




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.

Thought for the day: I love this time of year, when I can dig graves in my front garden and people just think it's a cute Hallowe'en display.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

22-24/11/2019 Barnes H3 Xmas Weekend – White Hart Hotel, Salisbury http://www.barnesh3.com/Xmas_19_Flyer.pdf

17-19/01/2020 Surrey H3 Late Glitz & Glamour Christmas Bash – Ardington Hotel, Worthing
<https://www.dropbox.com/s/7sgd6e6wko727qd/SURREY%20H3%20CHRISTMAS%20BALL%202020.pdf?dl=0>

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

01-03/05/2020 Barnes H3 Summer Ball – The Castle of Brecon hotel, Brecon – booking details to follow <http://www.barnesh3.com>

05-7/06/2020 Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash – Swanage & Wareham RFC <http://www.geoffkirby.co.uk/UKFullMoon2020>

19-22/08 2021 Eurohash Prague - <https://eurohashprague.com/registration>

oo



The first UK Nash Hash was in Brighton Hash Territory at Ravenswood Manor, Sharpthorne in 1981 and was attended by representatives of every UK chapter at the time including Chopper. It's grown from strength to strength in the years since with the 20th biennial celebration being held at Kelso this year. I have a copy of this excellent (blurred) compilation memorial of every event since, put together by Hash Hack the Human Sponge Robo. Let me know if you fancy delving into it. **Bouncer**

Brighton H7 Christmas party 2019 – 16/12/19 7pm start
Please book via the website selecting your orders from the drop down tab to the right of each course column, then arrange payment transfer.
Non-tech folk can speak to Ride-It, Baby or Keeps It Up.

<https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1HeLnLWCRHEwr5CB9ZL2soLPdzGylVBqEB-a4q0WqWs/edit#gid=0>

Please return awards by the 9th December, while we work out who will MC following Mudlark's stated intention to step down. Thanks!



Hash mismanagement – the latest who's who:

Joint GM's	Phil 'Chopper' Mutton
	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hash Cash	Julia 'JJ' Madigan
Hare Raiser	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
Beer Monster	Kit 'Knight rider' Dawson
RA's	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Habershah	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash relay	Pete 'Prof' Thomas
Christmas Hash	Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce (resigned)

Don't forget to get your sip stop cups from Wildbush, to replace single-use plastic cups. These can be squished down to fit into pockets for ease of carrying, easy to wash and durable for long-term use and are available in 4 colours: green, pink, blue and purple for just £2.50 each.



THE BOOBIE TRAP

Those naughty witches have been at it again, judging by these pictures caught on 31st October (*who's that bottom right!*).



REHASHING

Snowdrop, Lindfield – Normally Psychlepaths domain, it was interesting to see what a fresh point of view would give us from this pub. Once again the weather was against us as we set off in rain down Snowdrop Lane crossing over at the bottom to run through the woods out to Scaynes Hill. Over the A272 Ham Lane was familiar from Rik's trails albeit in reverse, then after Slugwash back up to the A272 crossing over for a sip stop in Lyoth Lane, with many putting their new floppy cups to good use. The walkers arrived at the same time having short-cut back along the main road after Scaynes Hill (and attempting to save toads from an unfortunate demise on the way), which gave the runners an excuse to amble home full of goodies. Circling up Eat My Cucumber and Just Kikkim were thanked for the trail as was Mudlark for providing the beer for the sip, as well as for a 'Celebration of Nigels'* at the weekend. New boots were Claire, Martin & Cathy from Worth Way Runners who found us after enjoying an EGH3 Sunday trail. A fourth newbie, Mark had already left, as had Cinderfella who will be in trouble with Jaws after nicking a wood carving, then dumping it later on in the run. Big Drawers could hardly wait to shop Lawrence for taking part in sober October - Stoptober – and he was awarded a final beer before madness sets in. Lily the Pink received a Guinness downer after taking part in an Ironman triathlon, coming close to a PB in the marathon, but with holder Fukarwe absent missed out on the Twat mug for dropping his key in the drain outside Hash Gomi's place a couple of weeks back. In muggle land Alex had managed to damage someone's protective head gear but the story was discussed much on the run so he received a permanent reminder with his new hash name Broken Helmet, and be grateful we didn't choose Split Helmet, but he was snorting beer when Nobbychick squashed the bottle he had to down from! And finally, Psychlepath not only got changed in the Gents but left his entire kit in there. Declining the cider down down on medical grounds, Just Kikkim was happy to oblige, receiving his sweaty gear in return! Another great hash!

***Pub welcomes 433 Nigels for party to 'celebrate Nigelnness'**

Nigels from as far away as the US flock to Fleece Inn in Worcestershire for Nigel-themed knees-up - Mon 30 Sep 2019



travelled Nigel was a Texan guy from Denver, Colorado, who'd seen it on social media and was very keen, so his girlfriend put it out to friends to see if they'd send a few dollars to fund a trip for Nigel to come over and they raised enough money for them both to come, so he was not only a Texan Nigel but also a crowdfunded Nigel. Smith said: "Sadly there were no Nigellas, as the whole thing was a ruse to try and get Nigella Lawson along. We didn't have any celebrity Nigels but maybe next time round they'll make the right decision and come along. Our local MP, Nigel Huddleston, came along, but other politicians whose name are Nigel perhaps wouldn't be welcome." After a Nigel-free year in 2016, statistics show there have been nearly 20 babies given the name over the last couple of years. Smith believes they did their bit to improve the name's reputation. "I think we've brought it back," he said. "We will resurge – there'll be a lot more Nigels next year than this year, I'd definitely put money on that. And we've just taken away a little bit of that stigma and reaffirmed what a fantastic name Nigel is – once you've grown into it. It takes a little while."

*It's worth looking out some of Kevin 'Bloody' Wilsons songs and monologues about his old Abo band mate Nigel 'F*cking Legend'! Ed.*

[illegible]

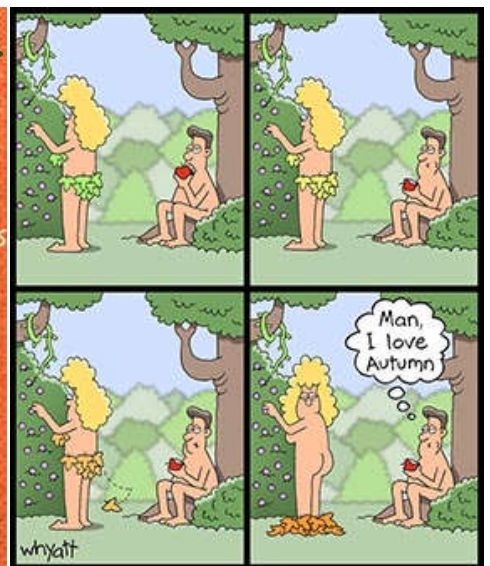
Frankland Arms, Washington – Last year I got a load of flak from Angel for leaving her name off as co-hare, so deliberately stood back from this one for her to set alone from the recently reopened Frankland Arms. Not always popular with hounds but as it would enable two trails for the price of one I suggested she could set for Henfield H3 on the Sunday and recycle it for BH7 on Monday. Running it by Bollocks, he had a route in mind already, but with the OCH3 visit to Hastings, Henfield numbers would be down so suggested Monday only. The result was 9 hares split over walkers and runners routes on a beautiful Sunday that turned, again, to a dismal Monday! A good pack gathered nevertheless and divided themselves up for a short trip round the village before setting off up the hills eventually hitting the South Downs Way towards Chanctonbury Ring. From a bright clear Sunday to a dark, foggy and wet Monday the view had changed enormously so that the walkers got lost on top adding a small loop to meet the runners, before taking a short-cut back down and on to again reach the sip in the field at roughly the same time. On Inn and by chance we'd bumped into another Henfield hasher on Sunday so Stavros joined us tonight, but was heading out the door early so a hasty downer was awarded. Circling up and further H4 influence was noted with Bollocks taking a beer with Angel, as well as Henfield micro-GM Astrid who was being chased round the pub by Pirate, but he soon returned to take the beer on her behalf. It's rare to get Big Drawers to travel any distance to the hash but as it was her birthday and she had averted redundancy earlier, was in a celebratory mood. After Cinderfella last week, DJ had also been caught red-handed helping himself to a turnip, which he soon discarded after St. Bernard identified it as a sheep beet. A common denominator in the recent wet hash weather was Gromit, so it was decided that he must be a weather god due to his height, but Fred had also tried to accept the blame so fellow tall bloke Scud also received an honourable mention. And finally, in a briefly exciting moment, Trish had run headfirst into a tree and dropped her torch, which was ultimately saved by NicO. Fukarwe decided that deserved the Twat mug as well as a naming so a number of options were mooted including Saw the Light, Torchwood, Numbskull and the winner, welcome to Silver Burk. Another great hash, but then I have to say that!!



What idiot called it a “randomised clinical trial controlled with placebo”, and not “Trick or Treatment”?



Autumn is...
cozy sweaters
candles burning
crunchy leaves
boots and leggings
pumpkin carving
warm cookies
morning coffee
movie nights
corn mazes
apple cider



Go light the lantern at your door and honour those who've gone before, The Worlds that part us now are twain for Hallows Eve is here again...



I'll be turning the lights off this Halloween and pretending I'm not in. Don't care what anyone thinks - my lighthouse, my rules.

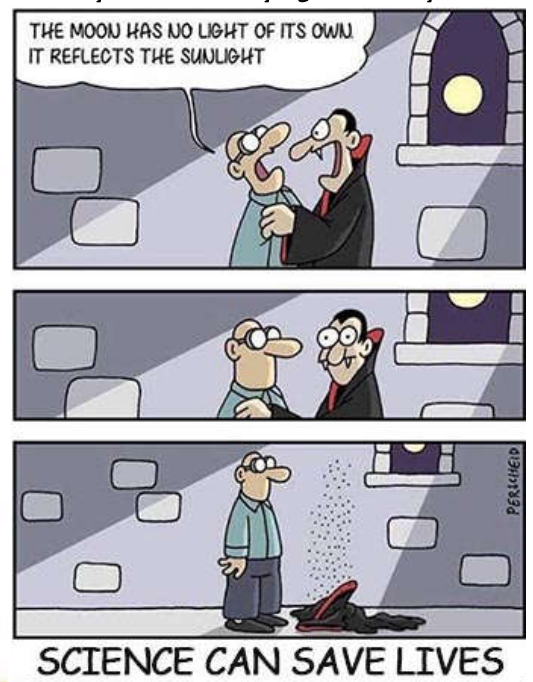


What if someone got bitten by a vampire, but didn't realize it. So then they go around and keep misidentifying all the symptoms, like

"Dude, you haven't gone outside in a while."
"Yeah, last time I went out I got this wicked sunburn."
"Are you still up?"
"Yeah, I started bing watching this show on Netflix."
"Dude, I'm seriously craving something right now."
"Like what?"
"I dunno. Pizza rolls?"

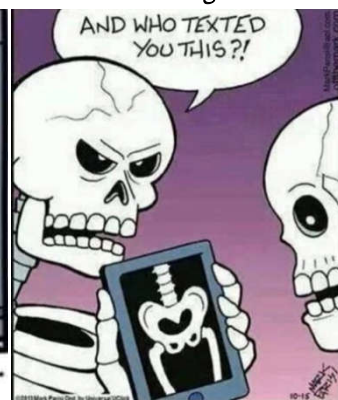
"Why is it that you never come into my house unless I invite you?"
"Um, it's called 'being polite'...?"

"I tried cooking with garlic the other night and got this serious burn on my hand. I think I'm allergic, but all I'm getting on Google is vampire bullshit."



SCIENCE CAN SAVE LIVES

Q: How many vampires does it take to screw in a light bulb? A: None, they *like* it in the dark.



SIGNS YOU ARE A WEREWOLF: I. Sometimes you turn into a wolf.

REHASHING (ctd.)

Giants Rest, Wilmington – Postponed from September, when stand-in hare St. Bernard started a recent trend that deviates substantially from the mantra “It never rains on the hash”, Dave Harris finally broke his duck as a hare but once again in rain, albeit not as soggy as the last three weeks! We were kind of getting used to it by now though so set off up the lane turning left up Gillett’s lane out to Folkington. Picking up the Wealdway and climbing as we headed south we soon joined the South Downs Way where we mostly stayed for the rest of the hash, dropping after Windover, then left to pick up the road on inn. The walkers debated below or above the Long Man, opting for the latter and, for the second consecutive week getting disorientated in the mist, which in practice meant just a little longer on the road, but again a timely finish as the runners caught up at the pub. Our hare had to make a swift exit so, also for the second week running, we had a quick pre-circle downer as RA summed up David’s various failed attempts at hashing: May 16 – called to London, Prof sets; May 17 – Numpty in absentia after putting hand in blender; Aug 17 at Seafood Head – n/k but Prof set; Jan 19 – Numpty in absentia due to gut rot after eating malt loaf the dog had been at. A formidable list offering lots of material for a hash tag but the pack were off form with the lame Ring Disclaimer, Stoozegazer, or Malt Loaf so hare himself, a former legal partner, was asked for a clever Latin option accordingly ending up with No Loci Standi, which means he has no legal standing (I think?). Circling up properly, Prof was recognised as hares faithful batman, before RA started going on about needles in a haystack, getting corrected by St. Bernard with an explanation that a ‘needle’ is a large metal rod placed in the centre of a haystack to draw off the heat and thus avoid internal combustion, and is therefore very easy to find. Nobody likes a smartarse so it was apposite that the reference was in fact to St. Bernard’s ability on trail to locate a brown toad in a field full of mud, “They move”, was his rejoinder. Bo Peep got her name after the entire pack went the wrong way on her trail, a situation almost perfectly reversed this evening as she went the wrong way, getting called back by the entire pack before responding! Hot Fuzz had reached his 100th some time ago so mug was ordered for his August run but only now received, then in other celebrations, Cliffbanger was 2.5 times older than Wilds Thing whose actual 30th birthday it was – get a life! Advance notice of an interesting W&NK H3 apple hash was given, and an honourable mention to Roaming Pussy’s #0th birthday as she occasionally helps out at the orchard. Another great hash!

on



Mudlarks run up the flagpole makes front page of Evening Argus - 1981:



MAN WITH the strongest arms at the South of England show at Ardingly must be Nigel Wilce, button boy with the Royal Navy's mast-manning team.

For after climbing the 83ft. to the mast top and being buffeted by the wind while he saluted, Nigel came back to earth down a guy rope.

Nigel, 23 — pictured at the top of the mast — was an electrical engineer with the frigate HMS Broadsword before joining the display team in March.

Nigel's father served with the North Atlantic Convoys during World War Two, but all three of his brothers have



REHASHING Hallowe'en hash:

Amsterdam, Shoreham – It seems barely comprehensible that we've never hatched this pub before but, unless it was in the 150 or so early runs for which data is missing (if you know of anything, even one or two trails you may have set back in the day, please let Keeps It Up know!) it would appear that we've always favoured the Red Lion. Despite a dry night for a change a select group gathered to take advantage of the Monday deal of 50% off the food bill, as hare ushered the pack over the road to the memorial to those who lost their lives in the recent air show disaster for the chalk talk. The excellent Hallowe'en display in the pub had planted an idea in Bouncers noggin (ousting plan A - World Peace through Beer – see page 9) to do a Friday 13th H3 style trail telling ghost and horror stories on the way round, which ultimately dictated the trail too, and we started with the wreck of a fishing boat just visible to the left of the memorial, allegedly haunted by the spirits of the fisherman's family. According to local legend it was carried up the river from Shoreham Harbour during a massive storm in 1893 and smashed against the rocks of the river bank, leaving the owner and his family destitute. Witnesses report hearing howls of anguish and loud, guttural moaning and sobbing as they approach, and seeing a small group of huddled shadowy figures with contorted faces and dull empty eye sockets, ranging in height from full grown adults to a tiny toddler, desperately attempting to push the boat's wreck towards the waters of the river. On over the Toll Bridge, trail was called left along the recently upgraded path alongside the airport, the fishhook working well so that everyone was gathered at the pill box to hear of 'the Mists'. Overtime, locals have reported an overwhelming and unnatural fog engulfing the plains around the river so dense that those stranded in it are unable to see more than a few feet in front of them. Hapless villagers get lost in the mists, with many never seen again, those who do find their way back home reporting of the faces of long dead mariners in the dense fog. Continuing across the rec and past the houseboats, the whole pack missed the check but a short-cut as we regrouped took us over to the beach for a shingle run to the start of the boardwalk. Here was told the story of the burned man, a roaming spirit, sightings of which date from the Second World War onwards suggesting the ghost may have been one of the many victims of the great European conflict. Reported observations occur after midnight but before 2.00am and tell of a figure behind the witnesses as they walk through the dimly-lit streets, then an overwhelming stench of burned meat, before finally, the burned man appears suddenly in front flailing his arms wildly and screaming-out demented moans of agony. In 1986, a group of young teens from a near-by private school were celebrating the end of term on the beach and as the party thinned-out, a handful of lads were left sat in a circle, near the shoreline. One of the boys became aware of a figure, stood near the water and before he knew it, the figure was charging at the group, screaming loudly. The boys fled in terror, each reporting the stench. Continuing some way along the boardwalk, we eventually cut through to the riverbank to hear briefly of an attempted murder just last year in the new developments here, and more of the Lighthouse Club murders (just visible across the estuary) of 1985 when Paul Teed murdered his father George and step-mother Hilda Teed, his half-brother David who was just 14, as well as the family dog, and resulted in the club being razed to the ground. Trail continued through Emerald Quay and on to the Waterside Inn where there are tales of monks being seen, as well as the sound of moving barrels in the Ferry Inn's basement, just across the water. Then there's the Blue Lady of the Footbridge, said to pace the old Tudor footbridge that spanned the River Adur. Described as tall, elegant and extremely life-like, except for her strange blue complexion, witnesses have reported seeing the her between 8.00pm and 1.00am quietly sobbing, so she is thought to be the spirit of a young lady deserted by her lover. Crossing the new footbridge, trail went left along the High Street to stop opposite Suters Yard, formerly The Schooner Inn, which dates from the early 1800s and sits above a large vaulted cellar known to flood to ceiling height when the tide causes the water levels in the harbour to rise. According to local folklore, sometime after the pub was built, the landlord's young daughter was playing in the cellar, when the exit became jammed. Trapped below the busy, noisy pub for hours, sadly on a day when the tide was high the cellar began to flood and by the time her whereabouts were discovered, she had drowned. Successive landlords have alleged the premises are haunted by the spirit of the now long deceased child with reported phenomena including objects being moved, footsteps and laughter being heard and manifestations of a red-haired girl crying in the corner of the pub, along with a disk of spinning white light. It seems the hash are probably safe as long as you drink real ale, as it's been observed that ghosts in haunted pubs tend to turn off the gas taps for lager, whereas hand-pumps for bitter are left alone! Cutting through the twittens the route continued up the old railway line by the river to a sip stop, and quite possibly the most horrible thing all evening, Bouncers pumpkin scones, although Hash dustbins Gomi and Lily the Pink seemed to find them morish, Prof and St. Bernard were the lucky ones who lost trail and were found back at the pub! Lily took the RA's role downing hare, but left it late so found that several of his awards had already left, including Nic O who'd brought a can of beer back to the pub but DIDN'T DRINK IT!..Fukarwe was at least mentioned for taking the entire pack through the check, nearly cutting the trail in half, and Cinderfella was finally punished for his heinous wood theft, claiming that it was only a small piece, then contradicting saying he left it as it was too big to carry! There was also some sin this evening, already forgotten, but had Angel been quicker she could have awarded the Numpty to him. As she wasn't on trail, and had offered up (appropriately for our Hallowe'en trail!) a new Bogeyman cup gifted by Roaming Pussy, she got it back for throwing away the remains of the Twat mug. Before things closed, Lily was finally awarded his 250th! Another great hash!

on

With remembrance Sunday coming up, these 'ghost' sculptures from last year of soldiers in a cemetery in Slimbridge are an extremely emotive and thought provoking reminder that there were real people involved in the wars:



What's DEATH'S favourite colour? eBony!



WHEN DEATH VISITS SWITZERLAND



The Grim Reaper came for me last night, and I beat him off with a vacuum cleaner. Talk about Dyson with death.

World Peace through Beer - a Polish parkrunning CRAFT!



Arbitrary I know, but there are a number of parkrun badges available for those looking for a bit of a goal to help drag them out of bed for a 9am run every Saturday morning, many of which are achievable by visiting different parkruns to your home event. Apart from the large number of parkruns in Sussex now, which I initially tried visiting on their inaugural event, Angel and I have increasingly found ourselves looking out the nearest one when visiting family, away for hash weekends or on holiday. The 'Cowell club', named after the first person to do it, is for those achieving 100 different events and another is the 'Alphabet challenge' visiting a parkrun starting with every letter of the available alphabet (there is no Z in the UK, nor is there an X but I did go to eXeter Riverside), so I decided

to head to Poland to complete both challenges at Zamek w Malbork parkrun near Gdansk. With interest from a number of other hashers: Trouble (ultimately caught up in the Thomas Cook Affair so couldn't come), Vicky Vomit and Dr. Dolittle from Essex H3, and Bullsh!t cubed and Mothersucker from Mersea Island H3, plus Nick from Brighton, the idea for a Polish CRAFT occurred. After an early beer and breakfast at Wetherspoons Stansted, we utilised BS and MS's experience from earlier in the year (they'd flown out for Gdansk parkrun but it was cancelled after the stabbing of the much-loved mayor Paweł Adamowicz!) to get the bus into the centre spotting, amongst the pumpkins dotting every roundabout, a wild boar casually wandering the streets on the edge of the city! A nice walk down through the Old Town sharpened our thirsts, so we had a beer in the sun watching the dragon boat racing, then off to the Ferris Wheel to spot pubs from above. More strolling including a bombardino (advocaat and brandy), then we fell through the door of a restaurant for a late lunch/ early dinner, for me Pierogis washed down with a Zywiec (another Z and twinned with Shoreham!) porter. Getting the train to Malbork seemed relatively easy and incredibly cheap, and no problems finding and checking in to our accommodation at Premier Designer Rooms either. The main CRAFT would be Saturday afternoon/ evening but we gathered for the short walk to one on my list, **Pub Baszta**, a bar on three levels two floors up a medieval tower, for a few more local beers, but no wine to DD's disappointment (*"I'll drink anything but prefer wine"*). Finding seats on the top floor, it soon became very busy and smoky, but after a visit to the small bar fraught with danger due to the proximity of a dartboard, BS reported there were plenty of seats on the interim level. It seems we were in the smokers room - a swift move ensued!



Zamek is the Polish word for castle and the one at Malbork is the best preserved Mediaeval and largest brick built castle in the World, and lends its name to the parkrun here - a lovely riverside up and back and down and back route through the autumn colours. Apart from the six of us that took part, Dr. Dolittle preferring to claim her zzz's in bed, there were another 25+ Brits visiting to claim their Z, so I'm not the only anorak! After a quick freshen up we headed back for the compulsory visit to the Castle starting with the compulsory visit to another of my choices, **Gothic café** for a wheat beer and a breakfast of Ukrainian pancakes smothered in fresh fruit, a great way to start the day! The castle



tour was very easy with the self-guided translator thingy and fascinating, but discovering we were only halfway after two hours prompted a split, with some heading off for a whistle-stop second half, while John and Jan retired to the other bar here to try the mead and local speciality Goldwasser, a root and herbal liqueur containing flakes of real gold! Joining them, CRAFT was declared on from **#1 Piwniczka Restauracja**, but BS and MS retired for a post-run 40 winks which sort of influenced the trail as we failed to find **Sklepy Cynamonowe** so decided to stay near the digs to enable them to join us when ready. We had a loud entrance to the sports bar, **#2 Piwiarnia Warka** but they turned the noise down as we arrived. Asking about the middle pump, Woda, I was told it was water, so had an excellent Warka Porter instead!



Vicky Vomit then enlightened us to World Peace Through Beer, a hash initiative started in 1997 now with more than 200 hash clubs on their closest run to United Nations Day 24th October, by reading out the name of every club so far, adding that CRAFT would now be on the list next year. Moving on, **Fresh Gordon** turned out to be a burger bar so we kept going finding the strangely British **#3 Patrzawolkie Tea Room**. Wrong brew, but they had beer downstairs although Angel went for Chocolate with raspberries, and Nick chose Grog - a strange place! I'd earmarked the **Pizzeria Rotatoria** but the desk clerk at PDR had recommended **#4 Karolina** so we had pizza with our beers anyway, as MS & BS finally made it back, and to be honest it was very good! Heading on with **Bar Bis** in mind unfortunately it's more a day bar and was already shut when we got there, and no-one really had the legs for the long walk to Craft Bar **Stary**

Browar, so we ended up at the excellent **#5 Spiżarnia** jazz bar. Although busy we managed to scare some locals away from a table to play with the pumpkins and swing, remind each other of how we got our names and try and pick something for Nick (failed)! The Rycerz porter went down well but a local called Michael from the birthday party on the next table soon joined us and persuaded Bullshit into buying every flavour vodka under the sun, until some hours later we fell out the door to head home. Our trip was concluded on Sunday by a return to Gdansk where we found the **Lubrow Browar** micro-brewery, with a fantastic selection of beers including APA's and IPA's, and very good food. A flying visit to the Solidarity Museum and it was time for home. Another great parkrunning hashers Craft hash!



Bouncer

IN THE NEWS... *Brexit, climate change, hashers and October stuff*

SCOTSMAN REPORTER Wednesday 23 October 2019

A Scottish schoolgirl has 'won Halloween' by dressing up as Glasgow's iconic Duke of Wellington statue - complete with traffic cone. Caoimhe Flynn, five, from Glasgow wore head to toe black clothing and painted her face for her school's Halloween party. A picture, posted by her mother Siobhan Smith, has been shared more than 4000 times on Facebook. Siobhan wrote: "Caoimhe off to her halloween party after school. So buzzing wae this."

Mechelle Clark responded: "Winner of Halloween this year."

Speaking to newspaper The Daily Record, Siobhan said: "At first Caoimhe said, 'I'm scared that everyone will laugh at me.' But once she was all dressed up she loved it and was laughing. I just try and think of random, out the box ideas. One year she was a Starbucks coffee cup, then the statue of liberty and then a transformer. It was when I was going to throw the horse out that gave me the idea. I sawed off the rocking legs and glued wood onto the feet. I then drilled some castor wheels into the wood. I used kids paint from Asda to paint the horse black. I expected a few likes and shares but nothing on this scale. I can't believe it. I think The Duke of Wellington has taken off because it's such a well known icon in Glasgow."



**WHEN YOUR BREXIT
WON'T STAY HARD**



**AND YOU CAN'T
GET AN ELECTION**



Julian Popov
@julianpopov

The year is 2192. The British Prime Minister visits Brussels to ask for an extension of the Brexit deadline. No one remembers where this tradition originated, but every year it attracts many tourists from all over the world.



Lighten up, Hong Kong 29 October 2019 <https://hongkongbuzz.hk/2019/10/lighten-up-hong-kong-2>

A bunch of camp characters appeared between the police and protesters on Sunday. They were members of the Wanchai Hash House Harriers on their annual Red Dress Run. Blokes were wearing bras, over-done make-up and short frilly red dresses. In front of police in riot gear and masked demonstrators they primped, posed, minced, blew kisses, wiggled their asses and flashed non-existent breasts. People on both sides laughed. The tension was blown away for a few minutes. These were straight guys camping it up for fun in aid of charity.

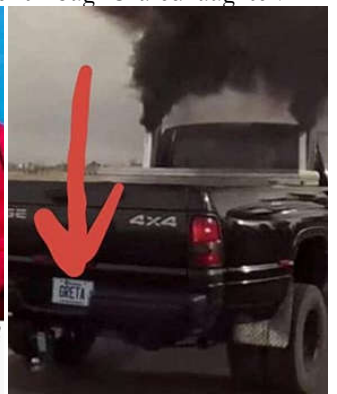
Hong Kong needs more of this. Let's lighten up. Perhaps more people who want to calm things down will take to the streets between the police and protesters dressed as clowns, for example, and see if more people can be brought together through shared laughter.



You forgot to separate the rubbish again and suddenly your door bell rings



15yr olds joining ISIS are too young to know what they're doing.
15yr olds on climate change are experts.
Welcome to clown world.



This is what happened when the Donald tried the Aging App!



10 DOWNING STREET
LONDON SW1A 2AA

THE PRIME MINISTER

19/10/19

Dear Krauts, Dagos, Wops and Workshy Greaseballs,

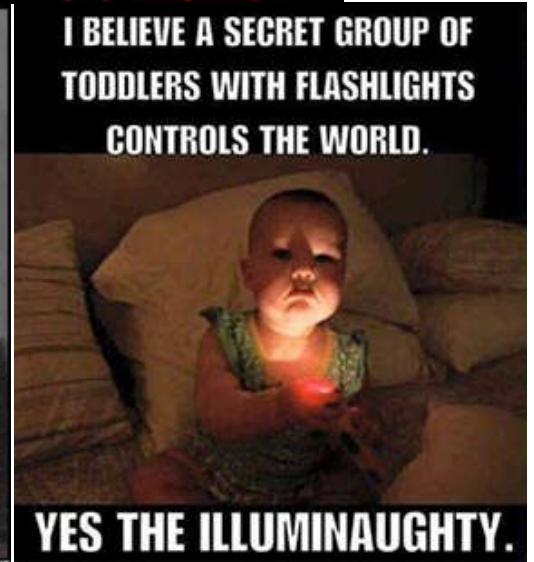
I am legally required to ask for an extension of 3mths (or roughly twice as long as the cheese eating surrender monkeys held out against the Nazis) as Parliament has run up the white flag quicker than an Italian

2 World Wars and 1 World Cup etc

Bo Johnson

A final look at...

HALLOWEEN



So there was this engineer who was tragically hit by a bus and killed instantly. He had lead a good life, but for some reason he found himself, rather than at the pearly gates, in the Other Place. Not one to complain, he shrugged and submitted himself to the tortures and other indignities common in Hell. Soon after he arrived, there was a problem with one of the many furnaces--the engineer was happy to help out (he volunteered--wanted the challenge) and before long it was up and running again. This brought him to the attention of one of the senior demons that then had him working all over Hell fixing the torture devices, working out the kinks in the plumbing system, installing digital controls to the flame throwers . . . you name it. Pretty soon word reached Satan that Hell had a great new addition to the team. The engineer then got taken under the Boss' wing (so to speak) as he planned and oversaw the creation of a giant new computer network. Pretty soon, word of all these improvements reached Heaven. God was pretty upset about all this, and he had St. Peter look into the details (it had been a computer error--the engineer had been destined for one of the mid levels of Heaven). So God called Satan up and told him he wanted the engineer back.

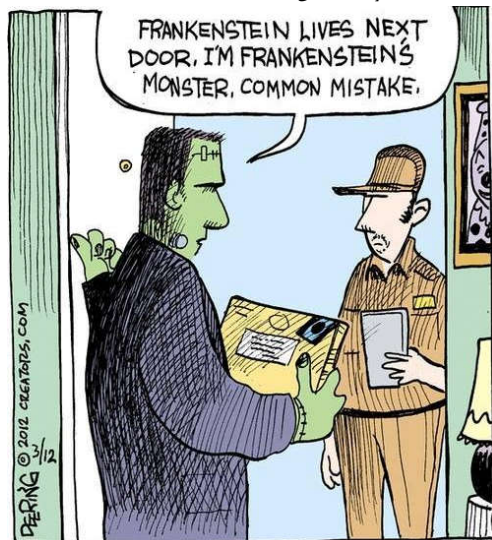
"Nothing doing," said Satan, "You sent him down here, and we're keeping him!"

"What?" sputtered God, "You get him up here right now! That's a direct Order!"

"Listen pal, I don't take orders from you anymore. Remember that 'rule in hell' agreement?"

God was beside himself. "If you don't send that engineer up here right now, I'll . . . I'll sue you!"

"Oh, sure!" Satan shot back gleefully. "Where are you going to get a lawyer?"



Fun Fact: In case you ever find yourself referred to as "pumpkin positive", this is a medical term which refers to the implication that a penlight shone into the patient's mouth would encounter a brain so small that the whole head would light up.

THE END

GOLDEN OLDIE:

Two Nuns, Sister Marilyn and Sister Helen, are travelling through Europe in their car. They get to Transylvania and are stopped at a traffic light, when suddenly, out of nowhere, Satan jumps on the bonnet of the car and starts waving his genitals and twirling his tail, screaming obscenities through the windshield.

"Quick, quick!" shouts Sister Marilyn. "What shall we do?"

"Turn the windshield wipers on. That will get rid of the abomination," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn switches them on, knocking Satan, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"What shall I do now?" she shouts.

"Switch on the windshield washer. I filled it up with Holy Water in the Vatican," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn turns on the windshield washer. Satan screams as the water burns his skin, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns. "Now what?" shouts Sister Marilyn.

"Show the Devil your cross," says Sister Helen.

"Now you're talking," says Sister Marilyn as she opens the window and shouts, "Get the f**k off our car!"



A mortician was working late one night. It was his job to examine the dead bodies, before they were sent for burial or cremation. As he examined the body of Mr. Schwartz, who was about to be cremated, he made an amazing discovery: Schwartz had the longest private part he had ever seen! "I'm sorry Mr. Schwartz," said the mortician, "but I can't send you off to be cremated with a tremendously huge private part like this. It has to be saved for posterity." And with that the coroner used his tools to remove the dead man's appendage. The coroner stuffed his prize into a briefcase and took it home. The first person he showed was his wife. "I have something to show you that you won't believe," he said, and opened his briefcase.

"Oh my God!" she screamed, "Schwartz is dead!"

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This is why you should not wrap your food in newspapers.

