



# BOGGY SHOE



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## THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R\*ns/trash #136 September 2008*

<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 stated).

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
1st September 2008	1576	Station, Preston Park - 14/20	299 067	Gary and Bob
Directions: Follow A23 into Brighton over mini roundabout and on to traffic lights. Right at 2nd set, under railway and 1st right. Pub opposite on right. Difficult street parking. Est. 5 mins. <b>PUB CURRY NIGHT!</b>				
8th September 2008	1577	Eight Bells, Jevington	562 017	Ann & Nicola
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. 35 mins.				
12th September 2008	CRAFTY#4	7.00pm prompt from Evening Star, Brighton ( <i>i.e. if you want a beer in the Star get there earlier!</i> )		Hare: Brighton CAMRA branches Ale trail.
15th September 2008	1578	Alma Arms, Uckfield - 15/20	477 207	Bob Luck
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Right at next roundabout on A26. After 6 miles go straight on at next 2 roundabouts. Right at lights and pub on left 200yds. Est 25 mins.				
22nd September 2008	1579	The Cock, Ringmer -		
16/20	440 137	Bouncer		
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins.				
29th September 2008	1580	Black Horse, Lewes -		
17/20	414 096	Dave Evans & Sasha (?)		
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. A277 to traffic lights then right & left at mini roundabout. 15 mins. <i>Parking tricky.</i>				

### RECEDING HARELINE

6 Oct Cricketers Berwick Mudlarks

13 Oct The Gun Findon Pete Beard + Grahame Pete's 61<sup>st</sup>

20 Oct Star Steyning Mike C

### THE HASH CODE

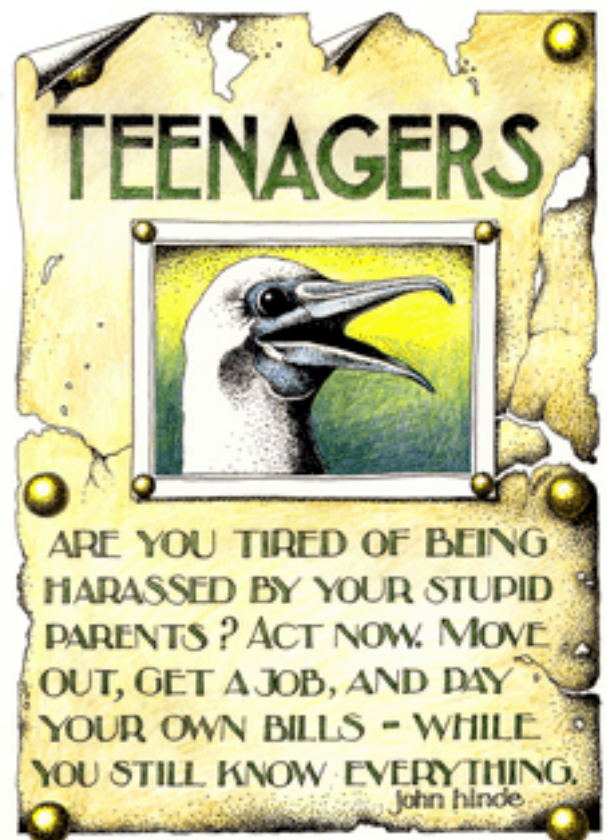
The first shall be last

And the last shall be first

But the fastest shall be

The ones with a thirst

(unless they're short-cutting bar stewards)



# HASH NOTICEBOARD

Well, the ale trail will soon be over so now it only remains to see how many t-shirts we've earned! If you've been running your own passport and would like it to be sent in with the club batch for overprinting please pass to Bouncer by 29<sup>th</sup> September as we only have 2 weeks after closure to get them in. Make sure you complete all the details inside first though, including shirt size. In the not too distant future I shall be strolling around to offer shirts from the club batch on the basis of most trail pubs visited. Obviously this doesn't include the many who ran their own passports, and who will qualify for shirts anyway. If you would like a shirt let me know when I catch you and I can make sure we get the right sizes.

Last chance to raise yourself above the pack comes with the 4<sup>th</sup> **CRAFT Hash pub crawl on 12<sup>th</sup> September**. As it stands, anyone who has run just 6 times qualifies for a shirt. As we hope to visit up to 6 pubs on 12<sup>th</sup>, even if you're way behind you can still qualify so come and join us! Of course technically as you have until 30<sup>th</sup> September you could still start a new passport now and reach the 20 to qualify, but you'd be doing a lot of it under your own steam!

It has been proposed that the **Christmas hash** takes place at the Hassocks Hotel after last years success. It may seem early but if anybody knows of a better venue or has any strong objection please make it known as soon as possible, always with the caveat that you may end up organising!

On on Bouncer



*On the subject of the Orympics I see Gordon Blowne is considering calling an erection based on the Beijing 'Bounce' (no relation). Rumour is he thinks Team GB is a personal reference. If so our teams for 2012 must be inspired by the possibilities offered by Boris Johnsons Team BJ!*



I seem to have sustained an Olympic injury. Sprained my wrist watching the womens beach volleyball.

**WARNING: Satan Is Using Olympics Volleyball To Get Young Boys To Masturbate! International Emergency Christian (Republican) Family Action Alert:**

Freehold, Iowa - Behind the locked doors of America's Christian bedrooms, young boys are getting swept up in a disturbing trend. "I had a frantic mother come to me the other day in tears," said Pastor Deacon Fred. "She told me that her son, Timothy, invited several of his friends over into his bedroom for private prayer and devotional scripture studies. What she told me next is enough to send shivers down the spine of every God fearing mother and father in our Christian Nation! Satan is in our midst, my friends! The Devil is using Olympics volleyball to lure young men into shedding their clothes, flopping around and falling off of their beds with him into the pit of iniquity. Lucifer is turning innocent afternoon gatherings of imprecatory prayer into frenzied young Masturbating Baptist Boys' Clubs!"

When Mrs. Huxton put her ear to the door, she told Pastor that she "heard not the sacred sounds of scripture readings accompanied by soft sweet whispers to our Heavenly Father, but rather a noisy television set spewing Chinese gibberish, tuned to an Olympic volleyball match." When she listened closer, she heard the slapping sounds of flesh-on-flesh accompanied by the grunts and moans of little Christian boys!

When she opened the door, Mrs. Huxton reported seeing a pile naked young men, including her own son. "Timothy's head was peeking out from under the pimpled rump of his prayer leader," she said. "They were all on the bedroom floor covered in sweat, their stiffened purple tallywhackers pointing in

every direction." Before Mrs. Huxton fainted in the doorway, she noticed the Tivo paused on the scantily clad knee of an Olympic volleyball player from the corner of her tearing eye.

"When church security officers arrived on the scene the boys had dressed themselves and were seated quietly in the living room, each with an open Bible on their lap," said Pastor Deacon Fred. "But the Devil didn't clean up his mess in the bedroom! No sir! His tell-tale hoof-prints were everywhere! There were empty bottles of secular lubricant, four pairs of silk panties stained with the after-lust of Lucifer's business, and what appeared to be a horse harness stuffed into Timothy's closet along with a case of Red Bull. In addition, security officers reported the boys had been playing with superhero toys," Pastor continued. "Anything related to superheroes except for Jesus is forbidden in this church! Officer Wilkins told me he found a Tantus ball toy and Titanmen training tools under Timothy's bed, and we're looking into it because there are bound to be some Tantus & Titanmen comic books hidden around somewhere too!"

"I have no doubt in my mind that all across America, Christian families are coming across scenes exactly like this!" Pastor Deacon Fred told parishioners on Sunday morning. "We won't stand for it in this church! From this day forward any member of our congregation caught watching Olympic volleyball or even mentioning Olympic volleyball will be asked to pack their belongings and find a place to live where your filthy, sinful, disgusting, depraved masturbation lifestyle is accepted!"

Timothy Huxton, Nathan DeAngelino, Alfred Fillmore, and Rufus Washington have each been sent to the Landover Baptist Creation Science Research Facility where they remain isolated from television and one another in the pre-marital mastrubatorial re-conditioning ward until further notice.

# Inside <sup>PAGE</sup> 3 Today

*When a woman wears leather,  
A man's heart beats quicker,  
his throat gets dry,  
he goes weak in the knees,  
and he begins to think irrationally.  
Know why? It's because she smells like a new car!*

The Top 10 funniest jokes from the Fringe

1. Zoe Lyons – "I can't believe Amy Winehouse self-harms. She's so irritating she must be able to find someone to do it for her." (11.65%)
2. Andrew Laurence – "Most of us have a skeleton in the cupboard. David Beckham takes his out in public." (10.10%)
3. Lloyd Langford – "My girlfriend said 'did you know that hippopotamuses kill more people every year than guns?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but a gun is easier to conceal.'" (9.90%)
4. Josie Long – "When I was a kid I asked my mum what a couple was and she said 'oh, two or three.' And she wonders why her marriage didn't work." (7.35%)
5. Tim Vine – "Velcro. What a rip-off." (6.10%)
6. Stephen Grant – "The Scots invented hypnosis, chloroform and the hypodermic syringe - wouldn't it be easier just to talk to a woman?" (5.80%)
7. Edward Aczel – "So far Bird Flu has only killed 47 people. By the time it ends, it's going to have killed 37 million. It's got to get going, hasn't it, if it's going to be the pandemic we've all been hoping for." (5.60%)
8. Joan Rivers – "Grandchildren can be f\*\*king annoying. How many times can you go 'And the cow goes moo and the pig goes oink'? It's like talking to a supermodel." (3.75%)
9. Tom Stade – "I like Jesus but he loves me, so it's awkward." (3.55%)
10. Jeff Kreisler – "People were outraged because of Barack Obama's spiritual advisor. I think it's great he had one. Who was George Bush's spiritual advisor? Jim Beam? Johnnie Walker? Jack Daniels?" (3.40%)

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Arthur Smith – "A man goes to the doctor for his annual check-up. The doctor says, 'I'm afraid you're going to have to stop masturbating.' The man says, why? The doctor says, 'Well, I'm trying to examine you.'"

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Wil Hodgson – "I don't like the C-word, but if it was done away with, there'd be nothing to call Jim Davidson."

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## Inner Peace - *from Pete Beard*

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I am passing this on to you because it definitely worked for me today, and we all could probably use more calm in our lives. Some doctor on tele this morning said that the way to achieve inner peace is to finish all the things you have started.

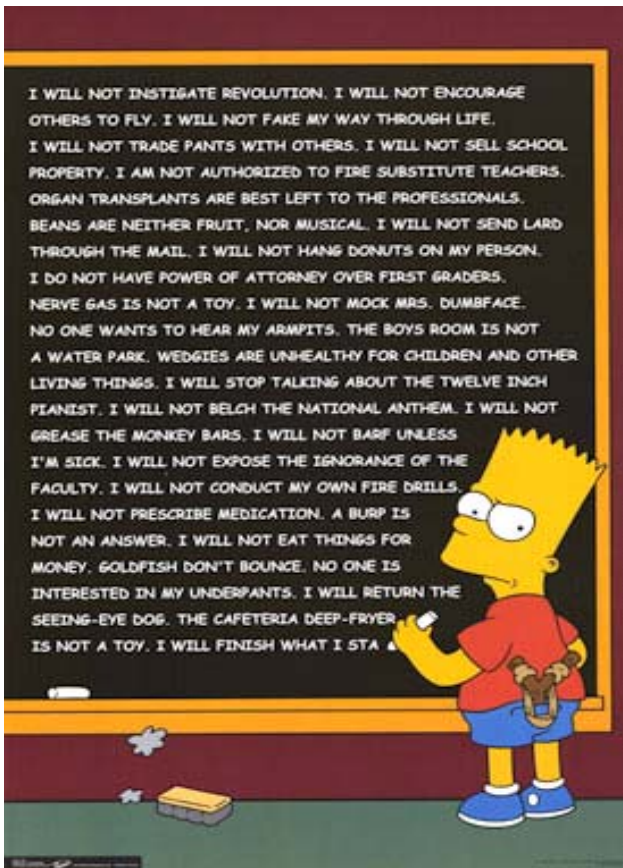
So, I looked around my house to see things I'd started and hadn't finished and, before leaving the house this morning, I finished off a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of shhhardonay, a bodle of Baileys, a butle of vocka, a pockage of Prunglies, the mainder of bot Prozic and Valum scriptins, the res of the Chesesccke an a box a chocolets. Yu haf no idr who fkin gud I fel. Peas sen dis orn to dem yu fee ar in ned ov inr pece



The Great Gordon Brown wants us to cut the amount of petrol we use. The best way to stop using so much petrol is to deport 3 million illegal immigrants! That would be 3 million less people using our petrol. The price of petrol would come down. Bring our troops home from I raq to guard the Channel. When they catch an illegal immigrant crossing the Channel, hand him a canteen, rifle and some ammo and ship him to I raq . Tell him if he wants to come to Britain then he must serve a tour in the military. Give him a soldier's pay while he's there and tax him on it. After his tour, he will be allowed to become a citizen since he defended this country. He will also be registered to be taxed and be a legal resident. This option will probably deter illegal immigration and provide a solution for the troops in I raq and the aliens trying to make a better life for themselves. If they refuse to serve, ship them to I raq anyway, without the canteen, rifle or ammo. Problem solved.....



Someone apparently went through the trouble of taping all the Simpsons, watching them all and writing down what Bart is writing on the board.



I will not carve gods.  
 I will not spank others.  
 I will not aim for the head.  
 I saw nothing unusual in the teacher's lounge.  
 Funny noises are not funny.  
 I will not snap bras.  
 I will not fake seizures.  
 This punishment is not boring and pointless.  
 My name is not Dr. Death.  
 I will not defame New Orleans.  
 I will not bury the new kid.  
 I will not teach others to fly.  
 I will not bring sheep to class.  
 Teacher is not a leper.  
 Coffee is not for kids.  
 I will not yell "She's Dead" at roll call.  
 The principal's toupee is not a Frisbee.  
 I will not call the principal "spud head."  
 Goldfish don't bounce.  
 Mud is not one of the 4 food groups.  
 No one is interested in my underpants.  
 I will not sell miracle cures.  
 I do not have diplomatic immunity.  
 I will not charge admission to the bathroom.  
 I will never win an emmy.  
 The cafeteria deep fat fryer is not a toy.  
 All work and no play makes Bart a dull boy.  
 I will not say "Springfield" just to get applause.  
 My homework was not stolen by a one-armed man.  
 I will not go near the kindergarten turtle.  
 I am not deliciously saucy.  
 The Pledge of Allegiance does not end with "Hail Satan!"  
 I will not celebrate meaningless milestones.

There are plenty of businesses like show business.  
 Five days is not too long to wait for a gun.  
 I will not waste chalk.  
 I will not skateboard in the halls.  
 I will not draw naked ladies in class.  
 I did not see Elvis.  
 I will not call my teacher, "Hot Cakes."  
 Garlic gum is not funny.  
 They are laughing at me, not with me.  
 I will not yell, "Fire" in a crowded classroom.  
 Tar is not a plaything.  
 I will not Xerox my butt.  
 I t's potato, not potatoe.  
 I am not a 32 year old woman.  
 I will not do that thing with my tongue.  
 I will not drive the principal's car.  
 I will not pledge allegiance to Bart.  
 I will not burp in class.  
 I will not cut corners.  
 I will not get very far with this attitude.  
 I will not sell land in Florida.  
 I will not hide behind the Fifth Amendment.  
 I will not do anything bad ever again.  
 I will not show off.  
 I will not sleep through my education.  
 I am not a dentist.  
 Spitwads are not free speech.  
 Nobody likes sunburn slappers.  
 High explosives and school don't mix.  
 I will not bribe Principal Skinner.  
 I will not squeak chalk.  
 "Bart Bucks" are not legal tender.  
 Underwear should be worn on the inside.  
 The Christmas Pageant does not stink.  
 I will not torment the emotionally frail.



## REHASHING the ale trail

So Matthew was about to try his hand at setting trail for the first time ever when his muse, Rik, was called away by circumstances. Luckily Matthew had taken his role seriously and recce'd the route so was just looking for some back-up for Mondays halfway pub the **Sloop Inn** visit. Having picked up the phone my first instinct was to volunteer to help but as it was Gabby's week to run, she offered to co-hare and help set the run Monday morning instead. As she hung up I reminded her that it was her birthday so we kids and all went up for a saunter round the trail. Having run from here countless times with BH7; EGH3 and the Sunday guys I was pleasantly surprised by Matthews route. I'm sure a new perspective often gives rise to a fresh approach and felt he'd found some nice areas we'd overlooked before. If he can get one of the patriarchs lost it can only be good, but I won't tell them your name Phil. Gabby was still wet from her pint when she got home, apparently not down down spillage but an accidental soaking from Mike! Oh well.

To be fair to Ivan he had originally put down the Ship as his pub of choice, which had already been visited by just about all the passports, so we found ourselves at the **Stand-Up Inn** instead for pub 11, which proved slightly unpopular as previous visits had been foodless. The new kitchen up and running though, with Pasties and Ciabattas available, that problem had gone. As we set off up the high street my thoughts were that we were on for the usual Grange Farm route but I was surprised when we veered off before the Church over to the recreation ground. 2 quick checks were then followed by a considerable run to the road. On was called along the road again for another long run but no relief at Avins Farm. The next check was held long enough for new boot Margaret aka Sloth before another stretch to a pretty dangerous check again on the road.

Malcolm and Trevor took the short cut back at this point as the rest of us turned left along another road to a road followed by a road and at last a bit of soft ground. Donald for some reason headed east at the check but I decided Bob & Binx were right for another long check-free run back to the road! By now quite dark and very few had torches, but it was on inn up the hill for the last ½ mile back to the pub where I shot through the door for a thirst quencher from Trevor, where Nigel best summed up the run: "Nice start and finish, Ivan. Shame about the 10k road race in the middle!".



CRAFT hash number 3 was on the following Saturday and, in view of the distance between pubs it was decided that we would go by bike instead. On the downside, and despite the promise of crash space at Bouncers pad with Angel away with the horrors, this and the Saturday meeting did put off a few. Others had genuine and regrettable excuses (*Ivan: Brighton home game; Les: Twickers tickets courtesy of Heavy Pants; Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger: Rugrat visit*), so it was a select group of Bouncer, Keeps It Up, Wildbush and Dave Harvey who set off from the **Hand-in-Hand** after waiting a respectable pint to see if Mr. Beard had managed to slip away for the afternoon despite him cooking in the evening. As we neared the **Neptune** we stopped at a Police tent and received free coding info for bikes as well as security bumpf. For some reason, and it could have been that he'd nicked his bike, Dave stood back. In view of the vast age of his machine though, I suspect that he must have had adequate coverage already! At the Neptune our host obligingly took all the books we had with us without even being asked, which was nice, but no sooner had we sat down than we were joined by Matthew with the promise that Jenny would be in just as soon as she'd finished her ice cream. Sharp intake of breath at her priorities which was only redeemed much later in the day when we discovered it was in fact jalapeno flavour!

Jenny led the way to the POTY for our next pint, which may sound 'orrible but actually means Pub Of The Year, which CAMRA award the **Stanley Arms** in Portslade has taken many times recently. I think it was here I learned that the MK Dons were in fact Wimbledon who have moved north and had to alter name as football clubs are obliged to take the name of their base town. I never knew that, but it explains why Gillingham Seagulls never came into being. My football ignorance was demonstrated again just a few days later when Wiggy asked which premiership side had never lost a game and I tried out my new knowledge offering the Dons to be told I was a prat and they're nowhere near the premiership. D'oh! The right answer, which by the time you read this will no doubt be invalid, is apparently Hull. That led to the further knowledge that the only player to have won the FA Cup, European Cup, and World Cup, and get himself stretchered off in an FA cup final with a broken leg is Roy of the Rovers. So there. It was only a short ride to the **Romans** where we once again relaxed into some fine beer, becoming by now ever more appreciative. Jenny continued leading the trail when we set off, after a slight delay caused by Matthews flat tyres, which honestly had nothing to do with anyone on the trail, despite our mirth at his discomfort. As we crossed Southwick Green, Bouncer doggedly led the 4 starters over the fence and past the church, convinced it was shorter, while Matthew and Jenny stuck with the road and were found waiting when we got there, d'oh again! At least the short cut through to the D'ohlphin industrial estate worked as we crossed the railway line and headed into the **Duke of Wellington**. All our hard work paid off quite handsomely here as the third Dark Star pub means free beer. As we'd visited the Evening Star on pub crawl #1 and the Stand Up (see above) this meant a fair reward. Dave was by now getting quite insistent about the hash warm-up of Father Abraham which was familiar to Keeps It Up and Wildbush,

and to Matthews surprise, Jenny, so outside we went for a quick rendition before some excuse was found to award Bouncer a down-down. At this point Jenny and Matthew decided to opt for an early bath as they wanted to beat the dark, which I thought was slower than the speed of light anyway (which calls to mind some earlier discussion about the speed of light being very inconsistent depending on the material you slow it down with. 186000 miles per second in a vacuum flask, but only 38 mph when passed through salt. Or something). The need for food was now pretty urgent so we continued the CRAFT high quality gastro selection by heading to BRI O, formerly the worst pub in Shoreham and now the finest restaurant, but were told to return in an hour. Oh well, on into the **Buckingham Arms** for yet more ale trail fun. I know Dave left at some point but can't recall whether it was before or after the Buck, but I know he wasn't around to see me slide gracefully to the floor as we received our D'ohballs in Brio, by which time we were topping up the huge ale intake with red wine, only a very small amount of Brents getting spilt on the way. Begs the question of whether I would have sinned if I hadn't had the down down or was the down down awarded in the certain knowledge that something silly was on the horizon! D'oh no, too deep, I'm pissed take me home.

Keeps it Up, Wildbush and Bouncer survived not only the ale trail Saturday and the Chichester Hash r\*n at Amberley on Sunday, (Cracking run from the Bridge pub set by Malibog who was back in the country but found the ale trail pubs too far from his base in Littlehampton), but were out for a third days hashing in a row on Monday at the **Watermill** at Worlds End, Burgess Hill. The weather had been grim over the course of the day but a huge pack turned out aware of the old adage that it never rains on the hash. They turned out but people were absolutely sopping with something when we got back and I don't think it can all have been sweat. That said this was a lovely run, and it was good to see a dribble dropper in action courtesy of Trevor, as we went up the road, across Bedelands, past the Mill Pond and along a dodgy bit of road under the bridge. The walkers seemed to be doing very well or was I doing badly? Anyway, Elaine and Kayleen rescued me twice in quick succession from a farm, before we found the pack milling about at a check where Trevor started larking about. "On-back" he called as he turned towards the muddy puddle we'd just gone through. Half the pack were back in the shiggy before we realised he was calling on the other way. After the next check at the Fox we had another short road stretch before heading back into the woods where Trevor again called on back as we came up the diagonal side of a triangle only to take a sharp right angle to lead us back to where we'd just come from. The word POND was uttered loudly and near him which seemed to do the trick. At last as t'rain started terrain started to look familiar so Bob Luck and I headed off towards the old school, scene of the beer stop the last time we'd been up here, only to get a call back. I told Malcolm, I did, that he'd gone the wrong way, which he denied backing it up with chalk and flour. "No, I mean you should have gone that way when you set it!". As the rain got heavier though I suspect most were glad of the early finish through the woods and back down the road. Great to see Louis make it to the pub for the first time since fatherhood thrust its thumb on his noggin, Talking of noggins, Les Gray had cracked a decent hole in his head, which he claimed was a work accident with a rolling door, but we know was really due to a ruck whilst at Twickenham. You can't try validating a story like that by claiming to be the Health and Safety guy mate!

And finally this month was the **Laughing Fish**, I sfield, which saw us rounding off our 13<sup>th</sup> official visit but in reality we have exceeded the 15 at ¾ stage thanks to the CRAFT hashes. This was Gabby's turn so all I can say about it is that sadly we once again found the pub unwilling to put on food, this time as it was a bank holiday which makes very little business sense to me. The hares once again should be congratulated for providing a bread and cheese etc, buffet.

## BOUNCER

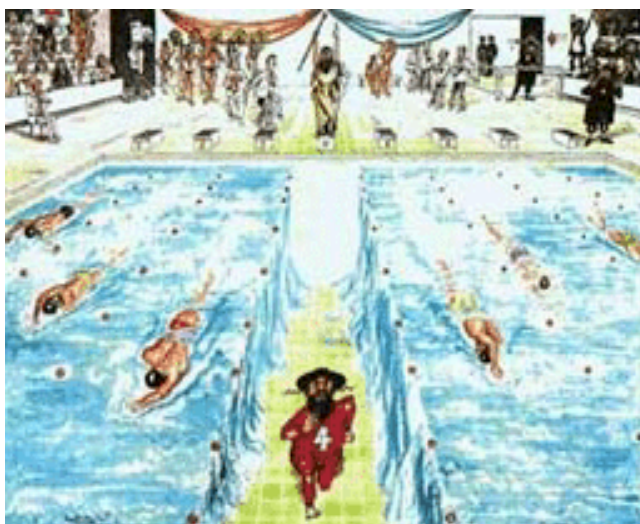
An elderly Italian man who lived on the outskirts of Rimini, Italy, went to the local church for confession. When the priest slid open the panel in the confessional the man said: "Father.....During World War II, a beautiful Jewish woman from our neighbourhood knocked urgently on my door and asked me to hide her from the Nazis. So I hid her in my attic." The priest replied: "That was a wonderful thing you did, and you have no need to confess that." There is more to tell, Father.....She started to repay me with sexual favours. This happened several times a week, and sometimes twice or more on Sundays.'

The priest said, "That was a long time ago and by doing what you did, you placed the two of you in great danger. but two people under those circumstances can easily succumb to the weakness of the flesh. However, if you are truly sorry for your actions, you are indeed forgiven."

"But there is one more thing" said the man.

"And what is that?" asked the priest.

"Should I tell her the war is over?"



**Jewish Olympic swimming**

A drunk stumbles across a baptism service by a river. The preacher says to him: 'Are you ready to find Jesus?' The drunk says he is. The minister dunks him underwater and pulls him back up. 'Have you found Jesus?' the preacher asks. 'No, I haven't!' says the drunk. The preacher dunks him in for longer, and repeats the question. The drunk says no. This happens again. Finally, the drunk asks: 'Are you sure this is where he fell in?'

# Top 25 television put-downs

Last Updated: 3:37am GMT 26/02/2008

Radio Times has come up with a list of 25 favourite witty one-liners, with the help of television critic John Naughton.

1. Basil Fawlty John Cleese, Fawlty Towers  
Sybil: "Don't shout at me, I've had a difficult morning."  
Basil: "Oh dear, what happened? Did you get entangled in the eiderdown again? Not enough cream in your éclair? Hmm? Or did you have to talk to all your friends for so long that you didn't have time to perm your ears?"

2. Mrs Merton Caroline Aherne, The Mrs Merton Show  
To Debbie McGee: "So, what first attracted you to the millionaire Paul Daniels?"

3. Edmund Blackadder Rowan Atkinson, Blackadder II  
To the unremittingly dim Lord Percy: "The eyes are open, the mouth moves, but Mr Brain has long since departed, hasn't he, Perce?"

4. Roseanne Conner Roseanne Barr, Roseanne  
To screen husband Dan (John Goodman): "Your idea of romance is popping the can away from my face."

5. Patsy Stone Joanna Lumley, ABSolutely FABulous  
"One more facelift on this one and she'll have a beard"

6. Father Jack Hackett Frank Kelly, Father Ted  
"Drink! Feck! Arse! Girls!"

7. Carla Tortelli Lebec Rhea Perlman, Cheers  
Barfly Cliff: "I'm ashamed God made me a man."  
Carla: "I don't think God's doing a lot of bragging about it, either."

8. Jim Royle Ricky Tomlinson, The Royle Family  
His mother-in-law Norma: "Is this hat too far forward?"  
Jim: "No. We can still see your face."

9. Malcolm Tucker Peter Capaldi, The Thick of It  
To a junior minister after his inept, blinking confrontation with Jeremy Paxman on Newsnight: "All these hands all over the place! You were like a sweaty octopus trying to unhook a bra! It was like watching John Leslie at work!"

10. Statler and Waldorf The old men, The Muppet Show  
Statler: "Wake up you old fool, you slept through the show."  
Waldorf: "Who's a fool? You watched it."

11 Inspector Monkfish John Actor/Simon Day, The Fast Show. To a recently bereaved woman:  
"I realise this must be a very difficult time for you, so put your knickers on and go and make me a cup of tea!"

12. To WPC: "I notice you're not wearing a wedding ring, which given your age means you're divorced or a lesbian".

13. Rupert Rigsby Leonard Rossiter, Rising Damp  
To Alan, his lazy student lodger, who complains his room is too cold for him to study in: "The only thing you study is your navel. You even shave lying down."

14. Gran Catherine Tate, The Catherine Tate Show  
In hospital, describing to her grandson an encounter with an overweight volunteer: "She said to me last time, 'You look bored, Mrs Barbara Taylor Bradford.' So I said, 'Yeah? I've got three words for you, too: calorie-controlled diet.'"

15. The Professors Rob Newman and David Baddiel, The Mary Whitehouse Experience

"I have here a copy of your book, Origins of the Crimean War. It smells of poo."

"That's because it's been inside your mum's bra."

16 Alf Garnett Warren Mitchell, Till Death Us Do Part  
"You Scouse git!"

17 Alexis Carrington Joan Collins, Dynasty  
"I'm glad to see your father had your teeth fixed - if not your mouth."

18. JR Ewing Larry Hagman, Dallas About his half-brother, Ray Krebbs:  
"Ray never was comfortable eating with the family; we do use knives and forks."

19. Arnold Rimmer Chris barrie, Red Dwarf "Look, we all have something to bring to this discussion. But I think from now on the thing you should bring is silence"

20. Dr Cox John C McGinley, Scrubs  
Dr Elliot Reid: "I don't think you understand the severity of the situation here. I am dangerously close to giving up men altogether!"

Dr Perry Cox: "Then on behalf of men everywhere - and I do mean everywhere, including the ones in the little mud huts - let me be the first to say thanks and hallelujah!"

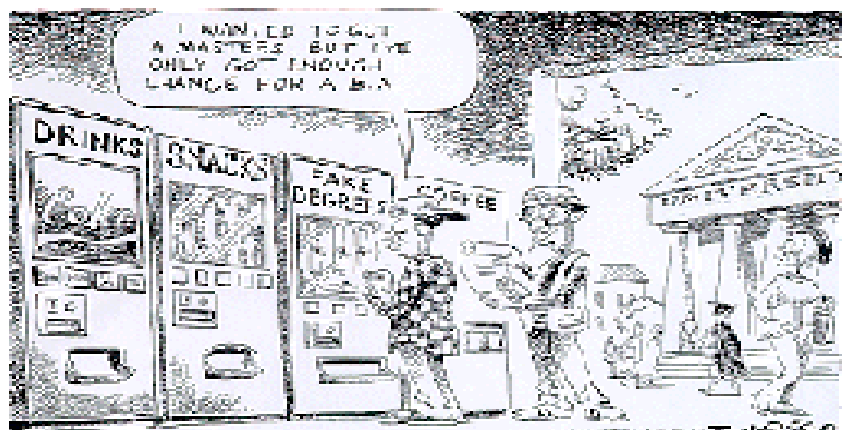
21. Dr Gregory House Hugh Laurie, House "You can think I'm wrong, but that's no reason to stop thinking."

22. Gary Strang Martin Clunes, Men Behaving Badly  
Laddish knockabout as Gary rates flatmate Tony's chances with upstairs tenant Deborah:  
"Let's face it, Tony, the only way you're gonna be in there is if you're both marooned on a desert island and she eats a poisonous berry or a nut which makes her temporarily deaf, dumb, stupid, forgetful and desperate for sex."

23. Larry David Larry David, Curb Your Enthusiasm  
"Switzerland is a place where they don't like to fight, so they get people to do their fighting for them while they ski and eat chocolate."

24. Sam Tyler John Simm, Life on Mars in an exchange with DCI Gene Hunt:  
Gene: "I think you've forgotten who you're talking to."  
Sam: "An overweight, over-the-hill, nicotine-stained, borderline-alcoholic homophobe with a superiority complex and an unhealthy obsession with male bonding?"  
Gene: "You make that sound like a bad thing."

25. Captain Mainwaring, Arthur lowe, dad's army  
"You stupid boy"



# Lady Samantha Four-Bums Wins Olympic Beach Volley Ball Pairs By Herself!

Story written: 16 August 2008

Lady Samantha Four-Bums



While the world watched the American porn stars Misty May-Crack and her partner Alyssa Alps tear their half naked way through the Beach Volley Ball, no one expected that a British Noble would grab the tittle. But Lady Samantha Four-Bums brought her 4th degree "A" on to win the gold medal.

Most observers thought that the actual score of each match was the determining factor for the Olympic medal. To the surprise of many Olympic aficionados, the IOC clarified the rules to explain that in fact beach volley ball had a unique set of scoring criterion.

The greatest number of points is actually awarded to the number of shots directed to a player's bum. Since Lady Samantha Four-Bums captured four times the number of cheek-shots, she will be named the Olympic Volley Ball Champion.

When challenged by USA coaches, The IOC explained: "Did you really think this was a sport!?"

## BAD jokes/ observations

I keep having my profile on a dating website rejected. One of the questions is, 'What do you want in a woman? Apparently 'my cock' is not an acceptable answer.

Why are women like clouds? Eventually they f\*ck off and it's a really nice day

A man walks into a petrol station and says, 'can I please have a KitKat Chunky?'

The lady behind the till gets him a KitKat Chunky and brings it back to him.

'No,' says the man, 'I wanted a normal KitKat, you fat bitch.'

My wife, being unhappy with my mood swings, bought me one of these Mood rings so she could monitor my mood. We discovered that, when I am in a good mood, it turns green and, when I am in a bad mood, it leaves a big fu—ing red mark on her forehead.

Maybe next time she'll just give me a blow job!

I was at a cash machine when an old lady came up to me and asked to check her balance. So I pushed her over.

Zebo, a half blind five year old south african orphan, has to ride 7 miles a day to school with only one leg on a bicycle with buckled wheels and no brakes. Give just a small donation of 2 dollars and we'll send you the video, it's fu cking hilarious....

I had a dog named Minton who had an unfortunate habit of eating shuttlecocks. Bad Minton.

Two men are in a pub. One says to his mate 'My mother-in-law is an angel'. His dude replies 'You're so fucking lucky. Mine is still alive...'

2 Men in a pub and one is riding a Bucking Bronco Machine. He lasts over 10 minutes.

'Crikey mate, that was impressive!' said the other guy.

'I get lots of practice' replied the first one, 'My wife's epileptic'

Gary Glitter has got a date for his release. She is 8 years old, but with her make-up on she looks 12!

What did Michael Jackson say to Gary Glitter? I'll swap you a 10 for two fives

Don't you find it strange that in the 1970s, 10 year old girls had posters of Gary Glitter all over their bedroom walls. Now in the 21st century it's the other way round.....

