



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

R-ns /trash #287 – October 2020

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

Double check and pre-book on website before attending. See below or website for more information:

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
5 th October 2020	2190	Smugglers Rest Telscombe Cliffs		Ride-It, Baby & Anybody
Directions: From pier head east along A259. Pub is approx. 4.5 miles on right hand-side. Est 10 mins.				
12 th October 2020	2191	Hangleton Manor	BN3 8AN	Spurtacus and Swallow
Directions: A27 west and take second exit; left at next two roundabouts then right at t-junction. Pub on left. Est. 10 mins.				
19 th October 2020	2192	Royal Oak, Poynings	BN45 7AA	Gromit
Directions: A23 north, 2nd exit on A281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round left to pub on right. Est. 10 mins.				
### CLOCKS GO BACK 2AM 25TH OCTOBER 2020 – hash lights essential all pods ###				
26 th October 2020	2193	Eager hare required		
2 nd November 2020	2194	Venue to be confirmed		Prince Crashpian
#### FUTURE HARES & VENUES NEEDED! ####				

IT'S HASHING JIM, BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT!

Please **BOOK EARLY** by following the link below to the Google sheet on the website:

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/16xT64sM2yOaa0u6-CokEEGrsfFrhcuWQb_ZLknlgB1w/edit#gid=0 and selecting your hash name from the drop-down list on your preferred run time. If not there, please add your name manually but you may be asked for details for contact tracing purposes.

Please also mark on the spreadsheet in column 1 to confirm that you have self-assessed for Covid-19 symptoms and have not been asked to self-isolate for any reason. If you are not joining us in the pub afterwards please also indicate this by selecting "No" from the dropdown list in the second column. Some pubs are restricting overall numbers and this will free up extra places in the pods.



Pubs are now required to close by 10pm, masks are required when moving about the pub, and all pubs will operate table service only.

Please also follow the rules as outlined previously:

- Turn up before your allotted set-off time (and if you arrive too early please stay in your vehicle until the previous 'pod' has set-off);
- Look out for others in your pod and stay together after each check, i.e. if you find the trail work your way back to the check, gather, & move on (and please don't leave anyone behind);
- Don't mark the checks through so that others in later pods get the same hashing experience;
- Bring your own drinks, tankards and chairs if requested and stay in your pods (socially distanced of course) or enjoy a pub beer in their garden in your pods.

Read the comments on the booking spreadsheet for any additional instructions/guidance for that run.

Thought for the day: If you think I'm putting my clock back on 25th October to get an extra hour of this 2020 shitshow, think again!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

06-08/08/2021 Barnes H3 Summer Ball - The Castle of Brecon hotel, Brecon - for booking: <http://www.barnesh3.com>

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

29/4 to 1/5/2022 Trinidad, Interhash - <https://www.interhashttrinidad2020.com/>

25-28/8/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire - registration details in due course.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

From the 5th of October the club will be renamed from BH7 Hash House Harriers to Grouse Hunter's Hash Harriers.

This change should allow the club to continue almost normal operation with the following exceptions:

- * Rebel will be allowed to keep his horn, and encouraged to blow it.
- * Beer at the end of the run will be substituted with a famous whisky.
- * Hashers will not be allowed to use stiles and must jump fences.
- * Any attendance above 30 people will require Mismanagement to appoint the excess as a protest group.
- * Dogs will be allowed to bite the hare, Stormdog will be asked back.
- * Hares are no longer discouraged from straying from public footpaths but may use a beeline approach.
- * Hounds will be encouraged to deal with recalcitrant landowners with aggressive superiority.

Thank you,
Mismanagement

In other news, sadly the Bevy lost out in their category to the Fox at Peasemore in Berkshire at the "Britain's best community pub" awards on 24th September. But we still love them.

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 'Knightrider' Dawson

RA's John 'Bouncer' Biggins

Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Haberhash Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland

Hash Trash John 'Bouncer' Biggins

Hash relay	Pete 'Prof' Thomas
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Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Hash awards Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

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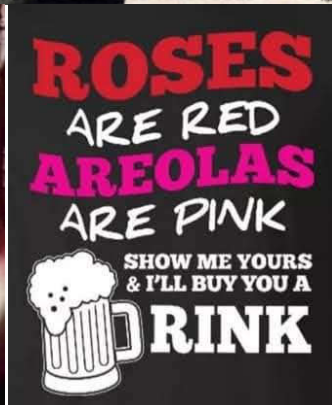
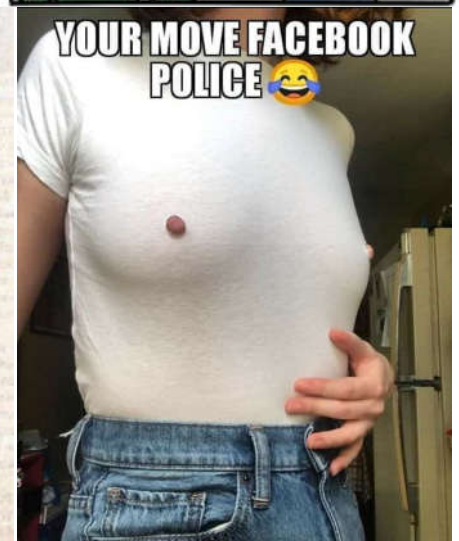
In view of the current and ongoing situation with Corona Virus we are continually monitoring our own approach as well as watching the approach being taken by other hashes. Beer Pump from IOW H3 has run with us on a few occasions and has shared their risk assessment, updated to include Covid19, which is well worth a read through as the risks faced apply to us all:

Isle of Wight Hash House Harriers Risk Assessment					
What are the hazards?	Who might be harmed?	Level of risk	Likely harm	What are you already doing?	Do you need to do anything else to control this risk?
Running into obstacles	All participants	Med	Med	Only use officially recognized footpaths, highways, byways and bridleways. A hare to check and mark the route prior to the main group	Notify group of any risks prior to departure.. Encourage hounds to highlight obstacles eg Shout "Branch!", "Root!" etc
Running into obstacles	Hare when laying trail	Low	Low	Use only competent hares. Novice hares to have an established hare to help lay the trail	Recommend that hares have an assistant when laying the trail Recommend that they take mobile phones with them
Running into Third parties	All participants & Third parties	Low	Low	Front runners to judge pace is suitable for conditions. Only use officially recognized footpaths, highways, byways and bridleways. Runners to voice hazards to warn other runners	None
Poor weather	All participants	Low	Med	Check weather	Inform pack of likely inclement weather
Contact with animals	All participants	Med	Low	Hare to notify of possible livestock encounters	None
Losing hounds on the trail	All participants	Low	Low	Check returnees and people leaving in run to notify hare	Record names of participants and returns
Emergency services assistance	All participants	Low	High	Rely on a participant carrying a mobile phone	Ensure a participant has a mobile phone
Safeguarding	Participants under 16	low	low	No person under 16 can participate in the run without the oversight of a suitable guardian also participating in the run	None
Prevent spread of covid 19	All persons			Handwashing. Ensure anti bac is available at the start and finish of the run	Remind everyone to clean hands
Prevent spread of covid 19	All persons			Social Distancing Select an area where social distancing is possible Reducing the number of persons in any area to comply with the 2-metre	Remind everyone to be socially distant
Prevent spread of covid 19	All persons			Health checks None	Announce that anyone who has symptoms of Covid. Continuous cough, high temperature, loss of smell should go home.
Prevent spread of covid 19	All persons			Record participants None	Record names and contact details of all people at the hash and store for 21 days (follow GDPR guidelines) People refusing to give details will be asked to leave
Prevent spread of covid 19				meeting up on time for a run	Ensure all meeting places are outdoors and allow social distancing including members of the public
Prevent spread of covid 19				recieve health and safety and other information	Ensure that the area congregated in enables 2 metre spacing if only 1 metre then information will be brief and timely
Prevent spread of covid 19				running back on fish hooks to keep the pack together	Fishhooks can only be used if runners can pass further than 2 metres apart. Returners must run past onward hashers to reduce the time in contact.
Prevent spread of covid 19				regroup in spots to enable others to catch up	regroups can only occur in areas where distancing is possible
Prevent spread of covid 19				waiting at checks	apart from a check marker there should be no waiting at checks
Prevent spread of covid 19				running along together to converse	people chatting on a run should be as far as possible apart. 2 metre minimum distances should be adhered to
Prevent spread of covid 19				warm down and post run wash up is carried out as a group	Post run washup should be carried out enabling distancing. take place out of doors. Start after everyone has started to breathe normally and be carried out in a timely manner

Remember the chief spread of disease on a hash is the contamination of breath, exacerbated because the exercise makes you breath heavier. Reduce the chance of spreading infection by keeping as far apart as possible and minimise time spent in close contact. Hashing is sociable However keep the social side of hashing to a minimum

BOOBY TRAP

In which we take a closer look at nipples, with just a quick nod to scary Halloween stuff...



Never has a single photo contained such raw sexual energy

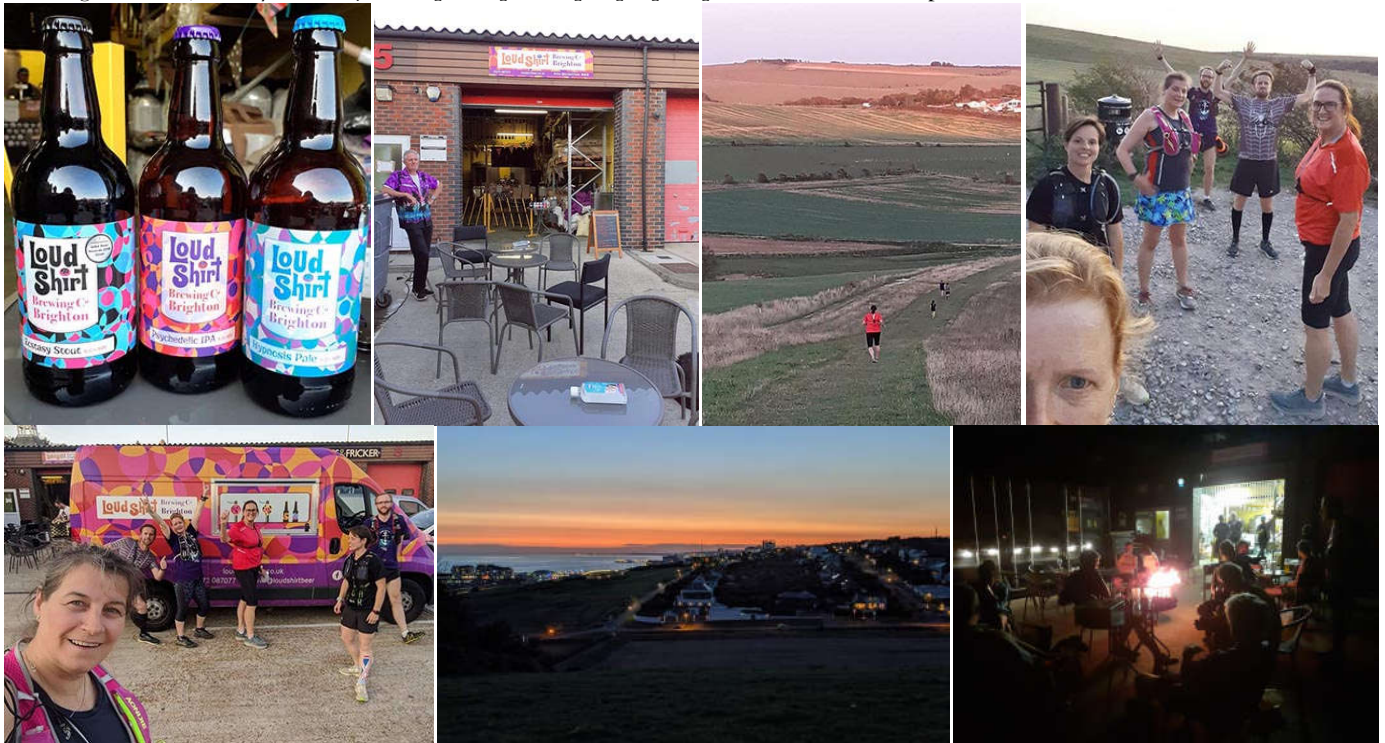


POD-REHASHING

#2187 Loud Shirts Brewery, Whitehawk – We had no intention of rushing to a pub on the first day of reopening, but Cyst Pits enthusiasm for the Loud Shirts brewery, just a whoop and a holler from his home, was infectious, and he persuaded them to open at 4pm. We ran the East Brighton parkrun course beforehand to earn our beer not reaching the venue until closer to 5 but were still first to arrive, although the outside tables soon filled up, and Mike shared his idea to get the hash there on a Monday using a similar set-up. A few weeks later, and with the pod hashing format established, the brewery proved willing to open just for the hash to host us subject to the usual restrictions, and the local curry takeaway was forewarned so that those who wanted food after the r*n could do so. We'd been advised that parking may be restricted but even for the 5.30 pod there was plenty of room so a quick briefing from the hare and we were on our way up through the golf club skirting East Brighton park. As Gromit and myself floundered around Cattle Hill, Radio Soap showed her cards and pointed the rest on the correct route up towards the race course, although running along the ridge we felt a little like sitting ducks given that the next pod would already be setting off. Approaching the Nuffield we dropped into Wick Bottom to head up Mount Pleasant (named ironically), and they were spotted at the bottom as we hit the top, which turned it into a race to stay ahead through Ovingdean and up past Roedean School. Aside from the high visibility it seems that Coff and Louie the Lip, both in our chasers, had also assisted with trail and were on a mission to gun down mum, the former eventually catching us at the Pitch and Putt. A quick reminder that hashing is all about looking after the whole pack and it doesn't count unless you're all here, and Coff was unceremoniously sent back to collect the rest, so that we could quickly smuggle mum home (literally, we went past Radio Soaps front door!) past the old gasometer. It was only then that we discovered that Keeps It Up and Spurtacus weren't with the pod as they'd been held up, and poor old Bushsquatter was the only other runner, although Louie the Lip did his best to look after her hinting at short cuts on the way. Even Brent and Stewart would have struggled to catch up to the two flying Pegleys on a good day but a combination of the boys route knowledge took them well away from the other two who were left floundering at the checks, inevitably getting caught by the next set. Back at base we were table served in our sixes some very fine ales including Transcendence and the excellent Ecstasy Stout to wash down an equally excellent curry from Saffrons, all while seated around a pop-up fire pit. I've waited a long time to use this tongue twister, but try this: *"Cyst Pits pit stop is a tip top sip stop"*. Another fantastic pod hash!

Bouncer

Bouncer



To sum up from the 6.30pm pod: Well, how language changes on a hash! From "Are you?" To "Are you kidding?" To "F#@k you!"
Stunning views from Insane inclines! A brewery to finish with a fire pit. Seriously good night! *I Need One*

I Need One

on

With a second wave of infections upon us we could be heading back into lockdown. Remember all this?

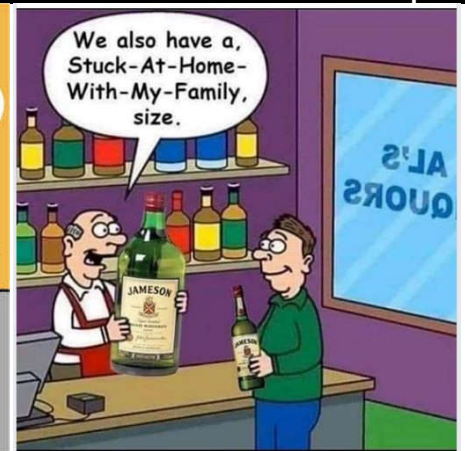
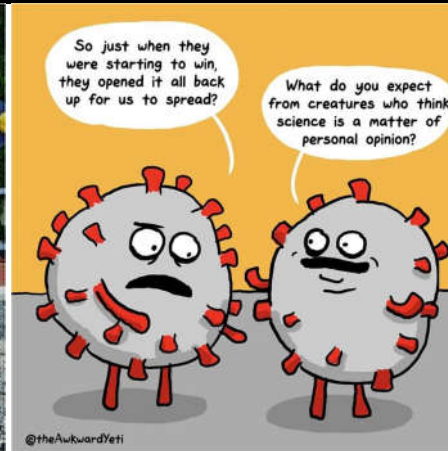


Wildbush funnies catch-up:

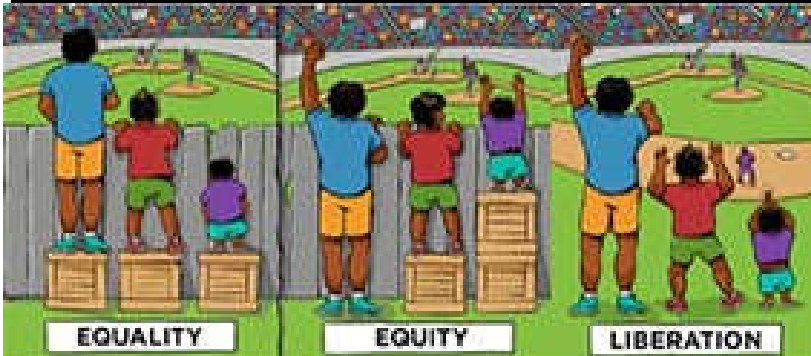
A big thank you to Wildbush for making my job so much easier the last few issues with her Zoom slideshows. Over two months since we put the Zoom calls on hold, and we finally reach the end of her input. Most contributions find their way into the trash, so please feel free to drop me any pics, r*n reviews, articles, observations, anecdotes or memes anytime! *Ed.*



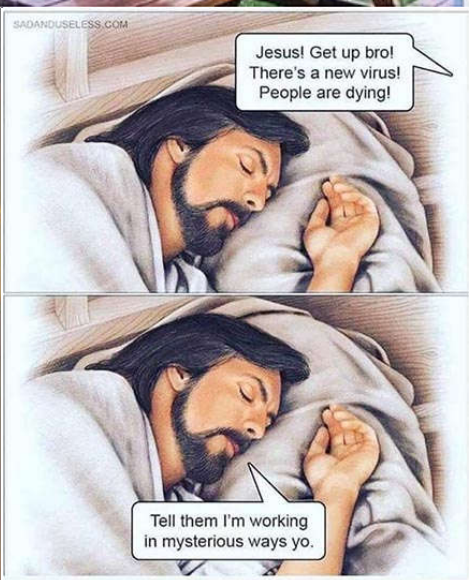
Not wearing a mask doesn't "offend" others. It "infects" others. Next week we teach colours and shapes.



THEY SAY YOU CAN'T FIX STUPID. TURNS OUT YOU CAN'T QUARANTINE IT EITHER.



Ok, Chile, we understand now!



POD-REHASHING continued

#2188 Blacksmiths Arms, Offham – There is an argument for keeping the same pods from one week to another, but circumstances meant our regular group were divided. It seems we weren't alone and a complicated bit of manoeuvring meant that no pod was quite as predicted! Knightrider in the 5.30 pod had set trail with Prof, who wedged himself into a mid-pod, and Mudlark who shoehorned himself onto the final group sending St. Bernard off with a map to catch up with the group before who only had 5. Elsewhere, Cliffbanger bailed out with back issues, Off With Her Head arrived late after the A27 was closed, Don appeared unannounced, and Lily the Pink, working just 5 minutes away fell victim of the railway barriers to miss the start of his pod and had to also play catch-up. While the pub had reputedly opened just for us we were surprised to find on arrival that the car park was already almost full and the outside covered area busy. Fortunately another nice night meant there wasn't an issue on that count as this pub is quite small inside. Setting off up the road we were soon heading up to the north of Offham Hill, with Yours Truly finding the errant tissue along the slopes when the hare had to crawl through a barbed wire fence to get back on track while setting! Our next challenge was to decipher real marks from kids doodling as we continued climbing through the trees eventually breaking cover to go past the beacon at Mount Harry. A steep drop just before Black Cap took us down to the B2116 then up through the farm to the scruffy line path into Cooksbridge. Anybody appeared to be on a charge home along the road before being called back,



With 2020 hindsight Wilds Thing should have been called Medal Magpie given his penchant for bright shiny things!



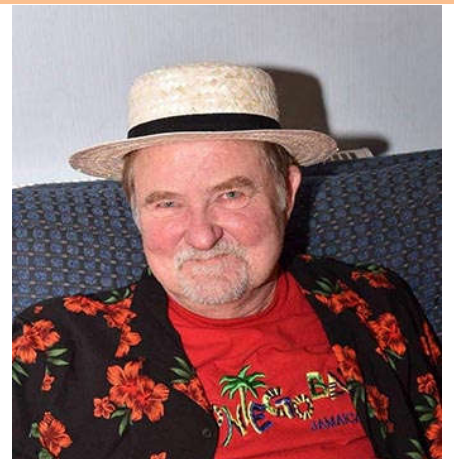
but he didn't return and his appearance moments later enlightened us that it wasn't him! The on-inn was fairly straightforward out to Hamsey then back along the road in time to see the 7.10 pod head off while the 5.50 pod overhauled most of us on the On Inn. It was good to see Airman and Pompette after Bob's latest health scare which prompted the observation that his 9 lives must have come from all that pussy he eat when he was a lad (oh please)! We may have theoretically been stuck in tables of 6 but there was a lot of cross-pod conversation, hard to avoid in a social activity, but at least everyone was respecting the distance, unlike so many other places we've seen lately! Aside from those at the pub it was good to see a few names on the spreadsheet that have not joined us previously, even though they didn't appear for the social side, and it is a tribute to the popularity of Knightrider that this happened. There was never any intention to hold a circle but Kit deserved his 500th tankard and was rewarded with a full pint down down in gratitude for the r*n as well as his work for the hash, particularly with collecting dues and beermaster duties. Another great pod hash!

Shagger/ Scrubbers Mate/ Steve Goodenough

Sad news from Oxford hash about Scrubbers Mate/ Shagger who ran with us a few times back in the early 90's, including being involved in setting a few joint hashes with Old Coulsdon H3, his main club at the time before moving away: It is with great sadness that I need to let you know, that one of our own dear hashers, Shagger, has passed to the great hash in the sky. A sad day indeed. Rectal Floss xx

I first met Steve when he was running with Old Coulsdon H3, through Alison Deacon who knew him of old. We set a couple of joint trails together and I would occasional pop up to run with OCH3. Come Interhash 96 in Cyprus we were firm friends and had booked the same flight home, which just happened to be Steve's birthday (then known as Scrubbers Mate as his significant other was Scrubber), prompting a 2am order of champagne from the hostess, which was followed by more and a lot of merriment ensued. Short on leave, I ended up having to go to work still the wrong side of sober having had zero sleep. Within three months both of us had split up from our other half's, which in Steve's case necessitated a change of hash name and he duly became Shagger. Come the next Interhash, Kuala Lumpur 1998, Shagger was on the infamous marathon length ballbreaker trail which got split into several groups, some of which got so lost they had to spend the night in the jungle. Shagger wasn't in that group but did indeed get lost on the trail making it back to the venue just as it was closing. He and I then went on a trawl of any bar that would have us, which wasn't that many, so we ended up emptying the beer fridge in his hotel room. After several late nights in Malacca beforehand, Wiggy had been determined to stay out longest and didn't get back to the hotel until gone 5am. He failed as I didn't get away from Shaggers until 9am just managing to catch the end of the GM's meeting before a hungover stroll on the City walking hash trail. Head still hurts just thinking about it! By then Steve had moved away from Coulsdon to Godalming and joined Surrey hash, bringing them to Brighton for a Treasure hunt. We did a reconnaissance mission for a second one from Hove station in 1999 which ultimately wasn't used, but I'd bought some £1 shots from the first pub so we had a mini-circle at the Sussex cricket ground to celebrate Scud and Fetherlites 20th wedding anniversary. Somehow it was Shagger who drank the bulk of the shots, which inevitably left him a bit the worse for wear later on. A room had been booked in the upstairs of one pub for us to eat at and as drunk people do, we were all balancing spoons on our noses. Mystified by this magic I explained to Shagger that you had to warm the spoon over the candles for best results. We were in tears at the blackened wax marks on his face as he reheated the spoon time and again trying to achieve the objective, and when he asked why we were laughing, I suggested he stand up and take a look in the wall length mirror opposite him. It was only as we gathered outside to move on that we realised that Steve was missing so went back up to find him still standing opposite the mirror, by now fast asleep on his feet.

Shagger was an early supporter of the CRAFT hash and amongst other meetings, he joined us on the Alfriston campout in 2012. Later on he was behind the excellent Oxford H3 Nash Hash in 2015. Ever the gent he rarely forgot to include me on his Christmas card list, and although we haven't seen enough of each other lately since his move to Oxford, I will always remember him and his mischievous smile with a great deal of affection. RIP Shagger – On On **Bouncer**



The Villainy of Sir Terry Pratchett or An alternative look at Halloween characters:

Sir Terry Pratchett (STP) was a fantasy writer (mostly) who had a fairly unique way of handling the traditionally villainous characters in his books. Oh, he had murderers and psychopaths and greedy business men, and mob bosses, and all the usual types of baddy... but what is interesting is how he treated those characters who we have traditionally thought of as villainous, or monstrous, but which, in STP's work, simply weren't. The enduring legacy of STP's work is his series of over 40 Discworld novels. If you read them in order they start out as practically kid's books - but when you get towards the tail end of them, they most certainly are not. Being fantasy books, you can imagine that they're full of weird and wonderful fantasy creatures. Of course they were. There are dragons, trolls, werewolves, vampires, zombies, and even DEATH himself... but that's where things get interesting.

Zombies - Anywhere else, a zombie is going to be a mindless brain-eating horror. In Discworld, he's *Reg Shoe*, an activist who wants to ensure that the rights of all dead people are respected. Reg's tale is both tragic and heroic, and he certainly doesn't deserve to be considered a mindless horror.

'Yeah, it's always the same,' said Reg Shoe bitterly. 'Once you're dead, people just don't want to know, right? They act as if you've got some horrible disease. Dying can happen to anyone, right?'



Werewolves - There are evil werewolves on Discworld... but there's also *Angua*, who is a member of the city watch (basically the Police) and while she's not above using her werewolfy wiles to terrify a wrongdoer... for the most part she is just trying to make her way in a complicated world. While she does occasionally turn into a wolf and eat chickens, she always makes a point of paying for them... and she finds the whole thing a bit embarrassing.

So when Angua strode into the main office, slamming the big doors back, and there was a derisive wolf-whistle, the unwise watchman found himself being pushed backwards until he was slammed against the wall. He felt two sharp points pressed against his neck as Angua growled, "You want a wolf, do you? Say 'No, Sergeant Angua.'"

Vampires - While vampires have recently been romanticised, and for some unbelievably awful reason are now apparently sparkly... it's generally understood that they're the baddies in most situations. I mean, they're undead who rise from their graves to feast upon the blood of the living. Except for on Discworld, where they have the Black Ribbon movement. Almost all of the vampires on the Disc are Black Ribboners, which means they've sworn off the blood. It's almost like a prohibitionist movement, and they do suffer for it, but there are several who are high-functioning members of society. Like *Otto von*



Chriek who is a photographer for the city newspaper. He wears a little vial of blood around his neck, so when the camera flash turns him into a little pile of dust, the blood vial breaks, and his body re-forms.

"You know zat another term for an iconographer would be 'photographer'? From the old word 'photus' in Latation, which means—"

"Ah, you know it!"



Trolls - Trolls live under bridges and eat people (and billy-goats), right? Well... in some of the less salubrious parts of Discworld they maybe still do, but for the most part, they are large rocky creatures who do a lot of the menial labour around the city. The head of one of the city's biggest crime syndicates is a troll... but mostly they just get on with things like everyone else. They're not noted for their smarts... mainly because it's too warm for them, and their brains work better at lower temperatures. Like *Sergeant Detritus*, the troll in the City Watch, who carries a siege crossbow like a sidearm.

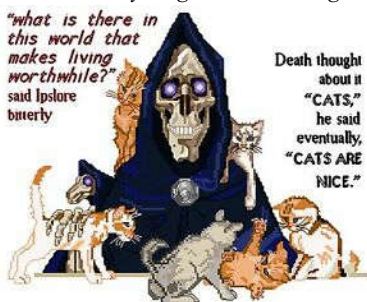
Detritus was particularly good when it came to asking questions. He had three basic ones. They were the direct ('Did you do it?'), the persistent ('Are you sure it wasn't you what done it?') and the subtle ('It was you what done it, wasn't it?'). Although they were not the most cunning questions ever devised, Detritus' talent was to go on patiently asking them for hours on end, until he got the right answer, which was generally something like: 'Yes! Yes! I did it! I did it! Now please tell me what it was I did!'



Witches - A witch in mythology or pop-culture in general is a nasty piece of work. A horrible hag with a ready curse, who will eat small children in gingerbread houses, and travels the world on a broom, cackling horribly. Well, some of that is still true on the Discworld, except for the bit about them being nasty. On Discworld, the witches tend to be the glue that holds the smaller isolated communities together. They serve as healers, arbitrators, and defenders of what is *right*... not necessarily what is *legal*. The coven in the small mountain region of *Lancre* is composed of *Granny Weatherwax* - who is stern and probably *would* be terrible if she let slip her tight control. *Nanny Ogg* who is... erm... unsubtle in her attitudes towards the opposite sex. And *sex* in general. But who can sing a bawdy song with the best of them after a few pints. And *Magrat Garlick* (and later *Agness Nitt*) who are the younger witches. You want them on your side, because they'll fight for you come hell or high water if they feel you're worthy of their time.



Stars don't care what you wish, and magic don't make things better, and no one doesn't get burned who sticks their hand in a fire. If you want to amount to anything as a witch, Magrat Garlick, you got to learn three things. What's real, what's not real, and what's the difference.



Death - The Grim Reaper is a scary character at the best of times. His role is as a harbinger of death, and reaper of souls. On the Discworld, however, you might find him down the pub drowning his sorrows, or joining (equivalent of) the Foreign Legion in order to forget. He cares, possibly too much, about right and wrong, and while he will visit everyone at some point, he's generally pretty nice about it, and will point you in the right direction once you're ready to go. Death actually took over for the Hogfather (the Discworld's equivalent of Santa) for a while during a crisis - which resulted in some... misfortune. Either way, having this guy waiting for you should be seen as a relief rather than a terror... though you certainly won't want to get on the wrong side of him.

LET ME PUT FORWARD ANOTHER SUGGESTION: THAT YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A LUCKY SPECIES OF APE THAT IS TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEXITIES OF CREATION VIA A LANGUAGE THAT EVOLVED IN ORDER TO TELL ONE ANOTHER WHERE THE RIPE FRUIT WAS.

People In General - The real villains in the works of STP are not the monsters, for the most part.

It's the people. It doesn't necessarily matter what form those people take. It's the greed. The desire for control. The pointed lack of empathy for those less fortunate. The person who asks "Were they important?" when told someone had just died because of something they'd done. The narcissists, and the egotists who put *Self* ahead of *Society*, and who stick to stupid, blinkered, petty little opinions in spite of ample evidence to the contrary. In this, Sir Terry Pratchett - who earned his title with knobs on - was practically a visionary.

POD-REHASHING continued



#2189 Kings Head, Upper Beeding – The Reptile Dysfunction R*n.
So called after I found a tortoise in the area of the hash while Angel and I were running a 5k route I'd measured as a substitute for parkrun during lockdown (Adur Valley parkrun). We called WADARS who asked us to take it home and they would collect it but as soon as the lady walked through the gate she said, "That's not a tortoise; it's a turtle". She didn't add, "You fuckin' idiots" but it was there hanging unsaid. We later discovered it was a variety called a yellow-bellied slider, and turtles were abandoned in their hundreds after the initial enthusiasm for them from the Mega Mutant Ninja Turtles fad passed when the cute 50p sized baby became a dinner plate. Angel was on an emotional rollercoaster thinking we'd taken it from a happy environment; then worried about the cold weather killing it; then discovering they 'hibernate' by burying themselves in mud; finally accepting they are actually quite an invasive species as they eat eggs and smaller animals after Local Knowledge told her of the problems at Ditchling pond.

Getting back to the hash, it's like this: Hashing's not meant to be easy! Think of it as a team game where you're all in it together to help each other get to the end. Ah the feeble rantings of the hare who managed to

set a trail on which at least two pods failed to achieve the full trail, and one other spent allegedly 20 minutes at an early check (*disputed as the next pod were 20 minutes behind and a) couldn't hear them, and b) didn't catch them despite having no problems at the same check*). On out was right from the pub garden and up the river to the bridge for a quick check-to-check. Trail was on the grassy path past the caravan park and left to the bypass where running pod 2 came briefly unstuck, checking over the road while Spurtacus went on the correct route, returned, went again and met the walkers so kept going ignoring the fishhook, until eventually One Erection worked it out and found trail. With no walkers trail set they were supposed to be on map but decided to try winging it, and Wiggy was found loitering around the castle by Pod 3 and put on the right track of the anti-clockwise moat after a lap of the mound. Trail continued through the cattle and back over the river to a check below St. Peters church which was enough to convince pod 4 that it was to be found up the steps. The final pod had expected hare to be with them but a change of plan as no-one was on the two previous sets left them without any extra clues, after an offered map was declined as 'I haven't got my specs', and the dark had hidden the flour on the correct route through the grass out to Pound Lane. They should have found a check at Smugglers Lane to get back on track but ended up winging it home. For the rest, hash continued through another couple of checks, then right up past the Southdown park homes and right again over Windmill Hill where we'd met some friendly Alpacas while setting. On Inn was along Hyde Street past the old girls school, down past the Rising Sun and back along the riverbank. Ride-It, Baby was keen to offload the Bogeyman mug but the most likely candidate had gone and any form of circle would draw attention so will remain on hold. Distancing was mostly observed as we sat in pods enjoying the excellent pub grub and Harveys, albeit slightly different to those on the hash, but the comment of the night has to be Knightriders observation that he'd tried to sign up for pod 2, to get the response "you're having a laugh!" Not surprising as all the fast boys were together and despite the earlier delay, very nearly overcame pod 1, Angel just spotting them in time to sprint in ahead. Another great pod hash (*Ed's license!*)

Bouncer



Showing off brand new haberhash



Round and round the castle and moat we went



A breather



Runners posing...



...and Walkers walkers



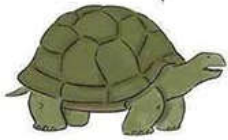
Pod 4 studying the map at the On Inn

I asked the librarian for a book on turtles. She said "Hardback?" "Yes, with little heads"

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is it homeless or naked?



First one home wins.



Deal.



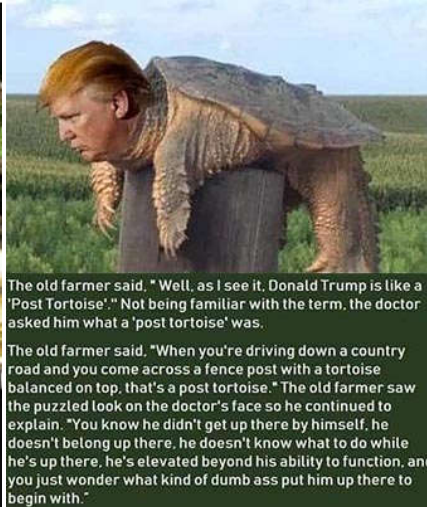
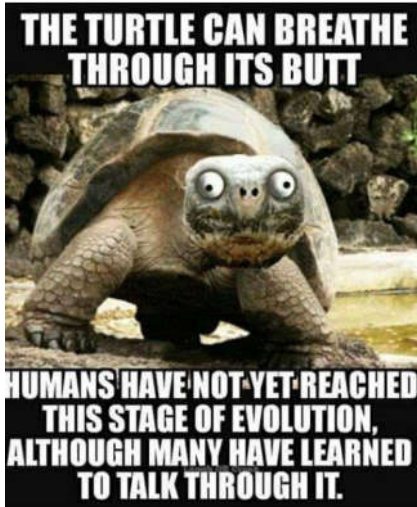
Dammit.



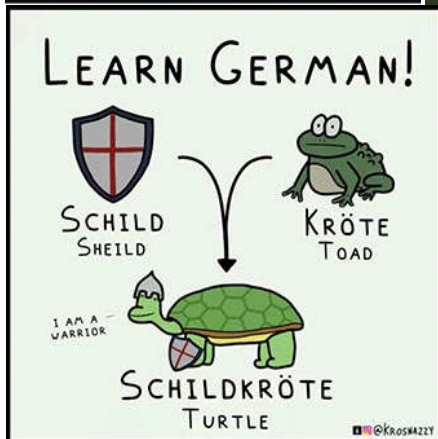
Tortoise's luck ran out in the next event.



Terry the turtle says, "Up yours, Bouncer. Not knowing the difference between me and that prat in the pit."



Happiest photo I've ever seen



A guy walks into a pub with a tortoise in his hand. The tortoise has one eye and is black and blue all over, two of his legs are bandaged, and his whole shell is taped together with duct tape. The bartender looks at the guy and asks: "What's wrong with your tortoise?"

"Not a thing," the man responds, "this beat up tortoise is faster than your dog!"

"Not a chance!" replies the barman.

"Okay then", says the guy, "get your dog to stand at one end of the pub. Then you go and stand at the other end and call him on three. I'll bet you £500 my tortoise will be there before your dog reaches you"

So the bartender, thinking it's an easy £500, agrees and goes to the other end of the bar. Then on the count of three calls his

dog. Immediately the guy picks up his tortoise and throws it across the room, narrowly missing the barman, and it smashes into the wall behind him.

"I WIN" he shouts, "I said he'd beat your dog!"

Why did the turtle cross the road? To get to the Shell garage. (groan.)



IN THE NEWS



i have wandered for 40 days and 40 nights. i have climbed mountains and crossed deserts. i have toiled with fear and wrestled with my inner demons... and i'm still only halfway to my nearest f**king covid testing centre...



Worried you might be a crow? Or a raven? Or perhaps a bluejay? We here at Corvid Testing are prepared to answer any and all questions you might have about suddenly becoming a bird human. Corvid Testing. We're here for you.



The whole of the UK could be tested by midnight if they let an Aldi checkout assistant run the drive-through.



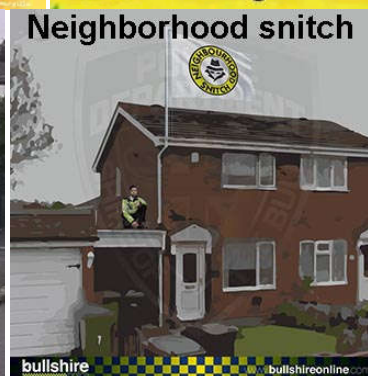
Start Earlier Drink Stronger Drink Faster



THINGS I TRUST MORE THAN BORIS

1. AN INJECTION FROM DR. HAROLD SHIPMAN
2. A TAXI RIDE FROM JOHN WORBOYS
3. A DRINK FROM BILL COSBY
4. A MAN-EATING SHARK WITH A 'PET ME' SIGN
5. THE COVID-19 VIRUS
6. QUINT AS MY FISHING TOUR GUIDE
7. HANNIBAL LECTER AS MY PSYCHIATRIST
8. A FART WHEN I HAVE SEVERE DIARRHOEA

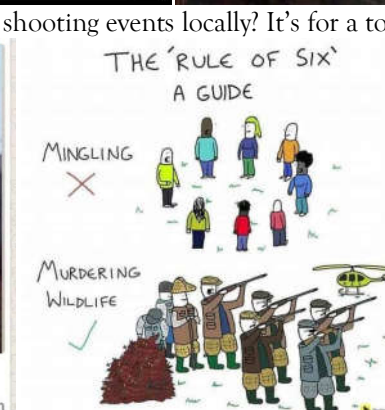
YOU KEEP YOUR WHOLE SELF IN
YOU SEND YOUR WHOLE SELF OUT
EAT OUT. HELP OUT
SHAKE IT ALL ABOUT
YOU DO THE HOKEY COKEY
WHILE WE U-TURN AROUND
AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT



When the pubs shut at 10 but you didn't finish your pint



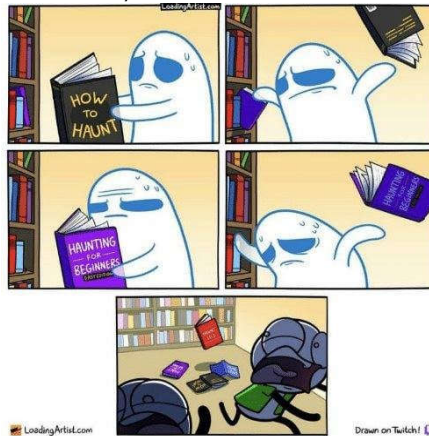
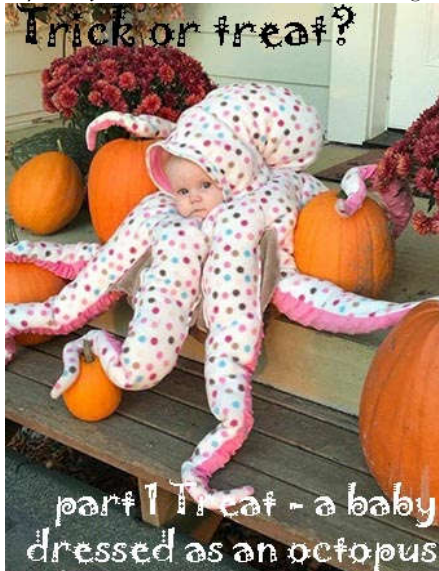
"So, from Monday, there will be no gatherings of grapes of more than sex people."



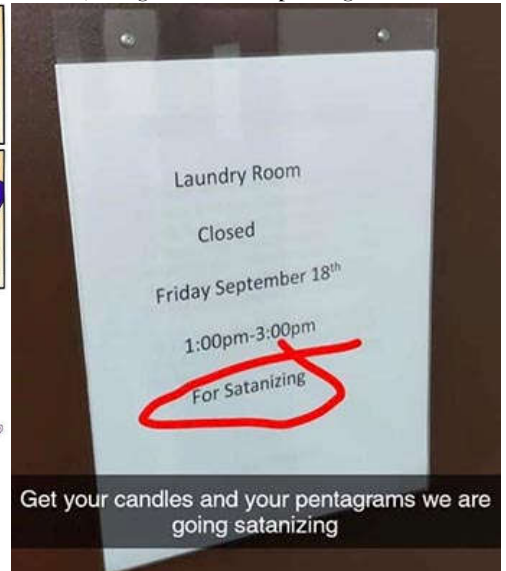
Bad news: Parliament votes to break international law, unemployment skyrockets and we're hurtling towards no-deal Brexit.
Good news: You can still go grouse hunting with 29 mates.

Take a break from the 2020 nightmare with a light-hearted look at Halloween!

My OH just asked me to woo him tonight! So not only do I have to cook his favourite meal, I've got to dress up as a ghost as well.



Don't be too hard on yourself.
You might already be doing
better than you think

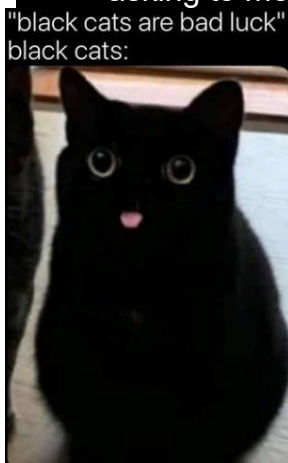


I just found out my girlfriend is a ghost. To be honest I had my suspicions from the moment she walked through the door....



Ugh! Restless night, had a weird dream that something bit me on the neck. Even got up to check but the mirror isn't working.

Heads up guys, there are a good few weirdo's in this hash. Someone privately messaged me asking to meet naked in the woods for a satanic ritual, but they didn't even turn up!



A tourist in Vienna is going through a graveyard and all of a sudden he hears some music. No one is around, so he starts searching for the source. He finally locates the origin and finds it is coming from a grave with a headstone that reads: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827. Then he realizes that the music is the Ninth Symphony and it's being played backwards! Puzzled, he leaves the graveyard and persuades a friend to return with him. By the time they arrive back at the grave, the music has changed. This time it is the Seventh Symphony, but like the previous piece, it is being played backwards. Curious, the men agree to consult a music scholar. When they return with the expert, the Fifth Symphony is playing, again backwards. The expert notices that the symphonies are being played in the reverse order in which they were composed, the 9th, then the 7th, then the 5th. By the next day the word has spread and a throng has gathered around the grave. They are all listening to the Second Symphony being played backwards. Just then, the graveyard's caretaker ambles up to the group. Someone in the crowd asks him if he has an explanation for the music. "Oh, it's nothing to worry about", says the caretaker. "He's just decomposing!"

THE



END



Y'all think being in a goth relationship means wearing white makeup together but Mary Shelley lost her virginity on her mother's grave so maybe step it up.

holyfuckabear

Mary Shelley carried her husband's heart around and lived in a crypt after he died. No one will ever be as goth as Mary Shelley.

zoreta

She also wasn't carrying around, like, a mummified heart. Her husband's heart had calcified, meaning it had grown bone within itself and possibly around itself, and it is this heart of bone which she carried. When she was young she carried it wrapped in a silk pouch, and when older it was kept in her desk, wrapped in a page from his poem Adonais. Adonais was one of his last poems, in which a deceased poet's subjects (nature, Spring, the stars) mourn him, and long to join him in death. Then the narrator tells them do not mourn, for he has gone beyond where the minds and emotions of humans matter, to the Natural Spirit that is the source of all beauty. Of his poems, it is this which she wrapped his heart in. There is none. more. goth.

island-delver-go

It's sad to realize that peak goth was hit so long ago



Why is a blonde like a turtle?



A final word on back to school:



Where dat pumpkin stem at tho?



Had to fight some 16 year old kid for this at the farmers market today. 🍵



Look, I'm sorry but from Monday two of you need to fuck off



Golden oldie horror story as told at hash #2188:

A 33 year old hasher met a beautiful older woman of 57 in the pub. He'd never been with a woman so much older than him, but after they drink and flirt all night, he thinks 'hey, why not, she's hot'.

Suddenly she asks if he's ever had a mother and daughter threesome. He says no and the woman says, "Tonight's your lucky night!"

The hasher is made-up. If this older woman is such a babe he can only imagine what the daughter looks like!

So they go back to her place. She opens the door, puts the hall light on and shouts upstairs:

"Mum, are you awake?"

