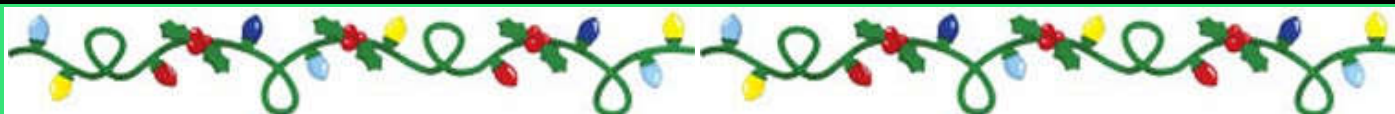




Trash #307 December 2021



DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
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.				
13th December 2021	2235	The Dorset, Lewes	BN7 2RD	Rebel Without His Keys
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. Go past pub and turn right for public car park. Est. 15 mins. ## RWHK's 500th hash! ##				



20th December 2021 2236 Hassocks Hotel, Hash socks BN6 8HN CHRISTMAS PARTY AND AWARDS
Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. **Est 15 mins.** *** <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/bh7-xmas-run/> ***

27th December 2021 2237 Eager hare required!

3rd January 2022 2238 Saddlescombe Farm BN45 7DE St. Bernard saves the day!

Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. **Est. 10 mins**

onononononononononononononononononon

10/01/22 Duke of Wellington, Shoreham – Bouncer's 1000th
17/01/22 Eager hare required!
24/01/22 Eager Burns hash hare required!
31/01/22 Eager hare required!

ononononononononononononononon

05/12/21	CRAP H3 – The Carriage, Crawley Down	RH10 4TX
	Ginger Nuts & T-Bone <i>(as MeMe stuck in Switzerland!)</i>	
05/12/21	EGH3 – The Wheatsheaf, Bough Beech	TN8 7NU
	Bolly Knickers and Statler	
19/12/21	EGH3 & friends – Christmas hash	Groombridge Village Hall

[illegible]

Thought for the day: A new flightless bird has been discovered in Iceland - a frozen turkey.



Seasonings Greeting

Remembering Lorna Elwick



As reported at the Farmers hash and by E-mail, Don's wife, who fell ill in 1993 with locked-in syndrome, sadly passed away on 11th November. She had a close connection with the hash and in 1994 we ran a relay round Sussex to raise funds to buy communication equipment for her. The days of the hash dominating the 100 mile South Downs Relay being behind us, this evolved into a return to the original 80 mile relay by the hash over the coming years, but when the year ended in 4 it was back to again raise funds for Lorna with further Round Sussex events in 2004 and 2014. The family home being on several levels and therefore inappropriate for Lorna to return to in her wheelchair, Don moved mountains to buy the Coldean Mormon Meeting House, which had a large floor area enabling her some independence. There were several wonderfully chaotic days with the hash 'helping' Don knock it into shape, all fuelled by beer, snacks and good-humour, and she eventually moved in with a day of celebration in 1996. Lorna was always very grateful for our efforts, organised variously by Chopper, Prof and Spreadsheet, and would endeavour to get along to the hashes at Local Knowledge's place whenever she was able. If you wish to read more take a look at the trash back issues #15, #16, #19, #30, #93, #205 and #207. (*at least on numbers, with at least 9 teams one year, but the A team did hold the course record for half an hour or so!)*

Hello, Hashers,

Many of you older hashers will have known Lorna, my wife, who was profoundly disabled back in 1993 with Locked-In Syndrome. She made quite amazing progress in recovery, in that she was, with all the right carers and gadgets, able to live a very full life. One thing that happened, shortly after her disability onset, was that the Hash raised thousands of pounds to help her purchase a special speech and communications gadget, made by the chap who did that for Stephen Hawkins. This really made a difference, and enabled her to make herself understood, to write letters, and to generally get people to do the right things for her, and have conversations once again. 28 years have passed since then, very fruitful and happy years for the most part. Unfortunately, only about 10 days ago, she suddenly took a downward turn, and passed away peacefully on the 11th of November.

Her family are all here, and we are sorting out her affairs and the funeral.

Thanks to all of you who knew her and helped her feel welcome at Hash events, such as on earlier South Downs Relays and at Pete Eastwoods barbecues!

Cheers,

Don.

Dear Don and Family, I am so sorry to hear the very sad news about Lorna! I cannot believe it has been 28 years that she has been fighting. What a courageous woman she was! What an inspiration to us all to never give up and never stop fighting for life. Then to summon up all the energy needed to communicate with mouthing each letter and spelling out each word to form sentences. Lorna was so positive and her sense of humour was just brilliant! Sending you all our love hugs and positive thoughts. Please do let us know when the funeral is and wherever we can help in any way. possible. Julia Sasha Ruby Beatrice and Alexandra XXXXX

Hi Don, So sorry to hear of your sad loss. I'm sure your family are a great comfort at this sad time. My sympathies and best wishes to you all. Julie

Oh Don so sorry to hear this, what sad news! I, and subsequently we, felt a special fondness for Lorna since that awful day, the eve of the relay, when hers and your world collapsed and feel like

we've been on a little part of the journey with her. Your efforts to enrich her situation always involved the whole hash, for which we are grateful, and we had several special days endeavouring to bring the chapel up to a standard where you could live and she would be able to get around. It was quite wonderful to feel a part of Phil's Round Sussex relays, when the year ends in 4, to raise funds for her to help with the communication and computers that would enable her to apply herself as she needed. I always enjoyed conversing with Lorna when she was able to join us, and remember well her early frustrations as she came to terms with a very much altered life. As Julia said, it seems incredible that it has been 28 years since she became locked in, time really takes no prisoners! All our love to you, Theresa, Lawrence, Alys and the rest of the family, and rest in peace Lorna, in our thoughts and memories. Take care, Bouncer & Angel xxx

Don, So sad to hear of Lorna's passing. Likewise I cannot believe it has been 28 years since diagnosis. She fought her condition courageously and I hope you and the family are somewhat comforted as to our small contribution from the Hash family, towards her communications machine. May her memory, always be remembered as a blessing. Ivan

Condolences Don & family, I also cannot believe it has been 28 yrs since you broke the terrible news to us all, the strength and fortitude that Lorna, you and the rest of your family have shown, has been an inspiration to us all and we were all glad that we could raise some money and help out when you needed it. On On, Nigel (mudlark)

Condolences Don. It's almost impossible to imagine how difficult the last 28 years must have been, both for Lorna and you and the rest of the family. However she is at peace now and you and the family are in my thoughts and prayers. As others have said, I am glad the hash was able to be of some practical help. Hugh

I have received many expressions of sadness and condolence about Lorna's death, and often with, the recognition that she did make the most of her life, to engage as fully as possible, and keep it fun and interesting! I think she preferred it when things didn't go exactly to plan ... seeing that as hilarious! So thank you all, for your kind thoughts. Cheers, Don.



Thanks to Lawrence for the pictures. Donations in Lorna's memory may be made to the Brighton Open Air Theatre at www.brightonopenairtheatre.co.uk or to The Ocean Clean Up North Pacific at www.justgiving.com/lornaheppelloceancleanup.

REHASHING...



Blame One Erection for this. He decided we should dress as All Saints for All Saints day but I only had a Spice Girls picture - Ed

roundabout, co-opted as check, which should have attracted DD for over exuberant marking. High Cliff was explored, nearly losing some FRBs in the murk, before rejoining Gibbon and thence Upper Valley Rd, for the descent to the A259. Then thru Newhaven's pedestrianised central canyon, for the scenic Ouseside promenade south to the pub, with a last improbable check on the in. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, except for one individual that arrived a minute before 7, circle was called with a complete oversight not for the first time of a DD for the hare. After the pack remedied, virgin Chris was called: Pete had made him come, it was long enough, we know not if it was hard enough as unasked, and Chris will come again, though perhaps he's now reviewing that. Next KIU was called, for undertaking a marathon of the upright kind on his wedding anniversary. For which his defence was taking Wildbush out for a meal, for which WB paid, so DD's fair cop. Hash Gomi was then called for getting lost and never catching up, no bloody use! The fourth DD was awarded to Ginger Nuts for being so rapid that he had to run the same fishhook at position 1 and then 7, an occurrence seemingly without precedent. And then onto the pièce de resistance, the calling of suitable victims sorry representatives for the 3 local hashes that had inexplicably all set trail this Sun 7th, starting just 21 minutes apart but many miles adrift. Up was Gromit for EGH3, Bushsquatter for Hastings, and WB for CRAP. Each of which were given 30s to make their case, with the pack's applause or otherwise registered by I Need One valiantly acting as ad hoc clapometer. With EGH3 setting off at 10.45 Gromit was first up and relied on the hares experience but failed to consider that one of them, the Late Dave Lewis, resides in Limbo his common sense long having parted despite his body still moving. Wildbush took all of 2 seconds to make her point, that it was a CRAP hash so the hash would be crap, which probably went very little way to advertising it! With a start of 1066 (11.06) Bushsquatter rambled on. And on. And on, even after the buzzer went, about the experience of the hares, the veracity of the trail, the wonders of the sip stop &c &c. Time will tell whether the vote, comprehensively won by CRAP H3 (*partly due to the RA's miscalculation of putting one of the CRAP officials as CRAPometer, but also by Wildbush being most effective at putting the beer away*), or indeed the events have any bearing on reality. On On.DB



The Ho Chi Minh memorial on the quay



The Joanna C memorial on the quay. Lost November 2020

Run 2230 White Hart, Henfield Being so close to Fireworks night meant that a fireworks display at the sip had been well advertised, which inevitably was at Trevors place, something the walkers had been given the heads up on, although subject to the caveat that we didn't get there before 8pm. It shouldn't have happened, but Local Knowledge poo-pooed the concept of looking at Wildbush's map and set off on a charge dragging all in his wake. The resultant concrete had them arriving all too early, necessitating a bit of an add-on to soak up some minutes, but soon enough the pack were coming in to enjoy Liz's comestibles washed down with beer and accompanied by sparklers, and an excellent albeit short-lived one-box display. With plenty of beer available it seemed daft paying for it at the pub so, after the obvious "Is Don here? Can we take it to drink in the pub car park?" joke (*see page 2*), a circle-up was called, although not before a few of the walkers had gone to add a bit more on. Crince Prashpian was congratulated on his trail coming in at a nice 4.38 miles as promised with, after his amusing malapropism at the start, hishfooks, and wireforks! Bo Peep had arrived late but caught up with the walkers and decided to cut her losses by staying with them, literally just as they deviated from true trail, so really didn't have a good night, compounded by leaving sip early so she didn't even get her downer! A very long overdue return, due to him working in Italy, earned a beer for Imelda who'd also forgotten that you have to wait for the cue to drink. At this rate you're going to be a very old man when you finally hit that 100 Liam! That this was a fancy dress run was a figment of

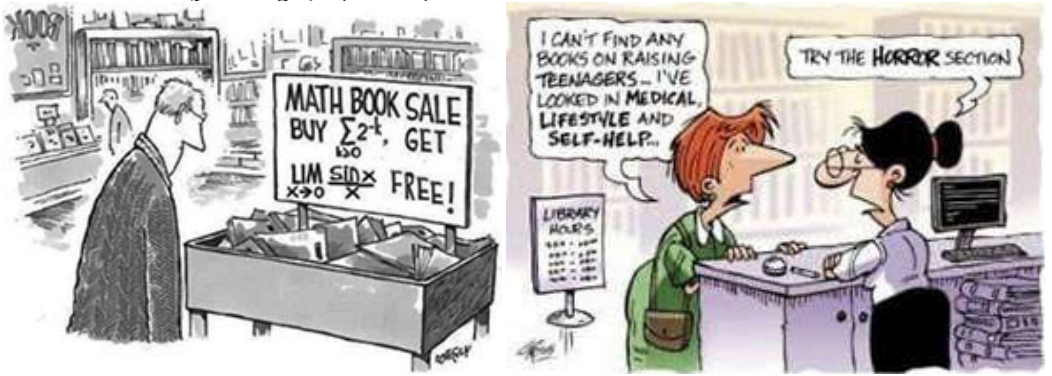


Keeps It Up's imagination, who'd endeavoured to cover his tracks, but not before some had made the effort including winner NickO with his tribal and colourful smock top. There were two new namings on the CRAP hash yesterday with non-drinker Emma becoming Nominator (*she actually drank her own downer this time as there was water available*), and Marvin (*"Why did they call you Marvin, Gay?"*), which received the BH7 rubber-stamp, and Sticky Balls found himself in the circle for upsetting the old guard of Sussex hashing with EGH3 resolving their winter running schedule into 2nd and 4th Sundays instead of every other to avoid future clashes (*see page 2*). And finally, Angel was awarded the Numpty mug by Lily the Pink for a remark about him only having 2 letters in his name, which doesn't actually work on any level. Back in the pub, we were honoured with another long lost hasher with postman Malcolm Lane putting in an appearance, before Gromit who lives about a mile away from the pub, revealed he'd driven down! Kept that quiet before the circle mate. Another great firework hash!

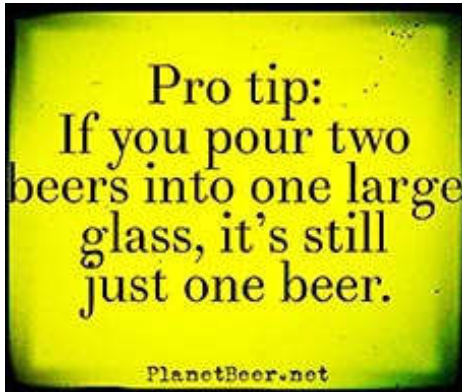


Still trawling the Wildbush vault - with a look at [contribed shoehorning into] Christmas:
Finding the perfect present:

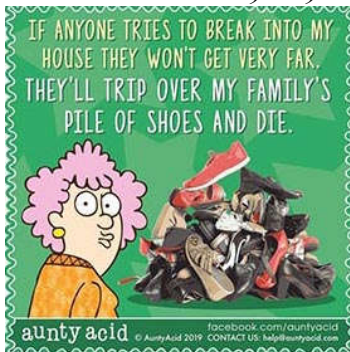
Just bought a log cabin from Ikea for the inlaws:



Resorting to drink:



When the family arrives:



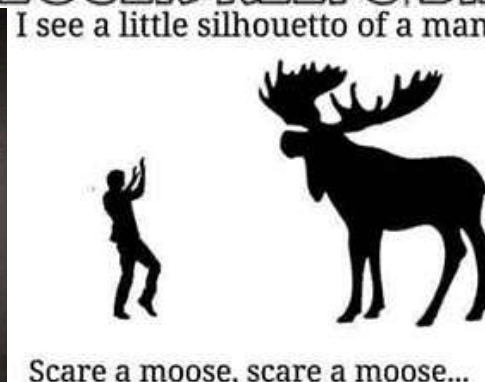
Never underestimate the power of a hug. Or a slap upside the head whatever works!



The main meal:

Games after:

Relaxing with the TV or some fresh air:



REHASHING (ctd.)



Farmers, Scaynes Hill – On the dot of 7, after a quick introduction from Hot Fuzz – 5 miles, 2 road x-ings etc – we set off past the petrol station for a quick 1km run down a country lane, helped by a well-placed fishhook. After that it was a beautiful hash through wet grassy fields and autumnal woods with crispy leaves as a perfect bed to run on. Bo Peep made good use of a cow pat to slide through the field, then we had a few shiggy spots, some with well-made bridges to reduce the muddy experience, although Prof chose to slide along a very muddy path instead of taking the easier option thinking it would be quicker than being stuck behind the girls ahead of him. Despite his four legs, Rico wasn't so keen on the bridge so Drambulie had to carry him. Our visitor Serbs etc., over from Hong Kong H3 for a couple of weeks, complained about the weather at 9°C, being used to 20°C, but I felt it was perfect for running. With a mile to go we overtook the walkers for a flurry of car key exchanges by Angel & Drambulie, then another set of wonderful woods. There was some confusion at the end as a few picked up the out trail arrow and very nearly went round again, but perhaps not as confusing as the earlier section where we went back down a trail we'd gone up previously to find arrows pointing in both directions at once! Somehow the hare managed very well, especially given that assistant hare, Shoots Off Early had been called away for an emergency and was unable to join him.

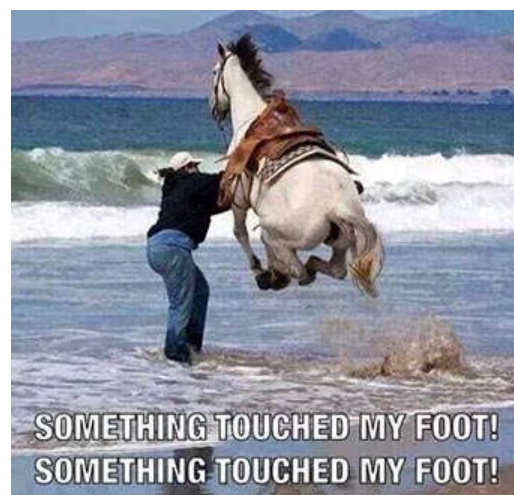
Angel

Circling up, RA Bouncer chose the closest hash to Remembrance day to share some memories of

Lorna Elwick who, after 28 years with locked in Syndrome, lost her battle on the 11th (see page 3). Moving on the hare had been heard to observe that it all looks different in the dark, while adopting a free-haring style to cover up losing trail briefly, but was congratulated on a fine run anyway. Serbian Spammer Bomber Baron etc received a BH7 add-on to his convoluted name, along with his downer, with 'I've never actually been to Serbia' getting shoehorned in there somewhere. Ginger Nuts was called for trying to go round again, modelling the correct proportion of shiggy to leg, which One Erection seemed unfamiliar with, so he also joined the sinners for covering a fishhook with leaves. Bo Peep escaped her cowpat slip by not joining us in the pub, but Silver Berk went beyond just being earthy enough to use the countryside when nature called, by announcing that she was happy to do a martini pee, anytime anyplace, anywhere! While there she announced next weeks pub and Bogeyman fancy dress, asking Where's My Broccoli if she had anything to add, after which Angel was asked the same question as holder of the Numpty mug, which went to Prof as above. Another great hash!

The Horse, Hurstpierpoint – After a few words of wisdom the pack was off round the back of the pub and down the road. Fortunately the hare, One Erection, had put down plenty of flour so the latecomers and 7.30pm runners could follow easily, which was useful given that the A27 had closed following an accident, although Rebel had also forgotten various bits of equipment so opted to join the walkers. We were soon off road through tunnels of trees lined with thick crisp leaves. Most had expected the possibility of low temperatures but it had suddenly warmed up so you could barely see your breath by the end. There were several fishhooks much to Ginger Nuts delight, although he was greatly disappointed to find he had missed one. Passed a viewpoint, a wall where everyone shone their torches on so we could get a good look. At about 4.5 miles we reached the cheese and wine stop, modified to cheese ball and wine stop as hare ran out of time, but the wine was good and there was plenty of it. Heading back down the road it was still a good 20 minutes to the pub, not an easy run for those of us still sipping wine and not wanting to spill it so I was glad to get back, but the 7.30 group of Knightrider, Prof and Mudlark weren't far behind! **Angel**

There was some consternation in the pub as the menu had changed in-between the spreadsheet orders and on the night, resulting in those who'd ordered fish and chips going without, those who'd ordered chicken and mushroom pie being presented with steak and kidney (much, particularly, to Keeps It Up's annoyance who is not a fan!), and then there was Dangleberry. The latter was our RA for the evening as pack levied a preposterous allegation against accomplished hare One Erection, of dry trail,



amidst a sea of shiggied trainers. He's The Meanest seemed appropriate. New boot Mike was customarily quizzed, it was long-hard enough, he'll be back, and who made him come is lost to the record. Next called was Silver Berk, for pre-running away from the pub asking where the pub was. I'm sorry but it had to be No F'ing Use! Cleverly SB had done a pre-DD runner. Little Swinger was called for nearly pre-run running-over newly-named Marvin nee-Gay. Called next was the night's prize plonker Dangleberry, for jokingly pre-ordering Ham, Eggs, Fish, Beef Burger, Veggie Burger, Chicken Pie, Chips, and Chips, and forgetting to slim the order pre-run so they made him pay! They'd thoughtfully awarded him double pie to make up for no fish and chips but then 'threw' one away when he asked for it to be boxed to take home and they'd run out of boxes. At £11 a go this was a very expensive mistake and piss poor customer service and abuse of the pre-order designed to make their life easier, but thankfully there were plenty of helpers to eat most of the rest of his surplus.. Shoots Off Early naturally shot off early, so swerved DD for mid-trail shoe loss. Bouncer+Angel took DDs in honour of the snowed-inn and suspected hashers in the Tan Hill Inn while sharing the story of a visit to the pub when walking the Pennine Way. Angel had walked the first three days in Doc Marten's and paid the price in blisters, so used Bouncers trainers for the next couple of days despite being a couple of sizes larger. Reaching Hawes she was able to get a decent pair of walking boots but in the Tan Hill she met a couple from Seaford who offered to take the DM's so that she didn't have to carry them, and they even brought them round when they got home!. And DDs concluded with the recognition of Trouble's unexpected presence, following her S.Africa trip squiring by Omicron.

On On, Dangleberry



SPOT THE HASHER!

Test your knowledge of BH7 hasher names! Using just the (mostly) Christmas themed picture clues can you identify the Brighton hashers depicted? Clues may be based on their hash name, real name, extra-hash activities or even nationality and most are regular hashers, but there are a couple of cheeky ones that have yet to return post-Covid, after an easy one to start:

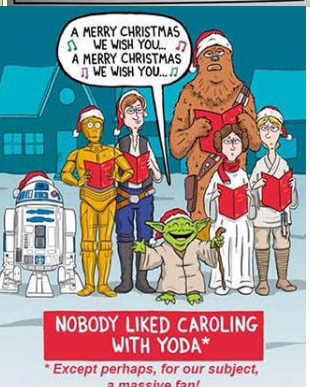
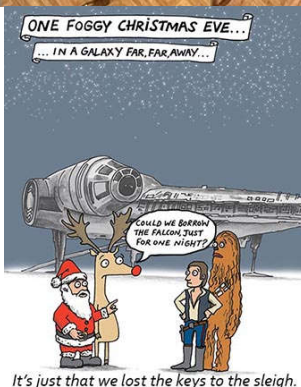
LITTLE BO-PEEP'S



CHRISTMAS MIX-UP



Selling this baby deer. he around 4 months, not got lie occasionally he barks but that's only cause he bilingual. Message me for prices #Dave B.



AutoSave ON Deo — Saved —

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
1	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria
2	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria
3	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria
4	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria
5	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria
6	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria	Gloria



REHASHING the Bogeyman memorial fancy dress night



Red Lion, Lindfield – Annual Bogeyman Memorial Fancy Dress Run – What made the run special for me, was the presence of those seen less often, who's attendance marked respect for our much-missed hasher on trail, Bogeyman. That and his imaginative fancy dress getups being honoured by the sheer variety of outfits on display at the well-attended evening, numbering 40 in all. Who, herded by hares, Silver Berk & Where's My Broccoli, embarked northward before picking up latecomer sweeper Dangleberry and the Sussex Ouse Valley Way eastward. The hares foxed the pack with a quicky in then out of Henfield Wood, before traversing westward onto Snowdrop Lane, then through an uncharacteristically mark-free stretch. Before re-entering the suburbia of Walstead,

then Lindfield, via the B2111 for the On Inn. Though not before Roaming Pussy's fabulous sip stop spread, with the now familiar cheesy masterstroke of c*cks and f**t. After the usual pub refreshment+sustenance, circle was called with DD for the hares, and half-broom. Visitors were represented by Euroyob (EGH3) and One In The Eye (OCH3), thence new boot Tom, plus welcomes for Jack+Laura. Followed by roar-o-meter voting on best fancy dress, from the assembled Cousin Tit Dangleberry, St Trinian's Bushsquatter, Nun In The Eye, Angel of Hearts, Roaming Beer Girl, and Camo Virgin Tom. Roariest Roaming, whose Beer Girl outfit tapped straight to hashers hearts, nominated Tom, who's clearly no newcomer to the fast-sunk pint. Next up in the "You Know You're a Hasher When..." category, Ginger Nuts was called for the over-exuberance of virtual fishhooking at parkrun, and Marvin (who should really have been called FOMO!) announced that she'd be at the next CR&P hash on Sunday 5th, but would have to scarper early as it's her wedding anniversary. At the same time, absent holder Prof's Numpty was onward-awarded to Dangleberry, for a mid-trail call to Ivan, repeatedly asking where the fukaru, Fukarwe?, only to conclude it wasn't our Ivan, leaving this unidentified Ivan riled by the sweary call. There followed the improbable revelation of Local Knowledge's modelling career launch, as evidenced by his Santa spitting image on a Corn Flakes packet, and the double-improbability of his attendance as Santa! Dangleberry duly nominated, the packet was co-opted as funnel. DD's were rounded-out with Bo Peep's cowpat slip that advanced her a pack position last week as well as her late appearance at the Guy Fawkes run a fortnight ago, which ended up with her getting caught with the walkers. BP nominated Bouncer, and so concluded a suitably madcap evening of memories. On a sombre note, we remembered On On Don's sadly-departed Lorna, who so many recognised in messages as having lived a life to the fullest, in the most challenging circumstance. Lorna's funeral is on Tuesday 30th at 1pm, with wake at the Jack and Jill pub. If you could let On On Don donelwick1@gmail.com know if attending. **Dangleberry**



Camo kid; Beer Girl & Queen of Hearts



Knightrider



Local Knowledge finds fame...



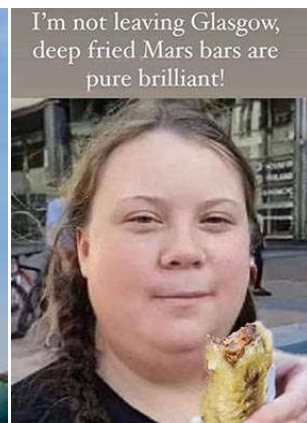
..but Cousin Tit downs!



Climate Change Claus is comin' to town.



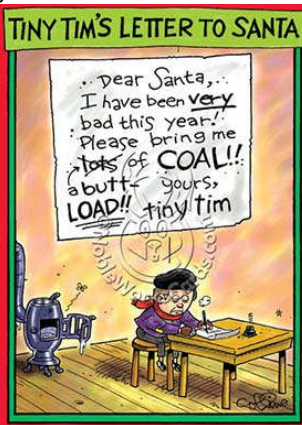
GLOBAL WARMING



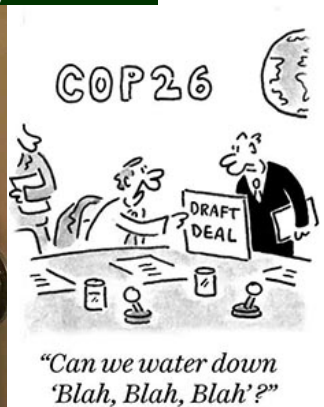
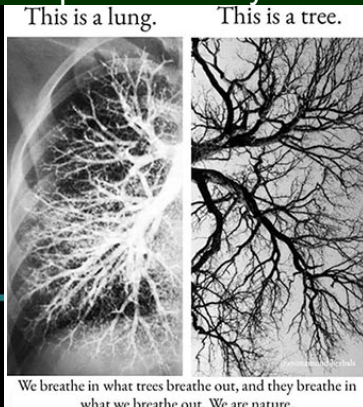
I'm not leaving Glasgow, deep fried Mars bars are pure brilliant!

IN THE NEWS – Cop26

Glasgow Hash offered the following travel hints for anyone thinking of going to Glasgow for COP26: 1) GH3 is on Mondays at 1900; 2) It rains in Glasgow most days, if it is not raining currently it is best to expect rain soon; 3) probably due to internet shopping the good city centre hardware shop has closed, fortunately Amazon can supply heavy chains and padlocks on next day delivery; 4) If chains are not your thing, before you superglue (other adhesives are available) your face to the environment please remember that you are making a long term statement as the local NHS waiting list time for general surgery is c80 weeks.



Is the plan for one person to ultimately rule over a dead world whilst sitting atop a giant pile of money? Is that what we are working toward?



Being Green: At the store checkout, the cashier suggested to an older lady that she should bring her own grocery bags, as plastic bags are not good for the environment. The woman apologized to the girl and explained, "We didn't have this 'green thing' when I was growing up." The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations." The older lady said that she was right our generation didn't have the "green thing" in its day and went on to explain: Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. **But we didn't have the "green thing" back in our day.** Grocers gave us our purchases in brown paper bags that we reused for numerous things, most memorable besides household garbage, was their use as covers for our schoolbooks, to ensure that public property (the books provided for our use by the school) was not defaced by our scribbling as we personalized them. **But too bad we didn't do the green thing back then.**

We walked up stairs because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right. We didn't have the "green thing" in our day. Back then, we washed the baby's nappies because we didn't have disposables. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy-gobbling machine burning up 220 volts -- wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. **But that young lady is right; we didn't have the green thing back in our day.** Back then we had one TV, or radio, in the house -not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of Wales. In the kitchen we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. **But she's right; we didn't have the "green thing" back then.**

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blade in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. **But we didn't have the "green thing" back then.**

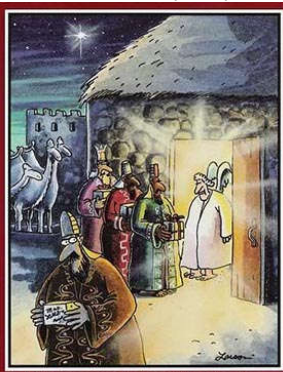
Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service in the family's £30,000 Chelsea tractor or van, which cost what a whole house did before the "green thing." We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 23,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest burger joint. **But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the "green thing" back then?**

Drink beer and recycle part 1: It takes glass one million years to decompose, which means it never wears out and can be recycled an infinite amount of times.

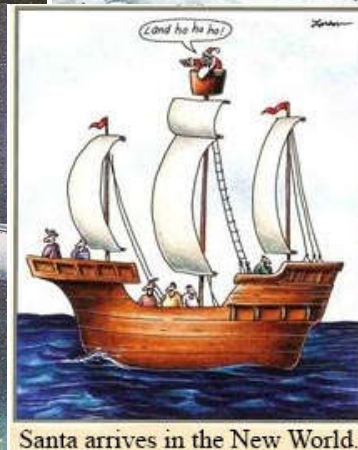
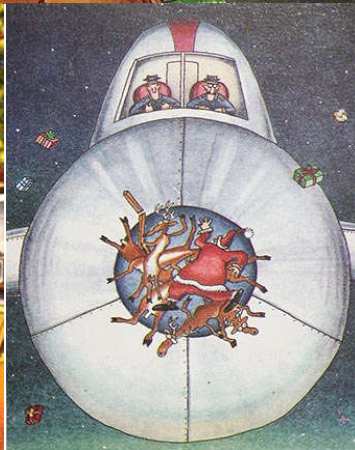
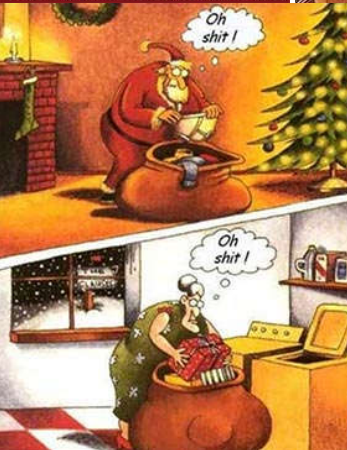
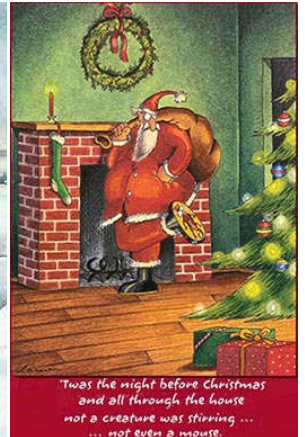


The Far Side of Christmas

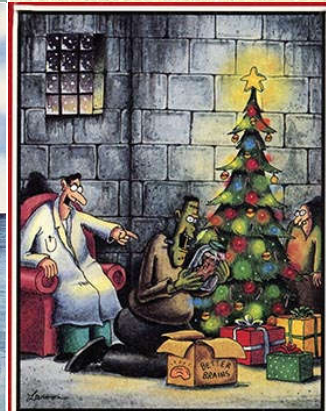
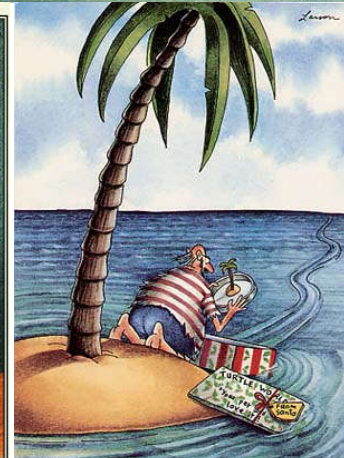
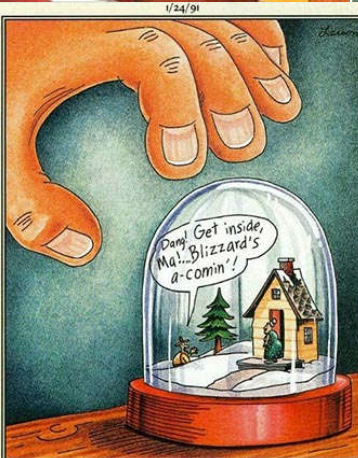
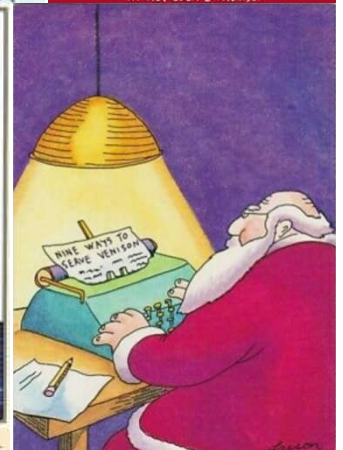
Home security reminder part 1: A lot of people are going away for Christmas which makes their homes easy pickings for burglars. For security reasons you are strongly recommended to leave one of your children behind to construct a series of elaborate booby traps to defend your interests.



Unbenownst to most theologians, there was a fourth wise man who was turned away for bringing fruit cake.



Santa arrives in the New World.



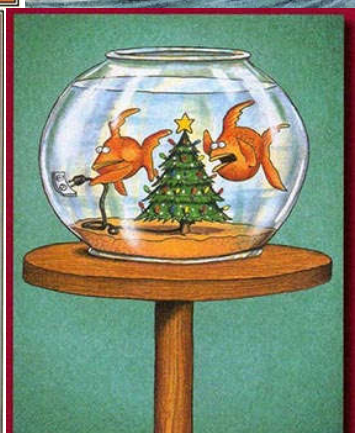
"And that's a lot bigger than the one you're using now!"



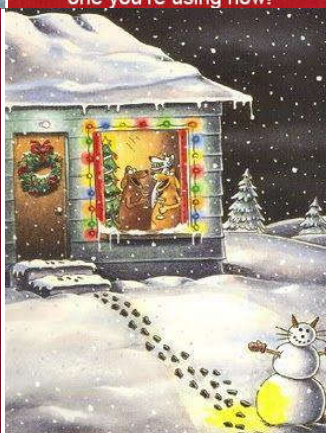
"Well, this shouldn't last too long."



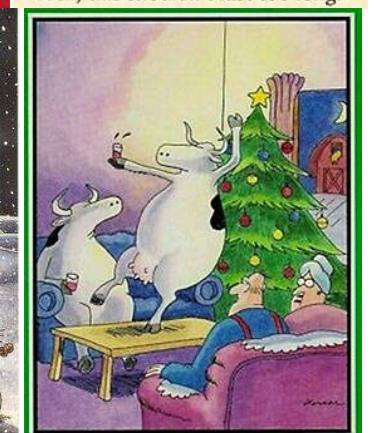
"These little ones are mice. ... These over here are hamsters. ... Ooh! This must be a gerbil!"



"Bob! You fool. ... Don't plug that thing in!"



"Satisfied? ... I warned you not to invite the cows in for a few drinks."



"Satisfied? ... I warned you not to invite the cows in for a few drinks."

This holiday season, it's important to remind people of the true meaning of Christmas - ghosts terrorizing rich people in the middle of the night until they agree to pay their employees more.

IN THE (believe it or not it's all true) NEWS

Drink beer and recycle part 2: When investing your next £1000 consider this:

1. A £1000 worth of Nortel stock one year ago is now worth £49.00
 2. A £1000 worth of Enron stock one year ago is now worth £16.50
 3. A £1000 worth of WorldCom stock one year ago is now worth less than £5.00
- Now consider this: If one year ago you had invested a £1,000.00 in Harvey's beer (not the stock) and drank it all before returning the empty bottles for the 10p deposit, you would now have over £70!



Secret Drug Addict
@SecretDrugAddict

I've got an Eton-themed advent calendar, where all the doors are opened for me by my dad's contacts.

8:04 pm - 30 Nov 2021 - Twitter Web App



'Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish and you annoy the French for a lifetime'



'If sea levels rise a couple of metres, whole cities could be affected by new fishing disputes'



'He's a brilliant working dog, but I worry it interferes with his job as an MP'



'I'm urging all MPs with two jobs to get a third, booster job, to see them through Christmas'



'You don't still believe in the supply chain crisis, do you? Your parents make it up so they don't have to buy you Christmas presents'



'They switched on the Christmas lights in the high street and two more energy firms went bust'

In a busy month for news, fishing disputes have been a constant on & off 'good day to bury bad news' for the government to draw attention away from all the finger-wagging about MP's with undeclared second jobs. The supply chain crisis continues to threaten hope for a 'back-to-semi-normal' Christmas, and energy prices force more suppliers out of business.



The **I** wins this years 'best-ever headline' while dystopia becomes the new normal with Doublespeak and Squid games.



Fuel prices continue to rocket, Boris confuses business leaders with the kids, referencing Peppa Pig in a speech to the CBI!



Yorkshire CC in racism row, HS2 Leeds extension withdrawn, local boy makes good as one-time Southwick player Ralf Rangnick becomes Manchester United's interim manager, but the Omicron B* variant threatens no Crimbo. *Following the Greek alphabet naming, Nu would have been confusing, and Xi is the name of the Chinese Premier. Next comes Pi, which is never-ending!

THE BOOBY TRAP is decorating the tree:

First select the size and colour:



“zat you hun?”
Angel makes subtle
tree size comparisons:



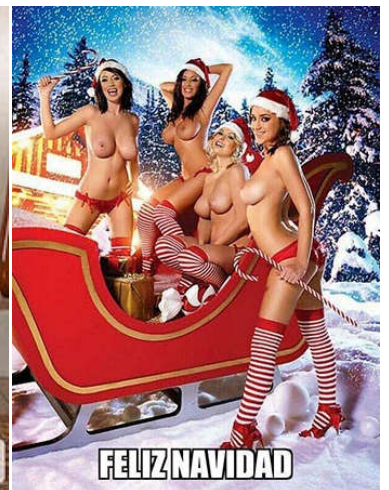
Add decorations – lots of lovely boobles!



But it's hot work, so you make sure you're not overdressed:

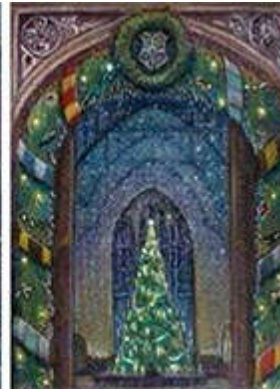


All done, and time for play:



Premature treejaculation: tre•jahk•yul•ay•shun
- the act of erecting one's festive décor in any month prior to December.

THE CHRISTMAS BONUS



BECAUSE GINGERBREAD HOUSES
ARE TOO MAINSTREAM

Public told to plan ahead for Christmas due to supply issues, forcing majority of men to bring their shopping forward to Dec 23rd.



'Threats of new restrictions and a ban on indoor gatherings. It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas'

This is absolutely shocking when you see it like this!



CHRISTMAS TO-DO-LIST

- ~~buy~~ ^{BE} presents
- ~~wrap~~ ^{SOMEONE} gifts ^{IN A HUG}
- ~~send~~ ^{PEACE} gifts
- ~~shop~~ ^{DONATE} for food
- ~~see~~ ^{BE} the lights

Home security reminder part 2: For those without kids



Can't be too careful, Dummy ones installed for £19.99. Order today!

CHRISTMAS RULES:

1. Don't go into debt trying to show people how much you love them.
2. Don't go visit your family if it compromises your mental health.
3. If someone comments on your weight... eat them.



MyPositiveOutlooks.com

To do

- Go to school Christmas concert
- Go to school Christmas play
- Go to school Christmas fair
- Decide to live at school as easier
- Buy Jumper for school Christmas jumper day
- Buy mince pies for various festive events
- Buy own mince pie back at festive events
- Buy teachers large bottle of gin
- Buy own self large bottle of gin
- Buy ALL the things
- Sponsor ALL the things
- Bring in pound coins and let them randomly around the playground whilst singing "it's the most wonderful time of the year!"
- Something about a Jesus fancy dress competition or was that a bad dream?!
- Bring in eyeballs on skewers for PTA Christmas raffle
- Donate kidney for school Christmas hamper

MURKIN FOR GIN

Alright own up, who left the rappers in the tin????



A bunch of Irish lads doing a Christmas pub crawl dressed as selection box is still absolute genius!



Just seen a sign in Tesco's saying Turkey £29. That's £300 cheaper than Thomas Cook!

You've heard of elf on a shelf, get ready for...



THE LATEST: BEN FOGLE: INSIDE CHERNOBYL
Adventurer Ben Fogle spent a week living inside Chernobyl
FOR COVID SUPPORT AND EXTEND FURLOUGH SCHEME UNTIL SEPTEMBER IN BUCKLE UP



Canada be like....
We can beat Elf on a Shelf.



Don't be mad. I said I was sorry. I should have made reservations. Talk to me Mary. Mary...?!?! MARY???????????

Im FINE

how silent night began



Put the tree up first she said and then: you can go down the pub with your mates

Blimey, I didn't even know he'd been unwell... 🤔



BREAKING NEWS: The Met Office has issued a weather warning for December 26th stating that a thick cloud of Lynx Africa will cover the majority of the United Kingdom from around 8am onwards. 🐆



THE



END

...of the festive trash, with a non PC look at wives and mothers at Christmas, and when children's stories go wrong:



The Colonel's Holiday Three-Way: Twice the breasts, thighs & legs.

I didn't know what to get my wife for Christmas, so I checked her browser search history for ideas. She's gonna love it!

At Christmas women used to apologize to their husbands for all the mistakes they made during the year and beg for forgiveness.. let's not let this beautiful custom get lost..



That's her prezzie sorted 😊.

If she doesn't like the chocolates she can go fuck herself!!

WIVES.

Look this ad over carefully. Circle the items you want for Christmas. Show it to your husband. If he does not go to the store immediately, cry a little. Not a lot. Just a little. He'll go, he'll go.

CIRCLE ALL THE QUALITY DORMEYER APPLIANCES YOU WANT!

TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS
TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS
TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS
TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS	TOASTERS

Husbands: Look this ad over carefully. Pick out what you, wife wants. Go buy it. Before she starts to cry.

Dormeyer



Ungrateful cow hasn't even opened her present..



We've just played Christmas Cluedo. My wife murdered Christmas dinner. In the Kitchen. With the Oven.

