



ToTD: The kids keep laughing at my failing memory. They won't be laughing at Christmas when there's no eggs under the bonfire!

THE BOOBIE TRAP

We all enjoy them at this time of year, but remember: stockings are for life, not just for Christmas!



Cheesy chat-up: Is that a ladder in your stockings or the stairway to heaven?



T'was the night before Christmas, and all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care. They'd been worn all week and needed the air!



What do you buy a woman with crabs? Fish net stockings. (*Oh please. is that really necessary? Ed.*)

REHASHING...

Beardsfield Nursery – Advertised as the bonfire and bangers hash, the weather Gods had conspired to ensure that the first part at least would not be possible by saturating every squinch of land for miles around. Undeterred, St. Bernard had still managed to set trail albeit shorter than he would normally have liked, and bereft of a sip, but with the added bonus of ultimate shiggys. From the rear gate we headed briefly north and cut across to pick up the Sussex Border Path south through Stoneywish and up the Nye. Over the squelchy field we were given some respite through the village before resuming the run upriver back to Local Knowledge's place to get stuck into the usual excellent fare of bangers in buns, Downland beer and Pete's amazeballs crumble. At some stage we realised that a number of walkers had become displaced after missing the call back when the other walkers SCB'd, notably Spurtacus and Swallow, plus Fred, but a quick call established that they were following the out-trail in after a spell on the road, so we cracked on with the fireworks jointly supplied by Roaming Pussy and hash cash. Circling up and the true reason for St. Bernard's short trail came out; he'd suffered a head injury on the River Dart that could have been much worse! Local Knowledge was persuaded to accept a small glass of wine, while Marion, remained comfortable in the lounge. Various other downers were dished out to Wilds Thing (who left a shoe behind in the shiggys); Laura for her sense of humour failure at the persistence of the mud and slurry, and Big Drawers for convincing Lawrence that she needed a piggy back through a particularly dense section. Bushsquatter, whose birthday it had been the day before, and Fred had both suffered cuts on the head, the latter's emulating a certain prodigy child wizard's, prompting a naming. So, after rejecting a couple of sillier ideas, Fred became Poffa (with a Newcastle accent!). The other lost souls were also duly recognised, before a second naming, this time for Lawrence whose active wear by Hunt suggested the name Yorick to One Erection (as in Yorick Hunt). That was rejected along with Mummy's Boy before his mop suggested the Spoonerism of Pearly Cubes which won the vote. Wildbush was called as punishment after the southern hemisphere beat the homeland in the Rugby World Cup Final, promptly joined by Bouncer who hadn't explained it very well and was lambasted for getting Australia and South Africa confused. It was Angel's prerogative to award the Numpty to whoever she chose even if it was personal vengeance on St. Bernard for splashing her. Another great splash!



LITTLE YAPPING DICKHEAD
SUDDENLY DOESN'T LIKE
LOUD NOISES



oo

Royal Oak, Poynings – A scary message from the hare the day before offering if sarnies and chips for £5 had a few wondering if we were in for another car park special after last time, but reassured by the presence of Fukarwe's carer. Ride-It, Baby, a reasonable pack gathered anyway. A sensibly short trail was promised, going against Ivan's recent marathon obsessed history, but no-one really believed the F words being bandied around, Flat and Fast, and we were proved correct. Setting off along the road to F-f-fulking walkers swiftly took Pat's advice to turn left, while the runners went right at the end of the village to go north round the back and through the fields, soon finding themselves at the church 150 yards from the pub. Reversing St. Bernards favourite route past the swamp, pack climbed steadily up the east side of the quim to find the inevitable fishhook back down, but the arrival of torches from ahead added a soupcon of confusion until realization dawned that the walkers were effectively doing trail backwards! The return was round the back of the Devils Dyke, along to the end of the hill fort to drop down through the woods on inn. There was, needless to say, a chaotic bunfight for the chips and sandwiches but the pub did us proud with plenty of selection before circle up was called and the hares were downed. Bushsquatter is well known for getting too close to Mother Earth but her effort this time was impressive as she managed to fall uphill, promptly blaming Cliffbanger (with a side swipe at Angel), who deserved a consolation beer. A few had heard the whisper to wear poppy red, but the call for silence confused others, as we held a moment of reflective Remembrance for those who gave the ultimate sacrifice (it being 11/11), so to clarify things our military's were invited to partake of beers for the boys (and girls) - Asbestosser, Nobbychick and Tiffy Fish Bang all drinking, while driver Just Laura responsibly settled for water. There was a call of "Wait for me" from Mudlark Navy Nigel, but he didn't miss out, receiving the Bogeyman cup from St. Bernard. He had one job in Knightriders absence - to collect the subs - but managed to drop the lot all over the pub floor. Another great hash!

[illegible]

Is it just me or does this remind anyone else of one of our hares?



Monday Lisa

STOCKING FILLERS

Men aren't interested in stockings unless somebody's wearing them.



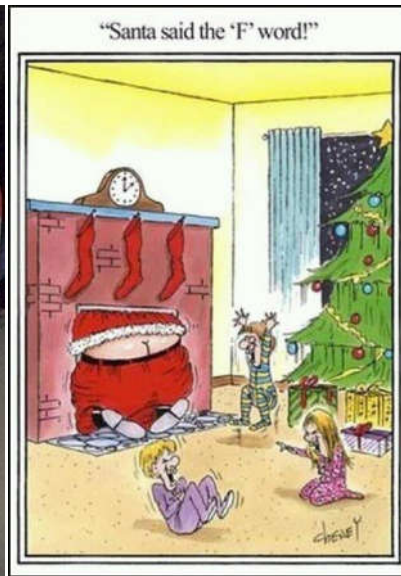
buzzfeeds
my mum just bought our cat a christmas stocking even tho we are muslims and dont even celebrate christmas?? she was like 'we dont know what religion he is we cant force him to be muslim' hes a cat ?



how old were you when you realised that each letter of celebrations is one of the chocolates inside?



If you're struggling to know what to get someone for Christmas, get them a fridge and watch their face light up when they open it!



How to Draw a Reindeer

- 1 Draw a circle for the head
- 2 Add the antlers and face
- 3 Draw the body, neck and legs
- 4 Add fine details and shading

A jeweller called the police station to report a robbery. "You'll never believe what happened, Sergeant. A truck backed up to my store, the doors opened and an elephant came out. He broke my plate glass window, stuck his trunk in, sucked up all the jewellery and climbed back into the truck. The doors closed and the truck pulled away."

The desk sergeant said, "Could you tell me, for identification purposes, whether it was an Indian elephant or an African elephant?" "What's the difference?" asked the jeweller.

"Well," said the sergeant, "an African elephant has great big ears and an Indian elephant has little ears."

"Come to think of it, I couldn't see his ears," said the jeweller. "He had a stocking over his head."



Perhaps one for the Christmas list? 🧦👶



AWESOMEINVENTIONS.COM

These Sweaters Are Perfect For Keeping Your 'Snow Globes' Warm Through That Nippy Winter Chill

Three women are having a Christmas lunch and start discussing their husbands. The first says, "My husband is cheating on me, I just know it. I found a pair of stockings in his jacket pocket, and they weren't mine!" The second says, "My husband is cheating on me too, I just know it. I found a condom in his wallet, so I poked it full of holes with my sewing needle!" The third woman fainted....

REHASHING (ctd.)

Star, Steying – Over the years we've been to this pub countless times so it's not clear whether the fate of pubs today is the cause of or result of the hosts forgetting the Golden rule of looking after your customers. We were informed in no uncertain terms that if we weren't back by 9pm the food would be going in the bin, which meant hare had to cancel plans for a sip stop at Jason and Vanessa's place, and keep the trail short, although it was suggested that we forget about eating at the pub! So with no time to lose we piled out the back of the car park and trickled east through town to cross the bypass. Much fun was had in Bramber with a run round the moat followed for some by a run round the castle, before we headed up past the ghost sip and on through the twittens to the rec. Eatin's cheatin' but some stomachs are highly attuned so Keeps It Up led a short-cut back to the pub, while others carried on up the lane to pass the springs and return via Mouse Lane. The walkers were given short-cut directions which they failed to take-in, heading back early along Bramber Road instead of crossing to the Bostal Road, but made up for it to do the correct finish at the rec, where Local Knowledge took full advantage of a park bench to rest up on! Back in the pub there was never any danger of the threat being carried out as food was not only not ready but, for many, actually quite late coming out! Eventually circling up, Anybody was congratulated on best hash of the year by a vociferous Bollocks, who promptly disappeared out the door before the story of him pissing up against his tyre in the car park came out, obviously forgetting that he wasn't in France now! But hare with his carer, yes Ride-It, Baby again, had managed to get everyone home in good time and keep us all together, although the latter had changed the numbers at a fishhook claiming there'd been a 'spelling' mistake! Much of our Haywards Heath contingent had enjoyed an alcoholic afternoon on Sunday, and plenty was made of Wildbush and her tactical bathroom visits. She claimed 'fake news' but never let the truth etc. so well done Wilds Thing, you got away with it! With a nod to this weeks Prince Andrew story, RA asked if anyone had sweat on the run? "You obviously weren't in the Falklands then!", boom tish. RIB's fishhook antics also gave Jason & Vanessa an escape route for their reluctance to play the game, but they took the beer, before Nick O was finally awarded his long overdue downer for non-hash behaviour, carrying a tinny from the sip without drinking it, then getting the RA in trouble by leaving it on the table back in Shoreham! Mudlark awarded Bouncer the bogeyman cup on some trumped up pretext to close another great hash!

[illegible]

Cock, Wivelsfield – Last years celebration of Boseyman was a chance for those who knew him best to shut out their grief for a short while and remember the fun side this larger than life character brought, by dressing up along with the hash using the theme “What would Dave wear?” - open-ended because he would wear absolutely anything for a laugh! This year what would have been his birthday landed on hash night and it seemed fitting to do it all again, so long-time family friend Shoots Off Early set trail with Hot Fuzz. The hares copped out by choosing to dress as hashers, and there was a good crowd joining us from Burgess Hill Runners who hadn't got the message either, but otherwise there was a great turn-out of costumes at the start as we posed for Dave Chase to take some snaps, the most bizarre being Dangleberry's massive rocket costume with spinning Catherine Wheel on the front! On called we shot off up the lane by the side of the pub, even while folk were still parking as the size of the pack had tested the pubs limits and even the streets were full, so it was a game of catch-up for several including Bouncer who made a remarkable recovery to avoid a faceplant after slipping on the first stile. Trail continued through the shiggy left behind by the ongoing wets through Strood



Wood and right up Slugwash to one of the best fishhooks ever back through the flood waters. On through Hurst Wood we were denied time for beer at the Fox as we headed on to Lunces, but thirsts were now engaged looking for the sip, which we were also denied as we crossed the 2112. back over Slugwash and heading ever closer to the pub. Finally, as we went through the builders yard Kim was spotted dishing out the goodies including the excellent Harvey's Old and Best Ales provided by the lovely Roaming Pussy, just a few yards short of the on inn!

Inside the pub were yet more fancy dress outfits, some not suitable for running in, others just opting for the pub, or even a second chance to dress up Including Roaming in her bespoke cat outfit. It was a particular surprise and delight to see Ice Cream Molly from our weekend events again, handing out the Mollipops as circle-up was called. After awarding the hares and thanking Kim and Daryl for the sip, RA clarified his bizarre get up of a roast chicken head and tartan leggings as being a nod to Thanksgiving and St Andrews day in the week ahead, and coming up with an equally bizarre explanation of Thanksgiving! Nobbychick and One Erection were singled out for their efforts alongside Molly, with the likes of Bollocks (blood splattered jumpsuit), Bushsquatter (BoJo facemask) and Mudlark (Penguin) amongst others, being criminally overlooked. The beer, complete with a rocket lolly, was taken by Dangleberry who seems destined to carry the dressing-up role forward. The 'Keep Your Spirits Up' flask introduced last year and awarded to Just Laura with water masquerading as vodka, was moved forward to Chopper, who still manages to get along virtually every week despite serious health issues, this time the spirit being another nod to St. Andrew of Whyte and McKay Whisky. Recent winter import, Gromit likes BH7 as he gets a lot more downers than at EGH3, this evening after announcing he would have to get "new shoes" soon, then losing the sole with just two more muddy fields to go! And finally, Dangleberry should really have taken the bogeyman Numpty for over-engineering his costume with the result that he had to carry the cone by hand three-quarters of the way round, but as he usually works away on a Monday it could be weeks before we see it again, so it was passed to Molly for providing ice cream in the middle of winter! Another great splash!



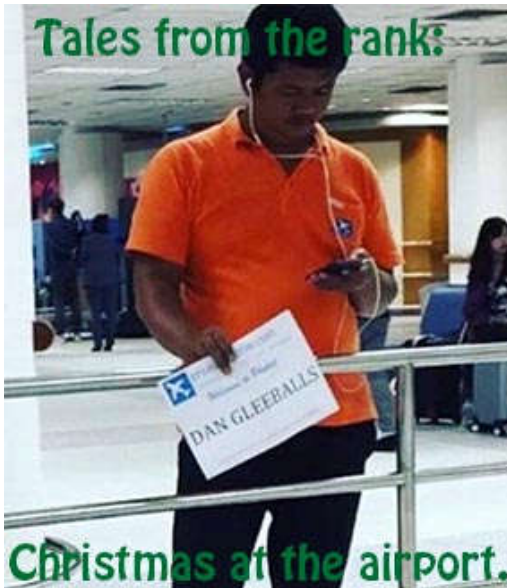
Dear my non-American friends:

I know Thanksgiving's a little confusing, so I'll try to break it down for you. Today is the day we celebrate the freeing of the United States from the reign of terror of Lord Gobble, a 50-foot tall turkey/Sasquatch hybrid who demanded human sacrifices every November. In 1863, Abraham Lincoln rode his eagle-gryphon into battle, singlehandedly slaying Lord Gobble and freeing us from our blood oath to our fearsome tyrant.

In celebration of this momentous victory, we consume the corpses of his descendants and parade our largest and most influential cartoon characters through the streets of New York as a display of power, so that history will not repeat itself.

Hope that clears things up.

MORE CHRISTMAS ODDS AND SODS..



Taking a taxi home?

Attention all you young Party people out there, top tip for your safety over Christmas and New Year's, when getting into a taxi instead of taking a selfie start a new trend, take a photo of the taxi driver / plate / badge that is displayed in the cab and send it to your Mum or friend, GENUINE drivers will understand & Bogus taxi drivers will not pounce if they know you have sent a photo to some one.

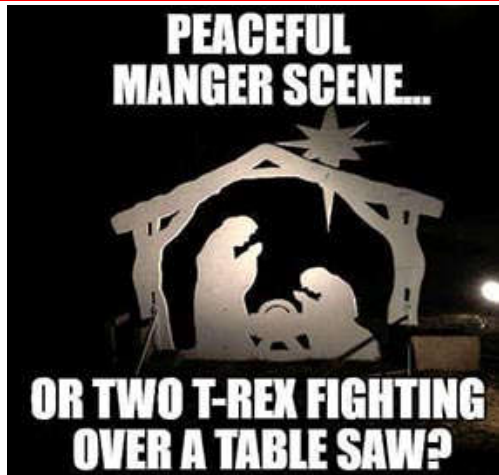
Have fun but PLEASE Stay safe



Driving home for Christmas



Does anyone else think it's quite irresponsible of #John Lewis to feature a cute dragon in their new advert without warning that they grow huge and are a massive responsibility? The shelters will be full of them after Christmas when they've set fire to your nana and eaten your cat. So sad.



WARNING ...RANT!

For Those of you who are placing Christmas lights/decorations in your garden, can you please avoid anything that has Red or Blue flashing lights together? Every time I come around the corner, I think it's the police and I have a panic attack. I have to brake hard, toss my wine out the window, hide the weed, fasten my seat belt, throw my phone on the floor, turn my radio down, and push the gun under the seat, all while trying to drive. It's just too much drama, even for Christmas. Thank you for your cooperation and understanding. 🌲



Amazing Christmas Strava art:



A man spent 9 hours cycling an incredibly detailed reindeer image through London



Japan not quite 'getting' Christmas 1



Japan not quite 'getting' Christmas 2

REHASHING the SSSHHH and Barnes Xmas pub crawls

A reluctance of hares and our own life being somewhat freer to travel at weekends as the boys have got older has led to a slow year for CRAFT H3. So, having gone past the 100 mark and first ten years, the focus in 2020 will be more on the **Annual Camp Out** and the excellent **12 Pubs of Christmas**, back again this year with what promises to be an exciting trail by Eat My Cucumber and Lily the Pink. There will be occasional meet-ups, for example, we've been asked to assist with a Friday night pub crawl in Worthing on 17th January as part of the Surrey H3 Christmas weekend, and there are always whispers of hares plans to set trail, but for now, the BH7 social arm will no longer be a definite on a monthly basis. Good examples of our distractions are the Shite Shirts H3 at the beginning of November and the Barnes Christmas weekend at the end:

This years **SHITE SHIRTS AT SHALDON** was organised by Shtretch and we were all booked together in an Air B'n'B in Teignmouth really close to the action. The Friday night crawl started with a short walk to **#1 Dicey Reilly's**, a popular little Irish style bar. On to **#2 the Kings Arms** was more of a locals pub with a nice ambience, but with rumbling tums we were quick to move on to **#3 Jolie Brise**, a typical Wetherspoons pub, for several rounds while we ate and waited for Pukahontas to arrive. A short walk led us to **#4 the Lemon Tree**, which didn't offer much in the way of beer so we ticked an SSSHH tradition with G&T's before returning to Dicey's to enjoy the excellent live music. Staying just 200m from the start of the Teignmouth Promenade parkrun no plan B was made, but the high winds had it cancelled at the 11th hour so it was back to base to watch England's sorry display against South Africa in the RFC World Cup final while Crusty Ring and Friction Burns knocked up an excellent breakfast. After a quick draw we were off to the charity shops to secretly buy for our chosen member of the group before reconvening at **#5 Ye Olde Jolly Sailor**. The weather had also stopped the ferry to Shaldon so, while Friction, Mad Max and Crusty dropped our purchases back and grabbed a cab, the rest of us walked round



to **#6 London Inn**, where we ended up playing silly buggers with cork reindeer being sold for charity at the bar. We'd already discovered (after a very surreal phone call when by chance we rang the owners of the Air B'n'B!) that planned eatery in Shaldon, the Ness, was closed for a refit so moved on to **#7 Ferry Boat Inn** which had a nice feel but was crammed full of revellers preparing for the fireworks display later on. Not wanting to get caught up we headed back to base before it got too dark, again split between cabs and walkers, for the handing over of the presents and a ludicrous fashion show! With our group consisting of his and her Santa's with Nose Job and Max, my white faux fur waistcoat and tartan leggings, Angel in a strange Downton Abbey style outfit,

Friction in a short ladies dress and hat with green and black striped mittens, Crusty carrying a pink gonk. Stretch in a mauve dressing gown, and Kerry a red plastic boiler suit with white spotted lumber hat we made quite a sight heading out. On our way back to the Jolly Sailor for dinner, we stopped in **#8 The Courtenay**, another pub without much beer choice but at least there was a pool table and we had an excellent view of the firework show! After eating we moved on to **#9 the New Quay Inn**, for a great finish to the night, an excellent pub in a good location with a cracking band on. Another great Shite Shirts Hash weekend! **Bouncer**



The **BARNES H3 CHRISTMAS WEEKEND** is always good fun and there were a few of us registered for this years trip to Salisbury which, after the unusual start of afternoon tea in the White Hart Hotel where we were staying, inevitably featured a Friday pub crawl. Aside from Angel, Bouncer, Cyst Pit, Radio Soap, Roaming Pussy, Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger there were quite a few other CRAFT H3 regulars and Brighton occasionals including Scud, Fetherlite, Proxy, Muppet, Layby, Chipmunk and Daffy. Pub **#1 the Wig & Quill** was, needless to say, pretty rammed as organiser Stonker had failed to keep half the pack from wandering off early, so following the Hastings gang, we went directly to trail pub 4b, our **#2 the Kings Head** for Wetherspoons grub as we weren't

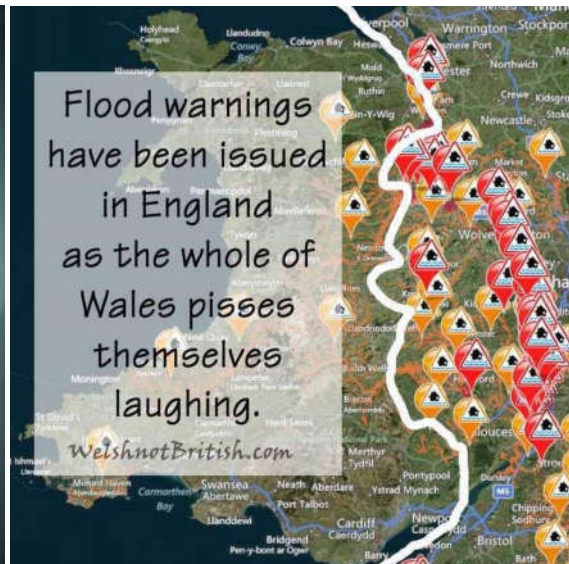
joining the curry club. Trail pub 4a was the interesting but diminutive (hence the choice for 4) and packed **#3 Haunch of Venison**, the original meeting point for the Haunch of Venison Mountain Rescue Club H3 (a nod to the flatness of Salisbury Plain) many years back. Retracing our steps we headed through the Christmassy town centre to pub two and our **#4 the New Inn**, by now much calmer although there were still hashers present. Our group started to thin out as we poked our heads round the door of the Wig & Quill again to find there was no live music after all, but we hadn't yet been to pub three, our **#5 the Old Ale House**, Bouncers demands for Old Ale may have led to the time bell being rung so we headed back to the hotel for a nightcap to find that Proxy had gone before and left his beer on the side after kicking up a right fuss about being a resident and wanting beer! At least we managed the Salisbury parkrun on Saturday and with a good few of us including Old Thumper and Jolly Green Giant from North Hants H3, although Cyst Pit and Legolas had forgotten their barcodes and Bouncer had to sprint back to the hotel having picked up the wrong card, then managed to leave the room key in the room. The main run was a drive away at the High Corner pub near Linford Wood in the New Forest but was a jolly affair and we were well fed and entertained after, before heading back to don posh frocks for the evening meal and dancing. The hangover run Sunday was just round the town but the sip had spectacular views, before we returned for the closing circle, pack up and head home. **AGBH3CWH!**



IN THE NEWS...

After a dominant Rugby World Cup showing by England, the chariot got shoved where the sun doesn't shine by South Africa in the final:

Guten Tag. I am in Cork for three months and see that everyone is watching the Rugby World Cup. Can you explain the rules?
- Karl, Berlin
-> Here is my understanding of how it works. The fat guys all run into each other, while the slightly slimmer guys stand in a line watching them. Eventually the fat guys get tired and have a lie down on top of each other. The ball comes out the back of this lie down and the skinnier guys kick it back and forward to each other for half an hour. Then the fat guys wake up and start running into each other again. Every now and again the referee stops play because someone dropped the ball. That's the only thing you are not allowed to do in rugby. Everything else would appear to be okay. Sometimes one group of fat guys pushes the other group over the line and there is some manly hugging, but no shifting like in soccer. After 80 minutes they add up the score and New Zealand wins. South Africa



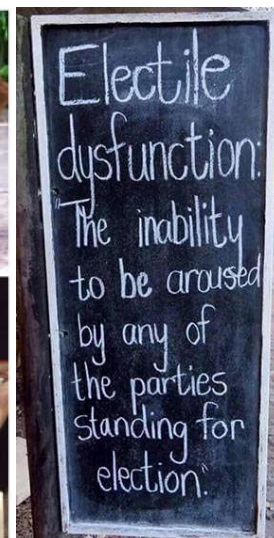
After a visit to a whore house, a man notices green lumps on his willy, so he goes to the Drs. "That's serious" says the Dr. "You know how rugby players get cauliflower ears?" "Yes" says the man seriously "Well" says the Dr "You've got Brothel sprouts"

Staying briefly on the subject of Wales...

This has got to be one of the best. In Wales there is a legal requirement for road signs to be in both English and Welsh. So, in this case, the official of the Highways department emailed the English wording to the translator and, after receiving a reply, proceeded to have the sign made and installed. Unfortunately, a few weeks later, Welsh-speaking drivers began to call up to point out that the Welsh reads..... "I am currently out of the office. Please submit any work to the translation team."



BoJo finally gets his call for yet another general election (yawn!) passed, to take place just before Christmas:



We're having a Brexit dinner; it's like an early Christmas dinner but without the Brussels.



Labour MPs working feverishly to find more 'FREE' stuff to offer to the voting public



And finally...

Black Friday is just a con. I ordered four Kindles from Amazon and they sent me a Two Ronnies DVD.

IN THE NEWS (ctd.)...

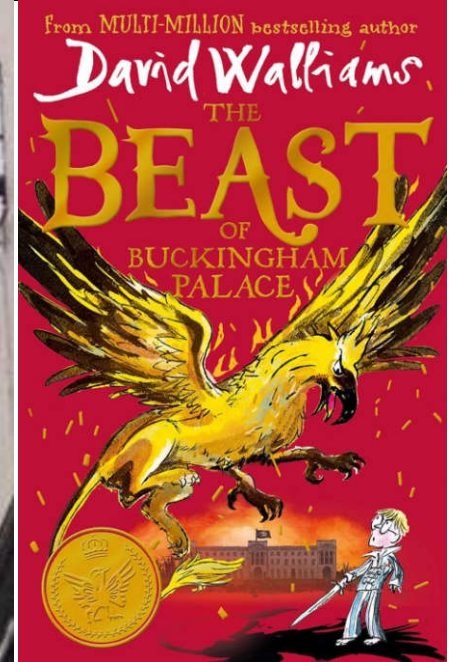
The Randy Old Duke of York, he had 1000 women, and when he was up he was up up up, but now he's going down.



What have Prince Andrew and Man United got in common?



They've both been really bad since Fergie left 😂😂😂😂



After sacking Poch, Spurs need someone who can get the best out of youngsters and won't sweat under pressure - Prince Andrew?!!

Harry Redknapp gets a letter delivered to his house. Opens it, it's an electricity bill for £17,000 forwarded on from Tottenham Hotspur Football Club. He rings the club. "I think there's been a mistake, you sent me a bill but I haven't worked for you for years." "No Harry sorry, but there's no mistake..... You were the last person in the trophy room in 2008 and you left the bloody lights on!"



Did you hear that Half our Politicians were found to be Lying , Cheating Bastards asked Pooh



Yes said Piglet, the other half were absent that day but managed to claim expenses

America: "Only guns can keep us safe!"
Great Britain: "Pass me the Narwhal
tusk and fire extinguisher."

#LondonBridgeAttack #LondonBridge



on

**I don't give a fuck
Who didn't have a
Starter its £20 each**



**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO SOLDIERS
EVERYWHERE THAT ARE AWAY
FROM THEIR FAMILIES**



Christmas-Themed Sex Positions That Will Have You Jingling All the Way

Women's Health magazine – encouraging the exploitation of men at Christmas since December 2015!



Gift Wrapped



Santa's Helper



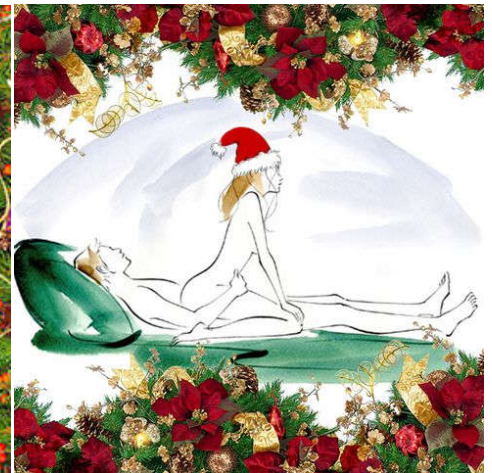
Under My Tree



The Sleigh Ride



The Mistletoe Move



The Toboggan



Reindeer Games



Elf on the Shelf



Trim the Tree



Mrs Claus on top



There's a new sexual position called the Brexit. You promise to pull out but don't.



THE



END

When you can't find your stockings:



Police have reported a man going into local craft shops and dipping his testicles in glitter. It's pretty nuts!

RANT ALERT!! Triggered by adverts and TV chefs

I have concluded that the inevitable stress of Christmas dinner is created by adverts and supermarkets. It's a Sunday dinner for f***s sake!!! We do it quite happily 51 weeks of the year but can we the consumers be trusted to manage by ourselves on one day of the year, apparently not! Here goes... 1. Turkey... It's a big fecking chicken that's all, 20 minutes per lb plus 20 minutes at 180 degrees - jobs a good un! Get yourselves a meat thermometer £3 off the Internet poke it in the offending bird if it says 75 degrees or over its cooked!

2. Stuffing - regardless of what Jamie Oliver says you do NOT need 2lbs of shoulder of pork, onions breadcrumbs, pine nuts and a shit load of fresh herbs to make stuffing. What you need is Paxo and a kettle! If you wanna liven it up squeeze 3 sausages out of their skins and mix that in before cooking.

3. Gravy - Jamie Oliver is copping for this one as well.... Bisto Jamie.... All you need is Bisto! I (nor any other person I know) has got time on Christmas Eve to piss about roasting chicken wings and vegetables, adding stock and flour, cooking it for another half hour, mashing it all up with a potato masher and then straining the whole sorry mess to make gravy.

4. Vegetables... Never mind faffing round shredding sprouts and frying them with bacon and chestnuts to make them more palatable... If you don't like them don't buy and cook the fecking things!! If your family only eats frozen peas then that's good enough!

5. Roast potatoes... Yes I par boil mine then roast in goose fat but Aunt Bessie also does the same.

6. Trimmings /Christmas pudding and the like.... Aldi or Lidl!

7. Children. Feed the little blighters first separately, if they only want turkey with tomato sauce - fine leave em to it, it doesn't matter. Once they are fed bugger them off to play with their Christmas presents so that YOU can enjoy your dinner in Peace!

Adults... Anyone that can manage to get their sorry arse to your dinner table is also capable of helping to serve up/ sort the kids out/ clear the table /wash up /dry up etc.

And Finally..... NO ONE.... And I mean no one APART FROM THE COOK IS ALLOWED TO GET PISSED AND FALL ASLEEP BEFORE THE WASHING UP IS DONE!!! Rant over

A Drunk's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
There were bottles of booze left around by some louse.
When through the North window there came a loud yell
I sprang to my feet to see what the hell...

And what to my bloodshot eyes should I see,
But eight drunken reindeer caught up in a tree.
And there in the branches, was a man with a sleigh.
I knew it was Santa, quite tiddley and gay.

Staggering nearer those eight reindeer came,
While he belched and hiccoughed and called them by name
"On Whiskey! On Vodka! we ain't got all night,
You too, Gin and Brandy, now all do it right!

Clamber up on the roof, and get off this wall,
Get going you rummies, we've still got a long haul!"
So up on the roof went the reindeer and sleigh,
But a tree branch hit Santa before he could sway.

And then to my ears like the roll of a barrel,
A hell of a noise that was no Christmas carol.
So I pulled in my head and I cocked a sharp ear,
Down the chimney he plunged, landing smack on his rear.

He was both plump and chubby, and tried to stand right,
But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.
He spoke not a word but went straight to work
And missed half the stockings, the drunken old jerk.

Then putting his thumb to the end of his nose,
He fluttered his fingers as he quoted prose.
As he sprung for his sleigh at so hasty a pace,
He tripped on a shingle and he slid on his face.

But I heard him call back as he passed out of sight,
"Merry Christmas, you luses, now really get tight!"

