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| DATE | #NO | ON ON | Post Code | HARES |
|---|------|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| 5th September 2022 | 2273 | Saddlescombe Farm | BN45 7DE | St. Bernard |
| 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. ##### 7.30PM START – PLEASE REMEMBER TORCHES AND TANKARDS! ##### | | | | |
| 12th September 2022 | 2274 | Hangleton Manor | BN3 8AN | Dave K & Ride-It, Baby |
| Directions: A27 west and take second exit; left at next two roundabouts then right at t-junction. Pub on left. 10 mins. | | | | |
| 19th September 2022 | 2275 | Frankland Arms, Washington | RH20 4AL | NickO |
| Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on right. Est 25 mins. | | | | |
| 26th September 2022 | 2276 | Cock, Wivelsfield | RH17 7RH | Shoots Off Early & Hot Fuzz |
| 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. | | | | |
| 3rd October 2022 | 2277 | Sportsman, Withdean | BN1 5JD | Fukarwe |
| Directions: A23 south, over mini-roundabout then 1st right, The Deneway. Left at top then right at junction and first left for Withdean Stadium car park. 5 mins | | | | |

10/10/2022 TBC – Peter 'Pretty Boy' Pansy
17/10/2022 Sportsman, Goddards Green – One 'Big Boy' Erection
24/10/2022 TBC – Psychle 'a-Soul Boy' path
31/10/2022 TBC – Lily 'Lady/boy' the Pink

At the end of the rainbow! As in Somewhere Over the Rainbow, weigh a pie (way up high). I just don't have it in me to be gay.



PAGE THREE COMES OUT...



Every voyage  a Gay Cruise...

When you sail the Sun Lane to Europe, it's not just a trip from one port to another but an exciting voyage that touches upon the loved lands of the Mediterranean. And liberal stopover privileges make all of these garden spots yours to sample if you're in a hurry, or to linger in if you wish.

On the great new Sun-Liners of American Export Lines, you enjoy "Modern American Living at Sea"—a gay, friendly,

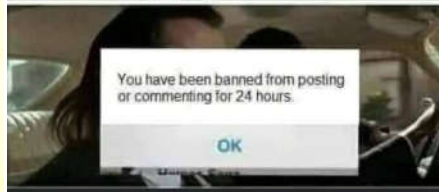
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What I imagine when someone says they are Pansexual



You have been banned from posting or commenting for 24 hours.



THE VIDEO THAT GAY MEN CANNOT SEE

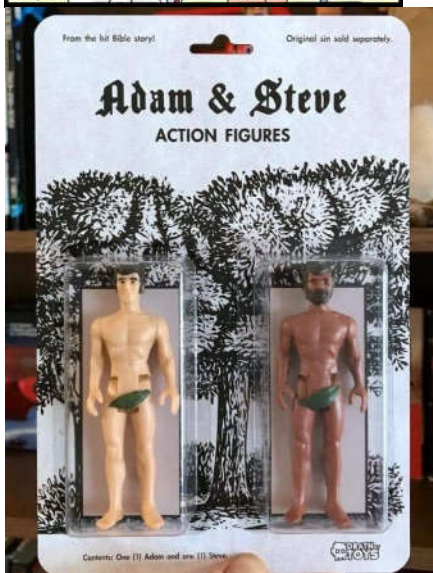


How to tell you're in a gay bar...



Fact 1142:

A man has an erection as he is dying
hence Nelson's last words



REHASHING:

Bought a BBQ from Tesco today. Only a quid.



burgers with supporting cast, and of course, beer. Before too many sinners slunk away, circle was called and our hosts were congratulated on putting their misfortune of rainy bbq's behind them. Then came Trouble for talking during the chalk talk, trying to steal the map, and starting as a wa*ker but ending up with the r*nners despite a doctor's ban, so it seemed appropriate that Dr. Anybody, who started as a r*nnner and ended up with the wa*kers, then got lost several times doing a Fishhook over and over as he headed for Balcombe should join her. Recognition of the Lionesses success had all the girls standing, as there were just enough to make a team, but got whittled down to Just Kikkim, Little Swinger and Bushsquatter for the down down. Then Hash Gomi came in for pretending to be not only a girl but also a vegetarian, just so he could get his firsts first! Angel had adjusted the fishhook rules to exclude over 75's, so we then had all the over 75's up, which Gomi surprisingly didn't volunteer for, but Bushsquatter was back, along with Cliffbanger, Psychlepath and On On Don. And finally, for calling Bosom Boy by his dogs name and slanderous accusations within earshot that I'd rubbed the check and turned arrows round, Keeps It Up was presented with the Numpty mug. Another great BBQ hash, thank you WB and KIU!

Bouncer



R*nners catch the wa*kers the first time!



Duke of Wellington at Waterloo after Hillingford.
Kelvingrove Art Museum, Glasgow. Possibly

2271 The Duke of Wellington, Shoreham-by-Sea – I'm sure we all felt keenly for Off With Her Head on what was her first solo haring, as many a floury and papery mark was erased by unforecast pre-hash misty drizzle. Or as some would have it, mizzle. And so for this weather misdemeanour, I shall be having strong words with the RA. Ohh, hold on :-/ But did this mizzle misfortune dull OWHH's ever-cheery demeanour? Not a bit of it, as our hare hosted an accomplished chalk-talk, outside the live music mecca that is Shoreham's Wellie. And so off set the pack of 26, west along Brighton Rd, before looping through Shoreham's picturesque old town, and out onto the east bank of the Adur. Whence trail took us to regroup at the 11 steel arches of the memorial to that many lives lost on this date, in the 2015 Shoreham Airshow crash. Respects paid, it was over the picturesque (and free) Old Shoreham Tollbridge, dating from 1782. And until 1970, carrying the A27, believe-it-or-not. Via the

Old Shoreham Rd, trail crossed the Shoreham bypass, and headed north along Coombes Ln. Before U-turn back along the Adur's west bank, a stretch that seemingly lost all marks to mizzle. And saw Bouncer mistaking a white flower for tissue paper, earning placard re-education DD upon the difference between flower and flour. It was then back over the tollbridge, and via Upper Shoreham Rd, Mill Ln and Rosslyn Rd, to the hare's dwelling where we were plied with ample supply of much appreciated Old Speckled Hen, in-particular. On Inn via Gordon Ave snooks and Eastern Ave saw us back to the Wellie. Now if this were Top Gear's star-in-a-reasonably-priced-car, a trail leaderboard midrange score seems fitting, clearly marked WET CONDITIONS. The nosh leaderboard score though would be right up there, as our hare wisely procured Mediterranean cuisine services of Wellie neighbour Roostaros Kitchen. The esteemed proprietor Marco delivered our orders to the pub's stage-left, and appreciatively later joined us. Once suitably sustained+refreshed, rear beer garden circle was called, under the pub-side bronze letters that spell out DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Or they did until some waq anagrammatically-rearranged to say Ufo DWELL ON TIN KEG. Acknowledged first, our appreciation of OWHH's valiant endeavours. And thence a parade of sinners, unreal and imagined, opening with the startling revelation by designated-drinker and diminutive harriet Wildbush, that the car's driver's seat requires adjustment because she's legless. Well let's get her more so! And while speaking of legs, called also was OWHH again, on account of a wardrobe semi-malfunction that saw her rip-resembling running shorts logo swivel halfway about her person to settle offside-rear. Next up was Mudlark for false on-call amidst the Salt Marsh flats, together with other mark mis-appropriator Bouncer. After last week's Drumbulie hound-hurdling mis-ploits, it was now Bosom Boy's DD turn for Parkrun pre-hash fitness test overachieving. Ann R's big birthday was celebrated in customary hashy fashion. And then newcomer Wet Dream from the West Country was called, as he wasn't quite what we had in mind when dreaming of wet after the parched conditions of previous weeks. Somehow latecomer Testiculatator escaping recognition for his creative trail by sniffing out the beer and catching up at the sip. All credit to OWHH for keeping her cool and not losing her head. **Dangleberry**

As I chatted with Wet Dream about who we both knew, well-known west-country hasher Rambo's name came up, and I had to break the awful news that he'd sadly taken his own life this week. NickO has him to thank for getting into hashing. The story goes that Kirton hash was founded by the parents after Rambo set a hash for his students, who were so taken by it that they convinced the oldies! RIP Rambo. B



Rambo's favourite number.

Because we're happy, happy, happy...

Remember when 'gay' meant something completely different?



Oops – too hashy!

Remember when the rainbow meant something completely different?



It's a matter of pride:



They say male lions will often turn to cannibalism when they're desperate for food. They just have to swallow their pride. "Where's the pride flag?"

"Fuck knows, just whack out the twister mat."



An extra 97p for the special tub of Pride vaseline ? Surely this is homophobic? The Gay community is being shafted!



Situation vacant: The Boggy Shoe requires a new poof checker. CV to *Trash Towers, BN 64YS*

BREWHASHING 1 at HARVEYS, LEWES

2269 John Harvey Tavern, Lewes – A masterclass in the theatrical reveal! But first, the pack gathered in the Ouse-side sunshine, outside The John Harvey Tavern. Being the tap house and spiritual pub home of Harvey's brews, the long standing club beer of the Brighton hash. As rightly recognised by hare Lily The Pink, ably assisted by Just Elle, and One Erection. Taking centre stage, LTP announced a moderate length trail, with a 'sort of sipstop'. And thence directed the pack out onto Cliffe High St, where trail was soon found cliff-ward. With the mountainous ascent of Chapel Hill making a w*lker of us all. And although the Lewes Golf Club House seemed the summit target, trail instead segued East, when we were neither halfway up nor down. The now strung-out pack traversed the lawn-like golf course, accompanied by dire signed warnings of balls incoming from side and rear. Enroute, Drambulie appeared to have invented 'hound hurdling', as Rico in tow was hoiked over stiles, despite dog-port provided. And then later SCB'ing with Rico pulling, made remark 'I should go that way then', earning DD for contrary behaviour. Together with Bosom Boy for fielding questions about why hills go up, and why chalk is slippery, posed by Summer Lady, who on reflection should have been DD earner. With the summery harriet seemingly attending only because she couldn't get out of her burger purchase. Across the golf course, a fishhook reigned in FRBs, before reaching Saxon Cross, the Six Ways roundabout of the Lewes Downs. And site of DD ably-earned by Chaos, wrongly Week Ln bound enroute to Glynde, oblivious of call back due to seeming glued-in soundbuds. This tech-on-hash misadventure being proved at circle, by requesting the miscreant to place fingers in ears with back to the pack, who together shouted On Back. Yep, Chaos didn't hear a thing. True trail was found at last at roundabout first exit, along the Cliffe Hill north skirt switchback. And on that elevated traverse, Angel was heard to remark to 1E, running ahead in mono leopard print shorts, that he looked like absent harriet Bonking Queen. This skoolboy/girl error earned the pair DDs, for which they performed requested run-on-the-spot reenactment. Until 1E was asked to spin, quizzing Angel if she could now correctly ID 1E. Trail descended via epically-pointless loops, around the disused Malling Hill quarry workings. Although not quite pointless enough, as trail omitted a chalk-chunk circular labyrinth, just metres distant within one loop. An omission that rendered the trail only near-perfect, and the hares a DD. Descent continued West toward Earwig Corner, before



switchbacking to emerge opposite the Spences Ln path. A cut to the Malling industrial estate took us to the riverside path, leading to a photoshoot oppo beside the Harvey's Brewery sign, writ large in letters of gold. And thence LTP surprised, that it was On On to the brewery! Was a raid to be staged? If so, it wasn't an incognito one, with LTP performing photobomb leaps above the brewery wall parapet. To gain attention? Circling into the brewery yard, it seemed plans had gone terribly wrong. Occupying the yard were just upturned empty bottle crates, with sip's fate leaving LTP and 1E aghast. But hold fire, chalked in front of the yard's shutter door was OPEN SESAME. In a possible continuity glitch, the pack were instead invited to voice ON ON. 1E clicked a fob, and in what might be a double-bluff, seemingly an unseen figure instead caused the shutter to rise, at impressive pace. The pack filed forward, into the darkened shed, the shutter closing behind Indiana Jones style, with equal speed. Eyes accustoming to the darkness, OPEN SESAME was again seen. The pack again voiced ON ON, upon which a second shutter rose at similar rate.



Revealing a manna from heaven panorama, of 1000s upon 1000s of kegs of Harvey's finest, glinting in the evening sun. LTP led the pack on, through the brewery's ground floor ops, to the sample room. Where the pack were met by Harvey's Head Brewer Ed. Who conveyed the good news, that not a penny was due, for a choice of four brews. Ruse accomplished, the sample room not the tavern was to be the apres venue! Bags were ferried by unseen hand from the tavern, and Lewes' Real Burgers pre-orders were duly delivered to the sample room. So with Ed's caution noted about keg's dispense from forward not down, it was Keeps It Up's mission to tap first emission, that despite fell to the ground. Though remedy made, technique was relayed and the pack serially refilled, until DD time came. Where another recognised sinner was Hash Gomi for new shoes, drinking first from the left, which wasn't the right shoe so he had to drink from that too. Then Hash Gomi again for indulging mid-trail in knock-down ginger, by handling Dave Evans knocker then scarpering. Ed was then thanked with a DD of his own brewing for his generous hospitality. And indeed gifting us song with alternative version of the Grand Old Duke of York. With the beer flowing, DD charges from the floor followed. As did ongoing sampling of the fine range of four, from a refreshing Pils through to Harvey's Best. Truly the best hash apres!

Dangleberry

Ride-It, Baby had suggested we wear rainbow colours or pink in recognition of Gay Pride, which prompted a second round of down downs kicking off with the winner of the fancy dress – Ride-It, Baby (see group photo above)!



More Bog-gay fun – camping it up and happy fashion

Harriet: "Where did you take the dog after the Hash on Monday?"
Hasher: "The usual places, why?"
Harriet: "He's acting strange....."



Anyone got any homophobic neighbours?



I feel bad for parents nowadays. You have to be able to explain the birds & the bees... The bees & the bees... 🐝🐝 The birds & the birds... 🐦🐦 The birds that used to be bees... 🐝🐦 The bees that used to be birds... 🐦🐝 The birds that look like bees... 🐝 Plus bees that look like birds but still got a stinger!!! 🐝🐦🐝



Crochet Mens Shorts



Fucker looks like a puddle in a petrol station



BREWHASHING 2 at LOUD SHIRTS, WHITEHAWK



2270 Gay Shirts Brewery, Whitehawk -

From one brewery to another, only this time we'd have to pay for our beers, which didn't seem to be a major problem given how many were pre-loading for the hash. Knight rider warned us in the chalk talk that there were plenty of spurious marks out there causing speculation on who else could possibly have hashed in our area. On on inevitably took us through East Brighton Park past the café and up steeply for an early walk to a check on the ridge, where Peter Pansy forgot a basic hash rule and took the obviously wrong downhill option to be pursued by about 30 enthusiastic sheep. He was obviously wrong but quickly extricated himself from the mess he was in to assist visitor Calamity Gis on to the next check! Taking the southern edge of the golf club, trail continued towards Woodingdean for two quick rights where hares themselves seemed unsure of whether to let half the pack continue on rogue marks. The shorter correct route nonetheless brought us down to the



church at Ovingdean about the same time as a clever fishhook dragged FRB's back in line. Once again we were heading up, only to find another fishhook at the next false horizon, pain of which definitely showed on the victims faces. Continuing over the top there was yet another fishhook at the next stile, but the number 0 meant all could relax, and so we continued on inn past Roedean with a short deviation along Cliff Road, only to see Whose Shout appearing on the main road having found more rogue marks.

Chalk talk - spurious marks?



Back at base glasses were swiftly charged and the always excellent Saffrons curry's ordered, collected and demolished before circle up was called. The Strava art of a deformed rabbit (*Pratchett fans will get this!*) was called out by Hot Fuzz who, still obviously in Pride mode, reckoned it was a bloke on his back with a boner, while hares Knight rider, Mudlark, and Hash Gomi were congratulated on a fine trail. Before tackling the evening's mischief a post mortem was called on last week's free beer bonanza at Harveys with some inevitable fallout, notably One Erection who claimed no memory of his train home, and for a good reason as Just Elle had driven! Clearly eager to avoid a repeat he had already taken his leave though, so we carried on to call up Financial Advisor Fukarwe, the only non-payer when Lily sobered up enough to do his reckoning, the former claiming to have dispatched to the wrong account. Also in this section was Bonking Queen who missed the hash as it was her birthday so instead of a free party with her lovely new friends at a piss-up in a brewery, she'd missed hash to go to the beach – get a life! It was good to see that a few folk had made the effort with loud shirts, although one surprise was Eat My Cucumber when RA demonstrated how proper he can be, producing some lost property of race cards from a post marathon piss up some years back. While Lily the Pink and Just Kikim had opted for TJ Lazer and KimboX respectively, EMC had stuck with his birth given name! Joining him were sinners from this evening Peter Pansy, for being overly familiar with the new boot, and Just Ann R, who'd stuck two fingers up at the recent extreme global warming temperatures by driving the 1/4 mile from home to the hash. We did have a virgin on trail but Mark had been forced home before circle, so the questions were directed at Calamity Gis instead, before RA passed over to KIU to award the Numpty mug. Nominations included Fukarwe's finances; Coff for being so swift he did one fishhook twice, although a possible child abuse charge should perhaps have been levelled at Cyst Pit who was seen hanging back; but really there could only be one winner as it transpired that the rogue marks were not so much spurious as Spurtacus, who'd set a trail for Portslade Hedgehoppers on Thursday. Whether we believe the story that he thought it would be a good idea to set a trail in an area we would be running, or that he'd failed to check where we were going to be, or even accept that running from the Brighton Bier brewery a mere 30 yards away was sufficient that trails weren't likely to crash, it is unlikely that a more worthy subject could ever be found, but he definitely needs more practice having spilt most of the beer through the nostrils before spilling the rest of it on the countdown! Another great brewery hash!



Bouncer



legged charges, either Rico or Amber, mark a check by peeing-out true trail chalk, an irregularity that earned DD. And joined by KIU, in DD for peeing, for remarking that Amber was 'pulling faster than Rico', in a milestone for canine female equality. W*Ik*ers were thence shortcut up Chancellors Park, a beginners marking error, as the handed-out map clearly indicated instead Woodlands Rd. Despite this, Wildbush reports that hashers with local knowledge wheedled out the sipstop. R*nners meanwhile dog-legged south around Hassocks train station, before traversing North Court, squirrelling around the Saxon Gate estate, and thence heading NW across fields toward Hurst. It wasn't to be though, as trail instead headed north then east along tree-shaded paths toward the Fairways estate and the Friars Oak pub. And thence a three-quarters circle of Shepherd's Walk, recollecting the w*Ik*ers. Where Rebel WHK was heard to observe the path-enclosing plastic sheeting to protect newts, we thought, had been chewed through throughout by teeth marks that appeared distinctly newt-ish. Before the pack took in the new 'Footpath 5K' railway underpass, where "ON ON" chalked high on the parapet had hashers call-christen the tunnel. Within the Woodside wood, sip was found, including potato wedges spiced with tandoori masala or harissa, and a mayo honey crushed mustard seed dip, that seemed to ramp thirsts and polish off all the beers. Though two cans were collared for an impromptu circle, as several of the sinners had divulged early departure. Including DD for One Erection for yet another doggy revelation, that Bentley calls the shots on querying every other turn on familiar trails. Though it could also have been for 1E leading a local knowledge r*nners on-inn off-chalk shortcut along Grand Ave, whereas true trail was to the north through the Mackie Ave estate. Lastly the pack called the hare, for calling them back from beer near true trail, along false trail, only for the hare to then confess the error of his ways. And so apologies, to saintly w*Ik*ers, for missing out on circle :-/ **Dangleberry** *We are not worthy oh, HaRARE of many talents!*

Gay baboon terrorises villagers in South Africa, rapes 5 men



Men at a village in the North West are leaving in fear over a big male baboon that likes to grope and bonk human males. The baboon is said to have attacked more than six men in the past week, and what's baffling the villagers is the fact that the baboon only attacks guys and does not hurt it's victims but rather performs sexual acts on top of the terrified victim and leaves. One victim, George Chiune said he was coming from the local shebeen when the baboon attacked him and pinned him down. "I thought it wanted to kill me but realized it was after my bum," George said. Five men were admitted to hospital after

Hello" said the ugly fat man, "I'm Cess!"

The old farmer dropped his head in shame then after a few seconds looked up timidly at the young man and said, "I got lost once."

IN THE NEWS

The heatwave continues... I've been sweating harder than a Love Island fan trying to do a 4-piece jigsaw!



Breaking

Survivors of the 1976 UK heatwave are to be offered counselling and an apology from the Met Office for them not issuing a warning that the sun can be hot.

**BREAKING
NEWS**



Our local Chinese restaurant has had its energy bills hiked by £10k a year. They can't turn off all the lights but they do Dim Sum.



'Can I pre-book an ambulance for 1st October? I'm expecting chest pains when I see my new energy bill'



*'Apparently, the British have
27 different swear words
for their energy bills'*

PAINTING:
"The arrival of the electric bill."
Oil on canvas.



Electricity prices are no joke, but one electrician, arriving home at 3am, was asked by his wife, "Wire you insulate?"

He replied, "Watt's it to you? I'm Ohm aren't I?" I'll get my coat of many colours.

on

Water companies fail to plug leaks, and continue to fill the sea with sewage, then demand a hose pipe ban due to the dry spell.



*'Pay half and say the rest of
the money leaked away
before it got to them'*



'It's the neighbours. Do we want them to keep watering our garden? So far we owe £9,000 in hosepipe fines'



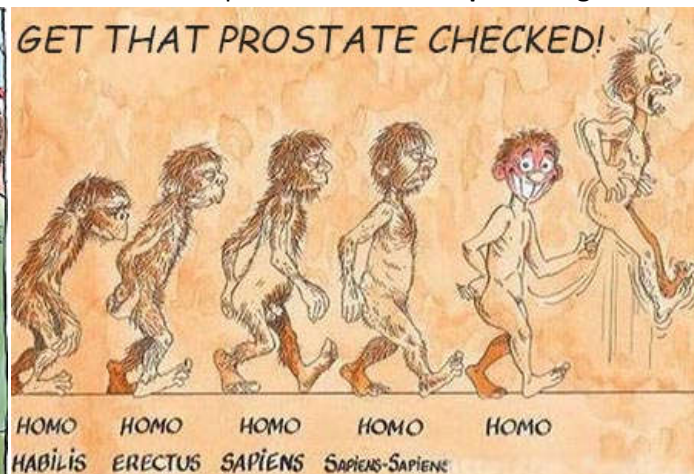
'Would you consider investigating if I told you the burglar watered the garden while he was here?'

on

RIP's - Sad news as Olivia Newton-John finally succumbs to breast cancer – **keep checking ladies!** We also lost Judith Durham of the Seekers from chronic lung disease, and Bill Turnbull, who succumbed to prostate cancer – **keep checking lads!**



The Carnival is over for two Australian icons.



Evolution of the Homo – but an important message.

My lesbian friend bought me a Rolex for Christmas. Think she misunderstood when I said I wanted a watch.

LOL! When Greeks really meant to write feta from Lesbos island in Greece! See more GreekGateway.com



"I'll have to call you back. Frank's pissed because he watched an entire movie on Netflix and didn't see one lesbian scene."

My lesbian neighbour's recently asked me to help them conceive a child. They said they didn't mind doing it the old fashioned way as they were both very liberal minded. Anyway, we've been trying for 6 months now and I'm wondering if I should tell them I had the Snip last year



The mother of a 17-year-old girl was concerned that her daughter was having sex. Worried the girl might become pregnant and adversely impact the family's status, she consulted the family doctor. The doctor told her that teenagers today were very wilful and any attempt to stop the girl would probably result in rebellion. He then told her to arrange for her daughter to be put on birth control and until then, talk to her and give her a box of condoms. Later that evening, as her daughter was preparing for a date, the woman told her about the situation and handed her a box of condoms. The girl burst out laughing and reached over to hug her mother saying: "Oh Mum! You don't have to worry about that! I'm dating Susan!"



Mrs. Detective Pikajew, Esq.
@clapifyoulikeme

Is it though. Is it a model cucumber. Is that the most logical thing for it to be.



The Met: Egyptian Art @met_egyptia... · 2h
Model cucumber, ca. 1850–1700 B.C.
metmuseum.org/art/collection... #egyptianart



The reason I'm banned from the Disney store:



In the days of the tall ships, it was far between harbours and sometimes many months between land time for the crew. The frustration the crew felt for not having been with a woman for so long, quite often led to fights or even buggery among them. On one ship sailing with porcelain from China to Sweden the Captain was very much aware of this, and was afraid that on the long trip along Africa's west coast the crew might turn queer. So while taking on provisions in Madagascar he ordered the ship's carpenter to acquire a large barrel and to line the tap-hole with soft fur, and thus create a hopefully adequate substitute for women. The barrel turned out to work perfectly and all the crew went to it as often as needed, and even the ship's dog made good use of it. As they sailed past Ireland on the way towards Scotland the barrel was full and they threw it overboard. It washed ashore just outside a Catholic Convent and was discovered by the Nuns. The Nuns were overjoyed to have found such a bountiful amount of tallow and immediately set to making candles. Nine months later every single Nun gave birth to a healthy baby, and the Prioress gave birth to a little puppy.



Ever wondered why men are turned on by lesbians but women are disgusted by the thought of gay guys together? Here is why!



thesun.co.uk
TEENS could drive lorries as UK faces huge shortage of delivery drivers

Like Comment Share

Most relevant



Ian Welch
Most teens don't even know what fucking gender they are with only 2 options.... imaging how fucking confused they going to be with 14 fucking gears!!

Like Reply

2k

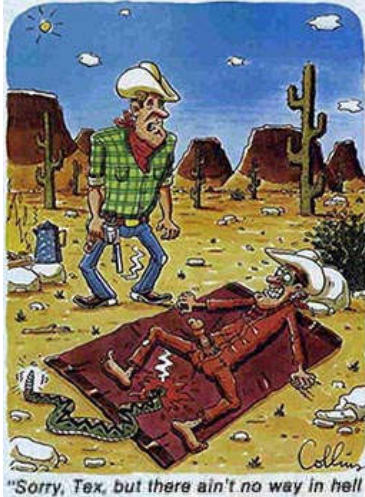
I've just joined a dating site and this woman wants to meet up, the problem is she says she's 21 and I think she may be lying what do you lot think?



Son said to his father, "Dad, I am gay." Dad said to his other son, "What about you?" He said, "I am gay too dad." The father said, "F#ck me, doesn't anyone in this family like pussy?" Daughter said, "I do."

THE END

A Russian soldier ran up to a nun. Out of breath he asked, "Please, may I hide under your skirt. I'll explain later." The nun agreed. A moment later two Military Police ran up and asked, Sister, have you seen a soldier?" The nun replied, "He went that way." After the MP's ran off, the soldier crawled out from under her skirt and said, "I can't thank you enough Sister. You see, I don't want to go to Ukraine." The nun said, "I understand completely." The soldier added, "I hope you don't think I'm rude, but you have a great pair of legs!" The nun replied, "If you had looked a little higher, you would have seen a great pair of balls... I don't want to go to Ukraine either."



Two ministers doing missionary work in the South Seas are captured by a tribe and tied to stakes. The chief says to them, "You have a choice – death, or ugga bugga." The first guy says, "Well, I guess ugga bugga." The chief shouts "UGGA BUGGA!" and 30 members of the tribe attack and sodomize the first missionary. The chief then asks the second minister, "Now you have a choice, death or ugga bugga." He says "well, my religion does not allow me to choose ugga bugga, so I suppose it must be death." The chief says, "Very well," and shouts "DEATH. But first, UGGA BUGGA!"



Cletus, the slack-jawed redneck goes up to the mountains for a spot of bear hunting. On his first day, he spots a mighty grizzly, takes aim with his rifle and fires. A few seconds later, the bear comes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder. "You're trying to kill me, aren't you?" he says to Cletus, and Cletus nods. "Well," says the bear, "It's your choice - either I bugger you, or I kill you." That night with a very sore arse, Cletus heads into town and buys a bigger rifle. The next day, he returns to the woods and spots his grizzly. He aims, fires and misses again. The bear offers him the same choice and the hunter is once again shafted by the beast. Back in town, Cletus buys an even bigger rifle and returns once more to kill his quarry. Suddenly, he spots the bear and shoots. But a few seconds later, he feels a heavy claw tapping him on the shoulder. "You're not really here for the hunting, are you?" says the bear.



I felt sorry for the hypnotist I saw last night. He hypnotized seven guys, then dropped the mike on his foot and yelled 'F#CK ME'. What happened next will haunt me for the rest of my life.