



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

(twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R*ns/trash #127 December 2007

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



All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless:

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
3rd December 2007	1537	Eight Bells, Jevington	562 017	Nicola "Black Stockings" Williams
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Polegate. Right for Eastbourne and right again after ¼ mile signposted for Wannock. Pub on right 2.5 miles. Est. 40 mins.				
10th December 2007	1538	Park View, Preston Park	307 067	Rosemary & Terry
Directions: Follow A23 into Brighton over mini roundabout and on to traffic lights. Left onto Preston Drive. Pub on opposite corner of 2nd left. Est. 5 mins.				



17th December 2007	1539	The Hassocks, Hassocks	304 156	Pete Eastwood
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. 10 mins. CHRISTMAS PARTY HASH - Deposits to Pete (see form inside), hare TBA.				



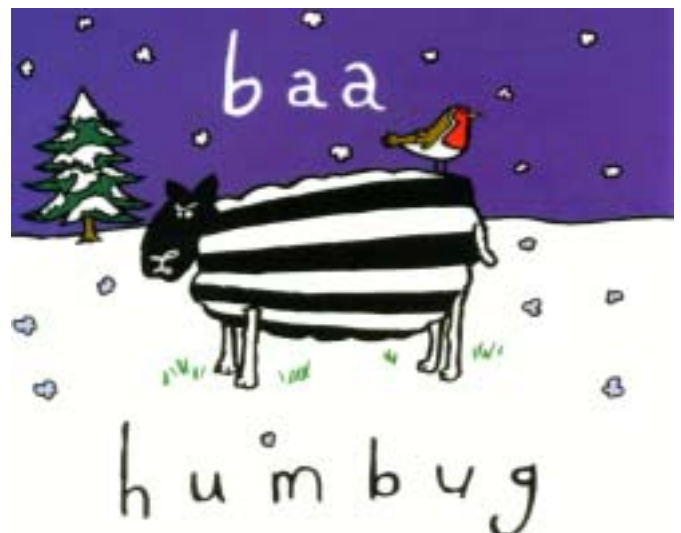
23rd December 2007	1540	New Moon, Storrington	087 144	Sir Snot and B-Iocks
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est. 25 mins. IMPORTANT NOTE: SUNDAY RUN - 11AM START. Joint H4 - Mince pies and Mulled Wine r*n				

31st December 2007	1541	Downsway, Shoreham	218 063	Bouncer
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then fifth left for Downsway. Parking near 3rd turn on the left. Est. 15 mins. BOUNCERS 500TH HASH AND NEW YEARS EVE PARTY				

RECEDING HARELINE:

28th January - Australia Day BBQ hash
TBA

30th anniversary hash sometime in 2008!



Thought for the day:

For an effortless approach to exercise try crumbling an aero bar over your weetabix. Voila - Aerobix!

For another effortless approach to exercise - try hashing. But stay in the pub.



Which you will have instantly worked out means A Molly Chest finger Mobet & A Haucey Nwo Yeer. To one and all!

That's the way to get out of sending Chrissy cards – job done, now where's the Christmas party? [surely that's meant to say A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year? Ed.]

After a couple of years at the Hickstead Hotel, GM Pete has pinned down the Hassocks Hotel for this years venue, which at least forms part of the H7! Full menu selections are on or about page 5 and also available on the website by following the link to the hash trashes. Once again

Rik is providing the disco for us so a great night is promised. Please let Pete know your choices and a £5 deposit as a matter of urgency with full payment by 12th December.



Huge congratulations to Louis and Caroline on the birth of Isla, who weighed in at 6lbs in the early hours of Sunday 25th November:

"Everything is fine, baby and mother are doing well and are home now. You can find out more on Isla's blog site at <http://islastar.co.uk>. There is a link to some of the pics we've taken on there as well. Louis"

Okay – now when's the headwetting hash!



BOUNCERS 500TH RUN & NEW YEARS EVE PARTY – 31st December 2007. Downsway, Shoreham-by-Sea

Hash meeting at usual time 7.30pm; Post hash beers grub and beers; Then party on until the wee small hours of the New Year! I shall be coming round next week with a sheet to find out who is coming on the hash and who is joining us for the party, strictly for catering purposes, so if you are coming but I don't catch you or you're unable to make the next couple of runs, please drop me an e-mail!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO:

BOUNCER'S 500TH BH7 HASH
& New Years Eve Party

31st December 2007

at

57 Downsway, Shoreham-by-Sea

7.30pm for hash

9.30pm for post hash grub
party on until

11.59pm for pan banging "wringing out the old"
12.00pm Champagne

00.01am more pan banging "wringing in the new"
party on some more

04.00am-ish limited crash space or crash off home

FROM BLACK STOCKINGS:

(well it is Christmas!)

Thanks for your report on the BHM Bouncer – excellent coverage (except that this is actually the 6th year)! For those who are interested they can read comments on the Runner's World website – race ratings. There is also a short TV film on the www.eastbournelive.org.uk website but it takes ages to download. By the time this news reaches Boggy Shoe it may well have been deleted anyway!

Thanks to all Hashers who helped marshal ... They will all have received their own thank-you letter by now. Hopefully they, and maybe more, will assist again next year 25 OCTOBER 2008 is the date for the diaries.

On on

Nicola Williams
Event Co-ordinator
Beachy Head Marathon



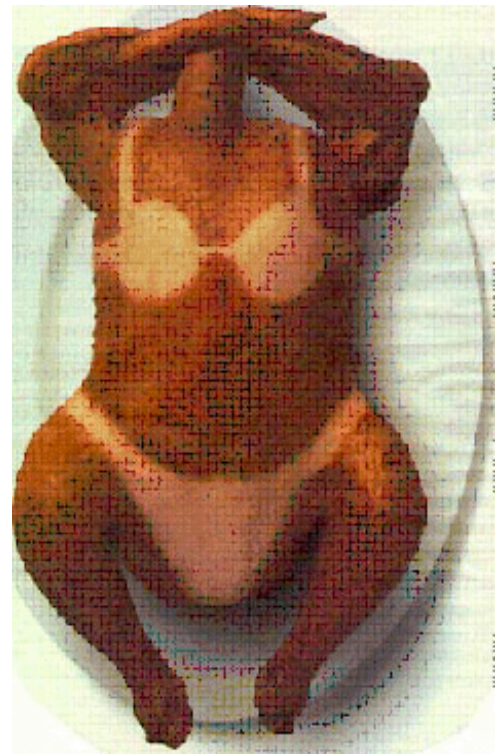
R.S.V.P. to 01273 441611
e-mail: bh7bouncer@btopenworld.com



Page three bird

1. Cut out aluminium foil in desired shapes.
2. Arrange the turkey in the roasting pan, position the foil carefully
3. Roast according to your own recipes and serve.
4. Watch your guests' faces.

SYDNEY (AFP) - Santa's in Australia's largest city have been told not to use Father Christmas's traditional "ho ho ho" greeting because it may be offensive to women, it was reported Thursday. Sydney's Santa Clauses have instead been instructed to say "ha ha ha" instead, the Daily Telegraph reported. One disgruntled Santa told the newspaper a recruitment firm warned him not to use "ho ho ho" because it could frighten children and was too close to "ho", a US slang term for prostitute. "Gimme a break," said Julie Gale, who runs the campaign against sexualising children called Kids Free 2B Kids. "We are talking about little kids who do not understand that "ho, ho, ho" has any other connotation and nor should they," she told the Telegraph. Leave Santa alone." A local spokesman for the US-based Westaff recruitment firm said it was "misleading" to say the company had banned Santa's traditional greeting and it was being left up to the discretion of the individual Santa himself.



Man who had sex with bike in court By Richard Alleyne

A man has been placed on the sex offenders register after being caught trying to have sex with a bicycle. Robert Stewart was discovered in his room by two cleaners at the Aberley House Hostel in Ayr, south west Scotland, in October last year. On Wednesday Mr Stewart admitted to sexual breach of the peace in Ayr Sheriff Court, where depute fiscal Gail Davidson described how he had been found by the hostel workers. She said: "They knocked on the door several times and there was no reply. "They used a master key to unlock the door and they then observed the accused wearing only a white T-shirt, naked from the waist down. "The accused was holding the bike and moving his hips back and forth as if to simulate sex." Both witnesses, who were extremely shocked, notified the hotel manager, who in turn alerted the police. Mr Stewart was placed on the sex offenders register but his sentence was deferred until next month. He is not the first man to be convicted of a sexual offence involving an inanimate object, however. Karl Watkins, an electrician, was jailed for having sex with pavements in Redditch, Worcs, in 1993. *Maybe he was just confused by somebody who had told him that the local bike would sleep with anyone...*

PERTH, Australia (AFP) - An Australian barmaid who entertained patrons by crushing beer cans between her bare breasts and hanging spoons off her nipples has been fined, police said Wednesday. Luana De Faveri, 31, was fined 1,000 dollars (900 US dollars) in the Mandurah Magistrates Court in Western Australia after pleading guilty to two breaches of the Liquor Control Act. Another barmaid who helped hang spoons on De Faveri's nipples, Tracey Leslie, 43, was fined 500 dollars while the bar manager was fined 1,000 dollars for failing to stop the pair, police said in a statement. "She was alleged to have also crushed beer cans between her breasts during one of the offences" at the Premier Hotel in Pinjarra, about 80 kilometres (50 miles) south of Perth in June, police said. The fines "send a clear message to all licensees in Peel that we will not tolerate this type of behaviour in our licensed premises," said Superintendent David Parkinson of the Peel Police District.



Woolworths claims to be selling the cheapest ever bottle of Champagne to be sold in the UK available for only £5. The Champagne is produced by Henry Villois, based in Epernay, France and is being supplied to Woolworths through Park Lane Champagne, East Grinstead. The Champagne is part of Woolworth's Worthit! range and claims to undercut Tesco and Asda's cheapest champagnes by over £5 a bottle. Woolworths is expecting stocks to run out fast and has placed a "one-per-customer" rule on each bottle. "Champagne is a luxury product, but it can be produced cheaply and efficiently, so there is no reason why it can't be sold at value prices," said Woolworths' managing director, Tony Page. "This is good Champagne. Our supplier is an expert and they have sourced us good Champagne at the right price to attract Woolworths' customers." The Champagne is made from 40% Chardonnay, 30% Pinot Noir and 30% Pinot Meunier. There is even a label on the Champagne advising customers which Pick 'n' Mix sweets go best with the Worthit! Champagne. Apparently Chocolate Raisins, Peach Fizzles or Strawberry Milkshakes are the best sweet and Champagne matches.

1529 Old Oak Arlington 8th October 2007

A quick return to this pub having only been there in the summer for Nicola's run. No worries, as it was worthwhile and Hugh was soon musing on the barmaid potential, also worthwhile!

As we mustered Pete announced an unusual hash. It being his 60th birthday he had placed 60 playing cards at various points along the trail. Our mission was to recover as many as possible following which he would decree the result his true age. A desperate plan that had a few of us deliberately not looking in the hope that he would turn out to be too young to drink! James and Charlie clearly didn't get the message and enthusiastically swept up the pack from the front, while Phil swept up the pack from the back.

Soon after our charge into the woods trail disappeared altogether and it took here, protesting desperately that the marks were there, to get us back on track. Sure enough, the next check turned out to be a pile of toilet paper on the ground. Dogooder litter bugs had obviously cleaned up, but only a bit. There then followed a lovely run through the woods before heading off across a bit of farmland, looping back and eventually out onto the road. I'd confidently suggested a beer stop throughout the run and wasn't disappointed. Luckily that had given me plenty of time to dream up the excuse of Pete's birthday to have a beer, despite the pledge not to touch it throughout October.

Cards were counted deciding Pete's age as a respectable 35, and, three beers later, there's just Pete, Phil and myself left to exchange bad jokes on the amble back up the road to the pub. In the pub I managed to get hold of another pack thus finalising Pete as 89, our oldest ever hasher, and guess what? He's still running every week - respect! Another great hash...

1531 Devils Dyke Devils Dyke - so good they named it twice. 22/10/07

For several months Charlie has been threatening to set trail from the Stanley Arms in Portslade, a fine fine establishment sadly let down by the lack of parking potential. Very much on his home ground was this choice reflecting the vast recent improvements to the pub that saw the chapter's inaugural run way back in whenever it was.

The cold had everyone gathering around the log fire indoors until Charlie announced he was off to set trail. Uh? "Oh just the first bit which I couldn't do earlier". We bravely followed as he tipped us over the edge and down a very steep bank to a footpath below via a style suggesting that we were in fact meant to go that way. We wiggled and waggled through the woods eventually hitting the point at which we had no choice but go back up again, and this time crampons would really have been useful.

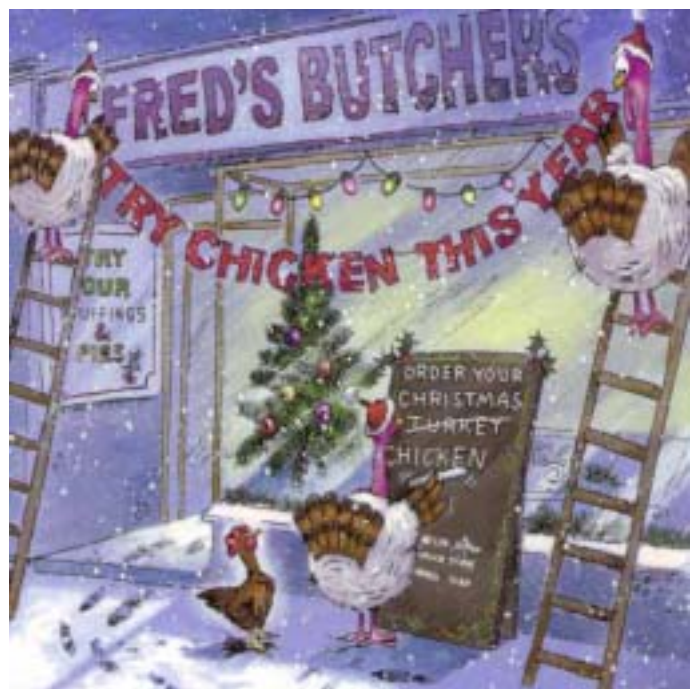
To my slight confusion we found ourselves crossing the road and

heading up Newtimber Hill at which point Phil and myself opted out of the run proper, taking our respective injuries for a walk over the top, and down to Saddlescombe where we once again found marks. Meanwhile the pack had headed out to Newtimber church, over towards Pyecombe up some steps, up some more, out again then back in along a really steep climb without the aid, and eventually struggled up the final part of trail criss-crossing the South Downs Way, the considerably simpler option that Bouncer and Chopper had chosen to take earlier.

Back in the pub I was unable to think of any good reason to breach the pact and with the wife present, gave in to reality and took an early bath without a beer. Another great hash....

1533 Bonfire at Pete's 5/11/07

Now an established fixture on the BH7 calendar is Pete's annual pallet burning. With Kathleen co-haring this time we were promised a different run from normal but the start was very familiar - out the back and off to Ditchling Common. We then headed off past the industrial estate to pick up the Sussex Border Path where the trail went very cold indeed. Rumour had it that we were supposed to head west at St. George's Retreat so confident in the knowledge that the anti-clockwise route meant we couldn't possibly have gone past the turn, Bouncer charged off towards Wivelsfield with Louis joining him. Apart from a brief toad stop, there was no evidence of a trail until we turned south eventually picking up marks on the left. Don was lost in his music and seemed to miss the call back as realisation dawned we were doing the missed section in reverse. So with bodies coming from various directions we eventually, sort of, reunited to pick up the home route past Fragbarrow and On-in to the bonfire. The barrel of Harveys duly demolished we were then treated to an excellent chilli from Trevor of Garden Pride, and Pete's speciality Apple Crumble. Another great hash...



STOP PRESS NEWS...

BIGGINS WINS... Get Me Out of Here!

THE HASSOCKS

CHRISTMAS MENU

1st November - 23rd December

PATÉ

duck and orange paté served with melba toast,
HOMEMADE STILTON & CELERY SOUP
served with a roll and butter.

SMOKED SALMON AND GRAVADLAX
served with vinaigrette, salad garnish, brown bread & butter.

MOZZARELLA

pieces of mozzarella served on a bed of mixed leaves with vinaigrette.

PRAWN COCKTAIL

served on a bed of mixed leaves with brown bread & butter.

ROAST TURKEY

roast turkey served with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.

ROAST BEEF

roast beef served with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.

NUT ROAST

nut roast served with all the traditional trimmings and a rich gravy.

SALMON FILLET

marinated in lemon & tarragon served with mixed salad
& crushed garlic new potatoes.

AUBERGINE & WALNUT BAKE

aubergine slices, walnut & butternut squash with a tomato base,
gruyere cheese sauce and sage cream top
served with mixed salad & crushed garlic new potatoes.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING served with custard or brandy sauce.

PROTTEROLES served with cream or ice cream.

TARTE AU CITRON served with cream or ice cream.

STRAWBERRY CHEESECAKE served with cream or ice cream.

COFFEE AND MINCE PIE

£16.95 per person.

*All Christmas dinners must be ordered in advance. A non-refundable deposit
of £5.00 per person is requested to secure your booking.*

All prices include 17.5% VAT

Station Approach East, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8HN

Tel: 01273 842113 email: thehassocks@kymerl.dinet.co.uk

BN7 Christmas Dinner 2007

Hassocks Hotel - Next to Hassocks railway station - £28.00 each including 1/4 bottle of wine

Monday 17th December 2007 - run 7.30pm for 7.15pm - Dinner 8.00pm for 8.30pm

Deposit - £5.00 non-refundable, required ASAP - Full payment and main dishes by Monday 10th December. Full payment required for non-cashers at time of order.

A collection for gratuities will be made on the night.

Name	Signature	Deposit £5.00 Non- refundable	Full Payment £30.00 non- refundable	Starter	Main Course	Dessert	Custard Cream Ice Cream Brandy sauce	Telephone No

Train to Brighton 00.06am Last train Northbound 23.47pm - Carriages at 12.15am PLEASE BE QUIET ON YOUR WAYOUT
Dancing to Rick's Disco - Cash or cheques payable to Peter Eastwood.

Monday 19th November 2007. The Fox, Small Dole - Cardinal Hugh

It's oft been said that it never rains on the hash. Indeed, the question was asked by Matthew this evening, as we sat in the car park of the pub waiting for all those who had heeded the request to park in the industrial estate over the road to arrive (but more in a mo), if "this thing actually goes ahead if it's raining". Wiggy's response was "rain, wind, snow, hail, ice, plague, pestilence. Yes mate, it goes ahead whatever." And he's right as we refused to be bowled by Foot and Mouth, unlike some chapters who went into temporary remission. Bless him, Matthews only been running with us for 6 to 8 months and really didn't know!

Wiggy was still seething about the industrial estate suggestion "I'm not parking my car where the local toerags can have their fun while we're running and come back to find my tyres slashed. My moneys as good as anybody's." Rant rant. "But Wiggy", advised Anybody a short while later as we set off into the wet, "Hugh recommended that as there's a local with a vendetta against the landlord of the pub who keeps slashing the tyres of cars in the car park". Doh!

With the promise of the rain heavy in the air folk were gathering in the pub before the off and despite the wintry weather there was a good turnout for the Cardinal. Maybe his tendency to set mini marathons is what the punters want, or maybe they can't believe he can keep it up for ever! Off into Tottington Woods the first check was found and pretty well were the last marks seen after the heavy weather of the day. That was called straight on, followed by a call of straight on at the next check, thus vindicating Brett's mildly unworthy suggestion that "this is Hugh, he doesn't do turns". Then, and by now most of the calling was being done by hare from the back of the pack, straight on, straight on and straight on, all upstream. We were faced with two unattractive options as Truleigh Hill loomed to the right, of that or into the wind and hail (see - not rain!), and Mr. Beard and I chose the latter as there was an arrer and it looked wooded. We were wrong it was straight on.

Eventually though we did have to turn, cutting north east to hit a track so at least we were out of the shiggy but the tarmac was shin deep in water anyway. There was a short loop over to Sally Gunnells old gaff, through onto a concrete track so we were now heading back and parallel with the outwards route. This we continued to do for another couple of checks prompting suspicions that Hugh had come up with a very er.. simple hash indeed. "There's a definitely a mark on that hedge in the far corner" assured Hugh so Local Knowledge and I took the angle only to find that we'd been duped and it was... straight on at the check. As lightning lit up the horizon and the clap threatened, Hugh finally started turning taking us straight out into open fields where Nigel decided he was wetter than anyone else and volunteered to conduct the strike for us. I think. Gomi had already found the fizzle of one electric fence when Hugh came screaming through the pack saying he needed a regroup ahead as there was a live electric fence at head height. It's all relative though as Bob and I ran under it comfortably.

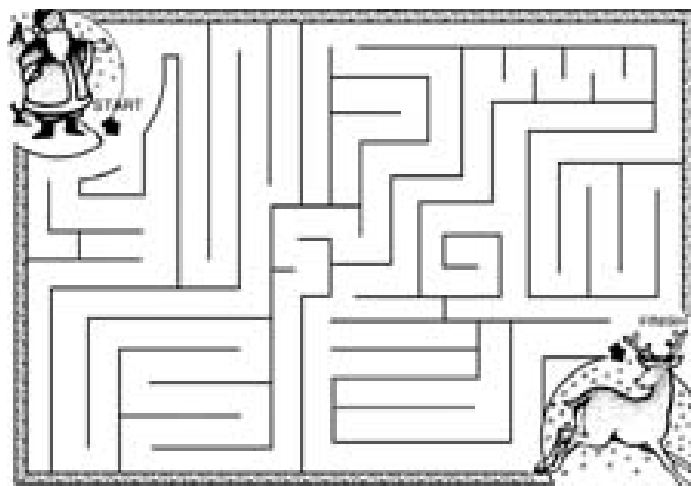
Wiggy and myself were now on familiar ground as the return route was identical to our firework hash from the same pub when it was the Gamekeeper 5ive years back (whaaat!). Quietly through the old Doris's garden then on inn via Don's unnatural fixation of the week in the bridges of which there were many. Back at the car park, the rain ceased, the moon poked out and the lightning moved off to annoy some other hash, enabling us to get changed in the dry and go get a beer.

Previously taken by the food prices, which for once did not on the surface appear to be expressed in Euros, I had ordered the nut roast and have to say it was excellent and plentiful. Payback came with the beer prices which knocked on the door of £3 a pint! I'd undertaken not to drink petrol when it reached £1 a litre but at just 63p a pint it's still so much cheaper so maybe...? Good to see lots of rare appearances in the barflies gathered with Niel and Chris quaffing away, and even long lost Terry Smith putting in an appearance by chance or design, prompting Don to shove the address list under his nose for details! Another great hash...

Bizarre Christmas Traditions

In Italy they have no Christmas trees, instead they decorate small wooden pyramids with fruit.

In Caracas, the capital city of Venezuela, it is customary for the streets to be blocked off on Christmas eve so that the people can roller-skate to church.



An artificial spider and web are often included in the decorations on Ukrainian Christmas trees. A spider web found on Christmas morning is believed to bring good luck.

It is a British Christmas tradition that a wish made while mixing the Christmas pudding will come true only if the ingredients are stirred in a clockwise direction.

A traditional Christmas dinner in early England was the head of a pig prepared with mustard.

Sending red Christmas cards to anyone in Japan constitutes bad etiquette, since funeral notices there are customarily printed in red.

In Norway on Christmas Eve, all the brooms in the house are hidden because long ago it was believed that witches and mischievous spirits came out on Christmas Eve and would steal their brooms for riding.



Following on from the Labour governments slip up of losing all of the personal details of 25,000,000 British citizens the details of everyone on the CDs PINS number is already on the net!!! Check to see if your number has been compromised by looking down column 1 of the chart on the right. If the first part of your PIN is anywhere in this column, check column 2. If you again find your second number here continue as before. If your whole PIN is here you are at risk, and may need to withdraw all your money and spend it on beer for your fellow hashers...

1	2	3	4
0	0	0	0
1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9



A Parents Night Before Christmas

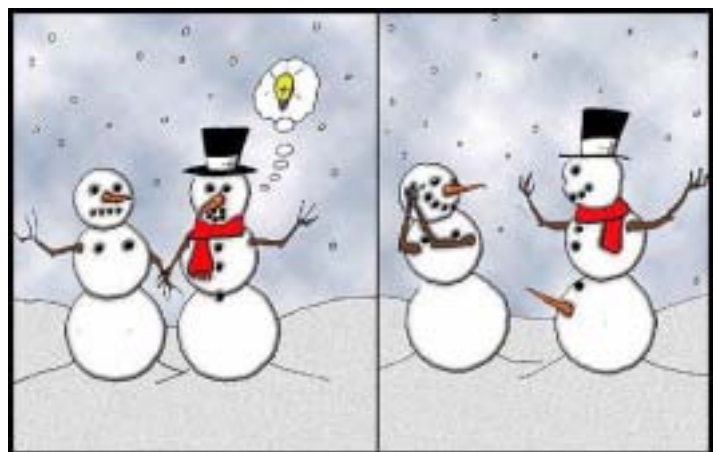
'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
I searched for the tools to hand to my spouse.
I nstructions were studied and we were inspired,
I n hopes we could manage "Some Assembly Required."
The children were quiet (not asleep) in their beds,
While Dad and I faced the evening with dread:
A kitchen, two bikes, Barbie's town house to boot!
And, thanks to Grandpa, a train with a toot!
We opened the boxes, my heart skipped a beat....
Let no parts be missing or parts incomplete!
Too late for last-minute returns or replacement;
I f we can't get it right, it goes in the basement!
When what to my worrying eyes should appear,
But 50 sheets of directions, concise, but not clear,
With each part numbered and every slot named,
So if we failed, only we could be blamed.
More rapid than eagles the parts then fell out,
All over the carpet they were scattered about.
"Now bolt it! Now twist it! Attach it right there!
Slide on the seats, and staple the stair!
Hammer the shelves, and nail to the stand."

"Honey," said hubby, "you just glued my hand."

And then in a twinkling, I knew for a fact
That all the toy dealers had indeed made a pact
To keep parents busy all Christmas Eve night
With "assembly required" till morning's first light.
We spoke not a word, but kept bent at our work,
Till our eyes, they went bleary; our fingers all hurt.
The coffee went cold and the night, it wore thin
Before we attached the last rod and last pin.
Then laying the tools away in the chest,
We fell into bed for a well-deserved rest.
But I said to my husband just before I passed out,
"This will be the best Christmas, without any doubt.
Tomorrow we'll cheer, let the holiday ring,
And not have to run to the store for a thing!
We did it! We did it! The toys are all set
For the perfect, most perfect, Christmas, I bet!"
Then off to dreamland and sweet repose I gratefully went,
Though I suppose there's something to say for those
self-deluded...
I'd forgotten that BATTERIES are never included!

Can you name these Christmas songs?

1. Oh, member of the round table with missing areas
2. Boulder of the tinkling metal spheres
3. Vehicular homicide was committed on Dad's mom by a precipitous darling
4. Wanted in December: top forward incisors
5. The apartment of two psychiatrists
6. The lad is a diminutive percussionist
7. Sir Lancelot with laryngitis
8. Decorate the entryways
9. Cup-shaped instruments fashioned of a whitish metallic element
10. Oh small I srael urban center
11. Far off in a haybin
12. We are Kong, Lear, and Nat Cole
13. Duodecimal enumeration of the passage of the yuletide season
14. Leave and broadcast from an elevation
15. Our fervent hope is that you thoroughly enjoy your yuletide season
16. Listen, the winged heavenly messengers are proclaiming tunefully
17. As the guardians of the woolly animals protected their charges in the dark hours
18. I beheld a trio of nautical vessels moving in this direction
19. Jubilation to the entire terrestrial globe
20. Do you perceive the same vibrations which stimulate my auditory sense organ?
21. A joyful song of reverence relative to hollow metallic vessels which vibrate and bring forth a ringing sound when struck
22. Parent was observed osculating a red-coated unshaven teamster
23. May the Deity bestow an absence of fatigue to mild male humans
24. Rose-colored uncouth dolf is aware of the nature of precipitation, darling



Something to make you smile...

My thanks to all those who have sent me emails this past year...

I must send my thanks to whoever sent me the one about rat poo in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet towel with every envelope that needs sealing.

Also, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die in the hospital for the 1,387,258th time.

I no longer have any money at all, but that will change once I receive the \$15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program.

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St. Theresa's novena has granted my every wish.

I no longer eat at KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.

I no longer use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

Thanks to you, I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

I no longer can buy petrol without taking a man along to watch the car so a serial killer won't crawl in my back seat when I'm filling up.

I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me.

I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica, Uganda, Singapore and Uzbekistan.

Thanks to you, I can't use anyone's toilet but mine because a big brown African spider is lurking under the seat to cause me instant death when it bites my bum.

And thanks to your great advice, I can't even pick up the £5.00 I found dropped in the car park because it probably was placed there by a sex molester waiting underneath my car to grab my leg.

If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhoea will land on your head at 5:00pm this afternoon and the fleas from 12 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend of my next door neighbour's ex-mother-in-law's second husband's cousin's beautician.

Have a wonderful day!

By the way....A South American scientist from Argentina, after a lengthy study, has discovered that people with insufficient brain and sexual activity read their e-mail with their hand on the mouse.

Don't bother taking it off now, it's too late... :o)

POLICE WARNING, PASS ON

Police are urging visitors to city centres to be especially vigilant for a new gang operating a slick routine that is aimed at stealing

from unwary

persons. They say

that the gang

usually comprises

four members.

While the three

younger ones, all

appearing to be cute

and innocent, divert

their "mark" (or

intended target)

with a show of

friendliness and fun,

the fourth - the

eldest of this gang

of criminals - sneaks

in from behind the

person's back to

expertly rifle

undetected through

their pockets and

bags for any

valuables being

carried. The

attached picture

taken from CCTV

operating in the

inner city shows the

gang in operation.



Christmas Q & A

Q. Why do reindeer have red noses? A. They are not equipped with ABS and thus tend to bump into things on slippery surfaces. This is why Santa is often seen with a red nose (the sleigh doesn't have an airbag, either).

Q. Why does Santa use Elves? A. There is no trade union for Elves. They're easy to exploit.

Q. Is there really a Mrs. Claus? A. Highly unlikely. Since Santa is surrounded by male figures (Elves, reindeer named Rudolph, Donner, Blitzen etc.) his sexual preference seems to tend towards homosexuality. He is said to have some problems finding a gerontophile/zoophile Elf for a threesome with a reindeer, though.

Q. Does Santa really live on the North Pole? A. Uncertain. However, rumour has it that the story of Santa and the North Pole has nothing to do with the Arctic, but that Santa is known to frequently ask the Elves and reindeer if he can shove his pole up north. Obviously, this is related to the cryptic description "up where the sun don't shine", which applies to both the North Pole and assholes in general.

Q. Does Santa really work all year round making toys? A. Get real! Check the box in which the Christmas gift came! Does it say "Made at the North Pole"? ("Made in China" more likely!)

Q. Then what does he DO all year? A. Uncertain. Chasing Elves and reindeer, most likely. Maybe he spends his winters on the Algarve.

Q. Is the story about the little angel and the Christmas tree true? A. Without a doubt. Santa has a temper and can develop a nasty attitude (he doesn't take stress too well).

Q. If so, why do the little angels on Christmas trees look happy (given the fact they have a tree up theirs)? A. Little angels are known to be kinky.

Q. Do the polar bears on the North Pole cause Santa any trouble? A. Not since Santa equipped the guard Elves with kalashnikovs.

Q. So Santa is basically a gun-crazy, homosexual, angry old man who exploits little Elves, fools around all day, and drives around in a sleigh that lacks basic security measures? A. You forgot about the bestiality thing.

Games Elves Play

Elves are great game players. They can mess around with a single game for hours on end and never get tired. And they're always good sports. An elf never worries about losing or looking foolish in a game. All he cares about is the fun he's having while he plays.

LEAPFROG: One of their favourite games is leapfrog. The first step in this game is finding the frogs. In fact, that's half the fun. Once each elf has found—and caught—a large frog, they're ready to play. When the frogs are caught, they're already lined up in a row. Then, with a running start, the elves leap over one after another. The frogs don't have to do much but wait patiently. When the game is over, the elves let them go until next time.

FORMATION FLYING: This game was devised by Limlim as he was training the first reindeer. It works only when the reindeer are in a mood to play. Each elf trains a group of deer for the great competition. Then, on the assigned day, the reindeer put on a dazzling display of formation flying. The prize to the winning elf: No more cleaning out stables for the rest of the year!

MUSH FACE: This game is a game that has caught on among some children in England and South America. The rules are simple. While the elves are eating, suddenly someone yells "Mush Face!" It's amazing to watch the mad scramble that follows. The elves grab their food—and everyone else's—and do all they can to get it all over the other fellow's face. The elf who ends up with the cleanest face is the winner. As far as Mrs. Santa is concerned, this is her least favourite elvish game.

BIG BALL: No one is sure who invented this game—but once the idea gets out, it will surely spread from Pole to Pole. In Big Ball, the first elf (usually selected by drawing sticks—the one with the short stick gets to go first) climbs into the ball. Then the other elves seal it up. Don't worry—there's plenty of air in the ball! Once the elf is comfortable in the ball, his companions start to roll it around. They roll and roll, over snowbanks, across the garden, down ice hills. When the elf inside finally starts to moan, they stop and pull him out. The elf who can roll around the longest without moaning is the winner.

HIDE AND SEEK: Elves play hide and seek the way everyone else does—except that they can hide anywhere! Rafal, for instance, was once found in Cincinnati under a garbage can—fourteen weeks after the game started! And Fringle once hid so well that he had to go into hibernation in Mexico. The other players found him that following June.

HOPSCOTCH: The elves introduced this game to the North Pole, but now it's been adopted by Santa and Mrs. Santa. Santa first played the game in the late 1700s—and beat even the best elves. Then Mrs. Santa played him — and won! Pretty soon it had turned into a real contest, to see who could win the most times at hopscotch. For quite a while Santa had a real winning streak. He and Mrs. Santa would play every day (except for Christmas season) and Santa won 1329 times in a row. But then Mrs. Santa changed her strategy. Now she has a slight edge on Santa. The overall score is: Mrs. Santa - 31,222 Santa — 30,961. The elves dropped out of the contest quite early, since they couldn't keep up—even though they invented the game!



Scene from "A Few Good Elves"

THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



Kevin Bloody Wilson - Kristmas Without Snow Lyrics

It wouldn't be Kristmas without snow
 It wouldn't be Kristmas without snow
 You'll know Santa's coming when you hear him ho ho ho (repeat)
 Snow was a filthy ol' bastard,
 And getting worse with age
 A dirty old man, but a funny old punk
 Twisted and depraved
 But the young mums loved old Snow
 'cuz he looked like Santa Claus
 And they'd bring their kids to meet him
 And to hear him (raspy voice) HO HO HO (chorus)
 And Snow would con 'em young mums
 To sit on Santa's knee...
 Snow loved them bouncing young mums bums
 The sucking filthy sleaze.
 But all the young mums loved him too
 And they loved to sit with Snow
 And Snow would bounce 'em up and down
 And you'd hear him (raspy voice) HO HO HO (chorus)
 And Snow just couldn't help himself
 The deviant old dick
 And with them young mums bouncing on his knee
 He'd be fumblin' for his zip.
 Then he'd casually take the young mum's hand
 And move it nice and slow
 And drop it on his floppy dong
 And you'd hear him (raspy) HO...HO HO...OH (chorus)

Drinking Around The Christmas Tree

(to the tune "Rocking Around the Christmas Tree")
 Drinking around the Christmas tree at the Christmas party rush,
 Faces are hung o'er the balcony, everybody is a lush.
 Drinking around the Christmas tree, let the Christmas drunkards
 through,
 Later we'll do some vomiting, and our arms will hug the loo.
 You will get an upset stomach feeling when you taste Vodka
 through your nose, oh golly, Deck the halls with boughs of holly.
 Drinking around the Christmas tree, your hangover's on its way,
 Everybody's wearing ice pack hats in the new old-fashioned way.
 (drunken sax solo.)
 You will get an upset stomach feeling when you taste Vodka
 through your nose, oh golly, Deck the halls with boughs of holly.
 Drinking around the Christmas tree, your hangover's on its way,
 Everybody's wearing ice pack hats in the new old-fashioned way.

Kevin Bloody Wilson Lyrics (to Jingle Bells)

Ho Ho sucking Ho
 What a croc of spit,
 We all work for Santa Claus
 We've had enough, we quit,
 'Cause we do all the suckin' work
 While he stars in the show,
 Stick ya Christmas up ya ass,
 Ho Ho sucking Ho
 I'm Rudolf & I quit
 Just who's he think he is,
 That little fat punk sat back in the sleigh,
 Crackin' that suckin' whip,
 And me stuck up the front,
 Of these other useless dicks,
 Stick ya Christmas up ya ass,
 Ho Ho sucking Ho (chorus)
 And what about us elves
 We've had enough as well
 Working in the freezing factory
 Cold as sucking hell
 Work until we drop
 With our balls freezing up
 Stick your Christmas up your ass
 Ho Ho sucking Ho (chorus)
 I'm Santa Clauses wife
 I know what he's really like
 Sneaking into those little kids rooms
 He's an sodding pedophile
 A devious old drunk
 And I'm married to the punk
 So stick your Christmas up your ass
 Ho Ho sucking Ho

