



Trash #305 October 2021

Unless indicated, all r*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
4th October 2021	2225	Cock, Ringmer	BN8 5RX	Drambulie & Bosom Boy
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins. <i>Allow extra time for roadworks at Earwig corner!</i>				
11th October 2021	2226	The Heath, Haywards heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. After Fox & Hounds go straight across next roundabout and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins				
18th October 2021	2227	Cock, Wivelsfield Green	RH17 7RH	Gromit
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. Est 25 mins.				
25th October 2021	2228	Star, Steyning	BN44 3RD	Bathe It Daily
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. Est: 20 mins.				
1st November 2021	2229	Eager Hare required!		

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08/11/21 Henfield, Prince Crashpian
15/11/21 No hare and
22/11/21 no pub equals
29/11/21 no hash! Put your name
06/12/21 down to set
13/12/21 your trail NOW!

Hello hashers,
The Xmas Bash is booked for:
20th December 2236 Hassocks Hotel
The menu, price and booking details will follow
in due course.
On On
Ride it, Baby.

oo

Thought for the day: You have to feel sorry for the trees in autumn. At least when women go through the change nothing falls off!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

29/4- 1/5/2022 Trinidad, Interhash - <https://www.interhashtrinidad2020.com/>

17-20/8/2023 Eurohash - Baarlo, The Netherlands at The Dutch Castle de Berckt – *Details TBA when registration opens.*

25-28/8/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire – registration details in due course.

on

It was pointed out to me that the 7pm start time may be putting hares off committing. A quick reminder that this was a majority decision based on the poll submissions. Personally, I preferred 7.30pm so, as far as I'm concerned, it's the hares decision if they prefer to start at 7.30pm. That said, as far as pack size goes, numbers are holding up, and there is now the option to run at 7.30pm on the booking sheet. So far this hasn't worked out brilliantly as people seem to set off when they arrive rather than waiting to see if anyone else is on a late run, so worth reminding everyone to check if choosing this option! Buddying up is more important than ever when we're running on hashlights.

Of course, another valid argument on this subject is that finding pubs doing food on a Monday is becoming more difficult and, particularly post-covid, those that are prepared to offer food beyond 8.30 even more so. I've heard the argument that only 10 or 15 people ate, less than half the usual pack, so should we be worried as long as we can get a beer? In the early days of the hash food was rarely a consideration and would be arranged at a local restaurant after the pub. Maybe we should consider returning to that system, after all eatin's cheatin'!

As ever let us know your thoughts on the subject.

On on! Bouncer

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

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

On-Sec **Don 'On-Don' Elwick**

Webfart/ Zoom Brent ‘Keeps It Up’ Crowle

Hare Raiser **Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons**

Beer Monster Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson

RA's **John 'Bouncer' Biggins**

Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Dave ‘Dangleberry’ King

Hash Cash **Julia 'JJ' Madigan**

Hash Sash **Dave ‘Dangleberry’ King**

Hash Trash John ‘Bouncer’ Biggins

Haberhash **Kayleen ‘Wildbush’ Holland**

Hash Horn **Matt ‘Rebel WHK’ Spencer**

Hash relay **Pete 'Prof' Thomas**

Hashtorian **David 'Spreadsheet' Evans**

Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Hash awards **Tim ‘Lily the Pink’ Jones**

Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

on

CRAFT H3 news: Interesting proposal from Testiculator that we join the First UK Full Moon H3 12 pubs of Christmas:

Fancy an Away date with FUKFM Saturday 18th December, for the 12 pubs? Trains direct from Brighton to Letchworth (need to change for first pubs in Welwyn) then, if staying

over, a Sunday trail with Herts H3. <https://fukfmh3.co.uk/hareline.htm>

Sat 18th Dec 10:45 The World's End Trail [wiping.moon.vows]

Yes you too can drink the Film!

Trail in Welwyn Garden City to First Pub, followed by Pub Crawl in Welwyn Garden City Centre then Train to Letchworth Garden City to finish the Crawl

Recommend staying at the Premier Inn Letchworth

A quick look shows direct trains at 8.12 and 8.42 from Brighton via Haywards Heath at 27/57 and Three Bridges 39/09, returning at 21 past the hour until 22.21, with a 2 hour journey time, so it is very manageable by rail, although we would probably go for the stopover.

They've been doing this for three or four years now and I've always fancied a go, so maybe this is the year, before we get fully back to normal with CRAFT H3 fixtures. Anyone joining us?

on

Brighton Marathon – Although a few of us were away at the Wessex H3 Midsummer camp and were unable to set up the beer stop, it seems there was no shortage of hash support, thanks in part to One Erections involvement with marshalling. Well done to all who took part including Fukarwe, Keeps It Up, Wilds Thing, Penguin Shagger and Off With Her Head in the big run, and Nasty Nips on the 10k; and to all the supporters including Wildbush, Drambulie, Trouble, and Lily the Pink.

on

Bob's stile – An idea has been proposed that we should seek contributions towards a stile in memory of Airman, as we did for Bogeyman. More on this in due course, but it is hoped this would be at the eastern end of our run area, where Bob spent his last years, and so that Chris could visit easily without incurring a long journey.

on

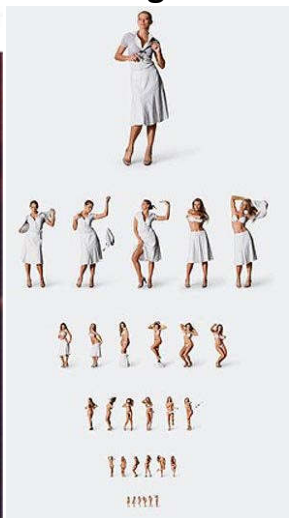
2222 weekend 18-20/02/2022 – Although I have an outline idea of how this might work, I'm still holding back on firming up arrangements as I'm now convalescing after a knee replacement. Time is ticking, I know, but with winter coming, and Covid cases remaining high in the UK, I'd rather not book something that then requires cancelling beyond the point at which it makes sense to mark the number. I shall have a better idea by next issue, but if anyone wants to come on board to assist with arrangements I shall be very grateful. Thank you.

Bouncer

PAGE THREE – *pass the hash specs!*

Whoever chose Jolene should've gone to Specsavers – along with the rest of these guys:

If Dolly looked like this, you've gotta wonder what kind of Voodoo Jolene was packing?



WHAT BEAUTIFUL...
ER...EYES YOU HAVE

I can't believe that those glasses are £5.99
Makes
You want to grab a pair! 🤔



I'm not offended by all the dumb blonde jokes because I know I'm not dumb . . . and I'm also not blonde. - Dolly Parton



Please Notice the only confused ladies are blonde!



What did you
see first?

1. Girl
2. Guy



If you stare at me, I'm
gonna stare right back!

Her: Go on, feel it
Me:



CRAZY NIGHT AT THE PUB LAST
NIGHT



HAD A CHICK GET HER NIPPLE
PIERCED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. ON
ANOTHER SUBJECT, I SUCK AT DARTS

We were sitting in an empty train carriage late at night when I said to the wife, "Come on love, get them out." She took her top off and slowly eased her tits out of her bra. "The tickets", I said. "The inspectors standing right behind you!"

I am having an argument with a close friend.
Is that a Harlow Norten or Triumph?



When you don't know where to look

Just got back from the supermarket
with 42 tomatoes, 23 courgettes, 30
red peppers, 3 cauliflowers, 19
carrots, 6 aubergines and 12 onions.



REHASHING the 2222 - What do you call a ballerina with one leg? A oneone!



returning to the A27 before cutting up Dankton Lane for the first fishhook. Before that the walkers peeled off, going through the chalk bar to head south over Sompting rec and on to the sip, where we were surprised to be caught by Prof, supposedly on the 7.30 start with St. Bernard, who'd missed Angel's clear mark-through of the check, missed the bar, and missed the large W to follow the walkers trail. Meanwhile, the r*nners had resisted taking their kit off on the permissive path through to the houses for some scarecrow spotting, then up to Halewick park and on familiar NickO territory for fun and games on the elaborate footbridge. There followed a large street

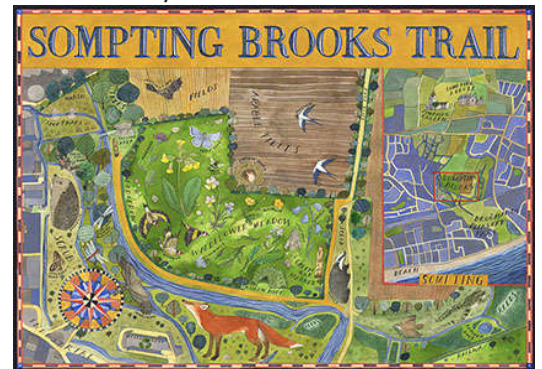
Gardners Arms, Sompting - If it hadn't been for continuing Covid restrictions our 'All the Ducks in a Row' 2222 r*n may well have been a very different affair but the various lockdowns had several effects, the first being that I hadn't been able to properly mark my big 60. A plan B had been to shift the party to September to mark 30 years hashing, a date which, thanks to cancelled regular hashes, coincided happily with the hash reaching 2222 suggesting a great opportunity for a weekend celebration. More restrictions meant the Wessex H3 campout was postponed to this very weekend which, with the Brighton Marathon, meant lots of key folk weren't available so the plan was again scuppered. That didn't stop us using the Monday hash for lots of silliness and so a large pack arrived many wearing 'yellow', quite a few dressed in tutu's and even a couple with duck bills on their faces. The ever looming presence of the A27 always restricts r*ns from this otherwise excellent and welcoming pub, but a brand new path, literally just a week old, had us taking the hash on previously untrodden routes just to incorporate it, one of which came very early on after crossing the big road and finally figuring out the churchyard when Fukarwe said 'that's not a path'. Pulling the sign from the bushes I said 'and this is Scotch Mist', as the pack crossed the field eventually



side, as Dangleberry opened the circle to down the hares. I then took over to ask Worth Way virgin Lois the questions before a theme developed as Dangleberry, who'd spent the weekend dressed as an Indian Prince, received lost property for every other down down, including a Beavertown glass with Wessex straw in courtesy of Roaming Pussy. T bone

where Little Swinger did her thing. Cutting through to Loose Lane, pack were soon on the new access, being only marginally slowed down by the fishhook, to reach the sip stop. Yellow comestibles including Wotsits, home grown yellow tomatoes on crackers (yup, forgot the cheese!), various lemon cakes, and rapidly yellow-iced by Sangria fairy cakes were washed down with Advocaat snowballs and Old Speckled er.. Duck, before I announced r*nners on, walkers back. And this is where things went slightly off-plan, the trail being an out and back to slow the pack whilst the walkers made their way home! Wildbush and Swallow had kindly marked the on trail to an on-back mark misinterpreted as a fishhook with the result that, instead of the FRB's turning the pack, virtually everyone did the whole extension! Still at least it gave St Bernard the chance to catch up and enjoy a beer as we waited for them to return swearing!

Fortunately there was no handy village pond on the On Inn, so by the time pack was fed and watered they were already seeing the funny



had been muttering "I've got one", and kept meaning to get it out, finally got it out at the sip stop, which had a few enthralled, but I'd already forgotten what IT was by the time she'd finished her beer! The mystery continues, but not of the massive cock up at the Brighton Marathon which measured a long course invalidating all the 'good for age' qualifiers for the London much to Fukarwe's chagrin. He should have used Off With Her Head's approach of just thoroughly enjoying a beautiful day with loads of hash support, with time being of no consequence, much like the Basingstoke parkrun where every runner was given a finish time of 59.59 due to lack of volunteers! Honourable mentions also went to Keeps It Up (who'd committed a Tutu error) for the marathon, and Nasty Nips setting a 10k PB. Circle was finally wrapped up with Cliffbanger for accepting a lift back from the sip thus avoiding the final quacking fishhook, which Spurtacus had also ignored, and the Numpty mug going to NickO who'd sent a global e-mail advising of traffic issues, then parked somewhere near Lancing station clearly having no idea of where the pub actually was. Another great hash!

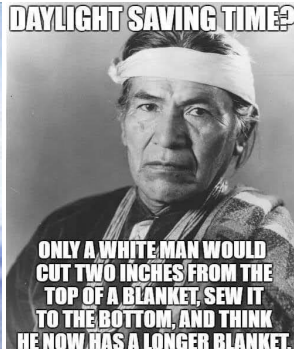
Bouncer

You may be aware that Sir Robert Woodard left a substantial bequest not only towards the continued running of Lancing College as a school, but for various additional works. Despite the covenant, some of these may never see the light of day (such as a steeple on the chapel - as his family made their fortune from the sea he wanted a landmark to help mariners - which would be on the flight path for Shoreham airport!), but one of the last parts completed was a stained glass window in the chapel which was dedicated in a visit by Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Nobody spotted that dressing up opportunity!

AUTUMN FUN and don't forget clocks go back on: Hallowe'en - 31st October!



Want to knock an hour off your marathon PB? Simply start at 1am on 31st October. Follow me for more life hacks!



REHASHING ctd.

2221 – Poacher Hurstpierpoint - A large crowd gathered outside the pub, most people parking in the two car parks, but with or without parking discs? Hare Dangleberry gave clear information - run 5 miles, walk 3 miles, three sips including one provided by visiting hasher Dipstick, and a barrel of beer back in the car park behind the pub from yet another one of Prince Crashpian's parties. We set off down the road eventually finding a mark on the left heading off out to the downs. It was a beautiful evening and most of us were looking forward to the view of the sun setting from the top. Unfortunately, after skirting the bottom of Wolstonbury and sipping Dips Jagermeister at the check, the call was down not up. Still we had the joy of passing Danny House and the lovely, friendly and, tonight, naughty (as two of



them were having sex!) Llamas. We said hello then carried on and on and on, becoming dark which is when haretook us along the bottom of an old quarry in thick bush. At least half were without torches so hashers got snagged on wire, tripped and scratched their way through while those with torches attempted a large tree that fallen down. Well at least Ride-It Baby and Sticky Balls1 To gather us all together after a long stretch heading away from the downs we found a fishhook directing the entire pack to return so a few of us front running bastards decided that was a good time for a photo capturing the red sky behind us. Eventually we arrived at the main sip for beer, olive bread and Dangleberry's mums delicious homemade cheese straws. After much was consumed we had a gentle jog back to the pub where many had ordered the bangers and chips but, as the run was actually 6 miles and with the sips, we were much later than expected, so Dangleberry had rung the pub to say we won't be home until 9pm. Testiculator kindly presided over the down downs awarding the hares; visitors Headmaster, Dipstick and 2 other girls; Val for not bringing a torch but I helped her out as I'd run blind too; and finally Dipstick again as guest Numpty after nearly crashing into Dangleberry's landlords garage.



2223 – Half Moon, Plumpton – Another warm evening with us all gathered in the car park at 7am for a sharp departure due to warnings of the kitchen shutting promptly at 20.30. On out was right, with an arrow directing us across the field toward Plumpton College. Through the college, several fields of beautiful horses and on into the night. Surprisingly Tim had disappeared, was he ordering food or with the walkers? No he'd waited for One Erection who was running late and had the dog. They set off together, misread the arrow and shot up the road. Eventually put their wrongs to right and met up nearly halfway through the hash. Lots of long stretches without fishhooks or checks until eventually a fishhook appeared with the no. 8 by it. Only 3 ran back, One Erection claiming it was a trespass as Spurtacus had taken us down the wrong path. After a good five miles, several stiles, including one with a sharp pole on it which someone had cut their hand on, and a wire across the path catching Bushsquatter out, we returned home. Dangleberry presided over the circle with down downs for the hares; Pirate for his first actual run for 2 years and, a sure sign winter was coming as he dropped the wellies in favour of sandals; new boot Ash; Angel for chatting up said new boot, showing particular interest in his tattoo'd calves; and One Erection for a flaky excuse for missing the fishhook. With no Numpty mug as holder NickO was absent, Nobbychick took the days dafty award for not knowing where he was haring next week!

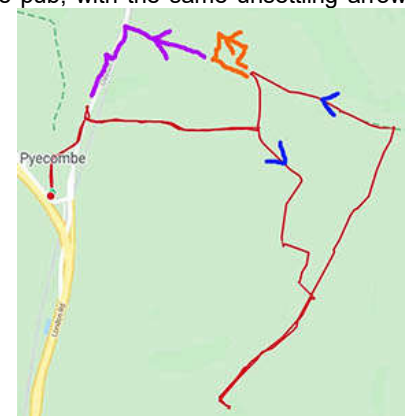
2224 The Plough, Pyecombe – After resolving some initial location mishashformation between Pyecombe and Plumpton in favour of the former, hare Nobby Chick added a bit more: The trail surely turned out to be more than 5.5 miles?? After NC's apology for co-hare Asbestosser's lateness, a good sized pack minus Asbo set off north up Church Ln, only to be thwarted at the School Ln junction by a shortage of chalk, caused not by panic buying, but by the heavy morning rain. A fair assumption of continued ascent up The Wyshe proved wrong, when NC on-hared the pack northeast down School Ln along the South Downs Way route. Mark shortage and on-haring proved a trail theme as the pack headed north along the Clayton Hill parallel path, before ascending eastward beside the Pyecombe Golf Club (top tip: non-members can enjoy inexpensive brekkies/lunch/tea/coffee). The SDW was eventually left at the Mill Ln junc, in favour of the snaking path southeast to within a hog's whisker of Lower Standean Farm's pigs, before routing southwest for a moving visit to The Chattri memorial, which NC explained commemorates the 800,000 Indian soldiers that fought for the Allied powers during the First World War. Many of whom were cared for within the makeshift hospital created within Brighton's Royal Pavilion, the great majority recovering from their injuries, but 53 Hindu and Sikh soldiers succumbed, and were committed to a funeral pyre per religious custom on which site The Chattri



is built. After the visit, trail was retraced to the snaking path junction, with the arrows now mysteriously reversed. Was it coincidental that Asbo had now bowled up? And could his lateness be intentional? Without time to consider these shocking realisations, the regrouped pack headed northeast to the T-junc with the SDW, before a turn northwest along the escarpment top toward Jack and Jill windmills (top tip: puffball+field shrooms just before on right). A cunning anticlockwise circuit of the mills followed, missed by Nasty Nips and others who instead picked up marks for the on-trail south. Or worse those who failed to complete the circuit and instead barrelled northwest down Mill Lane then south over Clayton Hill back to the pub. You know who you are, Ginger Nuts and Dangleberry. The rest correctly re-met the Mill Ln junc, then retraced the out trail to the pub, with the same unsettling arrow reversal. After the usual refreshment + sustenance, circle was called with suggestion that 4 real and 1 'imagined' fishhooks had made for an angling hash.

The pack were asked what they thought, and following customary complaints, the sinners were called: Firstly Asbo+NC respectively for lateness and excess fishhooking. And once they had returned to the pack, Asbo+NC again, respectively for arrow reversal and forthcoming Lord Lieutenants awardship. For which Trouble's donated steak-knife was duly used to knight NC, as Lord Nob. Down downs followed for Lily the Pink and Ginger Nuts, for r*nnng the imagined fishhook. For Pirate and RideltBaby, for respectively raving in Kempton and a kayaking floundered flourish finish. And for Prince Crashpian, for inappropriate coupling with farmyard machinery (he inexplicably ran into a tractor). On which note it seemed appropriate to introduce The Cock Inn, near Ringmer, as the venue for next week's r*n. Not Pyecombe, or Plumpton. The hash closed with our best wishes to Where's my Broccoli's son, on his forthcoming wedding. Another great r*n, although you be the judge as to NC's assertion that the trail was 'propeller-shaped'.

Dangleberry



Wildbush funnies takes a look at people, with Aunty Acid:

Remember when we had to smack the TV because the channel wasn't coming in clearly? I feel that way about far too many people.

'Missing' woman mystery solved

A group of tourists spent hours Saturday night looking for a missing woman near Iceland's Eldgjá canyon, only to find her among the search party.

The group was travelling through Iceland on a tour bus and stopped near a volcanic canyon. Soon, there was word of a missing passenger. The woman, who had changed clothes, didn't recognize the description of herself, and joined in the search.

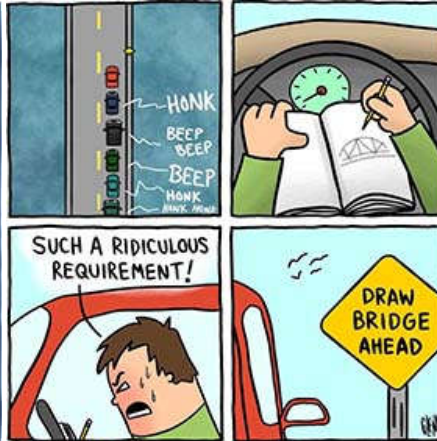
But the search was called off at about 3 a.m., when it became clear the missing woman was, in fact, accounted for and searching for herself.

— QMI Agency

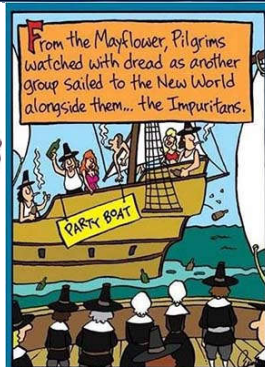
The world isn't gaining more idiots, it's just the ones we already had have got a much bigger platform now.



aunty acid

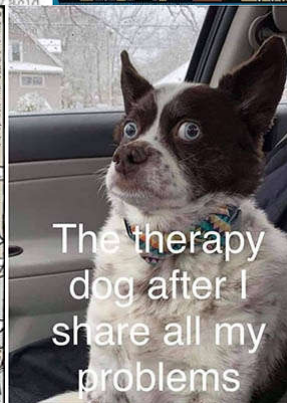


The more I get to know people, the more I understand why Noah only let animals on the boat.



THREE HORRIBLE FACTS:

1. Today is not Friday
2. Tomorrow is not Friday
3. Even the day after Tomorrow is not Friday



I went down to the paint store to get thinner. It didn't work.



UNFIT and need to stop jogging after just 5 minutes? Pretend you have reached your goal by slapping a nearby lamp post whilst looking at your watch with a satisfied nod of the head.

Tam Robb, East Kilbride

15 Years Ago



Today



An early look at Hallowe'en - bugs & beasts

And so it begins...



No candy for trick or treaters?
Just stick an empty bowl out with a note.
They'll think the other kids took it all!



The kids thought it would be a good idea to change the spots of our dalmation to spiders.



On average people fear spiders more than they do death, and I know I'm not going to understand women, but how can you take boiling hot wax, pour it onto your upper thigh, rip the hair out by the root, and still be afraid of a spider?



My son asked for a pet spider for his birthday, but they were £70 in our local pet shop. I thought I'll get one cheaper off the web.



- A man is attacked by a six foot tall spider. It head-butts him, jumps all over him, kicks him in the back, boots him in his ribs and stamps all over him. Next day the man wakes up in hospital. Turning to the doctor he says, "I feel terrible. What's wrong with me?" The doctor tells him. "I'm afraid there's a vicious bug going about."
- Why do female black widow spiders kill their males after mating? To stop the snoring before it starts.
- A spider, a snake and a kangaroo walked into a bar. Just another normal day in Australia!

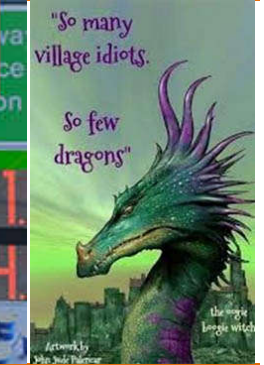
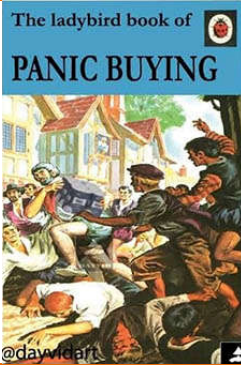
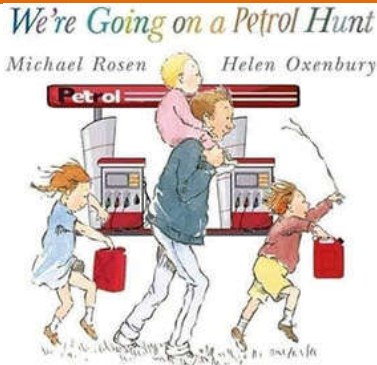
Did you know? The average human eats 8 spiders in their lifetime at night.

The internet is often referred to as the 'WEB' as it was originally conceived by the Welsh Electricity Board. The internet that we know now is based on their initial idea of connecting all of the computers in Wales with a tiny thread along which spiders would carry messages.

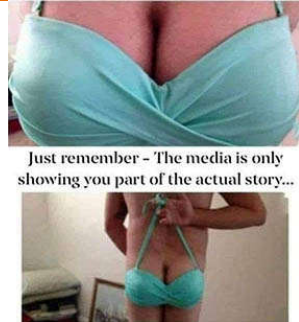
Definition: Arachnoleptic fit (n.) - The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.

IN THE NEWS - Fuel crisis part 1:

What's the difference between petrol and paraffin? There are two effs in paraffin but no effin petrol.



Fuel Producers: We can't much of sell this E10 fuel, how can we sell more? Media: Hold my beer.



Finally got to the front of the queue for petrol and I got really emotional. I just started to fill up.



Boris Johnson has brought the schedule for getting all petrol cars off the road from May 2030 to this coming Monday.



Does anyone know if we're clapping for petrol station workers at 8 o'clock this evening?

All that panic-bought toilet roll is finally coming in handy....



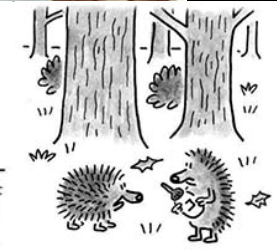
See That wasn't so Bad.... Now let's get you that tank of petrol



- I panic bought some petrol yesterday, like really panicked! I don't even have a car.
- If you have a Skoda with a FULL tank of fuel NOW is a good time to sell it
- "Massive fight has broken out in my local petrol station. 35 were arrested in Total"
- I was waiting in the queue for fuel when I saw a man walking away carrying a couple of jerry cans. "Can o' BP?", I asked "No, but a fish can fart, I've seen the bubbles", he replied
- Diesel now available at Tesco, Sainsbury and Asda. It's in the Aftershave section
- To the rest of the world: if you want to see Britain go proper apocalyptic, wait for when the tea runs out.

IN OTHER NEWS – Sporting success, Horribilis Annuses, best of Matt's month and some sad RIP's:

When we sang "It's Coming Home" in the summer, what we were actually referring to was the 2021 US Open Women's Singles title.



I said yes to the Covid jab, but no to maths homework - there were too many unknowns'

I prefer online appointments with my GP. It's easier to lie about your lifestyle when you're not face'

I'm not calling it my third gin and tonic. I'm calling it my booster'

I know you want to protest about climate change, but supergluing yourself to the M25 is a terrible idea'

Being Labour leader is a lot like playing James Bond: everyone wonders who will replace you'






"I had a goal drought once - worst 15 minutes of my career, that was."
Jimmy Greaves.
(May 2015)



IN THE NEWS - HGV's & more on the morons fuelling the crisis:



Have I Got News For You  
10 h · 

Government says 'large number of tankers' has been assembled to try and solve the fuel crisis - unclear if it's a typo.



HGV driver incentive scheme launched...

This is Gran. Gran has come over for Sunday lunch, and announces to everyone that she is going to become an HGV driver. Mum and Dad and Biff and Chip and Kipper stare at Gran. "What?" says Gran. "Are you discriminating against me because I'm a little old lady? Little old ladies can drive trucks too, you know." Mum suggests to Gran that, while she is sure Gran can drive a truck extremely well, she thinks that one of the basic requirements of becoming an HGV driver would be to have a blood alcohol level that is lower than the legal limit at the point you drive your truck. "Pfft," says Gran. "It's health and safety gone mad, this is." Gran does consider that it might be worth temporarily holding back on the Cinzanos and lemonades though, given the £1,000 signing on bonus available for aspiring HGV drivers.

"£1,000?!" says Dad excitedly. "I might become an HGV driver too!" Everyone is silent, recalling how the last time Dad tried to reverse park Mum's Vauxhall Corsa he took out the next door neighbours' front porch. "Oh god," says Mum.

Two days later, Mum and the children are sitting in the living room attempting the undecipherable homework Mrs May has set. "Has Mrs May been drinking?" asks Mum, holding the homework the other way up to see if it makes more sense that way.

"Probably," says Biff, nodding sagely. "I would, if I had to teach all of us."

All of a sudden there is an enormous noise, from outside the window. Mum and the children rush over to find Dad and Gran, both driving large HGVs, racing one another up and down the street. "WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" screams Gran leaning out the window, with such enthusiasm that her front dentures fly out and land in the middle of the pavement.

"Where did they get those trucks?" asks Kipper. "Where did they get the PETROL?" asks Chip, genuinely impressed.

"What fresh hell is this?" asks Mum, head in her hands. The HGV race comes to a sudden end when Dad clips the corner of Gran's truck, which wobbles dangerously, before taking off at speed towards the end of the street where it crashes into the street sign, to be closely followed by Dad's truck, which powers into the back of it. Dad and Gran rapidly eject, just in time for both trucks too go to in flames. "Whoops, silly me," says Dad. "They haven't taught us about stopping just yet."

"It's like a James Bond film!" says Gran, throwing her hands into the air with delight. "I've always wanted to play M!"

"What have you DONE?" hisses Mum, in a voice so terrifying that even Floppy the fucking liability pauses in his attempts to fornicate with the garden hose. "Don't worry darling," says Dad, coming over and putting his arm around Mum. "The neighbours will probably be very grateful for this. With energy prices going up so much, we can save on heating our homes and all come out and sit around the communal bonfire instead!"

Here we see part of an ancient tradition, ++BREAKING++

both driver and cab pay respect to each other before the a long day starts.

Cycling Proficiency level 2 certificates to be automatically upgraded to HGV license

"Erm... Hello Ma'am, Boris here.
I heard you drove trucks during the war..?"



I have a HGV license! Now can I come home?



**Eastern European HGV
drivers are for life.
Not just for Christmas!**



Well, due to the staff shortage,
I am glad to say he still passed.



Wow, was this his devious little plan all along?



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THE NEW EUROPEAN
Issue #182 September 23, 2013 *Think without borders* €3.50



BREAKING NEWS ## - UK Gov announce appointment system to ensure GPs and their staff can access fuel.

How it works: Staff working at GP Surgeries must first register as a customer at their local petrol station. This will be the only petrol station they are then able to use. Fuel will only be available Monday-Friday.

When registered customers wish to buy fuel, they should telephone their local petrol station at 8am in the morning.

This is when fuel purchasing appointments are released for that morning.

Should appointments run out before they get through to an operator, they may try again at 1pm when afternoon fuelling slots are released. Failing that, they may repeat this process each day until an appointment can be secured.

Please note - participating petrol stations will be closed between 12 and 1 for lunch and calls will not be answered during this time.

THE END

Specsavers for adults: *I like jokes about eyes, the cornea the better!*

An old physician, Doctor Gordon Geezer, became very bored in retirement and decided to re-open a medical clinic. He put a sign up outside that said: "Dr. Geezer's clinic. Get your treatment for £100 - if not cured, get back £500." Doctor Digger Young, who was positive that this old geezer didn't know beans about medicine, thought this would be a great opportunity to get £500. So he went to Dr. Geezer's clinic.

Dr. Young: "Dr. Geezer, I have lost all taste in my mouth. Can you please help me?"

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in Dr. Young's mouth."

Dr. Young: 'Aaagh! -- This is Gasoline!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be £100."

Dr. Young gets annoyed and goes back after a couple of days figuring to recover his money.

Dr. Young: "I have lost my memory, I cannot remember anything."

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Oh, no you don't -- that is Gasoline!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be £100."

Dr. Young (after having lost £200) leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

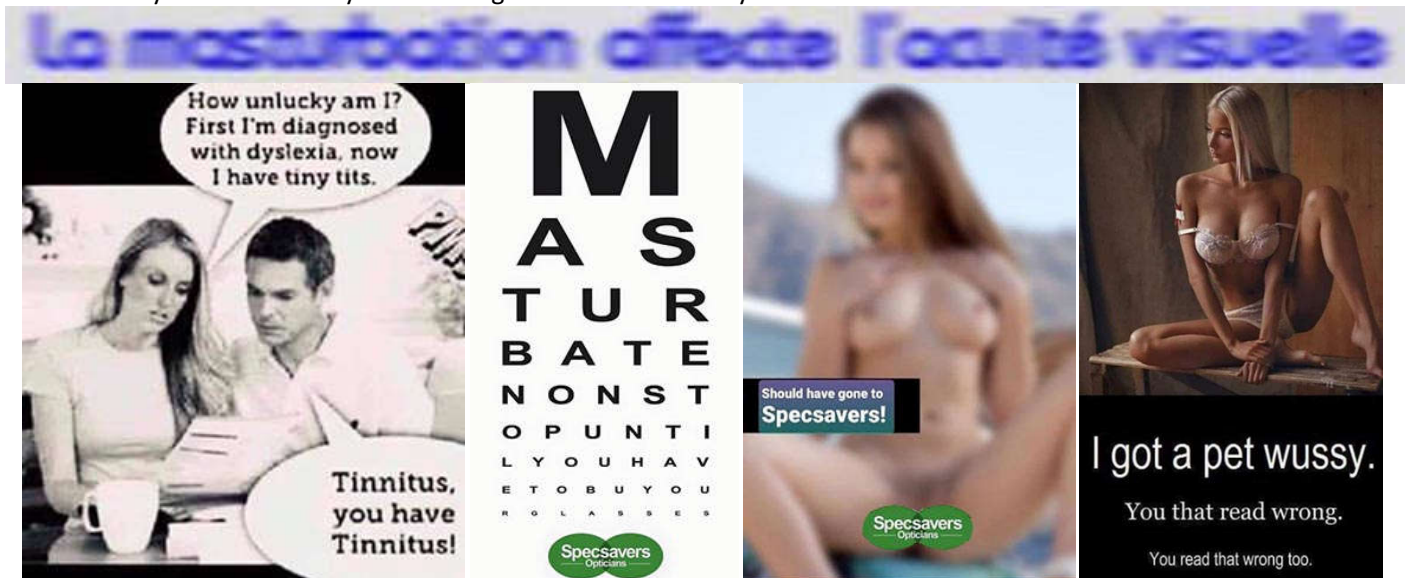
Dr. Young: "My eyesight has become weak --- I can hardly see anything!"

Dr. Geezer: "Well, I don't have any medicine for that so, "Here's your £500" (giving him a £50 bill).

Dr. Young: "But this is only £50!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You got your vision back! That will be £100."

Moral of story -- Just because you're "Young" doesn't mean that you can outsmart an "old Geezer."



Sharon the Essex girl is crossing the road, when she gets hit by an XR3i. As she is lying in the road, the driver, Darren, rushes over to see if she is alright. "I'm so sorry luv! I just didn't see ya. Are you ok?" he blurts out.

"Everyphink is just a blurr, I can't see a phing" see says, tearfully.

Concerned, the man leans over the woman to test her eyesight. He asks, "How many fingers have I got up?"

"Oh my God NAAAA!" she screams. "Don't tell me I'm paralysed from the waist down as well!!!!"

