

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

R-ns/trash #259 December 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.

DALG NO NO Post Code #NO HARES

3rd December 2018 2111 Laughing fish, Isfield TN22 5XB Cooperman & Whose Shout

Directions: Follow A27 gast past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.

Saddlescombe Farm BN45 7DC 10th December 2018 2112 St. Bernard

Directions: 127 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over 127. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est. 10 mins. - St, Bernards 500th hash!

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FANCY DRESS HASH, DINNER, AWARDS AND PARTY:

Hash-socks Hotel, Hassocks 2113 BN6 8HN Ride-It, Baby & her elves **Directions:** North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. 7PM START! As usual, lots of red Christmassy tinselly fancy dress on the r*n please! Register online and pay by 10th December please: http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/bh7-xmas-run/



24th December 2018 2114 White Horse, Ditchling Rebel Without His Keys - Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at round-about. Park in village car park on right. est. 10 mins. 1PM START

31st December 2018 2115 Royal Oak, Pounings Fukarwe - Directions: 123 north, 3rd exit on 1281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round to pub on right. Est. 10 mins. 1PM START

7th January 2019 2116 Bevy, Bevendean Directions: Cast On A27, take next exit for Coldean. Cross miniroundabout and follow Coldgan Lang to lights. Turn right onto Lewes Road. Take 2nd left after railway bridge onto Hillside. Pub on left at top of hill. Street parking with care. Est. 10 mins.

One Crection's big birthday r*n!

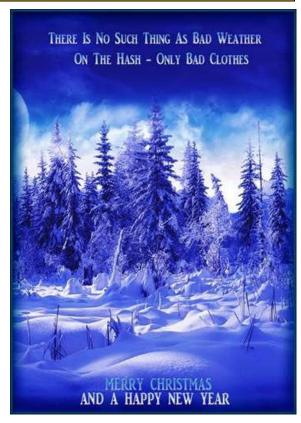
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HASHING AROUND AT CHRISTMAS:

Hastings H3 Xmas hash Sunday 9th December 10.66 (11.06am) New Inn, Hadlow Down TN22 4tty Keeps It Up and Wildbush

CRAFT H3 # Saturday 22nd December - 12 pubs of Christmas -Testiculator – Noon from Grand Victorian Hotel by Worthing station.

Nb. Replacement bus service between Brighton and Littlehampton so allow extra time to get there! See CRAFT facebook page for full programme and don't forget your tankards and Christmas hats!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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

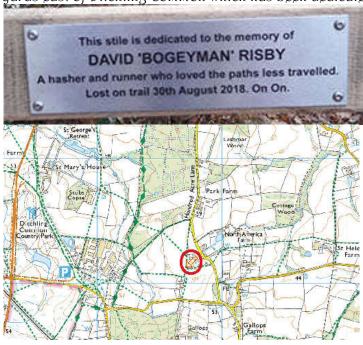
16-19/08/2019 EURO HASH 2019 - On to cruise Scotland. https://eurohash2019.com/ Full: register for cancellations.

23-26/08/2019 UK Nash Hash 2019 - Caledonia H3 Kelso, Scottish Borders http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk/

Bogeyman Stile

Things moved very quickly on the idea mooted in the last trash to have a stile installed in Bogeymans memory. The collection for the balance needed to have it dedicated was very successful and the target reached quickly, so special thanks to all those who contributed, in particular our neighbours, East Grinstead Hash who dug deep in club funds! A tribute to the high regard our roving hasher was held in. The message below is as it appears on the website:

A stile has been installed 1 mile south of Wivelsfield Green, 1 mile west of Plumpton Green, and a few hundred yards east of Ditchling Common which has been dedicated to David "Bogeyman" Risby.





A donation has been made to The Monday Group who maintain foot paths in east and west Sussex.

A hash will be organised to visit the stile in the near future.

there's a bit of Christmas fun! thow many Christmas related films can you find in the picture? >>>>

onononononononononon

Previously the Christmas Boggy Shoe has featured different eartoonists. This year it's changing direction, given the un-elfy obsession with Santa's Little Helpers and the brand-new tradition of having an elf on a shelf to make sure the little treasures are good in the lead up. So here's some groaning gnomers to start the Elfy Shoe:

What's another name for Santa's helpers? Subordinate clauses!

Why did the gives ask the turkey to join the band? Because he had the drum sticks!

What kind of bread do glues make sandwiches with? Why, shortbread of course!

What do you call an elf who steals gift wrap from the rich and gives it to the poor? Ribbon Hood!

One elf said to another, "We had Grandma for Christmas dinner". The other elf said, "Really? We had turkeu!"

Why did the elf put his bed into the fireplace? He wanted to sleep like a log!

How many elves does it take to change a light bulb? Ten! One to change the light bulb and nine to stand on each other's shoulders!

What kind of money do glves use? Jingle bills! Rudolph didn't go to a regular school. He was "elf"taught!



Inside 🛱 Today













Hashing hits the headlines:

Pub crawl organisers spark chemical weapons scare in sleepy Norfolk town after marking out their route using 'mysterious white power' which turned out to be CORNFLOUR

- Mysterious white lines appeared around the town in Kings Lynn on Saturday
- Police called in and specialist officers cordoned off the area to test the powder
- Norfolk Hash House Harriers had laid the lines to set out a route for guests

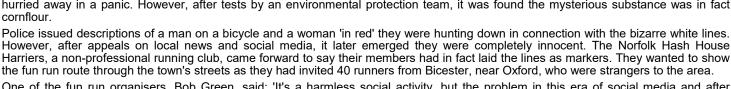
By ZOIE O'BRIEN FOR MAILONLINE 19 November 2018

A pub crawl caused chaos in a quiet Norfolk town when a hazardous chemicals squad rushed in to inspect mysterious powder strewn across the streets. Fearing another chemical weapons attack like the one seen 185 miles away in Salisbury earlier this year, panicked residents called police to King's Lynn town

centre on Saturday afternoon when they spotted mysterious white lines. Confusing the powder with cocaine - or chemicals - shoppers hurried away in a panic. However, after tests by an environmental protection team, it was found the mysterious substance was in fact

However, after appeals on local news and social media, it later emerged they were completely innocent. The Norfolk Hash House Harriers, a non-professional running club, came forward to say their members had in fact laid the lines as markers. They wanted to show the fun run route through the town's streets as they had invited 40 runners from Bicester, near Oxford, who were strangers to the area.

One of the fun run organisers, Bob Green, said: 'It's a harmless social activity, but the problem in this era of social media and after Salisbury, the general public is much more aware of substances in the streets. We maybe need to communicate better with the police to avoid them sending out hazardous chemicals or other expensive emergency services. As soon as he heard Tuesday Market Place had been cordoned off, he called police to inform them the flour was harmless and explain why it had been placed around town. The all-clear was given after an hour and the cordon was lifted, but the emergency response by police and the fire brigade cost hundreds of pounds and shopkeepers in the area were left counting the cost in lost trade.



Daily Telegraph 21/1//18 On the run

hen Tom Brown was at school, the hare in a cross-country run scattered torn-up bits of paper for the hounds to follow. Today, clubs like the Norfolk Hash House Harriers mark a trail with blobs of flour that quietly decay with no harm to the environment. A member was leaving floury blobs in King's Lynn last weekend when the activity was mistaken for a biological terror attack. The next thing, Tuesday Market Place had been cordoned off, and no doubt helicopters would have moved in with squads of trained hazard-suited officers, had the innocent explanation not been discovered in time. The harriers are devoted to a run and a drink at a different pub each week. They can run, but they don't hide, An international movement, their values are British to the core. They're the last people who should be hounded.

The harriers describe themselves as a social group, who meet at a different pub for a run each week. The fun run destination was the Stuart House Hotel, in Goodwins Road, and flour trails were left in a number of places including the market place, The Walks and South Quay to mark the five-mile route. The flour was lifted by the handful from a plastic shopping bad and scattered on the pavements by Dave Armes, landlord at the hotel, who has been taking part in 'hash runs' since the 1980s. He said today: 'We all apologise for any inconvenience caused.'

Referring to the expensively-manned major emergency and the town centre being sealed off, he said: 'That was completely over the top, it was a lot of fuss about nothing. But for those people who didn't know what it was, it was understandable' he admitted. 'I think it was really good that the public was being vigilant and reporting it, saying there's something unusual here.

A spokesman said 'hares' laid a trail, using ordinary kitchen flour, which the pack then had to follow. He said: 'The Hares resort to tactics designed to slow the front runners down and allow the back markers to catch up, so as to keep the group more or less together. These tactics include false trails and checks, where the flour trail stops and the front runners are expected to shout 'checking' while trying to find where it re-starts. A cry of 'on on' tells the rest of the pack that the trail has been found.

A BOAT has capsized in Lake Victoria in Uganda with at least 13 people dead. By HELEN BARNETT Sat, Nov 24, 2018

A mass rescue operation is underway after the cruise boat sank while carrying 120 people to a party. The death toll could rise to more than 50 as police said 39 people are unaccounted for. About 70 people have been rescued and 13 people have been found dead. Uganda's Police Force Marine Unit is searching for survivors.

A-list Ugandan celebrities and Ugandan Prince David Wasajja were onboard the boat, local media reports. Prince David is brother of King Muwenda Mutebi II of Buganda - a kingdom in Uganda. Father of one Prince David, 52, lived in the UK when he studied at the University of Nottingham. He is known as a socialite, branded alongside others as one of the 'Hash Harriers'. It is understood Prince David was among those rescued. Singer Iryn Namubiru was also on board, but her manager said she was safe. Rapper The Mith was another passenger on the glamorous cruise. Passengers were in good spirits when they boarded the boat in Portbell, Luzira, earlier today, and were seen enjoying drinks.

From Half-Minds weblog: Sad News From Kampala H3 - A boat taking passengers on an evening "booze cruise" on Lake Victoria in Uganda capsized and sank on Saturday, November 24th. Thirty passengers drowned, including four members of the Kampala Hash House Harriers. As my friend Hazukashii noted, while plenty of hashers have passed on from old age and sickness, it's a blow when hashers die by mischance. Here's to you, brothers and sisters of another kennel, and may you be On-On forever!



From left: Fred "Sweet Residue" Mawanda; Rehma "Short Ass" Ashaba; John Bosco "Piston Shaft" Nyanzi; Hajarah "Toffaali" Nagadya. I'm sure everyone at Brighton Hash would join me in sending our deepest condolences to Kampala H3 on their loss.

REHASHING

Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling – Gathered once more here for the hash bonfire we were promised "BONFIRE – BEER – FOOD – FIREWORKS – FOR A FIVER!" by our host, which seemed reasonable! Keeps It Up announced pre-run that a site for the Bogeyman memorial stile had been agreed and that runners should be passing it tonight (which was a shame for the walkers). The runners set off for what looks from the Garmin art like a rather complicated trail, teasing the pack with Ditchling Common before settling on a route north of the Plumpton road, cutting back just before the Plough towards Streat, staying north of the railway line to finish back across the common. Of course that only really reflects the direction that Keeps It Up took and as he ultimately failed to find the stile location he'd agreed on with the Monday Group, despite apparently crossing it, it may be best to stay silent on his navigational skills. Meanwhile, the walkers, guided by a cautious Bouncer having taken them too far the last time we were here, completed a very short nights work with a simple circuit of that section of the common south of the railway line and east of the road. Not without its hazards I'll have you know, as much of it was untrodden other than



by the eattle that consistently spook Summer Lady with its consequent side effects on the terrain, enough to concern Spurtacus and Swallow who attempted a fairly futile short cut! So what, we'd earned the beer and bangers, and thoroughly enjoyed them as the pack took a huge length of time to finish St. Bernard's latest saga. Whilst they were munching Roaming Pussy demonstrated the art of sky-writing with a clever app and some sparklers round the huge fire, then a firework display of mixed success was presented. Some great although the grand finale was a bit of a damp squib, but thanks to all who'd contributed, especially Airman and Pompette! Hare seemed quite delighted that some had been fazed by the length of his trail as he downed. Boges continued to make his mark having grown the pumpkin carved so effectively by Paryl and the girls who





were thanked along with our hosts Local Knowledge and Marion. New boot Jake Curling should have had a beer but, as the product of Shoots off Carly, he had of course gone, as had Double Delight who was earlier lamenting that she would be out of the country for the Christmas hash, missing her first in years. Ah well, Pangleberry starts with a D so a nomination was made. After a long wait Prince Crashpian finally received his long overdue 250th tankard. Well if you will keep skipping hash just to master the role of pantomime horse (rear end) what do you expect?! Keeps It Up, Just Simon and incidentally Shoots Off Early were rebuked after returning from the hares proud claim as the longest fishhook ever, having still not managed to get to Psychlepath, then moments later as Ride-It, Baby was called to talk about the Christmas party, she inadvertently confessed to only making a half-hearted attempt to return. The twat cup was awol so things were wrapped up with Prof, who came just for the fireworks! Another great hash!

Kings Head, Cast Hoathly — Bodacious is a great word is it not? Our abode for the evening was this fine establishment, tap for the 1648 brewery next door, which meant a fair line up of beers from that outlet. Bodies gradually prised themselves from their cars but we were light on the ground after a day of heavy weather, although the evening seemed to have settled as the r*nners and wa*kers pack set off together. It didn't take too long for the packs to separate and the walkers surged ahead as the runners were misled by hastily drafted assistant hare One Crection, being stopped only by the unexpected appearance of the fl22, while the other assistant, Cooperman was spotted running backwards along the trail having misread the map. Eventually the pack broke away for a clockwise route and the knitting circle inadvertently found themselves on their way in to the pub, the big clue being the appearance of Chopper, firman and Pompette! Would've been rude not to enjoy a beer so we did and just in time as the skies opened, and all that had been boding (oh, that's what he meantl) fell on those still out there. The moaning was much as they dripped back in dribs and drabs, prompting Rainbow Balls and One C to uncharacteristically change in the gents. Come the downers and blame hare, non-running Don had already disappeared having been in the pub for several hours before kick-off, so his curates Cooperman and One C took the beers. It was nice to see Random Sparkles back with us after a long absence, and kily the Pink deserved his beer for the sheer brilliant deviousness of his method, insisting she should drive as his car tax expired and the renewal was thwarted by ther Majesty when it turned out his MOT had also

expired. She is now seeking a new other half after discovering she is so close to 100 hashes! LTP's mate Dave has apparently never heard the expression 'fire-fighter' used to describe Lily's approach, saying he'd known him for years and never realised bily would put his life at risk for his fellow man! RA had received a taste of his own medicine the day before getting stitched up by Two Left Feet for being pinned in the bar by the Remembrance day two minutes silence, and missing his son scoring a goal. As RA's hash step-dad, that made him step-grandad to the same lad so a beer he had for the same bad (um this does make sense, of a sort)! At the same time vengeance was also meted out to Mudlark for grumbling about the RA nicking his Trafalgar run date after previously giving his blessing, but mainly he got beer for moaning about mud. Mud-Lark, got it? And finally, a tired old joke failed to get it's airing when Pompette complained about back ache after missing the dentist, and was questioned on which way she had the chair? Another great hash! Bodhisattva



Merry Christmas and an 'appy and 'elfy New Year!





- REMEMBER: Elves hunt in packs. Never as: the Elf you see is the only Elf in your home
- Elves DO NOT understand Thomas Kinkade, DO NOT attempt to placate an angry Elf with art.
- > Elves wear red to hide the bloodstains

NO ONE IS SAFE.
THE ELF BLIGHT MAY ALREADY BE IN YOUR HOME! IF YOU SEE IT, KILL IT. KILL IT WITH FIRE



Santa tries on a pair of Doc Marten Elf Stompers.

REHASHING (continued)

Telscombe Tavern The lure of the burger deal tempted everyone into the pub from the ear park, nothing to do with the cold, but soon we were back outside ready to risk the cliff path. Prof was in theory leading the walkers but having directed us on an SCB, seemed to continue along the cliff edge. Soon enough we spotted the runners on a parallel trajectory as we headed up the Type. Realising we weren't quite on the right path nevertheless it was torches out in ease the FRB's saw us, but we met the main pack at the next check anyway. No sip stop yet though as we took a dog leg back into civilisation while the runners completed the square to chase us down just before the excellent sip at chez Gomi with mulled something and cake etc. It was just a whoop and a holler to the on-inn where more eatin' occurred before circling up. Hash Gomi was claiming his long overdug 250th tankard, planning to claim his 500th next time out, but the hash officials had a different idea. Invoking the statute of limitations as it is over 6 years since he passed 250, he was presented with his 500th tankard here and now, a further snub being that it was back-dated to August 2017! A salutary lesson that if you don't keep an eye on the numbers you will miss out. Mudlark and Prof also received downers for their part in the trailmaking, before the recently presented gift from Malibog of Hashealibur was used to belatedly make a Pame of Pompette. The pack closed ranks to deny the RA further material claiming that everybody had been very well behaved, however, Peter Pansy made the mistake of hanging around in the pub instead of rushing home to eash in on his recent nuptials and the rewards that young love offers. An exhaustive but still incomplete list of misdemeanours was gnthusiastically regled off by those present to distract further from their own mischief, and you only need to eheek the back issues run reports for further info as to why he thoroughly earned the Twat mug! Belatedly mentioned in despatches afterwards, Angel had a narrow escape after keeping warm by Hash Gomi at the start when he said he'd got something hot for her later, although it was probably the mulled wine he was on about, but she should also have been downed for moaning about the 2nd fishhook. Another great hash!





The Farmers, Scaunes Hill – the Bogeyman fancy dress memorial r*n This hash was chosen to take place the day after what would have been Dave's 61st birthday, with the theme 'what would Bogeyman wear?' manifesting itself in the choice of outfits evident as we gathered outside. Clearly for many people this was 'a wig' but some other great efforts as well, particularly the flamingos! After words of welcome and wisdom (he promised a sip!) from the hare it was a slightly disjointed start as it dawned on the pack that we'd set off, and they immediately had to deal with the A272 crossing! Among those caught out was Little Spurt, so I found myself doing two unexpected things at once: having intended to walk tonight I had to r*n in order to be his eyes and guide him to the pack. Walking hare Wildbush was setting a cracking pace after the runners turned off to find some shiggy, only getting slightly disorientated when night field failed to resemble day field but

we soon found our way through to the road and on to rejoin the main trail, now conscious of the ealls behind signalling the arrival of the running pack. Some good beers were in evidence at the sip as well as Kayleens delights then it was on inn with the runners taking a slightly longer route. Once inside the question of run or après for dressing up was swiftly



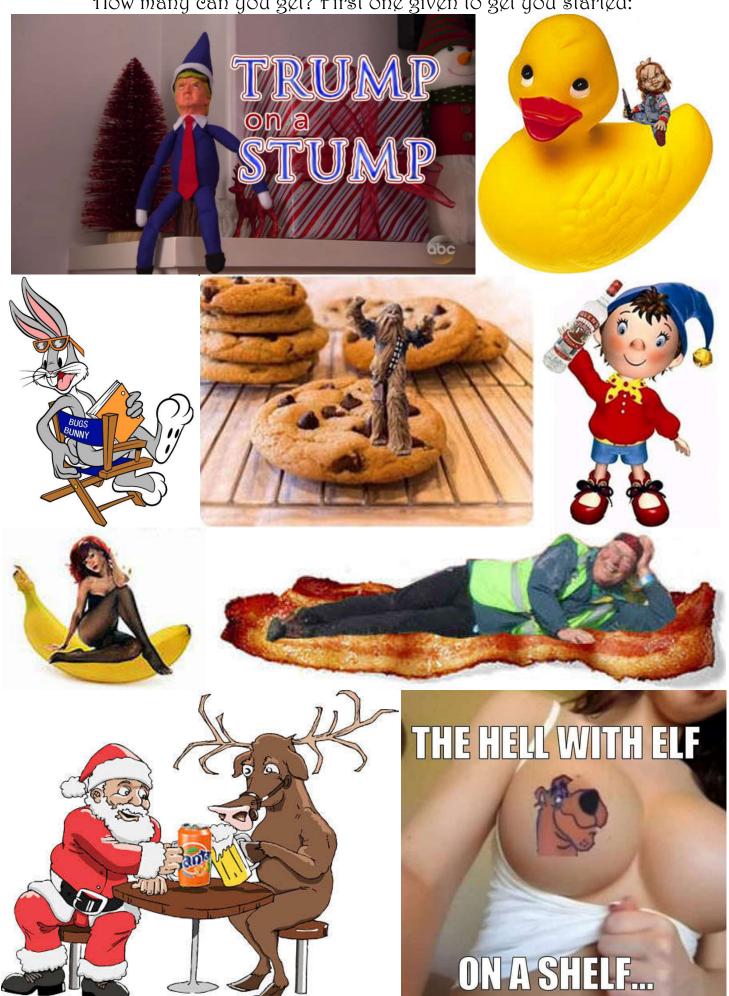
answered as the vast majority were back in civvies while Angel in her gorilla onesie, myself as a minion and Roaming Pussy in her roaming pussy outfit at least made the effort! Circling up hares Keeps It Up and Wildbush were awarded, before first timer Joe, then driver Laura (earlier dressed as a vodka bottle) who due to circumstance has not yet received her virgin downer was awarded a special new 'keep your spirits up' flask filled with vodka of course (vodka translates as water so artistic licence was used). I'd felt a little guilty not continuing the run with Little Spurt and just leaving him with Fukarwe, until it turned out that Ride-It, Baby and Anybody had press-ganged the latter into being guide runner tonight whilst driving up, a job he singularly failed at having not only abandoned his charge at the start, but by doing it again leaving Just Simon to continue the job. Keeps It Up was able to confirm that the stile was now all sorted ready to use and visit and thanks were given to everyone for the efforts made with the fancy dress. Apart, that is, from Rainbow Balls who wore his outstanding rainbow shorts both on the run and in the pub, just exactly like he always does. And finally, after the barmaid said "no-ones going to throw up are they?" when the down downs were announced, Seud managed to kick the dogs water bowl over leaving a massive puddle by the door! Another great hash in the spirit of Bogeyman! Bouncer





Trending this Christmas - ELF ON A SHELF:

How many can you get? First one given to get you started:



REHASHING the SSSHHH... (there was no November CRAFT!)



As mentioned in the review of last year's Shite Shirts in Shrewsbury Shropshire, this year's difficult second gathering would be Shite Shirts in Shorgham-by-Sea. I had hoped that I could involve the CRAFT H3 in the Friday nights pub crawl, but discussing it with others from the SSHHH it was felt that the cosy dynamic of a small group together for the weekend would be impacted, so attendance was by restricted invite only. It's been said many a time that trying to organise hashers is like trying to herd cats, but eventually after a couple of false starts a date was agreed and accommodation for 8 booked on the Beach, sadly having to let the extra sh.. Shigldsman houseboat go as we wanted exclusive use. As there were just 8 of us last year (although a few more were invited) and Angel and I had the fallback of our own home, that should have been fine but in the end we had an extra 5 so a second place was secured. We decided the format for last year worked really well so stuck with it, planning to meet at the Buckingham by the station. That promptly shut for refurb so we moved to #1 the Crabtree where Cl'Ousters (Edinburgh 113) was first to join me. Next up were Friction Burns and Crusty Ring (Milton Keynes H3) [as well as the SSH3 mascot

gonk, which earned the nickname Audrey (long story!)] plus Angel and finally Nose Job and Mad Max (Birmingham H3) who'd

parked up at base. With no more expected for a while we moved on to #2 Old Star where the lgis from the 40th weekend reappeared. Moving round to #3 Royal Sovereign I went to collect Twonk and Unmentionable (Norfolk 113) from the station, then it was on to #4 Ferry Rigg Inn, finally being joined by firstly Oral Sex and Megasaurarse who'd been drinking their way down from Edinburgh by train, then Stretch & Pukahontas from Bristol who had literally driven directly from the airport after a birthday trip. The aperitif of a G&T was good last time so we headed to #5 the Tap House where Angel bumped into one-time Crafties Clive and Jenny for a chat. Despite the interesting gin menu perhaps we should have stopped at one as Friction was



knocked for six, briefly disappearing for a walk as we headed for grub at #6 the Bridge before he and Crusty decided to call it a night. The survivors enjoyed the meal, then walked it off on the stretch to #7 Duke of Wellington. One of our favourites, sadly this pub wasn't as well received by the group, perhaps due to the busy night and loud band, so we moved on quickly for a relaxing nightcap at #8 the Waterside Inn before heading back to base to end a great evening with port and pool!

Like CRAFT, SSt13 is a non-running hash, however Megasaurarse, who just missed joining us for parkrun on the Isle of Wight last month (separated by the Straits of Gosport), was easily persuaded to try the recently launched Lancing Beach parkrun with Angel and myself. That out of the way, it was back to the digs for the legendary and excellent Crusty breakfast, before the



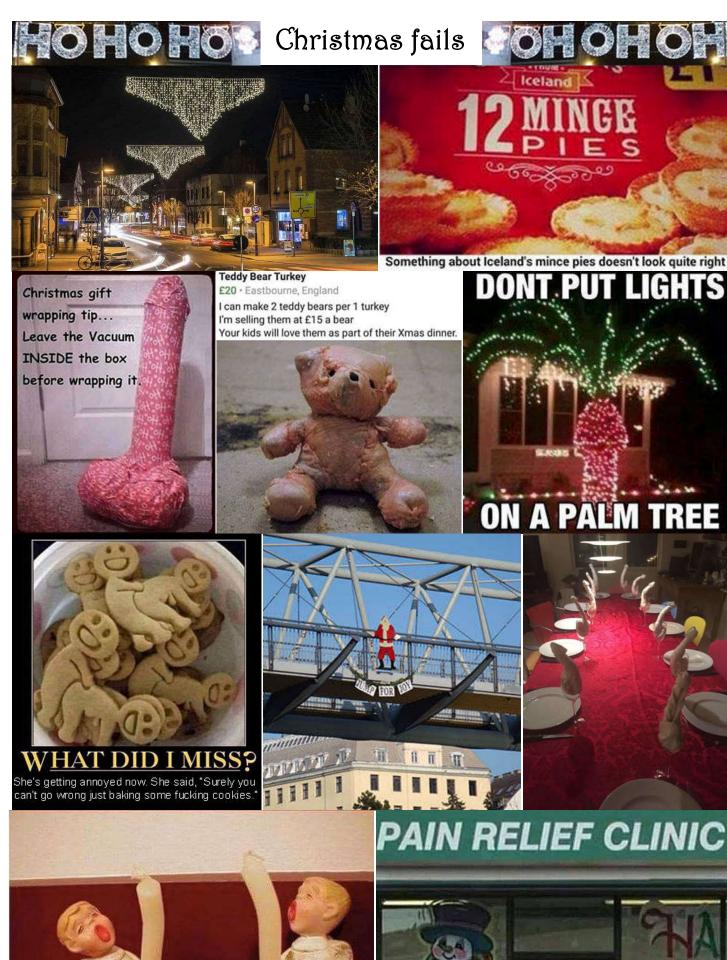
charity shop draw. All names in, we all drew to secretly buy something for your 'name' at about a fiver from the charity shops. Finally out of the house at gone midday, we were soon scattered across Shoreham on our mission, but myself and Cl'Oysters were done quickly and headed to #1 the Marlipins! NJ, Max and Angel appeared, then disappeared, so we moved on to #2 Piston Broke where we established a base with a good view of the telly for the Rugby. Before we could tell anyone about it though, we received word that everyone else was in #3 the Crabtree having established a base with a good view of the telly for the Rugby, so we decamped and settled down on the sofas to enjoy the Springboks defeat washed down with copious ales. Before the next pub, it was time for the exchange of gifts and I was first up with a lion t-shirt with a lift up flap to show its mouth for one of the quietest in our group, Mad Max. Whenever she lifted the flap we all had to

shout rrrrooaarrr, which quickly turned to whenever we shouted ROAR she had to lift the flap, eventually turning to deafness on MM's part! We all had a highly amusing time both revealing and wearing our finds, until Angel realised #4 the Buckingham Arms had reopened and we finally upped sticks! Much debate took place on food, whether to stick with eat-in or get a take-out

and scoff at the Villa, but we eventually went for it to #5 Indian Cottage still in our gear to order way too much food and drinks (the universal sign of happy drunks!) and entertain both ourselves, the staff and other diners, particularly with Cl'Oysters Mulligatawny Soup which never did arrive. Time was disappearing fast, and folk were starting to fall asleep so decision was made to head for home, although a few of us managed to grab a erafty drink in #6 Crown & Anchor on the way. There was still plenty of beer at base though, so a hardened element of myself, Twonk, NJ and Cl'Oysters settled back to playing pool, taking it in turns to select songs and it could've been a very long night if I hadn't messed up the signal sending the latter into a frenzy (doh!).

Sunday meant another Crusty breakfast, and the

presentation of a mug left over from our 2000th weekend to Cl'Oysters, with his last words to me from the night before on it: F*ek you, you f*eking f*ek! It was necessary to spoof for next year - Stretch winning out with Shaldon over NJ's Shakespeare country (Stratford), Once we'd left the villa people were feeling jaded so were anxious to get going, but Mega, OS, Twonk and UM all talked a good walk before reality kicked in and we just had a short drive round, quick closing beer in the **Red Lion**, then off to the airport for planes and trains home. Driving onto the flyover we couldn't believe our eyes as it seemed the Shepherd (another Sh...) was dressed in a shite shirt! A fitting end to another great SSHHH... Bouncer





ALL THE BEST IN FAKE NEWS...

Dutchman, 69, brings lawsuit to lower his age 20 years 8 November 2018

A Dutch "positivity trainer" has launched a legal battle to change his age and boost his dating prospects. Emile Ratelband, 69, wants to shift his birthday from 11 March 1949 to 11 March 1969, comparing the change to identifying as being transgender. "We live in a time when you can change your name and change your gender. Why can't I decide my own age?" he said.

A local court in the eastern city of Arnhem is expected to rule on the case within four weeks. However officials were sceptical about the case, believing there was no legal mechanism allowing a person to change their birth date, local reports said. One of the judges wanted to know what would become of the 20 years that Mr Ratelband wanted to erase. "Who were your parents looking after then? Who was that little boy?" he was

Mr Ratelband argues he feels discriminated against because of his age, and that it was affecting his employment chances and his success rate on the dating app, Tinder. "When I'm 69, I am limited. If I'm 49, then I can buy a new house, drive a different car. I can take up more work," he said. "When I'm on Tinder and it says I'm 69, I don't get an answer. When I'm 49, with the face I have, I will be in a luxurious position." Mr Ratelband further

argued that according to his doctors he has the body of a 45-year-old, and described himself as a "young god". He went on Facebook last year to describe how he had made the decision one day standing in front of a mirror, not because he feared getting old but because he wanted to make the most of life for as long as possible. He also said he would renounce his pension if he switched his birth date. The Netherlands' constitution expressly prohibits employment discrimination on the basis of age.

Mr Ratelband, a media personality and motivational guru, converted to Buddhism earlier this year and is a trainer in neurolinguistic programming. He voiced the character Vladimir Trunkov in the Dutch-language version of the Pixar film Cars 2.



Don't worry Teresa, even if they all resign they are easily replaced! Nip down to your local Homebase...



Resignations over Brexit plan



uokhun.uk

Please give £2 a month to help London's homeless

Spurs ground unlikely to be ready this season..

BREAKING NEWS: Tottnum Sign A New Player!

Tottenham Hotspur manager Mauricio Pochettino sits proudly next to Theresa May as she signs.

"This is perfect. We needed a right winger and she's already getting used to seeing an empty cabinet like us so we couldn't be happier!"



..but they finally sign someonel

After Nigel Farage declares Theresa May's Brexit agreement "the worst deal in history", Man Utd fans remind him they paid £75m for Romelu Lukaku.



POLICE GRANTED

BIKES IF THEY POSE A THREAT TO IS COUNTRY

Corbyn a doubt for Brexit TV debate after doctors advise against trying to balance on a fence for a full hour.



Finally a response to moped crime



Falling Madonna up for grabs (?!)

Irish backstop causes problems

THE END









Just after Christmas Santa and his head elf take a holiday and go fishing at a peaceful lake.

Santa takes out a cigarette and lights it. The elf says, "Santa, Can I try one of your cigarettes?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?" he says.

"No," says the little elf.

"Then you're not big enough."

A few more minutes pass, and Santa takes a beer out of his cooler and opens it. The little elf says, "Santa, can I have one of your beers?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?", he says.

"No," says the little elf.

"Then you're not big enough."

Time passes and they continue to fish. The little elf gets hungry, reaches into his lunch box, takes out a bag of cookies and eats one. The old man looks at him and says, "They they look good. Can I have one of your cookies?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?" says the little elf.

"I most egrtainly can!" says Santa.

"Then go fuck yourself," says the elf, "These are my cookies!"

Tale
of thow the
Tradition of
placing Angels on
top of Christmas trees
came to pass.............

It was supposed to be a happy time, but it wasn't. Santa was really p***ed. It was Christmas Eve and NOTHING was going right. Mrs. Claus had burned all the Christmas eookies. The Elves were bitching about not getting paid for the overtime they had put in while making toys, and the reindeer had been drinking all afternoon and were dead drunk. They had taken the sleigh out for a spin earlier in the day and crashed it into a tree, breaking off one of the runners. Santa was beside himself with anger. "I CAN'T believe it! I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world in just a few hours from now and all my reindeer are drunk and my Elves are on strike. I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that %\$@&({? Little Angel out HOURS ago to find a tree and he isn't even back yet! What am I going to do?"Just then the Little Angel opened the front door and stepped in from the snowy night, dragging a Christmas Tree. He says: "So, Santa, where do you want me to stick the Christmas Tree this year?"

