



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers
Trash #350 June 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
2nd June 2025	2416	Friar Road, Brighton – <i>Number on sign up!</i>	BN1 6NH	JAWS & Rebel WHK
Directions: From roundabout take A27 exit in right hand lane. 3rd exit at roundabout then left onto Vale Avenue. Right at T-junction onto Winfield Avenue, then left at the end on Carden. 2nd right is Braybon Avenue then after 1/2 mile, left on Surrendon Road. Friar road is first right. Est 8 mins. ## Hash in the garden. A barrel of Harveys, wine from our area of France, chilli with or without meat (con o senza carne) and a tarpaulin if it rains. Park on Surrenden or Ditchling roads. *0th birthday special!				
9th June 2025	2417	Ringles Cross, Uckfield	TN22 1HG	OO Don, Pompette & BtBarman
Directions: East 8 miles on A27, At Southerham roundabout take 1st exit onto A26 for 10.5 miles. At Little Horsted Roundabout take the 1st exit onto Uckfield Bypass/A22 for 3 miles. At Budletts roundabout take the third exit onto the A272 and continue along London Rd. Pub on right side after .7 miles. Park on Snatts Road. Est 30 mins				
16th June 2025	2418	Old Boot Inn, Seaford	BN25 1PE	Private Dancer & Oral Hooker
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 <i>Bring Sip-stop cups & Swimmers! Parking recommended: Seaford Head end of the Esplanade, a 5-to-10-minute walk from the pub.</i>				
23rd June 2025	2419	Royal Oak, Poynings	BN45 7AA	Penguin Shagger & Peter Pansy
Directions: A23 north, 2nd exit on A281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round left to pub on right. Est. 10 mins. ### Penguin Shaggers long overdue 100th hash! ###				
30th June 2025	2420	Cleveland, Brighton	BN1 6FF	Nasty Nips
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 Surrendon Road or Preston Drove below Harrington Villas. Allow an extra 10 minutes to walk up.				
7th July 2025	2421	Cock Inn, Ringmer	BN8 5RX	Pompette
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. Airman memorial hash.				

Receding Hareline:

14/07/25 2422 Half Moon, Plumpton – Balinor & Dyke Diver

21/07/25 2423 White Horse, Maplehurst – Gromit & Rocks On - *Joint EGH3 & birthday hash!*

28/07/25 2424 Chez Gomi, Saltdean – Mudlark, Gomi & Knightrider - *Prof gate hash!*

04/08/25 2425 Downsway, Shoreham - Chez Bouncer & Angel – *Angel's birthday hash!*

Upcoming CRAFT hashes (7pm start unless shown):

Nothing planned. If you're doing the Ale Trail – crack on!

Hashing around Sussex:

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

01/06/25 Horsham brewery, 22 Blatchford close – Sticky Balls

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

08/06/25 No hare – joining FOTM H3: Jackdaw Inn, Denton, Canterbury CT4 6QZ

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

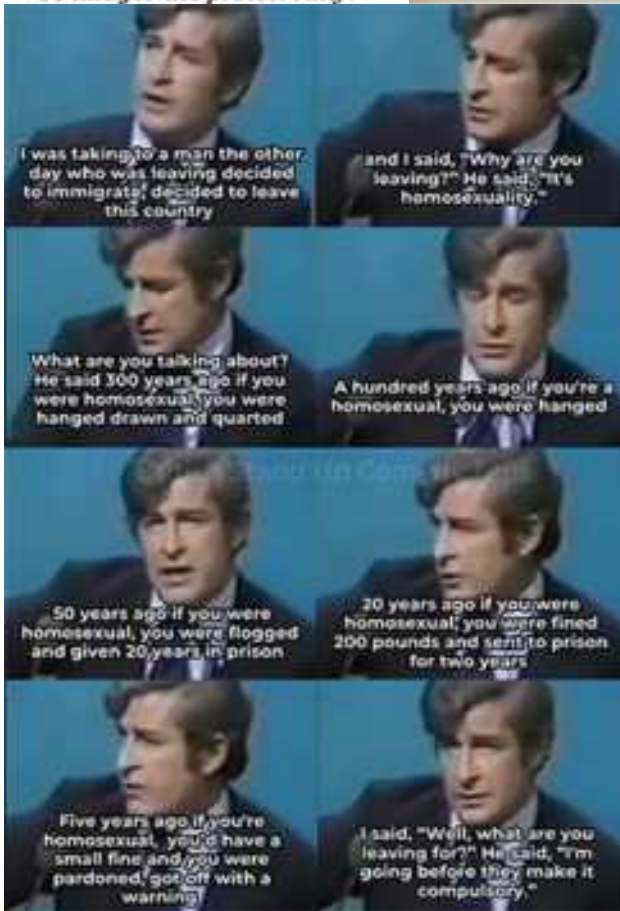
15/06/25 The Plough, Leigh, Reigate – Hash Flash (*aka Sticky Willy*)

Thought for the day:

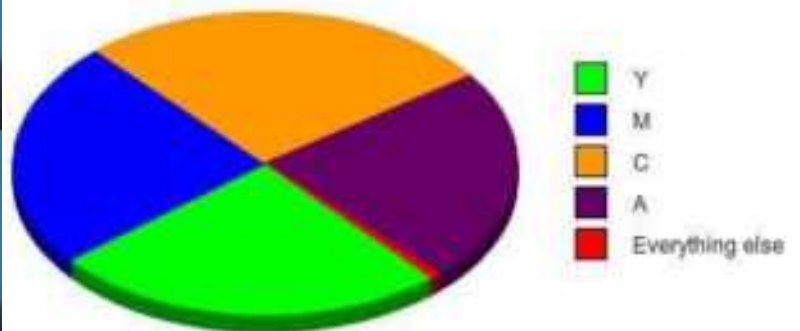
My biggest fear isn't dying. It's the wife selling all my hash memorabilia for what I told her it cost!



Inside ^{PAGE 3} Today - Pride month June:



Lyrics of YMCA that people know



HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE YMCA	
(Please check one)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Television	<input type="checkbox"/> Online
<input type="checkbox"/> Radio	<input type="checkbox"/> Drove By
<input type="checkbox"/> Ad in paper	<input type="checkbox"/> Family/Friend
<input type="checkbox"/> Postcard	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other <i>X village People</i>
<input type="checkbox"/> Return Member	<input type="checkbox"/> Insurance
<input type="checkbox"/> Email	<input type="checkbox"/> Billboard

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Rocking the rainbow...



2412 - The Ruby, Brighton - Bank Holidays - it seems we just can't get enough of them at this time of year. But for the hash it means attendance can vary wildly, from 44 on the last Bank Holiday (a lunchtime hash no less) to only 13 this time (and at the usual 7pm slot), comprised of 8 r*nners, 5 wa*kers. You just never know. And so, at 7pm sharp, a small pack set off out of the Ruby, straight over Coldean Ln and into the woods, then straight up the hill, over the S footbridge and a turn to the right. A multi-way check at the junction found true trail to be straight on, following the path around to another check. Trail turned down and onto the well-established / well-worn trail before turning up into the trees at the next check, paralleling the main trail for a run between the trees. Somewhere around here was FH#1 but FRBs Mudlark, Ride It Baby and myself all missed it and ended up continuing all the way up to the brick wall leading into the field adjacent to Ditchling Rd and Upper Lodges car park. Confusingly, a pile of white powder in the car park made ML and myself believe we were on trail (although we could find



With Knightrider obtaining some of the pub's very own 'Ruby' lager, DD's were colder and slower than usual. Of course, Angel and Bouncer were first to be called up and DDs to "Here's to the Hares". Secondly, Mudlark and RIB for missing the first fishhook; DD to "10,9,8", and joined by myself taking a large swig of my drink (since I couldn't call upon myself). Next up, KIU for his efforts that morning in some 44km run (technically an ultra?) and, being a little run-down, also marked his 1st walk ever on the hash; DD to "This is your Down Down song". And then two for the finale - Knightrider, who had arrived first at a check and was waiting for everyone else and just looked a little lost, and Angel, who had gotten us a little lost on her own hash (and taken us on the wrong path, hence why KR was first to the next check) and for commenting on arrows marked the wrong way around (not hers) / for trees turned around! DD for both to "You're Stupid!". So ended another great evening, closed out with a toast to the hash.

Nasty Nips



Someone said my clothes looked gay today. I said, "They came out of the closet this morning!"



My OH said he was leaving me because I was too pretentious. I was so shocked, my monocle nearly fell out! I worked in an electrical shop packing the goods into boxes and this gorgeous guy would put the plugs and leads in. One day he looked up at me, smiled and winked - and that's when I fell for, the packer of the leads..

What happens when a Pope dies? Up pope's another one!



After an exciting Pope Idol finale, congratulations to the United States for beating Scotland to win the Pope World Cup.



Smart play for the Vatican to go with an American Pope to avoid tariffs



A Popie Golden Oldie:



Shortly after the Pope had apologized to the Jewish People for the treatment of Jews by the Catholic Church over the years Ariel Sharon, the Prime Minister of Israel at the time, sent a proposal to the College of Cardinals for a friendly game of golf to be played between the two leaders or their representatives to demonstrate the friendship and ecumenical spirit shared by the Catholics and the Jews.

The Pope then met with his College of Cardinals to discuss the proposal. "Your Holiness," said one of the Cardinals, "Mr. Sharon wants to challenge you to a game of golf to show that you are old and unable to compete. I am afraid that this would tarnish our image in the world."

The Pope thought about this and since he had never held a golf club in his life asked "Don't we have a Cardinal to represent me?"

"None who plays golf very well," a Cardinal replied. "But," he added, "There is a man named Jack Nicklaus, an American golfer, who is a devout Catholic. We can offer to make him a Cardinal, and then ask him to play Mr. Sharon as your personal representative. In addition to showing our spirit of co-operation, we will also win the match." Everyone agreed that this was a great idea. The call was made. Of course, Nicklaus was honoured and he agreed to play as a representative of the Pope.

The day after the match, Nicklaus reported to the Vatican to inform the Pope of the result. "This is Cardinal Nicklaus. I have some good news and some bad news, Holiness," said the golfer.

Tell me the good news, Cardinal Nicklaus," said the Pope.

"Well, Your Holiness, I don't like to brag, but even though I have played some pretty terrific rounds of golf in my life, this was the best I have ever played, by far. I must have been inspired from above. My drives were long and true, my irons were accurate and purposeful, and my putting was perfect. With all due respect, my play was truly miraculous."

"How can there be bad news?" the Pope asked.

Nicklaus sighed, "I lost by three strokes to Rabbi Tiger Woods.

REHASHING2



#2413 Jack & Jill Clayton – There's always a susurrantion around the chalk talk, and not just Hash Gomi, but rumour was that the r*n could well be 8 miles, which might explain the rather larger than usual wa*kers group as 13 of us ambled off sipwards via the shorter Cook's tour. While the r*nners headed along New Way Lane before ascending the lower slopes of Mount Wolstonbury, nearly saying sayonara to St. Bernard along the way, the wa*kers pack crossed Clayton rec to Underhill Lane and an early split in the ranks! Armed with a hastily drawn map from hare Half Moon, On On Don decided he should take the lame and lazy along the road, while the Bouncer contingent (including Local Knowledge cited by OOD as a reason for tarmac) took the short climb to follow the grassy path and rejoin true trail at the gate further along. It was here that an inner monkey appeared, altering the fishhook from 3 to 8, prompting the suggestion from ZZ Topless, who'd already thanked me for making her breathless, that we hide the chalk. Like where? We're on a 260 square mile ridge of the stuff! It was a short walk north on Underhill to Spring Lane and on to cross the B2112 where we sighted the advance split. Meanwhile the main pack negotiated the path off Wolstonbury and the fishhook just past the Three Greys, then on the SDW over Clayton Hill past

the golf club on to another fishhook at the left for the windmills. Continuing down the hill and over the road in the footsteps of the wa*kers a FH for 0 was assumed to be 10, not being recognised as the handiwork of the inner monkey that had also drawn an upside down stick man and went on to bomb HM's choo-choo on the railway bridge! Sip was found for all at the resting place of an old friend of the hare's, Cerys Willow, who had chosen her own departure date three years ago at the alarmingly young age of 22. This being mental health awareness week made it a poignant time for a visit, and HM went on to explain that Cerys had been an organ donor, helping another three lives with four donations after she'd passed, and urging us all to consider joining the register if not already listed. On top of that the donation of the gin also came from her, which the hash eagerly toasted! From here trail continued for all across the A273 to pass the Dangleberry style, another victim of mental health, before heading home via the footpath at Coldharbour farm for the r*nners, or New Way Lane, the wa*kers.



The inner monkey got roundly abused for the FH change as the number of hookers was intended to add up to Cerys' age, so a public apology started the circle up, along with a request for the Numpty mug for the hare! While setting trail HM had been scoffing as she went and had inadvertently popped the chalk in her gob before relating the story to some blabbermouth! In a slight variation to the normal, 'This is your down, down song', this time was very loooooonnnnggg..., as we noted the sombre themes to HM and Nobbychicks recent hashes. The zero hookers were then called, represented with reasonable accuracy I'm sure by Nasty Nips and Private Dancer, who had both also short-cut on Wolstonbury. They were joined by long-cutting St. Bernard, who'd headed to the top in a story that was related as being a FH fail, and Hash Gomi for a check fail that had him returning before NN re-checked and found dust! With maths man Rebel confirming that 64 was indeed a 1 followed by lots of zeroes in binary, Come Again downed some H₂O for her millionth birthday, before some lost property was produced much to the surprise of ZZT who thought it was on the back of her chair. We'd joked on the wa*k about the transformation of the writing of CREW on the back with the aid of the inner monkeys chalk to SCREW ME, but she took it in good humour thinking to leave it there to enhance her luck, however, the downer (more H₂O) was for her chalk comment for which she was joined by Tripsy Daisy and Little Swinger. Knowing the OOD group were marginally ahead, we'd called out as we approached the sip in the burial ground, to which TD had wittily responded, "I don't think they can hear you!" LS had picked up a nasty blister at the London Marathon a couple of weeks back, but doesn't learn and did another ultra on Saturday resulting in having to SCB the hash. That was a reasonable excuse, but Fukarwe, who didn't have a good reason for it had already departed, so she found herself expleting through the Stupid song. In business news, Prince Crashpian distributed fliers for the Henfield Theatre groups 'Curious Incident...' rendition as part of the Fringe; Wildbush distributed QR codes for a London Hash visit to Hastings in July (see page 2); Rebel announced next weeks



food options, requesting early sign up; WB announced another kit order; and Kit ordered another, wait, requested contributions for the Prof gate very soon to be in place and hashed to. A toast to the hash was then called before we reverted to the usual post circle banter, in which the highlight was undoubtedly Hash Gomi's faux pas in calling Oral Hooker, Zoe! And in a final, final postscript, if we could have called muggles up for downers, a prime candidate would be the heavily accented dog walker who'd grumbled about Rebel's horn, suggesting we should use mobile phones instead! Another great hash indeed. On on! **Bx**



An outgoing state MP caused a scene in Western Australia's parliament after he ended his valedictory speech with a shoe - the act of having a celebratory drink, typically alcohol, out of a shoe. Kyle McGinn ended his farewell address by cracking open a beer and drinking it from his removed shoe, which he says he became known for doing by his constituents. McGinn told local media he did it to show there were normal people in parliament and to celebrate in his own way.



REHASHING3



#2414 The Hampden Arms, South Heighton – South High-ton? South Hay-ton? No-one seems sure, not even the locals apparently, so let's stick with 'just North of Newhaven'. Yes, Rebel had managed to find a lesser-hashed pub in a lesser-frequented village and, as such, a very picturesque lesser-hashed route. Straight out of the pub and onto the road, the pack headed off S, following the roads around and through Denton and then taking the footpath loop around Mount Pleasant before turning SE between Norton Hill and Foxhole Farm and all the way to Bishopstone. Turning back N in the



village, the hash would follow the road N passing Bishopstone Manor Farm, Norton Farm and Norton Bottom, with an impromptu regroup at Norton Bottom to allow stragglers to catch up a little, before walking up the track by Poverty Bottom until a crossroads of footpaths where another ad hoc regroup would be held, finally letting Psycepath, St Bernard, Knightrider and Tripsy Daisy catch


View of the pack from the slip step...



up with the main group. Hare then called on left, and the group followed the marks around the field to sip just a little way NE of the pub on the trail, guided in by Jenny Greenteeth and Bouncer (being the only walker to make it to the sip). Back at the pub, with plates of chilli and veg curry dished out to the hashers, the hares would be called up and DD to "20 Toes"; of note was JG's cheating and swapping arms, under the vague excuse of her sunglasses falling off! Next up, late arrival Peter Pansy, who having coached his Newhaven r*nners had popped in at the end of the hash to barfly, and OH, who had

arrived late but somehow managed an almost theatre-worthy quick change and was with the r*nners before we knew it; DDs to "10,9,8". Then Psychlepath, for not being at the back at the regroup (commenting accordingly) and sporting a bit of racism in the form of a gold Parkrun T-shirt complete with Union Jack on sleeve, and Hash Gomi, for having been off checking when the hare had called for a regroup at the top; DDs for both to "They're alright (little willies)". And last up, our very own Thespian Prince Crashpian, who had included some hashing in his Brighton Fringe performance but no-one would know as he forgot to include any calling of 'On On!'; joining him would be the hare again, who also had apparently forgotten how to hash as he stated on trail that 'it would have been a fishhook...' before it was pointed out (by several including PC and myself) that he hadn't marked one so it wasn't, and several excuses were offered up (including running out of chalk!); DDs for both to "Stupid". Details of next week's hash were provided by Beat The Barman (Talbot Inn, Cuckfield); it's another Bank Holiday but still at 7pm - you've all been told! All-in-all, a lovely well-marked trail set out in routes new to many of those in attendance - another great hash. Until next time fellow hashers. On On.

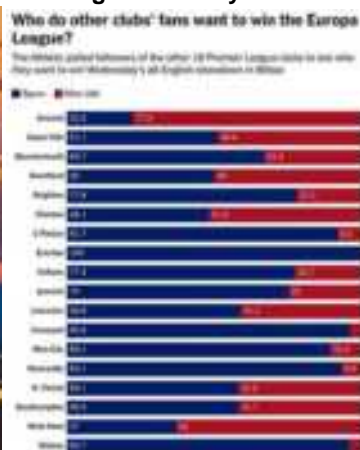
Nasty Nips



Nasty Nips

onononononononononononononononononon

A bit of self-indulgence from your editor as Spurs break their trophy drought:



IT'S OFFICIALLY A BIRD YEAR



Spurs have decided to sack and re-hire Ange Postecoglou to ensure at least 1 trophy every 2 seasons



WAKE UP BABE



SPURS WON THE EUROPA LEAGUE

New Zealand MP Laura McClure displays deepfake AI nude image of herself in Parliament to urge legal reform *Wednesday 14 May 2025*

McClure shared the image on her Instagram account, and said, "Today in Parliament, I showed an AI-generated nude deepfake of myself to show how real and easy these are to create. The problem isn't the tech itself, but how it's being misused to abuse people. Our laws need to catch up." [Apologies but Boggy Shoe researchers were unable to verify the authenticity of the image.]

[Apologies but Boggy Shoe researchers were unable to source the unblurred picture. Ed.]
nonononononononononononononon



I have signed a historic trade deal with oh shit they're at war



Indian aircraft downed during firefight with Pakistan



INDIA SAYS IT NOW INTENDS TARGETING PAKISTAN'S 3 LARGEST CITIES

AS A RESULT
OF THIS THREAT,
LONDON,
MANCHESTER &
BRADFORD ARE
CURRENTLY BEING
EVACUATED



Apparently Indian fighter pilots dropped 1000 Onion Bhajis and 500 poppadoms on Pakistan... they said that's just for starters.



WE ASKED YOU TO NAME SOMETHING THAT
WILL GET THE COUNTRY OUT OF THE SHIT



Not only, but also... M&S cyber attack; Sycamore Gap; Ozempic; OAP's; early release jail sentences; & KCIII in Canada:



'Reform is taking voters from Labour and the Conservatives. If Farage starts falling off piddleboards we're in trouble'



'Reform won here. They've already imposed tariffs on other countries and given



'Did you hear about Keir Starmer's US trade deal? Why aren't you dancing in the fountains?'



*'We took back control,
but they took back all the
mackerel, sole and haddock'*



*It really works!!
No-one pisses on the floor any more..*

MATT

It's recently targeted your company in a cyber attack. How did we do? Please take a moment to rate your experience.



REHASHING4



#2415 The Talbot Inn, Cuckfield - Yet another bank holiday saw a reappearance by Pirate, with Max now confined to the lead, which was to have amusing consequences later. With a walker as hare, Beat the Barman requested assistance probably hoping for a runner rather than another walker as Wildbush stepped up, but at least she drafted in Keeps it Up to assist. Ultimately, they were also joined by Simon's son Chris and the grandhorrors Caitlin & Evie! ZZ Topless had spent the day wisely, on drinking practice, getting rather good at it by hash time with the result that she was already under the influence as we mustered outside for the chalk talk. Setting off up the High Street Wildbush explained that the walkers trail was largely the same as runners, the latter peeling off for an extra loop later. First check took us through Mytten Twitten (which doesn't rhyme), crossing to Glebe Twitten, then Scrase Twitten up to the Ardingly Road to pick up Union Twitten. Finally leaving the Twittens behind, we crossed London Road into Cherry Trees to follow the long footpath down through New England Wood to the split. The walkers went left past the rec and on inn via Ockendon Place, while the runners continued down to Cuckfield park, turned east along the edge and crossed to continue on Newbury Lane. Carrying on along the footpath, trail t before the on inn along Courtmead Road and through the cemetery.

Sadly we struggled to find a good pint out of the three hand pulls on offer, so the Hophead was disposed of in traditional style, as down downs. Before the minutes there were apologies for absence from Wiggy, not that he'd really been missed, and Sir Clever Dick for his demise earlier in the day prompting respectful acknowledgment, which clashed with Pirates earlier confused response of "Wiggy's dead?". Moving swiftly on as it was Ascension Day, it was noted that Simon Brown had risen again after many years absence, as Beat the Barman, and was duly rewarded along with co-hares KIU & WB to 'here's to.'. Angel had been asking what exactly Talbot (a large heavy mostly white hound with pendulous ears and drooping flews) meant, which sent the RA's warped mind off on a typo involving Hash Gomi's height and muggle name as TallBos, meriting a just as dweak drivers DD, he being joined by (and at this point WB's shirt was aired) not Topsy in Tirana but Tripsy in Cuckfield. Pirate had escaped but needed a mention as he'd intended to walk but inadvertently found himself on the runners due to Max's enthusiasm while lead bound, which had also seen his dad being dragged along trail by the face for a short distance. The clippety clip of Tripsy's stick assisted progress on a predominantly road route brought into question whether she also should have been with the walkers, and thus they downed to the alright song. The final charge for ZZT, who was that pissed she missed the pub at the end and forgot which car she was in, was an acrobatic 20 toe shuffle with the RA who'd promised not to give her one so it was his own fault she spurted it all over him. An honourable mention went to Pompette who had been enthusiastically showing videos of her and her sister's tits to all and sundry, but just the blue avian variety; and Hot Fuzz couldn't wait to get away after the AOB as his close encounter with a horse had not been reported. AOB's being that Profs gate is now installed (causing Private Dancer to have a fit as he thought RA had said prostate!), and details of JAWS upcoming birthday garden party. Another great hash!

Bouncer

Bouncer



ononononononononononononononononon

Canada responds to Trump's disrespectful 51st state threat with some renaming of its own:



"Having met with the owners of Canada over the course of the campaign ... it's not for sale," said Carney.

IN THE NEWS

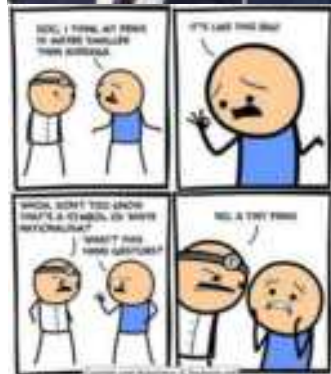
Canada elected a guy with a PhD in Economics from Oxford University. Mexico elected a woman with a PhD in Energy Engineering. The USA elected a 2X impeached woman who bankrupted 4 casinos & has 34 felony convictions. Mexico and Canada really do border on stupidity.



**MORONS
ARE
GOVERNING
AMERICA**



"Sorry, did you wash my hat with my robes by mistake?"



JEFFERSON: Mr. Trump. I've read your speeches. Watched your conduct. Heard your calls for loyalty—not to the Constitution, but to yourself. Tell me plainly—do you believe in a government of laws or of men?

TRUMP (smirking): Look, Tom—can I call you Tom? Here's the deal. The people love me. Nobody's ever had support like I've got. We're restoring order. Power was too spread out—too many weak people in the way. I'm just doing what works.

JEFFERSON: What works in the short term often destroys the long term. Power unchecked becomes tyranny. We saw it in kings. You are not crowned, Mr. Trump—you are elected. And you serve only by the consent of the governed.

TRUMP: Consent? I got 74 million votes. That's consent. And when the system's rigged, when the media lies, when judges don't play fair—you better believe I'll take control. The people want strength.

JEFFERSON: The people also wanted Caesar. And they lost their Republic. When fear and faction replace truth and principle, democracy becomes a performance—just a stage for the loudest voice. That is not strength. That is spectacle.

TRUMP (leaning forward): What's wrong with spectacle? You think anyone remembers quiet leaders? No—they remember winners. We're making America great again. Strong borders. Strong economy. Strong leadership.

JEFFERSON: Greatness without virtue is just empire. We declared independence to escape strongmen who mistook authority for righteousness. I wrote those words so no future ruler—elected or not—could forget the limits of power.

TRUMP: That was 250 years ago. Things are different now. We've got enemies everywhere—inside and out. You've got to fight fire with fire. The press is the enemy. Judges don't listen. Congress? Useless. You think your little parchment still applies?

JEFFERSON (coldly): Yes. And if it no longer applies, then the Republic is already lost. You speak of enemies, but you divide your own countrymen. You praise autocrats. You mock reason. You stir up mobs and silence dissent. You do not preserve the Union—you fracture it.

TRUMP: I know loyalty. I know winning. You're too idealistic. This isn't the Age of Reason anymore—it's the age of survival.

JEFFERSON: And in trading liberty for survival, you will have neither. I did not risk treason against a king to see my country fall under the rule of another—in a red tie instead of a crown. Power must always serve the people—not bend them to its will.

TRUMP (standing up): You had your time, Tom. You wrote your fancy words. I'm doing what has to be done.

JEFFERSON (softly, yet fiercely): And I wrote those words for moments exactly like this. When the flame of liberty flickers low... When truth is drowned out by volume... When one man seeks to become more than the people who gave him power... That's when patriots must rise—not with muskets—but with memory. With courage. With principle. Because tyranny never knocks—it slips in through applause.

[The room falls silent. A storm brews outside. One man believes he is saving the country by dominating it. The other knows it can only be saved by freeing it.]



Trump triggered by tariff TACO nickname - Tump Always Chickens Out!

THE END



Two lesbians are sitting in a bar. They have been drinking for quite some time when one turns to the other and slurs, "did you know there are thousands of battered women all over the world"?

The other sits quietly for a moment then turns and says, "No shit and I've been eating them plain all this time".

Why did God create lesbians? So feminists couldn't breed.

What did one lesbian say to the other? Your face or mine?

What do lesbians do after an argument? Go home and lick each others wounds.

What do you call...

...a lesbian dinosaur? A: Lickalotopuss.

...a woman with her tongue sticking out? A. A lesbian with a hard-on.

...an Asian lesb!an? A. Flangita

...a lesbian with fat fingers? A. Well-hung.

Did you hear they came out with a new lesbian shoe? A. They're called Dikes. They have an extra long tongue and only take one finger to get off!

What did the two lesbian frogs say to each other? A. We do taste like chicken!

What's the difference between a lesbian and a Ritz cracker? A: Ones a snack cracker, and the others a crack snacker!

Would be Movie Star

A strikingly handsome young man walked into the office of a Hollywood agent with his resume and portfolio in hand. The agent reviewed the young man's slim resume and small portfolio with the care that was deserving of this fine young specimen. "You have the very obvious good looks and excellent demeanour of an actor. Tell me, have you had any roles that I might be aware of."

"Other than the requisite high school and college plays, no sir," said the handsome young man.

"I dare say I know the reason why, with a name like yours," said the agent.

"Sir?"

"Your name. Penus Van Lesbian. That's not a name that will go far in Hollywood. I'd love to represent you, but you'll have to change your name."

"Sir," the handsome young man protested. "The Van Lesbian name was my father's, my grandfather's and his father's name. We have carried this name for generations and I will not change it for Hollywood or any other reason."

"If you won't change your name, I cannot represent you young man."

"Then I bid you farewell - my name will not change." With that, Penus Van Lesbian left the agents office never to return.



Five Years Later:

The Hollywood agent returned to his office after lunch with some producers and shuffled through his mail. Mostly junk mail, trade journals and the like. There was one letter. He opened the envelope and removed the letter. As he unfolded the fine linen paper, a check dropped from the folds and onto his desk. He looked at the check. It was for 50,000 dollars!

He read the letter:

Dear Sir: Several years ago, I entered your office determined to become an actor. You refused to represent me unless I changed my name. I objected, saying the Penus Van Lesbian name had been carried for generations and left your office. However, upon leaving, I chanced to reconsider my hastiness and after considerable reflection, I decided to heed your advice and endeavoured to change my name. Now I am a famous actor with many roles and known to millions worldwide. Having achieved this fame and fortune, it is often that I think back to my meeting with you and your insistence that I change my name. I owe you a debt of gratitude, so please accept this check with my humble thanks, for it was your idea, which has brought me to such wealth and fame.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Dick Van Dyke.

And finally...

How many lesbians does it take to change a light bulb? A: Three. One to screw it in and two to talk about how much better it is than with a man.

Did you hear about the homosexual whale? He bit the tip off a submarine and sucked all the seamen out!