




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.

Directions: 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.
Est. 10 mins. Big birthday r*n - £10 for Pint, Curry and charity donation!

Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout, then right at traffic lights. Follow round and pub is on right just before junction. **Est 15 minutes.**

21st January 2019 2118 *Ram, Firie* BN8 6NS *Mudlark & Knight rider*
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Keep left on A27 at roundabout after Beddingham crossing and take 2nd right 1.5 miles down. Take 2nd left and car park is on the left just before the pub. **Est. 15 mins.**

28th January 2019 2119 Juggs, Kingston BN7 3NT Alex, Kelvin & Nobbychick
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout, turn right. Pub on right in centre of village. **Est. 10 mins. Birthday!**

4th February 2019 2120 *Giants Rest, Wilmington* BN26 5SQ *Rainbow Balls*
Directions: Take A27 east and take 2nd right past Alfriston roundabout. Est. 25 minutes.

oo

RECEDING HARELINE:

11/02/19 TBA - Wiggly
18/02/19 Cock Inn, Southwater - Wilds Thing
25/02/19 Snowdrop, Lindfield - Psychlepath
04/03/19 Sportsman, Withdean - Fukarwe marks
the end of his 100 marathons in 100 weeks

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

6/1/19 Hastings H3 25th anniversary 1066am (11.06)
 Crowhurst Recreation ground - TN33 9AS - Jobsworth.
Testimonial hash for co-founder - Lord of the Farts
 On on at Jobsworths house for drinks. Bring food to share!
 20/01/19 11.00am W&NK H3 20 Jan 2019
 Green opposite St. John's URC, Marsh Green TN8 5QR
Dr. Doolittle & Di-nemo
 On Inn after hash: The Plough, Plough Road,
 Dormansland RH7 6PS

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Thought for the day: I've just removed all of the unhealthy food from the house. I'm absolutely stuffed now!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

25-27/01/2019 **Surrey H3 Scottish Style Christmas Bash** - Stuart House Hotel, Kings Lynn

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/>

24-26/04/2020 **Trinidad, Interhash** - <https://www.interhashtrinidad2020.com/>

[illegible]

From Ride-It, Baby:

A few hashers have expressed interested in Brighton Explorers Club, which is a multiactivity outdoor club. We are based at Brighton Sailing Club on the lower prom, near the i360. We have a New Members Night on the second Wednesday of each month at 8:30pm to explain more about the club to people who are interested in joining. See our website for more details: www.brightonexplorers.org

[illegible]

From Peter Pansy :

For the last few years I've celebrated my birthday running my age in miles and I'm continuing the tradition! I'm 34 in January and on the 20th 9am I'll be setting out to do it. This is not a race! We'll be running at around 8.30-9.30 mins per mile average- I'm reckoning it'll take around 5/5.5 hours but if we go slower that's fine too:~) Any hashers are very welcome, for some or all of the run. I'm not expecting people to run the whole thing- the route has plenty of places where people can join me and drop off before the finish. My main hope is to have people for the last section- when I've done a marathon and still have 8 miles to go some running support would be awesome!!!

*The route is Lewes, up to the South Downs Way, dropping down into Falmer then all the way down to Rottingdean - passing the White Horse Inn around 10.30/45am which will be about 11.5 miles in. From there the route is along the undercliff path all the way into Brighton as far as West Street- then running up Dyke Road to the very top! Should arrive here about 11.30/45am at the top. Leaving Brighton behind my route takes us back to the South Downs Way as far as the A283 crossing just South of Steyning. We come off the South Downs and head into Steyning before turning onto the Downslink and running to Henfield. Finish will be near the Cat and Canary pub. Anyone I invite is because I think they will be able to do some or all of this- for more specific route/time details do ask. It is a hilly route and varing terrain- there will be mud but also pavement. Feel free to invite other runners too :) **Adrian Scott***

on

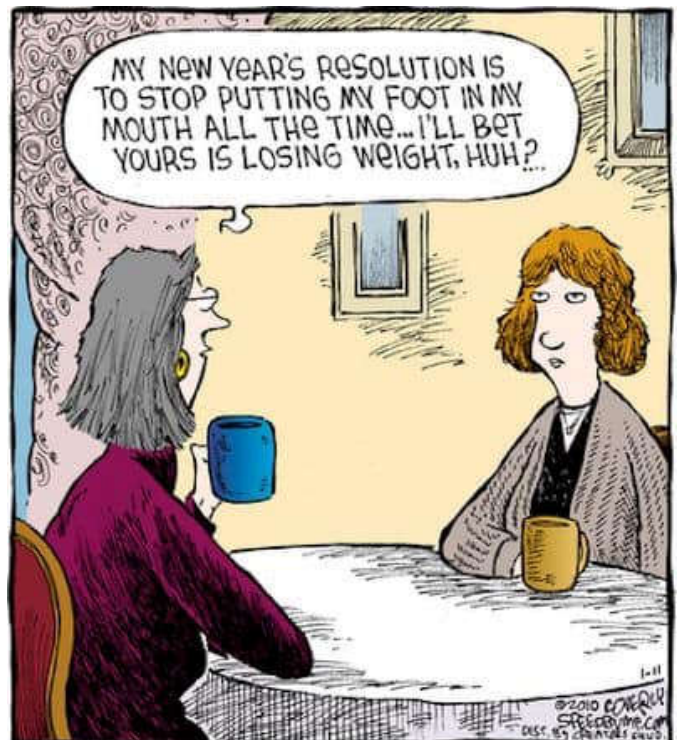
Film quiz answers from Trash #259:

- *The Snowman*
- *Die Hard*
- *Home Alone*
- *It's A Wonderful Life*
- *Elf*
- *The Muppets Christmas Movie*

That's all I could find but if there are any more there I've missed, please let me know! Ed.

Elf on a shelf answers:

- *Trump on a stump*
- *Chuckie on a ducky*
- *Hare on a chair*
- *Wookie on a cookie*
- *Noddy on the voddie*
- *Rihanna on a banana*
- *Hasher on a rasher (extra pat on the back if you got P!ssticide on his side)*
- *Santa on a Fanta plus*
- *Deer on a beer*
- *Scooby on a boobie*



I tried to sign up for Weight Watchers online. It said, "Do you accept cookies?" I think it's some kind of test!

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

What's black and white and red all over? The Boggy Shoe! [corny old newspaper joke, geddit – read see?]

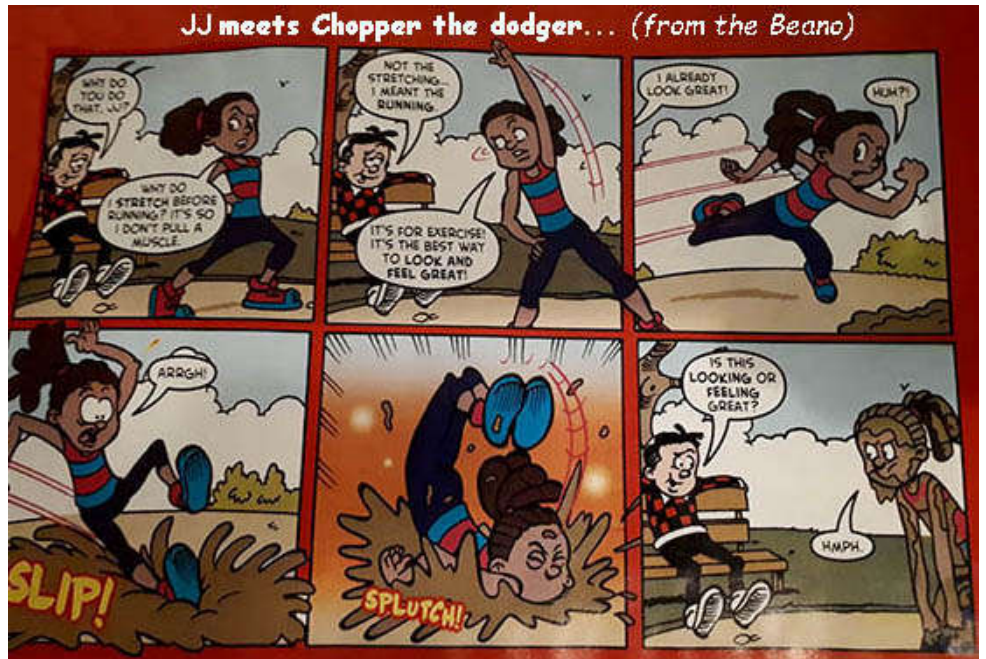


REHASHING

Laughing Fish, Isfield – Hard to believe that this is only the 2nd time in the last ten years we've been to this excellent pub, two previous visits in 2003 and 2008 as a result of participation in the Ale Trail (2013 being covered by the CRAFT campout) but Bouncers attempts to get someone here this summer fell on deaf ears. Something subliminal must have kicked in for the hares to pick it and at the third time of asking we finally get a Cooperman trail! Well-annotated maps were handed to the walkers and off pack set along Horsted Lane to seek out the promised water. To our surprise, Rainbow Balls was soon seen running back in the wrong direction, having realised at the first mud that he'd still got his brogues on! Trail went east towards the wood, across the field to the A26, then on to skirt the East Sussex Golf Club, and crossing back to pick up the R. Uck. Sip was whisky 'on the hoof' the flask being offered around at checks. Meanwhile the walkers missed the field, skirted the wood, then stumbled through it blatantly ignoring the 'No Trespassing' signs to pick up the long track up to meet trail at the ford. The map tells how we passed the Dingley Dell terminal, before returning to civilisation where the Christmas lights had an adverse effect on Wiggy who slowed right down (much to Roaming Pussy's chagrin as she was walking with him), but the reason became clear when, after all that countryside, he pulled over to get his dingley dell out right by someone's back garden. It was a simple road return past the lovely Isfield Mill and in to finish off the flasks and warm up by the fire. Cicriling up we discovered that Who's Shout had written a new Down Down song, to the tune of 4 and 20 Virgins came down from Inverness:

*Four and twenty Hashers
Came up from Brighton town
And when the Hash was over
They drank the Harvey's down,...
...down, down, down.etc.*

Although the last line had to be adapted as this pub didn't have any Harveys. Elsewhere, Just Julia was called for having a shouty match (denied) with an intolerant farmer, Rainbow Balls for his shoe fail, and Keeps It Up for limping round after the Mouth to Mouth marathon the day before, although he claimed he'd tripped and twisted his ankle. Aside from his toileting fail, Wiggy had also been in denial about the pack closing in on the walkers, claiming it was owls but the only owls were on Angel's dress, so somehow St. Bernard got a beer, and mention was also made in despatches of Shoots Off Early's faceplant, however... Another great hash!

[illegible]

Saddlescombe Farm – A slightly chillier night but calm with a good size pack, we crossed the road and headed north. Thankfully no ponds to wade across tonight. Charlie also confirmed as hare that it was fairly short and when asked, no hills. After several lanes and fields we found ourselves on the Edburton Road with a check heading towards the Downs. I thought he said no hills? Sure enough it wasn't until the next check that took us up and up! A lot of us took to a stagger but those ahead who reached the top discovered a beautifully formed fishhook made of toilet paper so the first 8 headed back down with us all laughing. At the top we took in the view then headed towards and past the Devils Dyke Tavern to head down the north side of the Downs. As it was such a beautiful night we had a re-group and Charlie took us round the side and a steep stumble down into Devils Dyke, then along and back round to the farm. We were met by 3 types of beer – Old, Best and Harveys; and a good hot veggie stew with plenty of bread followed by a hilarious circle * led by Lily the Pink with support from One Erection, spending the next couple of hours fighting for the fire. * Including hare St. Bernard; Penguin Shagger for not



* Including hare St. Bernard; Penguin Shagger for not understanding 'hash' [Finding trail at the check he returned to the pack and started looking in another direction.]; Peter Pansy set off before the hash had; Cyst Pit for blatant lying, denying there was a fishhook; Rainbow Balls for not paying for the Xmas do despite clear instructions, and two virgins brought by Just Julia and Rainbow Balls. Another great hash!

Editors postscript: *Billed the Palindrome run as the number 2112 reads the same forwards as backwards, this is also the name of an album by Canadian hard rockers Rush which should have been reason enough for Keeps It Up to set trail, but then it was discovered that another palindrome includes St. Bernard's surname along with his trail setting style – CAIN A MANIAC!*

REHASHING THE CHRISTMAS BASH

Great evening at the annual Xmas hash-bash last night in Hassocks. Nice run with plenty of shiggy laid on for us by Pat and with Mike backmarking. (I'm too old to remember everyone's hash tag!) Weather was fine for the time of year too. Rum flask came in handy. Brilliant sip stop courtesy of Tony and Jane, with mulled wine, sausage rolls, pizza, etc. We were then back on time for usual welcome at Hassocks hotel and the awards by Nigel and Prof Pete and the down downs. Incredibly well organised for a hash night- what went wrong lads? DJ Rik provided the music till midnight. Pete Eastwood gave us all Xmas blooms. Have I forgotten anyone? Sorry if I have. Finally, thanks to those who danced with me. It was my opportunity to prove that I am still 19... Well, failed at that again. On On to next year's hashing. *Who's Shout?*



BH7 Christmas 2018 run

Please celebrate Christmas with us

Venue : The Hassocks, Station Approach East, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8HN

Date : Monday 17th December 2018

19.00 for 19.10 Run/Walk

20.30 till late for Christmas meal, annual awards, and dancing

where **Peter Pansy** was planning a double dinner with his new missus missing us due to illness, All settled and as the courses ebbed and flowed, we were entertained with the hash awards, **Mudlark** declaring this to be his final year in the chair.

In the first set **Little Spurt** was recognised for running blind, with the hash enthusiastically yelling verbal instructions for him to find the stage, followed by **Lily the Pink** as Drinker of the year, the gaudy shorts award to **Rainbow Balls**, and finally **Ride-It, Baby** who downed with her lost property pants on her head!

Next up, tribute was paid to **Bogeyman**, while **Roaming Pussy** won the fancy dress award and daughter **Lorna** took the footpath sign. **Swallow** and **Spurtacus** were jointly recognised for having the best name, then **Eats My Cucumber** and **Just Kick'im** for the wettest hash when **Local Knowledge** returned drenched through after not finding the footbridge in Lindfield! There should have been an additional award for them, but the message about the Sainsbury's self-erasing flour bag left by Bogeyman got lost in translation.

Round three saw **Summer Lady** and **Random Sparkles** finally receive their 100th hash tankards, the latter considerably quicker than the former, but in an attempt to discreetly find out what the teetotal Summer Lady would down **Psychlepath's** ear was bent, only for him to yell over, "What'll you have Karen?". Hash couple of the year were **Aunty Jo** and **Gotlost**, having sealed their nuptials, who downed together from a plank with two cups on! Although extra-curricular, **Fukarwe** won the International Hasher of the Year having scored numerous overseas marathons in 2018 towards his 100 in 100 weeks.

The final round saw **Pompette** once again crowned cribbage champ with the **Mike Morris** award, **St Bernard** got best sip more for the après evenings at Saddlescombe Farm, and **Lily** received the Twat mug for being a bad Santa for his full body fancy dress mud splats on the run tonight. The On On award went jointly to **Peter Pansy** and **Penguin Shagger**, both of whom had cracked 3 hour marathons for the first time, but as it was missing we were subjected to a worrying joint burka downer! **Prof** then announced that **Chopper** had got the hash stats virtually up-to-date and could reveal that, despite controversy earlier in the year, **Mudlark** had now definitely hit his 1000th so received his personal hip flask. The giant flask was yet to be engraved so will appear in due course! With the business of the day complete, tables were shoved back and dancing to **Psychlepaths** beat began until the inevitable public transport limitations meant folk started to drift away. It was fortunate that it was an almost empty hall that witnessed me dropping and shattering the Twat mug, when Lily asked me to take for next week. Another great Christmas hash!



KIU shows off his new suit to guests Gromit (EGH3), Chipmunk and Layby (WENK H3)



SANTA IS A YORKSHIREMAN

*Santa is a Yorkshireman
Of this I'm fairly sure
I heard him tiptoe in my room
At roughly Ten to four
"I 'ope tha's fast asleep" he said
"Or tha'll get nowt my lad"
He smelled of Hi Karate
(Must av pinched it from my dad)
Just down stairs I'd left a treat
Santa loves a beer
He loves pizza pies and single malt
That was Dad's idea*

When I woke next morning
I ran down stairs to see
If Santa had been kind enough
To leave gifts under t'tree
He got our mam a Nightie
And a pair of china pigs
Our dad got socks and undies
And 200 park lane cigs
My sister got a Barbie
Sat on a plastic horse
A Justin Bieber annual
Which she loved of course

*When I unwrapped my parcels
My Yorkshire heart did sing
Each gift that Santa gave me
A truly wondrous thing
A flat cap for my noggin
A vest of finest string
The ferret keepers handbook
Each gift fit for a king
So thank you Santa thank you
You surely are a tyke
But can you please remember
Next year I'd like a bike!*



The New Year Lament...

*'Twas the month after Christmas, and all through the house,
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.
The cookies I'd nibbled, the chocolate I'd taste....
All the holiday parties had gone to my waist.
When I got on the scales there arose such a number!
When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber),
I'd remember the marvellous meals I'd prepared;
The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,
The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese
And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."
As I dressed myself in an old shirt
And prepared once again to do battle with dirt...
I said to myself, as I only can,
"You can't spend a winter, disguised as a man!"
So, away with the last of the sour cream dip.
Get rid of the fruit cake, every cracker and chip.
Every last bit of food that I like must be banished
Till all the additional ounces have vanished.
I won't have a cookie, not even a lick,
I'll want only to chew on a long celery stick,
I won't have warm cookies, or French bread, or pie.
I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.*

*I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore...
But isn't that what January is for?
Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.
Happy New Year to all, and to all a good diet....*

[illegible]

- *Going to the Shoreham Yacht Club New Years Eve party. I can't wait, they really know how to push the boat out.*
- *The wife asked for some peace and quiet while she cooked Christmas Dinner. So I took the batteries out the smoke alarm.*
- *Saw a sign in Tesco saying Turkey £25. That's £300 cheaper than Thomas Cook!*
- *Told the wife I was tired from the mornings Crossfit. She laughed saying, "It's croissant and you shouldn't have had 12!"*
- *I still remember the day my mummy and daddy told me that Santa wasn't real. I was heartbroken. I was so devastated I jumped in my car and drove straight to the pub.*

REHASHING (continued)

White Horse, Ditchling – A daytime hash for Christmas Eve unfortunately meant there would be those who couldn't join us, but it was simply not paying attention that prevented local boy Badger, driving past as we gathered outside, from missing the r*n (although to be fair he hasn't been seen for a while now). Mind you, another event in the village made parking difficult! Rebel had recruited a couple of first timers whilst setting, Tom and son, whose mum Belinda ran with us a few times in 2015. While here in the summer the trail had resembled a horse's head but, armed with a walkers map, it appeared to show a single outstretched leg this time as runners and walkers set off sort of together south along Beacon Road. Taking the path to the left through the woods, runners crossed the Nye continuing up to meet the Underhill Lane out to Westmeston Church, picking up the parallel path back through the field to the bottom of the Nye, which the walkers having short-cut down had met some minutes earlier. The wriggle through the village and up to Dumbrells was followed by a circuit of the field round to Oldlands Mill, down Lodge hill Lane and in to the mulled wine and stollen stop behind the pond, walkers and runners arriving simultaneously. Over the road to the pub we had a very sociable time until circle-up was called. Rebel and Jenny Greenteeth as hares were thanked for trail and sip, but able assistant Spreadsheet had left early. Stephen Lyons was welcomed back after some 17 years, having been diverted to Luton by the Gatwick drone issues. Also returning was Imelda, who arrived late and ran through the pack to take the lead as we closed in on the sip stop, but was going so fast that he missed it. Having attempted a 100 tankard claim last time he was with us, a quick calculation suggests he could actually be holding the prize in his hands by about 2030 at this rate. A charge of racism was levelled at



Penguin Shagger and Peter Pansy for competitive running, but they two, too, had left so bronze medallist Simon downed while One Erection nearly drowned after taking a mud bath. Both he and Rebel were overlooked though, as we moved swiftly on to lost property from the Christmas hash none of which was admitted to in the circle but all of which was mysteriously claimed. Tenuously using the same angle Wildbush and Keeps It Up were awarded ale trail shirts, out of 5 who completed enough pubs this year, a massive drop since the 50 plus first time around! And finally, the Twat mug was back, resurrected from its shattered remains after the Christmas bash, to be confidently awarded for the combination of his prolonged absence already mentioned as well as spanking new shoes to Steve Lyons, who is due to be our hare next week with brother Fekarwe! Another great Christmassy hash!

oo

Royal Oak, Poynings – Another day hash as a prelude to a long night on New Year's Eve should at least have meant a decent beer stop to start the partying early, but we were greeted with the shaky news that Steve Lyons was responsible for the sip and his hire car had a puncture so he couldn't make it. It later transpired that Anybody was back-up hare, and somehow the Twat mug had been returned – something didn't add up Ivan, but you are a creative accountant so I suppose we must trust you! Confusion reigned early on as runners set off up the road, with walkers behind, only to be called back and sent up the hill, while Anybody carried on running along the road with the walkers, but half the walkers ended up going up the hill anyway! The runners reached the top for spectacular views eventually dropping down at Fulking to head back round to Poynings Grange where the walkers, who'd taken the road north to get back on trail, were overhauled in the final field despite the horses efforts to prevent them coming through the gate. Horse whisperer just Kick'im was on the case and a short road stretch took us to the path into the back of the car park to finish. The pub was busy with many tables being reserved, but we managed to secure a base round the fire, gradually expanding our empire so that outlying hashers could slip into the main group, and a circle could be formed. Before that though, a decent amount of time was left to give Happy Ending, our occasional visitor from Riviera Hash, who hadn't been able to get along in time for the run, a chance to arrive. She had hoped to join us for the après, so rang the pub who passed the phone to Fukarwe, who passed the phone to Rebel, who passed the phone to Bouncer, to establish timings and drop a vague maybe. As Anybody had left, Fukarwe drank alone and, having wiped out the brownie points for setting the tricky NYE hash by cancelling sip, kept the Twatmug in the family with the highly appropriate Flat Tyre cider made with rhubarb spotted on the bar. A vaguely Christmassy theme brought our next three up with Prince Craspian getting a mention for his panto. Wiggy, who was banned from this pub at the last visit, still managed to interrupt, saying "Don't tell me, he's the pantomime horse!" Correct, and he's won promotion from the back-end to the front! Scud got so used to trees covered in lights he was spotted watering one without leaves in an attempt to revive it, a poor excuse for trail abuse. Then Bushsquatter caused panic after changing the Hastings H3 25th anniversary r*n from founder Lord of the Farts being hare to a memorial hash for him. I think she meant testimonial, but she'd already left so our other Bush, Wildbush took for her. Next up, Rainbow Balls was stitched up by One Erection for hiding so that the pack all had to run up a hill when they could've gone round, and finally, as it was already New Year somewhere in the World, we sang a hashy birthday to Spurtacus. That only left Fetherlite to wrap things up by sharing a joke about the most dangerous plant - a water lily, as it is guaranteed to cause death if you sit under it for 20 mins. Another great New Years Eve hash!



IN THE CHRISTMAS NEWS...

Mortified mother, 46, sends her five-year-old son to his school nativity with a £16.99 'shepherd' costume from Amazon - only to discover it came with a blow-up SEX DOLL sheep MARK DUELL 7 December 2018

A mother sent her five-year-old to his school nativity with a 'shepherd' costume she bought online - before realising it came with a blow up sheep sex doll. Helen Cox, of Alloa, Clackmannanshire, bought her son Alfie the £16.99 fancy dress costume on Amazon for his play and he was delighted it came with a blow up sheep. But she was puzzled when a teacher told him to take the sheep home - until she blew it up and found it had a huge hole in its bottom - as well as red lips and eyelashes. Mother-of-two Mrs Cox, 46, found the exact same sheep was on sale as a 'stag night bonkin' sheep' - and is now devising a way to steal it away from unaware Alfie. The psychology student said: 'I just can't believe it. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. How am I going to explain this to his teachers? I have no idea if they've seen it was a sex toy and that's why they sent it home - I'm mortified.' The item, which she bought on Amazon in November, was listed as 'Labreeze kids boys brown shepherd costume inflatable sheep nativity fancy dress outfit'. It arrived two weeks ago, and after checking the costume fit, Mrs Cox packaged it up in a name-tagged bag for Alfie to take to school on November 26. But when she went to pick him up on December 6 - a week before the nativity - she noticed the sheep in his bag. Mrs Cox, a student at Stirling University, added: 'I asked him, 'why have you brought the sheep home Alfie? It was part of his costume and I thought he might have been naughty and snuck it out of school. But he said the teacher had given him it to bring home, so I let it go.' When they got home, Mrs Cox suggested she blow the sheep up for her young Alfie to play with - then the penny dropped. It took forever to blow up - I was stood there blowing and blowing until the air reached its legs,' said Mrs Cox, who lives with husband Chris, 46. 'I hurriedly popped the stopper back in so it wouldn't deflate and suddenly spotted the huge hole in the bum. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.' Ms Cox gasped, making Alfie wonder what was wrong. She added: 'I told him, 'you can't have this sheep, Alfie' - but he kept asking why so I had to make up a reason. I told him it didn't look like a proper sheep because it had a moustache, red lipstick and a bow on its head, but he still wanted to play with it. I couldn't think of any more reasons why not.' Alfie soon discovered the hole and asked what it was for, so Mrs Cox told him it was 'for the sheep's toilet paper'. Without knowing how to get the sex-sheep back from her son, Mrs Cox has now devised a plan to get the sheep back without any awkward explanation by telling Alfie the 'Elf of the Shelf' took it. An Amazon spokesman told MailOnline: 'All sellers must follow our selling guidelines and those who don't will be subject to action including potential removal of their account. The product in question is no longer available.'



Girl discovers 'weird tasting' chocolate advent calendar she had been eating was meant for cats. 'I just thought she was being picky,' mother says. Chiara Giordano Saturday 22 December 2018 11:45



Despite the unusual taste of the chocolates in the £1.99 Garfield advent calendar her mother had bought her, nine-year-old Alissa Davies-Evans soldiered on. But after four days, she decided enough was enough and, from then on in, didn't open any more of the doors. It was another week later before she told her mother, Jess Evans, that she did not like the green-tinged treats and hadn't been eating them. Upon turning the calendar over to check the ingredients, the 26-year-old learned the morsels behind each door did not contain "apple-flavoured chocolate" - as she had apparently concluded - but were in fact made up of yoghurt and catnip treats for cats. Ms Evans, from Oswestry, Shropshire, said: "I was in shock and felt like the worst mother ever when I realised I'd bought her a calendar for cats. Alissa had said they looked a bit green but I thought they were probably just apple-flavoured ones and didn't think anything of it. She said they tasted a bit strange, but hadn't said they were horrible, so I just forgot about it. Alissa hadn't been eating them for a few days and when I asked why she brought the box over to me. I remember thinking they did look a funny shade of green and didn't have a chocolatey smell.

When I turned the calendar over and read that it was yoghurt and catnip flavour I couldn't believe it - and that it had taken 11 days for us to notice." Ms Evans had picked up the advent calendar while out shopping with Alissa and her younger sisters Alexis Davies-Evans, three, and 11-month-old Aurora in their local branch of B&M. Assuming that the advent calendars on display were all for children she quickly scanned the shelves, picked up the Garfield one and added it to the trolley after getting Alissa's nod of approval. "I was rushing around at the last minute with all three of them Christmas shopping and went into B&M where all the advent calendars were and picked it up without reading it," said Ms Evans. "When she opened it and had the first one she mentioned it tasted a bit strange but I just thought she was being picky." "When I looked at the box I couldn't believe it. I have a degree in English literature and creative writing but still couldn't read a calendar and it had taken me 11 days to realise. "Once she got over the shock she found the funny side of it. Thankfully she's absolutely fine and I've checked online that she will be OK." Ms Evans vowed to get another advent calendar for Alissa, and said she would take 27-year-old lawn specialist fiancé Sean Davies along to ensure she snapped up a chocolate one. "I'll definitely be getting Sean to come with me to get one, otherwise knowing my luck I'll end up buying one for dogs this time," she said.

Chocolate paves road in German town after factory spill

A street in a western German town got a repaving worthy of fictional candy maker Willy Wonka when a ton of chocolate flowed out of a factory and solidified. The German newspaper Soester Anzeiger reported on Tuesday that a "small technical defect" involving a storage tank caused the sweet and sticky spill from the DreiMeister chocolate factory in Westoennen. After hitting the chilly pavement, the milk chocolate quickly hardened. About 25 firefighters got the job of prying the coating off with shovels and using hot water and torches to remove remaining bits from cracks and holes. Company boss Markus Luckey told the Anzeiger the factory would be back in action on Wednesday. Luckey said if the spill had happened closer to Christmas, "that would have been a catastrophe."



CRAFT's 12 pubs of Christmas 2018: "Micro's and Merriment in Worthing"



The 2nd running of the 12 pubs of Christmas on 22nd December gave Testiculatator the chance to realise a Worthing crawl and we were presented with an impressive list of 15 pubs including 3 "spares" focussing on Micro's, the footnote reading: "...7 of the 9 pubs in the 2019 Good Beer Guide are on the trail, with the 1st & 3rd spares being the other two. For the others – you need to trust the hare!" [spare 2, incidentally, was a Wetherspoons for anyone looking to use vouchers or the menu]. Weekend engineering works affected the turnout but the meeting point was still at **#1 Grand Victorian Hotel** by the station, a somewhat average start with Castle Ales enjoyed by **Keeps It Up**, **Wildbush**, **Bouncer**, **Proxy**, and **Testi**, although young Nathan amused himself in other ways. Our first micro was the excellent **#2 Brooksteed Alehouse** with a great selection of dark beers including Old Queen, which Proxy, thinking he was being funny, put his foot in his mouth suggesting Bouncer should have until the barman casually dropped the line that he and his husband particularly enjoyed that one! It was so warm we were able to sit outside, making it easier for Angel (who cycled as she had to leave early for another do) to find us. Our first long walk was to **#3 the Vine** in Tarring, with the Vine microbrewery on site. With Testi's timetable holding up well we were joined here by **Split Pin** and **Bollocks**, and took the opportunity to line our stomachs with grub, while the hare slipped in a cheeky one in spare #1 and **#3.5 the Parsonage**. The opportunity, and the Old, was too good to miss for Bollocks, Bouncer and Proxy who joined him, although Nathan's cheeky grin out the window may have helped, as the rest of the pack strolled over to **#4 George & Dragon** opposite. After three quick-fire pubs, it was a stretch down to West Worthing for our second micropub **#5 the Green Man**, the local area pub of the year 2018, and joining point for Nathan's mummy **Ging Gang Goolie**. From here we had another decent walk to the Goring shops for our third micro, **#6 Georgi Fin**,



named after the owners kids! The 2am Poet was enjoyable, and the locals in turn enjoyed our efforts at the choccie game – without hands you had to get the Turkish delight thin (no After Eights here!) from your forehead into your mouth, great fun, and very tasty! With the schedule starting to unravel, we now had the longest walk of the day, back to West Buildings for **#7 Anchored in Worthing**, the towns first,



and extraordinarily bijou micropub, where **Bob's Crutch** and indeed **Bob** were awaiting our arrival. Caught up in the moment Proxy realised he'd left his coat behind resulting in a temporary panic until he discovered he'd just left it on a different chair! On to **#8 Hare and Hounds**, the final member of our jolly crew, **Come Again**, joined us albeit in a non-drinking role. Ging Gang had rescued Nathan earlier (after a fall!), others were also starting to slip away, but hare stayed focussed leaving to set the onwards trail to our final micropub, **#9 Old Bike Store**, a bar in a former bicycle shop with a theme in keeping! As we settled down for a game of drinkers dominoes (oh, alright. We just played regular dominoes with the set as we were all very merry by now!), Testi,

realising the timetable had slipped, arrived having already been to **#10 Egremont**. The latter was billed as an alternative tippie with an extensive gin menu, so after a quick debate we decided to swerve in favour of the excellent **#11 Selden Arms**, where sensible heads, if you can call them that as KIU was on the pokey stuff, opted for the pub pies. With hare falling asleep, Come Again decided she would take him to Brighton station and offered to drop the rest of us in Shoreham, an offer not to be refused, even though it meant also missing **#12 the Swan Inn** and the live music. And so another excellent Christmas CRAFT was wrapped up with only the hare actually making 12 pubs this time! A very merry Christmas indeed!



HELD OVER FROM LAST MONTH:

Gavin and Stacey parkrun: It's occurin' in Barry! 3-11-2018

A parkrun has been "occurin'" with a special Gavin and Stacey twist as runners from Billericay travel to Barry Island to take part.

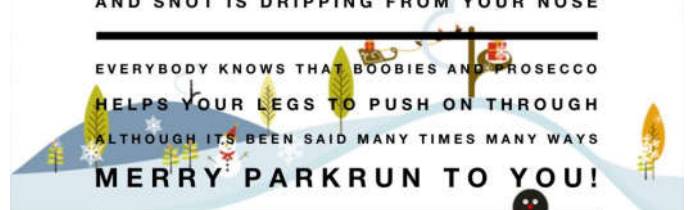
The BBC comedy about the long-distance relationship between Essex boy Gavin and Welsh girl Stacey introduced both towns to the masses. Now their runners have united for a 5k parkrun in Barry on Saturday. It takes in landmarks from the show like Marco's cafe and Barry Island's promenade. It is hoped runners from the seaside town will reciprocate and travel to Billericay for another run in the future. "It'll be lush, it will" as Stacey would say.

Rachel Varnam, 26, who helps run Billericay parkrun - said they decided to head for south Wales after their weekly 5km timed run in the local park was cancelled for Bonfire Night. "We just thought it was a really funny idea so we dropped the Barry Island team an email to see if they were up for it and they thought it was funny too," she said. "We put it up on Facebook but didn't expect many people to come but the reaction went crazy."

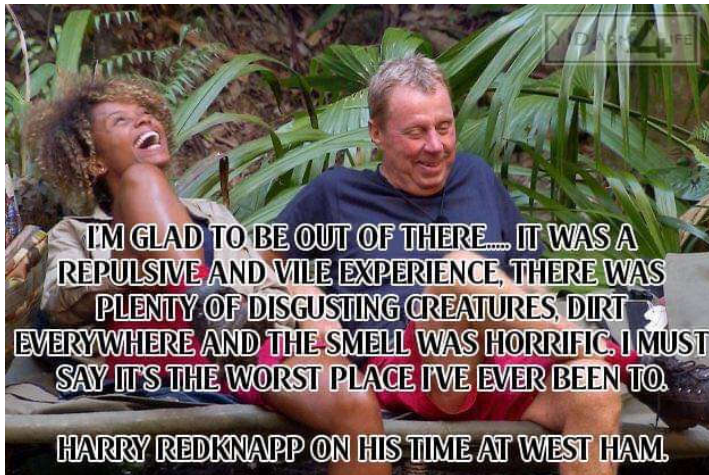
It is thought about 30 people have travelled from Billericay and in total, about 150 from all over the UK. She added that the runners - as well as the mayors of Barry Island and Basildon - would meet for a coffee at Marco's cafe after the run.

TRAINERS DRYING BY AN OPEN FIRE
PEELING BLISTERS FROM YOUR TOES
GARMIN BEEPS AS YOU PASS THROUGH THE MILE
AND SNOT IS DRIPPING FROM YOUR NOSE

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT BOOBIES AND PROSECCO
HELPS YOUR LEGS TO PUSH ON THROUGH
ALTHOUGH IT'S BEEN SAID MANY TIMES MANY WAYS
MERRY PARKRUN TO YOU!



IN THE ALTERNATIVE NEWS...



Decent first day in my new job installing software for O2! Boss hasn't rang so I assume it's gone ok



Dear Santa,

As you know, we will no longer believe in you from 29th March 2019.

However, we would like to maintain the closest possible relationship with you even after we have stopped believing. We therefore fully expect to get the same presents as before (you need us more than we need you), but we will no longer have to abide by your rules of being good and stuff.

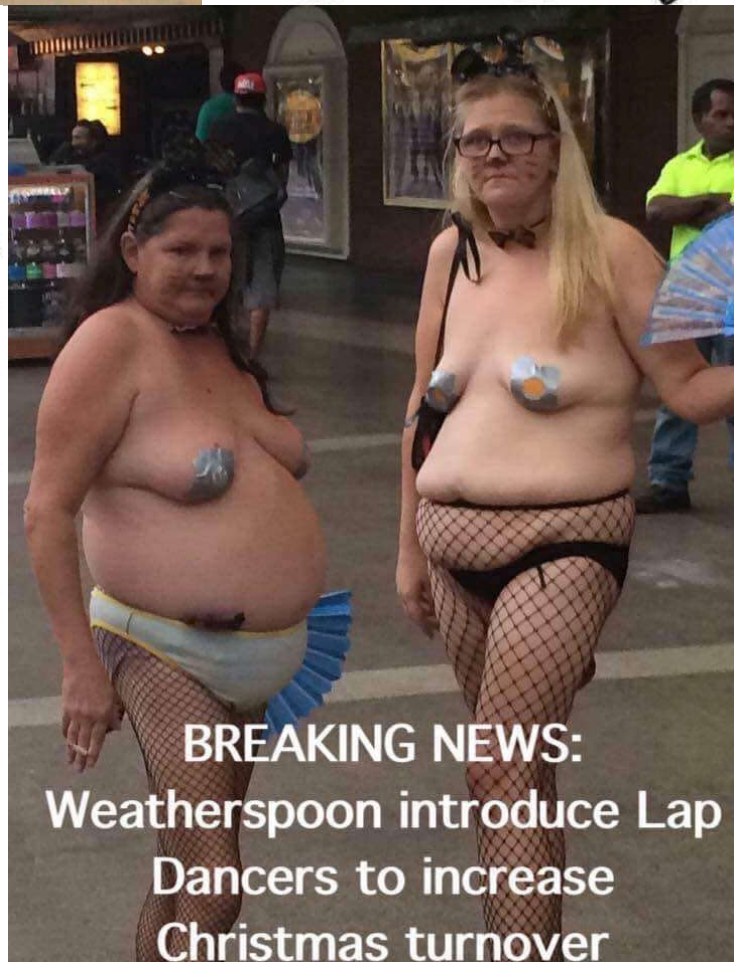
We will attach a full list of the presents that we want as soon as we can agree on them amongst ourselves (to tell the truth, we only just started talking about that).

Please also bear in mind that you'll no longer be able to deliver your presents like before, flying in with the sleigh, as we're taking control of our own borders. Although we do still expect you to deliver the presents. I'm sure we'll come up with some technological solutions to solve this further down the line.

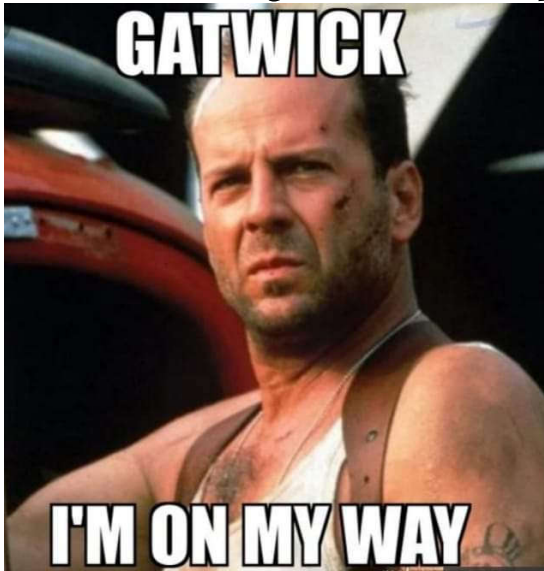
We're determined to make a success out of not believing in Santa! While still getting you to deliver all our presents.

Yours,

Theresa May.



Gatwick Airport in Christmas lockdown



Two Kit Kats in line at passport control at Gatwick Airport. One says to the other "how long you been a wafer?"

An air traffic control tower suddenly lost communication with a small twin engine aircraft. A moment later the tower land line rang and was answered by one of the employees. The passenger riding with the pilot who lost communications was on a mobile phone and yelled, "Mayday, mayday!! The pilot had an instant and fatal heart attack, I grabbed his phone from his pocket as he had told me before we took off he had the tower on his speed dial memory. I am flying upside down at 18,000 feet and travelling at 180 mph. Mayday, mayday!!" The employee in the tower had put him on speaker phone immediately.

"Calm down, we acknowledge you and we'll guide you down after a few questions. The first thing is not to panic, remain calm!" He began his series of questions: Tower: "How do you know you are travelling at 18,000 feet??"

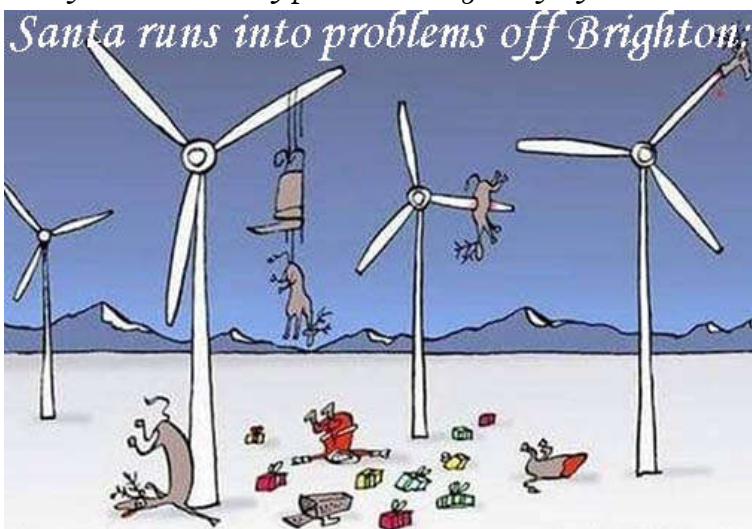
Aircraft: "I can see that it reads 18,000 feet on the altimeter dial in front of me."

Tower: "Okay, that's good, remain calm. How do you know you're travelling at 180 mph?"

Aircraft: "I can see that it reads 180 mph on the airspeed dial in front of me."

Tower: "Okay, this is great so far, but it's heavily overcast, so how do you know you're flying upside down?"

Aircraft: "The shit in my pants is running out of my shirt collar."



THE END

It had been snowing all night. So at

8:00 I made a snowman.

8:10 A feminist passed by and asked me why I didn't make a snow woman.

8:15 So, I made a snow woman

8:17 My feminist neighbour complained about the snow woman's voluptuous chest saying it objectified snow women everywhere

8:20 The gay couple living nearby threw a hissy fit and moaned it could have been two snowmen instead

8:22 The transgender person asked why I didn't just make one snow person with detachable parts

8:25 The vegans at the end of the lane complained about the carrot nose, as veggies are food and not to decorate snow figures with.

8:28 I am being called a racist because the snow couple is white..

8:31 The Muslim gent across the road demands the snow woman wear a burqa

8:40 The Police arrive saying someone has been offended

8:42 The feminist neighbour complained again that the broomstick of the snow woman needs to be removed because it depicted women in a domestic role

8:43 The Government equalities officer arrived and threatened me with eviction

8:45 TV news crew from the BBC shows up. I am asked if I know the difference between snowmen and snow-women? I reply, "Snowballs" and am called a sexist.

9:00 I'm on the News as a suspected terrorist, racist, homophobic sensibility offender bent on stirring up trouble during difficult weather.

9:10 I am asked if I have any accomplices... My children are taken by social services

9:29 Far left protesters offended by everything are marching down the street demanding for me to be beheaded

Moral: There is no moral to this story. It's just the world in which we live today and it's going to get worse.

Some New Year groaners:

- *They told me I'd never be good at poetry because I'm dyslexic, but so far I've made 3 jugs and a vase!*
- *I just got back from my friend's funeral. He died after being hit on the head with a tennis ball. It was a lovely service*
- *Told the wife the other day "If I ever get Alzheimer's I would commit suicide rather than be a burden." She said "That's the fifth time you've said that today!"*
- *My laptop is fucked. It just keeps playing "Chasing Pavements" over and over again. Probably because it's a Dell.*
- *Did you know that my knob was in the Guinness Book of Records? 'Ok you can take it out now' said the librarian.*
- *My flatmate's been hard at work all day. I slipped a cheeky Viagra in his tea before he left.*
- *In the library a black guy asked me for the coloured printer. I said, "Mate, it's 2019, you can use any printer you want."*
- *Had an accident and awoke in hospital with an attractive female nurse looking over me. 'You may not feel anything from the waist down' she said. 'And what about your top half?' I don't remember much after that.*

OK FOLKS, LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHTENED OUT...

Santa is a man 🧑

"Baby it's cold outside" is not offensive 😊

Candy canes are "canes" not the letter "J" for Jesus 🧑

We say "Merry Christmas!" Not happy holidays 🌲

Children should get to decorate their classrooms for Christmas 🎄

There were 3 wise MEN, not wise PEOPLE 🧑

Baby Jesus was a boy...not a "theybie" 🧑

Mommy wasn't really kissing Santa Claus, she was kissing her husband 🧑

Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer actually teaches kids NOT to be bullies 🧑

🔴 Stop turning Christmas into a political agenda!! Let kids be kids! Let them believe in Santa! It's the one time of the year we should all be a little nicer and forget everything that makes us mean or offended.

Merry Christmas! 🎄 🧑 🌲 🧑

