**Trash #324 April 2023**

facebook

or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

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
3rd April 2023	2303	Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell	BN7 3EZ	Peter Pansy
Directions: A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. Est. 15 mins.				
10th April 2023	2304	Paiges Meadow Car Park, Haywards Heath	RH16 1NE	Keeps It Up & Wildbush
Directions: A23 N to A272 to Haywards Heath. Left at the Miller and Carter Steakhouse onto Paddockhall Rd, next left onto Sergison Rd. At T junction, left onto Lucastes Ave. At T Junction left onto Blunts Wood Road then 2nd rt into Blunts Wood Crescent for car park. Est 25 mins. Bank Holiday Easter Monday - Hares are catering. Please bring tankards, crockery, and cutlery. IMPORTANT: 6pm start!				
17th April 2023	2305	Greyhound, Keymer	BN6 8QT	Lily the Pink
Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound lights through Hassocks. Pub on right just past right hand bend. Est. 10 mins.				
24th April 2023	2306	Hairy Dog Brewery, 38 More House Farm, Wivelsfield	RH17 7RE	Thumper/ Two Left Feet
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling towards Haywards Heath. Turn right <u>after</u> the third roundabout (a few hundred metres before the Fox). Est. 20 mins.				
<u>St. George's Day + 1 – Joint with East Grinstead H3</u>				
1st May 2023	2307	Duke of York, Sayers Common	BN6 9HY	Angel & Roaming Pussy
Directions: A23 to Hurstpierpoint turn off (B2118). Left at t-junction and first right. 2 miles on right. Est. 15 mins.				
<i>Bank Holiday - IMPORTANT: 11am start!</i>				

08/05/23 Fountain, Plumpton Green – Bushsquatter & Cliffbanger - *Coronation Bank Holiday, start time 5pm. Pre-order.*

22/05/23 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell TBC – Shirker & Tripsy

29/05/23 TBC – Drambulie & Bosom Boy Bank Holiday

05/06/23 TBC – Bonking Queen

Saturday 15/04/2023 12.00 P trail from Worthing Station Watch Facebook/ email for pub list & don't forget your tankards!

W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am unless indicated:

16/04/2023 The Greyhound, High Street, Wadhurst TN5 6AP

Hares: Radio Soap & Angel

Hastings H3 - r*ns start 10.66am (11.06am) unless indicated

04/05/2023 Car park, Sidley Hares: Asbo & Muppet

IMPORTANT: Thursday run at 6pm. On Inn: Kings Arms, Ninfield

CRAP UK H3 - r*ns start at 11am unless indicated:

07/05/2023 Ifield TBC Hare: TBC

onononononononononononononononon



Thought for the day: Finally my Winter fat has gone. Now I've got Spring rolls!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

16-18/06/2023 Wessex H3 Summer Camp
 30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near Gorron – *see flier in #322 and let us know you're coming*
 07-09/07/2023 St. Bernard's 60th party weekend – **Full details to follow but save the date!**
 17-20/08/2023 Eurohash - Baarlo, The Netherlands at The Dutch Castle de Berckt – *Full*
 25-28/08/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire – *Full*
 08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>

A stile for Phil:

Dear John,
 Apologies that it has taken a little while for one of us to get back to you. I just wanted to let you know that we are in the process of identifying a suitable gate for replacement within the Devil's Dyke and Newtimber area which we hope will be a fitting memorial for Phil and we would welcome any contribution the hash were able to make towards the timber and installation of the gate. As soon as a suitable location is confirmed I'll let you know I just wanted to let you know that we hadn't forgotten about it.

All the best (On on),

Emma

As before, please continue to keep an eye out for a suitable stile or gate if you're about in the Devils Dyke area, and let myself, KIU or St. Bernard know.

It's been a little while but we hope to start the fund raising process shortly and all contributions in Choppers memory will be very gratefully received.

Thank you, **Bouncer**

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hare Raiser	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
Beer Monster	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
RA's	Dave 'Dangleberry' King
	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Haberhash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Hash Horn	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
SDW relay	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Hashtorian	David 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Christmas Hash	Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

Dear all,

Two more bits of sad news were announced in the circle at the Royal Oak on 20th March.

For those who knew him, we were very sorry to hear that Chris Petty, Terry Pountney's brother, lost his long battle with Leukaemia recently, after picking up an infection. Having settled in Australia (after going out on a 3 month tourist visa then getting a job with Pan Am where he met his wife, eventually moving on to work with United Airlines), Chris only appeared sporadically in recent years being brought along by Peter E Local Knowledge when he was in the country. Last running with us at the end of 2016, he had actually clocked up over 100 hashes with us but I don't believe ever received his tankard, although he did ask me when he would be getting a name. Rest in peace Chris.

Please spare a thought also for Nicola, 'Black Stockings', who this week lost her partner Geoff, who was well known to many hashers. After suffering an aortic dissection he underwent a 7 hour operation in Brighton. Although the op was successful he then suffered a cardiac arrest. She is naturally devastated and in shock at this life-changing turn of events and I'm sure I speak also on behalf of the hash when I say that our thoughts and prayers are very much with her as she comes to terms with this loss.

Nicola/ Black Stockings advises as follows:

Geoff's funeral is on Monday 24 April at 1pm at Wealden Crematorium, Horam then his wake at The Gun, Gun Hill, Chiddingfold.

Take care all.

Bouncer



Congratulations to the successful BH7 group of Angel, Bouncer, Come Again and Roaming Pussy, who were all on the ball enough to make the cut. Commiserations to Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger who didn't quite manage to grab one of the limited camper van slots, and Trouble who also missed out, but kudos to Scud and Fetherlite who adapted their plans to take a room after missing the tent option. For Fetherlite this was especially important as she always celebrates her birthday, every two years, at Nash Hash, so hasn't had a birthday since 2019 due to Covid and her cake receptors desperately need topping up!

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today - Glam ducks:



REHASHING:



Run 2299 The White Horse, Ditchling – Anybody with no body. It seems barely a season has passed since we last frequented this 12th century gem of a village inn. Which is exactly so as it's 11 weeks since our visit with hares Rebel and Greenteeth. An occasion notable for trail's abundant snow, and unabundant marking in novel contrasting beetroot juice. And it was mark scarcity that marked our return, with hare Anybody's true trail being anybody's guess. And with your scribe once again fearing he'd be up The Shirleys to his Dymocks. Blissfully unaware of the mark challenges ahead, the pack of 24 ventured outside to form a circle shaped more like a peperami, due to the narrow confines of the brick pavement. And no sooner had pack been pointed on-out E toward the Ditchling crossroads, first DD-earner emerged with Pompette's gloves being futile against the cold, as she'd left them in the pub. Luckily a saviour had rescued. It was on a Pompette and On On Don trail where Hot Fuzz nearly landed straddling a barbed wire topped stile, and a stile once again caused strife for HF: The stile-maker in these parts obviously didn't get the memo that their criss-cross construction is to suit the human bipedal form, unlike Ditchling's narrow staircase-stiles, that are more suited to a goat. Goatlike, HF ascended an up flight, but broke with the convention of descending the down flight, and instead just fell off the top. For this failure to down the down, HF would down a DD. But before the escapade unfolded, the herd headed E along Lewes Rd, finding footpath S to East End Ln track, T'ing N to resume E along the road. Well all except a particular stray billy goat that instead T'd S to ascend the downs to Ditchling Beacon, producing photographic evidence at apes of a lovely sunset from that elevated position. With DD earned for this flight-of-fantasy excursion by high-flying Peter Pansy.

And talking of fantastical, Gromit was heard to remark he'd cycled along that road many-a-time during the past several weeks, and never seen a mark. Er, aren't trails usually laid in the hours or day beforehand?! This 'doing the timewarp' earning Gromit DD. Meanwhile the herd found trail into Ditchling Rec, entirely missing out hare's easterly loop via Spatham Ln and footpath around Stoneywish Nature Reserve and Campsite. Hence as herd found onward trail W via Farm Ln, hare meantime waited-in-vain at Stoneywish. Meaning he thence played unseen catchup for the remainder of trail. Footpaths snaking N took the herd toward Fourfields Farm, scene of an electrifying experience for Mudlark when he made circuit-completing contact with a low-level electric fence. Though luckily hazard this time was well below the bollock line. And talking of electrificals, Ride It Baby was heard to remark she'd 'never had a real one, only a fibre-optic one'. My, what they can do with technology these days. Of course this 'power couple' each earned DD, and with ML about to down, RIB appeared with impeccable comic timing to reveal the fibre-optic item was a Christmas tree. Back on trail, it was W via track and Dumbrells Court Rd, to a T with North End, heading N then crossing that road to enter Orchard Ln, and take ascending path toward Court Gardens Farm. Looping 180 to pass Oldland Windmill, the ensuing escarpment offered panoramic views of illuminated Keymer, before descending the deeply hedged trench of Lodge Hill Ln. Trail briefly ascended Lodge Hill, to summit its Bronze Age bowl-barrow tumulus, before dogleg W via Boddingtons Ln to rejoin Lodge Hill Ln. Then past the duckpond, with pictured catwalk crocodiles guarding, and on-inn via West St to the pub. Where after the usual sustenance+refreshment, the hare was thanked for quite the challenge. Also sketchily-minted Oral B was freshly welcomed back. And as well as the aforementioned DD's, the two other sinners brought-to-book comprised One Erection, for checking the way Bouncer had just come from, er? And Keeps It Up, for ignoring the hare, presumably before hare's absence. With mitigations being scarcity of white flour/chalk/paper. It's less The White Horse, more The White Scarce!



Run 2300 The Kings Head Inn, Upper Beeding –An auspicious hash this, so who could rib-it? What with it being Bouncer's birthday haring, a round-hundred hash, and possibly the first ever BH7 trail laid in frogs! What? Well a path between road and marshy park featured a frog-or-five every few metres. Indeed a mystery how hares Bouncer+Angel persuaded the hoppy amphibians to remain still for so long, and indeed not give the true-trail game away, as our haring canines sometimes can. This mad-as-a-box-of-frogs innovation went unmentioned though at chalk-talk, as our hares corralled the ample pack of 27 in the courtyard of 'one of the most attractive beer gardens in the South of England', according to whatpub. Heading on-out E from this 1504 inn toward the River Adur bridge to Bramber, pack instead found trail N along Riverside, to make meadow crossing of the Saltings Field toward St Peter's Church. Before turning W to hug and then farm track bridge the river, where pack re-bunched to resolve whether we were really on, along the other riverbank N. We weren't, it was W, then S, across more meadows to enter the Bramber burbs W, via snooks and Castle Wy. Crossing Steyning Bypass by footbridge, Goring Rd and Castle Ln turned the pack 180 anticlock to enter the same-named-park, rounding the lake 180 clock to head W and encounter On-Frog. With DD-earning Sticky



Balls scooping handfuls of Bouncer's bouncers from the track of the incoming pack. BH7 were graced today with the ever-entertaining presence of Scud, though in his words the 'handsome lady frog' he kissed seemed less enamoured, as he was told to hoppit. Hopping up the bank to Clays Hill, pack found trail S along Maudlin Ln, thence diagonal snook to enter the South Downs National Park. Where impatient St Bernard and Little Swinger, rather than wait to cross stile, swung low to slip through a post+rail fence, an offensive offence that earned the pair DD. Whether under or over, the pack passed Maudlin Farm, and crossed the lane to traverse field to Annington Rd. At which point Bouncer opted to curtail an R for r*nners loop, instead taking the W for w*ikers shortcut. Well a few got away with Ride It Baby dubbing StB a 'naughty dog', for doing the R loop, earning StB DD, who protested Bouncer had shortcut his own trail. The curtail though was wise, as I can't imagine a more stony-faced senior barman if we'd been 15 mins late back instead of just 5. Heading E, we found a birthday sipstop, where the hares treated us to homemade flapjacks, crisps and bottled beer. And the pack treated Bouncer to a somewhat sketchily-sung Hashy Birthday, improved upon at circle. It was then N along a section of the former Steyning Line railway, now the Downs Link, before re-crossing the bypass E, and along the Riverside walk N to take the Adur bridge back to the pub. Though not before encountering a floured ON INN that was suggestive we instead cross the river by swimming! After the usual sustenance+refreshment, the hares were thanked for their froggy foray. Though we should have given birthday boy Bouncer the bounces! Absent Hash Gomi's returnee pal Just Rob with offspring Just Nathan and Just Ellie had scarpered. Though still present Marvin was welcomed back. And then before the aforementioned DD's, it was time to honour the full six of our number that had r*n the Lewes offroad Moyleman Marathon the previous day, in challenging conditions of driving wind and drenching fog atop the downs, a first-ever-marathon for understandably absent Bonking Queen. Bathe It Daily was likewise absent, and so the present four were called to floor to arrange themselves in finishing-time order. First being Lily The Pink, then Shirker Ninezing, One Erection, and Nasty Nips sporting an injury. But hash is a



drinking club, not a r*nnng club. And so they were asked to re-arrange in order of most pints consumed, at the Harvey's Brewery finishing line. Which was the same except for second+third place swap, with DD award going to likely still-thirsty NN. W*ikers DD's took a surreal turn, as after RA confused StB's R-following loop with W, he called Wiggy as Riggy, for his 'directional delirium' mild contretemps with Rebel Without His Keys, called as Webel. While citing as defusing navigational mitigation a Webel gammy big toe, which was actually a thumb, it being Scud's other half Fetherlite who was absent with stubbed big toe. Following that digital mixup, the sung Final DD was Scud's, for his amphibian amour. And with that the pack bid to go in pieces, served by a now thanked+placated barman and his two smiley staff.

What Ducky shoe?

The idea of a duck issue has been on my mind for some years but has always ended up being pushed to the back burner, even during lockdown when we were all sitting ducks! Our 2222 run presented a brilliant opportunity, although I was looking at a weekend event in Lewes, with a Friday night pub crawl ending at the Beak brewery; a Saturday duck trail for the official 2222, followed by a tutu themed fancy dress party; and a hangover duck race at the Pells. Bird flu. More Covid put a stop to that (although duck masks might've fit the bill to push ahead), so you were stuck with the yellow run in Sompting instead. Throughout 2022, with its bingo call of two little ducks, I kept trying but failing. So with the rather lame-duck excuse of Easter, here you have it! Another angle was that of the Terry Pratchett character Duck Man, one of a number of beggars in his alternative universe, Discworld, including Foul Ole Ron (who's Smell has developed into a separate entity); Coffin' Henry (who will threaten for food, but won't follow you home if rewarded); and Arnold Sideways (who has lost his legs, and who's main approach is to ask for change of a penny). Readers will be familiar with Duck Man, so-called as he carries a duck around on his head at all times, who is regarded as an intellectual, however, when asked will respond, "What Duck?", denying its existence entirely. **Bouncer**



I can't take my dog to the park anymore as the ducks keep biting him. I knew this would happen. He is pure bred.

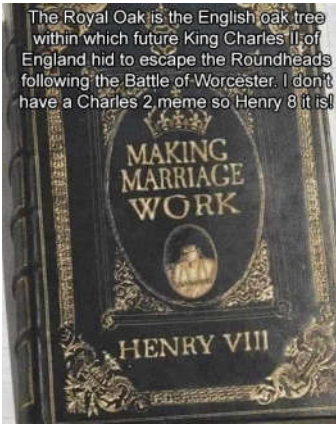


Abduction: a duck on your abs(?) **Production:** a duck with a job. **Conduction:** being in the company of a duck. **Seduction...**



Poacher in court for stealing a duck. Judge asks "How do you plead?" "Not guilty Mallard"

RE-REHASHING



Run 2301 The Royal Oak, Poyning's – Your scribe had been in ebullient mood, until Bouncer messaged to inform that today's 20 March hash fell upon the UN International Day of Happiness. And after last week's mad-as-a-box-of-frogs trail, are BH7 at risk of 'losing it' with the need to force a deranged grin ?! Happily this didn't deter a pack of 24 as they gathered for Gromit's trail from this smart hostelry at the Fulking escarpment's foot. Where pack received the welcome news that there'd be a sipstop, which we prayed wouldn't be lifted like our hare's last homebakes :-/ Gromit was feeling dicky, so wouldn't be joining us on-trail, though bid the pack on-out W along The Street, before clever checkback to join footpath S toward an ominously threatening ascent. Instead though it was permissive path SW, and first meet with the sluggishly slippery shiggy that would be this hash's hallmark, and cause of many a slide+fall. And cause also of Eccles DD-earning remark "if I'd known it would be off-road, I would have worn different shoes, the last two BH7 trails were on-road". Hmmm, a quick click on the email/sign-in pub-link shows map of countryside not conurbation. Threatened ascent then commenced, retracing St Bernard's third and most monstrous climb of his trail a month back. Though foregoing ultimate summit, favouring instead a Fulking-bound descent. Where StB remarked "there's guaranteed to be fallers", and

then did. Likewise our falling-over specialist Tripsy Daisy, also Psychlepath, On On Don, and trail's serial-faller Lily The Pink: 'Once one drops, the pack can't stop !'. Forgoing ultimate bottom, trail re-ascended to the South Downs Way, in what remote hare 'Monroe Wallace' was fast revealing to be a match for StB's mountainous courses. And what do we find at next summit? A fishhook. Though apparently it didn't apply to DD-earning Ride It Baby, who cited at circle surrogate-hare map-reading as 'scuse. Though RA DB countered with RIB's second sin of map-misreading, leading the pack too far E along the SDW, landing her DD ! "On Back", called surrogate-cohare StB, as trail was instead S, skirting Fulking Hill, headed for the paradisaical-sounding Mount Zion. However we weren't worthy, as trail switched-back NE, Fulking Hill ! And with its circumnavigation made complete for some by RIB's false-falsey, it was E toward the Devil's Dyke Rd for our worthily-earned sipstop :-) Crossing the road and continuing E, StB likewise suffered navigational-malfunction with the DD-earning remark "I'm still going down too soon, it's amazing how much further things are in the dark". Emphasized by "there's no point going down if you're only going to go up again". Well I guess it depends on whether you come at things from the top or the bottom. On which note StB seemingly sealed DD with "It's down this arsey slope", later clarified to be "grassy slope". Curving to N, trail descended past the Poyning's waterworks+pond, humping the concrete outflow bridge and then on-inn W via The Street. Now Mondays is 'Village Night' in the Oak, where for a rather reasonable tenner an accomplished Thai or Indian curry was enjoyed by many. Which I guess makes us all Village People now ! Now I'm unsure après reached the heady heights of 'Adopt Hedonism' listed as step 10 of 10 at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Day_of_Happiness . But refreshed by accompanying beers etc, circle was called by an oversized orange-smiley-badge wearing RA, thanking first Gromit for his 'remote' haring+sipstop, and welcoming back Eccles and BH7 virgin Brookside. As well as the aforementioned DD's, Excel-expert Spreadsheet was called as sole snarfer of last week's sign-in spreadsheet. Called too were the five fallers, who each thought they'd earned a drink, that had to be returned undrunk to table. Rather, RA explained it was Muddiest Parade, which faltered as all had changed clothes. Though knowledge then surfaced that unchanged seated Local Knowledge was a sixth faller. Who upon standing revealed an amply earthy backside, ably earning him DD. Sadness though as LK then conveyed news that BH7 hundred-up hasher Chris Petty has lost his long battle with leukaemia. Let us all hope that Chris would have appreciated the humour of the subsequent DD, that saw his pal LK's sign-in sheet request for 'chips' parroted by Not So Fast's 'Pete's chips' request, earning NSF final DD. Or so we thought, as with one drink left and DB having likewise parroted, it went to him, now happy-as-a-pig-in-shig !

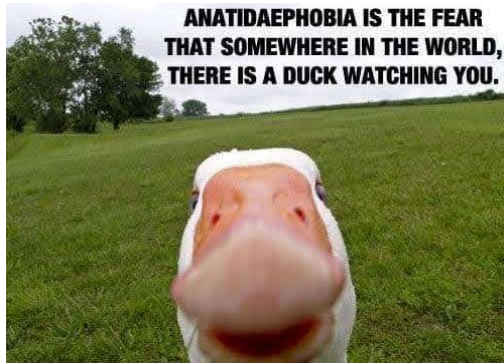
Dangleberry

2302 Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath – With KIU away it was down to Dangleberry to send the e-mail and, given that the pub doesn't do food, he set about the task with gusto, issuing Egon Ronay ratings for every chippy and takeaway within half-a-mile along with attached menus! The beauty of this was that no pre-order was required, until we arrived and discovered that the pub were doing food after all, with a limited pizza menu, but get in quick! In spite of the clock change the day before, Psychlepath wasted no time in setting the pack off two minutes early, which was slightly inconvenient for those of us in Wiggy's car arriving at 7, as I'd cracked my noggin on his boot and took a moment to recover! Anyhoos, trail charged off down Ashenground Road and into the woods, where a sharp right was immediately followed by a u-turn back to skirt round and meet Wiggy slap bang in the middle, he having failed to connect with the balance of the wa*kers. Carving up through the centre of Bolnore Village, next check took us right then through Beech Hurst gardens to Butlers Green Road and back via Isaacs Lane into Bolnore Wood. Once again through the village we somehow wriggled through to Anscombe Woods to re-cake the shoes, having shaken the shiggy off on the streets, skirted the hospital and found ourselves on a clever back route On Inn. Hare had eschewed a sip 'as it's bloody cold', but was heard moaning about his own trail complaining that 'this is horrible' as we ascended a particularly sharp hill near the end! All of which was duly recognised in the circle after chips, burgers and etceteras were dispatched, as he comfortably left walkers hare Summer Lady behind in the drinking stakes. We'd all been given burger menus for the place next door last week, so taste buds were anticipating a treat but after ordering, Hash Gomi (who'd been bandying his readies about to the mantra of 'cash is king') came back to the pub to advise that the gas had failed. The bearer of bad tidings deserved a beer having not been on the hash for some months since he finally got new shoes, and should've drunk with One Erection who'd found nettles growing in his own old shoes earlier this evening, but he was off in search of food, so Little Swinger found herself joining Gomi having ignored a wild swing to boot the kiddies off in the play park. I had planned to honour any late arrivals with the clock change but opted for discretion as one can't really award one one's own beer now, can one, so we moved quickly on to Dangleberry's remote nomination of NSF Heinz for registering for chips despite the wealth of 'no food' warnings, and despite having had a beer last week for the same charge. One E returned just in time to join him, looking somewhat bemused but took the beer anyway, along with Shirker Ninezing, who'd grumbled that he'd got it wrong at virtually every check. It's your job mate, you're the shirker, but the added charge of finding keys on the floor of the chippy then realising they were his own would've earned the Numpty if we'd had the mug! And for the final downdowns, mention had to be made of the fishhook that the target audience completely overshot, Lily the Pink taking one for the team after saying he didn't want to incriminate himself, but was joined by Shoots of Early who'd found another one the other way! Another great hash.

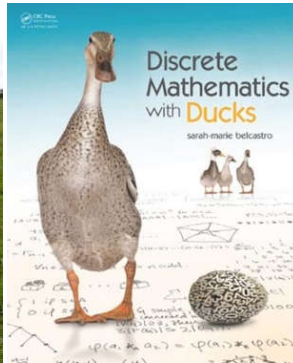
Bouncer



Back to school with ducks...



English language

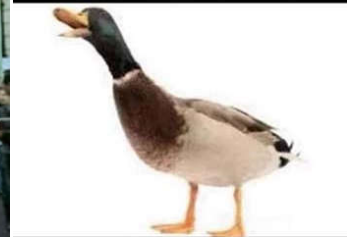


Discrete Mathematics

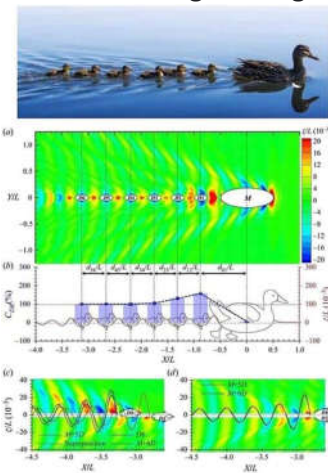


Politics

[GOD CREATING DUCKS]
Waterproof that chicken and give it a kazoo.



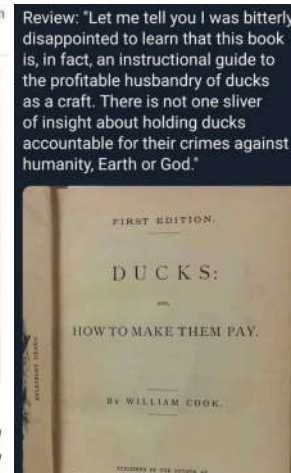
RE



Physics



History with Off With Her Head



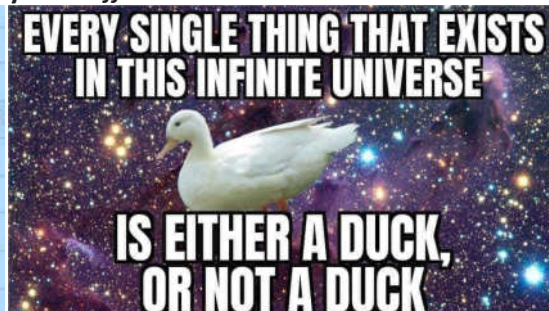
Economics



High resolution picture of Jupiter



Geography with Keeps It Up



Philosophy



Food Tech with Wildbush



Garden Statue Creative Banana And Duck Statue Yard Art Peeled Banana For Outdoor Decor Garden

Art with Jaws



IT



Business with Rebel WHK



Diplomacy

I bet you didn't know... A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.

Ducks quacking after 10 pm in Essex Falls, New Jersey are breaking the law.

How do you know you've got quantum ducks? Quark quark

What happens when you put a duck in a cement mixer? Quacks in the pavement.

If I wanted to buy a really expensive duck, would I have to make a down payment??

How to you make a duck into a soul singer? Put it in an oven and cook it until it's 'bill withers'

I bought 4 ducks yesterday and named them after members of ABBA. One was restless overnight so I was up at the quack of Bjorn.

Two women were in a restaurant when a duck walks in with a dozen red roses he places them on the table and says "you two ladies are so beautiful with sparkling eyes" one of the women stopped him called the waiter over and said "no we ordered AROMATIC duck!!!"

REVISITING the Moyleman – *Bonking Queen* waxes lyrical:

Well that was biblical it has to be said. [Photos courtesy *Bathe It Daily*, Team 'Nasty Nips' Heckle and BQ] The weather was horrendous I got absolutely drenched at about mile 11. I was the end runner; with two bikes tailing me for over half the race-that was a little off putting at first especially when I wanted to have a bush wee! They even tried to suggest that I had to cut it short and quit. No sireeeee. I got to Firlle Beacon and was welcomed by the most awesome crew ever-> banging out the tunes and cheering me on; it was truly emotional! They piled me with positivity and sugary snacks and sent me on my way along with Dangleberry who ended up running the last ten miles with me; he paced me and kept me going. After that my support crew kept popping up every couple of miles. Charlotte Clusker playing the rocky theme tune or Jo Degs blasting drum and base and running alongside me. Particularly entertaining as we all ran through the quiet village of glynde as a massive group with banging drum and base playing. I am truly humbled by my support crew and thankful for them showing up and helping me through what was a tough run! I had massive impostor syndrome in that crowd of serious runners. But I am proud of myself, looking back over what has been a really rather tough four years; the fact that I even completed it; I'm happy. And a bit sore! But very happy and grateful. And I rather like all my new running pals :) Thanks to the hash



quackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquack

Two redneck hunters got themselves set up for a weekend of hunting. They gathered their guns, dogs, and ammunition before tromping around for hours with no luck. When they came out of the woods at dusk, they looked around at all the other hunters who were carrying braces of pheasant, quail, duck, and geese. "Gee", said Cletus to his companion, "everyone else seems to be doing pretty well for themselves. Whaddaya think we could be doing wrong?" "I dunno", said the other guy. "Maybe we're not throwing the dogs high enough."

On our way to see giant ducks race against horses. They're nearly at the finish line, duck is in the lead! Everyone is cheering.



john
@mrjohndarby

me: do you sell ducks?

him: yes, but they're going quick

me: ok I'll take one

[later]
duck: quick
me: I see

Me: My ducks are absolutely not in a row.

Me: At this point, I don't even know where my ducks are.

My ducks:



**What the bloody hell...
is a Duck?**



I wish I could fly.



I wish I could walk.



I wish I
swim.

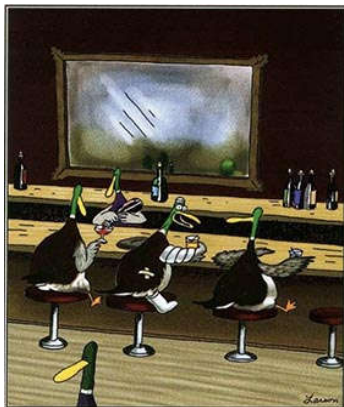


fun facts about DUCKS

- ducks cannot scream.
- a duck exists in every family. find yours today.
- ducks actually have giant muscular legs but they hide them underwater.
- if you look into a duck's eyes, you can see the cities it has burned.
- ducks cannot perform surgery.



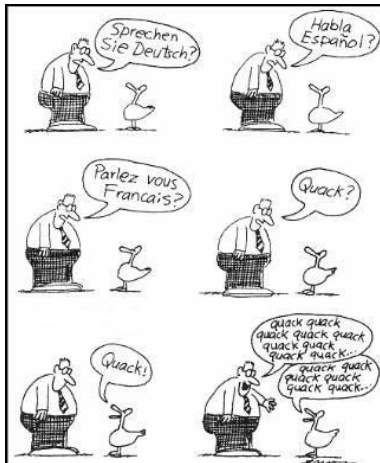
Larson ducks, pub ducks & others...



"Well, hell no, I can't tell Harriet! ... First thing she's gonna ask me is what was I doin' checkin' out a decoy!"



As the first duck kept Margaret's attention second one made its move.



"I tell you she's drivin' me nuts! ... I come home at night and it's 'quack quack quack'... I get up in the morning and it's 'quack quack quack'."



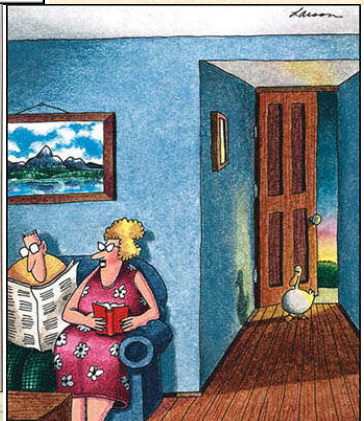
"Now on to other business ... Ole Johnson here has a new helmet design to show us!"



"Look out, Larry! ... That retriever has finally found you!"



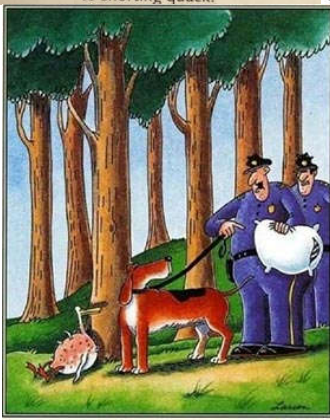
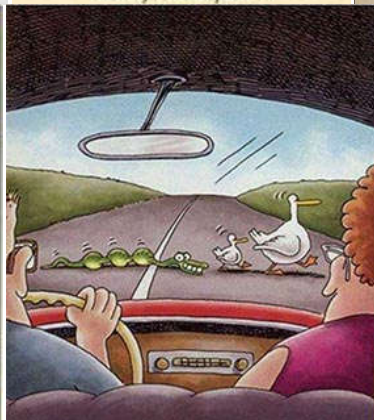
Some wolves, their habitat destroyed and overwhelmed by human pressures, turn to snorting quack.



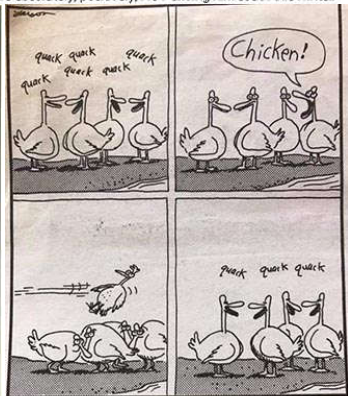
"Here he comes, Earl ... Remember, be gentle but firm ... we are absolutely, positively, NOT driving him south this winter."



Obscene duck call



"You idiot! We want the scent on the pillow! On the pillow!"



"And so," the interviewer asked, "do you ever have trouble coming up with ideas?" "Well, sometimes," the cartoonist replied.

My friend was driving and we were almost past our turn so I tried to say "quick" and "fast" at the same time and I ended up screaming QUACK!! which ended up with him judging me very hard and missing our turn.



Duck walks into pub, downs pint, fights dog nzherald.co.nz

A DUCK WALKS INTO A BAR ...

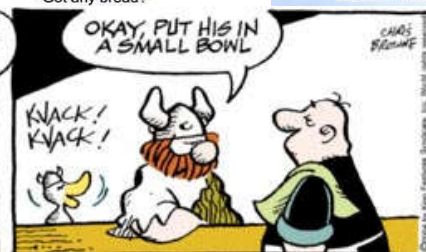


"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No."
"No, and if you ask me again, I'll nail your beak to the bar!"
"Got any nails?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"

If vodka was water and I was a duck, I'd swim to the bottom and never get up!



But vodka's not water and I'm not a duck, So pass me the bottle and shut the fuck up!



IN THE NEWS

How do you get your average Frenchman to become a fearlessly brave and motivated fighting machine?
Tell him he has to work until he's 64.



When we worked together at Ch4, Paul O'Grady insisted that new roles on his show were advertised in the local Job Centre. He wanted anyone and everyone to be able to apply so they could get a break like he had. And it made the show better. A kind and generous man.



RIP Paul O'Grady



Ireland Grand Slam

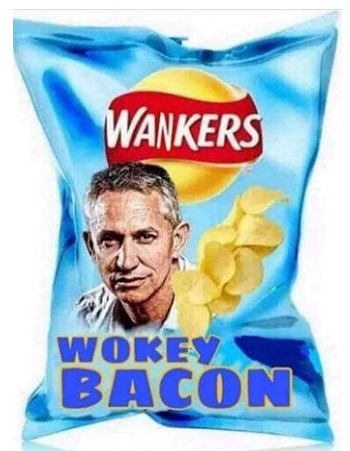


Southern Water not good for the ducks!



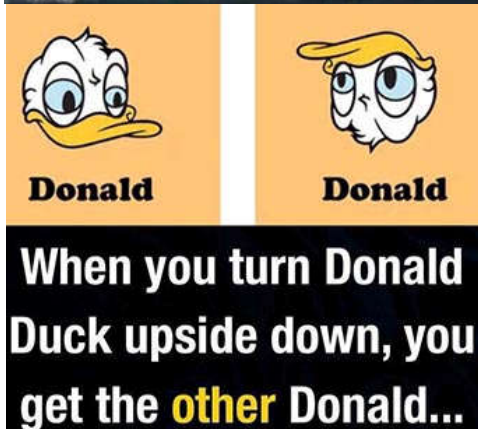
Muppets of the Month

St Gary has a status at the BBC of an untouchable joining the ranks of other unassailable pariahs the likes of Jimmy Saville and Rolf Harris, insists that the UK needs thousands more migrants the majority comprising of men in their most viral age and Albanians fleeing, what? All in the name of diversity whilst living in his huge mansion in one of the most undiverse areas of London where this primordial slimeball took in two highly vetted migrants for two weeks for publicity then booted them out. However his care for migrants did not stop him from receiving £1500000 commentating at WC Qatar strutting over the buried bodies of hundreds of dead migrant workers. Meanwhile back at the studios Match of the Day was hosted by Gary Lineker once again, after it was agreed the show's highlights would not feature any footballers that could be considered 'of the left'. News has now emerged that left-wingers will be banned from this and all coming weekend's programs.



A spokesperson for the BBC confirmed, We're delighted to have Gary back, but the concession he made to ban left-winger includes Jack Grealish, Sterling and anyone else who plays predominantly on the left. We have insisted that if Gary is to continue airing his opinions on social media then it is important that Match of the Day give more prominence to right wingers. In the interests of balance, obviously.

The left-wing ban will include any player who generally plays on the left, or calls themselves a left winger, or who tends to drift over to the left at regular points throughout the game. Asked if Marcus Rashford will be allowed on the screens, we were told, God no. He's as left as they come.



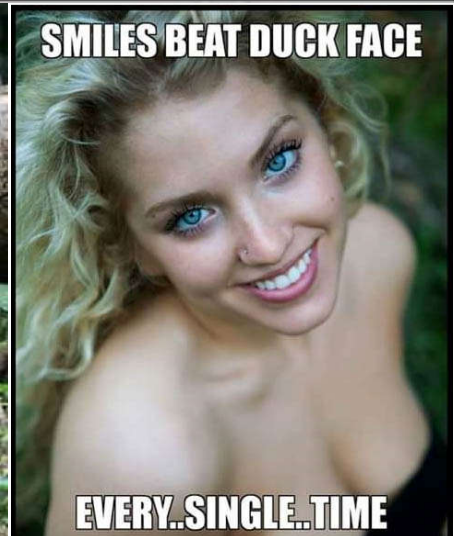
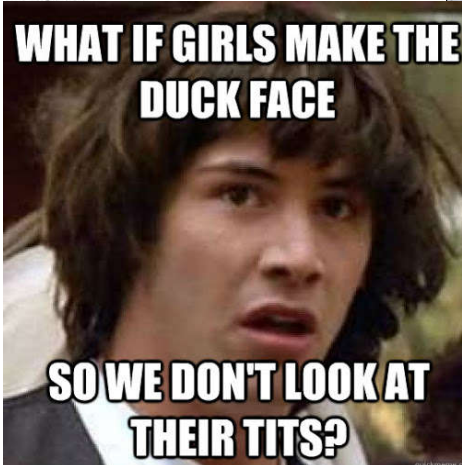
quackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquackquack

A game warden came upon a duck hunter who had bagged 3 ducks and decided to 'enforce the laws pending.' He stopped the hunter, flashed his badge and said, 'Looks like you've had a pretty good day. Mind if I inspect your kill?' The hunter shrugged and handed the ducks to the warden. The warden took one of the ducks, inserted his finger into the duck's rectum, pulled it out, sniffed it, and said, 'This here's a Washington state duck. Do you have a Washington state hunting license?' The hunter pulled out his wallet and calmly showed the warden a Washington state hunting license. The warden took a second duck, inserted his finger in the bird's rectum, pulled it out, sniffed it, and said, 'This here's an Idaho duck. Do you have an Idaho state hunting license?' The hunter, a bit put out, produced an Idaho state hunting license. The warden took a third duck, conducted the same finger test, and said, 'This here's an Oregon state duck. Do you have an Oregon state hunting license?' Once again, only this time more aggravated, the hunter produced the appropriate license. The warden, a little miffed at having struck out, handed the ducks back to the hunter and said, 'You've got all of these licenses, just where the hell are you from?' The hunter dropped his pants, bent over, and said 'You're so smart, YOU tell ME!'

BEAKY TRAP takes a look at DUCK FACE



This picture on the box of "Charades for Juniors" is probably the first-ever instance of someone doing the duck face as we know it. This pose became popular on social media around the year 2014 but might have been invented by this girl back in 1968.



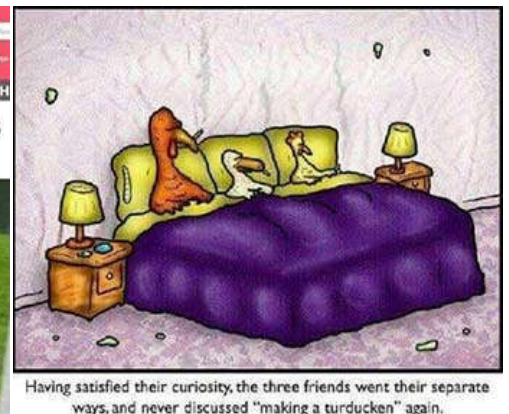
A lady with a duck under her arm gets on a train and takes a seat. The guy sitting opposite her speaks up and says, "That's the ugliest pig I have ever seen in my life!" "This is not a pig," said the lady, "This is a duck!" "Shut up you stupid bitch," said the man, "I was talking to the duck!"

THE END

Dear autocorrect.
It's never duck.



Daffy duck called his hotel reception and asked if they had any condoms. "Yes, sir. Would you like us to put them on your bill?" "Don't be thucking thtupid. I'll thuffocate!"
Perfect bathtub toy doesn't exis-



Why can't baby ducks lay eggs? Because their quacks are too small!
If you don't see a duck, then you have a naughty mind.

