

A Christmas Trash

Well hello me dearios, its time for Santa to reach down to his sac once again and pull out your favourite toys, although the poor old bugger's hand is likely to get variously bitten, sucked, pecked, electrocuted, and jammed between the engine and the frame of LH's new diesel powered "intimate moments with extra studs" girls best friend.

The hash celebrated the festive season with an amble around Shar-i-Naw and Wazir, stopping for beer here and there, and of course at HornyMooner's who had no beer, how's that for mismanagement. Many of the wiser members missed the walk altogether arriving early at the down downs to ensure a fair supply of beer for themselves. We were all soon around the roaring fire, after much complaining from McShit that there was still wood left unburned within a half mile radius, a fact he soon remedied, I wonder where the goats are sleeping now?

Princess Pie, our hostess with the mostest, keeps an array of livestock handy, and when the balloon goes up I suggest we all met there for Goat Pie – just make sure you are in front of Pumper in the queue for the Fois Gras. His "Duck a la Duvet" is also a dish to be avoided – at all costs.

Anyway on with the Christmas tale, of McScrooge, and his employees, Pumper Cratschit, and Tiny Titties – er no that's not right – how about Tiny Tim Turkmen. The ghostly visits from Christhash past – that would be Two Father Christmases – you know he is still around as the whisky keeps disappearing and there are mysterious Kangaroo footprints by the sheep shearing sheds, Christhash present that has to be Santa's Drunken Helper, the Head elf, Disaterbator, and of course Christhash future, who else other than Spring Roll, poor little bugger.

Anyway following visits from the various shades of Christhash, McScrooge is finally persuaded to be a decent human being – at least temporarily – and share the hash beer with the rest of us, taking the Christhash Duck around to Pumper Cratschits for Christhash lunch, where he threw Tiny Tim Turkmens crutch on the fire. At least it was supposed to be lunch but the candlelight and soft music we all too much for young Cratschit.

Meanwhile back at the hash Disasterbator, posing as the Head elf, did a secret Santa., and I still want to know who got the sausage.

So people on with the hash – the New Years hash coming up, I hope you are ready for your scribes "Year in Review" which is similar to the BBC's review of world events , but not much.

The latest medical acronyms for you

NFN (Normal for Norfolk),

FLK (Funny looking kid)

GROLIES (Guardian Reader Of Low Intelligence in Ethnic Skirt).

CTD - Circling the Drain (A patient expected to die soon)

GLM - Good looking Mum

GPO - Good for Parts Only

TEETH - Tried Everything Else, Try Homeopathy

UBI - Unexplained Beer Injury

LOBNH (Lights On But Nobody Home),

CNS-QNS (Central Nervous System - Quantity Not Sufficient),

"pumpkin positive", which refers to the implication that a penlight shone into the patient's mouth would encounter a brain so small that the whole head would light up.

Digging for Worms - varicose vein surgery

Departure lounge - geriatric ward

Handbag positive - confused patient (usually elderly lady) lying on hospital bed clutching handbag

Woolworth's Test - Anaesthetic term (if you can imagine patient shopping in Woolies, it's safe to give a general anaesthetic)