



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #176 January 2012

<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
2nd January 2012	1750	Telscombe Tavern	395 014	Pete & Dave
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins MIDDAY RUN				
9th January 2012	1751	John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	422 103	Matthew
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. Est 15 mins.				
16th January 2012	1752	Swallows Return	103 038	Ivan & Les Plumb
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. Take first turn-off after road reverts to dual carriageway (Angmering), then left at roundabout on Titnore Lane. Turning for pub is on right after 1 mile. Park in layby's on slip road. Est. 20 mins.				
23rd January 2012	1753	White Lion, Thakeham	107 073	Brett & Jo
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. At Storrington turn right on B2139 and right again after 2 miles - the Street. Pub on right. Est 30 mins. BURNS HASH!				
30th January 2012	1754	Dyke Road Tavern, Brighton	301 059	Wiggy & Bouncer
Directions: Head down the A23 to Preston Park traffic lights. Turn right and follow road under bridge, round and up to the next set of lights. Pub on left, park where you can! Est. 5 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

CRAFT HASH #44 - Friday 20th January 2012 @ 7pm - Burrell Arms, Haywards Heath - Keeps It Up & Wildbush

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: New year, same old lack of hares! Volunteers needed urgently. Meanwhile have a bonus pic:



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

23rd January 2012 - Chinese Burns Hash! White Lion, Thakeham

[illegible]

7-10th September 2012 - Hastings H3 Portugal Hash - Poço Redondo, Tomar, Portugal

Cost - £165 if booked before 31/12/11; £180 until full. Includes 3 nights accommodation; meals as per itinerary (*full itinerary available on request*); circle drinks; transport to/from runs and vineyard; Vineyard tour; Shirt.

All bookings will be co-ordinated by Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle (crowleb@btinternet.com)

To guarantee a space £50 is due at time of booking; balance due 31/05/2012

[illegible]

IVAN LYONS 50 MARATHON CHALLENGE: To donate follow link: <http://www.webjam.com/50marathons>

Marathon 48 was successfully run on Sunday 18th December at Portsmouth, on a cold & frosty morning. I will be taking a short rest from racing, to recharge my batteries, as I focus on the last two marathons in the Spring to complete the 50 Marathon Challenge. Thank you for all your support to date & I wish you all seasonal greetings. Keep Running!

Next marathon is Steyning Stinger - March 4th.

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH ON FACEBOOK - REMINDER

If you have a facebook account, look for the Brighton Hash group where up to the minute details of runs are kept as well as the opportunity to discuss any hash-related activity. Pete Beard has already posted a number of old photos and more are invited. And for anyone who missed or wants to relive the coronation of King George, Adrian has posted a video of the event. Also available are route plans from past hashes, and again, more links are invited.

[illegible]

SAFETY ON THE HASH

Just a quick reminder to read the guidelines from the last trash and start implementing recommendations! For your own good.

[illegible]

Email: mary@russellmary.wanadoo.co.uk

Subject: Brighton Marathon 2012

Hallo! Are any of your harriers looking for a Brighton Marathon place? I am a Trustee of a Brighton based Charity, Maternity Worldwide (registered Charity 1111504) and we still have some marathon places left. We have one of the lowest minimum sponsorships available (£300 plus £120 registration or £400 plus £75 registration). We would love to hear from you!

You can find out more at www.maternityworldwide.org or by e-mail us on info@maternityworldwide.org or calling 01273 234033

Thank you! Mary Russell

[illegible]

Brussels 2014

Unless you've been on the International Space Station for the last few years, you'll know that a certain Belgium hasher has been asking us to "think about it... seriously" about Interhash returning to Europe. Brussels are bidding for Interhash 2014. This event will take place 25 - 27 July, 2014. Note that even if we lose the bid in Jogjakarta, the weekend event will take place anyway. MANY people will fly in through the UK, and then go on on to Brussels by train/plane, etc.

We want to go to Jogja to bid with as much pre-arranged as possible, so:

Does YOUR hash (or group of hashes) want to organise a pre- or post-lube to the event?

All we need is a general statement of intent, so if YOU like having lots of visiting hashers, and if you want to help us win, then agree to put on a pre- or post-lube.

Can you or your mismanagement please get back to me at jjackson@btinternet.com before the end of January.
Urine

Several of us already registered so I have offered to do a Sussex hashes pre or post-lube in the Gatwick area. Early days but if anyone can help with haring, location or logistics it would be much appreciated. Bouncer

Answer to spot the difference in #175: 1) leg; 2) leg; 3) leg; 4) leg; 5) leg; 6) leg; 7) leg; 8) leg. *Well done if you got them all right!*



Message from Cardinal Hugh: Please be aware and take note of e-bay traders, not selling as advertised. I've just been scammed! I ordered a blow up doll from a foreign seller, and this is what they sent....

[illegible]

Essex H3 will be hosting their 'Alelimpics 2012' hash weekend camping event between 20th-22nd and we do hope you will be able to come and join us. It is timed to be the week before the other, larger (but less fun) 'Olympics 2012' event 20 miles down the road.

We'll keep you fed with Friday supper, Saturday cooked breakfast, lunch on the trail and full evening meal as well as Sunday cooked breakfast. There will be some free beer and snacks and the famous Essex cocktails to keep you going.

There will be trails to suit all abilities (including 'Windsock' length.. *[v. short!]*) starting with the Friday (blue/black/red/yellow/green) dress run that will take in a few of the local hostelryes. Saturdays trails will be around the local woods with beer stop, lunch and Circle on trail, before heading back to site for more refreshment and hash games to keep you entertained. There will be a short hangover trail on Sunday, followed by a closing circle allowing time to get home and recover!

Looking forwards to seeing you all.

Windsock - Essex H3 Cultural Attaché



SCOTLAND PAGE (*new burns related jokes needed!*):

Bad news for the Scots:

The world's largest sperm bank has started turning down redheaded donors because there is too little demand for their sperm.

Ole Schou, Cryos's director, said that there had been a surge in donations in recent years, allowing the facility to become much more picky about its donors. "There are too many redheads in relation to demand," he told Danish newspaper Ekstra Bladet. "I do not think you chose a redhead, unless the partner - for example, the sterile male - has red hair, or because the lone woman has a preference for redheads. And that's perhaps not so many, especially in the latter case." Mr Schou said the only reliable demand for sperm from redheaded donors was from Ireland, where he said it sold "like hot cakes". Cryos's stores have now reached their peak capacity of 70 litres of semen, and Mr Schou has a waiting list of 600 donors. He said sperm from donors with brown hair and brown eyes was particularly in demand, because of the bank's large customer base in Spain, Italy and Greece. Indian sperm was also hard to find, he said, because India does not allow sperm or eggs to be exported, causing a problem for childless international Indians. Cryos pays donors up to 500 Danish Krona (£58), and sends its semen to over 65 countries worldwide.



- At an auction in Glasgow a wealthy American announced that he had lost his wallet containing £10,000 and would give a reward of £100 to the person who found it. From the back of the hall a Scottish voice shouted, "I'll give £150!"
- My neighbour knocked on my door at 2:30am this morning, can you believe that, 2:30am? Luckily for him I was still up playing my Bagpipes.
- Scots tell you that it's easy to identify tartans, - look under the kilt, and if it's a 1/4-pounder, you know it's a McDonald's.
- Ian Paisley's wife went to the dentist the other week. The dentist asked her 'Well, how's the mouth?' 'Still in bed'
- There are two seasons in Scotland. June and Winter.
- A young boy asked "What vegetable maks yer een (eyes) watir?" Hamish pondered a moment then answered - "An onion son", to which the boy replied "ye've obviously never been hit in the stanes wi a turnip big man!"
- A curious lady asked Jock if there was anything worn under his kilt. "No, madam," he replied. "Everything is in perfect working order!"
- How many bagpipers does it take to change a lightbulb? Five - One to hold the bulb and four to drink until the room spins.
- How do you keep your violin from getting stolen? - Put it in a bagpipe case.

"We're the haggis, aye, hooray; We'll live until next Hogmanay"

The haggis season has begun
All over Scotland every gun
Is taken down with loving care
Though some prefer the haggis snare
For haggis are a wily lot
That's why they are so seldom shot
"We're the haggis, aye, hooray;
We'll live until next Hogmanay"

Its flying upside down and low
The guns all fire, but they're too slow
And though it's rather old and fat
It's awfully hard to hit like that
And as it flies off in the mist
Great hairy clansmen shake their fists
And scream their curses to the crags
And stamp on empty haggis bags
And so the haggis gets away
To live until next Hogmanay
"We're the haggis, aye, hooray;
We'll live until next Hogmanay"



Bragging again
- advert for Durex XL

The cheques in the post

Gawd, it were like talking tae a ghost
"I'll tell ye laddie, the cheque's in the post!"
Just cos I'm a Scotsman they think
I spend all mae wee mony oon drink!

I nae mean, I'm just careful o' wha' I spend,
Nae mony tae waste oon things we dinnea need,
Nae mony tae gie away, none tae lend,
Tha's being careful, nae some kind o' greed.

A sweet oor twa fae mi bonny kin,
An fae me misses, her usual gin,
But tha' dinnea mean I fung mi mony about,
Oor I dinnea ken when tae keep mute.

"The cheque's in the post" I snarled at her,
Whilst the misses looked aroond fae her purse,
And I wrote oot a cheque there an then,
Frae an useless Ladbroke's stolen pen.

Bloody heathen companies sell ye crap
Then expect ye tae pay fae it too,
An when they phoned I were having a wee nap,
So feck them, feck everyone else an especially:

Notes from Nigel in Antarctica to Chris Dauncey

Has anyone else had messages from Nigel? I've had a few email exchanges but clearly emailing is tricky with a slow & intermittent satellite link. Sounds like its very hard work down there but at least it's still summer time and he's managed to see Emperor penguins – lucky chap.

25th November 2011 Chris wrote: I sent Nigel some notes on the use of his new digital slr camera – just as he was setting off on the trip.

4th December 2011 Nigel replied:

hi chris

thanks for the tips, will come in very handy, arrived at Halley Base yesterday morning, 1.30am, bit of induction and showing arou8nd saturday, sunday day to myself, went for first antartic run around the perimeter (5k) did total of about 7k with running out and back to peri' etc, chill wind when out of the sun, which is 24hrs by the way, missed out on penguin trip today, names out of hat, still plenty of time though and they didn't go down to sea ice, to windy! Right of to bed now, have to start work for real tomorrow.

5th December 2011 Chris wrote: I wrote to Nigel with questions about snow & ice conditions, time zone, etc.

17th December 2011 Nigel replied:

Hi Chris

Just quick update, always glad to get emails but i'm afraid responses can be a bit intermitant as system can and doe's crash which is anoyying when you have just spent 10mins pageing one and it disappears.

Any way have been for 3 runs around the perimeter now, last one quite pleased as did it in 40mins for 7km on snow, 10mins quicker than last time but as you can imagine it is very weather dependant. The perimeter is a designated area where you have to remain marked by used oil drums, outside of which i9s deemed to be of base in which case you have to be in radio contact and fill in a off base form and tag out, hope this all make sense, go into more detail if need be.

My blog i am going to have to update when i can via third person (Tams daughter) as it is a blocked site on this network! if you can let hash and relevant people know that would be appreciated.

Went down to Windy Creek last sunday and onto sea ice with the emperor penquins absolutly awsome you see it on T.V. but when you are amongst them it's just incredible, as you will know!

Work is interesting and tiring, start at 07.15 finish at 18.15, finish 16.00 on Sat, as i am seconded to the main contractors which is good in that i am learning the new base as it is being finished!!Down side is that i have no handover i am first in, hopefully!!!

Finally we are on the same time zone as uk, as it makes it easier to communicate to the uk, was only about three hours dif' anyway Ok 23.00 hrs time for bed.

Nigel

24th December 2011 Chris wrote: I sent Nigel a Christmas & New Year message which bounced back from his email address as his inbox was full. I managed to re-send it through a BAS link which didn't bounce back.

Antarctic Ice Marathon runner: you need to be a little bit crazy

Thirty-six athletes from 17 countries braved the sub-zero temperatures to complete the 26-mile race at the bottom of the world.

The start line for the race was at the Union Glacier Antarctic base camp in the southern Ellsworth Mountains, just over 60 miles from the South Pole. Ahead of the race, every competitor had to have their skin fully protected from the sub-zero temperatures. Clothing included a full balaclava, goggles, gloves and mittens, long johns, waterproof running trousers and several layers of thermal clothing. But the harsh conditions are all part of the appeal of the race.

"I guess there's a sense I suppose of dread in coming here but perversely they kind of like that," explained race director Richard Donovan. "People who run a marathon here in Antarctica often run on mountains, in a jungle, in a desert - that's another reason for coming here they want to experience the cold."

Favourable weather produced ideal running conditions as the marathon got underway.

"This one I think it is important to start really, really slowly. Everyone is capable of doing it but we need to be really, really careful we don't over estimate ourselves given the conditions," runner Elizabeth Chapman said. "I am going to force myself to run half the speed I would normally for the first few miles then see how I feel and then hopefully pick it up at the end," she added.

In the men's event, Clément Thévenet from France took the lead straight away. The 37-year-old private banker was never challenged for first position setting an Ice Marathon record time of 3 hours 47 minutes, some 33 minutes ahead of 2nd place runner Alvin Matthews from the US.

"It's a wonderful experience", Thévenet said. "There is so much stuff to do around the world but I think I will be back on Antarctica because it's amazing being there so maybe I'll be back for hiking or mountain climbing but for the marathon - I do it once that's it."

Nine women also took part in the women's competition. Yvonne Brown from London finished first in 4 hours 26 minutes.

Nip Nash Hash part 3 - Yorky Porky: "Yup, it went ahead as a proper pub crawl, but I was the only one on it!"

CRAFT CHRISTMAS CROYDON CRASH...ER...HASH with MAIN VEIN GIG

We'd managed to blag a bed at Proxy's but when myself, Angel and Radio Soap arrived we didn't expect to find him still there, with the band due on at the Farmers PDQ. Especially as we were already running late and Daffy had sent a text advising that **#1 the Woodman** was crap so was on his way to meet us in the Purley Arms. Unfortunately KIU and Wildbush were just getting to the Woodman so Airhead gave us a lift up there. With a rumour that Testi & Ging Gang were on their way I necked half my pint (which was better than expected after Do



CHRIST'S SAKE

my pint (which was better than expected after Daffy's comments), Radio Soap fetched me a chunk of chalk and sprinted off to set trail from the station. From here on the whole evening seemed to be about food as Kayleen was upset about having to walk past so many eateries to get to a pub that didn't have grub. With Cath rushing off to charge up her wallet the rest of us got nice'n'comfy in **#2 the Crown & Sceptre** where we ordered a wee snackette to tide us through. I felt a bit uncomfortable about poor old Daffy sitting on his own in the Purley so as soon as food was consumed we headed out. Juggling several things at once I put my tankard on the table outside then thinking I'd seen it slipping reached out to grab it, knocking it to the ground, spilling the contents and breaking the handle. Gutting - there was nearly half a pint left. In **#3 Purley Arms** there was absolutely no way we could not spot Daffy done up as he was in ludicrous pink, power-napping on a sofa. Despite the fact that we had just eaten, the Thai menu was extremely tempting especially when Kayleen pointed out the **drunkards noodles**, but the band was soon to start and the preference was to hoof it to **#4 the Jolly Farmers** rather than the suggested bus option. Unfortunately the distance was greater than the bladder so KIU and myself had to stop in a pub on the way, but the limited time we were permitted didn't allow a sneaky half by the time we'd worked out the difference between a door and a smokers yard. CRAFT memory kicked in here and as I went to sup the walking beers found myself holding just the handle as my tankard had again dropped to the ground spilling more beer. Sob sob!

Somehow Soapie and I lost track of the gang just as we got to the Farmers which looked nothing like my image of it, but a very pleasant surprise when we walked through the door to find a plethora of other hashers already there including Layby, Chipmonk, Scud, Ice Maiden, Hashtray and others. The band, needless to say, was excellent and all my woes vanished as the traffic cone hats again came out as we were dancing. As we left, some in cars and others on foot, for the stroll back to Proxy's for some après drinks, there was a bit of a frantic search for Chipmonk who'd gone awol, but as soon as Angel saw the kebab shop we forgot and coaxed them into serving us a few snacks. He was located before we got back to the digs where Airhead had laid on a small feast, which was lucky 'cos putting the World to rights is hungry work! Another great hash...

[illegible]

A company held a reception to celebrate Christmas. The waiter gave each guest a glass of champagne, but on inspection, each guest noticed that their glass contained a fly. The Swede asked for new champagne in the same glass. The Englishman demanded to have new champagne in a new glass. The Finn picked the fly out and drank the champagne. The Russian drank the champagne, fly and all. The Chinese ate the fly but left the champagne. The Israeli caught the fly and sold it to the Chinese. The Italian drank two thirds of the champagne and then demanded to have a new glass. The Norwegian took the fly and went off to fish. The Irishman ground the fly and mixed it in the champagne, which he then donated to the Englishman. The American sued the restaurant and claimed for a \$50 million compensation. The Scotsman grabbed the fly by the throat and shouted, 'Now spit out all that you swallowed.'

... and when it came to splitting the bill...

The Greek couldn't afford the champagne he had drunk

The Italian couldn't afford it either, but decided it would be ok if he sang for his supper

The German tried to get everyone to pay for the Greek and the Italian

The Frenchman agreed with the German (but only because he wasn't sure of the amount he had left in his wallet - sneaky sneaky)

The English man said no, paid for his glass of champagne and pi88ed off leaving the rest fumbling about with the remainder of the bill.

SALE
BATCH: 001848
INU: 422365
AUTH: 020552
BASE \$26.86
TIP \$ 7
TOTAL \$ 30.00
WIN!
Diner

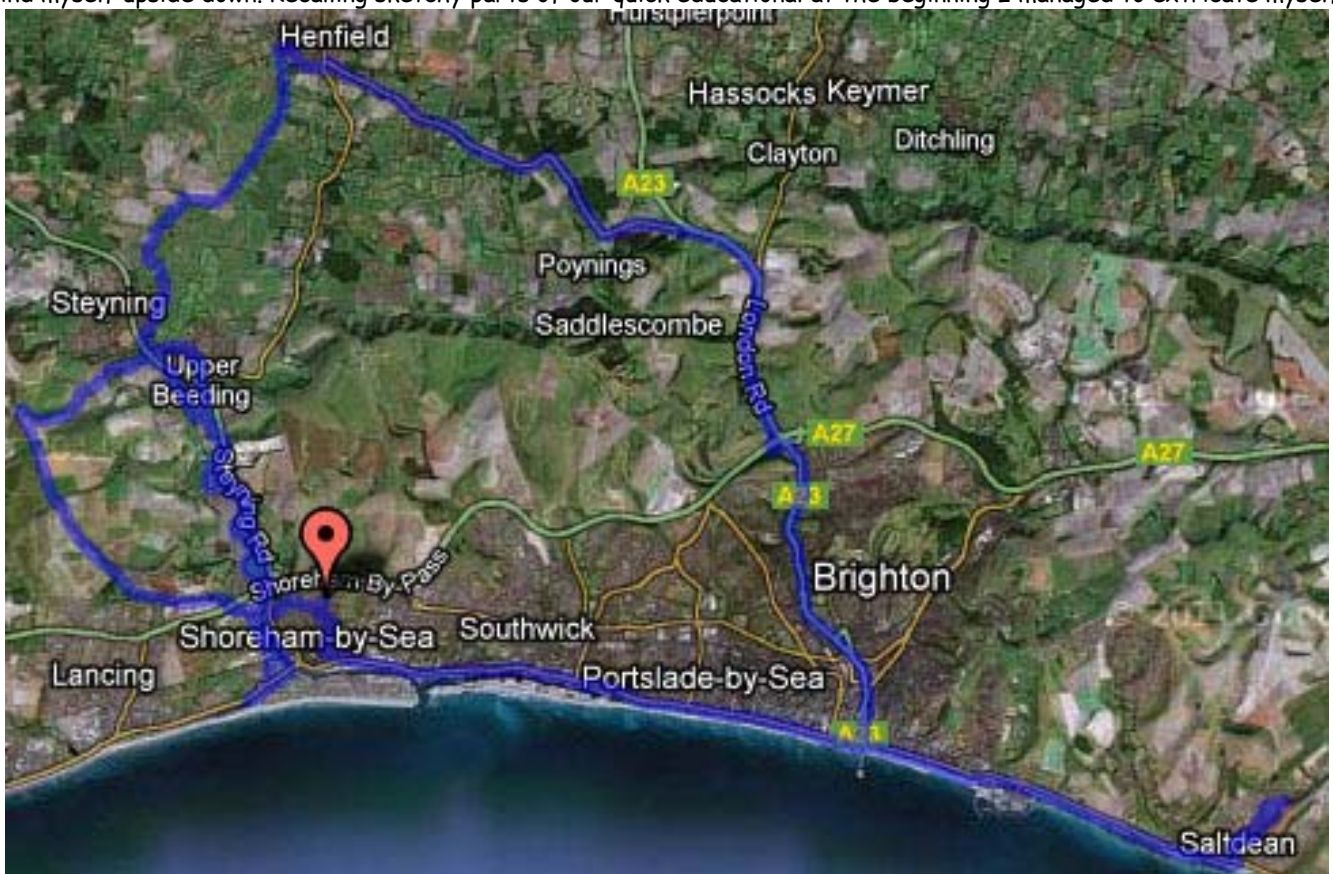
REHASHING...

PROF PETE'S BIRTHDAY CHALLENGE - SATURDAY 5TH NOVEMBER 2011

One Monday night on the hash, Pete is talking to Pat and as I came running past he goes "Ah, Bouncer. Just the person." He went on to explain that he would be celebrating his 50th birthday in the near future and wanted to try something a bit different to the alcoholic affairs Pat and I had indulged in earlier in the year. His proposal, which involved Pat and myself as we had also turned 50 this year, was a multi-activity method of covering 50 miles using just our own steam. Naturally there would be a bit of running, but also cycling, and, I believe at Pats suggestion, a kayak stretch down the Adur. I had no hesitation in saying "I'm in", however as is so often the case, the cold reality of "OMG what will Angel say" tempered my thoughts of a good fun day out. Nevertheless, diaries were synchronised and a date agreed upon so fast forward...

Naturally as word spread of what was going down, others came along to express interest in participating, and Angels enthusiasm for joining the kayaking offered a 'get out of jail' almost free card. Charlie had by now been press ganged into getting hold of the weapons of choice for this most anticipated section, so the next step was to secure the best time-slot and Pat's research suggested that 10-ish would give us an outgoing tide we could just swoosh down the river on. I felt that some contribution was called for but before I could offer Prof announced that he would cycle to Pats, then continue with her to my place, where bacon butties would set us up for the day ahead. Totally oblivious to the fact that I'm a vegetarian! Trepidation was the word as the weather finally decided to conform to season and the report threatened high winds and heavy rain, however, we woke (some a lot earlier than others!) to a calm morning so it was definitely game on. Phase 1 saw Pete set off about 7.30, the earlier start due to slight nerves which were justified after gathering up Pat as they managed to get lost trying to find chez Bouncer, where Spreadsheet (who had also thrown his gauntlet in as he had never kayaked) before was already tucking in. Plenty of grub and fluids later and off we went for the straightforward bike up the river following the Downs Link.

Charlie was waiting with kayaks all laid out in the Kings Head garden and Angel had arrived to take our team to 6 for the water stretch. After struggling into our lifejackets, and stashing shoes carefully where they shouldn't get wet*, we hauled the boats to the waters edge where Charlie revealed that we were to perform a seal launch, effectively throwing ourselves in the canoes off a 6 foot bank into the water! There was an exchange of looks between the inexperienced among us, mainly myself and Dave, until Charlie demonstrated with an unexpectedly gentle slip down the steep bank to bob happily on the river. In for a penny, we were soon all afloat without anyone going under! That wasn't to last but more later. With Charlie and Pat keeping a watchful eye on us we soon found ourselves making good time, albeit mostly backwards as the kayaks kept twisting in the current, and soon waved goodbye to the kids as we went under the SDW bridge. Having had a very small amount of experience in a somewhat smaller body some 35 years back, I was pretty well going at my own pace holding roughly mid-pack, when suddenly Gabs loomed out of nowhere. There had been some soft collisions previously (including one where the two of us had drifted together holding onto each others kayaks - aaah) but this was quite a bang which I immediately overcompensated for to find myself upside down. Recalling sketchy parts of our quick educational at the beginning I managed to extricate myself



and with help got the kayak on to the bank to replace the river in its rightful location by pulling the plug from the end. Angel had managed to keep afloat but as I re-floated she mentioned that she didn't have a plug! It had worked loose, letting in water when it should have been doing the opposite, and caused her to lose control, something which we'd had fair warning of as she'd been complaining of wet feet from the off! So another quick beaching to sort that out and off we went to complete the trip without further incident, although I was far more nervy and found it tiring by the end.

Luckily I had a change of shirt at the end for the run stage, although was doomed to the wet shoes, but first we had to lock up the kayaks and haul the oars and lifejackets over to Wiggy's. After a bit of waiting for Pat to chat to old friends or change her mind on what to take, eventually we were all off and running across the rec and up through the airport, now down to 5. Route continued past the college and up Lancing Clump then over to Steepdown coming into Beeding via the yellow brick road and Bramber. A well-earned pint was called for at the pub, before Spreads and Charlie headed off to pick up the kayaks, while the remaining 3 of us got stuck into a tasty lunch.

The schedule seemed to have gone out the window by now but weather was holding and we were still having fun! Next up was a return to the Downs Link to cycle up to Henfield, then on to the road past Shaves Thatch and down to the Plough at Pyecombe. By now light was starting to fade (along with Prof!) so we opted to get into town and lit roads before stopping at the Black Lion for a refresher. Pat had made a loose arrangement to meet up with a friend from London with a view to head over to Lewes for the fireworks, but several phone calls failed to connect so she sensibly decided to abandon the idea, while I also abandoned my intention of getting to the Duke of Wellington in Shoreham to see Eastfield playing. And so on we headed down the A23 then along Madeira Drive where we were told we couldn't use the road due to something 12 hours hence. Past the Marina and along the undercliff, lots of families were gathering for fireworks on the beach which had us stopping to go ooh and aaah, before the final climb up to Pete's to finish his day at least. After a warming bowl of soup Pat & I set off for the final phase home of our own day at which point I discovered my brakes had failed so had to walk down the mountain before we headed back past the firework revellers, and through the hordes at the pier. Having aborted on Lewes, Pat then decided to join in a yacht club party but so engrossed in chatting we'd shot past it before she realised, so the final farewell before I limped home after a great day out was somewhere near the West Pier. Well done Pete, on pulling together a great day and a great challenge. Happy Birthday!

SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT IS
A LEAVE

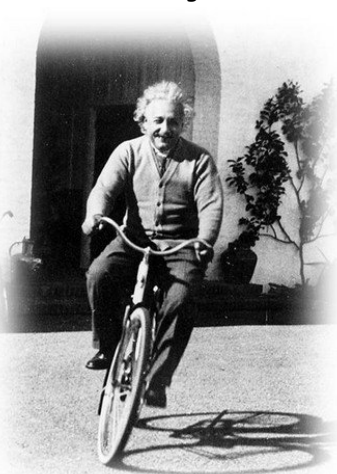
14/11/11 Professor Pete's Birthday hash - Sussex Ox, Milton Street

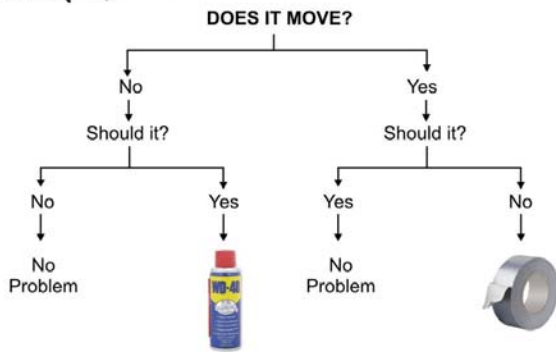
Wiggy had arranged to pick up Charlie at Falmer on the way through but when we arrived at the bus stop outside the University there was no sign so we waited. And waited. And discussed the polite length of time we should hang on, and why oh why didn't Charlie have a mobile? Buses came and went without the lad so eventually Wiggy gave up, but we had to continue up the slip road and drop down to the A27 on the other side where, would you believe it we spotted another bus stop with Charlie looking for all the World like a meerkat sentry, having been waiting patiently for 20 minutes! Consequently we missed the words of wisdom from the hare with directions about holes, the sip etc. and had to play catch up down the path by the pub and round to join the road up to the pub near the A27. At this point apparently the hare had put a **cross** on the ground to indicate false trail over the road but on was called east out to Wimington. With the ever-present threat of the Long Man's enormous ...er hill hanging over us the FRB's decided to go for it, but hare was keeping us low for now. After a couple of fields the

inevitable climb did come, although seeing a **cross** on the style, myself and Mike Anybody didn't go over with the crowd. Hare protested that the cross meant to cross over, but then announced that he'd done our route when wrecking and in my book, pack should go where the hare did! Despite the piss-taking about no way back, the pack did have to rejoin us at the top, where Cyst Pit and I set off for a lovely hack to enjoy the views. That's why trail was called straight back down! After tripping, slipping and tumbling down to rejoin trail we then found a nice trail leading to a cake & beer stop. There was no sign of hare though so after a polite few milliseconds we got stuck in before any manner of justifications were dreamt up! Pub was literally round the corner for a nice swift finish, where we found Brett had again Gotlost, by assuming that Pete's **cross** at the A27 meant cross over. Well honestly! Another great hash...

Everyone is a
genius. But if you
judge a fish on its
ability to climb a
tree, it will live its
whole life believing
that it is stupid.

-A Einstein





ONLY A MAN WOULD ATTEMPT THIS

Pocket Tazer Stun Gun, a great gift for the wife.

A guy who purchased his lovely wife a pocket Tazer for their anniversary submitted this:

Last weekend I saw something at Larry's Pistol & Pawn Shop that sparked my interest.. The occasion was our 15th anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized Tazer. The effects of the Tazer were supposed to be short lived, with no long term adverse affect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety...??

WAY TOO COOL! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home... I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button.. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned,

however, that if I pushed the button and pressed it against a metal surface at the same time, I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs.

AWESOME!!! Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave. Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two AAA batteries, right? There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently (trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh & blood moving target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and then thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong? So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and Tazer in another.

The directions said that:

- a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant;
- a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; and
- a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water.

Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries. All the while I'm looking at this little device measuring about 5" long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference (loaded with two itsy, bitsy AAA batteries); pretty cute really, and thinking to myself, 'no possible way!' What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best. I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side so as to say, 'Don't do it stupid,' reasoning that a one second burst from such a tiny lil ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad.. I decided to give myself a one second burst just for heck of it. I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and...

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD. WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION. WHAT THE... !!! I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the fetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs! The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a Tazer, one note of caution:

There is NO such thing as a one second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor! A three second burst would be considered conservative! A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape.

- * My bent reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace.
- * The recliner was upside down and about 8 feet or so from where it originally was.
- * My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching.
- * My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs.
- * I had no control over the drooling.
- * Apparently I had crapped in my shorts, but was too numb to know for sure, and my sense of smell was gone.
- * I saw a faint smoke cloud above my head, which I believe came from my hair.

I'm still looking for my testicles and I'm offering a significant reward for their safe return!

PS: My wife can't stop laughing about my experience, loved the gift and now regularly threatens me with it! If you think education is difficult, try being stupid!!!!



On the flight...

REHASHING...

28/11/11 Snowdrop, Lindfield – Rik

Rik has famously set some interesting hashes, and the word is used here much in the same way as the old Chinese curse "May you live in interesting times". Thankfully the message about not setting by bike has hit home, which means his trails are somewhat less Cardinal-like in length. This was a bit of a grey night which must have had a big impact on the pack, but hare seems to have anticipated this with a trail that mostly avoided the shiggy, taking instead a route through Franklands Village, round the hospital, down Fox Hill and back via Hurst Wood. Front runners were foxed (sic!) by the multi-coloured chalk markings which enabled the rest of the pack to keep in touch whilst the Profs and Charlie's were never seen again, and good behaviour was sought as we neared Rik's own gaff. Those of us who failed to get lost found it highly amusing in the pub as others returned at all different times! Another great hash...

5/12/11 Fox, Patching – Bouncer – joint hash with Chichester H3 32 hours apart!

It's not often that we have a visitor hare, however as Bouncer was laying a trail for the Brighton mob on Monday night, he kindly arranged for us to try it out first, a good example of recycling. Knowing this tempered our disappointment that the turnout was modest in comparison with recent runs, perhaps the venue was on the boundary of how far some were prepared to go on a damp, cold, uniformly grey, flat calm, nose dribbley, blah! sort of a day. We were helped by Stitchup who brought along his mother Renelle and brother Alex and a visit from Splitpin who normally runs with Henfield HHH. Before letting Bouncer tell his lies, Dogwhistle made a plea for someone to volunteer to help Snake Charmer lay her first trail (next run). As usual there was a deafening silence until Dogwhistle volunteered herself. Bouncer told us that the trail was laid in wood shavings just like the good old days and that some of it might not be there any more because Worthing Striders had just let hundreds of wannabe hashers over the same ground on the Duck Pond Waddle. After a short false right by the pub we were faced with a pack stretching sprint down the road west to a check at the Cottage Rough underpass and then a slog north up the muddy trail by Oliver's Copse with the roar of the A27 receding into the background behind. A short regroup was necessary before we parted company with the walkers and headed west and then north through the Stud Farm with the aforementioned brothers seeming to choose the right way at every check ending up far far ahead by the time they reached the Monarch's Way. Meanwhile Bouncer was doing his best to keep the rest together excepting for Snake Charmer, Canman, and Max (I think?) who found their own way home from here. Now we turned south leaving the lovely soft leaf littered trails and running down hill through Stonyland Copse, going faster and faster on the slick slurry surfaced rock hard flinty track, faster and faster until AAARGH!.... Old Faithful is suddenly doing his imitation of the Pope kissing the tarmac and then lying flat on his back moaning like Emmanuelle. Flashbacks to run 724 had us discussing whether or not an Air Ambulance should be called, however with a little help OF managed to get to his feet and do some limping on his badly grazed leg about which the leggings flapped in tatters. Most of us then pressed on leaving OF to limp back along Selden Lane, while we continued east across the open fields towards Patching. At last the brothers made the wrong choices* and ran almost into Patching while the diminished pack found true trail through Jewshead Wood and then continuing south to the B road before a short sprint west back to The Fox after one hour and thirty three minutes of bracing hashing.

Bambi.

P.S. Old Faithful was more seriously injured than it appeared, as well as a badly cut knee he has a broken ankle and will be in plaster for weeks.

Brighton hash was much the same apart from the injury, and sensing Chi H3 had gone longer than usual, SCB was omitted.

12/12/11 Oak, Cane Heath – Bob's 1000th BH7 hash

A number of Brighton hashers found themselves on the recent Barnes hash Xmas weekend (held in Lewes) hangover run from the same location, where Bob & Chris had turned up in the pub for a post-wrecking ale. That we hadn't found them on trail suggested that they had a different route in mind though! At about 6pm on the night Red Slapper sent out a panicked message via text, and the all-new BH7 facebook group that the A27 was closed for the foreseeable future, within 5 minutes of which word got out that the road had re-opened, no doubt due to the SOCO realisation that the hash were coming! The weather was absolutely foul from long before the off, reaching a Dantean peak of despair as we were changing in the car park afterwards, until the stars came out sometime whilst we were in the pub. So with a few words of wisdom from the hare we were off up the road, before heading into the fields and mush. Bob was fresh from more medical interference with his dicky ticker so was short-cutting for England, leaving Chris to lead us astray, which she did admirably managing to get lost at least a couple of times. All that despite several recce's including a night time, and having had to re-set trail twice thanks to the weather again. Must be the pub as I'm sure Black Stockings also got lost, probably in the same field, when she set from here last year. Into Arlington, there was a short tease with the reservoir before Bob surfaced to carve a chunk from the trail and send us SCB'ing our way to where the hardy Sheila and Falling Madonna refreshed us with a sip. From there it was On Inn to boot the lame and lazy away from the fire to warm up, or in Wiggy and Cyst Pits case, get changed!

Bouncer called order to warble on about what a special and momentous night this was, although it wasn't Airman's 1000th he was on about, but the ever-patient Kit's 100th mug which had finally arrived! "Get a life, get a



life..." chanted Cyst Pit not realising that that would be a far more appropriate song for Bob, so we were left to the plain ol' Down Down song as he was presented with a (3 pint) Harveys size hip flask to neck from. A standard size engraved hip flask was also presented for the occasion. By the time we'd refreshed and warmed up everyone agreed it was another great hash...

Footnote: *Hi Bouncer, What a night, nobody died through overheating or soaring temperatures, the hash presentations went really well. Everybody was pleased for Kit, his ceremony was warmly received. I was overwhelmed by the thought and care given to me for my 1000th. It was a bloody great night. Bob*

19/12/11 Christmas hash, party and awards – Ride It Baby & the Fridge



Back at the **Hassocks Hotel** once again, it was as always great to see so many blasts from the past out r*nnng. There was as usual a great show of the Christmas themed fancy dress, although surprisingly still quite a few who don't enter into the spirit. Charlie rued not getting more hats from the 50p shop as he reckoned he could've made a good mark-up! Meanwhile Bouncers attempt to leave all the checking to the serious athletes who didn't bother very nearly paid off until he accidentally found himself checking! Route was off up the line path where quite a few got lost in Butchers Wood. At the bridge it was right after a couple of false alarms, a stroll through Danny, then into the back of Hurst. Trickling through the Twittens we soon found ourselves taking the lawn route into Sarah's folks place where a very nice mulled wine stop was set-up with blazing brazier. Charlie earned his stripes again when we realised that Bob & Chris, plus a few others hadn't made it to the wine so off he went in search. It was a straightforward return across the field, along Stanford Avenue and under the railway.

All change and glasses charged we took our seats for a very tasty meal, good effort by the pub, and also thanks to Hash Cash stumping up for extra wine and beers. With **Mudlark** sunning himself in the far south, **Prof** was at the helm for the awards & down downs which were interspersed between courses, and were nearly started ahead of

schedule by Bob who was keen to dish out the first! During starters was the coronation of **King George** Vargha who is reigning World Champion for his age category in Triathlon or something. Very funny and video footage is available on Brighton Hash facebook page. Prof then took over to dish out new hearts to **Airman** Bob and Mike **Anybody** after their ops this year. Before things went any further, Bouncer stepped in to get some girls up for a liqueur down down from very suspect sperm shaped vessels. Recipients were Lis **Falling Madonna** for her birthday, and the hares Pat **Ride it Baby** and Sarah **Fridge**, the latter also being given a mask to preserve her professional anonymity. Main course awards went to Brent **Keeps It Up** (which should've been the hash Burkha so that he can get changed in the car park, but Fridge had lost it), and Mike **Cyst Pit** as International Hasher of the year, which he clearly wasn't but it had something to do with style! Returnee **Greyhound** Niel then presented other returnee **Old Les** a lifetime achievement award. **Trevor & Malcolm** got the shortest hash of the year, and Nicola **Black Stockings** the shortest hasher, along with a stool to help her search for a man! "Hear hear" cried the other Eastbourne girls, along with an invitation for more men to move there! Rik **Psychlepath** got a worst backmarked award (see review) and against the odds **Wiggy** got the best hash which is a mounted footpath sign. He also got 2nd best for the run he announced at the beginning as having made an almighty f/up of.

Spreadsheet had to step in at this point to complain about wilful damage to footpath signs by the hash but no-one was listening. At pudding **Bouncer** then received a brace of awards, first as hash cribbage champion (what a claim to fame) to win the Mike Morris memorial, and secondly for the worst beer stop when serving up Tesco Value lager at 2% for his birthday hash. It was inevitable that **Trevor** should get something for his mountain plunge as wimp of the year, which was



presented by **Charlie** and **Pat**, both of whom had also survived nasty tumbles, but did we deserve his Shakespearean soliloquy? Bouncer then stepped in to name him **Prince Crashpian** as a play on Trevor having missed a few weeks rehearsing for the stage, which explained how he carried off the death scene so well! The coffee and mince pie awards went to **Badgers dad** George for abandoning the hash, George for longest on-home, and George for car crashing on the hash. Long due some recognition, Charlie was next up, receiving a brandy in a bottle and a naming of **St. Bernard** from Prof for always being there in the hour of need. The final award for which the trophy is again lost on trail was for Bob's 1000th r*ns.

With that all out of the way, it was time for Rik's disco, but a big thank you first to Pat and Sarah for their work, as well as Rik for DJ'ing, and Pete Local Knowledge for the Fuschia's. **Another fantastic Christmas Hash, thanks to the pub for the extension & George for pics!** What a fantastic Xmas hash tonight...many thanks to Pat for organising, Sarah for setting and Sarah's folk for the mild (*sic!*) wine stop. Thanks to Pete as compere. As for the music a special thanks to Rik for providing the perfect mix...I might be edging towards 100 but tonight I was 18 again! thanks. a GREAT EVENING, ON ON , **Shoutabout**



MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH



How do you tell the difference between a British Police Officer, an Australian Police Officer and an American Police Officer?

First - Lets pose the following question:

You're on duty by yourself walking on a deserted street late at night. Suddenly, an armed man with a huge knife comes around the corner, locks eyes with you, screams obscenities, raises the knife, and lunges at you. You are carrying a Glock .40, and you are an expert shot, however you have only a split second to react before he reaches you. What do you do?

BRITISH POLICE OFFICER:

Firstly the officer must consider the man's Human Rights.

- 1) Does the man look poor or oppressed?
- 2) Is he newly arrived in this country and does not yet understand the law?
- 3) Have I ever done anything to him that would inspire him to attack?
- 4) Am I dressed provocatively?
- 5) Could I run away?
- 6) Could I possibly swing my gun like a club and knock the knife out of his hand?
- 7) Should I try and negotiate with him to discuss his wrong doings?
- 8) Does the Glock have appropriate safety built into it?

9) Why am I carrying a loaded gun anyway, and what kind of message does this send to society?

10) Does he definitely want to kill me, or would he be content just to wound me?

11) If I were to grab his knees and hold on, would he still want to stab and kill me?

12) If I raise my gun and he turns and runs away, do I get blamed if he falls over, knocks his head and kills himself? .

13) If I shoot and wound him, and lose the subsequent court case, does he have the opportunity to sue me, cost me my job, my credibility and the loss of my family home? Etc, etc.

AUSTRALIAN POLICE OFFICER: BANG!

AMERICAN POLICE OFFICER: BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

'click'.... (Sergeant arrives at scene later and remarks: 'Nice grouping!')

OH BRITAIN, where did we go wrong? (From Bob)

We're "broke" and can't help our own Seniors, Veterans, Orphans, Homeless etc.

Are you aware of the following?

The British Government provides the following financial assistance: -

BRITISH OLD AGED PENSIONER Weekly allowance £104. ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS / REFUGEES LIVING IN BRITAIN Weekly allowance £250

BRITISH OLD AGED PENSIONER Weekly Spouse allowance £25 ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS / REFUGEES LIVING IN BRITAIN Weekly Spouse allowance £225

BRITISH OLD AGED PENSIONER Additional weekly hardship allowance £0:00 ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS / REFUGEES LIVING IN BRITAIN Additional weekly hardship allowance £100

BRITISH OLD AGED PENSIONER TOTAL YEARLY BENEFIT £6,000 ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS / REFUGEES LIVING IN BRITAIN TOTAL YEARLY BENEFIT £29,900

Please read and share with all your contacts so that we can lobby for a decent old age pension. After all, the average pensioner has paid taxes and contributed to the growth of this country for the last 40 to 60 years.

I was sitting at a stop light yesterday, minding my own business, waiting on it to turn green. A carload of bearded, young, loud Muslims, shouting anti-western slogans, with a half- burned American flag duct taped on the trunk of their car and a "Remember 9-11" slogan spray painted on the side, stopped next to me. The light changed, the Muslims praised Allah, shook their fists, hit the gas & darted off ahead of me. Suddenly an 18-wheeler came speeding thru the intersection & ran directly over their car, crushing it completely, killing everyone in the car.

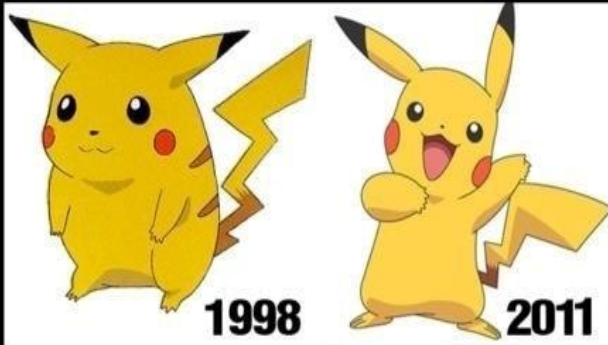
For several minutes I sat in my car thinking to myself, "Man... that could have been me!"

So today; bright and early, I went out and got a job as a truck driver.

Have A Great New Year

The screenshot shows the Guinness World Records website interface. At the top, there are navigation buttons for HUMAN BODY, AMAZING FEATS, NATURAL WORLD, SCIENCE & TECH, and ARTS & MEDIA. Below these, there's a section for 'HISTORY AND SOCIETY << WAR & WEAPONS << TERRORISM'. The main content area displays the record 'Most Individuals Killed In A Terrorist Act' with details: 'The most individuals killed in a terrorist act, according to the official count from the authorities, is 2,823 as a result of the attack on the World Trade Center, New York, USA, on September 11th, 2001.' To the right, there are fields for WHO: N/A, WHEN: September 11, 2001, WHERE: World Trade Centre, New York, and WHAT: 2,823 people. At the bottom, there are buttons for 'Send to a friend' and 'Break this record'. Below the screenshot, the text 'BREAK THIS RECORD' is written in large, bold letters, followed by 'Wait.....WTF???????'.

More great demotivationals from the year:



PIKACHU

LOSING WEIGHT SINCE 1998



STRETCHING

Always a good idea before you run



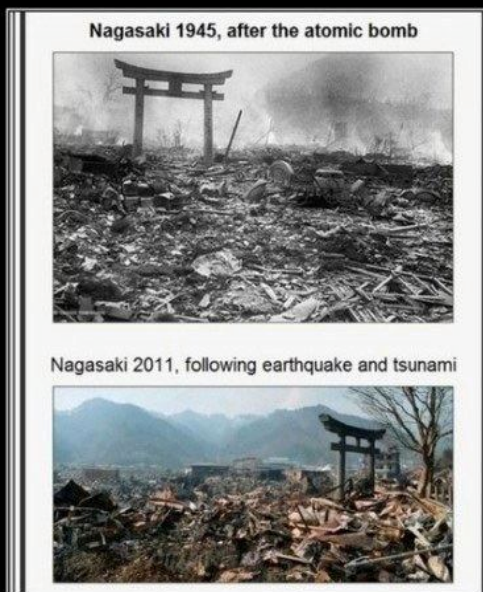
MY CLITORIS

It owns a home



WANK

I command you to.



WHAT THE HELL

is that arc made of ?



MR. BURNS

He does have an heir to his fortune...who knew he had a daughter

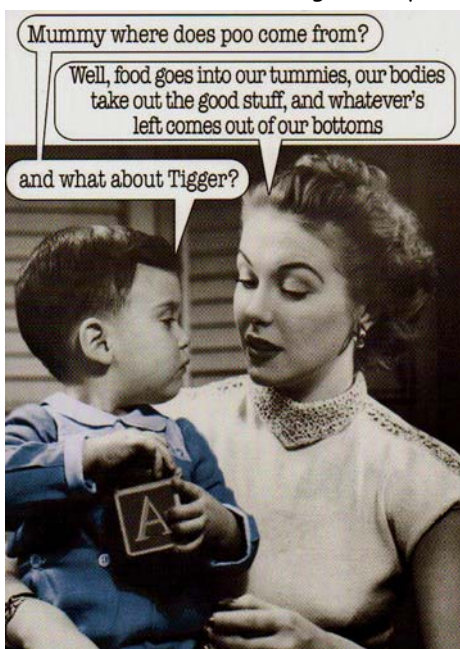
THE



END

The backside of the trash

- Took a 'dyslexic' bird home last night, and she ended up 'cooking my sock'!
- Had to have a blood transfusion the other day. All they had left was 2 pints of African blood, and 2 pints of Pakistani blood. It's not as bad as it sounds I now have a 12 inch cock, and I'm top of the housing list.
- I'm on 'Dragons Den' next week. Surely I will get investment money for my idea of a land mine which looks like a prayer mat.
- A Muslim kid can't find his Mum in the supermarket. The store attendant says 'What does your Mum look like?' The kid says 'Damned if I know...'
- Got a right beating last night by a 6ft 7in black bloke. All I said was, golly you're tall.
- They've had to cancel the panto 'Jack & the Beanstalk', in Birmingham, Oldham, Bradford, Burnley, Leicester & Luton: the giant couldn't smell any Englishmen.
- What have fat birds and mopeds got in common. They're both fun to ride, until some one sees you on one.
- I bought a new deodorant stick today. The instructions read: 'Remove the wrapper and push up bottom.' I can hardly walk but when I fart the room smells lovely.
- I phoned OK magazine, when they answered they said, "Hello." So I hung up, I must have got the wrong number.
- The waiter came over to my table and said, "Please. Tuck in". I frowned, "But you've only brought the wine." "I know sir," he said furtively, "but your penis is hanging out."
- Fact No 1: Chavs will pick up and drink half empty bottles of booze. Fact 2: Blue WKD is the same colour as anti-freeze!
- Its amazing the length some of us blokes will go to just to get a little look at a woman. Looking through a gap in the curtains, through the letterbox and in the rear view mirror when driving. Ive even heard of some fellas watching the likes of "sex in the city" and "glee", just to see a bit of arse or sideboob! I hear the girls talking about how pathetic it is every week at my water aerobics class
- Doctor: I'm just looking through your notes here Mrs A. Oh no sorry, you have MRSA.
- Here's a tip on how to lose weight. Turn your head to the left then turn to the right. Repeat this exercise every time you are offered something to eat.
- PEOPLE whose surname is Toblerone should always take along an empty 'Toblerone' chocolate box when attending interviews for office jobs. This would save your potential employer the expense of having to make a name plaque for your desk, and therefore increase your chances of getting the job.
- "Never mind I'll find, someone like you....." No Adele you wont find anyone, and you'll just carry on comfort eating.
- DAILY EXPRESS- Wenger accepts boos from fans.....Cheap french bastard, can't he afford to buy his own beer?



- A Jehovah's Witness knocked on my door and asked if I'd like to let Jesus into my home. "Jesus can come in" I said, "but you can fuck off."
- 10 years; Trillions of dollars; 1000's of soldiers dead. State of the art technology. The US finally found Bin Laden. In his house.
- Mere days after receiving his brand new iPhone, Osama bin Laden gravely regretted being taught how to use Facebook's 'Check-in' feature.
- Sky News Correspondent: "Bin Laden's death will please the whole country" Unless you're from Bradford, Dewsbury or Luton
- TAKE your dustbin to the supermarket with you so that you can see which items you have recently run out of.
- I was lying in bed after shagging this bird when she said, "There's something I like to do when I'm with a man, but I'm a bit shy to say it so I'll give you a clue. It's a number." I said, "Do you mean a 69?" She gave a little giggle and said, "Yeah, but minus 67." I was about to ask what she meant until I noticed the smell of shit.
- DRILL a 1 inch diameter hole in your refrigerator door. This will allow you to check the light goes off when the door is closed.
- They say an old dog can't learn new tricks. Clearly not true. I saw an interview with Vanessa Feltz only last week and she said she's learning French.