




R-ns/trash #246 November 2017

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
6th November 2017	2055	Cock Inn, Ringmer	BN8 5RX	Airman Bob
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins.				
13th November 2017	2056	Queen Victoria, Rottingdean	BN2 7HF	Knightrider
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.				
20th November 2017	2057	Cowdray Arms, Balcombe	RH17 6QD	Keeps It Up & Wildbush
Directions: A23 north 13 miles to B2110. Follow B2110. Take 2nd exit at roundabout on Horsham Rd/B2110 through Handcross for 0.5 miles. Take 2nd exit at roundabout to stay on B2110 (High Beeches Lane). After 3.5 further miles turn left at T junction onto London Rd/B2036. Pub is 300 yards on the right. Eta 20 mins				
27th November 2017	2058	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. After Fox & Hounds go straight across next roundabout and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.				
4th December 2017	2059	Moon, Storrington	RH20 4DR	Wiggy
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est 25 mins.				

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RECEDING HARELINE:

11/12/2017 Hare & Hounds Worthing Da Fukarwe (*fka Pondweed*)
 18/12/2017 Hassocks Hotel Ride-It, Baby
 25/12/2017 TBA - date also to be decided either 24th or 26th!
 01/01/2018 Tiger Inn, East Dean Lily the Pink

HASHING AROUND:

W&NK H3 11.00am 19/11/17 Cock Inn, Wivelsfield Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy's 118th birthday trail

HENFIELD H3 #157 - 11.30am 26/11/17 Rising Sun, Upper
Beeding Hares: Wiggy & Belcher

HASTINGS H3 - Next hash 10/12/17 Wadhurst Station, on inn Greyhound 11.06

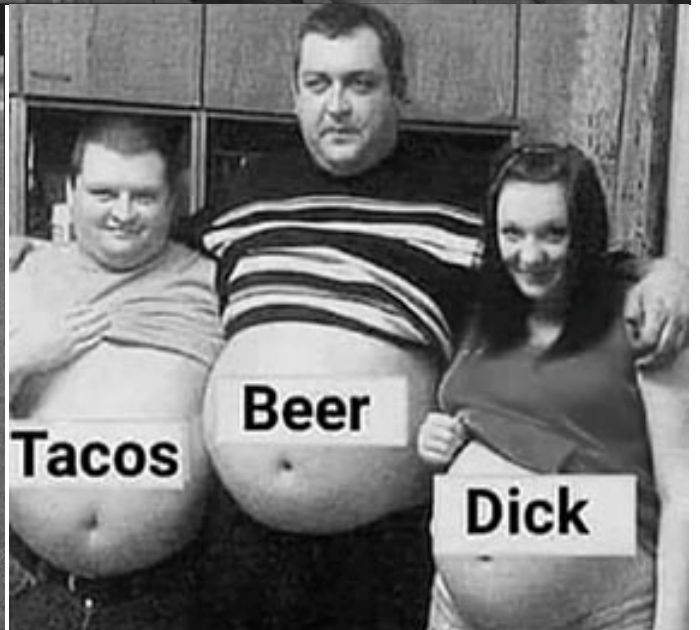
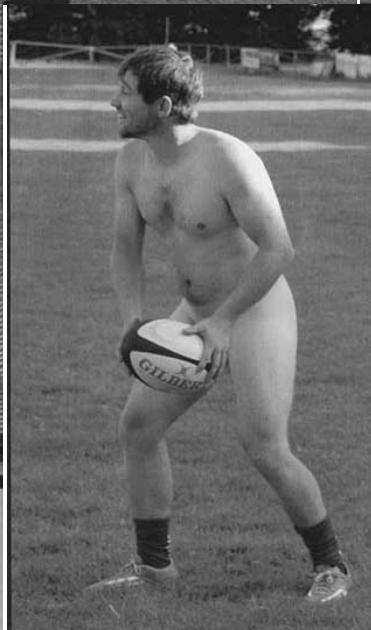
CRAFT H3 #106 - Watch this space! Well not this space obviously, but keep an eye on facebook and e-mail. Unfortunately plans have not yet been formalised, but something soon.

on



Thought for the day: **AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN AND IN THE MORNING WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.**

On the subject of rugby, in a house of men, somehow Angel has managed the entire year with a calendar depicting naked rugby players in various poses on our kitchen wall. Why should we suffer alone?

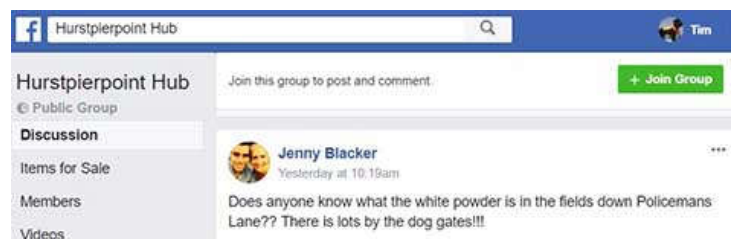


REHASHING

The Wok Inn, Shortgate - Well a rare opportunity to enjoy proper Chinese grub could not be passed, so many were ordering pre-run for afterwards. Outside Wiggy called a minutes silence to reflect on the passing of old hasher Alex Angeli, who had been suffering with cancer for a number of years, and been recently taken. Although it is a long while since he's joined us on the hash, he has sporadically appeared on other occasions (including the relay), but came close to reaching his 100th tankard, no mean achievement back in the early days. Wiggy remarked that he was always a very private character, and would come and find us if time had passed rather than giving us the means to contact him, but his comment that "Alex died and didn't tell anyone" was priceless! 40 seconds in he went on to say "As Alex would say, that's enough of that", and we moved on to the hares for chalk talk. On out we had a short road stretch before finding the first real mud since the spring, and boy was it messy! The record shows we circumnavigated Laughton Common, then headed out for a long stretch into the woods, before returning via Laughton Park farm. Or possibly it was the other way round, I don't know, we were in unfamiliar territory despite Bosom Boys assertion that he knew exactly where he was. There were few who avoided getting scratched at one point but the hares were amongst them being privy to inside information and also having tackled the section earlier, but we all took a wide route round the massive spider that had chosen trail to spin its web. Not good eating on a hasher, and anyway we had a sip round the corner, not that we were scared. At the on inn we first had to cope with the fury of Pirate who'd arrived late and lost trail before RA caused confusion by calling the hares Trouble and Chaos, coincidentally (or maybe not?) the names of our EGH3 visitors, so naturally they came to claim a beer. Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger were eventually rewarded with the observation that they'd spent the trail bickering like an old married couple. Touché. Next up was Bogeyman for losing his shoe in the mud, and he quickly went on to award Trouble the numpty mug for also losing his sock in conditions too gruesome to contemplate when she disappeared into the woods with it to do what bears may or may not. Another great hash!

Poacher, Hurstpierpoint - Some months ago Radio Soap decided it would be a good idea for her to set a hash for East Grinstead H3. She picked a date and persuaded Cyst Pit to do the same hash for BH7 on the Monday, then to make it more pleasurable she invited her mate Angel. After a successful run with EGH3 on the Sunday, hared by Cyst Pit and Angel (Radio Soap convinced us all she was sick), Cyst Pit ran round prior to the run to scrub out marked through checks. He also decided to add an extra loop, up the steep side of Wolstonbury Hill (although Angel had advised against it). Unfortunately with fading light on the downward stretch he got lost in the wood and was very nearly late for his own hash, being saved by some dog walkers. So we set off in good time along the high street then cross country. Very sensibly he stuck in three fishhooks with 5 people to return. Some of us are too good for fishhooks JJ, but most returned to the back of the pack and they worked as they should, a brilliant system for a hash like BH7. We headed up Wolstonbury rising to the left, short of the main hill. Over a style and then back down he passed the 3 blobs indicating the trail up to the top and down into the woods to a dead end. It was all downhill to town from there, past the sheep with the long necks, the plum tree that had fed Angel 3 days earlier, and on inn. Before ducking into the pub we noted the snow dog. Downs downs to the hares; Brent as it was Canada day; Angel for the numpty mug (couldn't speak properly) after a vote between Cyst Pit and Angel. **ANGEL**

Windmill, Littleworth - Not a very well kept secret was that this r*n was Whose Shouts three-score-and-ten birthday hash, although the course was allegedly a very well kept secret from co-hare Cooperman, who mumbled his uncertainties on more than one occasion! Not a lot of time was wasted on heading out towards the monastery, where Parsnip was heard trying to explain the markings to her latest inductees, Henna, Joe and Izzy, failing and turning desperately to old-hand Neelia for assistance. The latter turned out to be as uncertain as the former, but someone had got the hang of it as trail was called further along the track before heading north after all made hard work of the next check. After a couple more fields, marks occurring randomly as the footpath defied all attempts to be nailed down, we experienced our first major brush with cattle of the season. Keeps It Up, in particular, was observed leaping fences only to find another herd charging at him on the other side, and it didn't help him shouting at them, "You're supposed to be domesticated"! The next check over a slippery bridge and broken style also took a bit of finding, but eventually we reached the road and legs became reet stretched as Bouncer started regaling tales of his r*n with Fethiye hash a few days earlier. A clever dummy (oxymoron?) up the track belied real trail, and so the experienced ones were left trailing in the wake of the virgins who had by now got the hang of things and were dashing along shouting, "Best fun ever"! And so to the sip, Psychlepath finding new speed in his heels at the prospect of the Harveys, unfortunately sacrificing accuracy and spreading his length along the pavement. Once in the pub, RA shared the news that the successful re-introduction of beavers back into the Scottish wilds had prompted trials in the south to reintroduce Southern Rail trains, before the hares were downed, including Chopper who had led the walkers. The three new runners were asked one question each, all affirming that it was indeed long and hard enough, and that they would be coming again, before all downed impressively - born hashers! Sympathy beers went out to Jaws (Sangria had broken a rib after a fall on last weeks hash, which had affected things in the bedroom. "That's not quite what I said", Jaws responded, but never let the truth etc. and it wouldn't be a story saying she couldn't sleep properly. Get well soon anyway, Marguerite!), and Rik after his fall this week, and a happy reminder that it would be naval dress the following week as both were in stripes a week early. Honourable mentions went out to Angel, who still hadn't got her teeth in straight pointing out that Rik & Jaws looked like a couple of Bumhugs, and an absent Hot Fuzz who started singing "Hot in here" when RA took his jacket off during the run, but the clear winner of the Numpty was Parsnip for her explanation of hash rules. The final piece of business was to knight Pete although, as it was a particularly fine whisky, he was excused the chug. Arise Sir Whose Shout, another great hash!



In memoriam – RIP Alex “the Litigator” Angeli..

It is always very sad to hear that a hasher has passed, and so Wiggy informed us all at the Wok Inn of the loss of Alex Angeli who clocked up close to 100 runs with Brighton H7 (including being a co-hare on the famous Snowdrop r’n in Lewes where we returned to the pub to find the whole pack well into their beer having got lost early on!), as well as the SDW 100 mile and alternative relays, and regular Sunday runs. Wiggy, myself, Mickey Hayler and Dangerous Tony were among those who attended his funeral, with apologies from Nick & Camilla Cheyney and John ‘Belcher’ Heming, and an appropriate send off it was.

Always very protective of his personal space, even with old friends such as those present, Alex would just appear on a run or social occasion, rather than allowing us contact details. He had been suffering with cancer for a few years but borne it on his own terms, perhaps to the detriment of effective treatment, and accordingly had fallen away from contact with many of us, just Tony being an occasional breakfast companion joined by Wiggy once or twice. I bumped into Alex after collecting my marathon number earlier this year and, although he declined to join me for a beer with friends I was meeting so that we could talk longer, I’m glad I did. Although I never thought of our chance meeting as a farewell, he was convinced his time wasn’t long, and I wondered if our paths would cross again this side, so made the most of the opportunity to have a good chat in the street, though, as ever with Alex it was more about the running and the good old days, than dwelling on his illness.

We often joked about where he lived (an old ramshackle caravan in north Beeding being one that we frequently ran past and referred light-heartedly as Alex’s house!), thinking it was Seaford, but it turned out to be Newhaven, as his next door neighbour revealed. It is sad that we could not have visited him as his time drew near, but that was Alex.

The family had chosen music that reflected various elements of Alex’s life, opening with Sailing by Rod Stewart as his early life was very much at sea. After reflections of his athletic achievements we were treated to Chariots of Fire followed by the tributes including Sam Lambourne of the Jog Shop, who spoke affectionately as perhaps his oldest friend present, and revealed that it was Alex (“Ace”) who named many of the famous landmarks on the Jog Shop 20 (funnily enough the very race that long trail runners found themselves on at the 2000th event back in March) including the Big W, and the Yellow Brick Road. He related a story of when running one Sunday (I believe Nick Cheyney and Al Bray may also have been present on this occasion), of how the summer heat had them all enjoying the Downs with shirts off. Spotting a watering can by someone’s garden tap (Kingston?), Alex boldly ran up the drive, while the owner was calling and waving wildly at him, and tipped the watering can over his head to cool off. He then turned to the owner and spoke to him along the lines of it being his duty under the Geneva Convention to make sure a weary traveller had water. Finally able to get a word in, the homeowner said, “Yes, but that watering can has weed killer in it”. Unable to admit the rashness of his cheek, Alex responded, “Well how bloody stupid can you get, leaving weed killer lying around for anybody to tip over their head”.

Another amusing tale was of an occasion they were travelling through France to an event when they stopped for a meal. Left to park the car in the last remaining spot, Alex was seen by all in the restaurant getting into a dispute, open mouthed and gesticulating wildly, with a French driver who had attempted to shoehorn his way into the space ahead of him. The debate seemed to go on for some time until a gendarme appeared who listened patiently first to the Frenchman, and then to Alex, to whom he was quick to award the space. Having parked up, Alex walked in to the restaurant to rousing applause from all present, then arriving at the runners table, was asked what he’d said to the gendarme to resolve the issue so efficiently. “I just said ‘Je m’appelle James Bond’”!

There was an extract from Peter Pan, “all children, except one, grow up”, and Matt Monro’s Born Free to emphasise Alex’s independent spirit, before a tribute from his eldest brother revealed that, after taking up journalistic posts in London, Alex was the founder of Squash Player magazine, which is still going to this day in an online edition.

We exited to Frank Sinatra singing Fly Me to the Moon, but sadly I was too slow grabbing my camera from the car to get a picture of his old running shoes sat in front of the bouquets, adding a humorous touch. Alex’s doppelganger brother, Mike, kindly invited us to join the family at the Better Half for “a drink on Alex”, which again is an old joke amongst those who knew him well! The family had made available some nice presentations of photos and medals, and Mickey informed me that Alex’s best time in a marathon was 2.48, it always rankling that Al Bray managed a bit quicker! Elsewhere in the box we found a schools medal crediting ‘R. A. Angeli’. Scratching our heads we turned to Mike who explained that his real name was Rudolf, but had his Italian father got his way it could have been Caesar. No wonder he was secretive!

One of his nieces then did an A to Z of Alex which was poignant and amusing in equal measures, and soon it was time to take our leave. Rest in peace old friend. If anybody fancies joining me, I intend to take on the Jog Shop 20 for a final time on 25th March 2018.



Clockwise from left: John “Belcher” Heming, Ken Edwards, Mickey Hayler, Alex Angeli, Bouncer, Wiggy, Brett ‘Gotlost’ Hughes, Al Bray, Barry ‘Bunter’ Rice.

REHASHING (continued)

Jolly Jack Tar-ners, Staplefield - A regular feature of the Brighton Hash calendar, for the information of all our new young doctors, is the annual celebration of Nelsons victory at the Battle of Trafalgar, and after last years town r*n to visit the Snow Dogs we were back in Staplefield. Sadly the Victory pub is now shut on Mondays so plan B was adopted with a slight name change for the Tanners. Amongst the odd fancy dress gear outside the pub, we were joined by a number of W&NKers, long returnees Chipmonk and Layby, and first timer Scud all welcome visitors from the Westerham & North Kent hash. Early running was roady but the path soon disintegrated to add that nuance of danger before we headed into Nymans. A call ahead advised that the bridge was unsafe as word came back that Bogeyman had put his foot through it, and we were off on a muddy sail round the gardens, mostly on trail, although the FRB's managed a sizeable SCB at one point having gone so far up the track they missed the call back and picked up the on-trail post loop. We were a happy crew, and many a shanty or other sea-related number was sung, within the lyrical limits of memory, until Local Knowledge gave us his complete (and slightly out of place!) rendition of 'Popeye the Sailor Man! While checking later on, One Erection spotted running torches off to the right and called repeatedly "Are you?" until the response came back "We ain't wiv you lot mate." Doh! Eventually, after a couple of hare led sections, we found ourselves back on the out trail and the plan was revealed that we would be retracing our steps homewards, including the broken bridge which, despite being reported to the National Trust rep, had not been fixed, putting us all in unnecessary danger. So back down the lane, the road becoming increasingly more stable as we went, fresh arrows pointed us to the sip at the Victory pub (which got a look in after all), as the wa*kers appeared from the bus shelter they'd been waiting in, also singing merrily! After the grog (Rum etc.), Roaming Pussy started to become concerned that Bogeyman hadn't returned, and a quick check revealed One Erection was also absent. A collective "silly sod", was probably not what she was looking for, but they turned up just as we were closing in on the pub. Once inside, it was heartening to see that rather more had worn fancy dress for the après than had bothered on the run and Jaws was handing round songsheets with hash words to the Sailors Hornpipe, so hares Mudlark and Eat my Cucumber were downed to:

Do your balls hang low? Do they swing to and fro, Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a bow,

Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder like a Continental soldier?, Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?

New boy Scud was welcomed up and asked the questions, which was ironic as he devised them for the W&NK hash some years back, following which he played the hornpipe on his harmonica so we could do an accompanied version of the song! Next up were Bogeyman for destroying the bridge, and St Bernard for not repairing it by the time we came back over, spurious but amusing! Pirate had been giggling about having someone to give the numpty award to so in the absence of Parsnip, but the presence of the mug, was offered the chance but went all shy before confessing it was Bouncer dressed as a pirate on the hash for wearing his costume, or was it something Angel had said? Whatever, another great Trafalgar Day hash!

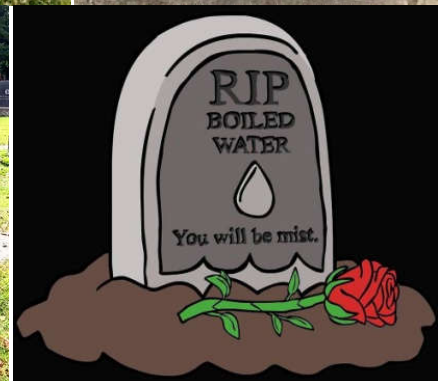
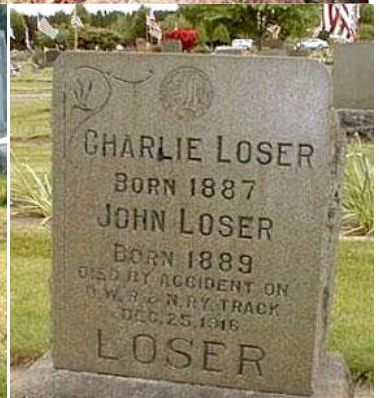
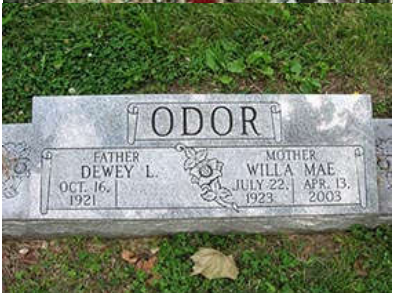
Crown Inn, Turners Hill - It seemed like a good idea at the time to have a Halloween hash and an opportunity to dress up, forgetting that it was only a week after our annual fancy dress Trafalgar r*n! And it seemed like a good idea at the time to return to Turners Hill, just a whoop and a holler away from Tulleys Farm where the World famous scream park, Shocktober Fest is held, forgetting just how far out it really is! Sadly the Red Lion weren't interested (being more concerned with hosting the local hunt), and EGH3's venue choice here, the Ark, required rather more planning), but the Crown were very welcoming. And so, Angel and I reprised our pirate gear from last week, as pirate zombie's this time, amongst a wonderful plethora of costumes. Trail had been set in the ground down ashes of my enemies bones (oh alright, flour), and there were plenty of dayglo ghosts adorning the paths, trees, and other objects to mark trail as we headed east then north to pick up the Worth Way through Crawley Down. It seemed like a good idea at the time but few were all that visible by night and drifting leaves had covered others! FRB's were suitably confused by the rarely travelled territory (although familiar to our group of W&NKers from MeMe's summer trail), but the many fishhooks worked well, and Local Knowledge stole a march SCB'ing along the old railway, while St. Bernard said, "I sense a few left-handers". After the industrial estate we passed a garden of horrors which should really have been the sip stop, given that, although we went through Tulleys Farm, sip was a good 1/2 mile away from the action. It seemed like a good idea at the time but at least we could still hear lots of noise and see the lights above the trees, as we washed down the vampire snacks, eyeball chocs etc. all set out ready by the walkers who, with Layby's unerring sense for beer, had somehow located the bodybag of goodies, although the pumpkin balloons were an abject failure. On Inn and Mudlark opened the down downs awarding myself and Angel before sidestepping leaving me to finish up. New boots went to Proxy (his first numbered BH7 r*n, after his admirable service with the band at the 2000th weekend), and Will, whose Weimaraner nearly caused an RTA earlier! Best fancy dress went to Henna in a moment of confusion by RA, as I meant Izzy who'd already left, so Ride-It, Baby for her après r*n witches get-up earned the pumpkin bathing cap (and balloon!), although the aptly-named Bogeyman wearing a very sweaty ghoulish mask throughout the r*n was a worthy runner-up. Vengeance was mine as Mudlark received the Numpty award for moaning at the sip that he could see his workplace, but also for asking the barman what flavour his nuts were, although Rebel deserved a mention for bringing the ingredients for a fancy dress but not using them (*Matt said it seemed like a good idea...*). Another great Halloween hash!



There's something (else) strange going on in the graveyard:



November is called "Marraskuu" in Finnish, which literally means death month. Which gives us a perfect excuse to run a few more of the headstones, but these ones seem to tell a story?



Heck! Oh no, smellie, old, weed odor, livengood, dumfart, stiff boner, loser, kaput. Bye, Jakshitz!

Rehashing the CRAFT:

Well there wasn't one, so that was easy! Bit of a travesty missing out in the Octoberfest month as well, when even long before CRAFT H3 was born, we'd usually get up to some nonsense or other, frequently at Greyhound Niels place in France. Recent years have seen regular assaults on Weltons brewery in Horsham on the first Friday (Old Friday), marking the launch of their Old Ale but a swathe of absences meant that was a no-go this year. The first Saturday also always marks the launch of Harveys Old Ale in the brewery yard in Lewes though, where Bobs Crutch spotted another of our number, we salute you St. Bernard for keeping the faith:



The absence of a CRAFT hash does not mean to say, however, that CRAFT regulars were not out and about doing what CRAFT hashers do, including Red Slapper and Falling Madonna at the Eastborne beer festival and at the end of the month Widlbush and Keep It Up in South Korea for the Pan Asia Hash. There may or not be more next issue but for now you'll have to do with my brief resume from running with Fethiye hash at the beginning of the month. Belcher and myself had popped over to Turkey to do a bit of walking on the Lycian Way, which starts near Oludeniz only a short distance from Fethiye, so naturally we had to join the hash. Setting out on the Dolmus to the Surf Cafe start point the weather looked as if it would be kind to us, but by the time we disembarked it was assuming biblical levels, so we gathered with the rest of the hash under an awning. There were a few familiar faces from other events present including Wicked Willie, Cums Naturally, Twin Peaks, and a very soggy Humper and Loose Lips (who'd cycled), which was nice, but Pole Stretcher took great delight in prodding the gathering water overhead so that it splashed on all and sundry, which wasn't, so he was promptly awarded hash shit, a hat shaped like a turd, to wear

on and after the r*n. RA was given plenty of abuse, but waved his arms in the secret sign to waft the clouds away bang on time for the off. And so followed a pleasant enough hash past the houses, where we briefly met an adopted hash stray, and out into the countryside - not overly challenging and there were more walkers than runners, but the pack held together well. I met a guy called Baz, who had named Cyst Pits son Louie the Lip after he gave them plenty of ammunition for the circle when he and Radio Soap stayed in Aunt Sally's place last year (RIP). That led on to more amusing chat about hash names and the revelation that Jack, one of the hounds with us, was from Yorkshire and was persistently late on trail earning the excellent moniker "E Jack, Yer Late". The circle-up was held away from the bar and started with Wicked Willie introducing the hares, some virgins, us as guests, and finally the RA. Beer was by token but we moved too slowly and the pack was larger than anticipated so it got used for down downs after I'd only had one can. So, while the RA was getting people to drink from dustbins, kettles and shoes (RA: "Make sure you drink from the right shoe". Moments later: "You drank from the right shoe, which is the wrong shoe. It should be the left shoe"!), I became enough of a nuisance to ensure I was awarded plenty more by singing songs, telling jokes (*Premature ejaculator seeks young attractive woman for fling. Must have large breasts, big lips, a tight arse, and aaaaw fucks sake, never mind*), and translating the mullah ("waaaiiii" = I have some bad news. "waaaiiii" = we may have to renege on the virgins promise. "waaaiiii" = Hugh Hefner has just arrived in heaven."). On Inn was at a nearby pizza restaurant which offered a great deal and so passed a very pleasant afternoon in good company. A really nice bunch to join if you find yourself in that neck of the woods.

On on, Bouncer.



IN THE NEWS...

Wild in Art follow up to Snow Dogs announced:

The wait is finally over.... For 2018 we want you to say hello to Snailspace Brighton & Hove! Join us and follow the Snailway next Autumn as we bring giant snails to the streets of Brighton & Hove.

The Snail beautifully fits with Martlets as our care helps people do the things they love with the time they have. The strikingly painted snails across our city will be a constant reminder to take a moment to enjoy the time we have with the people we share our lives with.

Are you going to #BeMoreSnail next Autumn?



The Snail beautifully fits with Brighton as our cars can't bloody move is more like it! Yes, funny how it goes as we look towards the Brighton RFC to host the second of our 2-part weekend celebrations (started with the 2000th in March this year and concluding with the 40th anniversary next year), comes this timely reminder of my photoshopped picture of Brian the Snail with the Royal Pavilion as his shell from the WLH3 1000th magazine there back in 2005, designed to exemplify how difficult it was, and remains, to actually drive anywhere in the town. Of course many will remember how, completely by chance and the meandering direction that the 2000th circle took, an attempt to recognise and thank the lunchtime halls caretaker, Brian, led to 'one Brian drinks, all Brians drink!'. Into the circle came Bird Brian, Yorky Porky, Kingfisher, Commercial Whale and no doubt

others I've forgotten who were all born as Brian/Bryan, to close the circle in the best possible way to "Always Look on the Bright(on) Side of Life"!

The weirdness continued though as, no sooner had the Wild in Art announcement been made than we started getting warnings about the next batch of heavy weather to come along, which by strange chance they had decided ought to be called Storm Brian! Despite the dire warnings, inevitably drawing comparisons with the hurricane of 1987 on its 30th anniversary, the weather actually moved through at a rather sedate, one could say snails, pace, and we fortunately escaped the worst of it. Many local parkruns decided to cancel due to the proximity of trees or hazards brought about by stones being washed up on the promenades, but a few of us still found ourselves running at Bevendean and admittedly got a little bit wet on the first lap.



Heart of Stone – A Book Actually Written by a Hasher!

HHHi Hashers!

An unashamedly off-hashing plug (but don't worry – it's a one-off!). What does a superannuated hasher do when his legs give out? This one sat down and wrote a book! A three-year quest has reached fruition with the publication of "Heart of Stone", my historical novel, based on the tragic lives of my 5 x Great Grandparents. No misery-memoir, this! Two brothers, one with all the advantages of position, as Earl of Bellfield and later Earl of Belvedere, an MP and scion of an old and powerful family. The other brother, younger than him, but blessed with the personal qualities that this elder brother lacked. Add a beautiful young girl, just sixteen, the belle of the Dublin season, pressured into marriage by her parents. Can any of them find happiness? Heart of Stone takes the reader through the highs and lows of Ireland in the 1740s and after, through famine and plenty, through prison, jealousy, despair and beyond. Join our players as their turbulent lives unfold. Available now on this Universal Book Link in both Paperback and Ebook versions view: Book.at/Heartofgoldlink This link will take you to your local Amazon supplier: Published by www.crookedcatbooks.com, Heart of Stone will appeal to ALL lovers of historic fiction, from Robert Louis Stevenson to Georgette Heyer to

Ken Follett. It's also living proof that some hashers can not only read, but write, too. Cheers and on on! Urine

Some hashers reviews! (from Amazon):

- By Rebecca H Stevens on 29 September 2017 (Hot & Delicious) 5 Stars: A great read. I thoroughly enjoyed reading Heart of Stone. I found it hard to put down from the first pages.
- By Ms. A. Stevens on 14 October 2017 (Megasaurse) 5 Stars: A very good read. I hope this is the first book of many to be written by Urine.
- By Mum's the word on 25 September 2017 (Bulldozer) 5 Stars: A brilliant book, found it hard to put it down!
- By Delia Holland-Jones on 22 September 2017 (Walkie-Talkie) 4 Stars: A very good read. A real page turner

Plundering - The Most Outrageous After Dinner Jokes Book:

A little guy goes into an elevator, looks up and sees this great big huge guy standing next to him. The big guy sees the little guy staring at him, looks down and says, "7 feet tall, 350 lbs., 20 inch penis, testicles 3lbs each, Turner Brown." The small guy just faints dead away and falls to the floor. The big dude kneels down and brings him to, by slapping his face and shaking him. He asks "Are you OK?" In a very weak voice the little guy says, "Excuse me, but what did you just say to me?" The big dude says, "When I saw the curious look on your face, I just figured I'd give you the answers to the questions everyone always asks me. I'm 7 feet tall, weigh 350 lbs., have a 20 inch penis, my testicles weigh 3 lbs each, and my name is Turner Brown." The small guy says, "Thank God!!! I thought the last thing you said was "Turn around."



A guy walks into a bar with a pet alligator by his side. He puts the alligator up on the bar. He turns to the astonished patrons. "I'll make you a deal. I will open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. Then the gator will close his mouth for one minute. He will then open his mouth and I will remove my unit unscathed. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink." The crowd murmured their approval. The man stood up on the bar, dropped his trousers, and placed his privates in the alligator's open mouth. The gator closed his mouth as the crowd gasped. After a minute, the man grabbed a beer bottle and rapped the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opened his mouth and the man removed his genitals unscathed as promised. The crowd cheered and the first of his free drinks was delivered. The man stood up again and made another offer. "I'll pay anyone £100 who's willing to give it a try". A hush fell over the crowd, but a hand went up in the back of the bar. A woman timidly spoke up. "I'll try, but you have to promise not to hit me so hard with the beer bottle".

A man surveys the women in a nightclub, decides who he thinks is the most attractive, and takes a seat next to her at the bar. But despite using all his best lines, he gets nowhere. Finally, he reaches into his pocket, takes out a small box, and pulls a frog out of it. "Cute," says the woman. "Is that a pet?" The man smiles. "Yes, and he's good at doing tricks too." "Like what?" "He eats pussy. Come back to my place and I'll prove it to you." Once in the bedroom, the girl strips and puts the frog between her legs. The frog doesn't move. After a couple of minutes, the woman looks at the immobile frog, and finally demands, "Well?" The man shakes his head sorrowfully, picks up the frog, and says, "Okay, you idiot, I'm only going to show you one more time."

Little Johnny walks into school one day to find a substitute in place of his regular teacher. She says "Hello class, I'm Mrs. Prussy. When you say my name class remember it has an "r" after the first letter" The entire class says "Hello Mrs. Prussy" A few days later the regular teacher is still sick. When Johnny gets to his desk the teacher asks what her name is. Johnny thinks hard and then says to the teacher, "I remember it has an "R" after the first letter". "That's right" she coaxed. Then after a few seconds Johnny says "Mrs. Crunt?"

What is the difference between a pregnant woman and a light bulb? A: You can unscrew a light bulb.

The Madam opened the brothel door to see a frail, elderly gentleman. "Can I help you?" the madam asked. "I want Natalie," the old man replied. "Sir, Natalie is one of our most expensive ladies, perhaps someone else..." "No, I must see Natalie." Just then Natalie appeared and announced to the old man that she charges £500 per visit. Without blinking, the man reached into his pocket and handed her ten £50 notes. The two went up to a room for an hour, whereupon the man calmly left. The next night he appeared again demanding to see Natalie. Natalie explained that no one had ever come back two nights in a row and that there were no discounts...it was still £500 a visit. Again the old man took out the money, the two went up to the room and an hour later, he left. When he showed up the third consecutive night, no one could believe it. Again he handed Natalie the money and up to the room they went. At the end of the hour Natalie questioned the old man: "No one has ever used my services three nights in a row. Where are you from?" The old man replied, "I'm from Brighton." "Really?" replied Natalie. "I have family who live there." "Yes, I know," said the old man. "Your father died, and I'm your sister's solicitor. She asked me to give this £1,500 to you." (Some things in life are certain: taxes, death and being screwed by a solicitor.)

A blonde finds herself in serious trouble. Her business has gone bust and she's in dire financial straits. She's so desperate that she decides to ask God for help. She begins to pray, "God, please help me. I've lost my business and if I don't get some money, I'm going to lose my house as well. Please let me win the Lottery." Lottery night comes, and somebody else wins it. She again prays, "God, please let me win the Lottery! I've lost my business, my house and I'm going to lose my car as well." Lottery night comes and she still has no luck. Once again, she prays, "My God, why have You forsaken me? I've lost my business, my house, and my car. My children are starving. I don't often ask You for help, and I've always been a good servant to You. Please let me win the Lottery just this one time so I can get my life back in order." Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light as the heavens open. The blonde is overwhelmed by the Voice of God Himself..... "Sweetheart, work with Me on this... Buy a ticket."



Pigeon shit...

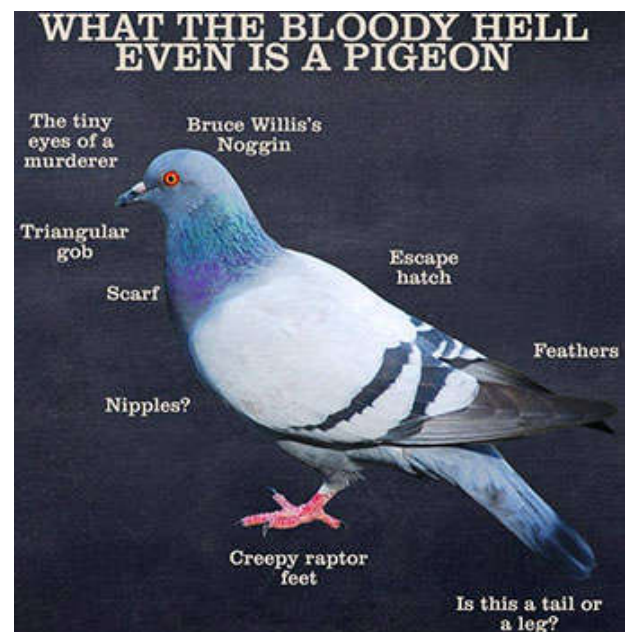


Our sad story started with a hasher of course, in this case Stretch, who stayed with us a few years back and gave us the idea to have solar panels installed on the roof. It fell to another hasher, the Apprentice, to arrange the actual work, but by the start of December 2011 we were up and running, and producing our own sparks, as well as feeding a whole load back in to the National Grid. Fast forward a few months and we realised that the seagulls (Herring Gulls) were becoming more of a problem. Using our roof as a nesting ground had the unfortunate result that the chicks would slide on the solar panels, crash on to the conservatory roof and eventually reach the ground at which point they would live or die. The first time one died, Angel buried it in the front garden only to have a fox dig it up and leave bits of dead seagull all over the lawn. If they lived, as they were as yet unable to fly, we would find ourselves being attacked by the parents every time we went out into the garden. So we would chase them out the garden gate, where invariably the fox would have a warm dinner and the neighbourhood would have a noisy day or two as a flock gathered above the stricken bird. Drastic action was needed and so we called upon Dipstick (not

strictly a hasher, but Come Again's brother) to stick some roof spikes up. Efforts to involve the neighbours failed but eventually they realised and arranged for the chimney stacks to be spiked, which finally moved the problem away from us.

Another year later, by now 2015 and with the threat of the seagulls gone, pigeons started nesting underneath the panels where it was nice and warm and dry. This was cute to start with, the gentle cooing, and the fluffy down of the squabs tugging at the heartstrings convincing us they were no real threat and so no action was taken. Last year another couple moved in, and the previous brood had grown, but still we did nothing. When three more couples added their nests this year cute was out the window and it was time to act to remove these flying quotes for their nests to be removed, a chemical bioflush to destroy any disease, and a grid surrounding the array.

We were feeling pretty proud of our decisive action to stall the threat of further invasion when, just a few days after the work had been completed, and thanks to Wildbush, we visited Bletchley Park. Amongst the many impressive exhibits, displays and presentations we found ourselves sucked into one video which explained how pigeons saved the war for the Allied forces, not once, not twice, but time and again, taking decisive action to stall the threat of further invasion. Boy, did we ever feel guilty when we returned home to find a large family group sitting on the roof wondering where their home had gone.



My mum walked into my bedroom and told me it was like a rubbish tip. Although I could barely hear her over the noise of the seagulls.

Then there was the bloke who crossed a woodpecker with a pigeon - it delivers the message but knocks on yer door first.

Revenge is Sweet

There are two statues in a park; one of a nude man and one of a nude woman. They had been facing each other across a pathway for a hundred years, when one day an angel comes down from the sky and, with a single gesture, brings the two to life. The angel tells them, "As a reward for being so patient through a hundred blazing summers and dismal winters, you have been given life for thirty minutes to do what you've wished to do the most." He looks at her, she looks at him, and they go

running behind the shrubbery. The angel waits patiently as the bushes rustle and giggling ensues. After fifteen minutes, the two return, out of breath and laughing. The angel tells them, "Um, you have fifteen minutes left. Would you care to do it again?" He asks her, "Shall we?" She eagerly replies, "Oh, yes, let's! But let's change positions. This time I hold the pigeon down and you crap on its head!"



Missed last issue (re-run from #106):



iapollogise:

I never thought about it this way. This is beautiful.

Source: iapollogise

[illegible]

Wa-hey, girls play naked rugby too!



...but Angel has the last laugh.