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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
1st November 2021	2229	Hope Inn, Newhaven	BN9 9DN	Peter Pansy
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. Turn right over bridge and left on South Road. Pub at far end of Fort Road. Est. 25 mins.				
8th November 2021	2230	White Hart, Henfield	BN5 9HP	Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
15th November 2021	2231	Farmers, Scaynes Hill	RH17 7NE	Hot Fuzz
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.				
22nd November 2021	2232	Red Lion, Lindfield	RH16 2HL	Silver Berk / Where's My Broccoli
Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at bottom of hill on through Ditchling and onto Haywards Heath. At roundabout in HH take 2nd exit and then 3rd exit at next major roundabout to Lindfield. Past pond pub 300 metres on right. Est 25 mins.				
This r*n will be our annual Bogeyman memorial fancy dress run – anything goes, the madder the better!				
29th November 2021	2233	White Horse, Hurstpierpoint - TBC	One Erection	
6th December 2021	2234	Green Man, Horsted Keynes	RH17 7AS	Don & Chris (Pompette)
Directions: A23 north to A273 then B2112 to Ditchling and on through Haywards Heath. B2028 through Lindfield, over bridge and up hill. Turn right into Stonecross Lane. At T junction turn left. Pub ahead on left. Est 30 mins.				

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Receding Hareline:

13/12/21 2235 Lewes - TBC Rebel
20/12/21 2236 Hassocks Hotel Ride-It, Baby,
 and a cast of thousands for the Xmas Bash!

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HASHING AROUND SUSSEX (and a distinct lack of co-ordination – what a COCK-UP!):

07/11/21 10.45 EGH3 Half Moon, Charlwood
Hares: Blade Runner, Hash Doc & the Late Dave Lewis

07/11/21 11.00 CRAP H3 Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield
Hares: KIU & Wildbush

07/11/21 11.06 Hastings H3 Yew Tree, Arlington
Hares: Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter

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Thought for the day: I just found out that cock fighting is done with chickens. That's 12 months of training completely wasted!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

18/12/2021 12 pubs of Christmas – CRAFT H3 away hash to visit the original pubs from the film The Worlds End!

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.

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WINTER R*NNING: As the days get shorter and we move to hashlights, it's always worth reiterating a few points about hashing in the dark:

Hashers – It should be a truism all year round, but please buddy up to make sure there is at least one person who knows you've checked off in another direction and watch to make sure you've rejoined the pack. We now have a 7.30pm option on the hash sheet but you r*n at your own risk so please don't run alone if there are no other 7.30pm runners.

Hash hounds – Please ensure they also have hashlights attached so that they can be seen by r*nners, and it goes without saying that you should keep them under close control, particularly around livestock. Whilst they may have the benefit of four wheel drive, bipedal hashers can be easily toppled with the ground being wetter, muddier and less visible in winter.

Livestock - If you're about to enter a field where you can detect horses, cattle or irate farmers, wait until the next person arrives and pass the message on to keep noise down. The golden rule when running through livestock at night is to shine the torch on yourself so the animals can see where the noise is coming from, rather than spook them further!

Hares – As well as the usual ‘don’t skimp on marks’ request, can you please remind hashers of these guidelines in the chalk talk. On trail please kick checks and add marks for latecomers!

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

Habermash **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 #123: 12 pubs of Christmas - Saturday 18th Dec 10:45

We will be joining the Herts H3/ First UK Full Moon H3 trail visiting all the pubs

used in the film *The World's End*. Trains direct from Brighton to Letchworth then, if staying over, a Sunday trail with Herts H3. The World's End Trail [wiping.moon.vows]

Alternatively, drive and stay at the Premier Inn Letchworth – some already booked!

[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.]

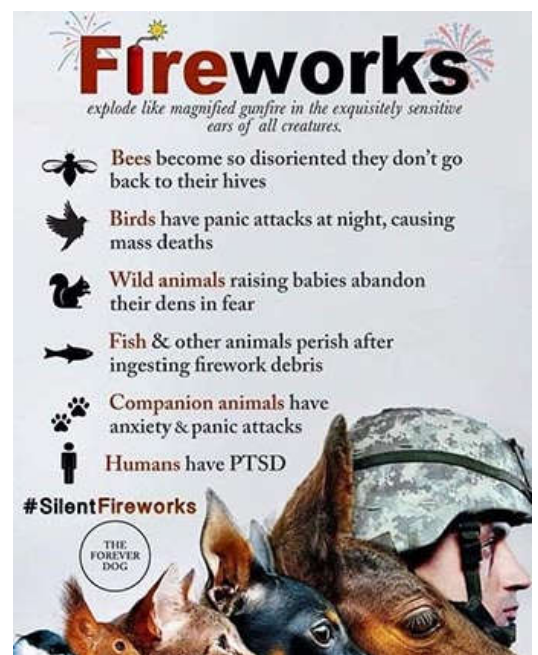
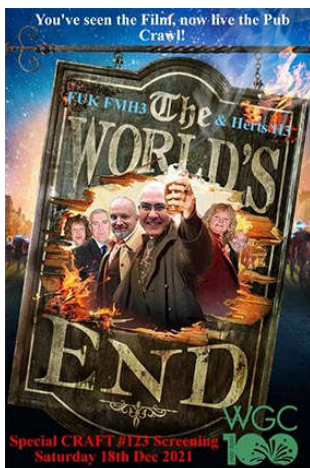
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Bob's stile – Contact has been made with the Monday Group and they are looking into possible sites for this. Any contributions towards the stile in memory of Airman, to add to the existing one in memory of Bogeyman, will be very much appreciated and a page for donations

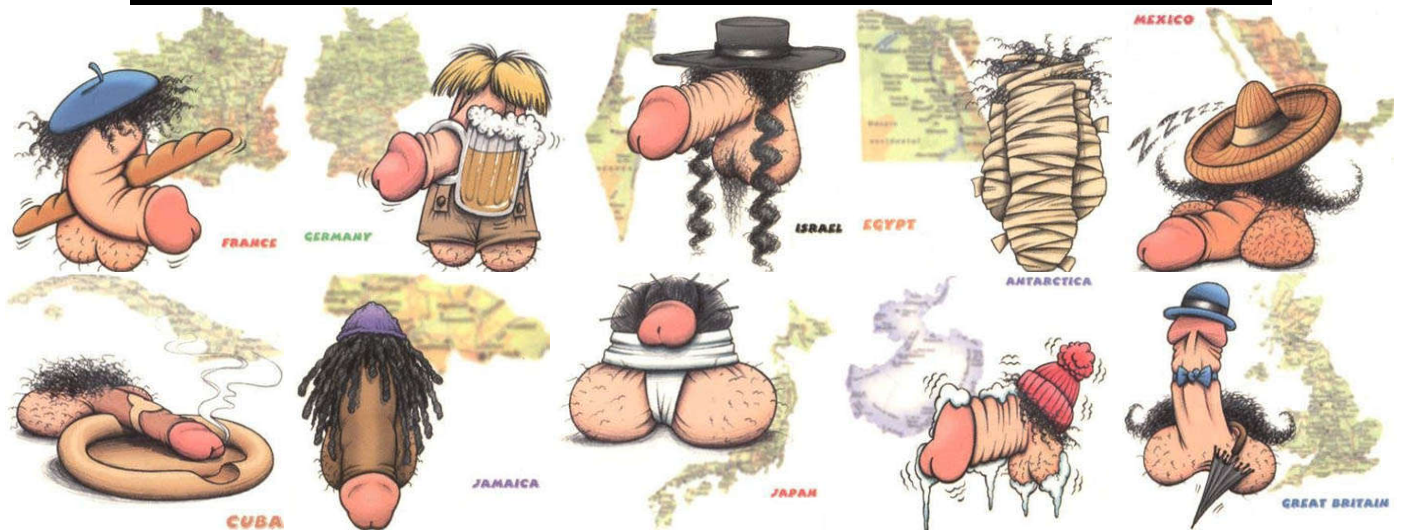
oo

2222 weekend 18-20/02/2022 – Sadly I've come to the conclusion that it would be better to officially stand this down now. I had so much wanted to celebrate my 60th birthday in style with the hash, which of course couldn't happen last March because of the lockdown. Early plans to mark the 2222 in September, and combine with my 30 years of hashing, were curtailed when Wessex had to move their weekend (as well as the Brighton Marathon), and the weekend of 20022022 would have just squeezed in a 60th celebration before my 61st as well as including more ducks than you could throw a stick at. Covid rates are again climbing and the Government have officially denied that we will be moving to plan B measures, which make it a raging certainty! Regrettably future BH7 open events will not be considered until a more reliable state of affairs has returned. **Bouncer**

Bouncer



PAGE THREE – Around the World with the COCK...



It has been said, that women are so terrible at parking because they're constantly being lied to about what 6 inches looks like. When it comes to the time old question "does size matter" apparently it does to men in possession of a tape measure because studies have shown that men exaggerate the size of their goods by up to almost 2 inches.

And who could blame them? In the world wide trouser stakes, British men came only 78th out of 113 countries in the penis size draw of the world. If it serves to comfort anyone, Britain is still above France (by a mere 0.2... inches but every little helps eh).

When it comes to average penis size, The Congo came in 1st place with an average of 7.06 inches erect and North & South Korea came in last with an average of 3.8. Is it a wonder that Asian men have been caught over reporting package size by up to 1.4 inches?

Though before you snigger I have to add that a New York study proved that Caucasian men lie the most when it comes to penis size, finally explaining why most men are so terrible at DIY. It's not because men are incapable of putting up a shelf, it's because their tape measures seem to be off by a whopping 1.7inches.

If it helps, there is a theory that those with smaller penises have higher IQs possibly proving once and for all to women everywhere that you really can't have it all. Though there are anomalies to every research and if your girlfriend is reading this over your shoulder, there's still time to point to this sentence and say "I must be the exception to the rule".

When it comes to size, there are two types of women. Those who live by the "bigger the better" life mantra and those who say "well-endowed men aren't as good in bed, because they think they don't have to try as hard".

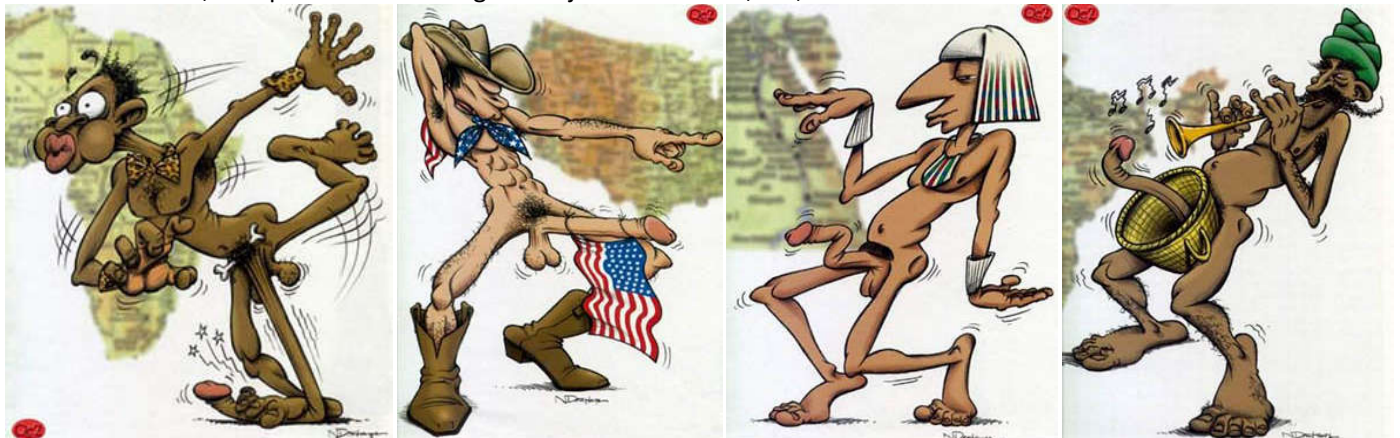
With regards to "who knows how to use it best" there is yet to be a world-wide chart for that. But for those who do find it matters, here are the average sizes (when erect) of some of our favourite countries around the world, as put together by controversial professor of psychology Richard Lynn (the mastermind behind this sizably important research).

To those who say it's not all about size, you can stop reading now.

- 🍆 Congo: 7.1 inches
- 🍆 Ecuador: 7 inches
- 🍆 Colombia: 6.7 inches
- 🍆 Iceland: 6.5 inches
- 🍆 Italy: 6.2 inches
- 🍆 South Africa: 6 inches
- 🍆 Greece: 5.8 inches
- 🍆 Germany: 5.7 inches
- 🍆 Turkey: 5.6 inches
- 🍆 UK: 5.5 inches

- 🍆 Spain: 5.5
- 🍆 France: 5.3
- 🍆 Australia: 5.2 inches
- 🍆 USA: 5.1 inches
- 🍆 Ireland: 5 inches
- 🍆 Philippines: 4.3 inches
- 🍆 China: 4 inches
- 🍆 South Korea: 3.8 inches
- 🍆 North Korea: 3.8 inches

And JUST like that, Hen parties to the Congo have just increased 1,000,000%



[Ed's footnote: To put the chaps minds at rest, this seems the appropriate place to report the results of a survey I conducted of harriettes on trail at a Norfolk hash weekend which revealed that an extra minute won hands down over an extra inch!]

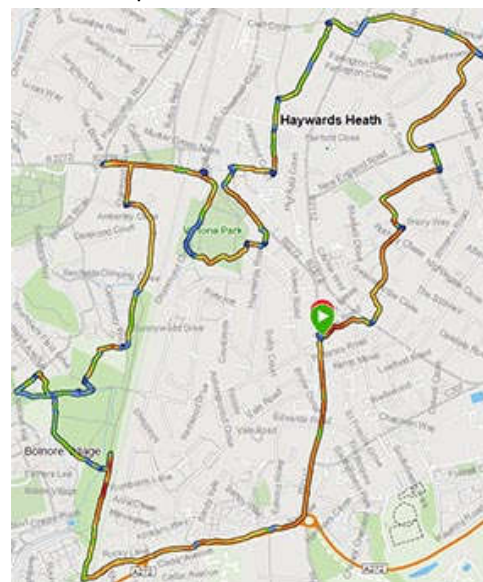
REHASHING COCKTOBER 1

2225 The Cock nr Ringmer - On a beautiful evening we gathered outside the Cock for a rather informative pre-run chat mentioning roads, mud, dogs etc. etc. before setting off to cross the A26. With a regroup at the first check, it was established that many of the marks would be washed off because we'd had lots of rain since they'd set it the day before. We kept generally flat throughout the hash, mostly running alongside fields or across them, interspersed by roads, although there were a few lovely wooded areas. It wasn't long before we all had very wet feet as it got very muddy nearer the end with unavoidable sections of thick squelchy shoe sucking stuff. We also passed a low level trig point which Rebel investigated, and Drambulie found a frog which, after waving under a few peoples noses, she put to one side for safety. Another feature was a field of stampeding cows spooked by the FRB's, although it was so dark at this stage I could hear but barely see them. After a good 5 miles it was great to get back to the pub and, as instructed, if hashers didn't get changed, their shoes were lined up outside the door to keep the pub clean. Taking over the left-hand seating area, we were soon enjoying a pint, a meal, and of course, the down downs with Bouncer back as RA. Hares were commended on an excellent trail devised by Bosom Boy and engineered by Drambulie, with yet another request for folk to step up and set, as we've been struggling of late. A distinct lack of splitting had the RA commending the gathered on getting the hang of even the fishhooks, which left little to mention in dispatches. Ride-It, Baby was soon to gainsay that with accusations of non-compliance but beyond a vague 'WorthWay lot' was unable to name names. Funnily enough though, although warnings of traffic issues at Earwig Corner* had been exaggerated, she had been responsible for holding everyone up due to the limited possibilities for overtaking cyclists; given us the impression that she'd biked from home as opposed to the reality of Lewes station, and had cadged a lift home from Gromit; and had been whinging about slugs and spiders as she changed, so unceremoniously found herself in the circle. The barfly's Bouncer & Roaming Pussy had opted for a pink night, but a number of the r*nners were also in pink including Pat, so she found herself joined by T-Bone (still bragging about her race to the stones ultra three months down the line) and Little Swinger to at least partly satisfy the WW FH clause, for a rousing chorus of the sexist "They're Alright". (*Rebel had found himself somewhat amused by the signs imploring people to consider the residents and turn their engines off whilst waiting at the roadworks, as our Spreadsheet is the only actual resident along that entire stretch!) JJ, back in the pub for the first time, tried but failed to leave surreptitiously, as new boots Emma and Charles were invited up for the questions. Emma nominated Leon due to a lack of softies, so he got to answer the sexist questions, and to stay with the theme, got the half while Charles had the pint glass. The Numpty mug was still with NickO off in the west of our run area, but Hash Gomi deserved an honourable mention as hash hoarder for the recent fuel issues, although Psychlepath observed that he was another who had been sorely missed, it not feeling like a hash without him. That's as maybe, but you'd better all check your cars before you go in case they've been drained while you were refuelling inside! Another great hash! **Angel & Bouncer**

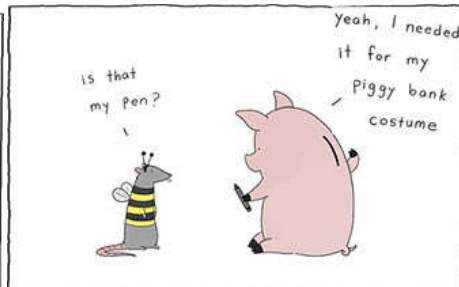
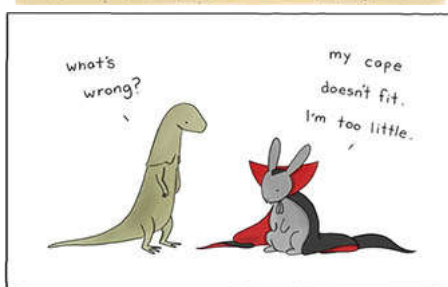
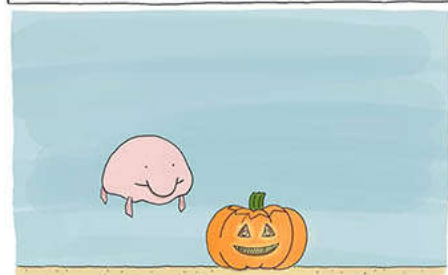
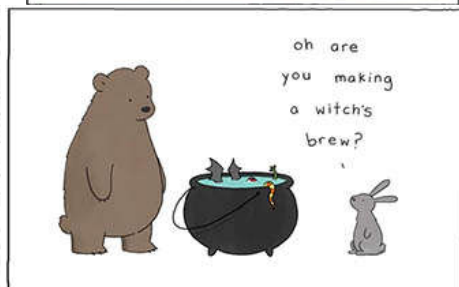
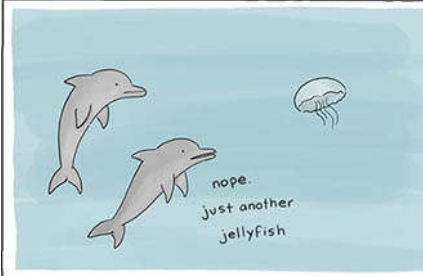
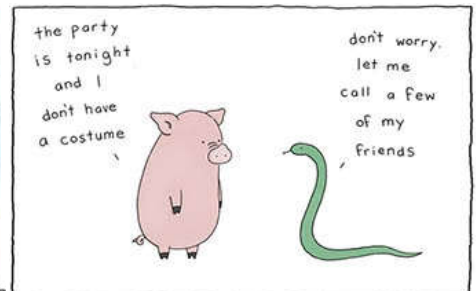


The hares down as JJ plans her escape:

2226 The Heath, Haywards Heath - You know Autumn's arrived when the pub's interior lights bathe the pack in an otherworldly dayglo. And so it was that our runner's hare Psyclepath with cohare Shoots Off Early and walker's hare Summer Lady, triangulated our out northeast along Triangle Ln. Before geometrically foxing the pack with a clever right-left left-right via a twitten, to resume the exact same direction. The runner's maths lesson continued with similar multiple-choice questions, snaking us northeast via dashes and spots to at last turn the corner west at Washington Rd. Off-piste we then headed, through Clair Park, before the trail went south. Firstly through St Wilfred's Church grounds, followed by a circumscrotum of Victoria Park with a risky pinchpoint that could have ended in tears but in fact was pulled off with aplomb. This now official tour of Haywards Heath's parks visited Muster Green, and via a close-hopping twitten-fest, then off-piste once again around Ashenground Park that had the pack thoroughly isosceles-ed. Our hare, emboldened by his pain free pinch point, threw us another bulge at the westmost extent, before the trail headed inward, parallel to the railway, then along old Rocky Ln, and at last the on-inn north along Wivelsfield Rd. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called with an intro down-down for our bespectacled virgin, followed by a call for Haywards Heath runner's visitor Leon. Who was then promptly sent back without down-down, with co runner Emma called in his place, on account of swerving Leon's down-down last week. The plan was thwarted though, by Emma's nominate in favour of Leon, pitching us back where we started with Leon downing the now rather unloved beer. Racier action ensued with Bouncer's call, for remarking upon parking that 'it's OK after sex'. At least that's how the free-parking after six was voiced. Angel's co-calling was on shakier ground for being in the driving seat when said parking occurred. Down-downs were concluded with a call for Ginger Nuts and ? for sprinting through a check. In all a protactor-ed though wholly enjoyable hash. **Ed's note:** No sorry, can't help with the fishhook abuse, however, I would add that apparently the trail was designed by a third party pal of Psychlepaths, who did eventually appear in the pub!



A cute animal Hallowe'en



My wife yelled down from upstairs and asked. "Do you ever get a shooting pain across your body, like someone's got a voodoo doll of you and they're stabbing it?" Sounding concerned, I replied, "No..." She responded, "How about now?"

REHASHING COCKTOBER 2

2227 The Cock, Wivelsfield Green - Hare Gromit gifted us a masterclass in wet-weather trail laying: Despite hours of rain preceding the hash, the clockwise largely-circular trail remained well-marked throughout, seemingly in waterproof flour. Heading east from the pub along North Common Rd, the trail soon headed south into sodden countryside and long grass traverses to rejoin found true trails, that soon had the pack remarking their runners couldn't get any wetter. The trail made two brief visits to tarmac, which might have dried us out had the route not headed straight back out into shiggy. Our Nov 22 fancy-dress run will be the annual moment to remember Bogeyman's much-missed presence. Though will not pass near the stile placed in his memory. And so Gromit's trail thoughtfully included and indeed sited there a much appreciated sipstop, where Bouncer toasted. Once refreshed+snacked, we headed inn-ward north, before joining Green Rd east for the on-inn to the Cock. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called

"Gee ! I like that !"



with a down-down for the hare Gromit, as well as a slap wrist for including a back-check then disappearing at the crucial moment. In mitigation it seems Gromit had crossed the field the wrong way, so used check to get the pack to retrace, however, Shoots Off Early was also culpable for the delay having half-heartedly checked the correct route before announcing it wouldn't be that way as that's where they'd come from. Naturally he'd shot off early so escaped punishment! It was good to see the return of Bo Peep for the first time since Covid19-20 but she'd also made an early exit, however Wilds Thing was another returnee, earning a beer for racism with his 52 marathons in 52 weeks challenge that seems to be rewarding him a PB week on week, Get A Life! Dangleberry was thanked for his growing confidence as stand in RA, which had him taking the tray from beermonster Knight rider last week and passing Kits own pint out in the circle while he watched bottom lip quivering! The pair of them were joined by Hot Fuzz who, as One Erection pointed out, bore a startling resemblance to Prince Andrew. We are not worthy, but we are slightly nervous for the younger ladies present, your Andrewness, so keep your hands to yourself. Eschewing a few notable awards or punishments including Rebel somehow contriving to blow the horn while he had both hands on the stile he was crossing, Pirate forgetting shoes for the second successive week, and Angel's Glasgow kiss on Mother Nature when she headbutted a tree and came off worse, the Numpy mug had finally returned and needed moving on by NickO! When it comes to the actions of one individual resulting in the entire hash being banned from a pub there was never going to be a contest, and so Dangleberry was awarded for accidentally forgetting to pay for his meal on Troubles Hastings hash. Seems like knee jerk to me, or a possible NeLTHGITWOAGS moment, however, the only other nomination would have been Dangleberry, who was so



keen to get beer at Pyecombe the other week that he left his bag in Bosom Boys car who drove off with it. That just left a mention for the City Hash Octoberfest tomorrow night at the Welsh centre Russell Square, and to explain to Ride-It, Baby the significance of ducks with the number two, as she really had no idea it was a bingo call, to conclude another great hash! **R*n review Dangleberry/ Apres Bouncer**

We know that the Earth is flat, but if the sun is a star why isn't it like this?



indeed climaxing with a full-pack pull-back descent then push-on ascent. With the shocking revelation (to the hare) that all along, he'd been using his phone's old trail map instead of new. But not before an enticing invite to The Doobie Den, deep within woodland west of Steyning. The hare assured he didn't frequent, but found on-trail after was a train tik, with torn corner used clearly as spliff crutch, that spoke otherwise. And hence, a second DD for illicit activity while laying. Next up, were virgin w*lkers lan+Chris, joined by the mysterious virgin r*nner known either as Gordon or Eric, and for convenience tagged Gordric. It then transpired that it was actually two separate people, unknown to one another, but both from Somerset, bespectacled, and wearing black. And hereafter tagged Gordric1 and Gordric2, until we come up with something better. Completing the quintet of called virgins was fell r*nner Dalia, heard to remark 'on the fells we know where we're going, but with hash you don't'. Of course with hash at least our hare knows the way. Err. DD's continued for Knight Rider, for slipping twice uphill, bordering on moon-walking, and prompting calls for Strictly auditioning. And downhill, for Hot Fuzz



later, was it revealed that said exchange had been in fact a fizzstick. The last calling was a chaotic DD for the entire pack, less 5, for ascent shortcutting. New boots Melissa and Adrian, who'd followed an expired hash page announcing run at 19.30 so arrived too late to play but stuck around for the social, gallantly took. And so concluded Bathe It's barny hash on a balmy night.

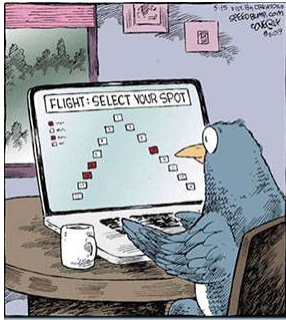
Dangleberry

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Kelly's Eye | 31. Get Up and Run | 61. Baker's Bun |
| 2. One Little Duck | 32. Buckle My Shoe | 62. Turn on the Screw |
| 3. Cup of Tea | 33. Dirty Knees | 63. Tickle Me 63 |
| 4. Knock at the Door | 34. Ask for More | 64. Red Raw |
| 5. Man Alive | 35. Jump and Jive | 65. Old Age Pension |
| 6. Tom Mix | 36. Three Dozen | 66. Chicky-Click |
| 7. Lucky Seven | 37. More than Eleven | 67. Made in Heaven |
| 8. Garden Gate | 38. Christmas Cake | 68. Saving Grace |
| 9. Doctor's Orders | 39. Seeps | 69. Either Way Up |
| 10. Gordon's Den | 40. Naughty Forty | 70. Three Score and Ten |
| 11. Legs Eleven | 41. Time for Fun | 71. Bang on the Drum |
| 12. One Dozen | 42. Winnie The Pooh | 72. Six Dozen |
| 13. Unlucky for Some | 43. Down on your Knees | 73. Queen B |
| 14. Valentine's Day | 44. Droopy Drawers | 74. Candy Soars |
| 15. Young and Keen | 45. Halfway There | 75. Spruce and Scrive |
| 16. Sweet Sausen | 46. Up to Tricks | 76. Troudbones |
| 17. Dancing Queen | 47. Four and Seven | 77. Sunset Serp |
| 18. Coming of Age | 48. Four Dozen | 78. Heaven's Gate |
| 19. Good-bye Teens | 49. PC | 79. One More Time |
| 20. One Score | 50. Half a Century | 80. Eight and Blank |
| 21. Key of the Door | 51. Twinkl of the Thumb | 81. Soap and Run |
| 22. Two Little Ducks | 52. Danny is Rue | 82. Straight on Through |
| 23. Three and Me | 53. Stuck in the Tree | 83. Time for Tea |
| 24. Two Dozen | 54. Clean the Floor | 84. Seven Dozen |
| 25. Duck and Dive | 55. Snakes Alive | 85. Staying Alive |
| 26. Pick and Mix | 56. Was She Worth It | 86. Between the Sicks |
| 27. Gateway to Heaven | 57. Heave Varieties | 87. Torquay in Devon |
| 28. Over-Weight | 58. Make Them Wait | 88. Two Fat Ladies |
| 29. Rise and Shine | 59. Brighton Line | 89. Nearly There |
| 30. Dirty Gentle | 60. Five Dozen | 90. Top of the Shop |

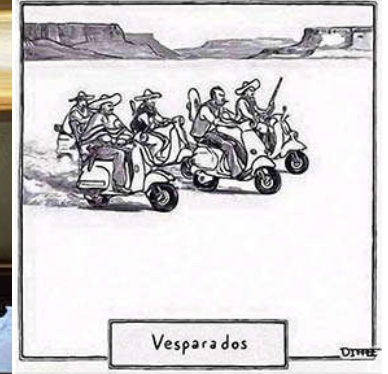
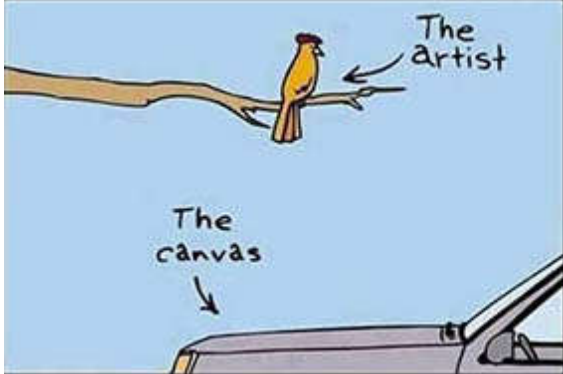
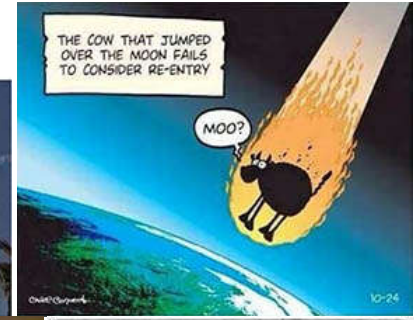
BINGO CALL SHEET



Still trawling the Wildbush vault - with a look at Transport and Animals **COCK**ing up:



holy shit how fast was this rollercoaster going?



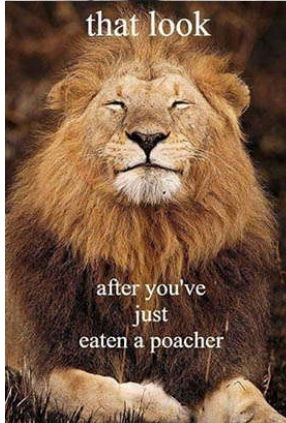
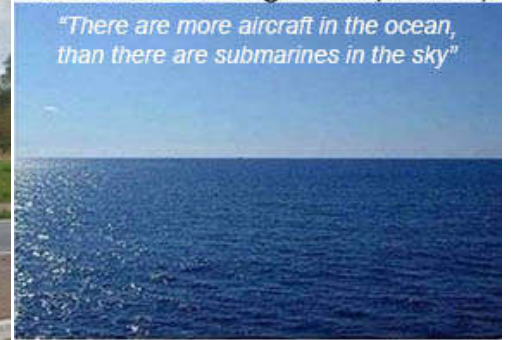
don't be afraid to get old,....



Apparently there's a third option between burial and cremation.



Submarine Racing Championship



that look

after you've just eaten a poacher



"I think it stands for, 'Please Eat The Activist,' which is exactly what I did!"



Mary had a little lamb...

HAD



When you lie on your resume about having previous sheep dog experience.



I've lost a small fortune on my last 3 horse racing bets. Firstly, 'Sunshine' threw the jockey, then, 'Moonlight' fell at the first hurdle, and finally, 'Good Times' finished last. I blame it on the bookie.
A horse walks into a bar. "Hey!" shouted the barman. "Yes Please" replied the horse.

Showing our appreciation on Remembrance day:

This year's Remembrance Day is going to feel especially poignant after so many lives were lost in Afghanistan, only for the resurgence of the Taliban to result in the fall of Kabul again. Let us applaud the work all our forces do in the pursuit of peace.

REMEMBRANCE DAY 11/11

Please take time to remember all those who died in all armed conflicts - including 'G' - AS Gisbert (1903 - 1942) founder of the Hash House Harriers who fell in the Japanese invasion of Singapore

Lest we forget



The following story originally appeared in a magazine about US soldiers. Snopes have been unable to establish how true the original was, factual or not, however, the tale's larger message about showing appreciation for members of the armed forces is a good one:

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight from Gatwick. 'I'm glad I have a good book to read perhaps I will get a short sleep,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of British Army Youngsters came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me so I decided to start a conversation. 'Where are you blokes headed?' I asked the young man seated nearest to me.

"Cyprus. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan." After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that lunches were available for five pounds. It would be several hours before we reached Cyprus, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time. As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his mate if he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just an airline lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five quid. I'll wait till we get to Cyprus.' His mate agreed. I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty pound note. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.'

She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. "My bloke was a soldier in Iraq, it's almost like you are doing it for him." Picking up ten lunchboxes, she headed up the aisle to where the boys were seated. She stopped at my seat on the way back and asked, "Which do you like best - beef or chicken?"

"Chicken," I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class. "Please accept this as thanks."

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. An old bloke stopped me. "I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this." He handed me twenty pounds. Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he wasn't looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand, and said, "I want to shake your hand." Quickly unfastening my seat-belt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, "I was an army pilot a long time back. Once someone bought me lunch, an act of kindness I never forgot." I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A kid who looked about 18 was sitting about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty pounds in my palm. When we landed I gathered my belongings and started to depart. Waiting just inside the aeroplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty pounds! Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip up to their training area. I walked over to them and handed them sixty pounds. "It will take you some time to reach your training area. It will be about time for a sandwich. God Bless You Blokes."

Ten young soldiers left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow Brits. As I walked out, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little...

These guys need to figure out if they want to be seen or not



Cohen grunted.
"I haven't finifed," he said, indistinctly.
"Finished what, old friend?"
"Rememb'rin'," said Cohen.
"Remembering who?"
"The hero who waff buried here, all right?"
"Who was he?"
"Dunno."
"What were his people?"
"Fearch me," said Cohen.
"Did he do any mighty deeds?"
"Couldn't fay."
"Then why?"
"Fomeone 'f got to remember the poor bugger!"
"You don't know anything about him!"
"I can fill remember him!"

The Last Hero - Terry Pratchett



MILITARY CALLED UPON TO HELP EASE THE TRANSPORT CRISES

Sergeant-major yelled at the young soldier, "I didn't see you at camouflage training this morning." He replied "Thank you very much, sir."

Another look at transport - the fuel crisis part 2:

There wouldn't be a petrol shortage if people weren't filling up their tanks.



We HAVE all the fuel we need - just not necessarily in the right places

There is no fuel shortage.....we're just not sure where the delivery was left 😊



Media : We are running out of air!

Idiots :

BREAKING: Due to the fuel shortage, Chris Rea has just started walking home for Christmas.

There are two kinds of people:



"Damn I need to fill up!"



"I know my car"



Anyone else feel like this?



This whole hoarding gas and storing it in unauthorized containers business really needs to stop



Now I know why there is fucking long queues at the garage 🤔🤔🤔



Holidays are coming....

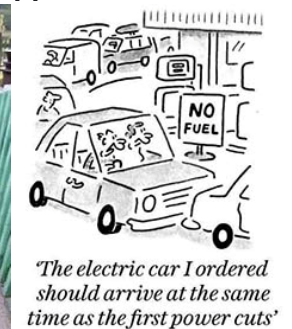


Looking for a couple of gallons of diesel, willing to swap for a doctor's appointment.

no gas no electric and zero emissions these are the vehicles of the future



If we wait here you might get to see your GP'



THE NEXT ITEM IN OUR CATALOG IS A CAN OF PREMIUM UNLEADED...



WHAT'S THIS Q? A STEALTH BOMB? INVISIBILITY FLUID? SECRET JET SKI?

MUCH BETTER THAN THAT BOND, IT'S UNLEADED



Frankly, I've seen better fights on petrol station forecourts'

New Maths Question: You have half a tank of petrol and need to fill up; you use that half a tank to find a filling station. You fill your car with a full tank of petrol and use half to get home again. How much petrol have you used? How much more petrol do you have now from when you started your journey?



IN THE NEWS – COCK-shaped bubbles:

It'll take 3 days for William Shatner to get into space with Jeff Bezos but for £5 more they could arrive by 8.00 tomorrow.



'If the Government publicly denied there were shortages of booster jabs, there'd be queues round the block...'

The shocking and deliberate killing of my old MP David Amess, a genuinely nice man, will have a terrible impact on MP/voter surgeries. Here's a nice story from last month:

SORRY ABOUT YOUR BUDGIE

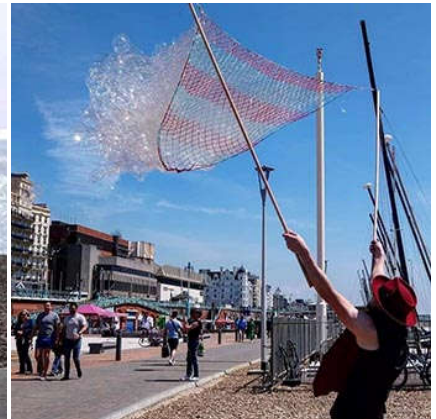
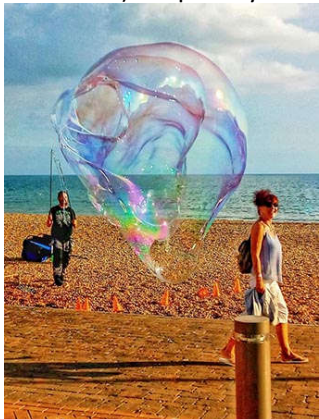
MANY of my fellow MPs are kinder and more decent than the public image allows.

I once entered the office of Southend West Conservative MP Sir David Amess to hear him dictating a heartfelt letter to a constituent. He said: 'Dear Mrs Allan, I am writing to say how sorry I have been to learn of the death of Percy. Percy, your much-loved budgerigar...'

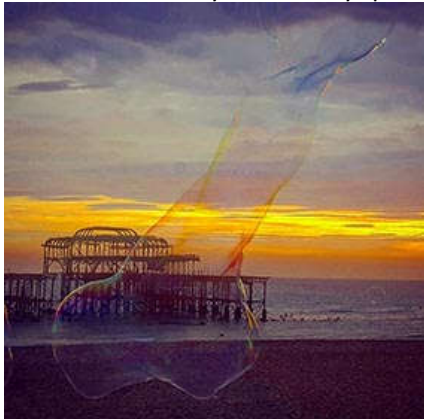
Fun fact: William Shatner had a specially adapted headset for his trip into space, to fit his left ear, his right ear and his final front ear.



Only in Brighton: For the last 3 years I have been attacking people with bubbles down at the i360 (it's a tough job but someone has to do it). I especially like it when someone in an expensive suit walks past with important documents in their hand...



I've had an amazing time in this city and have received so much support from the public for what I do but it's time for pastures new, I just wanted to thank everybody who has stuck a quid in my hat or complimented me on my **cock shaped** bubbles. Also, if anyone has any spare holdalls, backpack or an old suitcase they no longer need I would appreciate anything...

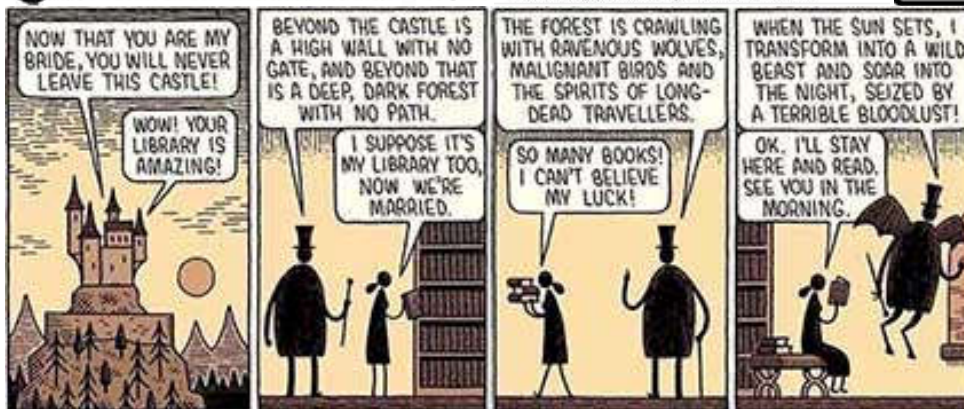


I get asked all the time what my secret ingredient is, I don't usually say for various reasons ...but.... it's lube.... powdered anal lube to be precise.... the lovely gentlemen in Prowler on St James Street know me as the bubble man.... I have literally been covering you all in Anal lube for 3 years.... Goodbye Brighton it's been a wild ride. **The Bubble Man**

A final look at Halloween 2021:



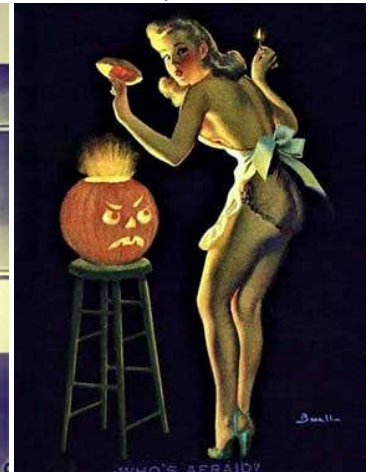
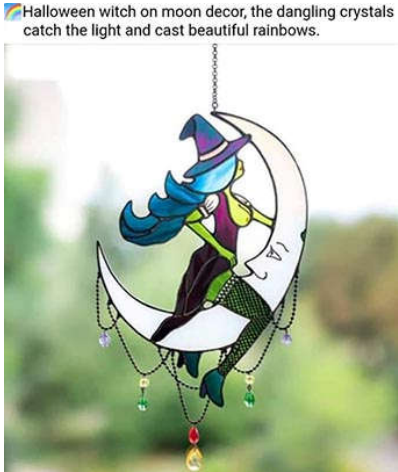
"Hello! Do you have a minute to talk about Dracula?"
 "No- wait, Dracula?"
 "Yes!"
 "You're vampires?"
 "Yes. We have pamphlets."
 "Vampires have missionaries?"
 "Where else would new vampires come from?"
 "I assumed you bit people."
 "There are many hurtful stereotypes. May we come in?"



Wife: "I have blisters on my hands from the broom." Husband: "Next time take the car, silly."



Does anyone know where adults can trick or treat? Looking for a neighbourhood that hands out pizza and beer!



Does anyone else think it's sad that there's so few options for aspiring mongers? Only fear, war and fish!

THE BELL END



A woman walks into an accountant's office and tells him that she needs to file her taxes. The accountant says, "Before we begin, I'll need to ask a few questions." He gets her name, address, social security number, etc. and then asks, "What is your occupation?" The woman replies, "I'm a whore." The accountant balks and says, "No, no, no. I can't put something so blatant. Let's try to rephrase that." The woman, "OK, I'm a prostitute." "No, that is still too crude. Try again." Finally the woman states, "I'm a chicken farmer." The accountant asks, "What does chicken farming have to do with being a prostitute?". "Well, I raised over 5,000 cocks last year."



What did the boy octopus say to the girl octopus? A: Can I hold your hand, hand, hand, hand, hand, hand, hand, hand?



Why are the Chinese no good at cricket? Because they eat all the f*cking bats!

Scenes from the cutting room floor:
#1 King Dong

