



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

R-ns /trash #288 – Election special

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
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	Green Man, Ringmer	BN8 5NA	On On Don
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Pub is at far end of the village on the left. Est. 20 mins.				
2 nd November 2020	2194	Bull, Shermanbury	BN5 9AD	Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to A281. Follow through Henfield. Pub on left just after Picnic Area. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins.				
#### 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-CokEEGrSfrhcuWQb_ZLknIqB1w/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 the United States saw what the United States is doing in the United States, the United States would invade the United States to liberate the United States from the tyranny of the United States.

BODY PAINT BOOBY TRAP PATRIOTS



... and a few ladies from 2016 who don't subscribe to the Trumpety ethos:



Has 2020 gone beyond a joke? Wonder Woman thinks so.

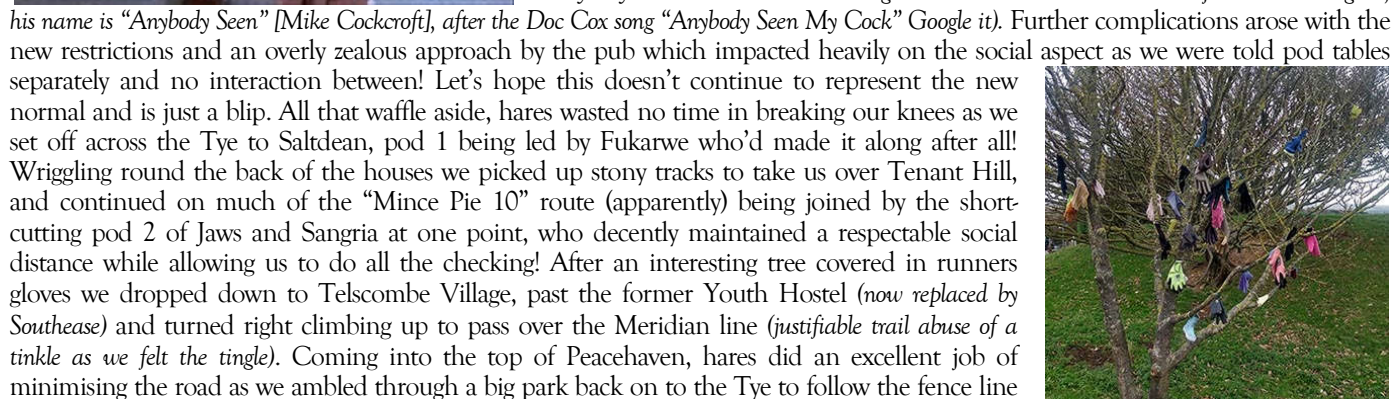


When you've had it up to here with 2020.



Ariel from the Little Mermaid has boobs which would imply that mermaids are mammals. But she is also half fish, from which we can deduce that mermaids come from an egg. The only logical conclusion is that mermaids are a type of platypus.

#2190 Smugglers Rest, Telscombe – It’s been said time and again that we all need to take our turn at setting trails, which is a horribly preachy way to start a run review but stay with me! Since the pod hashing started we have had plenty of volunteers to do just that, but converting those into names on paper isn’t nearly so easy as plans can change, as happened for this evenings hash. Fukarwe was one of the more definite hares, but his commitment waned and a Saturday marathon had him offloading to Ride-It, Baby and Anybody (*the latter again suffering with his name being misspelt ending up as “Andybody” on the website, after previously getting a shirt with “Anybodys” on the back. Small changes but it does alter the context so for the record again,*



like teapots. Stand them up and tilt them, and it comes pouring out". Well, slap me on the back and call me a little teapot! Another great pod hash!



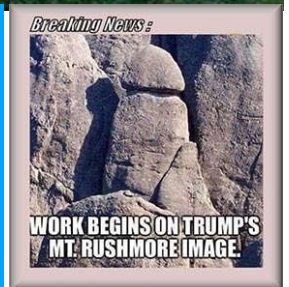
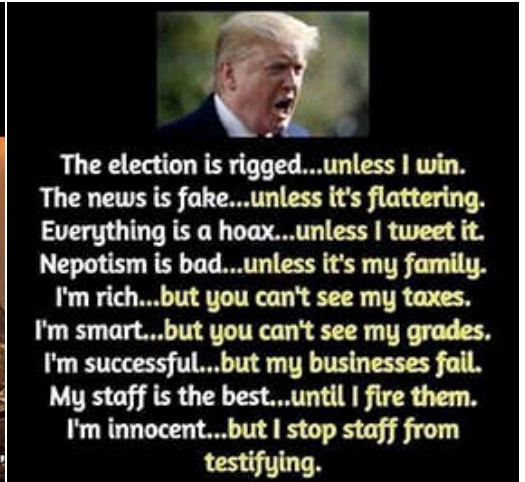
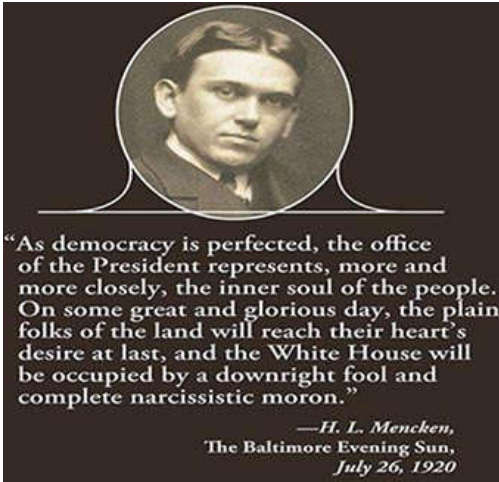
ononononononononononononononononononon



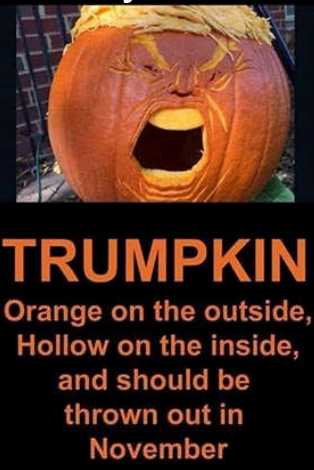
What does Man United's David de Gea have in common with Michael Jackson? They both wore gloves for no apparent reason.



U.S. 2020 ELECTIONS *with apologies to Joe Biden for the lack of Trash coverage:*



Canada probably feels like they live in the apartment above a meth lab right about now.

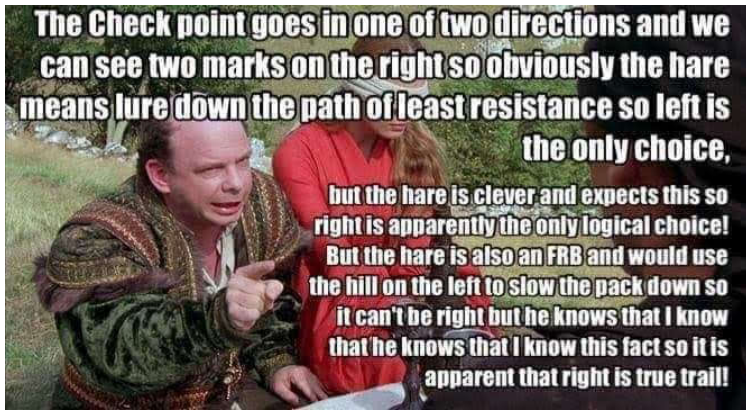


There is no art in this White House. There is no literature or poetry in this White House. No music. No Kennedy Center award celebrations. There are no pets in this White House. No man's best friend. No Socks the family cat. No kid's science fairs. No times when this president takes off the blue suit-red tie uniform and becomes human, except when he puts on his white shirt-khaki pants uniform and hides from Americans to play golf. There are no images of the first family enjoying themselves together in a moment of relaxation. No Obamas on the beach in Hawaii moments, or Bushes fishing in Kennebunkport, or Reagans on horseback, no Kennedys playing touch football on the Cape. I was thinking the other day of the summer when George H couldn't catch a fish and all the grand kids made signs and counted the fish-less days. And somehow, even if you didn't even like GHB, you got caught up in the joy of a family that loved each other and had fun. Where did that country go? Where did all of the fun and joy and expressions of love and happiness go? We used to be a country that did the ice bucket challenge and raised millions for charity. We used to have a president that calmed and soothed the nation instead of dividing it. And a First Lady that planted a garden instead of ripping one out. We are rudderless and joyless. We have lost priceless cultural aspects of society that make America great. We have lost our mojo. Our fun, our happiness. The cheering on of others. The shared experiences of humanity that makes it all worth it. The challenges that we shared and celebrated. The unique can-do spirit Americans have always been known for. We have lost so much in so short a time.

Elyane Griffin Baker



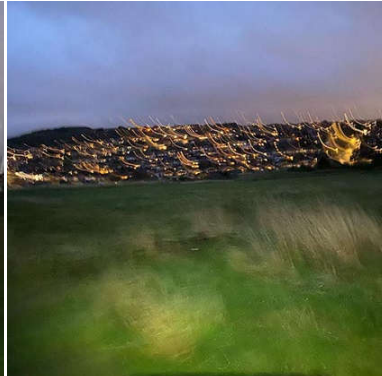
POD-REHASHING continued



#2191 Hangleton Manor – It never rains on the hash, but when it does, stories will be told! Spurtacus had one eye on the weather, so using rare intelligence for a hasher decided to head out in front of pod 1 to mark any trail that may have suffered. At least that was the understanding but hindsight suggests he may actually have deferred setting until that point! Pod 1 certainly struggled, with new boots Brian and Butch playing the beginners luck card to find the first check. We spent way too long failing to find the marks up Fox Way opting for a “well they would have gone Foredown” to get back on trail, but it was clear that you had to go a long way from the check to find dust. The downside of that was, we then had to wait for checkers to come back before we

could continue and had a disaster on the hill after New Barn farm, checking every option at least twice finding the X false, then heading way too far north over Mount Zion before the process of elimination put us right. Then on Benfield Hill losing two of our pod while pod 3 were responding well to our calls! We were undertaken while looking for the lost souls and that pod then called it on to a check by the bridge, so we followed them home over Benfield Valley golf course with the words 'short trail' from the hares e-mail ringing in our ears. Back at the pub we learned that the bridge check was old and we should've continued left for a loop round the golf course, coming in at the higher bridge, but not one pod actually found that although Lily the Pink came closest. Pod 4 reported: "we did wonder if there was a bit round the golf course but were so cold & wet at that point we just followed the public footpath", and: "Wet, cold but still had a laugh! Great to see another pod coming in the opposite direction to us! Quick conversation about who brought the sandwiches and beer as neither pod was 100% sure we would get back before midnight. Two of our torches lost power. T Bone ran in complete darkness, with myself (I Need One) and Hoppy supported by little more than a birthday candle. Another great night. Always a story to be told. That's hashing!" The final pod went out on the in-trail used by the rest, but then went completely off-piste for a jaunt over Mile Oak, but as above, had enormous fun doing so! The pub had put some draconian measures in place, and told us we wouldn't be able to have cross-table chat with other pods. In the end it wasn't as bad as the advance info suggested, so I took Butch round to meet Bentley. They know each other well from different events but apparently get a bit competitive and on this occasion Bentley was all 'tongue out happy' to see Butch but the latter promptly turned his back and sat facing the opposite direction! In summary, it seems the event picture was extraordinarily prescient and it's a good job there is no circle for the time being, however, by all accounts everyone enjoyed themselves regardless on another great pod hash! Well done Spurtacus and Swallow.

Postscript: Angel and myself decided to go round the missing loop and can confirm the hares description as it was indeed a lovely trail! *Bouncer*



on



Trump vs the Virus



Donald Trump has caught Covid19. Thoughts are with the virus at this difficult time.



Nellie the elephant tested positive for Covid 19. Asked where she got it from she replied Trump, Trump, Trump.

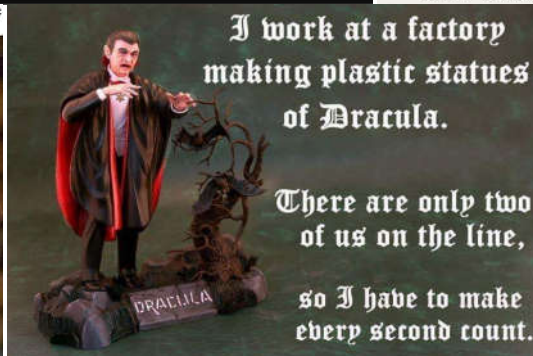
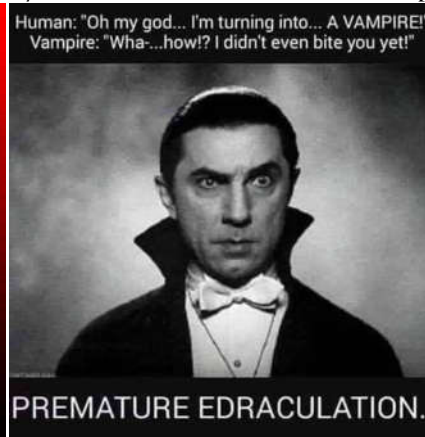
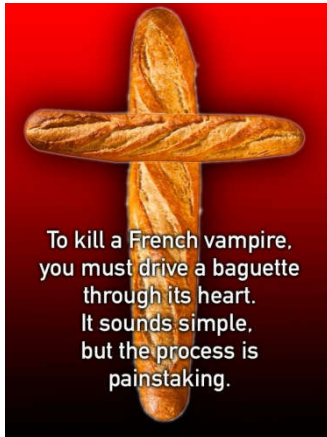


Taking advantage of the President's weakened state an assassin was about to take a shot when his doctor saw and shouted out "Mickey Mouse!" Confused by the interruption, the would-be saviour, er, killer bolted. Praised for his actions the doctor was asked why he'd shouted out "Mickey Mouse" and said, "I panicked and got confused. I meant to say Donald, duck!"



Halloween 2020

I was asked who my favourite vampire was. I said the muppet from Sesame Street. They told me "He doesn't count!" I replied, "I assure you he does."



We used to have village idiots. Now with the internet, the buggers have gone global.

I've never seen a more accurate headline in my life.



Someone asked "Why do some British people not like Donald Trump?" Nate White, an articulate and witty writer from England, wrote this magnificent response:

"A few things spring to mind. Trump lacks certain qualities which the British traditionally esteem. For instance, he has no class, no charm, no coolness, no credibility, no compassion, no wit, no warmth, no wisdom, no subtlety, no sensitivity, no self-awareness, no humility, no honour and no grace - all qualities, funnily enough, with which his predecessor Mr. Obama was generously blessed. So for us, the stark contrast does rather throw Trump's limitations into embarrassingly sharp relief. Plus, we like a laugh. And while Trump may be laughable, he has never once said anything wry, witty or even faintly amusing - not once, ever. I don't say that rhetorically, I mean it quite literally: not once, not ever. And that fact is particularly disturbing to the British sensibility - for us, to lack humour is almost inhuman. But with Trump, it's a fact. He doesn't even seem to understand what a joke is - his idea of a joke is a crass comment, an illiterate insult, a casual act of cruelty. Trump is a troll. And like all trolls, he is never funny and he never laughs; he only crows or jeers. And scarily, he doesn't just talk in crude, witless insults - he actually thinks in them. His mind is a simple bot-like algorithm of petty prejudices and knee-jerk nastiness. There is never any under-layer of irony, complexity, nuance or depth. It's all surface. Some

Americans might see this as refreshingly upfront. Well, we don't. We see it as having no inner world, no soul. And in Britain we traditionally side with David, not Goliath. All our heroes are plucky underdogs: Robin Hood, Dick Whittington, Oliver Twist. Trump is neither plucky, nor an underdog. He is the exact opposite of that. He's not even a spoiled rich-boy, or a greedy fat-cat. He's more a fat white slug. A Jabba the Hutt of privilege. And worse, he is that most unforgivable of all things to the British: a bully. That is, except when he is among bullies; then he suddenly transforms into a snivelling sidekick instead. There are unspoken rules to this stuff - the Queensberry rules of basic decency - and he breaks them all. He punches downwards - which a gentleman should, would, could never do - and every blow he aims is below the belt. He particularly likes to kick the vulnerable or voiceless - and he kicks them when they are down. So the fact that a significant minority - perhaps a third - of Americans look at what he does, listen to what he says, and then think 'Yeah, he seems like my kind of guy' is a matter of some confusion and no little distress to British people, given that:

* Americans are supposed to be nicer than us, and mostly are.

* You don't need a particularly keen eye for detail to spot a few flaws in the man.

This last point is what especially confuses and dismays British people, and many other people too; his faults seem pretty bloody hard to miss. After all, it's impossible to read a single tweet, or hear him speak a sentence or two, without staring deep into the abyss. He turns being artless into an art form; he is a Picasso of pettiness; a Shakespeare of shit. His faults are fractal: even his flaws have flaws, and so on ad infinitum. God knows there have always been stupid people in the world, and plenty of nasty people too. But rarely has stupidity been so nasty, or nastiness so stupid. He makes Nixon look trustworthy and George W look smart. In fact, if Frankenstein decided to make a monster assembled entirely from human flaws - he would make a Trump. And a remorseful Doctor Frankenstein would clutch out big clumpfuls of hair and scream in anguish: 'My God... what... have... I... created?'

If being a twat was a TV show, Trump would be the boxed set."



Before you judge Trump,



walk a mile in his shoes.



A rare photo of President Trump's nuclear briefcase



André Ulveseter
@AndUlv
Trump loves Norway
because we grow his hair.



IN THE NEWS

When I was growing up a lockdown of the local was a good thing, now it means no beer, not more beer:



Thankfully in Scotland we all trained in our youths for the upcoming winter of discontent by drinking alcohol in dark parks, hillsides, bushes and lanes aged 13-18 in baltic conditions. We didn't then know we were in training. But now is the day, and now is the hour.



Everyone at John Lennon International airport has been quarantined. Imagine.... all the people. Fifers on the Forth Road Bridge watching half of Edinburgh come over for a pint.



Parody Boris Johnson
@BorisJohnson_MP

Next week I will be introducing a three-tier traffic light system for lockdowns:
Green: relax, you live in the South East
Amber: careful now, this is The Midlands
Red: get back in the house you plague-infested Northerner!



Another new approach by central government divides the nation and brings the hoarders back out: good morning mrs selfishpieceofshit, i had a feeling we'd meet again...



In other news the government under pressure over track and trace and HS2 and ...



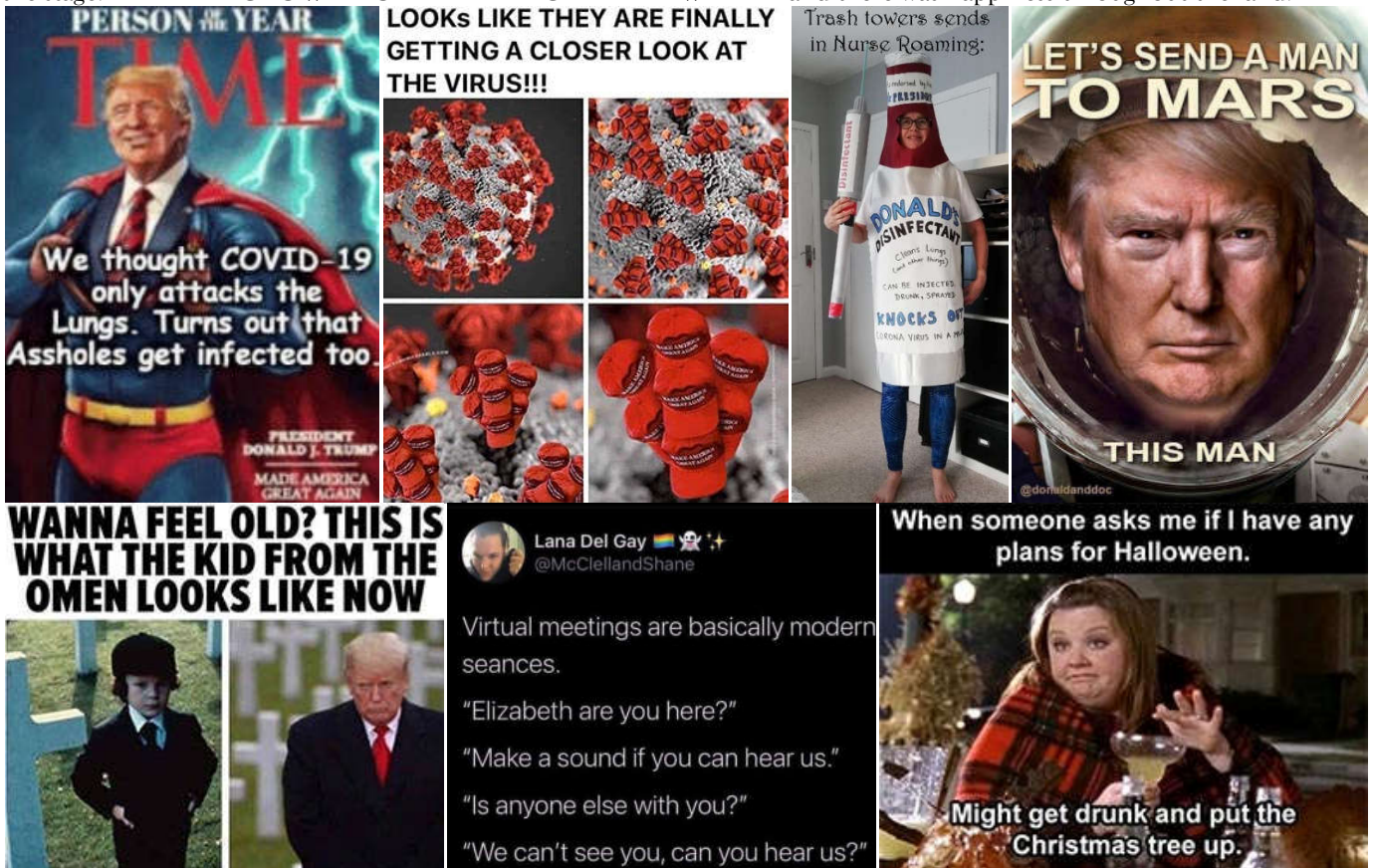
Trump's current campaign manager Bill Stepien has tested positive for COVID. He is not to be confused with the previous campaign manager Brad Parscale, who is being investigated for money laundering and was involuntarily committed after hitting his wife and acting dangerously with a collection of guns. Not to be confused with a manager before that, Kelly Ann Conway who attended the Rose Garden event without a mask and is now positive with COVID (her own daughter announced that news). She is not to be confused with a previous manager, Steve Bannon, arrested on fraud charges. Not to be confused with a previous manager Paul Manafort who got sent to prison for his dirty dealings. And finally, he is not to be confused with Corey Lewandowski who roughed up reporters and had an extramarital affair with Hope Hicks (who is now positive for COVID).



The overflow page – too good to leave out:



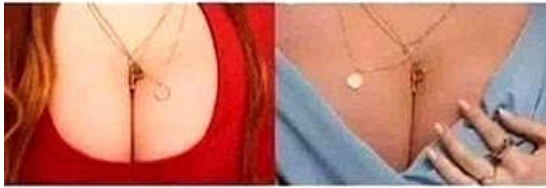
The Pope and Trump are on the stage in Yankee Stadium in front of a huge crowd. The Pope leans towards Trump and says, "Do you know that with one little wave of my hand I can make every person in this crowd go wild with joy? This joy will not be a momentary display, but will go deep into their hearts and they'll forever speak of this day and rejoice!" Trump replied, "I seriously doubt that! With one little wave of your hand....Show me!" So the Pope backhanded him and knocked him off the stage! AND THE CROWD ROARED AND CHEERED WILDLY and there was happiness throughout the land!



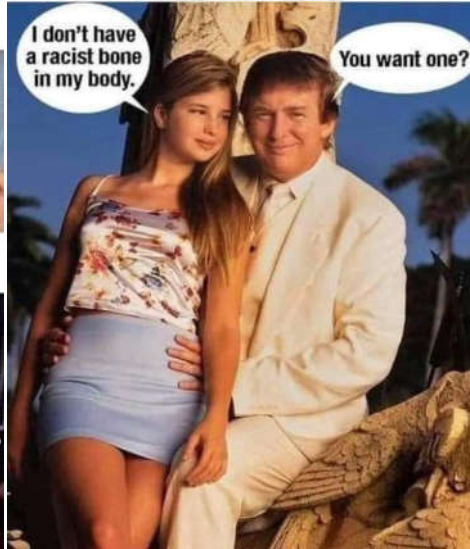
What do you call 90 people in a church? Four weddings and a funeral.

THE END

WHAT THE POLITICIANS PROMISE



WHAT YOU'RE REALLY GETTING



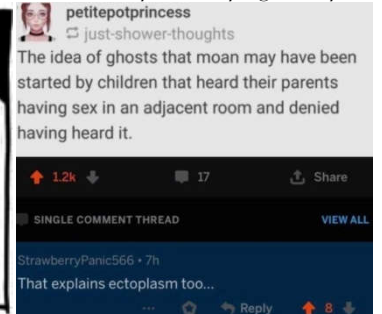
My wife felt like she'd seen a new caring considerate side to me after I spent the day making treats for the Halloween callers yesterday. I really hope they appreciate my home made toffee onions.

October is Breast Cancer Awareness Month.
Get those puppies checked!

Imma just sit this right here... (millennials Who tryna carve pumpkins together are scratching their heads) this Fall? Like look how cute this shit is.



How's everyone holding up? It's just crazy out there! I've killed 25 zombies so far! And why the hell are they all carrying candy?



Halloween is easily the scariest night of the year, what with the dead rising from their graves... and fat girls thinking they look sexy dressed as cats. My favourite thing at Halloween is to walk through the burns unit at the hospital and congratulate everyone on their Freddy Kruger costumes.

SCARIEST. PUMPKINS. EVER. Part 2 - The End:

