



After years of saving to buy a new Harley this guy picks up his gleaming Fat Boy and heads off on his first rally. Before leaving the dealer has given him some advice about keeping the bike in top shape. Always put Vaseline on your chrome work if you think it is going to rain.

At the rally he hitches up with a chick and at the end of the rally she invites him home to meet the parents. She explains that they have a quaint custom, at the end of dinner the one who speaks first has to do the washing up, so they enjoy a wonderful meal with her parents and Dad announces the washing up tradition. There is a few minutes of silence and he leans over and kisses his new girlfriend. Nobody utters a word. A few more minutes and his hand slips into her blouse and fondles her threepenny bits. Once again not a word is said. Shortly after he throws her on the table and has wild sex with her. Not a word! He then turns his attention to the Mother and flings her on the table and gives her a right seeing to. Not a murmur!

He then hears the sound of thunder in the distance and remembering the advice of the dealer reaches for his jar of Vaseline. On seeing the Vaseline appear the Father jumps to his feet and shouts, "Sod this for a game of soldiers, I'll do the washing up!"