



B♥GGY SH♥E



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers
Trash #346 February 2025

Find us on  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 February 2025	2399 Farmers, Scaynes Hill	RH17 7NE OOD, Pompette & Beat the Barman
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.		
10th February 2025	2400 Old Boot Inn, Seaford	BN25 1PE Not So Fast & Mudlark
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Right onto A26 at Beddingham roundabout. Next left and left again for A259 into Seaford. Turn right on Church St. at Station. Right at end and right again for car park. Pub back in South Street. Est. 25 mins.		
17th February 2025	2401 Cleveland Inn, Brighton	BN1 6FF Nasty Nips & Little Swinger
Directions: From Patcham head south along A23, over mini roundabout at Carden Avenue on London Road. At Preston Park traffic lights turn left (right if coming from south) into Preston Drove. Cleveland Road is 6th right by Blakers park. Est. 5 mins. Nearest parking is on Surrenden Road or Preston Drove below Harrington Villas. Allow an extra 10 minutes to walk up.		
24th February 2025	2402 Horse Inn, Hurstpierpoint	BN6 9SP Beat the Barman/ Psychlepath/ OOD
Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. Est.15 mins.		
3rd March 2025	2403 George Payne, Hove	BN3 5HB KnuSSSknacker
Directions: West on A27 to next exit, then 3rd at roundabout King George VI Avenue. Down the hill and 2nd left, Nevill Road. Follow right round over mini roundabout to major traffic light junction. For pub - go straight across and under railway bridge, then 3rd right Montgomery Street. Take 6th right after 1/4 mile onto Kendal Avenue and pub on corner at the top. For parking - turn right at traffic lights, 3rd left, park and walk through foot tunnel at the bottom. Est. 10 mins.		

Receding Hareline:

10/03/25 Ladies Mile, Patcham – Tripsy Daisy & Ride-It, Baby

17/03/25 Fox on the Downs – Bobble Chopper & Bonking Queen

24/03/25 Coaching Halt, Crawley – Little Swinger

31/03/25 Selden Arms, Worthing – Bathe-It Daily

07/04/25 White Hart, Henfield – Prince Crashpian

Hashing around Sussex:

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

02/03/25 Breezehurst Community Centre, off Breezehurst Drive Bewbush, Crawley RH11 6EN
On inn will probably be Black Swan.

Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):

No run this month

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

16/02/25 Lullingstone Country Park, Castle Road, Eynsford DA4 0JF Hare: Loopy Lou

EGH3 – r*ns start at 10.45am:

09/02/25 The Bear Inn, Hartfield

Hares: Joy of Spex, Irn Bru

23/02/25 The Old Railway, Henfield

Hares: RocksOn and Gromit (Jane and Pete)

Thought for the day: A hasher asked his wife what she loved most about him – his tremendous athletic ability or his superior intellect? She said: "Your enormous sense of humour!"



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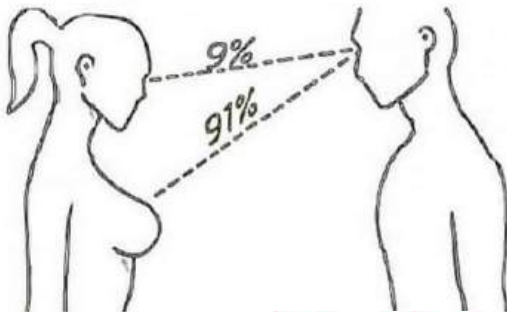
Apparently this is a new trend in China. Almost everything banned over there but titty hearts are cool.

#BOOBHEARTCHALLENGE

#おっぱいハート oppai heart is a trend on Japanese twitter, girls are posting photos of themselves shaping their boobs into a heart with their hands.



majority of men look into the heart not the face I want someone to send me a heart shaped titty selfie



"I love you with all my **b@bs**", she said, "I would say heart but my boobs are bigger". Hell yeah!



I got some new aftershave today that smells like breadcrumbs.. The birds love it!

REHASHING



2395 – Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath – For reasons that will become apparent later, Psychlepath was forced to pass the reins for trail setting to Keeps It Up and Wildbush (an amusing turn of events this being their first regular trail since returning from their Christmas tour as they'd set the last hash they were present at before leaving!) but at least he'd negotiated the pub for us after the Fox turned out to be useless, which will also become apparent later. A somewhat understated chalk talk inside the pub warned of 8k, mud, fishhooks and wotnosip but BYO grub post hash before we headed out into the crisp cold night air. On was north to cross over and head up Gower Road where Bonking Queen decided to lay down in the road while calling Nincompooch rude names, then into Victoria Park for the first FH. At the check Nips was keen to get to the bottom of the counting error which transpired to be the NickO exemption, then off we set again south through the park and down Sunnywood Drive for a boggling check in Catts Wood, eventually taking us down the railway line for a loop round lower Bolnore and the play park. Re-crossing the railway we

bumped into the walkers again on Rocky Lane but the FRB's urge to get back to the pub ('is it beer o'clock already?' quoth Ride-it, Baby) proved the wrong call and we again meandered through the houses before finding proper shiggy in Furze Wood, prompting RA to cancel fallers down downs for the evening! Despite a glorious half moon lighting our way, Half Moon was nervy about checking on her own so Little Swinger (who'd had a great night with no less than three swinging opportunities – a fourth being omitted as NickO was in residence) held her hand to lead her astray as the rest of us headed out into the new builds on Cape Road and the back of the empty Fox pub from whence we should've started if only they responded to contact! There was a fishhook here but no sign of Nasty Nips or Oral Hooker who didn't reappear until returning from the next fishhook on the long on inn up Fox Hill. Well there was a check on the final straight down Wivelsfield Road but hare said, "I don't think anyone would be idiotic enough to go left there", only to see NN, OH, LS and other FRB's coming in from the Cook's tour. After the renowned fish & chip shop opposites brisk trade, circle was called with Hares KIU & Wildbush downing to the 'here's to' song, although mention had to be made of their Christmas trip. On hearing they were visiting Morocco as post-lube to the Nile Hash Cruise, Trouble said 'You're half way already, you might as well come to South Africa with me for Christmas', however, KIU decided that the most efficient way of doing that was via Heathrow! Unfortunately Psychlepath had a bad fall from his bike on Boxing Day necessitating a visit to A&E to get plastered, hence relinquishing hare duties, but was quick to blame Santa which was bad bad bad! For clarity, Rik's son and former regular hasher Louis was dubbed Santa as he only came at Christmas for some years, and had suggested the best route to his house to collect the car. It was good to see Eat My Cucumber returning after two and a half years, but an early start on Tuesday meant no pub. It was also good to see Little Swinger and Anybody here, both overdue 100th and 1000th awards respectively, however, NN had for the first time in weeks left that bag at home. Well he had also swerved the FH with OH so up they both came for 20 toes and a rather ungentlemanly grab forcing OH onto tip toes to get any of her beer. Just Matt was back after man flu but had been offering his whisky flask around, then he had very nearly sprinted into the river, mistaking the calm for tarmac, all while BQ looked on, and perhaps justifying her calling him rude names earlier on in a call to NN after Nincompooch went awol! As we ascended Fox Hill I'd asked BQ why she didn't have a bobble on her hat. It turned into quite a story the crux of which is that JM, whose hat she was wearing, had chopped it off as he didn't like it, prompting the question of why his hat did have a bobble, that being down to there only being a kid's one available and 'he's only got a little head, so I had his'. It hadn't started as a naming plan but before we knew it a vote was called



with 20 opting for Bobble Chopper and the lone voice of Angel in support of Little Head, which should have been enough to ensure domestic bliss on the part of your RA. But if BQ is in trouble, I thought I'd better throw myself on my sword too, and thus JM was dubbed Bobble Chopper to the drinking song from The Student Prince, although I rather like the nod to famous chopper chopper Lorena Bobbit! And finally, some Xmas leftovers, starting with the exhaust pipe left by RiB with Bouncer (hint: anything left with RA is regarded as lost property and will be returned!), and ending with the Dangleberry Sash banner being awarded to NN for his amazing input to the hash above and beyond, which earned a DD with Knightriders leftover beer to Get A Life. A sort of vote on food options for next week took place to conclude another great hash! **Bouncer** Reader footnote: Only Germans wear bobble hats. They put them on their hats so when they hit their heads inside the boats it protected them. **Spingo**



onononononononononononon

It's all about heart! A few heart related stories for Valentines:

A wealthy Arab Sheik was admitted to hospital for heart surgery, but prior to the surgery, the doctors needed to store his type of blood in case the need arose. As the gentleman had a rare type of blood, it couldn't be found locally, so, the call went out. Finally a Scotsman was located who had a similar blood type. The Scot willingly donated his blood for the Arab. After the surgery, the Arab sent the Scotsman in appreciation for giving his blood, a new BMW, 5 carats of diamonds, and \$50,000 pounds. A couple of months later, once again, the Arab had to go through a corrective surgery. The hospital telephoned the Scotsman who was more than happy to donate more of his blood again. After the second surgery, the Arab sent the Scotsman a thank-you card and a box of Black Magic chocolates. The Scotsman was shocked that the Arab did not reciprocate his kind gesture as he had before. He phoned the Arab and asked him: "I thought you would be generous again, that you would give me another BMW, diamonds and money ... but you only gave me a thank-you card and a box of chocolates."

To this the Arab replied: "Aye laddie, but I have Scottish blood in ma veins now".

Men are like a pack of cards - You need a Heart to love them; A Diamond to marry them; A Club to batter them; And a Spade to bury the b*st*rds!!

Did you know? The king of hearts is the only king without a moustache.



"Very nice, your Highness,
but it's for a family game!"

A banter romance ...



Woody Allen love banter:

I'm such a good lover because I practice a lot on my own."

My love life is terrible. The last time I was inside a woman was when I visited the Statue of Liberty. Sex without love is a meaningless experience, but as meaningless experiences go, it's pretty damned good."

I believe that sex is a beautiful thing between two people. Between five, it's fantastic."

Remember, if you smoke after sex you're doing it too fast."

With hares Bouncer and Angel covered in mud the night would promise to be a mud-filled affair, made all the more slippery by the recent snow thaw. And so with a quick chalk talk (4.65 miles and fishhooks), the hash set off S down Salvington Hill, turning (at the first check) onto Hayling Rise then (another check) onto Newling Way, then right (S) onto Mill Ln. Pack continued on S, missing the turn into the fields opposite the junction with Woodland Ave, earning a 'well there was a mark there earlier' from Bouncer as FRBs were called back. N now on the trail passing The Gallops playground and up the zig-zag path to Bost Hill; fishhook wholly expected at the top (it'd be criminal not to put one there), with FRBs Half Moon and me (Nasty Nips) the first of seven to turn around, and a little sprint towards the end would see me being number seven as well - luckily the back of the pack was only a short way back at this point. Trail continued SW on Bost Hill to the junction and a [REDACTED]

A photograph showing three people walking away from the camera on a dark path at night. The path is lined with trees, and numerous warm white string lights are strung between them, creating a canopy of light. The person on the left is wearing a blue jacket and a blue beanie. The person in the middle is wearing an orange jacket and a green beanie. The person on the right is wearing a dark jacket and a dark beanie. The background is dark, with some distant lights visible.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

SOMEONE'S BEEN USING MY PHONE, TOO, AND THEY ORDERED TWO MATTRESSES, A CHAIR AND PORRIDGE TAKEOUT.

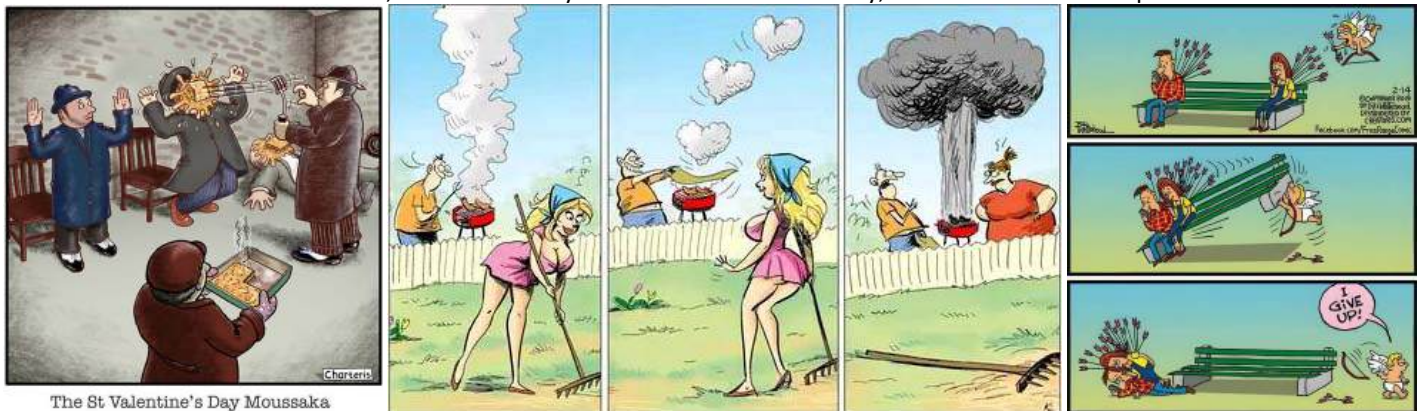
by the Mercedes dealership this morning and saw their new convertible. It was to die for! I talked to the salesman and the one in the showroom is brand new, leather seats, power everything, gold coloured. What do you think??" "Honey, come on, we already have cars!" "You promised me that I could get a convertible!" "How much is it?" "You won't believe it but he said he'd let us have it for £85,000 fully loaded with all the options!!!" "Ok, OK, go ahead and purchase it!" "I love you, you're the best husband a wife could ask for. I hope I'm not pushing it, but remember our Trip we took to Paris? Remember the Cohen's place with the swimming pool, tennis courts? It's on the market to be sold. I saw it this morning at the Real Estate agency. If we bought it we would have a perfect place to stay at during the cold winter months!!!" "I had actually thought about it. You say it's on the market?" "Really, you were actually thinking about it? Can I go make an offer on it? You know it's not listed very high and It would be perfect for our type of lifestyle!!!" "How much is it listed at?" "Only £225,000.00 sweetheart. It's a steal!" "I guess we've got money put away. Go ahead and make an offer but no more than £215,000.00" "This is turning out to be a great day! Can't wait to see you later tonight to celebrate!!!" "See you tonight dear" The man hangs up the mobile phone and asks: "Who's phone is this?"

What is love?

According to ancient Greek philosophy, there are eight distinct types of love, each with a specific Greek word: Eros (romantic, passionate love), Philia (affectionate love - friendship), Agape (selfless, universal love), Storge (familial love), Mania (obsessive love), Ludus (playful love), Pragma (enduring love), and Philautia (self-love)!



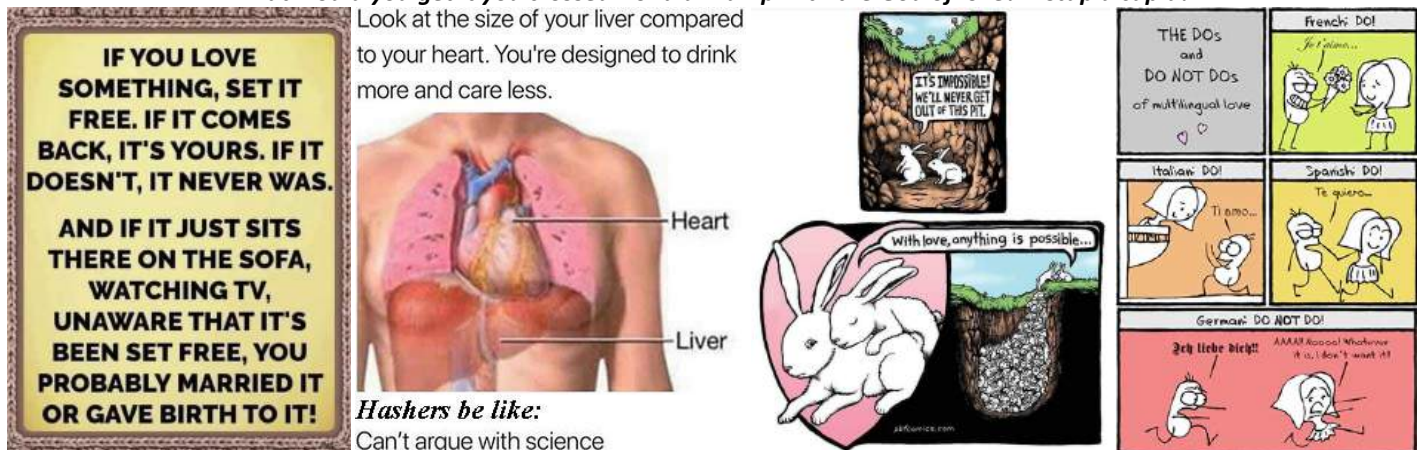
Man discovered weapons, invented hunting. Woman discovered hunting, invented furs.
 Man discovered colours, invented painting. Woman discovered painting, invented make-up.
 Man discovered speech, invented conversation. Woman discovered conversation, invented gossip.
 Man discovered agriculture, invented food. Woman discovered food, invented diet.
 Man discovered friendship, invented love. Woman discovered love, invented marriage.
 Man discovered woman, invented sex. Woman discovered sex, invented headache.
 Man discovered trade, invented money. Woman discovered money, man was all screwed up after that.



The St Valentine's Day Moussaka

White House Press secretary Karoline Leavitt, Vice President JD Vance, and President Trump are travelling by car in Kansas. A tornado comes along and whirls them up into the air and tosses them many miles away. They fall into a daze. When they come to and extract themselves from the vehicle, they realize they're in the fabled Land of Oz so decide to go see the famous Wizard of Oz, known for granting people their wishes. Leavitt announces: "I'll ask the Wizard for a brain." Vance responds: "I'll ask him for a heart." Trump looks around and says: "Where's Dorothy?"

What would you get if you crossed Donald Trump with the God of love? A stupid cupid!



Hashers be like:

Can't argue with science

Little Bruce and Jenny are only 10 years old, but they know they are in love. One day they decide that they want to get married, so Bruce goes to Jenny's father to ask him for her hand. Bruce bravely walks up to him and says, "Mr. Smith, me and Jenny are in love and I want to ask you for her hand in marriage."

Thinking that this was just the cutest thing, Mr. Smith replies, "Well Bruce, you are only 10.. Where will you two live?"

Without even taking a moment to think about it, Bruce replies, "In Jenny's room. It's bigger than mine and we can both fit there nicely."

Still thinking this is just adorable, Mr. Smith says with a huge grin, "Okay, then how will you live? You're not old enough to get a job. You'll need to support Jenny."

Again, Bruce instantly replies, "Our allowance, Jenny makes five bucks a week and I make 10 bucks a week. That's about 60 bucks a month, so that should do us just fine."

Mr. Smith is impressed Bruce has put so much thought into this. "Well Bruce, it seems like you have everything figured out. I just have one more question. What will you do if the two of you should have little children of your own?"

Bruce just shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well, we've been lucky so far."

Mr. Smith no longer thinks the little shit is adorable.

REHASHING with Bouncer



2397 Jack & Jill, Clayton – A busy, animated and happy group greeted our arrival, which just didn't suit my grumps from a bad day and the car park realisation that, under doctors orders not to run, I'd left my walking boots and torch at home, for which Angel, despite being inculpable, had dutifully soaked up the blame. I must apologise particularly to Rebel for my incivility, but the joke continued to be on me after Gomi's ribbing subsided, as the only offers to get me through the mud, from Pompette and Half Moon, were sadly no match for my plates. And so, as pack headed off to cross the rec and ascend to Jack and Jill, I made the decision to head home and start again. By the time pack had negotiated the evil first fishhook at the car park and trail had been located along the South Downs Way and down past the golf course I was back to see them safely across the road at Clayton Hill, but my plan to intercept the walkers failed as I could not make out the route on the map and attempts to contact them were fruitless, so off I set along New Way Lane. Luck was with me discovering the On Inn at the first finger and a reversal of trail would

find torches wandering along the ridge which pack had achieved by heading up the Wyshe out of Pyecombe, heading west past Choppers gate (where another effective fishhook would see some having a considerable return!), and slapping a right at the trig atop Wolstonbury. Meanwhile in Wellcombe Bottom, unaware of Psychlepaths antics above - falling then springing back and charging off down the hill just days after getting the plaster removed from his last fall - I was faced with myriad options and no clear path so just wandered aimlessly. Eventually guided by calling and torches as Lily shared his West Country history with Half Moon I found myself back with the pack in time to douse my flaming brand at the check to save the reveal and discretely slow right down for the final fishhook, where Ride-It, Baby found herself alone at the front out of the numbers for the 2nd time tonight after conveniently slowing down to remove her jacket earlier on, which had nothing to do with the headtorches coming back up the SDW to her. On Inn was via a comforting hug from NuSSSnakke who surmised that a Bouncer bad day must be bad (*two ceilings down at my dad's empty house after water escape*)! For the record, the walkers had a pleasant amble along Underhill and Spring Lanes to cross the B2112, following the farmers track round over the railway line and past the burial ground, out to Dangleberry's stytle and on inn via New Way Lane, so I would probably have met them regardless!

With just the one member of staff on to ale dispensing, the resolution busting restorative pint from Come Again was very gratefully received, and a contented pack duly settled into the usual victuals until interrupted by the circle up. Receiving the usual abuse that accompanies an excellent hash Oral Hooker and Private Dancer were called up with PD spouting his concerns for Pi. Well yes I thought, unsolvable, so us lesser intellects tend not to worry, but his concern was real as he'd left his dindins too near Hash Gomi. The latter steadfastly refused to join them for the 'Here's to' song so PD hoped for a happy outcome, which was thankfully the result for a returning Who Killed Kenny, who'd walked from Bear Road with Dog her teddy, earning an 'Alright' downer, and was looking for a lift back (cue the lovely Tripsy!). Presidential elections were high on the agenda and so we finally paid Local Knowledge his dues electing him to replace the late lamented Chopper as hash President, albeit the song was more a reflection of the Trump ('Why was he born...', and not my POTUS!) as he necked his own wine. Every so often the hash find themselves being subjected to education, unsolicited but needs must, and so tonight's snippet recognised that 20th January recalls the unfortunate St. Sebastian, whose faith being discovered during a 'cleansing' meant "... the archers shot at him till he was as full of arrows as an urchin is full of pricks". As he is especially popular amongst athletes (and incidentally both Damien Hirst's formaldehyde cow and the video for REM's Losing My Religion pay tribute) hash tribute tonight called Nasty Nips yet again for his athletic PB and racist spouting, as well as Shoots Off Early for the most relevant hash name. Of course, Nips wasn't talking to himself, but Little Swinger had deliberately been saved for greater things, finally receiving her 100th tankard just under 2 months late which was dropped to 'Get A Life'. Things then got complicated! Anybody was also overdue his 1000th award, which usually consists of a personalised hip flask as well as recognition on the giant hip flask of friendship which, once filled with beer, has usually been passed around for the hash to take a drink with the recipient. But Mike had requested a tankard instead, which your hare-brained RA also filled with beer. Demonstrating the post-covid suggested slightly distanced pour from the hip flask RA promptly tipped beer over himself before passing to Anybody for a countdown of ten and the hip flask duly found its way round the pack with some tipping, some just drinking direct, and some using the leak that had apparently appeared, causing beer to be spread far and wide throughout the saloon! Realising the tankard error, it was quickly thrust to Anybody for a reprise of 'GAL', as mayhem ensued, and Hash Gomi was again called to neck the final beer for RA abuse. A conversation then ensued: "I'm driving" "Nominate" "Mudlark" "Think carefully..." "Mudlark" "... about who might otherwise earn the Numpty..." "Mudlark" "Quite sure?" "Mudlark". And so Mudlark found out that HE was the 'Stupid' one for forgetting his boots and torch, driving home and back again to collect bits, being unable to read a map, getting lost trying to find the walkers, and apparently breaking the giant hip! Some people just can't take a hint, and so, after a mere three attempts to restore order with the line, "As I've got your attention...", the chair was handed to Ride-It, Baby to announce next week's hash and wrap up another great evening.



There's something magical and exhilarating about hashing at night in the winter atop the Downs on a crisp cool eve under the stars. (You just don't see stars in town!) And then to descend to a warm inviting pub and to pass a pleasant time with friends and slowly getting to a state unknown to those that never drink. Well, tonight was one of those nights. Pure magic. Thanks to the Hares for a great trail. On on. **Whose Shout**

onononononononononononononononon

Hashing in Singapore: Ran with Lion City hash in Singapore on Friday. Great crowd and nice run through the parks. **Bouncer & Angel**



"I watched a concert in Southeast Asia last week, but I didn't like it." "Singapore?" "Dreadful."

IN THE NEWS

The Donald sworn in for a second term and immediately starts breaking stuff:



Meanwhile, the Starminator continues breaking stuff over here:



Assisted by:

Rachel from accounts spotted meeting with her business advisor earlier today



It's not quite clear how Nigella of a certain age gets away with it:



BREAKING: ICE just announced it is pausing the hotline where people can call to report undocumented immigrants because 90% of the calls are from people reporting Elon Musk.

Alexa, how can I summon the Thetans from Mars to help me enslave humanity?



Who started calling the cybertrucks Deploreans? I owe you a drink.



Elon Musk is reportedly furious people keep calling Tesla vehicles "swasticators." So don't do that.



PHIL WITTE

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME? YOU HAVE A PHONE CALL..

IF THAT'S STANLEY, I'M NOT HERE!

BAR

STANLEY

THE REAL STORY OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

and then immediately S onto Applesham Way and back down to the A270 / Old Shoreham Rd would find the hash headed On Inn down Wolseley Rd, with RIB pointing out a separate trail down Trafalgar Rd for those wanting to swing by Fishtucky, where somehow Wildbush had managed to cadge some free chips & nuggets but then had to wait ages for Keeps It Up to get back to place their order...

Closing out the circle, next week's hash would be noted by On On Don as 'being shiggy filled' and (more importantly) would be from The Farmers @ Scaynes Hill with OOD & Pompette setting the trail. And thus another great hash ended with a toast to the hash.

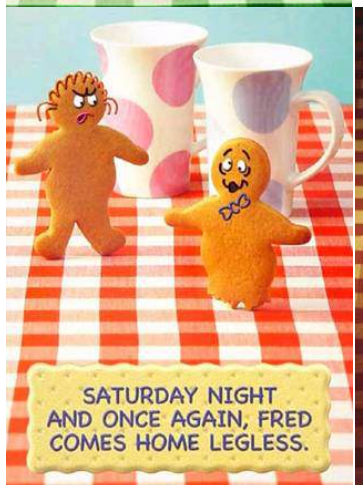
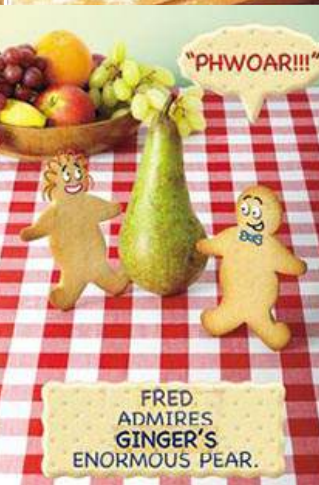
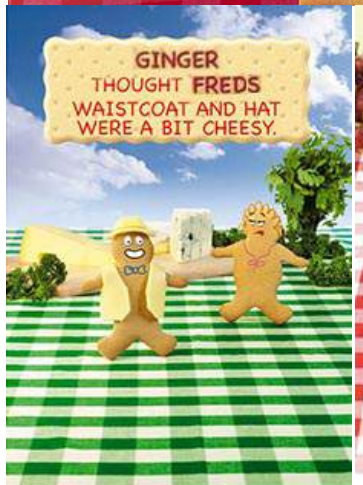
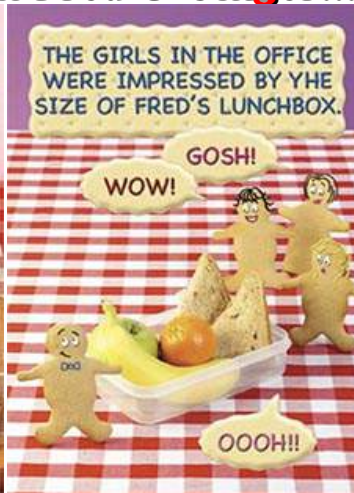
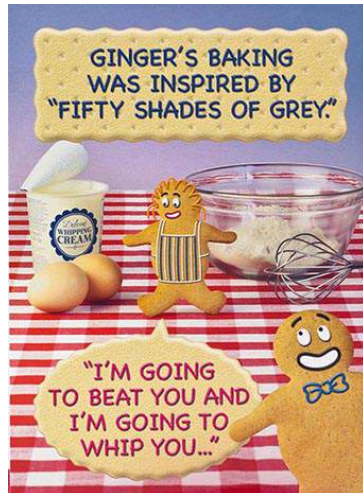


So, the next day the farmer takes the three sheep up to the heath in his land rover and does the business. Next morning he calls to his wife "What are the sheep doing love?" "They are rolling in the mud Jack." So with a heavy heart he takes the three sheep up to the heath in his land rover and once again does the business. Next morning "What are the sheep doing love" Suspiciously she says "They are rolling in the mud jack." By now exhausted he puts the sheep in to the land rover and does the business as before. Next morning "What are the sheep doing love?" "Well this is very strange," she answers. "Two of them are in the back of the Land Rover and the other one is pipping the horn!!"



- Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope." George Burns
- Sex is God's joke on human beings." -- Bette Davis
- Sex is one of the most wholesome, beautiful and natural experiences that money can buy." - Steve Martin.
- Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation. The other eight are unimportant." George Burns
- There is nothing wrong with making love with the light on. Just make sure the car door is closed." -- George Burns
- What are the three words you never want to hear while making love?" "Honey, I'm home." -- Ken Hammond
- What do I know about sex? I'm a married man." Tom Clancy

Floury fun with Fred & Ginger...



A couple was told to individually write a sentence using the words 'sex' and 'love.' Ginger wrote 'When two people love each other very much, like Fred and I, it is morally acceptable for them to engage in sex.' And Fred wrote, 'I love sex.'

THE END

A little old couple in their eighties was sitting on the couch watching the Playboy Channel. He looked at her and asked, "Do you think we can still do that?" "Well, we can sure try!" she answered. So they shuffled off to the bedroom. He went into the bathroom to get ready and she took off all her clothes in the bedroom. When he came out of the bathroom, he saw her standing on her head in the middle of the bed-room floor.

"What are you doing, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "I thought if you couldn't get it up, maybe you could just drop it in!"



"Gee -- flowers, candy and jewelry... and I don't have anything for you!"



"I already have a husband. I'm just looking for someone who wants to be my valentine."



"You have a kind heart."



"Well! And a very happy Valentine's Day to you, too, Miss Finch!"

My wife said I make love like a painter. I said, "What, like Da Vinci, smooth strokes, attention to detail and the result is a masterpiece?" She said, "No, like the Council, rush the job, leave a fucking mess, and I have to finish it myself!!"

< Messages  Details

See you later, love you
xxx

Love you too

Babe it would mean a lot
to me if you'd put some
X's at the end of your
replies xxx

Ok, love you too Donna,
Jackie, Karen and Becky

Fuckin prick!!!

A man and his fiancée get married and buy a house and everything is bliss.....until the bills start to arrive. Doing the sums they realise that they cannot afford to live and so, after much discussion, she goes on the game. An advert is placed, and very soon after, a customer arrives. The husband goes upstairs while the wife "entertains", but when the customer asks how much? The wife realises that she doesn't know, so she tells the customer to wait and goes to ask her husband.

"Tell him £20 quid for full sex", comes the reply.

So she goes back downstairs and explains the cost but the customer says, "I've only got £7, what do I get for that?"

Once again the wife goes upstairs to find out what she can do for £7. "Give him a hand job and tell him to clear off" replies the annoyed husband. This is agreed and the customer drops his trousers to reveal a massive member which makes her eyes (and mouth) water. At the sight of this impressive tool, she runs back upstairs to her husband.

"What now?!" he barks.

"Can you lend me £13????!!!"

A newly married sailor was informed by the Navy that he was going to be stationed a long way from home on a remote island in the Pacific for a year. A few weeks after he got there he began to miss his new wife, so he wrote her a letter. "My love," he wrote "we are going to be apart for a very long time. Already I'm starting to miss you and there's really not much to do here in the evenings. Besides that we're constantly surrounded by young attractive native girls. Do you think if I had a hobby of some kind I would not be tempted? "

So his wife sent him back a harmonica saying, "Why don't you learn to play this?" Eventually his tour of duty came to an end and he rushed back to his wife. "Darling" he said, "I can't wait to get you into bed so that we make passionate love!" She kissed him and said, "First let's see you play that harmonica."

A woman's husband had been slipping in and out of a coma for several months, yet she had stayed by his bedside every single day. One day, when he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer. As she sat by him, he whispered, eyes filling with tears. "You know what? You have been with me all through the bad times. When I got fired, you comforted me. When my business failed, you supported us both. When I got shot, you nursed me back to health. When we lost the house, you endured living in a shabby rented flat. Now my health has started failing and you are still right by my side... You know what?" "What dear?" She gently asked, smiling as her heart began to fill with warmth. "I think you're bad luck, why don't you fuck off."

When you love her
because she has
an amazing heart

