



B.UGLY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #128 January 2008*

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
7th January 2008	1542	Stand Up Inn, Lindfield	347 255	Don & George
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up. Est. 20 mins.				
14th January 2008	1543	Star, Steyning	174 116	Jo, Brett etc.
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20mins.				
21st January 2008	1544	White Hart, Henfield	215 162	Phil & Elaine
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
28th January 2008	1545	Royal Oak, Jacobs Post	339 198	Mudlarks and Hash Gomi
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common roundabout and pub car park is on right just past next bend. Est. 20 mins. <i>Australia Day fancy dress BBQ hash?</i>				
4th February 2008	1546	Swan, Falmer	355 090	James & Charlie
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

25th February. Phil Muttons leap year hash

3rd March. Run 1550

10th March Ann & Theresa

14th April Fernhurst Crescent, Patcham - Mike Morris

30th anniversary hash sometime in 2008!



*Friends Don't Let
Friends Drink and
Take Home Ugly Men*

Thought for the day:

**Before you see the light,
you need to see the dark.
Before you see the beauty,
you need to see the ugly.**

**Warning: Hashing in the dark
may make you ugly.**

HAPPY NEW YEAR and welcome to another high quality edition!

Well I have to say I am impressed! And what's more I'm also impressed! An excellent Christmas hash evening was pulled together by Pete with assistance from Don and Nigel, but it was Pete who managed proceedings in the capacity of religious adviser (RA) dishing out down-downs to several sinners. Brighton hash pre-dated the arrival of the circle and, whilst many older clubs have since embraced the sociability of down-downs, have so far resisted other than for very special reasons/occasions. Well, you can understand why when every drop of Sussex beer should be fully savoured rather than chugged! More on the Christmas bash later but I will mention here that the mulled wine stop (which very nearly didn't happen for geographical reasons) was the middle one of 5 sip stops in a row. Something else BH7 has resisted following other hashes in incorporating in every run. That's probably due to the history of athleticism but as arthritism becomes the vogue, and the medicinal qualities of mid-run fluid override the likelihood of a stitch ensuing, why not eh? Here they all are: the beer stop on St. Nicola's 100th; Rosemary's traditional December rum run; Mulled Wine on the Christmas hash; Beer stop courtesy of the Henfield Hash on the Sunday run we gatehashed; and the New Years Eve mid-run visit to the Lazy Toad in Shoreham. Fantastic stuff, let's keep it up!

As usual at this time of year all the hares seem to have gone into hiding which is the excuse why this issue is so late! In conversation with Hash Stash-tician, Theresa, she revealed some number-crunching, which may help put things in perspective. There are perhaps 40 regular hashers from which the numbers may be drawn on any one Monday. Given that most will pair up to set trail, that makes say 20 pairings. Of that 20 pairings, approximately 1/3rd are rare to occasional hares. On that basis a fair input of trails would mean you should consider setting about once every 3 months. Something to think about!

Scheduled in last issues receding hareline and referred further in these pages, is the Australia Day hash. Looks like this may not happen as expected so the January celebration may have to wait until next years Burns hash but I thought I'd mention it in case the Mudlarks feel inspired to do something!

Also on the cards this year is the BH7 30th birthday in June. For our 25th we had an excellent day on the green by Ditchling village pond thanks to Patriarchs Phil and Pete. Any ideas of how we can recognise this landmark this time will be considered, but for my part can I suggest a repeat of the 25th when from May to September we ran from CAMRA ale trail pubs earning a free t-shirt by simply doing what we do! I'll publish the listing as soon as is known but it should make choosing a venue a whole lot simpler!

On on **BOUNCER**

Answers to Christmas Songs quiz last issue:

1. Oh, member of the round table with missing areas = Oh Holy Night
2. Boulder of the tinkling metal spheres = Jingle Bell Rock
3. Vehicular homicide was committed on Dad's mom by a precipitous darling = Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer
4. Wanted in December: top forward incisors = All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth
5. The apartment of two psychiatrists = The Nutcracker Suite
6. The lad is a diminutive percussionist = Little Drummer Boy
7. Sir Lancelot with laryngitis = Silent Night
8. Decorate the entryways = Deck the Halls
9. Cup-shaped instruments fashioned of a whitish metallic element = Silver Bells
10. Oh small Israel urban center = Oh Little Town of Bethlehem
11. Far off in a haybin = Away in a Manger
12. We are Kong, Lear, and Nat Cole = We Three Kings
13. Duodecimal enumeration of the passage of the yuletide season = The Twelve Days of Christmas
14. Leave and broadcast from an elevation = Go Tell It on the Mountain
15. Our fervent hope is that you thoroughly enjoy your yuletide season = We Wish You a Merry Christmas
16. Listen, the winged heavenly messengers are proclaiming tunelessly = Hark the Herald Angels Sing
17. As the guardians of the woolly animals protected their charges in the dark hours = Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night
18. I beheld a trio of nautical vessels moving in this direction = I Saw Three Ships
19. Jubilation to the entire terrestrial globe = Joy to the World
20. Do you perceive the same vibrations which stimulate my auditory sense organ? = Do You Hear What I Hear?
21. A joyful song of reverence relative to hollow metallic vessels which vibrate and bring forth a ringing sound when struck = Carol of the Bells
22. Parent was observed osculating a red-coated unshaven teamster = I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus
23. May the Deity bestow an absence of fatigue to mild male humans = God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
24. Rose-colored uncouth dolf is aware of the nature of precipitation, darling = Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer



One day a baby
monkey asked its
mother

"mom, why are we so ugly?"



The mother
smiled and said

"you should thank God that
we look like this, you should
see the hasher reading this
trash"



OOOH UGLY!

The average price of a pint of bitter in Britain's pubs could increase from around £2.20 to as much as £4 next year, the industry has warned. The massive hike, which is also expected to affect cans bought from off licences, is due largely to increased prices of key ingredients barley and hops - in part because farmland is being turned over to environment-friendly biofuels. But brewers are also suffering from rises in fuel costs and the price of the metals used to produce kegs and cans. Kegs are now so valuable that they have become a target for thieves, who stole 60 million this year to melt down for their metal.

Mark Hastings, director of communications at the British Beer and Pub Association, told BBC Radio 4's Today programme: "Food prices have increased

dramatically and that has affected, for us, the price of barley and hops, which have rocketed tremendously. But on top of that, we have also got increases in commodity prices, so for example, with the kegs and cans that we put beer into, the cost of metal has escalated dramatically. On top of that, because kegs are such valuable items we are losing a lot of them - about 60 million a year are being thieved at present to smelt down into metal. Then we have also got things like fuel prices, which affect both the cost of producing the beer in the first place and then transporting it to and from pubs, because beer is quite a bulky product and it actually costs quite a lot to drive it to and from places. All these factors have increased the cost of being a brewer quite dramatically. Brewers have been clinging on for the last two years, trying to contain prices and we have seen consolidation in the market - brewers buying out other brewers to try to contain costs. We have also seen job losses in the sector - about 2,000 have gone this year. But now there is no more to carve out of the business so the only thing that we are able to do is to put prices up. Nobody wants to do it.

The last thing the industry wants is more expensive beer." Mr Hastings said the price hike came against a general decline in British beer sales, with some 14 million fewer pints a day being served in pubs than in the past.

BEIJING (AFP) - Used condoms are being recycled into hair bands in southern China, threatening to spread sexually-transmittable diseases they were originally meant to prevent, state media reported Tuesday.

In the latest example of potentially harmful Chinese-made products, rubber hair bands have been found in local markets and beauty salons in Dongguan and Guangzhou cities in southern Guangdong province, China Daily newspaper said. "These cheap and colourful rubber bands and hair ties sell well ... threatening the health of local people," it said. Despite being recycled, the hair bands could still contain bacteria and viruses, it said. "People could be infected with AIDS, (genital) warts or other diseases if they hold the rubber bands or strings in their mouths while waving their hair into plaits or buns," the paper quoted a local dermatologist who gave only his surname, Dong, as saying. A bag of ten of the recycled bands sells for just 25 fen (three cents), much cheaper than others on the market, accounting for their popularity, the paper said. A government official was quoted as saying recycling condoms was illegal. China's manufacturing industry has been repeatedly tarnished this year by a string of scandals involving shoddy or dangerous goods made for both domestic and foreign markets. In response, it launched a public relations blitz this summer aimed at playing up efforts to strengthen monitoring systems.

A bloke is driving happily along in his car with his girlfriend when he's pulled over by the Police. The police officer approaches him and asks, "Have you been drinking Sir?", "Why?" asks the man, "Was I all over the road?" "No" replies the Officer, "You were driving splendidly. The ugly fat bird in the passenger seat made me suspicious!

How do you know when you're really ugly?
Dogs hump your leg with their eyes closed.

Why did God create alcohol? So hashers could have s*x too.



RUN REVIEWS

3rd December – Nicola from 8 Bells Jevington. Despite Wiggy's insistence, I can't recall having run from this pub since I started with BH7 in 1992. Parking was roadside as the car park was rather small. When there's no smokers around, and it's necessary to pop inside the pub to get some fresh air, a distinct advantage of the recent ban has resulted in much more convivial pre-hash mustering points and the overhead heaters outside took the sting off the cold air. Hash hush was called for Nicola to say a few words about wind and for Wiggy to tell a very dodgy joke about teddy bears. Maps were then left on Jo's car for Brett who arrived in time anyway, and after a brief wait for Theresa to order grub we were off. Ben suffered the indignity of being addressed as I van by someone provoking discussion on our way up to familiar territory at the Church, the traditional changeover for the final leg of the hash relay.

At this point Wiggy, perhaps in response to the free wine tasting at the pub, claimed a twang and dropped out. We then overtook him on the road as it was called down, then up the street opposite to a style, through a field to another style where we found check 2. Here Nicola admitted she'd meant to inform us about a bull in a field "but it was that one you've just come through". Didn't bother Jo though as she suddenly realised she'd got Wiggy's car key so sprinted back to rectify matters. The first of several hard climbs then followed as we cut up over the "dougals" (clumps of long grass), eventually finding a track to run on to meet the South Downs Way, by which time the superfit Jo was back with us. Pete Thomas then insisted on checking down against the advice of the hash guidelines. "Well, it ain't down there", insisted Charlie as the rest of us started the more obvious amble upwards, "cos I've just found the way back in over there". At the next check there was a tray attached to the gate, so I pointed out to Nicola that someone had nicked her champagne. She was to later confide, as I found myself at the back of the pack after a few of us bypassed a check, that there would indeed be a sip later.

Wind was chill on top prompting some concerted running along, remarkably after Sunday's deluge, the only mucky stretch of the whole route, and it was avoidable! Well, I say only, but Auntie Jo was quick to warn about the 'pancakes' as we descended into the valley from the next check, thankfully putting the looming East Dean road behind us. As it levelled out at the bottom there was yet more proper running going on until we picked an arrow that was quite definitely pointing up the side of the hill. That's the plea as to why we went wrong and missed the check, but Stockings was on to us and called us back. I say called but it was more like 'told' prompting suggestion that she may be military as the orders were barked thick and fast from here on in. "It's a good job we like you/ your names not I van, otherwise you'd be in the pond at the end" warned Julia.

Yet another long run was called for at this point eventually leading back up to the South Downs Way again where Ben was tempted by the sheer drop into Eastbourne and recalled his yooof when the scoutmaster showed him lots of things. I ran away as we slipped off at a tangent to the SDW and Sergeant Major Stockings called "on up to Butts Brow car park". Like yeah, we know where that is! Well I for one didn't as I wandered off checking wrongly to end up at the back. Thought I'd make myself useful though and used the spare paper from the check to mark through. Soon enough we reached the car park and the sip spot, (or was it pls stop, pitstop, spit top?) managed by Nicola's sister. Took a full can but as it was by now 9pm, some had already headed out and I was further demoralised by the sign reading Jevington 1.5 miles, which clearly pointed a different way to the chosen path, so ended up sacrificing 1/3rd sadly. As we started off Nicola called out to us "if you don't want to check, it's straight on". Yeah, but what if we do, eh? Not much chance as the warmth of the pub lured and that 1.5 miles passed remarkably quickly and was true to Nicola's word, pretty well straight!

In the pub as trashes were distributed conversation turned to the advertised Australia Day hash. The Burns hash has been a biannual feature of the hash calendar since 1999 but two years ago we were running in Lewes when Julia turned up wearing a Fosters hat she'd been gifted on the return to the pub after freshening up at home. The idea was born to celebrate Australia Day (but definitely not with Fosters!) on the in-between years given that Burns Night and Australia Day are just one day apart. Several ideas were mooted – Aussie beach gear fancy dress run theme (okay normal gear for Wiggy then); post-run barbie; beer stop on a beach. Just then a snippet of a separate conversation drifted over as Wiggy bemoaned the cold at the beer stop earlier on and the idea of an ice-cream stop arrived. After all that came Nicola's award for completing 100 runs and an economy tankard was wheeled out ("well she's only little" explained Don) for a rapidly dispatched Down Down. Well done Nicola on ... another great hash!



"wait a minute, isn't that...?"



"... oh. Where the hell was I?"

23rd December – Gatehashing the Henfield hash in Storrington.

Mince Pies and mulled wine at the start were enjoyed by most in the Somerfield car park (the usual meeting location of the Henfield hash) to the background sounds of the Storrington mobile tip but as most of the Brighton hashers had parked in the Library car park (which is what they're used to) hopes of a circle at the end were unfortunately scuppered. A much more amusing scenario could have arisen if anybody ever listened to Bouncer as he had previously suggested to Henfield that there was loads more room in the other car park, while at the same time passing a note round to BH7 at the Christmas bash to meet in Somerfield car park. Mass confusion was averted and only minor confusion ensued as a result of the hares strange marking. Attempting the hash with the boys was always a bad idea, not least because it would've mucked up my 500th run the following week, but quickly turned out to be nearly impossible so after 3 checks we went and threw bread at the ducks, laughed as they attempted to recover it from the ice, played on the swings etc and generally did dadkid things instead. Reports later were of Brighton hashers losing direction and heart early on, others getting as far as the beer stop before returning and of the hares announcing that the marks were overridden by the horn and they should've known that! Sadly no après down-downs due to the confusion not helped by the length of the run but a fun time was had in the pub, and thanks to Nigel who presented me with the hash calendar. I shall treasure it all ways!

A SELECTION OF WILD AND WONDERFUL NEWS ITEMS FROM 2007:

- The CNN TV network had to apologise to US presidential hopeful Barack Obama after it confused his surname with the first name of the world's best-known terrorism suspect. A sequence on the whereabouts of Osama Bin Laden carried the caption "Where's Obama?"
- An Australian bank was embarrassed when it emerged that it had issued a credit card to a cat. The owner of Messiah, a ginger tom, had put in the spoof application to test the bank's security system.
- A 100-year-old woman in Germany moved out of her retirement home after six weeks saying she found the other residents not only boring but also "too old". She returned home to her cat.
- Switzerland's army inadvertently invaded the tiny neighbouring state of Liechtenstein. A unit on manoeuvres got lost at dead of night, officials said.
- The Norwegian government abolished a regulation that had allowed strip-clubs to claim exemption from sales tax on the grounds that their performances were an art form.
- A British man claimed the dubious distinction of making the first ever mobile phone call from the summit of Mount Everest. "It's cold" were his first words.
- Fishery officials in China restocked a river with 13 truckloads of live carp, only to realise that thousands of residents from a nearby city had immediately swarmed to the banks a short way downstream and caught most of them.
- Transport officials in Australia try to discourage men from driving too fast with a series of TV ads featuring attractive woman suggesting that speeding males were trying to compensate for inadequate virility.
- A town in South Korea which spent some 140 million dollars to build its own airport was then forced to admit that no airlines actually wanted to fly there.
- The Chinese capital Beijing began a campaign to improve its signposting in English ahead of the 2008 Olympic Games. Among signs in need of correcting were ones for "Public Toilets," and "Deformed Men" – the latter indicating facilities for the handicapped.
- A US man who ordered flowers for his mistress sued the florists after they sent a note to his home thanking him for his order – thereby informing his wife of his infidelity.
- An African medicine man dived into a river in Tanzania after promising his fellow villagers that he would bring back revelations from ancestral spirits lurking underwater. He drowned.
- A child maths prodigy who started university in Hong Kong at age nine, said he found the courses too easy, and rather boring.
- A Belgian prankster reacted to a prolonged political crisis in his native land by putting the entire country up for sale on the Internet auction site eBay. The company halted the bidding.
- Dutch anglers were up in arms against immigrant workers from Poland, who also enjoy fishing in the many local lakes. The problem being that the Poles actually eat the fish they catch, whereas the Dutch believe in simply putting them back in the water.
- A posh food store in New York was embarrassed after an employee, who was clearly not Jewish, stuck a "Delicious for Hanukkah" sign on hams. Jews, for whom Hanukkah is a religious holiday, do not eat pork.



and finally...

British doctors have made a tongue-in-cheek complaint to a chocolate manufacturer after the firm changed the shape of two sweets that could be used to measure testicles in pubescent boys.

The problem focuses on wrapped chocolates called Teasers and Truffles, whose 8mm oval shape was a dead ringer for a bead used in an orchidometer – a gadget that measures testes to ensure they are developing normally.

But Teasers' and Truffles' unusual contribution to public health is now doomed after their manufacturer, Masterfoods UK, changed the shape of the chocs, leaving them bigger and flat-bottomed.

"This is a major setback to paediatric endocrinology," say Gareth Williams of the medical faculty at Bristol University and Poonam Dharmaraj, a paediatrician at the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle.

"Clearly, the original design should be reinstated. With skilful marketing, this could play to the manufacturer's advantage: by including a simple package insert with clear, easy-to-feel instructions, young males could self-evaluate their pubertal status (while pointing out that this should ideally not be done at the point of sale)."

It would provide "a rare opportunity for the chocolate industry to become palpably involved in public-health promotion," suggest the pair.

Their letter appears in the end-of-the-year issue of the British Medical Journal (BMJ), a traditional moment for publishing humorous items in the medical profession.

Other articles include a spoof study into the genetic link with magic, as based on characters in the Harry Potter series, and an exhaustive investigation into the fracturability of two honeycombed chocolate bars that doctors often use to explain bone health to patients.

17th December 2007 Christmas Hash with trail by Don, awards by Nigel and MC'ing by Peter E.

We arrived at the Station car park to find everyone ready in the usual assortment of flashing santa hats and bells for the Christmas hash. Don uttered a few words whilst Bouncer sodded around with a singing Bugs Bunny demanding silence for the hare, then off we went under the railway and up the ramp. Down to the lights then across and on towards Hurstpierpoint led to speculation on a beer stop at Georges house but Don had ended up setting alone for reasons I've forgotten! The next check sent us north up the lane until we hit the footpath crossing. Left here had me thinking this was going to be a really early sip but then something odd happened. After crossing a road we must have done a big loop back to the same road as we came to the college from the wrong direction, beats me how! From the college we headed east cutting up towards Burgess Hill until at last I caught the pack as they all milled around. Rumour had fed back that there would be a mulled wine stop but not at Georges and we were now at it. Sadly it wasn't, so eventually Don called on leaving me very demoralised cheered only by Nicola as we hit a mucky path eventually cutting out onto the main road under close supervision from a local. Up ahead a crowd had once again gathered and so I broke into a sprint realising the sip had found the pack, hurray! Pete had misread Don's map but had been persuaded by Niel to try and find us anyway. Last to leave the sip but by no means last at the pub as the wine revived me for the cut through the houses and under the railway bridge back home.

In the hotel there was some frantic activity going on as people simultaneously tried to a) get a beer, b) pass out Christmas cards, c) catch up with some of the annual hashers, and d) hang on to a seat near someone they might want to sit with (for me there was an e) as I also tried to distribute updated address lists. If anyone missed out or has any updates to report please let me know ta.)! Eventually food was announced and the musical chairs got into full force rapidly followed as to be expected by the bad jokes. Faces filled with a satisfactory 3 course meal, Peter Eastwood banged for silence and surprised us all by dishing out the down-downs. Hare was reprieved but Dave Bos and Hugh weren't for reasons I've again forgotten, as well as who else sinned! Rik was congratulated on his granddaddiness in Louis' absence as Dad and it was on to the awards, this year MC'd by Nigel with interruptions by Don. In no particular order these included: Barfly award to Niel who has taken up the mantle on his occasional visits; Red Bull award to Old Les for his impressive plummet off of Ditchling Beacon on his way home from the hash (but he remembered to lock the car in case anyone attempted to steal the wreckage); The annual putting up with Bouncer award for Angel to Gabrielle*; Eddie defeated Dave Bos in the lame excuses section for bottling out of setting the hash, turned up and ran anyway, then short-cut halfway through; Anne, won female hash personality award of the year, the usual Burqa; Chris Wilce OSHIT (OverSeas Hasher In Town) award; and Andy Elliott Male hash personality of the year.

Apologies to anyone I've missed but congratulations to Nigel on some fine presenting as Niel steps down after so many years as top funny man. After that Rik took over to take us up to midnight with his always well received discoul music. Another great hash which I've left far too long to write up, and clearly enjoyed immensely as I can't remember a thing! I'd like to leave you with one observation (and it is merely that) though...

Why should Angel win the putting up with Bouncer award every year? Shouldn't everybody be eligible to stake their claim?!!!

31st December Bouncers 500th, Shoreham.

How often does New Years Eve land on a Monday? [Consider this: Gabrielle works Tuesday nights and Tuesday nights only. Every year the day Christmas falls on drops back one day. This year she had to work on the nights of Christmas and New Years Day meaning that next year she will have to work Christmas and New Years Eve. But it's a leap year so Christmas falls back 2 days meaning she won't have to work on Christmas and New Years Eve until 2013! Lucky or what!] What are the chances of an anniversary run landing precisely on that Monday? How the hell could it have been Bouncer!

What an excuse for a party though so curries were made, hash was laid, and against the odds a decent crowd turned out, some just to hash before moving on to other parties but they were soon replaced by large numbers who decided to skip the r*n. Typically our builders became available to start work just before Christmas and we thought we'd better leap on it to get them started which left the garden much like a war zone. Extra work getting that in a fit state to accommodate visitors pushed me back so I was very grateful to Mike Cyst Pit from West London Hash who arrived early and suggested we got to the pub. "Well okay, but can we do it with flour?". Come the run it was off up Downsway, throwing a dummy of the motorway path. A coughing and spluttering Charlie was given a pointer to the on-back but missed the turn down the hill catching up just in time as pack went into the park. The arrow pointed at the Whomping Oak ("surely it was a whomping willow" said Catherine, as Don suggested the tree in question looked more like a lime). I dunno, I ain't edjercated am I he said as the spell check went into overdrive. Plssticide called a halt for a rocket stop at this point and we all went ooh and aah before cracking on to the far corner of the park where Bob Luck appeared sprinting along the road. "I got lost in the cul-de-sacs but saw the rockets". Down past the allotments and hare rushed ahead demanding obedience from the pack as it was important for later. That meant several bodies scattered themselves across the railway car park as others were called back from the far side of the tracks only to find trail going through the underpass back to exactly the same place. More typical Bouncer silliness ensued as Charlie led everyone up the ramp to the library for a fairly pointless check. Once again hare took charge through the alleys to make sure everyone found the back door of the Lazy Toad and it was on-inn through the storage room/ kitchen and out into the bar for a beer where veteran hasher John Heming was to be found. Naturally Mike and myself had stopped for a beer when we set trail and had earlier bumped into Bunter in much the same position!

Warmed and refreshed the pack again set off up the tow path, Sally now running with a bottle of fizz whilst hubbie James yomped with a now empty back pack. Chivalry knows better than to shake the bubbly it seems! The check confounded all who hadn't spotted the tiniest of alleys through the houses. Anne was not amongst them having picked up the return route on her walk up but she kept schtum as several insisted on going straight up, continuing the very loose Harry Potter theme, towards Hogwarts College, Lancing. On this occasion they were right and the route did end up parallel but it could so easily have gone the other way! From there it was a simple return back to the Bouncers so I took the opportunity to sweep in with Pete only to find that most of the pack had missed the massive arrow pointing to the back garden and the beer.

Soon enough everyone was inside and curries dispensed before lots of silliness started up. The fancy dress theme of pub names seemed to be a brilliantly kept secret but full marks must go to Matthew and Jenny as the Romans, Bob as the Spotted Cow, and Daffy for his Rose and Crown dreamed up after he arrived! The giant Jenga seemed to keep the engineers enthralled as they worked out more and more bizarre ways to play, and there was a worrying moment as James decided to carve up my Beachy Head marathon medal accusing correctly that I'd only actually done half so should only have half a medal. Before the drinking continued to the silly hours, fizz was popped to celebrate the turn of the year and 3 brave loonies undertook the traditional midnight naked hash, I was awarded a down-down of Old Ale for my 500th but as I admired the new tankard there was something strangely familiar about it, right down to the 250th run etching. "Well, Gabby says you've got enough" claimed Don. Now hold on there just one cotton pickin' minute **I WANT MY TANKARD!**

"YO MOMMA!" THE RULES OF TRASH-TALK - Eurosport - Wed, 05 Dec 09:49:00 2007

With Hatton-Mayweather fast approaching, Eurosport-Yahoo guides you through the frankly terrifying world of boxing trash-talk. "Lennox Lewis, I'm coming for you man. My style is impetuous. My defence is impregnable, and I'm just ferocious. I want your heart. I want to eat his children. Praise be to Allah!" Boxing is no longer the Sport of Kings. It is now the Sport of Blings - and if you don't speak the lingo, you're going to get left behind. Left behind like a bum. Pre-fight smack-talk has become an obligatory feature in these days of ten-city 'press conference tours,' hype and tension building at an exponential rate until the fighters' disliking for each other quickly turns from publicity phoney to genuine I-want-to-rip-your-head-off-and-spit-down-your-throat hatred. There is no doubt: employed properly, smack-talk can become a potent psychological weapon, a pre-emptive and unsettling low-blow fired off long before the first bell rings. But in the wrong hands, it just sounds lame. There is a fine line to tread through this cuss-littered minefield. So, the next time a fighter starts beating his chops, make sure you know what's going down with Eurosport.Yahoo.com's Six Golden Rules of Smack-Talk...

1. Family is fine: Apart from race or sexuality, there is no topic that should be considered off limits. Some people think families should be out of bounds, especially mothers. Those people are chumps. Believe me, yo mamma is fair-game - and that's exactly what it says on the toilet wall... Example: Joe Frazier: "What've you been up to?" Ken Norton: "My wife just had a baby." Frazier: "Congratulations! Whose baby is it?"
2. They've ALL got it comin': Why limit your range by restricting your trash-talking to just your opponent? The whole freakin' world is against you, so let rip, brother, let rip! Reporters, promoters, referees, your opponent's homies - spray them all with your smokin' verbal volleys. Those punks all deserve it. Example: Reporter: "How is your conditioning?" James Toney: "**** you!" Second reporter: "Who are you sparring with and how is it going?" Toney: "Keep asking stupid questions, it'll be you. Now **** off!"
3. Physical threats are expected: You're a boxer; it is your job to inflict physical pain. People aren't going to be shocked if before the fight you scream with foaming mouth about wanting to rip your opponent's head off. Far from it, my friend; the more vicious and sadistic your abuse, the better. Example: Trainer Roger Mayweather: "When Hatton knocks at that door, somebody's going to answer that door with a baseball bat, beat him across his **** head."
4. Stay in your comfort zone: Boxers aren't the smartest breed; you only have to watch Rocky to see that. But they should not be judged for their cultural ignorance: you try running head-first in to a brick wall for a decade and see how many F.Scott Fitzgerald books you can name. That's why trash-talk should be kept simple - for there is nothing more cringe-worthy than a boxer drawn outside his comfort zone... Example: "Two ton" Tony Galento, one-time heavyweight contender, when asked if he knew who Shakespeare was: "I ain't never heard of him. I suppose he's one of them foreign heavyweights. They're all lousy. Sure as hell, I'll moider de bum."
5. Highlight physical abnormalities: The strong have picked on the weak since time began; feel proud that you are continuing that legacy. Show no mercy. Never forget that mocking the afflicted is FUNNY. If it wasn't then why did they make so many series of You've Been Framed? Like a Rottweiler ravaging a terrified puppy, locate the jugular, pounce - and don't stop shaking until all signs of life have been extinguished... Example: Tyson to Razor Ruddock: "You're sweet. I'm going to make sure you kiss me good with those big lips of yours. I'm gonna make you my girlfriend."
6. Never lose your cool: At one point or another, every boxer has been called a "be-atch" by his opponent. The point of trash-talking is to try to get you real mad - show your class and don't indulge. Because when your opponent gets in your face and says he wants to eat your children, he doesn't really mean it. And if he does, good luck - it's gonna take more than a bit of trash-talk to get out of this one. Example: Muhammad Ali, to American Journalist Howard Cosell: "I'm gonna whoop him, Howard. You just watch!" Cosell: "You're feeling very truculent today, Muhammad." Ali: "Truculent? If that's good, I'm it!"

Best of the Mayweather - Hatton big-fight trash-talk

Hatton, during his press conference in Manchester. "Thank you all for coming. It's good to be back in Manchester. We've had a long tour, a very tiring tour, but it's great to come back and see my friends, see my family... [turning to Mayweather, sat next to him] Floyd, will you stop touching my ****, you poof."

Later, at the same press conference: "I've missed my son, my six-year-old son, for a week, but I probably haven't missed him quite as much as you would probably think because I've had the good fortune to spend the full week with another **** six-year-old."

Mayweather: "Am I worried about Ricky Hatton? That little midget? He's a kid trying to become a superstar. I'm a mega superstar. Please."

Hatton, when asked about Mayweather's defensive style: "We all know he likes to run, so I've got two special sparring partners in Carl Lewis and Forest Gump."

Hatton, as the pair square-up at a photo-call: "You're not going to kiss me, are you, Floyd?"

Mayweather, at an LA press conference: "I wish I was in prison with you, I'd make you my bitch."

Best of the rest - actually, just the best of Tyson

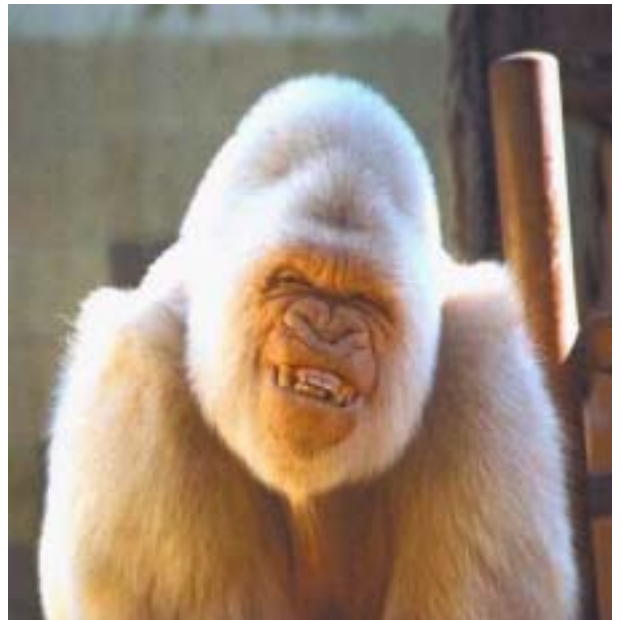
"My main objective is to be professional but to kill him."

"My power is discombobulatingly devastating I could feel his muscle tissues collapse under my force. It's ludicrous these mortals even attempt to enter my realm."

"All praise is to Allah, I'll fight any man, any animal, if Jesus were here I'd fight him too."

"I try to catch him right on the tip of the nose, because I try to push the bone into the brain."

"I paid a worker at New York's zoo to re-open it just for me and Robin [his wife]. When we got to the gorilla cage there was one big silverback gorilla there just bullying all the other gorillas. They were so powerful but their eyes were like an innocent infant. I offered the attendant \$10,000 to open the cage and let me smash that silverback's snout. He declined."



THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



After living in a remote wilderness all his life, an old codger decided it was time to visit the big city. In one of the stores he picks up a mirror and looks in it. Not knowing what it was, he remarked, "How about that! Here's a picture of my daddy."
 He bought the 'picture', but on the way home he remembered his wife, Lizzy, didn't like his father. So he hung it in the barn, and every morning before leaving for the fields, he would go there and look at it.
 Lizzy began to get suspicious of these many trips to the barn. One day after her husband left, she searched the barn and found the mirror.
 As she looked into the glass, she fumed, "So that's the ugly bitch he's runnin' after."

The Good the Bad and the Ugly

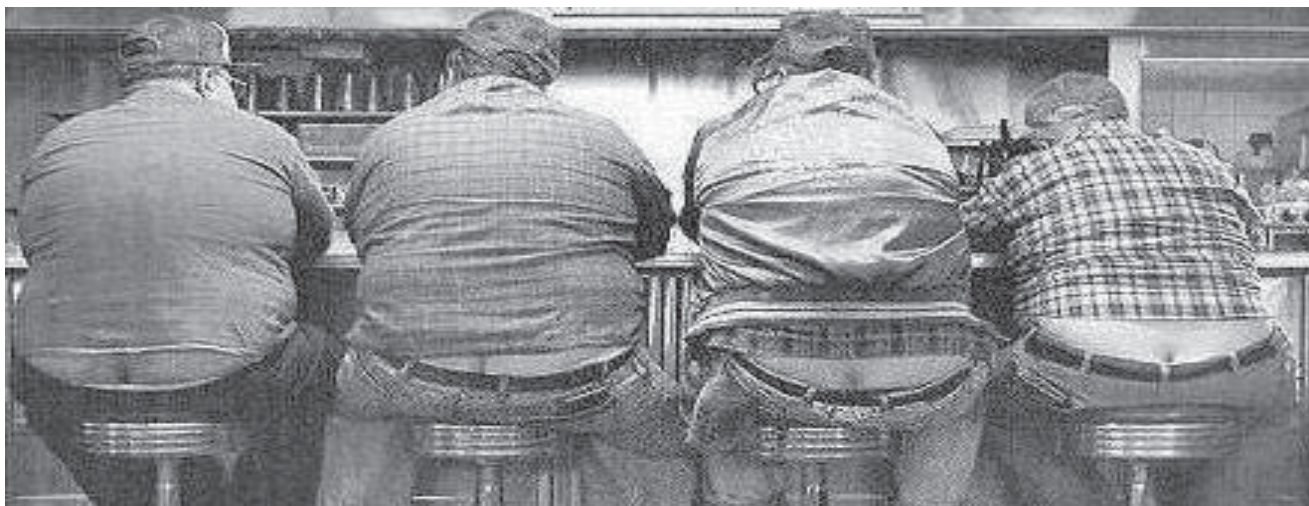
Good: Your husband is not talking to you. Bad: He wants a divorce. Ugly: He's a lawyer.

Good: Your husband understands fashion. Bad: He's a cross-dresser. Ugly: He looks better than you.

Good: You give "the birds and the bees" talk to your 14-year-old daughter. Bad: She keeps interrupting. Ugly: With corrections

"First they sue the tobacco companies for giving them lung cancer; Then the fast food places for making them fat; Guess I can sue Budweiser for all the ugly women I have slept with."

Question: What is it about women that makes them so much more attractive than men?



NO MORE QUESTIONS!

Finally, a definition of globalisation I can understand and to which I can relate

Question : What is the truest definition of Globalisation? *Answer* : Princess Diana's death.

Question : How come? *Answer* : An English princess with an Egyptian boyfriend crashes in a French tunnel, driving a German car with a Dutch engine, driven by a Belgian who was drunk on Scottish whisky, followed closely by Italian Paparazzi, on Japanese motorcycles; treated by an American doctor, using Brazilian medicines. This is sent to you by a Canadian, using Bill Gates's technology, and you're probably reading this on your computer, that uses Taiwanese chips, and a Korean monitor, assembled by Bangladeshi workers in a Singapore plant, transported by Indian lorry-drivers, hijacked by Indonesians, unloaded by Maltese wharfies, and trucked to you by Kiwi freeloaders. That, my friends, is Globalisation!