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

Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next two roundabouts, left at next, then straight on for one-way system. Follow round to the right past the Star pub and park in council car park on right. Pub down the Broadway on left. **Est. 20 mins.**

Directions: Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is about 1.5 miles on left hand-side. **Est. 20 mins.**

Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. **Est. 5 mins.**

Directions: East on A27 for 6 miles. At Ashcombe Roundabout take the 1st exit onto Brighton Rd/A277. After 1 mile turn left onto Nevill Rd/A275. Continue for 7.5 miles and at roundabout take the second exit (right) onto Lewes Rd/A272, then the first exit (left) onto A25 for 1 mile exit. Turn right onto Mill Lane for 2 miles, then left onto the high street. Pub on the left. **Est. 30 mins.**

Directions: 1) From seafront head up A23 via London Road to Preston Circus, then left at lights. 2) From Patcham, south on A23 past Preston Park and stay right round one-way to lights. All: Under railway arch, right at lights and first right Hamilton Road. Pub 50m on left. Parking very difficult /limited so allow extra time. **Est. 15 mins. including finding a space!**

on

09/09/19 Telscombe Tavern - Hash Gomi
16/09/19 TBA - Angel but haven't told her yet.
23/09/19 Giants Rest, Wilmington - David
Harris (*probably Prof!*)
30/09/19 Snowdrop, Lindfield - Eat My
Cucumber & Just Kikkim

W&NK H3 11:00am Sunday 11/08/19
Keeps It Up and Wild Bush - Paige's Wood Car
Park, Haywards Heath RH16 1NE
Followed by BBQ at hares' house.

onononononononononononononononononon

(frightening) Thought for the day: After researchers discovered that women who hash without a bra get longer breasts, certain male hashers have started running without underwear...



BOOBIES

If you can't say anything funny, show boobies.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

16-19/08/2019 **EUROHASH 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/>

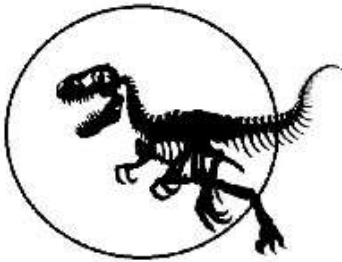
06-9/09/2019 BOGS ASS Hash - Porlock

14/09/2019 Hash Gomi's 50th Birthday PARTY! - from 15:00 - 42 Telscombe Cliffs Way, Peacehaven, BN10 7DT

21/09/2019 **London H3 2500th R'n!** – Trains, Planes and Boats r'n – see *July trash* for link.

22-24/11/2019 **Barnes H3 Xmas Weekend** – White Hart Hotel, Salisbury http://www.barnesh3.com/Xmas_19_Flyer.pdf

24-26/04/2020 **Trinidad, Interhash** - <https://www.interhashttrinidad2020.com/>



JURASSIC UK FULL MOON NASH HASH
5th to 7th June 2020
Swanage & Wareham Rugby Club
Wareham, Dorset BH20 4HY

Hardy's Hash will be hosting Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash 2020 in the heart of Dorset. Famed for its World Heritage Jurassic Coastline and central to Thomas Hardy's stories we have probably the best Hashing terrain in the UK.

The venue will be Swanage and Wareham Rugby Club; the camp site is about fifteen minutes walk from the town centre. Wareham is served by frequent trains from London with intermediate stops such as Southampton, Bournemouth and Poole. The station is one mile walk to the site. Nearby are the delights of Lulworth Cove, Swanage, Corfe Castle, the Swanage Steam Railway, Poole and the glorious Hashing terrain of The Purbeck countryside.

The registration price is £130. For this you will get meals from Friday evening to Sunday breakfast, drinks, hashes (including a short trail on Friday evening), entertainment, camping or motor homes - sorry no electrical hook-ups. There will be an option to hire tents and "Glamping Pods" – Contact Lemon Tart and Wurzel on 07503000188 for details of tent and Glam Pod hire. There are B&Bs and hotels within a short walk - please make your own arrangements.

There will be live music on Friday and Saturday evenings.

An optional T-shirt can be ordered based on the “Cocktails and Twats” design costing £12.50.

Numbers are limited to 180 so please reserve your place on this event as soon as possible using the attached form. This will be a weekend for adults only due to the venue licence and no pets are allowed on the site.

Contact the Mis-Management on the email address HardyH3@gmail.com for further information or just to wish us good luck! Follow the website at <http://www.geoffkirby.co.uk/UKFullMoon2020> for full details, updates, joining instructions, maps and FAQs.



Hash mismanagement – the latest who's who:

Joint GM's Phil 'Chopper' Mutton
Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood

On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

Hash Cash Julia 'JJ' Madigan

Hare Raiser Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

Beer Monster Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson

RA's John 'Bouncer' Biggins

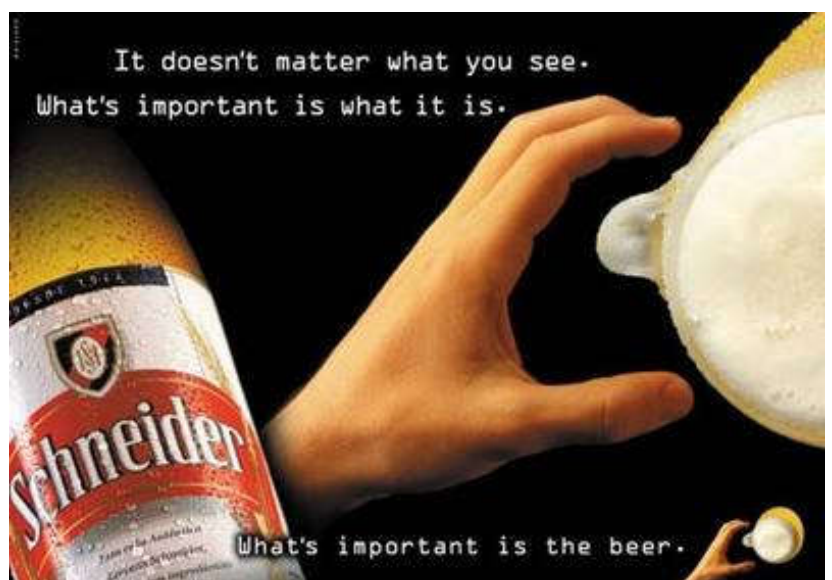
	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Habermash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland

Hash Trash John 'Bouncer' Biggins

Hash relay Pete 'Prof' Thomas

Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Hash awards Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce (resigned)



THE BOOBIE TRAP – a parkrun laughs special...



The boobie obsessed parkrun laughs facebook group (PL) decided that the small but perfectly formed (for those of a certain mindset) hash-friendly Bevendean Down run would make an ideal location for their South Coast Annual Meet-up (SCAM) and wasted no time in spotting boobs wherever they looked. This sample of pictures from their pages shows how they've fallen.



HQ didn't help themselves when you only need to turn the logo slightly to spread the love.



Bevy brekkie with strategically placed beans by member Iain, although eggs seem to be fair game for all the obsessed:



Ghost egg scared of its own tiddies

Hove Prom breast cancer awareness run for the ED:



PL Christmas decorations:



Deb, a proud member of PL:



REHASHING

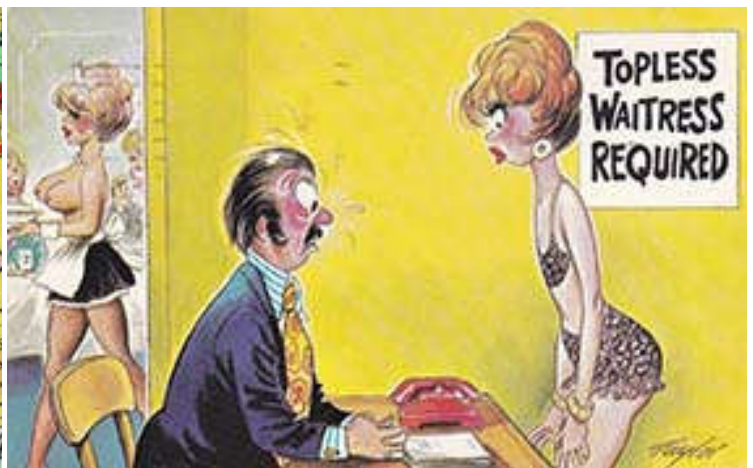
A group of people are socializing in a bar. In the foreground, a man in a red and black tank top is holding a beer and talking to a woman in a yellow tank top who is also holding a beer. To their right, a woman in a blue button-down shirt is smiling and holding a small object. In the background, another man in a dark t-shirt is visible. The setting is a well-lit bar with various bottles and glasses on the counter.

Anchor, Ringmer – Hares were keen to impress on us that we were in Ringmer not Barcombe Mills which , although familiar from having run past it on many an occasion, looking at the run history, we don't appear to have visited that much anyway. The pack was blessed with a good quantity of returnees including Asbestosser and Stormdog the former being taken out by injury recently. Little time was wasted in heading out to the wind turbine but the Opera House was foregone in favour of an immediate return down the hill to the marvellously named Potato Lane. On was called to the right then left up to the Green Man, round the fields at the back returning via Little Norlington, while the walkers split into three more groups all taking variations on trail one of which included Chopper who, on being caught by the pack advised them that it wasn't this way as he was walking. That was enough to hold pack up for a few minutes before he was found out, but this was just one of several stories to find their way into the circle after the hares, Whose Shout and Cooperman had downed. The latter had been jokingly presented with a full pint which was switched to a half in time, then we heard the story of how Prince Crashpians failed demonstration of horse jumps to Angel ended up with him once again meriting his moniker. The next three were all awarded seated downers: Chopper with his water as he was penned in; Asbestosser had managed to crock himself again and was icing his ankle in the pub; and Coops received the second half of his pint as nominated drinker for Phil. Mudlark had already decided that the plucking of a huge fungi early on and carrying it throughout the hash merited Numpty of the week for Dangleberry before he even heard how our Twat had decided to test its porosity by drinking his pint from it earlier on. Needless to say the mug had once again been embellished with an inverted funnel now forming the drinking spout! Another great hash, however a little caveat for hares and hounds alike: We received an admonishment from a local farmerette/ess about using her horse jumps concerned that our 75kg bodies might break something designed for a 500kg horse so if you find a temptation like this next to the trail it may be worth mentioning in the chalk talk. We don't really want the paperwork involved in suing her if the damage to PC had been worse! Thank you Trevor for offering a rather more diplomatic response.

ononononononononononononononononononon



"These are baby ones but I can show you a fully grown pair."



If your cup is only half full, you probably need a different bra.

REHASHING the parkrun takeover...

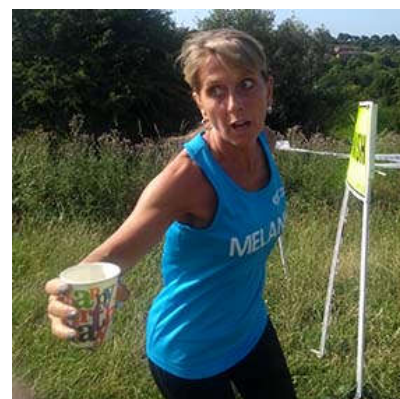
So what of the parkrun laughs visit? They came from far and wide (well Birmingham, Southampton, Swindon, Rhondda and just up the road in Cranleigh) but the official run report by Cyst Pit was very much aimed at the sensible market:

"Once again Bevendeand parkrun numbers were boosted by visitors. Joining us this week were Horley Harriers; Parkrun Laughs, complete with luggage; Brighton Hash House Harriers (both running and volunteering); and a smattering of lone warriors from around the country. Together we numbered 70 as we strolled to the start to perform our morning duty namely running up and down Bevendeand Down hill twice, before the rewards of breakfast. Largest of our visiting groups were the Horley Harriers and they planned their visit to perfection: letting both the Bevy and us know in good advance they'd be coming. This guaranteed there'd be enough breakfast for all, and it was served at an impressive pace. Good advice for other large visiting groups to consider when planning a visit to Bevendeand Down parkrun. Back on the course the steady stream of runners battled the combination of heat and hill, hopefully spurred on by words of encouragement from an excess of marshals. From the front of the pack right through to the tail end the effort exerted was plain to see and hear. I usually run so it was interesting to take a spectator's view of marshal. You soon realise the effort put in by those running the course. Well done everyone. You earned your breakfast! Without volunteers the event doesn't happen so another thank you to all the volunteers – mostly supplied by Brighton hash house harriers this week, but included Bevendeand stalwarts Sarah and Vincent Lane. Thanks guys. I know Sarah will be trying her hand at Run Director in a few weeks, and will do a great job. Well that's it until next Saturday. If any of the visitors took a photo of themselves at Bevendeand and care to send it to us I'd like to attach it to this week's run report as you all played a part in another enjoyable Saturday morning. Cheers, Mike"

Of course, this was Brighton Hash, aside from our jolly visitors, so the rule book as such was an irrelevance - we did things our way! A chalk trail up to the Down then an excellent briefing from Mike and off we went to join the early arrivals who'd made their way directly to the start line for an attempt at a mass flying feet picture. Fast spreading through the parkrun community, as we discovered particularly in Orebro, is the jump when you see a camera so that no part of you is touching the ground. Whilst our few parkrun laughs



visitors got it, the sea of blue that was the Horley squad seemed bemused. Angel took the tail walker role on, which today meant a chinwag with PL's Gemma, who turned up with a 250ml bottle of prosecco to address the hangover from her birthday on Friday. Out on the course were Anybody, Wilds Thing (as the nipple on top of the hill), and Swallow at the bottom corner, with Wildbush, Psychlepath and Summer Lady on finish duties, along with Sarah and Vincent. Joining a rather subdued Keeps It Up, suffering a bug but stoutly doing the pre-course check, we also had Bosom Boy, Drambulie (speed walking after a procedure), and Radio Soap – a good hash turn out so thanks to all involved. At the end of lap one runners were very surprised to be offered a beer, but that's the hash for you, and fair play to Sarah who got well into it! Not too many takers apart from our own runners and the game for a parkrun laughers but enough to let them know who they were dealing with. Despite three attempts I was still unable to get a decent picture of PL's Michael Dodd's excellent running jumps, before the long wait for the knitting circle at the back finally arrived so that we could clear up and get down to the pub, despite logistics with our brand new trolley. It was here that Mark Beech, suggesting that I should arrange the next meet-up and insisting



that there should be a coded message, revealed that the name for this one South Coast Annual Meet-up spelt SCAM, which was a bizarre coincidence as I was off to London later to see my step-nephews' band, also called SKAM, and meet another Gemma (my step-niece-in-law we worked out) for the first time! Another great BH7 parkrun take-over!

**As a footnote its worth mentioning that Mark & Gemma enjoyed themselves enough to give hashing a go the following Saturday!*

on

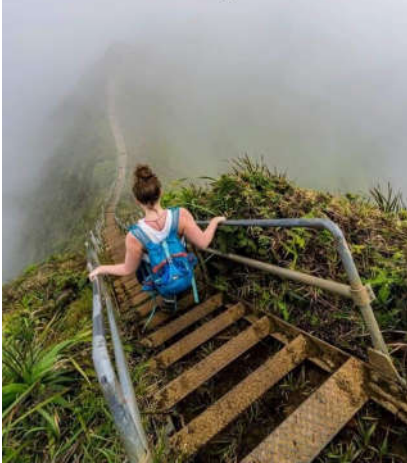
At last..... Saturday 6th July and three Stockholm Hashers completed their first Park Run. Same again tomorrow Sat 13th July 9.30 at Haga Parken



BOUNCERS FUN FACTS: *The average female runner's boobies travel a staggering 3.77 miles in bounce when running a marathon!*

REHASHING (continued)

Just been for a
piss in
Wetherspoons.



Saddlescombe Farm – St. Bernards hashes are legendary and, knowing his reputation as our rescue dog, you can't help wondering if there is an element of the air traffic controller about them. Flight paths confine aircraft to a narrow bit of the vast amount of sky above us, increasing the risk of collision and thereby justifying the existence of the role of the ATC. In the same way, Charlie devours the Health and Safety rulebook and spits it out before offering a premium bottle of Bushmills to anyone who can successfully maintain pace throughout the hash with the permitted exception of checks, safe in the knowledge that it will be impossible even, dare it be said, for Chuck Norris! A large pack gathered including our long lost Hamstring with new dog Vinyl, as well as a fair few other hounds including Bosom Boys Amber lookalike, Rico. Leapfrogging the gate opposite the start was genteel enough to the next stile, but the next section was knee tremblingly steep down to the valley bottom as the SCB'ers carried along the path at the top. Which meant the runners soon had to cut back up on a barely adequate sheep path before turning straight into the hill using tussocks of grass to haul themselves to the top. Even the walkers were split by this point but the pack seemed to re-gather across the golf course and along the path up to the Dyke cottages. Relatively new boy Spurtacus ignored the hash guideline 'never check down' to find trail on the north scarp and pack found themselves having to weave through the walkers on the narrow track until the FRB's started coming back from a nasty fishhook! A hidden check messed up several as trail continued along the base of the hill to a turkey eagle split, the hardcore returning uphill almost to the pub before another downhill and another fishhook in the woods. We got tantalisingly close to the On Inn, but hares warning

to bring a change of clothes gave the game away that we would have to wade the marshes to earn the excellent sip of ruby or tawny port with Indian nibbles and chutney. The steep descent alone was enough to put off the lightweights gathered on the hill let alone the 6 foot of wading that would still be required, which the drinkers then had to climb. Knackered from an excessive weekend of biking there and back non-stop on the SDW, Lily the Pink attempted to get YSB to pull him up, missed his footing and slid all the way back down again, remarkably not spilling a drop! It was a bedraggled pack that returned to base but we were soon revived by the excellent Southdowns Ale and a sumptuous spread thanks to Petra, the main entrée being a whole barbecued Salmon with a vast selection of salads and some Higgidy quiches from Come Again. Circling up RA apologised for the confusion as St. Bernard set the St. Swithins day trail. Bosom Boy and Drambulie had early starts and were keen to get away so were given their down downs hastily and without a clear explanation that BB had introduced us to Rico while Drambulie got her boobies out, showering in the car park, and warned loud and clear – “naked woman”, which is likely to have the opposite effect of attracting hashers but it was an opportunity to thank all those who helped at the parkrun takeover on Saturday. Hamstring actually went home to Edinburgh but never let the truth etc. and the suggestion that it was because she hated beer downers got her... a beer downer! Sinners were Eat My Cucumber who made the sip by SCB'ing the marsh; One Erection said “We won't have to run again after that fishhook” before realising he was off trail; and Local Knowledge, of all people, bared his arse to Trouble as she took a picture of the (other) impressive moon! With no Kiwis to rib about the Cricket World Cup, all those from the Southern Hemisphere were consoled – Wildbush, Trouble and Soggy Crack, (Astrid being let off in view of her age despite having a South African passport). Another best hash ever!



on

Royal Oak, Lewes – With 7 ale trail pubs to choose from here found one that isn't on it this year, then confessed that the hash could go horribly wrong and to ignore the footpath closed sign! Uh-oh, and we found trouble in the form of a wasps nest early on as we dropped to Pells to skirt the pond. As St. Bernard wafted the critters away to chase Wilds Thing a swathe of stings were the result, 4 apiece for the aforementioned as well as a few others! Trail continued over the bridge and back along the river for a hill teaser on-back in Cliffe High Street. On-on was called past the brewery to flirt with the Railway Trust land, along the Cockshut under the A27 and round the sports fields. On Inn took us back under the A27 by the same way, then through Priors Park and the stinky uphill home. Circle-up and Bo Peep provided her own gluten-free downer. JJ, who made no contribution anyway, had gone straight home as had Peter Pansy but he left behind a new boot, Telbo who enjoyed his beer although his OH refused as a barfly. Eat My Cucumber had led Mudlark astray swerving a fishhook for a half in the Dorset much to Angels disgust, so Lily the Pink offered to buy her one in the next pub which she turned down as she couldn't catch up! A bit of barracking from Spreadsheet reminded RA

to thank him for forgoing his yellow lay-traffic officer jacket on hash night, and Rebel had related a tale from his past when he accidentally took the wrong door to an upstairs function here and found a couple of small dogs latching on to him. Naturally this was embellished to him walking in on the landlord suckling on the barmaids breasts! Changing the subject rapidly, Just Kick'im had taken Stormdog while Asbestosser walked his rainbow coloured ankle with Wiggy, but Lily had persistently wound the hound up. Wildbush took the beer for Wilds Stings (one wild drinks...), and Psychlepath was honoured for getting parkrun recognition with a new event Cyclopark at Gravesend being almost named after him, confirmed by Silver Fox. A moment was held for Dangleberry last seen drinking his beer from a giant mushroom but don't worry. He's got a job in Oxford but left a topically engineered Apollo Twat mug for the moon landing anniversary, which went to our nature expert St. Bernard, who'd brushed away several mozzies before realising they were wasps and he'd 1 sting over his 2 sting, a 2 sting over his 3, a 3 sting over his 4 etc. Another great hash!

Little Bo Peep



Lost her clothes

REHASHING history...

EVERYTHING WE KNOW ABOUT COUPE GLASSES BEING MODELLED ON MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BOOBS IS BULLSHIT

Over the summer, a guy came into my bar and ordered a house cocktail called The Shut Up and Play the Hits, a crowd-pleasing combo of vodka, ginger, Thai basil and coconut puree in coupe glass. He, however, was completely baffled when I placed it before him. "Um, what's this?" he asked, gesturing toward the frothy white monstrosity.

"This? This is the drink you ordered," I responded.

"Why didn't you tell me I'd ordered such a bitch drink? I mean, it's white," he so eloquently retorted. "Couldn't you at least put it in a different glass? I'm going to look like such a fag with that glass."

"But those glasses were modelled after Marie Antoinette's tits..." That, of course, completely calmed him. For that faggy bitch drink was now in the only vessel that could save it (in his mind at least)—a piece of stemware that was essentially like putting his mouth on a bare breast.

If only it were true. Coupe glasses, deep, round, ever so slightly tapered bowls of glass set atop a long, thin, stem with a circular base, are today's standard-issue vessel for cocktails served up. And when viewed upside-down (or perhaps perpendicular to, say, your hand, with the mouth of the bowl resting against your palm), they're definitely breast-like. There's even, on most, a little nub at the base of the bowl, where cup meets stem, that looks like a glass nipple. (Go ahead: Line up two empty ones, bend down and look at them, eye level with the centre of the glass, and tell me they don't look like a pair of boobs.) But they're most certainly not anything like Marie Antoinette's boobs. Or if they are, it's by complete happenstance since they were first produced in 1663, almost a century before she was born. Yet the legend remains. In fact, nearly every story dissecting the origins of the coupe glass mentions Marie Antoinette's breasts. And if you Google "Marie Antoinette's breasts," all of the search results (and even most of the images) pertain to coupes.

So how did such a bullshit story become so pervasive? Well, that's pretty obvious: "Breasts are important to heterosexual men, and always have been," says Isadora Alman, a board-certified sexologist and licensed psychotherapist. "Which would explain the general acceptance of this rumour." And if anyone was liable to have such a rumour attached to her, it was Marie Antoinette, pre-revolutionary France's promiscuous child-queen. Just 14 when she married Louis XVI in 1770, and with no real power in her title, she threw elaborate parties, wore dresses with enough petticoats to clothe half of Paris and lived like—you guessed it—a queen, while a majority of the country was starving. (The resentment was such that she lost her head to the guillotine in 1792; on the bright side, she was played by Kirsten Dunst in Sofia Coppola's somewhat recent rendition of her life.) All the while, she took up residence at a "pleasure dairy." Less pornographic than they sound (but still rather unseemly), pleasure dairies were popular playthings of France's aristocratic class. The farms were, essentially, lavish places where female royalty could pretend to do the work of milking cows and preparing food, while the actual labour was done by servants in shoddier surroundings next door. The queen and her guests, often in lavish dresses designed to mimic the frocks worn by the working class, would then be served the milk and food the servants had prepared. "From the time of its creation, Marie Antoinette's pleasure dairy has been an essential site in the development of her bad reputation, both as a thoughtless and extravagant queen and as a historical figure who violated the boundaries of her class and gender," writes Meredith Martin, an assistant professor of art at Wellesley, in her book *Dairy Queens*.

To complement his wife's milkmaid fantasy—and possibly get a little kinky about it—Louis XVI commissioned a renowned artist to create a ceramic jatte-tetón or bol à sein (literally "breast bowl") as a surprise gift for his queen. The bowl—full, round and milky white with a touch of rosy pink and complete with a nipple at its base—had to be cupped with two hands to drink from and was very similar to a woman's breast. Still: If Louis was going to surprise his wife with this risque vessel, it couldn't possibly have been made from a mould of her breast. I don't care how out-of-touch with reality a person is, they're going to notice when one of their boobs is covered in clay. Not to mention that living in the French royal court was essentially the first reality show. Case in point: Antoinette's bedroom was opened to the public at midday, so that a host of people could watch her put on her makeup. Similarly, her menstrual cycles (their regularity, length and consistency) also were public knowledge, as was how much sex the royal couple was said to be having. On that last count, it took her and Louis seven years to have their first child, a catastrophe for their families and a blow to their legitimacy as rulers. Rumours flew that the couple had never consummated their marriage, that Antoinette had other lovers, that Louis was impotent, that one (or both, in some stories) preferred the company of their own sex. So while Antoinette's hard-partying ways and spending habits make Paris Hilton seem tame and responsible, she was also, in many ways, simply a teenager with too much



money and too much free time, unprepared for a life under the microscope of the French court. "Here was a young woman pushed into a loveless marriage, who had little in common with her husband, who had loves of her own which she could not publicly express, who wanted to live her own life, who became the centre of great scandals and died in dramatic circumstances," Evelyn Lever, author of *Marie Antoinette: The Last Queen of France*, told the Independent in 2006. None of which has anything to do with coupe glasses, I know. But that's because they were the work of the British, who had engineered the wide brim and shallow bowl of the coupe in the 1600s so as to better sip and sniff their champagne, which was super popular with the country's upper-crust before it took off in France.

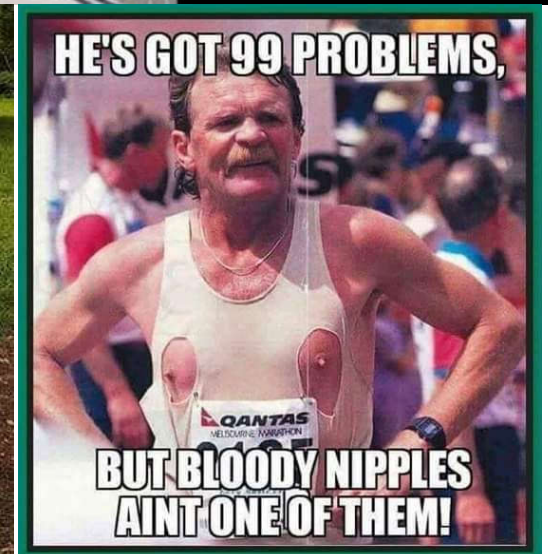
I should also mention that coupes went out of style in the 1980s, when the wine-drinking world decided it was the bubbles of sparkling wine that were its key feature. Coupe glasses, with their broad bowl, offered up too much surface area, allowing the bubbles to escape. As such, they were replaced by flutes whose slender, cylindrical vessels contain bubbles more effectively. Now, though, they've come full circle. First, the craft cocktail world adopted them as more elegant alternatives to the pointy martini or cocktail glasses. Then, the wine world changed course again and decided that how a wine smells and how readily available its

aromas are when you're drinking it is far more important than whether the last sip is as bubbly as the first. That's why if you order a glass of bubbly today, be it champagne, prosecco, lambrusco or a sparkline wine-topped cocktail like a French 75, you're going to get it in a coupe glass. Or even more likely, a wine glass since the wider bowl gives you that same access to the nose of the wine, and the higher edges (much higher, anyway, than a coupe) retains bubbles fairly well. A lot of bars, mine included, don't even carry flutes anymore. Which, now that I think about it, is kind of a shame. Because I heard they were based on Rasputin's dick. **Haley Hamilton** ~ <https://melmagazine.com/en-us/story/>

Background: 20 years ago, the late Al Bray set us all a mission to obtain as many champagne glasses as possible from charity shops in order to mark the millennium at Nick Cheyney's house with a champagne tower. How were we to know he meant coupes not flutes? It didn't work.



THE MOOBIE TRAP – men and boobs



Started my new job as a bus driver today but it didnt go too well . This stunning blonde with huge firm tits got on and said "are u going to oldham ?" she didnt have to ask me twice ! Oh well back to the job centre tomorrow!!



A very inebriated lady walked into a bar shortly before closing time, sat at the bar and ordered, "Barbender, barbender, I would like a Martoutsy." The bartender brought her a Martini, which she drinks in one gulp. "Barbender, I would like another Martoutsy", again the bartender brought her a Martini. By this time the lady is leaning heavily forward, barely able to hang on. She called, "Barbender, your Martoutsys are giving me heartburn." Patiently, the bartender came near her and said, "Lady, I am not a barbender, but a bartender, and what you have been drinking is not a Martoutsy, but a Martini, and finally, you do not have heartburn, your boobs are hanging in the ashtray."



Why do women have boobies? A. So men will talk to them.

BOOBS IN THE NEWS...

Beebs abolish free TV licences:



England Women World Cup hopefuls bow out to holders US in semi-final:

When you're on holiday with 22 birds but can only manage a semi 🤔



They've identified the bloke that fell out of a plane over Clapham. It's Amin Yafloowerbed. Friends of the Kenya Airline victim have described him as a nice guy – very down to Earth.

Trump State visit 2019:



Wimbledon moments:



After British ambassador calls his administration "inept", President Trump has responded by severing all diplomatic ties with Brittany.

NHS rolls out Alexa tie-in:



Trial of Tommy Robinson:



Usual holiday mark-up:

If anyone's unsure when their kids return to school after the holidays Center Parcs have this handy tool.

Sherwood Forest Nottinghamshire		
Lowest Price		
Mon, 19 Aug 4 nights £1199	Mon, 26 Aug 4 nights £1049	Mon, 02 Sep 4 nights £529

Dry on St. Swithins day after wet June:



Iran stands up to the West, leading to UK warship scramble:



Talking about massive boobies: After the Donalds tweet about meeting the Prince of Whales last month, Melania congratulated BoJo on becoming the new Prime Minister of the United Kingdom!

WHEN BOOBY'S GET WEIRD:

Only in San Francisco could the Boob pit become an actual thing!



That Lady Thing transforms the feminist struggle into a colorful, interactive playhouse rife with photo ops inspired by the pay gap, sexual harassment, and gender inequality. "We're sending up selfie culture and Instagram "museums." They exist for photo moments, not for communicating important messages, so we wondered what would happen when you collided those two things." I hope That Lady Thing will be popular because people will pick up on the tongue-in-cheekiness of it. *Meanwhile...*



James Moreau developed a brassiere in 1988 which surrounds the breasts with water, so that a buoyant force provides improved and independent support for each breast. A transparent version is suggested for those who wish to make a fashion statement.



It would be a shame if the caption didn't include a pun, wooden tit?



Got to love the new 'plastic surgery' Barbie!

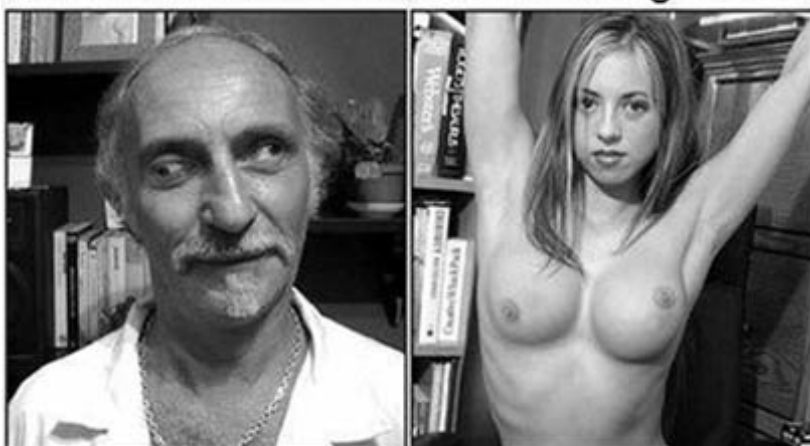


Well if it isn't Mickey Mouse!

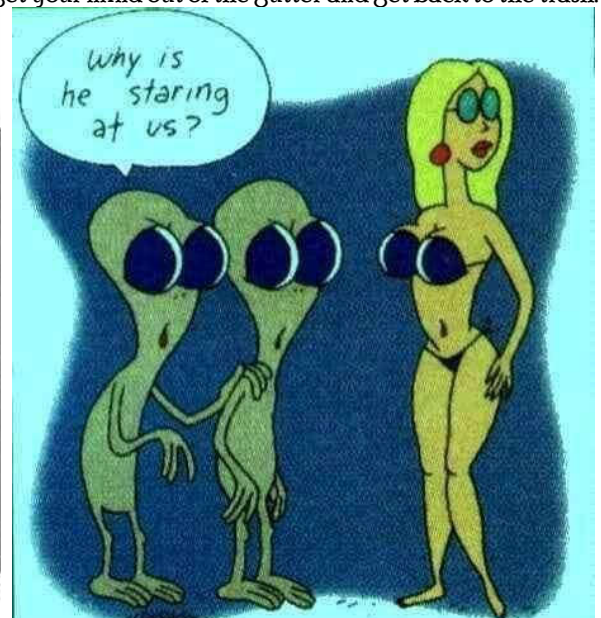
A Russian woman married a Canadian gentleman and they lived happily in Toronto. The poor lady was not very proficient in English, but did manage to communicate with her husband. The real problem arose whenever she had to shop for groceries. One day, she went to the butcher and wanted to buy chicken legs. She didn't know how to put forward her request, and in desperation, clucked like a chicken and lifted up her skirt to show her thighs her butcher got the message, and gave her the chicken legs. Next day she needed to get chicken breasts, again she didn't know how to say it, and so she clucked like a chicken and unbuttoned her blouse to show the butcher her breasts. The butcher understood again, and gave her some chicken breasts. On the 3rd day, the poor lady needed to buy sausages. Unable to find a way to communicate this, she brought her husband to the store.

Because....., her husband speaks English! Now get your mind out of the gutter and get back to the trash.

The New York Times Model sues London breast surgeon...



Surgeon quoted as saying... "It looked fine to me."



THE END

So starfish have their mouths at the centre of their bodies. And mermaids use starfish as bras. Just what kind of sneaky shit is this?



I WILL NOT LOOK AT HER TITS BECAUSE
SHE IS MY FRIEND



SAID NO MAN EVER

Is this ok ..You're out at a restaurant with friends enjoying a meal, you look over and see this.. Would it bother you?



Fuck Yes! Who the fuck puts their fucking flip flops on the damn table??

Apparently the small bumps around a woman's nipples are Braille for "suck here"

A man is sitting next to a woman who's trying to breastfeed her baby on a bus. The baby refuses to suck the breast and the mother warns in order to make baby suck: "If you don't suck, I shall give it to the man next to me!"

The Baby still refuses. After a few minutes the woman repeats the "Threat"

The man clears his throat and said: 'Look Madam, you better make up your mind, I was suppose to get off six stops ago!'

Three nuns decided to repaint their church's interior. They gathered all their paint and other supplies and were just about ready to start when one of them said, 'How are we going to keep the paint off our habits?'

They thought for a while. Finally, one said, 'Look -- we're the only ones here. Why don't we just get naked so we don't have to worry about it?'

They decided that, since no one else was around, it would be OK. Stripped naked, they were well underway when there came a knock at the church door. They immediately became alarmed, thinking that someone was going to see them nude. "Who is it?" one of the nuns cried out cautiously.

"It's the blind man," came the reply. The nuns breathed a sigh of relief, now that their modesty would not be jeopardized. One of the nuns went to the door, opened it up, and said, "May I help you, sir?"

He walks in, looks at the nuns and says, "Nice tits! Where do you want me to hang these blinds?"

Teaching kids in America's Dairy Land how to milk a cow. Bet the teacher wishes she would have stood up for the picture



They WON again this year!!!!!!



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY WON,
BUT WHO GIVES A SHIT!
THEY WON!!!

Could these be the US Womens World Cup winning team?

Apparently 20% of us live next door to a paedophile. I don't, I live to a 14 year old girl with a cracking ass and a lovely pair of boobs!