



R-ns/trash #225 February 2016

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.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
1st February 2016	1963	The Moon, Storrington	087 144	Aunty Jo
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est 25 mins.				
8th February 2016	1964	The Fox, Small Dole	213 128	Peter Pansy & Penguin Shagger
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins.				
15th February 2016	1965	The Chequers, Steyning	176 113	Anybody
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 1 mile. Park in village car park just past pub. Est 20 mins.				
22nd February 2016	1966	The Sportsman, Withdean	297 076	Pondweed
Directions: A23 south, over mini-roundabout then 1st right, The Deneway. Left at top then right at junction and first left for Withdean Stadium car park. Est 5 mins.				
29th February 2016	1967	The Queen Victoria, Rottingdean	369 023	Prof
Directions: FROM BRIGHTON PIER. Head along A259 east towards Newhaven. Turn left at 1st set of traffic lights after Rottingdean Windmill. Pub is on right hand side. Limited parking. Est 10 mins. <i>Leap Year hash!</i>				
7th March 2016	1968	The Bolney Stage, Bolney	266 234	Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
Directions: Take A23 North 11 miles to A272. At first roundabout take second exit onto London Rd. Pub on right after 400 yards. Est 15 mins.				

oo

RECEDING HARELINE:

14/03/16	The Inn on the Green, Scaynes Hill - Psychlepath & Bouncer
21/03/16	The Anchor, Ringmer - Pompette & Knighttrider
28/03/16	The TBA - TBA
04/04/16	The Mile Oak Tavern, Mile Oak - Ride-it, Baby

CRAFT H3 #87: Friday 12th February 7pm Black Jugs,
Horsham - Testiculator

HENFIELD H3 #146: Sunday 7th February 11.30am Cat & Canary, Henfield - B*ll*cks & Split Pin

HASTINGS H3: 14/02/16 Valentines day special.
Cuckoo Rest, Hellingly - Boogeyman & Roaming Pussy



Thought for the day: Something romantic (*note from copy ed.: the Editor said put something romantic here. There you go!*)

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES - *see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:*

18-21/03/2016 Winchester hash away weekend - Hayling Island incorporating CRAFT #88 Havant. *See below.*

21/05/2016 BH7 Hash relay SDW or bust! Date confirmed per Chopper, "As you've published it"

01-03/07/2016 IOW Medieval weekend. For full info see #224 or <http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/iwmedreg.pdf>

16-18/09/2016 Really Over The Top (ROTT) Hashing event <http://toedsh3-admin.com/roth2016/>

17/10/2016 Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th r*n - *Diary date for big celebration - see below. Pete's request.*

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th R*N

The actual (as far as we can ascertain, some run info being lost in antiquity*) date for the 2000th run is 17th October 2016.

The plan is to have a bit of a closed celebration evening just for Brighton hashers, past and present, with Beardsfield Nursery being the obvious choice of venue. Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood wanted to make sure that was okay with everyone, so if you have an alternative proposal please let him know.

As far as the celebration weekend, mooted for early 2017, goes the saga continues! We have received a response from the YHA which now seems much more positive, and are awaiting clarification of costings. Meanwhile a few other options are still being explored. As before, if you know of any likely places please share the information.

[illegible]

* **LOST RUNS:** Keeps It Up and Chopper have been attempting to complete the missing hash records. Per the website:

"There are now only 165 runs missing (including the first 145, up to 30/03/1981) + 20 additional runs in '81 & '82". The full missing list is available on the News page of the website. If you have any information to help with this exercise...

[illegible]

ASHFORD LOCO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS WEEKEND - 1st - 2nd May 2016-02-10

FARRIERS ARMS, HERSHAM, ASHFORD KENT TN25 6NQ

Right fellow hashers we have book the venue! We are doing our official first run on the Sunday followed by a party and bbq!!!

There will also be a short hang over run on the Monday!! There is camping available at the pub! Plus plenty of hotels and b&b near by!! If your camping you will be able to purchase breakfast in the pub Monday morning!!! Prices for the weekend will follow shortly! Please pass this around as much as possible it's going to be a weekend full of running and beer plus a bit of dancing Sunday night! There will also be an official first run t-shirt available to buy hope to see you all there on on!!

[illegible]

3RD WINCHESTER HASH AWAY WEEKEND 18-21 MAR 2016

The Winchester Hash Caravan weekend is now the officially a CRAFT hash on the Friday starting 7pm, either Hayling Island hostelrys or Havant tba! Saturday am a few are visiting parkrun Havant 9am start for a 5k sharpener while others use their entertainment passes to get a cheeky swim in. Main hash starts 10.30 from site with a Winchester H3 hare also tba, but probably Bika and Kermit. The aim is to get back in time to take in all three final matches in the 6 nations during the afternoon, although a SHAT hash is also an option as well as the park facilities. Evening meal tba followed by park entertainment. Sunday morning hangover hash will be hosted by Chichester hash from the Ship at Langstone. To register contact BIKA - TMPHendy@gmail.com. The web page is http://www.worthyh3.co.uk/Social/Hash_Weekend_2016.htm

If people group themselves up to share caravans, great, or we can group them up.

on



Malibog has been playing with Photoshop and has suggested a name for Wiggly that reflects his relationship with shiggy could only be Shwiggly.

[illegible]

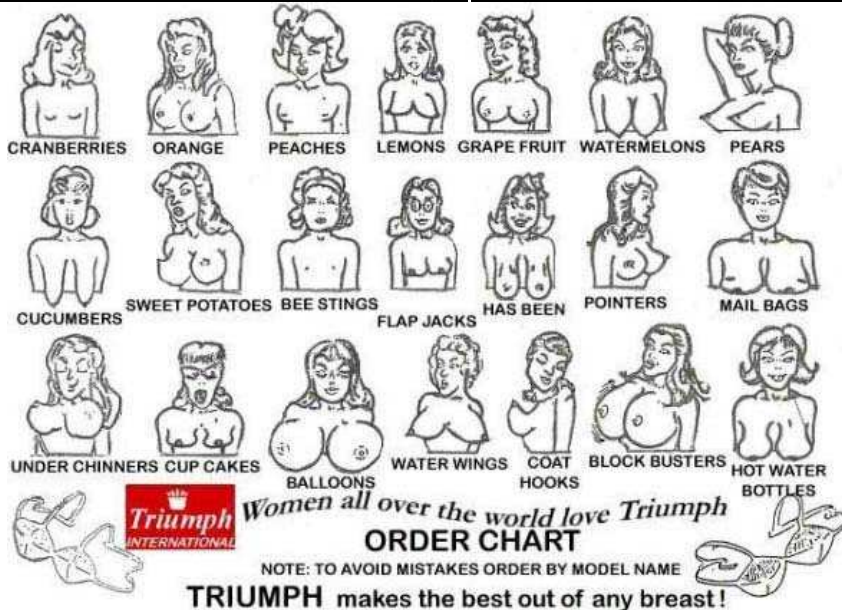
Feeling motivated now dude? Cos I sure as hell am!



hers fits so well



Get one



...Einstein's Theory of "Relative Titty."

REHASHING

Paiges Wood Car Park, Haywards Heath - The midday start allowed Henfield H3 to join us so there was a surprisingly large crowd loitering in the car park at the start, not least to Keeps It Up who pointed out that a lot more had turned up than the show of hands at the Christmas do suggested and started worrying about catering! Trail headed out via a quick loop of Bolnore village to hit the countryside where the horses were pretty feisty, but Random Sparkles had the knack of calming them so that we could get away to explore the muddy fields and woods near Ansty. Meanwhile, visitor Foot Fetish an ex-pat from China was struggling with the British transport system, arriving late at Haywards Heath station and having to short-cut to Cuckfield Church where hare told us there would be a sip. When we found it there was no sign of FF, though the other walkers were already present, but soon enough Bollocks and Radio Soap found him and showed him the way. We teased him that there was no beer left, but sadly it was true, although Bouncer was denying responsibility for polishing it off. Not to worry though as Keeps It Up had tons left at the house which wasn't too far off so back we headed for Wildbush's Tajines. Down downs went to the hare and cook; new boots and virgins whose names are lost other than Foot Fetish; late arrivals including FF; and a few other sins that are also now lost. RA'ing for Henfield, Bollocks chose to award Foot Fetish a beer because "under Henfield rules, if you have three downdowns you have to have a fourth"! Thanks to KIU and Wildbush for opening up their home for us again, and for another great hash!

Beachy Head Hotel A late change from the Tiger, which wasn't open, found us on top of the cliffs by the windy moors in the great wide open, with weather lashing around us and the other patrons looking at us, not for the first time, as if we were lunatics! With the hares choices of pubs, the location and previous experience it was little surprise that there would be a sip stop, and that, going by the whispering around the pack, we would be visiting the lovely Belle Tout again, itself full justification for donning the runners. That general lack of surprise could be extended to the r*n itself, but certainly not to its detriment, as we headed firstly towards certain doom, turning north just in time to cross the road and play on the downs for a while, where co-hare Random Sparkles seemed to be suffering the effects of a lunchtime session. After the mud in the valley came a welcome opportunity to stretch legs on the farm track towards the sip, and the usual heap of mucky shoes soon appeared outside after the short sharp ascent to the lighthouse. In the lantern room we all enjoyed the usual excellent beer and nibbles. Apart from a few idiots who'd opted for dry January who stood there looking mournful with their bottom lips quivering. As the beer was handy, and hopes of free beer at the chain pub were not high, a quick circle was called with Lily the Pink and Random duly necking. Visitor Gascock from Hastings Hash was downed because he couldn't count (was it once or nonce times that I've r*n with BH7 before?). Fallers Gomi, Pondweed and DildoPed Matt also received although there seemed some confusion on whose was most impressive, or even which one fell at the RA's feet! Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger were rewarded for their lovely new Christmas pressy matching running jackets, and Angel got caught in new shoes. With Lily's Dad expecting visitors time was called and we unceremoniously thrown back to the elements to sort our shoes out and head increasingly in dribs and drabs back up the long hill to the on inn, where warm fires awaited after another great hash!

There is a strange, blind, foolish inclination to suppose that the features that make the British countryside are somehow infinitely self-sustaining, that they will always be there, adding grace and beauty. Don't count on it. Belle Tout lighthouse itself nearly didn't survive. It was decommissioned in the early 1900s and became derelict. Canadian soldiers used it for target practice during the Second World War, but mercifully failed to destroy it. After the war it was restored, but by the late 20th century it was in danger of falling into the sea, so some good soul paid a fortune to have it mounted on rails and moved a safe distance back from the cliff edge. So now it is safe for another few decades until the crumbling cliffs sneak up on it again.

Taking the English countryside for granted, assuming it will always be like this, is its greatest threat.



 Gordon Ramsay Omelette	
You will need	The method
<ul style="list-style-type: none">2 fucking eggs;some fucking salt and pepperfucking chives1 fucking knob of fucking butter	<p>Heat the fucking butter in a fucking omelette-pan.</p> <p>Fucking break the fucking eggs into a fucking bowl.</p> <p>Fucking whisk the fuckers and add some fucking salt and fucking pepper to taste.</p> <p>When the fucking butter is hot, add the fucking mixture to the pan.</p> <p>When cooked take the fucking thing out.</p> <p>Eat the fucker.</p>

Green Man, Horsted Keynes - D'you know what? I've left the review of this one so long I can't even remember which way round we went so a sneak look at the route maps on the website has offered no clues! I have a lovely warm feeling about the run though so it was probably an excellent trail, and I do remember the sip was superb. Prof observed that we should start putting recipes in the trash (<<<), so quick as a flash, Cyst Pit responded "I've got one. Get some flour, and set a bloody hash!". Ironical really but he has promised one for April! Meanwhile, much firmer ground (sic!) is the circle where hare was joined by Random for something to do with a late lunch (again?). We welcomed back Whose Shout, walking after recent medical issues, then a whole load of lost property starting with Cyst Pit's duck call and Angel who was reunited with a torch lost months before in Wiggy's car before he finally cleaned it to sell. From the Christmas party came Spreadsheets glasses (kindly recovered by Bob's Crutch); Bogey man's phone (no comment!); and Black Stockings entire life hidden away in her handbag. All this paled into insignificance against One Erection leaving his key behind, and having to sleep in his car before calling a locksmith to break-in the following morning, so he had to down the Numpty mug in which, to his delight, lay said key! Another great hash!

Bouncer

A 4x3 grid of 12 surreal and whimsical images. The images include: people sitting by a pond with a fountain; a dog inside a large, colorful bubble; a dramatic sunset with large, dark clouds; a dragonfly on a person's leg; a child reading a book titled 'EXORCIST'; a woman with a surprised expression; a wedding scene with a person in a large bird costume; a roller coaster track against a blue sky; a large fire burning in a stone fireplace; a woman in a yellow vest standing next to a 'LAVATORY SERVICE' cart with a rainbow in the background; a sailboat on the water with a large, textured moon in the sky; a low-angle view of a city street with tall buildings and a small airplane flying overhead; a sailboat on the water with a large, textured moon in the sky; a deer in a field; a flock of red birds flying in a V-formation against a blue sky; and a person in a large, detailed butterfly costume walking on a sidewalk.

Facebook now analyses the photos you post and via a unique software system comes up with relevant advertisements based on what is picked up in the images. I posted a photo of the wife and I on holiday, now I'm being bombarded with adverts for divorce lawyers.

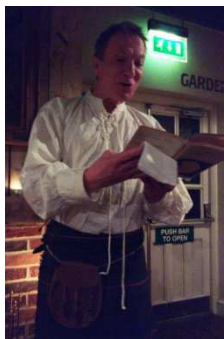
REHASHING (ctd.)

Six Gold Martletts, Burgess Hill Not quite the first BH7 visit to a Wetherspoons pub, but probably the most notable as Malibogs effort from the George at Littlehampton suffered from a pop-up hash in Lewes hijacking numbers, and the planned West Quay hash at the Marina to set a trail for Alan Rankin during his yachting and hashing circumnavigation of the British Isles was rescheduled to the Queen Victoria at Rottingdean after a few sailing hiccups pushed his arrival back. It was a bitterly cold night for a r*n so hare wasted little time before we set off to cross the park for the first in a series of confusing checks taking us through the streets and eventually onto Bedelands Farm. Lots of mucky fun here, to the consternation of a few Burgess Hill Runners who'd joined us, but there was some relief from the shiggy provided by the occasional boardwalks. Then it was over the road towards Wivelsfield eventually cutting south to land up round the back of the houses. When we hit the streets and found ourselves at the Top House concern was high that we'd missed the famous Risby sip stop, but no, it was just round the back of the station and we were soon tucking into an amazing selection of cheesy feet, brownies and some chocolate dipped marshmallow arrangements. Shame to head back but the warmth of the pub beckoned. There was a moment of utmost panic when the down down beers, which we had to fork out for, disappeared as the various factions were being gathered to circle up. A quick visit to the kitchen revealed that they were thought to have been finished with by an overzealous staffer, but hadn't been disposed of, so on with the show. As well as hares Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy, Pondweed found himself in the chair after pointing out that someone had missed their hares down down forgetting that, in fact, so had he when crying off ill at the Gardners Arms a handful of weeks back. Keeps It Up received for rather strangely asking Cyst Pit to "hold my penis", as did the latter who said that his had run off with Wiggys. Cold weather definitely gets to these boys! Ride-It, Baby and Prof were confused at being invited forward to share a beer with RA Bouncer, until realising that this was r*n #1961, the threesome all being 1961 babies, and so they all necked joyously. One Erection had no hesitation in awarding RIB the numpty mug for seeking high and low for a lost glove, then finding said item still on her hand! Another great hash!



Partridge, Partridge Green As we gathered outside the pub the police were showing a lot of interest in the couple (yes, your scribe has forgotten who it was!) over the road having a play fight and asked what was going on. They suspected the worst but the real answer was enough to scare them off! As usual a great assortment of tartan was on show as hare advised that we had a short r*n ahead of us and not to miss the nip sip. After a short burst up the Downs Link we headed east to the Green Man, where various appropriately dressed folk were tucking into their Burns suppers, but they all looked so sober and sadly somewhat slightly bored so having already enjoyed St. Bernards flask as well as my own, I was quick through

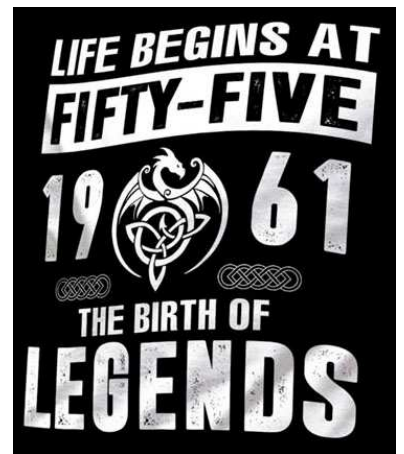
the door to serenade them all! The pub crawl trail then headed further east towards the Windmill but sadly we again didn't stop, turning south to cross the road having us pondering a sip at fair weather hasher, Ian Essex's house. But no, trail headed round the sewage works and down to the end of the lane for yet another excellent sip, before the short hop home. Glasses charged, Prince Crashpian introduced Slash Gordon who did his usual stout job despite the absurdity of addressing a 1kg Lidl's haggis, apparently to serve a crowd of 40+! Not sure quite what happened on the sourcing front, but Trevor had also been unable to find a veggie haggis so made one himself only to find that there were more veggies than he anticipated, so



the kitchen were called upon to toss of a few quick Portobello Mushrooms. Well Portobello's in Edinburgh isn't it, so they must be Scottish! After the scoff, of which there was after all, plenty, little time was wasted in honouring the bard in the usual off-beat hash type way starting again with observations from Slash, Dildoped and Prince Crashpian. PC made the mistake of calling on me to toast the lassies which I did via a full recital (and hash-friendly interpretation) of Burns' response to one-time Lewes boy Thomas Paine's Rights of Man, called the Rights of Woman. Eventually managing to shut me up, Ride-It, Baby stepped up to respond, as usual in her See You Jimmy hat and clipped English! Cliffbanger then gave us a total slushfest reciting (from memory!) My Love is Like A Red Red Rose to Bushsquatter, before producing a huge bunch of red roses, and immediately undoing all his good work with Cheryl by handing them out to all the other ladies present! Before the Down Downs, I read out a

text received mid-hash from Humper (Dark Star main man Pete Halliday) apologising that he'd just landed and wouldn't make the hash but to remind us that he is 4th great grandson of Rabbits! After the hare, the chef was invited out and necked to much applause. Casting an eye over Saturdays parkrun results RA had spotted Slash Gordon on the list getting some secret training in for the hash, while Cyst Pit was beaten by his 7 year old, and Penguin Shagger by his flappy mate Peter Pansy. Virgin Fabian had sussed what to do by now, but could be a real challenge to Lily the Pinks down down dominance. Having forgotten the mug RiB retained the Numpty award but with a shandy as there had apparently been 'consequences' the previous week! Another great Burns hash!

Bouncer



Address to the lassies:

Prince Crashpian asked me to do the address to the lassies. A broad term when it comes to hashers, but to avoid confusion this refers to the harriettes, the gentlemen of the opposite sex, and not just anyone you see wandering around in a red dress.

In 1791, Thomas Paine published “The Rights of Man”. Our hero for this night, Rabbie Burns, one of Scotland’s first gallants and proto-feminists, felt that this document was far too one sided, so in 1792 he replied to Thomas Paine with his poem “The Rights of Woman”, which I would like to read to you now, with a few notes of my own after each section.

The Rights of Woman

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of Empires and the fall of Kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

[Hash interpretation

Obviously written by Burns of a time long gone, we now find the women are the heads of state across the globe – Poland, Nepal, San Marino, Mauritius, Namibia, Croatia, Bahamas, Malta, Chile, Latvia, Norway, South Korea, Bangladesh, Kosovo, Jamaica, Brazil, Liberia, Germany (Merkel), Denmark, UK and Commonwealth (our Queer old Dean).]

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is **protection**. (*a condom?*)
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

[Burns never met my wife waiting with the rolling pin after a later night at the hash! Don't think she needs protection.]

Our second Right - but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it - 'tis **decorum**.
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways,
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a Lady's quiet (*Even hashers!*)

[Strong words, however, did he practice them? Sex was never far from the bards mind! He had 12 children by 4 women, 7 of which were illegitimate including the first 4 of 9 by his love Jean

[illegible]

Toast to the Laddies

Lads and Scottish gentlemen, Tis a mystery to me
What lies beneath your tartan kilt - O', for na'er this lass to see.

Pleats a plenty, yards of plaid, Wool to scratch a bare man's arse.
See how proud the piper marches - No doubt with itches, bumps and rashes.

Ladies do love a skirted man, Sporrán, sgian dubhs and ghillies.
Pray one strong breeze or cross your knees - Chance a peep for the lassies!

Look, the Scotmen's wives are smiling, What secret are they keeping?
(*names of kilted men in room*),
Stand tall and handsome in your kilts, For your other halves are not a-telling!

Armour. Just 3 survived infancy. Who better to preach the right for the woman to call the shots?]

Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men - and you are all well-bred -
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

[Written when Burns was 33, still a young man by today's terms, however he passed at 37, so maybe he'd already passed his prime. Maybe it is more distant admiration, and the reason why we as hashers appreciate the beauty of page three and the like, sating our interest!]

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own - 'tis dear, dear **admiration!**
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life-immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs;
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms
Who is so rash as to rise in rebel arms?

*[Quoting another Burns line A man's a man for a' that, we remain captivated by their beauty, driven to show off before them, or inspired to r*n better for being behind them, and they know it! Only last week I did a 12 mile run along the prom between Hove and Brighton and Angel said, "Just find a pretty female runner and follow her!"]*

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ca ira! The Majesty Of Woman!

Gentleman I ask you to please be upstanding and raise your glasses - to the Ladies!



REFASHING (wotno CRAFT?)

Well yes, no CRAFT this month, partly because I was dry and didn't press-gang anyone into setting, and partly, if I can steal an excuse from Henfield H3, because it's a leap year. Not sure how that logic pans out but that bollocks worked for Bollocks! So here's info from a couple of other local hash wossnames:

First up is the launch of a new hash, actually slightly out of our area, but very close to T-Bar Twin (ex of BH7) and Plsticide, the **ASHFORD LOCO HASH**. Based in Ashford, this hash was co-founded by Fat Controllers son Tom, and Darren Fryer, both well known to anyone who attended the Fethiye weekend last year, to provide a weekend run in the Kent area (as the Friends of the Mole usually run on Monday evenings). The inaugural run was held on 10th January 2016 and was attended by several Brighton regulars, Bogeyman, Roaming Pussy, Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger among them. The record shows it was a bit of a mudfest and RP found a photo opportunity (*see right*)!

The group have revised their numbering (calling the first run a Trial), in order to bring us another camping opportunity for their official inaugural run from 11am on 1st - 2pm 2nd May (bank holiday Monday) at the Farriers Arms, Ashford.

See events page and e-mail Darren or contact via facebook if interested.

[illegible]

A while ago I discovered a 'new' running club called We Run Hassocks, on facebook! Obviously in the Hassocks area, I was surprised to see they have what they call the **HASSOCKS HASH** once a month. As I found myself free on 22nd January I thought it was about time I headed along to see what it was all about. I had messaged the event organiser a few months back so was aware they don't do a regular trail with checks etc, but was intrigued to see just how it worked.

On arriving at the Purple Carrot Cafe on the west side of Hassocks station, from which all hashes start, I found quite a large friendly crowd ready to run so introduced myself. Organiser Marina explained that they basically split into groups according to ability and one person will lead each group round their chosen distance. I was slightly vague on which group I'd ended up in as we all set off in the same direction, but soon found myself running with Malcolm Roweth who explained the concept a bit more. If I've got this correctly, it all boils down to health and safety! The We Run Hassocks club are limited in what they can undertake as they are linked in some way to an organised fitness thing by Malcolm's wife. They wanted to attract new runners without compromising the other group so set up the hash as an introductory 'friendly sounding' alternative. A few of them have tried the more traditional hashing, even apparently joining Brighton in the past and just liked the camaraderie, associating Hash with friendliness, which is nice! Malcolm explained that they did try setting a couple of trails but found it very hard work so have fallen back on the current system. By now we were quite a long way away from the rest of the runners in our (apparently 5k) group, but he assured me that most of them knew the way, as they generally only have set routes for the winter street trails. I enjoyed the run, although I was unable to hang around for the social due to work commitments, but found it much more like the way we ran in the early days of Burgess Hill Runners. In other words, not like a hash at all!

In case anyone else fancies popping along to try, the next event is a **Clashing colours hash** on 26th February, meeting 7.30pm at the Purple Carrot Cafe, Hassocks in the most ludicrous gear you can manage!

[illegible]

Haggis herd colonises Suffolk, ravages crops - **Exclusive by Ivor Traktor Farming Correspondent (intern)**

A herd of haggis has colonised an area of north Suffolk after being accidentally released into the countryside.

The small furry rodents are normally kept in battery farming conditions in Scotland, bred for the dinner plates of Scotsmen celebrating Burns night every January 25. But five of the animals escaped from their pen during a rare breeds show at Fressignfield village hall last Autumn, scurrying off into the fields before they could be caught. With each female haggis capable of giving birth to 200 cubs each year, experts fear the herd now totals over 600 animals. The haggis are not a danger to humans, although they could give a nasty nip if cornered, but farmers are fearful for their crops if the population is not brought under control. Haggis' favourite food is carrot and turnip – and the Suffolk Gazette agriculture bureau has already had calls from two farmers affected. Jack Jarvis, 42, who farms just outside Stradbroke, told us he lost an entire field of carrots to the hungry haggis. “At first I thought I must have had a load of rabbits, but when we sent off some droppings to the labs at the National Farmers’ Union, they confirmed we had a haggis problem.”



The traditional ginger and black Scottish haggis is on the loose in Suffolk

The NFU is now calling for urgent action to trap the haggis and return them to Scotland before entire areas of Suffolk become infested and vegetable crops are wiped out. Haggis are no larger than a rabbit, and their long bushy hair gives them the appearance of a guinea pig. They have sharp claws which they use to dig out carrots or turnips from the fields, leaving tell-tale holes in the earth behind them. They are not normally spotted by humans as they prefer to operate at night, but their loud squeaking call can now often be heard around the north Suffolk area.

A spokesman for Scottish haggis production farm McHaggis Hootsman, said: "We can confirm we lost five of our stock at a show in Suffolk. We did not expect them to survive in the wild, but it appears they have thrived in the local countryside and there is now something of a problem. We will assist in any way we can, and will be sending a consignment of turnip traps, which are the best way to catch them. Meanwhile, if any locals managed to grab one, we will be happy to pass on free one of our fine recipes."

'Die' January – What's that all about?

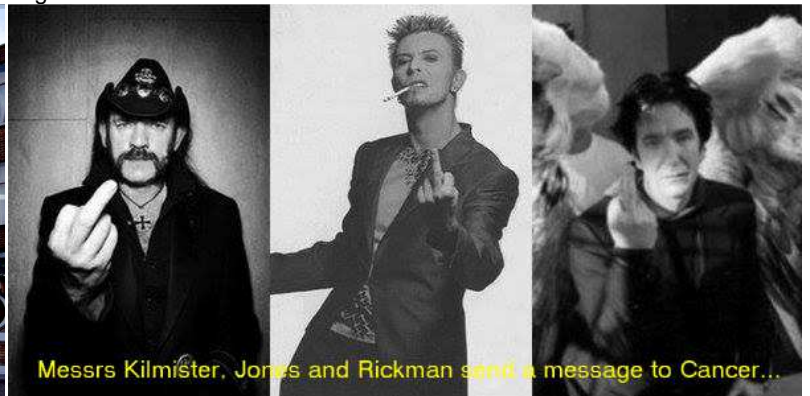
Wogan, Lemmy, Bowie, Rickman. All dead before the end of January. The lengths some people will go to in order to avoid filling in their tax return. Or as someone put it, the Cancer Research Celebrity Awareness Campaign has been highly successful!



David Bowie has returned to his home after an all too brief sojourn amongst humanity.

The departure means that sadly it is the world that looks very different today. He leaves behind a substantial body of work, including several autobiographical albums about the experience of being something more than human amongst mere mortals.

The singer's home is believed to be somewhere in the constellation of Sirius but, like so much about him, this was left extremely ambiguous. Bowie took up residence on this planet after falling to Earth, but it was generally accepted that no one planet could sufficiently contain him for long. Fans are comforted with the knowledge that life continues somewhere, if not necessarily on Mars. In response to the news, people worldwide are politely requesting that Tom Waits and David Attenborough go to bed early and take care of themselves, as there's only so much of this we can stand. Jodrell Bank have confirmed ground control will continue to call for him into the silent, eternal void, hoping for a signal.



Seamlessly merging dry with die we get DIY. Which is what this months captions are.

IN THE (other) NEWS...

BRIGHTON AUTHOR PETER JAMES: 9th January The Nanny State is at it again, now telling us drink is evil. Nanny said a while back that women can only drink half the quantity of men. Now Nanny's changed her mind and said we can all drink the same but no more than 14 units a week and that really we'd be better off not to drink at all!

Hmm.... The last Lloyds actuarial figures on life expectancy that I saw showed people who drank in moderation lived longer than teetotallers. It is certainly borne out by my own experiences. A few years ago, researching for Dead Tomorrow, I spent time with two very eminent liver specialists. I enjoyed a boozy lunch in Cambridge with one and a very boozy dinner and subsequently boozy Sunday lunch with the other. Both told me the all the so called "safe levels" put out by the government are meaningless as it is completely down to the individual - some people can be affected by minor levels, some can drink substantially without any ill-effect. My own dear father was a heavy drinker. He was warned by his doctor, when he was 68, that if he didn't stop drinking right away, he would die. So he stopped drinking and promptly had a heart attack! His doctor told him to start drinking again as a matter of urgency... My wonderful Uncle Herman, who died last year aged 101 was drinking and smoking up to his early 90s. Perhaps if he hadn't stopped he'd have lived even longer! On his 112th birthday, Henry Allingham, one of Britain's longest-lived men, was interviewed and asked his secret. "Whisky, cigarettes and wild wild women!" he replied. I knew his carer at the St Dunstons home where he was, in Brighton, and phoned her, to ask if this was true. "Yes!" she replied. "A large whisky, ten cigarettes a day and still flirting!" I rest my case.

Ken Owen who sets the annual Roy Grace quiz, reminded me of a great Dean Martin quote: "You know you are not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on." Whatever your views on drinking are, or if you have other quotes, do add them here!

"If all be true that I do think, There are 5 reasons we should drink: Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or lest we should be, by and by, Or any other reason why."

Rooster Cogburn (John Wayne) accused by a judge of being a drunk, angrily retorted that he 'hadn't had a drink since breakfast'. Also W C Fields, who carried a notorious flask on set and told anyone who enquired that it was 'pineapple juice'. One time a workman on set stole the flask, and replaced the contents with real pineapple juice. Later on, Fields took a swig and roared: "Who's been putting pineapple juice in my pineapple juice?"

[illegible]

OTHER DRINKING QUOTES

Abstainer: a weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure - Ambrose Bierce

Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut - Ernest Hemingway

Always remember that I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me - Winston Churchill

Beer - The Reason I Get Up Each Afternoon!

Did you hear about the dyslexic alcoholic? He choked on his own vimto.

Drunk is feeling sophisticated when you can't say it - Anonymous

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.

Give me a woman who loves beer and I will conquer the world -
Kaiser Wilhelm

He was a wise man who invented beer - Plato

How does a man show he's planning for the future? He buys two cases of beer instead of one.

I drink to make other people interesting - George Jean Nathan
I never drink anything stronger than qin before breakfast

I'd rather have a bottle in front of me, than a frontal lobotomy -
Tom Waits

If God had intended us to drink beer, He would have given us
stomachs - David Daye

If you ever reach total enlightenment while drinking beer, I bet it makes beer shoot out your nose - Deep Thought, Jack Handy

Life is a waste of time, time is a waste of life, so get wasted all of the time and have the time of your life - Anonymous

No animal ever invented anything as bad as drunkenness - or as good as drink - G.K. Chesterton

Not all chemicals are bad. Without chemicals such as hydrogen and oxygen, for example, there would be no way to make water.

and oxygen, for example, there would be no way to make water, a vital ingredient in beer - Dave Barry

Reality is an illusion that occurs due to lack of alcohol

The problem with some people is that when they aren't drunk, they're sober - William Butler Yeats

The problem with the world is that everyone is a few drinks behind - Humphrey Bogart

Time is never wasted when you're wasted all the time - Catherine Zandonella

What contemptible scoundrel has stolen the cork to my lunch? -
W.C. Fields

Why is American beer served cold? So you can tell it from urine - David Moulton

Why is it called Alcoholics Anonymous when the first thing you do

is stand up and say, 'My name is Bob, and I am an alcoholic'? Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are beautiful.

Work is the curse of the drinking classes - Oscar Wilde
Why did God invent alcohol? So ugly people can get laid.

You can't be a real country unless you have a beer and an airline – it helps if you have some kind of a football team, or nuclear weapons, but at the very least you need a beer - Frank Zappa



***“Alcohol Guidelines?
They can fuck right off”***

People say that drinking milk makes you stronger.

Drink 5 glasses of milk and try
to move a wall.
Can't?

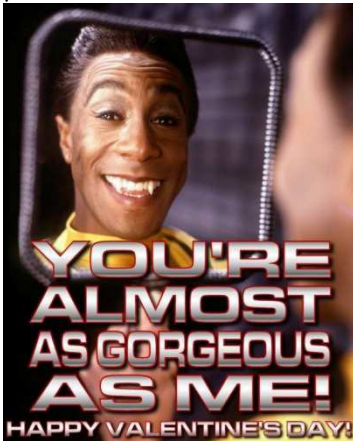
**Now drink 5 glasses of wine.
The wall moves all by itself!**



IT'S A RED DWARF VALENTINES!

A guy walks into a pub on Valentines night and sees a gorgeous woman nursing a drink. Walking up behind her he says: "Hi there, good lookin'. How's it going?" Having already downed a few power drinks, she turns around, faces him, looks him straight in the eye and says, "Listen here, buddy. I'm alone on Valentines night and up for it. I will screw anybody, anytime, anywhere, their place, my place, in the car, front door, back door, on the ground, standing up, sitting down, naked or with clothes on ... it doesn't matter to me. I just love it."

His eyes now wide with interest, he responds, "No kidding... I'm in Government too. Are you central or local?"



Two guys in their mid-twenties were chatting in the pub last night.

One of the guys says to his mate: "Man you look tired."

The other guy says, "Man I'm exhausted. My girlfriend and I had sex all night because of Valentines. She's after me 3 or 4 times a day, anyway. I just don't know what to do."

The old fellow, sitting a couple of stools down, overheard the conversation. He looked over at the two young men and with the wisdom of years says: "Marry her. That'll put a stop to that crap."

TRUE LOVE

The banker saw his old friend Tom, an eighty-year old rancher, in town. Tom had lost his wife a year or so

before and rumour had it that he was marrying a 'mail order' bride. Being a good friend, the banker asked Tom if the rumour was true. Tom assured him that it was. The banker then asked Tom the age of his new bride to be. Tom proudly said, 'She'll be twenty-one in November.'

Now the banker, being the wise man that he was, could see that the sexual appetite of a young woman could not be satisfied by an eighty-year-old man. Wanting his old friend's remaining years to be happy the banker tactfully suggested that Tom should consider getting a hired hand to help him out on the ranch, knowing nature would take its own course. Tom thought this was a good idea and said he would look for one that afternoon. About four months later, the banker ran into Tom in town again. 'How's the new wife?' asked the banker.

Tom replied with pride, 'She's fine and she's pregnant.'

The banker, happy that his sage advice had worked out, continued, 'And how's the hired hand?'

Without hesitating, Tom said, 'She's pregnant too.' Never underestimate true love!



A Sussex couple decided to go to Lanzarote to celebrate Valentines Day in the warm. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years earlier but because of hectic workloads, it was difficult to coordinate their travel schedules. So, the husband left Gatwick and flew to Lanzarote on Thursday, with his wife flying down the following day.

The husband checked into the hotel. There was a computer in his room, so he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address, and without realizing his error, sent the e-mail.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Brighton, a widow had just returned home from her husband's funeral. He was a Baptist minister who was called home to glory following

a heart attack. The widow decided to check her e-mail expecting messages from relatives and friends. After reading the first message, she screamed and fainted. The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and saw the computer screen which read:

*To: My Loving Wife Subject: I've Arrived Date: February 13th, 2016
I know you're surprised to hear from me. They have computers here now and you are allowed to send emails to your loved ones. I've just arrived and have been checked in. I've seen that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow. Looking forward to seeing you then! Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was.
P. S. Sure is hot down here!!!*





Ok !

And they want to change the countries they're happy in, to be like the countries they came from where they were unhappy and finally they will get hammered!

Exotic Parrot - I was in a pet shop when I noticed a Muslim girl with the most amazingly coloured parrot perched on her shoulder. "Where did you get that from?" I asked. "Germany. There's bloody thousands of 'em!" said the parrot.

The Shoe Bomber was a Muslim; the Beltway Snipers were Muslims; the Fort Hood Shooter was a Muslim; the underwear Bomber was a Muslim; the U-S.S. Cole Bombers were Muslims; the Madrid Train Bombers were Muslims; the Bali Nightclub Bombers were Muslims; the London Subway Bombers were Muslims; the Moscow Theater Attackers were Muslims; the Boston Marathon Bombers were Muslims; the Pan-Am flight #93 Bombers were Muslims; the Air France Entebbe Hijackers were Muslims; the Iranian Embassy Takeover, was by Muslims; the Beirut U.S. Embassy bombers were Muslims; the Libyan U.S. Embassy Attack was by Muslims; the Buenos Aires Suicide Bombers were Muslims; the Israeli Olympic Team Attackers were Muslims; the Kenyan U.S. Embassy Bombers were Muslims; the Saudi, Khobar Towers Bombers were Muslims; the Beirut Marine Barracks bombers were Muslims; the Besian Russian School Attackers were Muslims; the first World Trade Center Bombers were Muslims; the Bombay & Mumbai India Attackers were Muslims; the Achille Lauro Cruise Ship Hijackers were Muslims; the September 11th 2001 Airline Hijackers were Muslims.

like the countries they came from where they were unhappy