



*R-ns/trash #228 May 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
2nd May 2016	1976	Fox, Patching	078 057	Bouncer (obo Pondweed)
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. <b>Est 25 mins.</b> <i>Bluebell run!</i>				
9th May 2016	1977	Swan, Falmer	355 090	Aileen & Shwiggy
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. <b>Est. 5 mins.</b>				
16th May 2016	1978	Rose Cottage Inn, Alciston	506 057	Mudlarks/ David Harris
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east past Lewes. Stay on A27 after Beddingham roundabout (A26). Alciston is on the right, 2nd turning past the Barley Mow pub. Pub on right. <b>c.25 mins.</b>				
23rd May 2016	1979	Castle Inn, Hickstead	268 204	Random Ginny
<b>Directions:</b> North on A23 to 4th exit for Burgess Hill. At top of slip road go straight over roundabout and pub is immediately on the left. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b> <i>CHINESE FOOD!</i>				
30th May 2016	1980	The Bevy, Bevendean	332 067	Lily the Pink
<b>Directions:</b> East On A27, take next exit for Coldean. Cross mini-roundabout and follow Coldean Lane to lights. Turn right onto Lewes Road. Take 2nd left after railway bridge onto Hillside. Pub on left at top of hill. Street parking with care. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
6th June 2016	1981	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	248 114	Pippa Dirty Bltch
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. <b>Est 10 mins.</b>				

**on**

RECEDING HARELINE:

13/06/16	New Inn, Hadlow Down	Airman 'Bob' & Chris 'Pompette'
20/06/16	TBC	Peter 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
27/06/16	Lewes area	Just Julia

## HASHING AROUND:

**Friday 13th part XLII - May 2016 19:00Hrs Start**  
One Over The Ait, 8 Kew Bridge Road, Brentford

**Henfield H4 #148 Sunday 29/05/16: 11.30am Swan, Falmer - Shwigg**

**CRAFT H3 #90:** Burgess Hill - Bogeyman Date TBA

**Thought for the day** – Diet Tip: If you feel hungry, you may just be thirsty. Have a beer and see if that helps. *But remember.....* >>>



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

1-3/7/2016	IOW Medieval weekend. <i>For full info see #224 or <a href="http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/iwmedreg.pdf">http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/iwmedreg.pdf</a></i>
16-18/9/2016	Really Over The Top (ROTT) Hashing event <a href="http://toedsh3-admin.com/rottp2016/">http://toedsh3-admin.com/rottp2016/</a>
17/09/2016	Great North South r*n Isle of Wight H3 - Registration etc. at: <a href="http://www.greatnorthsouthruniow.co.uk/">http://www.greatnorthsouthruniow.co.uk/</a>
17/10/2016	Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000 <sup>th</sup> r*n - <i>Diary date for big celebration at Pete Eastwood's place.</i>
25-28/08/2017	UK Nash Hash Easton College, Norwich <a href="http://uknashhash2017.co.uk/">http://uknashhash2017.co.uk/</a>
Sept. 2018	Mother Hash 80 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary event - <i>see BS#226 or visit <a href="http://www.motherhash.com">www.motherhash.com</a> for more details.</i>

[illegible]

**BH7 HASH SOUTH DOWNS WAY RELAY 21<sup>st</sup> May 2016.** The most fun you can have on a Saturday in May! This is a Hash tradition going back nearly 20 years as a relaxed, non-competitive, fun day out. Usually from Buriton Village pond (although last years event started at Old Winchester Hill) for an 8am start; run (not race) in teams of 6+ along the South Downs Way towards Eastbourne; post-run curry. It is possible to join an existing team, or form your own: alternatively just turn up at the start and we'll slot you in. You'll need to be in a car-share to allow for transport.

[illegible]

**BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th R\*N** - Eureka! YHA central have finally come through with a price that we can work with, thanks to some great work by Keeps It Up, so our 2000th weekend is game on. See separate flyer and rego form for full details, but we would be grateful of any help anyone can offer, including trail hares, goody bags, and other minor jobs on the weekend. **Next meeting:** 7pm Thursday 2nd June, John Harvey Tavern, Lewes.

[illegible]

# MY BRAIN SAID CRUNCHES.....



**BUT MY STOMACH  
KEEPS AUTOCORRECTING**

As important as the pub, at least to some, is a trail with five suitably macabre and grisly stops spread over first four miles, plus a bonus opportunity while "On Inn" back to the pub to see the monument commemorating three battles fought in the local area.

Time your arrival at the pub as you wish, but be ready to leave bags at 19:00 and set off at 19:15 prompt. No later for two good reasons; a couple of gates on trail will be locked at 20:00, and I will be wanting a pint ASAP. And maybe so will you.

Hope to see you there. On on,  
Rambo.

Small print. £1.50 will be payable to help cover down downs etc. costs. P-arrow Trails marked from National Rail More tales of Murder, Gore, Horror to be told. Best not to wear your finest Hash gear as it can get messy out there!

**CRAFT H3 CAMPOUT #6 – 16<sup>th</sup> - 17<sup>th</sup> July, WASHINGTON**

Usual pay-as-you-go set up! Book at campsite at <http://www.washcamp.com/> remembering to mention Hash House Harriers. Afternoon cross-country r\*n and pub crawl; bus back for bbq, then evening down the local. Sunday jolly communal breakfast followed by HENFIELD H3 150th r\*n.

Bring tankards, tents, towels, tons of wad and GSOH. On on!

[illegible]

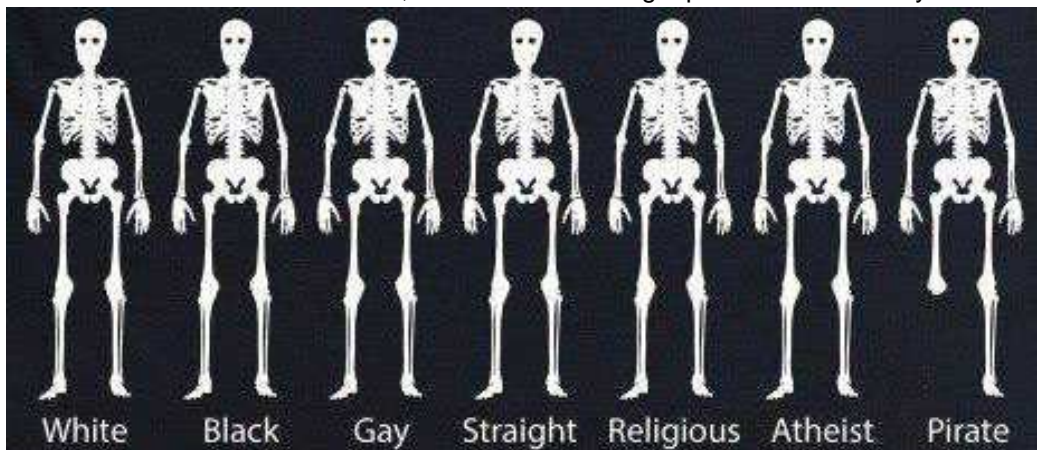
**Friday 13th part XLII – May 2016 19:00Hrs Start**

One Over The Ait, 8 Kew Bridge Road, Brentford

The Hash has a reserved area from 18:30 downstairs at the back of the pub "around the fire pit", there is plenty more space both downstairs and upstairs and, should it be a nice evening, outside. Food is served until 22.00. And there is also the promise – or threat – of a "two piece band" playing live music.

As important as the pub, at least to some, is a trail with five suitably four miles, plus a bonus opportunity while "On Inn" back to the pub to see the bought in the local area.

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it will be locked at 20:00, and I will be wanting a pint ASAP. And maybe so





# BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



## 2000<sup>TH</sup> R\*N CELEBRATION WEEKEND, INCORPORATING CRAFT H3 100<sup>TH</sup>

Fancy a naughty weekend away on the south coast? Join Brighton Hash House Harriers as we celebrate 2000 runs with the ultimate Beach Party at:



**South Downs YHA**  
Refurbished Sussex farmhouse hostel

Itford Farm, Beddingham,

Lewes BN8 6JS

24<sup>th</sup> - 26<sup>th</sup> March 2017



### Provisional weekend programme:

#### Friday 24<sup>th</sup> March:

**15.00 CRAFT 100<sup>th</sup>** - pub crawl in Brighton (own expense). 'P' trail from the station will take you to the bag drop where your luggage will be spirited to the venue, freeing your drinking hands up for a visit to our selection of fine establishments to give you a taste of the city.

**20.30** Welcoming ceremony at the venue, followed by evening meal in 2 sittings, then dancing to our own Mr. Soul, DJ Rik 'Psychlepath' Taub.

#### Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> March:

**08.00 – 10.00** Breakfast at site in 2 sittings

**11.00** Choice of short, medium or long A2B trails from site to our lunch point.

Day bags will be taken to point B as required.

**14.00** Circle up and off-site fun and games

**18.00 – 20.00** Evening meal at site in 2 sittings

**21.00** 'Brighton at the Beach' party and dancing to live music from an excellent band tbc

#### Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> March:

**08.00 – 10.00** Breakfast at site in 2 sittings

**11.00** Founders and Old Farts hangover r\*n from site

**13.00** Circle up, finish the beer and head home to recover



### *So, as a regular cheapskate hasher, what do I get for my wad?*

Registration fee includes: Hostel accommodation in small dormitories or camping pods; on-site amenities (showers, loos etc.); all meals Friday evening to Sunday lunch including 2 evening meals, 2 breakfasts, and 2 lunches; band and DJ entertainment; a large amount of beer etc. (subject to pricing we may not be able to cover all drink but will do our best!); transport back from point B on Saturday trail and baggage transport Friday and Saturday; possibly even a goody bag and whatever else we can get away with!

### *What else do I need to know?*

No dogs, and regrettably, licensing restrictions mean that we are unable to accommodate children.

Parking is limited so we would ask that, wherever possible, you use public transport. Southeast railway station is just 5 minutes walk away with direct trains from Brighton or change at Lewes.

Bedding is included, towels are available to hire for £2 so you may prefer to bring your own.

While on-site we don't anticipate you will need extra, but there are no cash facilities so prepare accordingly.

In the boring small print section, we have been asked by the YHA to request that you do not bring your own alcohol.

This event will be Hamersley hasher free as it clashes with their own 2000<sup>th</sup> hash weekend!

**Early bird places severely restricted so register early to avoid disappointment.**

Hope to see you there! On on!

[www.brightonhash.co.uk](http://www.brightonhash.co.uk)



I was in the elevator when she got in. I was casually staring at her boobs when she said, "Would you please press "1"?"

So I did... and I don't remember much afterwards, but I guess I pushed the wrong one!



*May be out of the hospital in a few days.*

When decorating, it is important that you plan the mood lighting just right to maximise relaxation opportunities:

[illegible]

## Leicester City To Be Docked 5 Points

Leicester City's title bid was dealt a cruel blow today, with the FA confirming that the East Midlands club will be docked 5 points. The punishment threatens to undermine Leicester's unlikely march towards Premier League glory, and what has been one of football's great underdog stories.

The FA charge relates to violations in the preparation of the visitor's dressing room at the King Power Stadium. "Every trick in the book," FA chairman Greg Dyke told Soccer on Sunday. "Turning the radiators down to make the room chilly, leaving permanent markers beside the whiteboard, loosening a wire to make the light flicker. Name a dark art, and Leicester have been up to their armpits in it, the crafty little shits. They even put single ply bog roll in the toilet," added Dyke. "That stuff is like sandpaper. Leicester know full well that regulations demand 3 ply, quilted bog roll."

Manager Claudio Ranieri believes Leicester have been singled out. "It's very disappointing," the Italian told Soccer on Sunday. "Titles should be decided on the pitch, not by which club has the fanciest toilet roll. And why pick

on Leicester? The away dressing room at White Hart Lane has a hedgehog living in it. Jamie Vardy nearly pulled a hamstring when it chased him across the room. The whole squad had to stand on chairs while we got changed. And don't get me started on The Emirates," he added. "There's a painting of Mr Wenger on the wall, but the eyes sometimes blink. It is clear that the real Wenger is on the other side spying through the eyeholes."

Gary Lineker believes that his former club should fight the charge. "It's time to go ape," the Match of the Day presenter told Soccer on Sunday. "By all means, take it to the courts. But if that doesn't work, we should resort to violence. Give me 6 fans with Samurai swords, and I'll head down to the FA headquarters and get those points back."



**on**

**Celibacy can be a choice in life, or a condition imposed by circumstances.**

While attending a Marriage Weekend, my wife and I listened to the facilitator declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other..."

He then addressed the men, "Can you name and describe your wife's favourite flower?"

I leaned over, touched my wife's hand gently, and whispered, "Self-raising, isn't it?"

And thus began my life of celibacy.



~~~~~ You've just gotta love US politics!

# REHASHING

Mile Oak Tavern As have 'Ride-It, Baby' hadn't mentioned grub to the pub earlier, it was take-away night with the pub kindly supplying plates and cutlery so that we could take advantage of the chippy and curry house over the road. I'd decided to jog over, but managed to get stuck on Southwick Hill eventually finding my way through to meet walkers Whose Shout, Local Knowledge and Chopper who advised me to get my order in quick! So some 10 minutes after hearing the horn, I finally found myself at the pub and the start of an epic fail at finding trail. After frantically running up and down and asking locals if they'd seen any runners I finally found my way to the first check, but more confusion here with two arrows one way and one the other, as I thought that meant a 3-way check! Long story short I eventually caught Roaming Pussy and Wildbush (who revealed that Angel had also ordered for me), quickly got lost again, found trail and finally caught pack once we left the streets behind for the Downs, to be greeted by my son Crackerjack on his first grown-up trail with BH7. After Mile Oak farm déjà vu kicked in as we headed up Southwick Hill, but the next check led back down for a very lovely Rum and coke and cake sip stop. Pat was very concerned about keeping enough grub back for Shwigg, which RP & Wildbush thoroughly enjoyed on their arrival, leaving only the rum for him to polish off. Various takeaways dispensed the hares, RIB slightly assisted by backmarker Anybody, were downed before Pirate was welcomed back after a particularly nasty rear-ending on the A23, which resulted in injury to his drinking arm so had to neck left-handed. Hare raiser Pondweed was then pulled up for disrupting upcoming r\*ns as his thumb banned him from setting a bank holiday trail. Initially refusing the beer as he was driving, he changed his mind when realising 2<sup>nd</sup> choice was an orange squash and beer mix. Lots of people had been keen to point out Shwigg's new shoes but you can't count his effort as a r\*n so, as I was similarly afflicted, I took the muddy mix from my new trail shoes. The last two beers went to Keeps It Up for generously tying Pirates laces and Lily, who had been abandoned by his mates and was lamenting the lack of a pavlova to bribe a lift home with! Another great hash...

**Bouncer**

***Bouncer***

**John Harvey Taverner, Lewes** You can always rely on Penguin Shagger and Peter Pansy for a good laugh at the start of the hash, and they didn't let us down here, as Scott (who incidentally used to work in Lewes) dragged Adrian to and through the entirely wrong pub (Dorset Arms) before finding hashers outside heading in the opposite direction. Arriving at the start PS announced, "Oh, I didn't know that was there, and I used to work in Lewes!". Hare wasted no time in getting shoes dirty as we headed over Cliffe bridge and turned left up the side of the river. Picking up part of the Lewes 10k route gave us false security but we soon found ourselves heading out to Kingston. After a loop round the village, very nearly short cut from the check by several, there was a ridiculously long stretch over Mill hill which ultimately led to a frantic dash home through town somewhat devoid of checks, unless we missed something! Pack returned in dribs and drabs, variously grumbling about the speed, lack of held checks, and being unable to keep up with the back marker, Spreadsheet, who had made himself scarce by circle time. Hare Dildoped ("Can I have a new name please? How about Diplodicus?" How about Pedadildo!) and walking assistant Jenny downed, for some reason we then moved directly to the numpty award. Seagulls fan Cooperman nominated Red Slapper for announcing the Brighton result, but went with Penguin Shagger, whose battery finally ran out! Ignoring the earlier directional challenges, Peter Pansy was then called as a rather smug Bouncer matched our resident athletes best parkrun placing of 4<sup>th</sup>, despite the former commenting that the Garmin he was passing on would need to be weight-adjusted! We finished up with barfly Bosom Boy for being a non-runner as he "...wanted a beer" (happy to oblige!), before Cyst Pit took the floor to waffle on about menus. Another great cross country r\*n!

[illegible]

### *Tales from the rank:*

We were dressed and ready to go out for a dinner and theatre evening. We flipped on a night light, turned the answering machine on, covered our pet parrot and put the cat in the backyard. We phoned the local taxi company and requested a cab. The taxi arrived, and we opened the front door to leave the house.

As we walked out the door, the cat we had put out in the garden scooted back into the house. We didn't want the cat shut in the house because she always tries to get at the parrot. My wife walked on out to the taxi, while I went back inside to get the cat. The cat ran upstairs, with me in hot pursuit. Waiting in the cab, my wife didn't want the driver to know that the house would be empty for the night, so she explained to the taxi driver that I would be out soon. "He's just going upstairs to say good-bye to my mother." A few minutes later, I got into the cab.

"Sorry I took so long", I said, as we drove away. "That stupid bitch was hiding under the bed and I had to poke her ass with a coat hanger to get her to come out. She tried to take off, so I grabbed her by the neck. Then, I had to wrap her in a blanket to keep her from scratching me. But it worked, so I hauled her downstairs and threw her out the back door. She'd better not shit in the vegetable garden again!"

The silence in the taxi was deafening.





BESTIE

THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY PRODUCED  
OUR GREATEST WRITER  
— AND OUR WORST BARBER!

### EVEN SHAKESPEARE HAD HIS OFF DAYS



**REPLACE OREO CREAM WITH TOOTHPASTE**



## REFASHING (ctd.)

**Royal George, Shoreham** Come Again had a plan, unfortunately elements conspired against her, so co-hare Angel took over and promptly announced fishhooks! A healthy walkers pack gathered, despite Don coming via the Longshore (fka Royal Coach - schoolboy error!), and a not-so-healthy runners pack, many of whom had tackled the Brighton Marathon but were 'manning up' on the main trail. A brief bit of housing took us up to the bridge, where only Cyst Pit was tempted by the motorway path, the rest opting for the riding stables. First fishhook came early on but with pack already stretching out it was well-placed to pick up Mike Anybody, and good to see the Cardinal, back after hibernation, actually returning along the trail! Ride-It Baby was finding Max truculent having been in kennels for several weeks while Hugh enjoyed himself in South Africa. There was way too much walking on the hill, and the reason soon became clear as the FRB's found themselves caught out again. Bouncer sweeping with Mudlark ("I can start running now they're out the way") wasn't the back though, as Pirate was still returning from the previous check, so it was back down the hill again! The next bit was just plain mean by the hare, having a hold check at the end of a narrow sheeps path, with only one way out. From here it was up and over Southwick Hill and round the edge of some woods to drop down for an excellent sip at Come Agains house, with Whisky Macs, Indian snacks, and choccie cake (the rhyme doesn't work). Despite already being fed, there was a rush for the carvery at the pub before shutters went down, but cue a beamingly happy Local Knowledge as he got a bargain bowl of chips, and a beamingly happy Knight Rider as he got some out-of-date beer for the festivities! Awards went to the hare with a story about Wildbush teaching Angel to cook, and Julie. Mudlark, normally found at the sharp end, deserved his reprimand for avoiding the fishhook at the expense of Knight Rider, who is normally found at the blunt end of the pack. A number of great stories from the marathon then came out, with Anybody finally finishing at the 4<sup>th</sup> attempt, but setting a PW by 1½ hours in the process. Pondweed told how a seagull shat on him as he crossed the finish line resulting in him forgetting to collect a medal, having all previous 6! Keeps It Up then related the tale of how he found a phone in the toilet pan during the post-marathon CRAFT, which turned out to be incumbent numpty Penguin Shaggers! As other finisher Bouncer attempted to sing "We're alright..", Cyst Pit more accurately took over with "Get a life". Another great hash, *although this appeared the following day...*

**Rachael Alexandra** ▸ The New Shoreham by Sea Group ▾  
23 mins · 

What do you think this is?

It's the woods top of Overhill, Southwick Hill.

I'm worried it's poisonous.

It's everywhere along the path. Dotted like it's ant killer or something.

Should I report it? If so who?

From the New Shoreham-by-Sea facebook group 20<sup>th</sup> April 2016:

**Bouncer Hasher** This is flour, nothing more! Brighton Hash House Harriers ran up there on Monday night and we use flour to set a trail for runners to follow.

**Laura McKale** Using indiscriminate white powder probably isn't the wisest idea

**Bouncer Hasher** Hash house harriers have been around for nearly 80 years.

Clubs have been active in the UK for 50 years. Brighton hash has been running for nearly 40 years. The majority of clubs in the UK use flour markings, many running every week. We've actually run over Southwick Hill countless times including only 2 weeks ago when we were on a slightly different part of the hill! We always use a material that will disappear quickly in the next rain, although flour tends to be scoffed by small creatures and slugs within a day or two. Best thing to do if you see something like this is to follow the dots. The worst that can happen is you find yourself at a pub at the end! On on!

**Laura McKale** Could you not use flags or tape?

**Amber Twinkle Hill** So flags which would be left hanging around and tape, making litter and harmful for wildlife if eaten or harmless flour which washes away in the rain. Think the flour is a winner.

**Bouncer Hasher** We do also use chalk marks, sawdust and toilet tissue (that's the paper) which dissolves in rain, although we occasionally find ourselves running in the wrong place as well intending people sometimes de-litter before we've had our run! Flour is a lot harder to pick up so yes, it's a winner!

**Rachael Alexandra** I'm all for people having fun. So glad it isn't something nasty is all. Flour seems a great idea. I Just didn't know what it was.

**Louisa De-Ville** What a fabulous eco friendly idea !

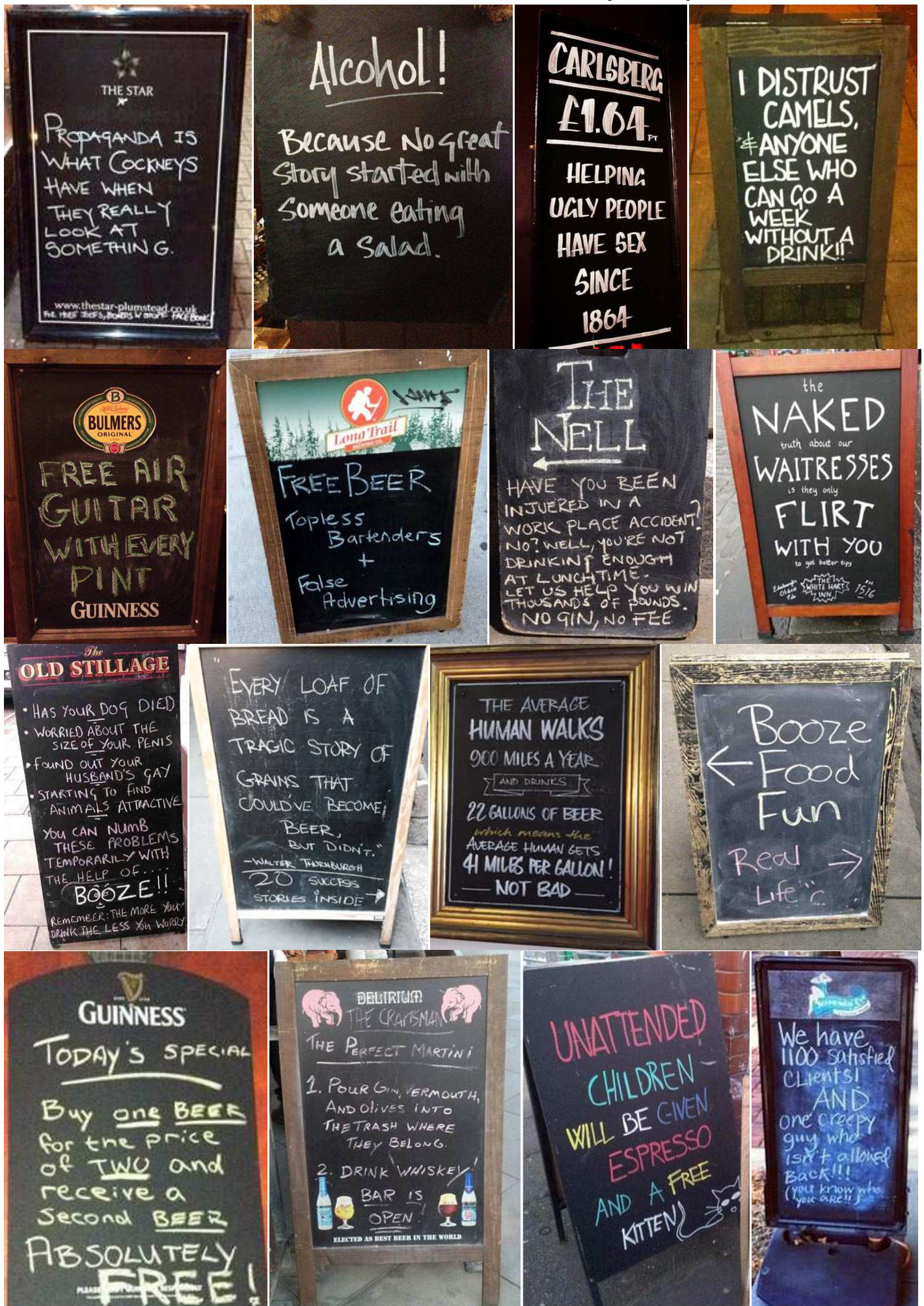
**Adur Calling** That's the last time the local cocaine smuggling cartel will be buying their parachutes from Poundland.

[illegible]

**Yacht Club, Brighton Marina** A brave choice of venue for Cyst Pit's first BH7 trail meant that, after re-ordering food (the advance sheet apparently only an indication!), we were starting on concrete as we headed past the yachts to the undercliff. After the climb we were teased with the grass on top and out past Roedean, before a cheeky loop round the houses. Over the hill to Ovingdean Bouncer and Penguin Shagger were spotted coming in from the wrong direction, apparently PS had baulked at the bulls! We inevitably headed up to the top of race hill via a series of checks all found by St. Bernard so we could be forgiven for thinking he was co-hare. Full credit to him for i'd'ing the kestrel and spotting a barn owl but questions were asked about the cry of 'albatross' also heard. Sadly time didn't permit a sip at CP's house as we headed home via Sheepcote Valley and the zig-zag. Getting grub was a slow process, and in some cases even re-ordering twice wasn't enough for Psychlepath who still went home hungry! After the hare was downed, we moved swiftly onto virgin Vicky who necked impressively. Penguin Shagger should've been called for multiple reasons including re-setting his marathon PB at London after Manchester results were rejected for a short course the last 3 years; thinking the Brighton medal was Queen Victoria; and claiming he was first hasher but as he had eloped Rik took the hit for real London victor Santa (Louis), along with Pondweed in his lovely new Madrid marathon shirt. Lily the Pink had an impressive fall on the r\*n & RA Bouncer was under orders from Random to milk his quicker marathon. Elsewhere Random was also mentioned for getting drunk on the eve of her new job, Anybody was over-excited at beating Greyhound Chris's London time of 6.20. And we failed to name Susan! Another great hash!



# THE BEST OF THE PUB CHALKBOARDS





## REHASHING the MARATHON CRAFT...

**#89 An unexpected CRAFT!** Well it was always the plan that a few of us would end up having a beer post-marathon, but Lily the Pink announced his intent to get 'marathon drunk', and was responsible for most of the pubs we visited, so can take the rap as hare! First to **#1 Hash beer stop** was CRAFT H3 GM Keeps It Up, only making the first point and that before Angel had poured the beer, whereas I got to all 3! Lily the Pink later moaned that Angel had let him down but as he rolled out of bed at 9am starting his r\*n about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour later, the team had already moved on by the time he reached each point! Sadly no other hashers made the sip but meanwhile, One Erection and Random Sparkles had made themselves comfortable in another bar and were increasing pressure on the Prosecco suppliers\*. With free burgers on offer, and the expectation that it would be a while before anyone else reached **#2 Post and Telegraph**, KIU and Wildbush went straight to Meat Liquor. I arrived to find no-one downstairs, messaged the above "Are you potatoes upstairs?" thanks to a mischievous phone, then eventually got the courage up to take a look. Once up I wasn't going back down in a hurry, so when Lily arrived and saw no-one downstairs, he similarly thought there's no way he was going up, so cracked on to **#3 the Earth and Stars**, where a good crowd was already gathered with Peter Pansy, Penguin Shagger, Random, One E, Marcus, Karolina & friend, and young Mason tucking into the impressive roasts. Soon joined by myself, Dirty Bitch and other half, and having tarried too long over the Prosecco and Adrian's dodgy shots late arrivals were declined food as they were booting us out for a 4pm booking. KIU had texted to say where next, so we arranged to meet at **#4 the North Laines Brewhouse**, but Karolina and Marcus wanted a pub with a garden because of Mason, so a brief split occurred, with Pip opting out. At the Brewhouse, I was informed that the vegetarian option on the menu had sold out, so we stuck with a round of the Random Pale Ale (of course!), and Random (who had already started a tipsy mantra about not getting pissed as she started her new job on Monday) gave me some fudge packet to, as One E put it in the 'word of the day' category, 'spurggurgle'. Pack was reunited at **#5 the King and Queen** in the garden where the heaters came in very useful. As we purchased our Flying Scotsman ale, I contemplated the menu, but changed my mind when Peter Pansy revealed he'd been waiting over an hour for his steak and chips. His complaint elicited a free beer though, and indeed, a second one when his grub still hadn't turned up by the time he'd finished the first! Meanwhile, KIU came back announcing this weeks numpty award had to go to Penguin Shagger, after Brent discovered a phone sitting in the pan. Having washed it off in the sink he was about to hand it in at the bar when Scott said "That's mine!", although Scott is the current holder anyway! While some were fawning over the absurdly cute Malamut/ Husky cross that had decided to sit on our table (not a small dog so this was quite a sight!) we'd been checking for Mike Anybody crossing the finish line, as he'd passed 40k a few hours back! Much debate then took place about which pub to head to next with Lily and Random preferring Hare and Hounds, while One E and myself were ready to head home and advocating the Evening Star. So naturally we ended up in **#6 the Foundry**, while waiting for an availability call-back from the Mexican cafe La Choza. The pack was now down to just the 4 of us, as we found ourselves involved in conversation with the most impressive moustache (and to be honest, a pretty decent blazer!) in Brighton. As we'd now left PP & PS behind, 1E decided this was a good time to share with us the information that, as they'd looked at the relief of George IIIrd on the medal earlier, Adrian said "It's definitely Queen Victoria, but it's not a very good likeness." Scott could only agree, as Rob laughed into his beer. Even more ready to head home we soon all set off for the station to catch either train or cab, only for Rob to start wandering. "He's pissed" declared Tim. Maybe, but he was taking the call to confirm that our by now forgotten table was ready! What? Food, at last! And what a great feast it was, although I'd taken my own decision that 'beer is food' so literally I couldn't do it justice! LTP and RS grabbed a cab as we approached the station afterwards, but One E and myself arrived on the platform just in time to see the back-end of my train pulling away, and half an hour wait until the next. As I called Angel in the vague hope of coaxing her over to give me a lift, Rob was running into **#7 the Cyclist** on the concourse, muttering about showing me a great place to set trail from in future, ticking the food and Harveys boxes! Chat here was with a lovely Irish couple down from London, but he told me to look out for his aunty in Shoreham. I finally made the train for home, bed and all sorts of lovely comfortable 'great day out' thoughts, while Rob ended up helping the Irish couple finish their cans on his train back up to Haywards Heath. Another great pop-up CRAFT!

**\*Experts have issued a global Prosecco shortage warning, with stocks in the UK said to be in short supply especially moving into the warmer, summer months.** The UK (and the rest of the world) are set to face a Prosecco shortage this summer. Figures published in The Grocer have revealed that Brits drank around 40 million litres of Prosecco last year and this average is set to soar even more this year. What does this mean for us? Well, Prosecco is only produced in nine provinces in Italy and the demand for the fizzy Italian drink has become so high that they can't keep up – basically, we're drinking Italy dry. Toby Magill, of market research firm IRI, told the Sunday People; 'Supply is finite. Demand is growing everywhere in the world so there's a limit on what retailers can get their hands on. Like champagne, Prosecco is geographically limited and can only be produced in a small region of Italy.' Sales at our favourite supermarket chains are up 34% to £356 million in the year to the end of February, according to analysis by IRI. Sales of non-Prosecco sparkling wines including Cava have risen too! Cava rose by 9.4%, to £297 million while champagne sales rose only 1%, to £251 million. Italian Prosecco is much easier and cheaper to produce than its French rival Champagne. It's cheaper to buy in the UK too, which is probably one of the main reasons why we drink so much - other than it tasting delicious of course! Oh and did we mention that a glass of Prosecco works out at only 121 calories on average? Another valid reason. Feel like you're having déjà vous? You're not the only one. Back in 2015, early May, we also faced a warning that Prosecco was well and truly on it's way out. It looks like every year the demand is increasing and the supply can't cope. We're just going to have to ease up on the Prosecco drinking for now otherwise we're in for a short, dry summer.



## IN THE NEWS...

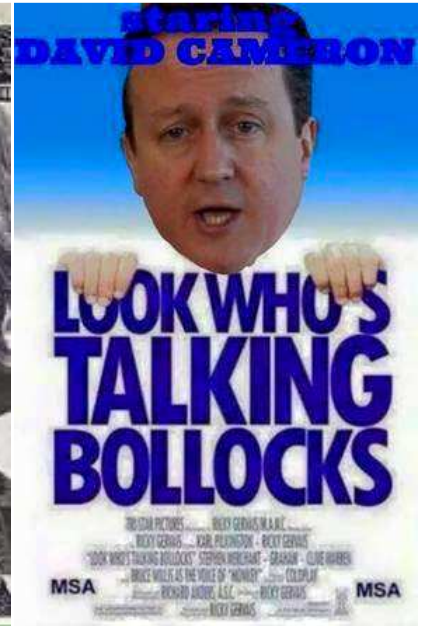
## Children 'point' the way to suspected burglars on the run

1 April 2016 Last updated at 22:48 BST

Surrey Police have released a video of a group of children who formed a human arrow to point a force helicopter in the direction of two suspected burglars on the run.

The group was taking part in an Easter egg hunt in Capel, Surrey, when they performed their crime fighting move.

*UK onsec Pampers has recommended that we do not use children to mark a hash trail with, in case we draw the attention of the fuzz.*



Microchipping pets becomes law      Call for \$20 note to be amended to \$19.99 after Prince death      PM called to task over Dad's dealings

## Park to install coin-operated swings, a premium slide, and a members-only roundabout

Wednesday 13 April 2016 by Neil Tollfree

Bristol is to follow-up a controversial charge for all 'Parkrun' participants with a series of further 'paid for' features in the city's parks and playgrounds.

The council has revealed plans to install coin-operated swings, a premium toll slide, and a roundabout for exclusive use of members of a new subscription scheme. Councillors have claimed that the charges are necessary to properly maintain the park despite the fact that every other council in the country manages to maintain their parks without excess fees.

“Well, perhaps they’re just not maintaining their parks as well as we maintain ours,” said Simon Williams, a local councillor. “Swings don’t just look after themselves you know, someone has to come in and give them a cursory wipe every now and again. Unless it rains, in which case that normally sorts it out. But the fact remains that someone has to pay for that cursory wipe, and we don’t have an awful lot of money left over after we’ve paid for our meetings to come up with bone-headed plans to charge people for the use of the park.”

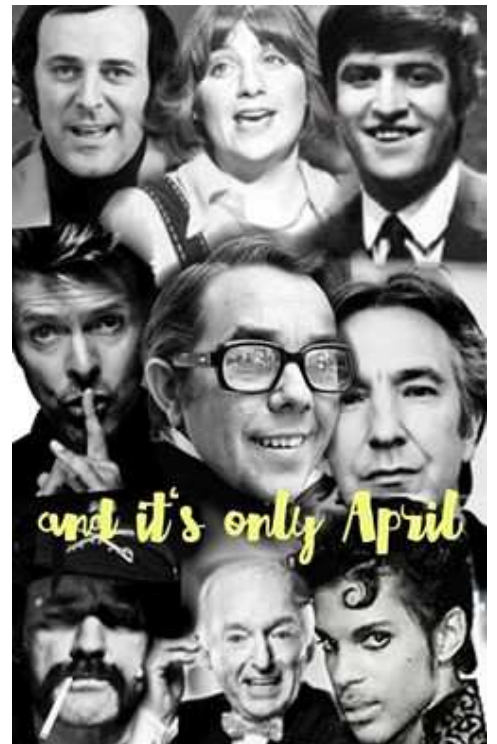
It is understood that the council have further plans to charge corkage to the old men who drink cider on the benches, to place landmines under the football pitch and charge a fee to disarm them, and to introduce a new pay-to-snog-in-the-bushes scheme for teenagers.

***To quote from "I'm Sorry, I Haven't a Clue"...***

*The artist formerly known as Prince, On stage would posture and mince.*

Then for a giggle, He changed his name to a squiggle

*And hasn't been heard from since!*





# facts about your FARTS

Farting is the act of passing intestinal gases through the anus. These can sometimes be odorless and sometimes deathly. But do you know why you pass gas? Do you know why your farts are sometimes as loud as a blow horn or as quiet as a mouse? The facts below will tell you a thing or two about something everyone does multiple times a day.

A little boy blows up his balloon and starts flicking it all around the house with his finger. His mother tells him to stop it as he's liable to break something. The boy continues. "Johnny!" mom screams. "Knock it off. You're going to break something." He stops and eventually mom leaves for a short trip to the store. Johnny starts up with the balloon again. He gives it one last flick and it lands in the toilet. Mom comes in and while putting away the grocery gets the urge. A diarrhea run. She can hardly make it to the toilet in time and SPLASH, out it comes. When she's finished she looks down and can't believe what she's seeing. Diarrhoea everywhere! She's not sure what this big brown thing is in the toilet! She calls her doctor. The doctor is baffled as she describes the situation, but he assures her he'll be over shortly to examine everything. When he arrives she leads him to the bathroom and he gets down on his knees and takes a long, hard look at the thing. Finally, he takes out his pen and sort of touches it to see what it might be and POP! The balloon explodes and diarrhea is everywhere. On him, the walls, etc. "Doctor! Doctor! Are you all right?" she asks. He says, "I've been in this business for over 30 years, and this is the first time I've ever seen a fart!"

Next time you are in a car with a friend, and you pull up to a red light. Look at the guy in the car next to you, roll down your window really fast (like you want to talk to him), and when the guy rolls HIS window down.....look at him and yell..... "Oh, did you fart, too?"

Women don't fart as much as men as they can't shut their mouth long enough to build up the pressure.

There was a husband and his wife sitting next to a drunk in a bar. Suddenly the drunk stands up and yells, "ATTENTION ALL" and farts loudly. The wife is extremely embarrassed, and the husband looks at the drunk and says, "Excuse me, you just farted before my wife." The drunk replies, "I'm sorry I didn't know it was her turn".



## Stealthy Flatulence

Most farts come from swallowed air (largely nitrogen and CO<sub>2</sub>) and are relatively odorless. The bubbles from these farts are large and can produce large sounds.

POP!

Bacterial fermentation and digestion processes can produce various pungent gases in other farts. The bubbles from these farts tend to be small and smelly and do not produce much sound.

OO = Silent but Deadly

## H<sub>2</sub>S

Hydrogen sulfide is the compound in farts that make them stink

A person can still fart after death

RIP

The **nerve** endings in your rectal area help distinguish the **difference** between farts and poop...

...but sometimes these **nerves** can get confused when your poop is more fluid than usual and results in things such as **mud butt** and **sharting**

**MUD BUTT**

**Beans do, in fact, make you fart more.**

The human body cannot digest certain polysaccharides. As these carbohydrate structures reach the lower intestine, bacteria feed on them, producing a lot of flatus.

## Farty Foods

beans, corn, bell peppers, cauliflower, cabbage, milk, bread, eggs, beer, raisins, brussel sprouts, lentils, onions, garlic, leeks, oats, yeast, radishes, sweet potatoes, cassews, turnips, rutabagas

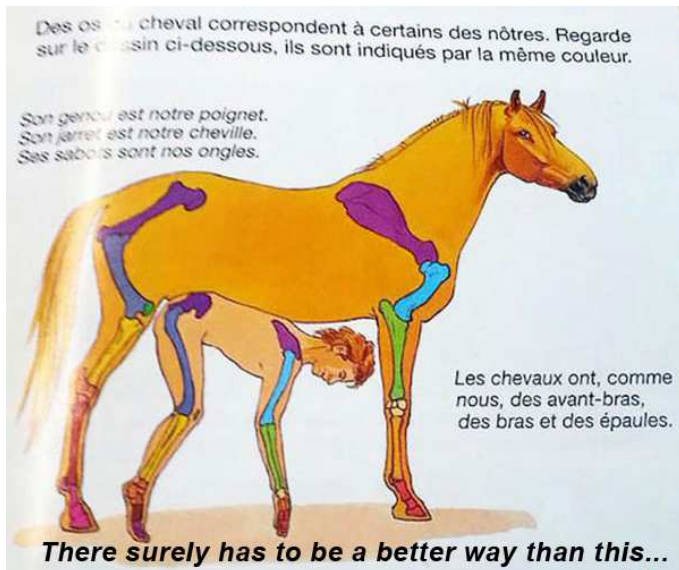
Peter joins a very exclusive nudist colony. On his first day there he takes off his clothes and starts to wander around. A gorgeous petite blonde walks by and he immediately gets an erection. The woman notices his erection, comes over to him and says "Sir, did you call for me?" Peter replies, "No, what do you mean?" She says, "You must be new here, let me explain. It's a rule here that if you get an erection, it implies you called for me." Smiling she leads him to the side of the swimming pool, lies down on a towel, eagerly pulls him to her and happily lets him have his way with her. He continued to explore the colony's facilities and enters the sauna but as he sat down he farted. Within a few moments a huge, obese, hairy man lumbers out of the steam toward him. "Did you call for me?" says the hairy man. "No, what do you mean?" says Peter. "You must be new here," says the hairy man, "it's a rule here that if you fart, it implies that you called for me." The huge man easily spins him around, bends him over a bench and has his way with him. Peter staggers back to the colony office, where the smiling and naked receptionist greets him. "May I help you?" she says. The man yells, "Here is my membership card, you can have the key back, and you can keep the £500 membership fee." "But sir," she replies, "you've only been here for a few hours, you haven't even had the chance to see all our facilities." He replies, "Listen lady, I'm 57 years old; I get a hard-on once a month, but I fart 15 times a day."



# THE



# END



A man breaks down in the middle of Pennsylvania Dutch country on a cold January day. After a few minutes an Amish man in a horse- pulled buggy pulls up and asks if he needs a ride into town. The man accepts and climbs up into the buggy. After a few miles, the Amish man stands up and leans forward. He lifts the horse's tail, rubs its ass with his finger and then rubs all around his own mouth. The passenger is both amazed and revolted at what he's just witnessed but decides to remain quiet.

This happens twice more during the trip to town. Each time the Amish man rubs his finger over the horse's sweaty ass and then rubs around his own mouth. By the time they reach town, the guy's curiosity gets the better of him and he asks the Amish man to explain what's been going on.

"I have chapped lips", the Amish man replied.

"Oh I see" said the man, "Is that an old Amish remedy?"

"No, but it sure keeps you from licking them!"

A woman from New York was driving through a remote part of Arizona when her car broke down. An American Indian on horseback came along and offered her a ride to a nearby town. She climbed up behind him on the horse and they rode off. The ride was uneventful, except that every few minutes the Indian would let out a 'Ye-e-e-e-h-a-a-a' so loud that it echoed from the surrounding hills. When they arrived in town, he let her off at the local service station, yelled one final 'Ye-e-e-e-h-a-a-a' and rode off. "What did you do to get that Indian so excited?" asked the service-station attendant. "Nothing," the woman answered "I merely sat behind him on the horse, put my arms around his waist, and held onto the saddle horn so I wouldn't fall off." "Lady," the attendant said, "Indians don't use saddles."

A chap rings his mate who owns a stud farm and tells him he knows a dwarf who's interested in buying a horse. but he says "be warned the dwarfs got a lisp". Sure enough, a few days later the dwarf arrives at the stud farm, after the usual exchanges the stud owner says to the dwarf. "Do you want a male or female horse"

"A female Horth" says the dwarf. The stud owner brings out a nice filly. "Nithe Horth" says the dwarf "Can I thee her eythes?". So the stud man picks up the dwarf and shows him her eyes. "Nithe eythes", "Can I thee her eerths?". The stud man dutifully picks up the dwarf again and shows him the ears. "Nithe eerths" say the Dwarf, "Can I thee her teeth". Again the Dwarf is picked up, by this time the stud man is getting a bit ratty. "Nithe teeth" says the dwarf "Can I thee her twot?". With that the stud man lifts up the dwarf and pushes his head deep into the horse's vagina, before pulling him out and putting him down. "Perhaphth I should wefwase that" says the dwarf shaking his head,..... "Can I thee her wun around?"

One day, little Johnny comes home from kindergarten for lunch. Not finding his mother in the kitchen, or the living room, he heads upstairs to check her bedroom. He opens the door, and what does he see, but his father, who had also come home for lunch, stripped naked, on top of his mother, also naked, heavily into the act of lovemaking. Not wanting to traumatize the boy, the parents continue as if nothing was wrong. Johnny watches, and after a couple of minutes asks, "Daddy, can I climb on and have a horsy ride?" "Of course, Son, we're a family." So Johnny climbs on and shortly his mother starts moaning and writhing wildly. "Hang on Daddy!", cries Johnny, "this is where me and the milkman usually fall off!"

An old farmer was hauling a load of manure when he was stopped by a state trooper. "You were speeding," the cop said. "I'm going to have to give you a ticket." "Yep," the farmer said as he watched the trooper shoo away several flies. "These flies are terrible," the trooper complained. "Yep," the farmer said. "Those are circle flies." "What's a circle fly?" "Them flies that circle a horse's ass," answered the farmer. "Them are circle flies." "You wouldn't be calling me a horse's ass, would you?" The trooper angrily asked. "Nope, I didn't," the farmer replied. "But you just can't fool them flies."

