

Twas the day after Christmas... nothing was stirring apart from ...



A FRIENDLY CAT



HECTOR



SUMMER & D4



OUR HARE



MIKE RAN OFF WITH LUCY!



THE HASH GAVE CHASE



EVEN THE GM



BUT ... WHO ATE ALL THE ...?



WHICH WAY?



IS IT THIS WAY?



INTO THE WOODS



A RUNNER!!!



HE TRIES TO SELL HER!



BARNEY SAYS NO!



THEY FINALLY CATCH MIKE



BUT WHERE'S LUCY?



SHE'S NOT IN HER BUGGY?



THAT'S NOT LUCY!



NEITHER IS THAT!



EMILY CUTS THE CAKE



WHERE'S D4?



YUM!



THERE'S LUCY!



DES GOT A NEW HAT

Christmas Jokes

Q: What goes 'Oh, Oh, Oh'? A: Santa walking backwards

Q: Why is Santa so jolly? A: Because he knows where all the naughty girls live.

Q: What's the difference between the Christmas alphabet and the ordinary alphabet? A: The Christmas alphabet has Noel.

Q: What do you call fifty penguins in the Arctic? A: Lost! REALLY lost! (Penguins live in Antarctica.)

Q: What would you call an elf who just has won the lottery? A: Welfy

Q: What is the best Christmas present? A: A broken drum, you can't beat it!

Q: What's the most popular Christmas wine? A: 'I don't like Brussels sprouts!'

The 4 stages of life:

1. You believe in Santa Claus
2. You don't believe in Santa Claus
3. You dress up as Santa Claus
4. You look like Santa Claus



£50 Note

Santa Claus, the tooth fairy, an honest lawyer, and an old drunk are walking down the street together when they simultaneously spot a £50 note.

Who gets it?

The old drunk, of course, the other three are mythological creatures.

The Missing Five Pound Note

Chippenham George worked for the Post Office and his job was to process all the mail that had illegible addresses. One day just before Christmas, a letter landed on his desk simply addressed in shaky handwriting: 'To God'. With no other clue on the envelope, George opened the letter and read:

Dear God,

I am an 93 year old widow living on the State pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had £100 in it, which was all the money I had in the world and no pension due until after Christmas. Next week is Christmas and I had invited two of my friends over for Christmas lunch. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with. I have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. God; can you please help me?

Chippenham George was really touched, and being kind hearted, he put a copy of the letter up on the staff notice board at the main Fareham sorting office where he worked. The letter touched the other postmen and they all dug into their pockets and had a whip round. Between them they raised £95. Using an officially franked Post Office envelope, they sent the cash on to the old lady, and for the rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of the nice thing they had done.

Christmas came and went. A few days later, another letter simply addressed to 'God' landed in the Sorting Office. Many of the postmen gathered around while George opened the letter. It read,

Dear God,

How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your generosity, I was able to provide a lovely luncheon for my friends. We had a very nice day, and I told my friends of your wonderful gift - in fact we haven't gotten over it and even Father John, our parish priest, is beside himself with joy. By the way, there was £5 missing. I think it must have been those thieving fellows at the Post Office.