




R-us/trash #257 October 2018

find us on  **facebook** or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All directions/ timings are vague and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless they don't.

DATE # NO ON ON

Post Code HARES

1st October 2018 2102 Stand Up Inn, Lindfield

RH16 2HP Rainbow Balls & Simon

Directions Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up. Est 25 mins.

8th October 2018 2103 The Moon, Storrington

RH20 4DR Wiggly

Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Park in village car park round the back, pub on High Street. Est 25 mins.

15th October 2018 2104 Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath

RH16 4DZ Psychlepath & Summer Lady

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.

22nd October 2018 2105 Watchmakers Arms. Hove

BN3 3RU Bouncer & Angel

Directions: A27 west and take first exit; 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. Take 1st left Goldstone Crescent and follow all the way to the end over mini roundabout, through traffic lights and tunnel.
Parking free from 6pm. Pub left up steps by Hove Station. **Est 5 mins.**



29th October 2018 2106 Eager hare required

5th November 2018 2107 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling

B212 BTN St. Bernard - Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B212 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.

oo

Hashing around Sussex:

07/10/18 10.66am HASTINGS H3 Blacksmiths Inn, Ninfield

Well Mounted & Blow Job

21/10/18 11.00am BURGESS HILL RUNNERS Cock. Wivelsfield

Shoots Off Early & Neil *** BOGEYMAN MEMORIAL HASH ***

28/10/18 11.00am HENFIELD H3 #164 Swan, Falmer - Wiggy

Bogeyman special thought of the day:

Things that go bump in the night, Should not really give one a fright. It's the hole in each ear, That lets in the fear. That, and the absence of light.

In Loving Memory of

David John Risby

25th November 1957 to 30th August 2018



Friday 21st September 2018 at 12.45 pm

Surrey and Sussex Crematorium

REMEMBERING A HASHER THROUGH AND THROUGH...

Just a few of the messages of condolence and support received:

Dear Daryl, Sasha and I cannot take in or comprehend the very sad news of Dave's passing or how you and your girls are feeling now. We are sitting here on this beautiful Sunday morning feeling very sad and truly at a loss as to why such a good man should be taken from us all. He always seemed so enthusiastic for the world of Hashing and the strange rituals that it entails. We both remember him on separate occasions, coming up to us and saying "Hello my name is Bogeyman what's yours and us responding with "Julia" "Sasha", he countering with we must change that!". With a big smile on his face! The Hash has beyond doubt lost a priceless, affable and jolly Hasher. We and our three girls send you and all your family our deepest sympathy and we will keep you in our thoughts at this difficult time for all your family. With love - *Julia Sasha Ruby Beatrice and Lexi xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx*

Sadly, I'm an infrequent visitor to your hash, but I burst into tears when I got Bouncer's email last week. I'd only met Dave a few times, but I was struck by his humour, his energy, his inclusiveness, his overall joie de vivre. I was especially impressed when, during my last visit, Daryl and Dave took an hour or so out to sit and laugh with me and fill me in on all the Hash events coming up, the best Hashes to visit in Scandinavia, all sorts of things. They made me feel so welcome and motivated, and were just lovely to me, an outsider. I am moved by the tributes you and other kennels (like Hastings' Bushsquatter Cheryl Wood) have offered up to Bogeyman. From what I can see, he will be sorely missed but thankfully so lovingly remembered. Warmest thoughts with you all during this difficult time. On On from France. - *Happy Ending*



Such a wonderful, funny, caring man who will be sorely missed. Great memories to be cherished. Hashes won't be the same without him and clearly a talented golfer. On on Bogeyman RIP. *Randy Pandy & Loopy Lou xx*

Dear Daryl and family. I am so very sorry to hear this very sad news about Bogeyman. He was a well loved Brighton Hasher. I always really enjoyed his company and had many great Monday night hashes with him. He is going to be missed by all who had the honour to share some moments with him here on earth. On on Bogeyman have a great onwards journey. - *Hash Gomi*

Stunned and sad, all thoughts to Daryl. - *Jaws and Sangria*

Met Bogey Man a few times with the Plympton Hash - such a lovely guy. Our thoughts are with Roaming Pussy and family *Debbie Botterill x*

Spent a wonderful weekend away with him and his partner, thoughts and love to his family and hash family. *Denise Catlin*

After a day in shock... 0% ego, 95.5% athlete, 4.5% alcohol. ON-ON. - *Chaos*

Oh my gosh - I am stunned & in shock. So sorry to hear the news. Much love to Daryl Risby & the family - *Fukarwe*

So sorry to hear, he was a lovely person. Love to Darryl and family. - *Ride-it, Baby*

Sorry to hear the very sad news. Love to Daryl and family x - *Drambulie*

Very sorry to hear this. He was a lovely guy. - *Cardinal*

Shocking news, can't believe it. We will all miss him. - *Psychlepath*

Very very sad news. He was a great bloke and he'll be missed by everyone who knew him. - *Bosom Boy*

I just don't believe it's happened. My deepest condolences to everybody, hashers, friends and family - *Giving Head*

So very sorry to hear this news. He was so full of life. All my condolences. - *Whose Shout*

Hello Bouncer, Paul and I so, so, sorry to read your tragic note to EGH3 about Dave and have just sent a private note to Daryl. We are away for another week so would appreciate any update when available. RIP Bogeyman, a wonderful man and crazy skier!! *CoolBox xx*

What horrible news. I can only imagine what Daryl is going through right now. *Daffy*

My heart goes out to RP, please pass on our condolences. What the heck happened? He was such a wonderful funny friendly man, really gonna miss him. Sorry to you for losing a mate Bouncer, life doesn't make sense sometimes. Lots of love *Chundy xx*

We're in shock and tears. What happened? *Fetherlite & Scud*

HHHi, So sorry to hear the sad news about Bogeyman. Much love and our thoughts are with you all. On on, *No Butt. X*

Dear Bouncer, Thank you for what must have been a very difficult e-mail to write. I am still trying to process the news. I can't imagine how Daryl and the girls are feeling. Such an awful shock. I am currently in France but I will write to Daryl on my return this Tuesday. If she makes the Hash this Monday please tell her she is very much in my thoughts and give her a big hug from me. Love to you all, *Lis xx [Falling Madonna]*

Hi Bouncer, Your email was passed on to me to reply on behalf of Plympton H3 as TC & SR are on holiday. As you probably know Bogeyman & Roman Pussy were with us at Plympton H3 for our 2000th run weekend August Bank Holiday & like everybody who



was there really enjoyed the weekend, & they had run with our daughter hash TiTs H3 the week before. Quite a few people who were with him on his last run with South Hams H3 on Wednesday were also at the 2000th weekend & we were expecting them both back in Plymouth again at the TiTs run the following day so we feel very deeply connected with his sudden demise. Please share our thoughts with Brighton H3, we remembered him with a moments silence as we circled up before our run last night & again with a cheer in the pub afterwards. I'll be sending a card on behalf of PH3. On On... *Trevor (HIV) Smith*

Hi BH4, I had the pleasure of introducing your Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy to our Hash last Wednesday and we were all shocked to hear the so sad news that Bogeyman passed away in the early hours of the following morning. Please send our condolences to Daryl and her family from the South Hams Hash. We will be raising a glass to him after tonight's hash for sure. On On *Overshot xx*

Thanks to HIV for the last 2 hash pictures from PH3 2000th weekend.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

12-15/10/2018 Beer & Buses Hash CAMRA, Shanklin, IOW http://www.worthyh3.co.uk/Social/Hash_CAMRA_2018.htm

17-19/05/2019 Interscandi HALLSTAHAMMAR, SWEDEN - <http://wagh3.vpsite.se/INTERSCANDI-2019.html>

16-19/08/2019 **EURO HASH 2019** - On to cruise Scotland. <https://eurohash2019.com/> Full: register for cancellations.

23-26/08/2019 **UK Nash Hash 2019** - Caledonia H3 Kelso, Scottish Borders <http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk/>

XX

HASH TANKARDS - Held over from last issue due to the Stop Press:

You may have noticed there have been quite a few tankards awarded lately. These are given for 100, 250 and 500 runs, then a hip flask (plus the dubious distinction of joining the Hall of Fame on the giant hip flask) for 1000 runs. So far three hashers - Pete, Phil and Don have also been awarded 1500 runs with an embroidered fleece, all these awards recognising your commitment and contribution to the hash over the years.

Whilst it is preferable that individuals keep their own record of how many runs they've achieved, it is also recognised that hashers are hashers and that can be a tall order for some! In the early days, when 100 runs seemed a long way off, you would be given a small booklet which would be stamped each time you appeared, and the guideline was established that you would set your 100th hash arranging a Nosh Nite to celebrate. As you're such lazy sods, it is important that you at least remember to sign the sheet if you expect the mismanagement to keep an eye, so that numbers are not missed.

A few years back, Theresa Mickleburgh set-up and maintained records of numbers on an Access database. After she moved away, Chopper maintained the records, completing an update to the end of 2014, and a number of overdue tankards were identified. Following that Keeps It Up has worked with Phil to get the records completed up to the end of 2016, and these are available on the website (<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/how-many-hashes/> see **Hash Stats**). Once again this exercise threw up a whole load of unclaimed awards which explains the recent surge, as well as exposing a large number of upcoming awards that have been passed in the 90 odd runs since the last full update.

There is still some work to do to bring the records up to date, the aim being that it should ultimately become a lot easier to keep the data current, but indications are that there are quite a few more awards due in the coming months. If you think you are due an award please let myself or KIU know, and arrange to set your next hash! If this doesn't tie-in closely with what we have you may be asked to back your claim up so that we can update the database, Mudlark.

Bouncer

Nb Bogeyman was one who did keep a record and was looking forward to set his 250th run and tankard. There was also some conversation about setting a memorial run (aside from the Burgess Hill Runners on 21st October - see front), and the realisation that his birthday is on 25th November suggested Monday 26th will be a good time to do this.

oo

The 40th anniversary committee, including Bogeyman, agreed to make a £200 donation of surplus from the weekend to charity. Following Dave's passing this was split 50/50 between Wooden Spoon and the Monday Group in his name:

Subject: Monday Group donation

Hello Brent

Our very many thanks to you for your kind and generous donation in support of the Monday Group's work on public footpaths in this part of Sussex. The Monday Group has no regular income since County Councils ceased their sponsorship some years ago and we now depend on irregular donations from kind people like yourselves. We hope to be able to continue our valuable work for many years to come.

We would always be pleased to receive news of any stile, bridge or signpost that needs our attention. The same applies to paths which need clearance as we have very active clearance teams as well. A grid reference would be very helpful along with a brief description of the work needed.

We would also be very interested to know what prompted you to make your donation.

Kind regards, Jim Edwards

Hi Jim,

I am a member of the Brighton Hash House Harriers. We run all over Sussex, predominantly off road (maps of where we run are here: <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/where-we-hash/>) and we celebrated our 40th anniversary with an event earlier this summer with visitors from all over the UK plus a few from further afield. The club wanted to donate the surplus funds to one or more local charities and we have been debating this for several weeks. Unfortunately one of our more popular members, Dave Risby aka Bogeyman, who was also one of the main organisers of the event, recently passed away suddenly. We all decided to support the charities he most wanted to support. This includes the Monday Group.

We notice a lot of broken stiles and bridges and I will encourage our members to make a note and report them.

Cheers and on on

Brent Crowle (aka Keeps It Up)



Things we'll miss - the King of fancy dress...



As superhero Boogeyman at Barnes Xmas do



Pirate themed escape room



Joint birthday hash in Wivelsfield



BH7 2k as an anemone (beer under)



St. George's day 2018



Even dressing up at home as the Easter bunny!

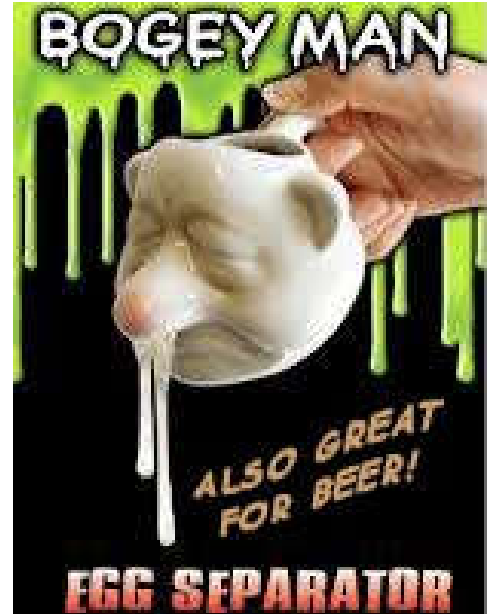


BH7 40th anniversary 'Camp It Up weekend'

One last memory from Barry Chuckle and Chucklevision: "It's a nice church, Vicar." "It's Norman." "It's a nice church Norman."

REHASHING

Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield – As the awful news of Boogeymans death spread it was inevitable that there would be a huge crowd out to pay their respects at the first Brighton hash following the announcement. Gathering in the car park before we set off it was wonderful that Daryl, with strong support from her daughters Laura and Katie, as well as her brother Nick and his family, felt able to join us, although just Oliver would be on the run. It was intended that we would hold a minutes silence, but by introducing a typical Boogeyman touch of a mass hug, the sombreness of the occasion was broken and everyone relaxed letting their amusement and tongues interrupt. Keeps It Up had the unenviable task of setting the trail for his pal, but managed to incorporate a few very nice touches, including more hug stops (Boogeyman had thought the H for a hold check would be better as a hug stop!) and having 13 turning at the fishhooks, the 1 and 3 being so close together that they appeared as a B! The trail itself took us out to Cuckfield church, down the lane to cross the A272, then left on the footpath up to Lodge farm. Continuing down Copyhold Lane and over the fields to Isaacs Lane, we skirted Bolnore and the back streets to KIU and Wildbush's place for the sip, where we met the walkers. The as always excellent sip was enhanced by beers leftover from the 40th weekend that Dave had only a few days earlier dropped off with Brent & Kayleen. With thanks to all the visitors and all the hash chapters represented, a brief moment of reflection was concluded with a hash toast before the return to the pub. Although she said later that the girls had been looking forward to the singing, Roaming Pussy requested no downers for family, but it was the correct move to not have a circle. On a better day, young Oliver would certainly have earned his beer, and possibly even the Boogeyman mug had it not been lost some time ago, for racing and smashing the fishhooks! A fitting evening, and Wildbush's insistence that her own hash should be within walking distance of home, rather than an ale trail pub, turned out in the dreadful circumstances to be the right decision.



Crown, Newick – Not our first choice Newick pub, this one was selected to get us back on track with the ale trails, and as Rainbow Balls knew the landlord he would sort out food. Ultimately unable to set trail, Hot Fuzz was happy to step in, not realising that the deal had not yet been done, with the result that we turned up to find that they weren't expecting us and had no food. "No worries", said Rainbow Balls, "I'll get the landlord to knock something up while we're out, or we can just go off the menu at the curry house." Problem was we couldn't contact the landlord, but the curry seemed like a reasonable idea, so off we set with folk still grumbling at Bouncer as it seemed all the other ale trailers had already ticked here. Trail took our usual southerly route down Church Road, right on the footpath and turning south in the field, where the main pack ran through the check in the middle to find that we were on a clockwise route for a change. A short-cut was offered at the A272 but most plundered on, Keeps It Up (taking it easy after another gruelling marathon) was convinced that straight on was the way to go as right would only take us back to the road. But it didn't, as our patient hare pointed us on as there was an option to go left ahead. Cutting round, through more woods, then a twitten into the houses we popped out opposite the on inn to find, oh woe, that the curry house was now shut! Not one person had thought to let them know good money was to be made. After initial rehydration an early circle was called as Angel had to get up early and others wanted to head off in search of grub. The RA was wearing some sort of school teacher head, calling blackboard monitor Hot Fuzz, then welcoming new boy Dave admonished for being late but let off just this once as he'd drawn the

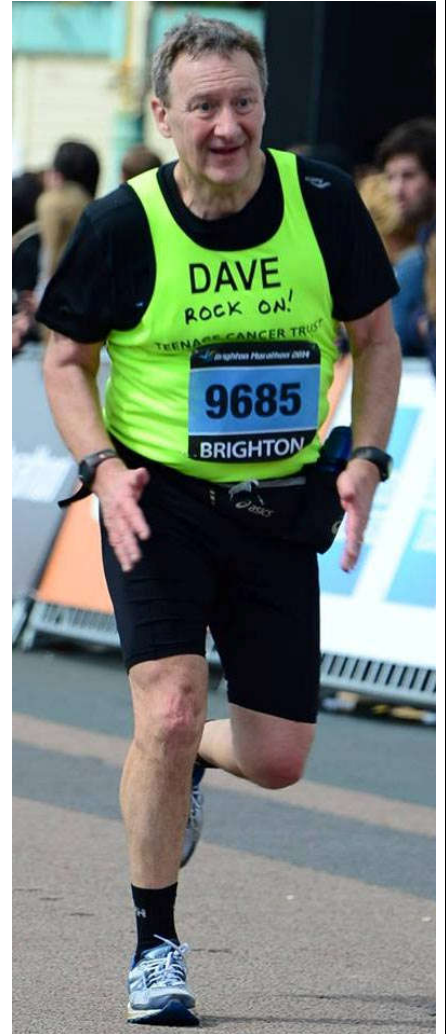
BEACHY HEAD JUMPERS HASH:



short straw of Lily the Pink as his mentor. Laura and Katie were welcomed back, settling in nicely although Mum was still sitting in with them. Wilds Thing was told off for littering and hanky panky during class after dropping his Kleenex (there'll only ever be one Boogeyman!), talking out of turn (marathons on the hash!), and not revising basics (had to Google his own age!). Kel had a slapped wrist for doing the 'running equivalent of the doggy paddle' to get out of PE at the fishhook. These last two also found themselves in the numpity corner, Wilds Thing who hadn't realised he'd finished a race the day before, but Kel lucked out for letting his dog crap in the playing fields. Somehow Bouncer got away with pressing for a pub with no food, as no-one thought to interrupt him. Another great hash!

CURRICULUM HASHÆ

Name:	David 'Bogeyman' Risby – received his hash name after confessing that he tries to keep his nose clean.
Date of Birth:	25.11.57 or 21.7.13 rebirth as a hasher!
Education:	Lindfield Primary, St. Pauls, Brighton College, City and Guilds and the Kings Head pub.
Sexual Orientation:	In the privacy of his bedroom he would completely strip a number of Norton motorbikes. Also well known by the nurses at Haywards Heath hospital after several motorbike accidents, and overturning his Reliant Robin.
Appearance:	Genial, smiling, scrunge-faced. If you could work out which one was him under the latest fancy dress mask.
First impression:	Cheeky chap always ready to help others, first to introduce himself to hash visitors. Probably hoping for a beer!
Habitat:	When not off-trail, which was frequent due to his limited hearing faculties, he could be found in the pub rehydrating (1st pint), appreciating the ale (2nd pint), getting a down down (3rd pint), or being led away after a 4 th by the ever tolerant Roaming Pussy.
Obsessions:	Apart from hashing - Formula One and Wasps Rugby, fully kitted avidly waving a Wasps flag!
Claims to fame:	Once cycled the London to Brighton on a 'rollerbike', basically a unicycle with stabilisers and no brakes!
Hobbies:	Enjoyed many sports: football, rugby, cycling, running and skiing. Bystanders enjoyed watching him take part in many sports as he: skied face first into car parks; wearing two wet suits to surf inevitably filling up with water between the layers; or falling out of trees to rejoin the pack when hashing. Took on many roles with his daughters swimming clubs. Obviously early preparation for many a hash dip or river crossing. A successful albeit demolition gardener, often digging unnecessary holes and couldn't be trusted to do any pruning unwatched.
Habitual Sayings: and one more thing..	"Twist my arm." – rarely declined an offer of beer! While working part-time at a bakery in Ardingly, he'd add an extra dollop or two of Jam to the donuts, ensuring a messy eating affair by the unsuspecting customer! Never lost his sweet tooth.
Don't tell Roaming Pussy but...	One Christmas Bogeyman and friend, Clive got nicked by the plod for riding an old Honda wreck with a mole grip wrench for a gear change, a broken ankle in a plaster cast, dressed as a schoolgirl, with no helmet and somewhat inebriated! It was miles out in the countryside, with no memory of what they were doing or where they were heading, but the policeman who'd started off being officious ended up laughing, telling them "I can't write this down, no one would believe it anyway, now sod off and stay out of trouble!"
Hash legacy	The Bogeyman mug (<i>aka Numpty mug, aka Twat mug!</i>); multicoloured "Where we hash" maps on the website; pub names Garmin art; best ever sip stops; several great namings, etc.etc.



In Memory of David Risby

Most of the above has been gleaned from the various Tributes and Eulogies at Bogeymans funeral. A very moving affair, particularly with all the bright shirts being worn by runners and hashers, as the attendees far exceeded the seating capacity of the chapel. Particular mention must be made of all the Brighton hashers who attended, against the odds with traffic problems all over the place, and of course Daryl, Katie and Laura, as well as the rest of the family who did such a good job in commemorating a very special hasher, husband, father and so on. The highlight of the reflection photos, set to Buffalo Soldier (a song that holds special resonance for the girls after it got stuck in the cars music system), struck a nice balance giving us all fond memories and smiles at an emotionally difficult time. The Celebrants closing moment of taking a sip from a pint of beer before leaving it on the coffin was a nice touch, apparently also appreciated by many others as the beer level was substantially lower after the hash had paid their respects. If you didn't have the opportunity before, donations will be gratefully received for the British Heart Foundation and the Wooden Spoon charity:

<https://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/SomeoneSpecial/DavidRisby>



REHASHING (continued)

Crown and Anchor, Preston Park – Naughty Lily was supposed to have claimed the following week, to follow Randoms 40th birthday, but Dave Taylor got in first, having been offering a sip at his house for a very long time. Coupled with a possible two ale-trail stamps Seaford was an attractive option, but Dave could only do the 24th. I was still prattling on about the ale trail and suggested maybe the Westbourne and Ginny's beach hut would make a good pair but the 'new home' card meant the sip-stop was predetermined so Lily attempted to veer Random towards a decent pub giving her until 9pm to decide at the Crown last week. She opted for the Sportsman at Withdean, but those present persuaded Lily to veto, making the Crown and Anchor a far more attractive option despite not being ale-trail. At the chalk talk was the announcement that we would also be visiting Snails 42, 9 and 5 if anyone was sad enough to know where they were. Over for Boegeymans funeral it was fairly hilarious that within yards of the pub, Malibog got lost, and missed the sip stop, only briefly coinciding with Local Knowledge on a similar trajectory while the rest of us took in much of the Preston Park parkrun course on our way over to Poppy, the first of tonight's snails. Tackling the steps at Lovers Walk we headed up to join Port Hall Road, where Rebel Without informed us we'd passed his first ever house, which now had a blue plaque on it. We are not worthy! It was obviously the Dyke Road Park next for another snail, and then we headed down to the Old Shoreham Road, to jaunt along to Hove Park for a final photo opportunity. Having been loitering around at the back of the field for a few months I exploited my advantage fully hitting this snail first, before majestically leading



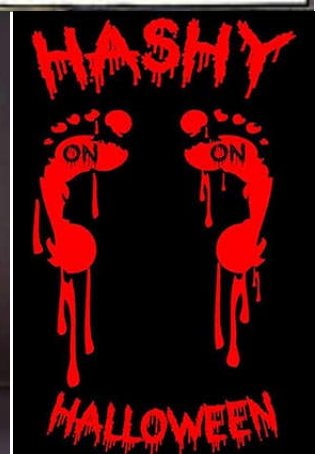
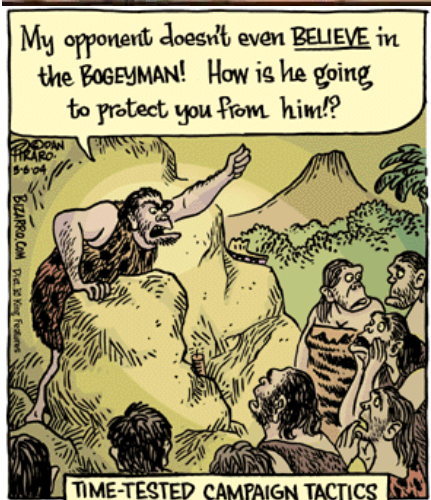
pack round much of the Hove Park parkrun to the bottom of Three Cornered Copse. Changing gear, the entire pack were soon distant dots in the rear view mirror as I accelerated up the hill, check after check seamlessly failing to catch me out as I punished the earth resolutely with cries of "On on!". Having determined that perhaps I should hold for the underlings at the apex it was rather upsetting to chance upon a fishhook that, like so many snakes and ladders, dragged me back down to the bottom of the hill and the back of the pack. Now broken I settled into my new position on the greensward until, passing the windmill, the brain kicked in and I remembered that we were nearly at the sip! Backing on to the green the Lily/Sparkleses garden and

summer house does a great Prosecco and delicious homemade sos rolls and cheesy pasties. Most of the walkers had made it, as well as some surprises with a pregnant Parsnip putting in an appearance. To avoid people missing the sip, hare thought he'd leave the on-mark until he left, but somehow myself and Kick'im missed it and missed the entire return trail by dropping down and running along the A24 instead of the shorter line path. Circling-up the hares were downed with Lily being assisted by virgin hare Kel, while Randoms name was on the sheet for a wine birthday DD. We also had a few VIP's including Rebel for his blue plaque, Prof wearing bling from a 16.8 miler the day before, but Peter Pansy had eloped again so still didn't get recognised for his recent Gretna Green nuptials. Shame as he was also nominated for Numpty after arriving early, and running 6 miles in search of marks but failing to latch onto trail. Kel thought he was in trouble for a lack of dog control after Chief emptied his bowels in front of the RA but it went to Lily after You Stupid Bastard ran away from him to do the fishhook despite not being in the numbers! Another great hash!

Old Boot Inn, Seaford – Not so fast Heinz had kindly let himself be press-ganged into setting trail, but was clearly having regrets by the time we arrived, as the restriction of swinging past Dave & Jenny's place for the sip meant he'd had to shorten the original trail. Meanwhile, Lily had a quantity of ale to drop off at Dave's first meaning he was late on parade. As pack set off round the Salts and back on the seafront, the Saltdean Mudlarks were still parking up and struggled to find the way until they spotted torches up Seaford Head. Suffering a lack of back marks though, they missed the turn on the golf course, picked up the original trail until that faded, then just flounced around for a bit before returning to the pub. Lily and Dave had fared better, actually meeting hare, so made it to the sip after a predominantly road run. The beer, Downlands Hidden Colour, was excellent so thanks to Random and Lily for that, and DT's snacks also slipped down nicely, before the return trail through the twittens. Circling up, Eddie was thanked for the trail (which he'd swept by bike!), DT for hosting the sip, and Lily for the beer. Malibog received a downer for making the walkers take an even townier route than needed before presenting the hash with a new sword, Hashcalibur, after officially knighting Wiggy. The presence of so many oldies in the circle prompted RA to inform us that today is in fact Grumpy Fuckers Day getting the over 70's to raise themselves on their grumbling knees to Heinz complaining, "I'm not grumpy, just a fucker." Black Stockings was welcomed back but admonished for not bringing fiancé Geoff, and talking in the circle, which also dragged Spreadsheet up who moaned about his conversation being interrupted, but incidentally hadn't stood as a grumpy fucker! Somehow Bouncer ended up taking Psychlepaths deserved beer for trying to find his missus in the Gents toilet, but the real Numpty was Falling Madonna after her inner Boegeyman took over at David's wake and she started handing round the chocolate cake to all and sundry before being informed that was for sale, not part of the funeral supper. Circle was closed with a vote on next weeks run by Rainbow Balls from the Bent Arms (teapot stance) or the Stand Up (fist pump!). Another great hash!



Hallowe'en – the time of the Bogey...



REHASHING the CRAFT/parkrun.

#111 Brighton and Hove beer week – Since 2003 when Brighton hash celebrated its 25th anniversary, we've marked each 5 year increment by joining the local CAMRA branches annual Summer Ale trail from the end of May until the end of September. This year's trail suffered from a number of factors affecting our involvement, the 40th anniversary weekend being a big distraction, but also much later than normal confirmation that it would actually be taking place, which I understand is down to the passing of one of the organisers of last years trail (24½ – they missed 23 so had to adjust to make this their 25th). I managed to grab plenty of passports for the Friday pub crawl, anticipating that either people would go for it, or that they'd be returned and give us a good start towards the 20 for a t-shirt. Sadly this was not helped by Random rather thoughtlessly chucking away a number of partially completed books, so we've been left to try and salvage what we could in the little time available.

A proposed CRAFT pub crawl in July was eventually abandoned due to busy summers all round, and August was postponed until the last minute, literally, 11.59pm IDT (W) on 31st August (see #256). The interesting proposition of a Brighton and Hove beer week in tandem with the ale trail offered an additional focus, and Rick at **#1 the Watchmakers Arms** had organised a 5k route between there and Steve's Brighton Bierhaus in Edward Street setting off about 12.30 (this was the return route the reverse having been done the previous Saturday).

And then, **BANG!** The awful news about Boogeyman came out and I was all set to abandon our plan to join them by stopping off at pubs on the way through. Needing to exercise discretion until the news could be made public, Keeps It Up was committed to going ahead anyway, and the fact that Angel and Radio Soap were hooking up with Mrs Box, changed my mind, and so, after suffering a rail replacement service, we made it shortly after the runners had left to find KIU and Wildbush already there, having arrived before the pub even opened. We'd been given the nod to pass the sad news on by the time we met up but it was still a big shock for Cyst Pit, who'd asked me if Daryl would be joining us the day before. The theme for the day would be toasting Dave's memory, which of course we did with this first beer as we considered our game plan. Looking at the distance to be covered, the ale trail and the venues included on the beer week, a decision was made to see what **#2 the Bison Beer Crafthouse** had to offer. Relying predominantly on bottle sales the fridges were well stocked with a vast variety and there were also a few on tap, but the prices were a real put off, so we all settled for sharing the cheapest still coming in at something over a fiver! Of course that didn't bother juniors Cof and Louie the Lip who were discreetly getting stuck into popcorn. Needless to say we did not hang around, surging onwards to **#3 Brighton Beer Dispensary**, being joined by Jose on the way. Perhaps we were all still suffering a bit of shock but the barman was decidedly snarky about stamping the passports, after this same venue refused service to folk on the 40th weekend pub crawl, just because they were wearing rainbow leis, but as I'd ended up getting stamped twice I transferred one of them to Wildbush so we don't have to return. KIU had expressed a desire to try to get to the Mitre, while I also hoped to see what the Burning Sky takeover at the Albert was like, so we passed many likely venues in our bid for damage limitation, but were drawn to **#4 the Post and Telegraph** in the interest of getting some grub to absorb the excess. As usual for a town centre Wetherspoons it was mobbed, but we managed to shoehorn ourselves in somehow. Great pub crawl this was turning out! Stomachs filled, we finally made it, via the Pavilion gardens, on to Edward Street and **#5 Brighton Bierhaus**, to find that all the runners had already left other than Steve. Oh well, we tried, but on count-back we didn't even manage the 5k coming in half a mile short. Once again the barman was strict with his stamp per pint informing us that they had to pay £100 to be a part of the ale trail this year, a figure that seems high given the awards and likely pub take. I won't bore you with the maths but CAMRA must be rolling in it! Our earlier plans went out of the window here with the Cathy effect, so KIU and Wildbush headed off while she dragged us on to **#6 the Sidewinder**, a nice pub with a great garden and heaters. More food was ingested here until Radio Soap took the kids home and the rest of us went on to **#7 Hand-in-Hand** to wrap up the evening. For myself and Angel, this meant a bus replacement service back to Shoreham full of incident as the driver was from London and kept trying to drive under low bridges and missing stations. Angel discovered she'd lost her diary on the way home but some kind soul found it and posted it back. Meanwhile, Cyst Pit managed to smash three tankards in frustration after being unable to get inside once home, until a neighbour rescued him. Jose and Mrs Box survived unscathed but perhaps we should just have stayed at home! On to Redhill...



As "opening beersman", Boogeyman led the BH7 vs allcomers boat race team to a resounding victory at the 2000th weekend.

25/03/2017

The blossoming **Eden Project parkrun** in Cornwall has so far welcomed:



Poppys - 10



Lilys - 3



Roses - 2



Just the one Daisy

IN THE (alternative) NEWS...

INTERNATIONAL GRUMPY FUCKERS DAY 2018 MONDAY 24TH SEPTEMBER

Grumpy fuckers all over the world are preparing to celebrate International Grumpy Fucker Day, which this year takes place on Monday 24th September. The fuckers have been moping around, grumbling to themselves and looking like sacks of shit in preparation for the big day. One grumpy fucker said: "Every day is International Grumpy Fucker Day in my life. The first thing I do when I get up in the morning is moan to myself about how shit my life is. I then go downstairs and make myself a shit cup of coffee. I head off to work about 8am and then spend the day working with arseholes. After that, I come back home, make myself a shit dinner and go to bed. That's it. That's my life."

Another fucker said: "Meh. Just get out of my face, fucker."

International Grumpy Fucker Day was first celebrated in 2007. It's been celebrated every year since because that's how often annual events are celebrated.



BREAKING 23 MINS Rochdaleherald.co.uk

Novichok poisonings: police name and charge two suspects

Scotland Yard charge Aleksandr Orlov and Sergei...



Pam Ayres @PamAyres

I went down to Salisbury
To listen to the choir,
A pair of Russian tourists
They were staring up the spire,
Staring up the spire, they were,
Silent and aghast,
Against the sky, hurtling by,
A piggy flying past.

5:53 pm · 15 Sep 18

ACTUAL FOOTAGE OF MY KIDS



GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL IN THE MORNING



Walnuts @PaoloWalnuts

"If you don't stop asking me if we are nearly there yet, I will turn this bus round; and none of you will get to see Salisbury cathedral. Do you hear me?"



1:25 pm · 13 Sep 18

1,852 Retweets 5,160 Likes

4th September - Devon town has rude awakening after vandals rearrange huge Tour of Britain artwork overnight

A giant bicycle that appeared in North Devon to celebrate the Tour of Britain has undergone a transformation. On Monday, thousands lined the streets to cheer on Tour de France winner Geraint Thomas, Chris Froome and Devon's own George Pym in the gruelling race, with locals showing their support for the stars in various ways. However, after a huge bicycle was placed on Capstone Hill in Ilfracombe, the bike was turned into a giant penis overnight. Although the wheels of the bicycle appear to have stayed in the same place, the handle bars were rearranged...

Seth Conway, project co-ordinator, said: "The bike was designed to highlight the great work of the Plastic Free North Devon organisation in helping to clean our beaches and encourage people to cut out single use plastic as much as possible. It was going to have been taken down today anyway but someone got there first. They've shown some creativity but it'll be the bike that's remembered."

Cameron Meyer claimed victory of Stage Two of the Tour of Britain on Monday. The race began in Cranbrook, but the beginning of the race had to be delayed after a crash between Neilson Powless and Miles Scotson. Thousands of locals lined Devon's streets as star cyclists such as Chris Froome and Geraint



Thomas made their way towards Barnstaple, along with Devon's own George Pym. History was made after the race went through a building for the first time ever, with packed crowds inside the South Molton Pannier Market. Through North Devon, the riders were tested to the limit after climbing the brutal 23 per cent incline of Challacombe Hill just 20 kilometres from the finish. The final 15 kilometres proved to be a thrilling contest, which turned into a two-horse race right until the finish line at The Strand, Barnstaple, but it was the Australian Meyer who triumphed over Alessandro Tonelli to win Stage Two of the Tour of Britain. Tonelli though moves into the overall lead of the event, with Meyer now in second place ahead of Stage Three, which takes place in Bristol on Tuesday.



All together now: "Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner..."

BoJo's comments continue to cause concern



PAGE Inside 11 Today

The season of the witch....



... and no, I have no idea why their clothes have all fallen off. Must be a witch thing is my guess.

THE



END



claroquequiza

Maybe I'm an old man but goddamn, these vampires with blood dripping down their chins—that's your food!! THAT'S YOUR FOOD!! Close!! Your!! Mouth!! You think some asshole slobbering chicken noodle soup or yogurt or clam chowder all down themselves would be sexy??? What makes you any different, you sticky-stained slackjawed screwball??? Close your mouth!! Use a napkin!! And for godssakes stop looking so smug, like, "Oooo, I'm a creature of the night look at what sustains me" yeah uh huh a fucking lack of basic hygiene is what I'm seeing and it is not impressive!! At all!! My nephews are three years old and they drool less than you do!! You're how many centuries old?!?! ACT LIKE IT

Argh! Almost saw a Vampire this morning.



Pirate teaches Astrid to speak...



And finally (asking for a fiend)...

Once upon a time...

Once upon a time there was a wise and kindly king. In order to protect his subjects, he built a large wall completely around the palace and the town. Surrounding the wall was a deep moat with but one gate through the wall and a single bridge over the moat.

Many years passed and the kingdom and its people prospered. One day, however, there came to live under the bridge a bogeyman, the dreaded Yellow Fingers. This was an evil monster that would pluck unsuspecting persons from the bridge, and pull them below the waters of the moat never to be seen again. A great fear came over the people, and the king ordered his knights to slay the Yellow Fingers. One by one they attempted to rid the kingdom of the menace, and one by one they were defeated. Soon the fields were overgrown, the flocks were running wild, and the food supply in the town had dwindled to almost nothing. In desperation the king offered the hand of his daughter to the one who could rid the town of the Yellow Fingers. More tried, and more were lost.

One day, a young page boy came to the king and said that he would like to try. The king thought the boy foolish, and attempted to dissuade him, but the boy persisted. Finally the king gave in, and the boy walked out the gate. He crossed the bridge without a sign of the monster. He crossed back and forth several more times with the same result. He presented himself to the king, and asked for the hand of the king's daughter. Overjoyed, the king assented, but asked "How were you able to do what many older and more experienced knights were not able to do?"

It was easy, the boy replied, "Just let your pages do the walking through the Yellow Fingers."

...when poison goes past the expiration date, does it become more poisonous or less poisonous?