has been incorporated, particularly 'International hashers of the year' extraordinaire Keeps It Up and Wildbush, or Roaming and Boges who seem to find very little time for either relaxing or submitting reports in between the vast amount of other hashes they seem to be ticking off, but don't get your hopes up! So you'll have to put up with the Bouncer family holiday which was a visit to Olu Deniz near Fethiye in Turkey (see #November 2017 for the last visit). Fethiye hash being a fortnightly affair, we had managed to pick exactly the wrong week but very kindly Cums Naturally (aka on Facebook as Sue Hasher, making her my Facebook sister as I was Bouncer hasher until Facebook decided to have a go) and Wicked Willy decided to set an extra-curricular hash so that we could join them. Given that the five of us including Crackerjack, Gooley and ET, formed 25% of the pack I still think they did well to get 20 out on a scorching day. Meeting at the Ovacik central car park we bundled into cars courtesy of Doormat and Minstrel Man and were whisked

down to the lay-by near the cemetery off the Kayakoy road for a gentle stroll through the woods. Ambling along with Going Down we spotted her OH Baz aka Go Go Gadget taking it easy some way behind when a chance to SCB by taking the diameter of the circle presented itself. "We don't short-cut on this hash", I was rather severely told! WW was clearly somewhat embarrassed by the stream crossing with the effluent and smells from hotels up river that had unthinkingly dumped, but a toad didn't seem overly concerned. On in and we piled into the coolbox of beers and softies for a very fair price to hash cash Book Cooker, before



RA Cheeky Chappie started the down downs. Naturally we were targets as visitors with a family down down, followed by more as we



couldn't remember everyone's names, for myself for rotten jokes, and Angel for standing with her hands on her hips (teapot!). Gooley also got caught for fiddling with his hands in his pockets, Angel again getting the willy warmer probably for her birthday the day before*, then me failing dismally with the drainpipe arm while Angel did okay actually. Everything got a bit hazy after a while but I did enjoy Wicked Willie's shoe downer for lost property after he left his old trainers on the side after setting the day before, unjustifiably confident that some Turk would claim them. As things drew to a close I presented the hares with gifts of Brighton hash "over the hill" t-shirts which were well received, if slightly late as they have a banned colour each hash, which had been addressed earlier, and this time was the very lime green of our

40th shirts! Changing before the on inn at Pepinos restaurant, I soon found myself changing again as their habershaw enthusiastically swapped a Fethiye H3 tech top for my own 40th shirt! The fun continued in the restaurant but eventually the party broke up and we headed home only to realise I'd left my sunglasses behind. Whats App came into its own though and Angel and I ended up meeting up with Cheeky Chappie later as he'd picked them up. Wonderful welcoming hash group, enormous fun and highly recommended if you get a chance! On on!

* For Angel's birthday I'd joked that I was going to throw her off a mountain, specifically Baba Dag, father of mountains, which overlooks Olu Deniz and is arguably the World's premier paragliding location. At Bogeyman's recommendation we booked through Sky Sports with a guy called Chuck. How I giggled, but she had decided it was a no-no-no until Roaming Pussy persuaded her that if she could do it, anyone could. Another bucket list must-try!

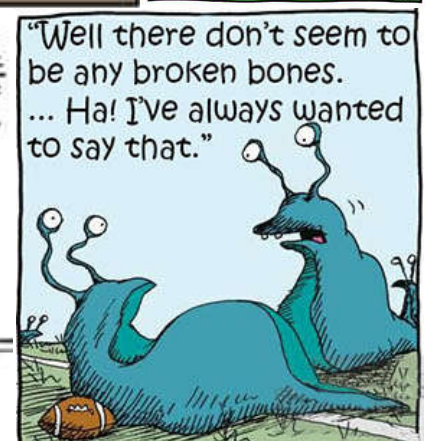
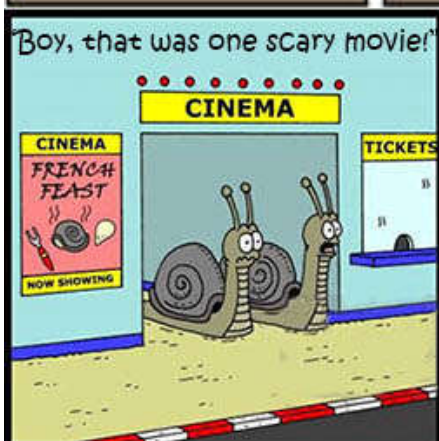
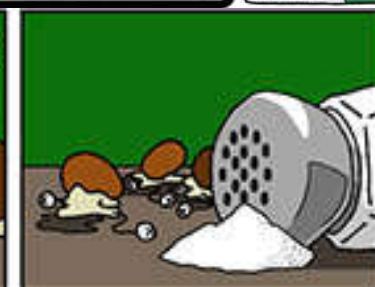
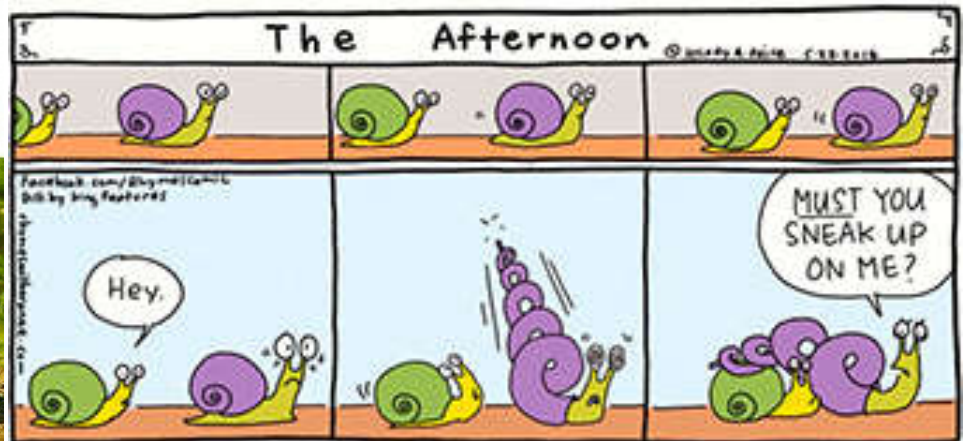
Bouncer



The snails are coming, but slowly. More gastropodic humour etc. finally arrives...



Wow, I think you went too far with the plastic surgery!



Quick Quip: I felt so guilty after I stepped on a snail this morning. You should of seen him, he looked genuinely crushed.

IN THE (alternative) NEWS...

Corbynism keeps going...



Shallow TV show returns...

A gunman has burst into the Celebrity Big Brother house and shot all of the contestants. Victims are yet to be identified, as no one has a clue who they are.



PM TM in talks in Africa...



Letterbox-gate: who said it first – Boris or the Guardian? THE SPECTATOR - 10 August 2018

In a strongly worded editorial on Tuesday, the Guardian newspaper did not hide its contempt for what it called Boris Johnson's 'tasteless newspaper column joke' which compared women in burqas to letterboxes. 'Baroness Warsi was absolutely correct to call Mr Johnson out on this on Tuesday when she called the remarks "dog-whistle Islamophobia"', it thundered.

All of this somewhat surprised Mr Steerpike. Not because of the sanctimony, but because, as one eagle-eye reader got in touch to point out, the paper had already beaten Boris to the joke.

In 2013, it published a column by [British Muslim journalist] Remona Aly entitled 'Nine uses for a burqa ... that don't involve bashing them.' In it, the author suggests several alternative uses for the face-covering.

'But the next time you spot an unidentifiable woman who wants to pop out in pyjamas to buy milk by stealth, do not be alarmed: keep calm, think of Nigella Lawson and follow our top tips on how you could use a burqa too.'

Examples included using it as a 'getaway costume' and, remarkably:

'7. Relaunch the postbox - Since the burqa eye-opening has been called a letterbox slit, and with the privatisation of the Royal Mail, seize the moment to set up an independent mobile mail service, AKA The Burqa Post.'

No word on the current Grauniad line on proposals for a 'Burqa Post'...

Letterbox-gate

Farewell Aretha...

And, er, Barry Chuckle...



should have gone to Specsavers



A racist, a misogynist and a twat walk into a bar. Bartman says what'll it be, Mr Trump?



Donald J. Trump
@realDonaldTrump

CHAIN MIGRATION must end now! Some people come in, and they bring their whole family with them, who can be truly evil. NOT ACCEPTABLE!

Melania Trump's Slovenian parents become US citizens
09 August 2018 US & Canada



Quick Quip: Man Utd fan walks into travel agents... "Any nice mini breaks?" Travel Agent "Can't beat Brighton this time of year."



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Venue: Timber Lodge Café,
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Date: 25th September
Time: 6.30pm
Registration Fee: £20
Minimum Sponsorship: £100



Visit our website or contact the events team to find out more or to register for the Great Willy Waddle.
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The little book of wanking

One-liners

Practice safe sex; go f*ck yourself.

People think there's only one way of wanking, but I've discovered a great new way. You lie on your arm until it's gone dead. Then you do it. And it feels like somebody else.

Three salesmen got snowed in at a farmer's house. They had to spend the night, and one salesman had to sleep in the attic, as there weren't enough bedrooms. The farmer, being a trusting soul as most farmers are, allowed his two daughters to sleep with the two salesman, each in their own bedrooms. Before retiring, the three salesmen discussed whether they were going to score that night with the two daughters. They devised a code of signals so that each could let the other two know if they were successful. The first said he would make the sound of a train horn and yell, "Freight train through bedroom one!" The second said he would yell out, "Mail train through bedroom two!" Sometime after retiring, sure enough, the yell "Freight train through bedroom one!" was heard. A short time later, "Mail train through bedroom two!" was heard. Not wanting to be outdone, the salesman in the attic blurted out, "Handcar through the attic!"

A newly married couple returned home after their honeymoon. "Care to go upstairs and have a bop?" the husband asked. "Shhhh!" said the bride "All the neighbours will know what we're about to do. These walls are paper thin. In the future, we'll have to ask each other in code. For example, how about asking 'Have you left the washing machine door open' instead?"

So the following night, the husband asks, "I don't suppose you

left the washing machine door open, did you?"

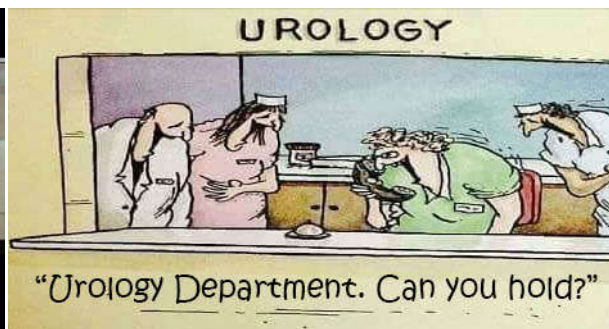
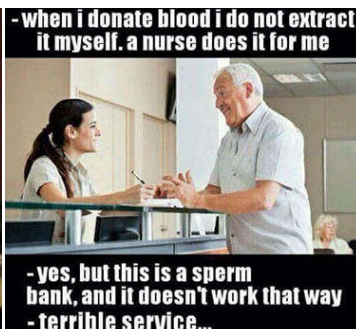
"No, I definitely shut it" replied the wife who rolled over and fell asleep.

When she woke up however, she was feeling a little amorous herself and she nudged her husband and said, "I think I did leave the washing machine door open after all. Would you like to do some washing?"

No thanks" said the husband. "It was only a small load so I did it by hand."

Trivialising an important subject continued – the Euphemisms

Backstroke Roulette.	Fire the hand cannon.	Jack off.	Rub one out.	your own hands.
Bash the bishop.	Fist fuck.	Jerk the Gherkin.	Shag.	Tenderize the meat.
Bash the Candle.	Fist your mister.	Manual override.	Shine your pole.	Tickle your pickle.
Beat off.	Five against one.	Pack your palm.	Slam the ham.	Toss off.
Beat the bishop.	Flog the dog.	Pocket pinball.	Slam the spam.	Varnish the flagpole.
Beat the dummy.	Flute solo.	Pocket pool.	Slapping the clown.	Wack the weasel.
Beat the meat.	Free Willy.	Polish your helmet.	Slapping the salomi.	Whack off.
Blow your load.	Grease the pipe.	Pound off.	Spank the monkey.	Whip your dripper.
Buff the banana.	Hand job.	Pull off.	Spank the wank.	Work off.
Charm the serpent/snake.	Hand to gland combat	Pull the pole.	Stroking it.	Wrestle the eel.
Choke the chicken.	Hand work.	Pull your prick.	Stroke off.	Yank off.
Crown the king.	Have it off.	Pump the python.	Stroke the dog.	Yank the crank.
	Hump your hose.	Ram the ham.	Take matters into	Yank the plank.



Grandma, who was living with her daughter's family, let her 11-year-old grandson in from school. "What did you learn today?" she asked. "Sex education. All about penises and vaginas and intercourse and stuff," he replied matter-of-factly. The old woman was shocked and reported the conversation to her daughter.

Her daughter replied, "Mom, this is the 21st Century. These days it's all part of the curriculum."

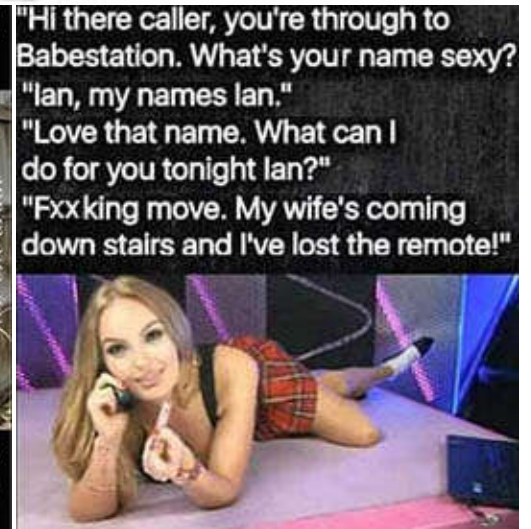
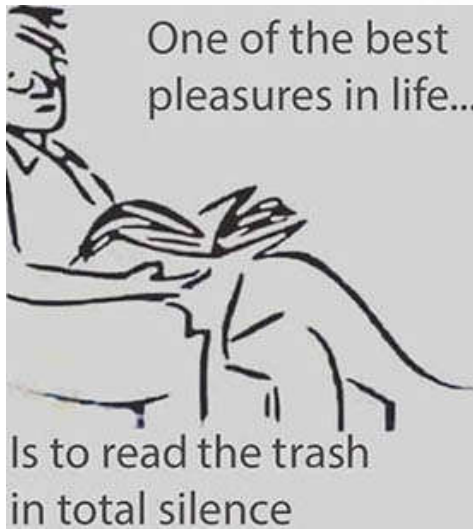
A few hours later, the grandmother was reading when her daughter announced dinner was ready. Grandmother walked past her grandson's bedroom and noticed him on his bed, vigorously masturbating.

"Sonny," she said, "when you're finished your homework, come on downstairs to eat."

THE



END



Jan, Sue, and Mary haven't seen each other since leaving school. They rediscover each other via Friends Reunited, and arrange to meet for lunch. Jan arrives first, wearing a beige Versace dress. She orders a bottle of Pinot Grigio. Sue arrives shortly afterwards, wearing a grey Chanel number. After the initial hugs and kisses she joins Jan in a glass of wine. Then Mary walks in, wearing a faded old tee-shirt, blue jeans and boots. She too shares the wine.

Jan explains that after leaving school and attending Oxford University, she met and married Timothy, with whom she has a beautiful daughter. Timothy is a partner in one of London's leading law firms. They live in a 4000 sq. ft. apartment on Park Lane, where Susanna, the daughter, attends drama school. They have a second home in Portugal.

Sue relates that she graduated from Cambridge University, studied to become a doctor and became a surgeon. Her husband, Clive, is a leading financial investment banker in the City. They live in the Surrey stockbroker belt and have a second home in Italy.

Mary explains that after she left school at 17, she ran off with her boyfriend, Mark. They run a tropical bird park in Essex and grow their own vegetables. Mark can stand five parrots, side by side, on his erect penis.

Halfway down the third bottle of wine and several hours later, Jan blurts out that her husband is really a cashier at Tesco's. They live in a small apartment in Bromley and have a caravan parked on the front drive. Sue, chastened and encouraged by her old friend's honesty, explains that she and Clive are both nursing care assistants in an old people's home. They live in Peckham and take camping holidays in Kent.

Mary admits that the fifth parrot has to stand on one leg.

