



## Trash #301 – June 2021



facebook

or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
7th June 2021	2208	Plough, Pyecombe	BN45 7FN	Dangleberry & Ride-It, Baby
Directions: A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. Est. 5 mins.				
14th June 2021	2209	The White Hart, Lower Horsebridge	BN27 4DJ	Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
Directions: A27 East 14 miles. Left on Common Ln for 1 mile, left on Station Rd for 3 miles. Right on the A22, continue straight on A271. Pub on left opp recreation ground. Est 30 mins.				
21st June 2021	2210	Ruby Pub & Hotel, Coldean	BN1 9GD	Drambulie & Bosom Boy
Directions: Head east 1.5 miles on A27 and take the Holingbury exit. Straight on at mini-roundabout up the hill and continue on Coldean lane for 1.5 miles, pub on right just before traffic lights. Est 5 mins.				
28th June 2021	2211	Fox and Hounds, Fox Hill	RH16 4QV	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
5th July 2021	2212	Bolney Stage	RH17 5RL	On On Don & Anybody Seen
Directions: Take A23 North 11 miles to A272. At first roundabout take second exit onto London Rd. Pub on right after 400 yards. Est 15 mins.				

Now meeting in groups of 30 but please still pre-book for runs on the spreadsheet located via the website at: <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/bh7-covid19-hashing/> scroll to: **Click here to book**. Please read the guidelines for completing the spreadsheet carefully as well as any run-specific information. Select your hash handle from the drop down list or write it in. If your name is highlighted in amber, please provide your contact details to the Covid officer. We all need to confirm we have self assessed for Covid-19 symptoms and that we have not been asked to self-isolate for any reason. Please indicate on the sheet that you have completed this task.

**ADVANCE NOTICE:** In line with Government guidelines, we are hoping that we can revert to full hashing again from 21<sup>st</sup> June, subject to continued success with driving down of numbers and the roadmap staying on track.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Also available are solo hashes (download the Echoes app from <https://explore.echoes.xyz/> on your smartphone) you can undertake at any time. For more information, instructions and a full list of available locations go to:

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/sashing/>

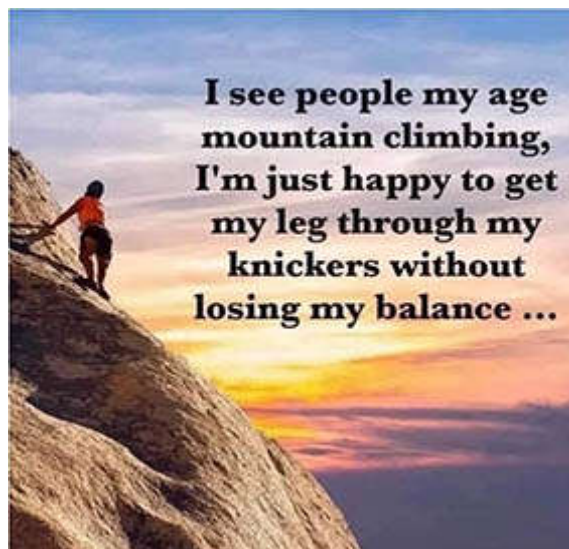
**oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo**

### Receding Hareline:

12/07/21	2213	The Haven, Henfield TBC – Prince Crashpian
19/07/21	2214	JAWS back garden, Five Ways
26/07/21	2215	Eager hare required!
02/08/21	2216	Berwick Inn, Red Slapper & Black Stockings
13/09/21	2222	All the ducks in a row ( <i>and Bouncers 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of hashina!</i> )

onononononononononononononononononon

**Thought for the day:** If the two richest men in the World can't make their marriage work, there's no hope for the rest of us!







## PAGE THREE

Science says one thing...

... that religion seems to agree on!



Doctors now recommending that men receive at least one ass or titty pic a day during quarantine

Doctors are quotes saying "our studies showed that men who receive at least one nude everyday are happier and more productive"

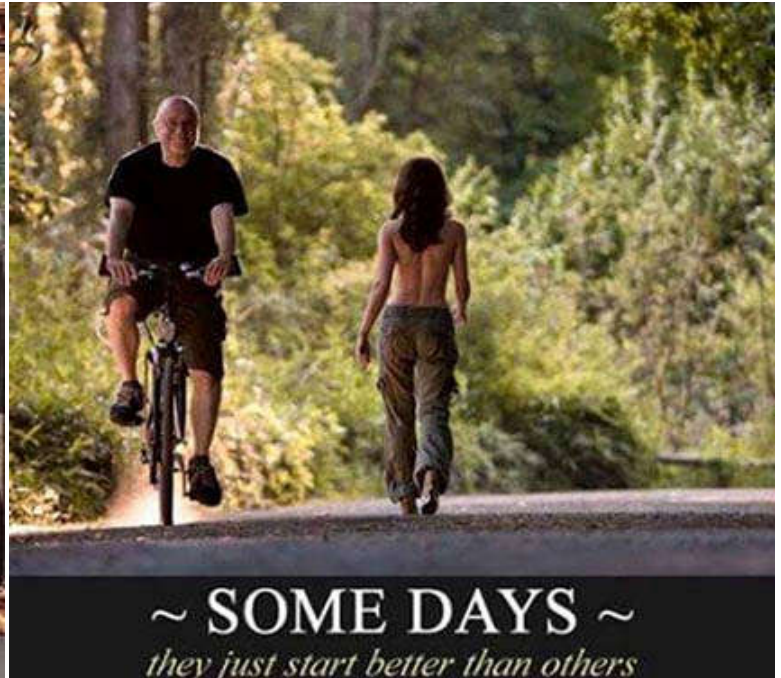
CNN-BREAKING-NEWS.COM

### Focus Grasshopper...



Spreading the word of God.

So if you're smiling like these guys...



...you should be getting hyper-productive at these happy nudes spotted on trail\*:



\*never let the truth get in the way of a good story section.

(see rear for rear)



# REHASHING

**Bank Holiday Henfield** – Prince Crashpian had a bit of to-and-fro'ing with the pub as they refused to allow a booking due to the Bank Holiday, and the same 'overwhelmed' response so our meeting point was only confirmed late in the day as the Downs Link car park next door, when they relented to offer us takeaway food and beers. As I'm normally on the earliest pod it felt strange to know that there were other pods already running when we arrived but, with the mystery two in our pod being revealed as One Erection's kids Hugo and Bea, we wasted no time in setting off after them up the Downs Link guided by the walkers map. An unusual early right turn took us through a selection of Twittens and roads to the leisure centre for the children to play on the Toad, then down to the main roads to wriggle through to Furners Lane where the runners continued before



dropping down to pass the deer park, then Woodmancote Place. Judging by the map the walkers route would fall short of the deer, but I didn't feel it would be short enough so decided to cut down at Furners Farm to the common, then round past Swains farm, picking up the trail again over the A281, and the rest of the pod kindly joined me with the rugrats enjoying the animals. Proof of how frequently we run this path, incidentally one of my favourite views, came from One E's talk about the Victorian terrace overlooking the Downs and Bushsquatters claim that we were going the wrong way because trail went down the road and across instead of past said terrace. We'd already heard other packs ahead but as we followed Dagbrook Lane then up to follow the



stream over the boardwalk, we could already hear our own runners pod snapping at our heels so raced every check to get out of sight again before they finally overhauled us at the swing on the Downs Link. Word got out quickly that there was plenty of room at the pub after all, the grey skies and cool wind probably helping our cause, and so we were able to sit in our pods in the garden, chatting across tables to others and musing on why only half the other walkers pod were back! With Wiggy on board they had of course taken a short-cut, but with Nathan finding lots of interesting things and, in his own words, 'the men with the map (*Wiggy & Pirate*) didn't know the way', Testiculator and Ging Gang ended up doing the whole trail being passed by various running pods on the way! The rumbling threat of rain was enough to finally coax us away but kudos to Ride-It, Baby (who'd run with Ryde!) for not only cycling up over the top of the Downs, but still faced an 11 mile homeward cycle. We truly are not worthy or maybe we truly are not that daft! Another great hash!



**Highlands Inn, Uckfield** – For some reason the website was pointing at a nursing home in Framfield but despite this attempt to restrict numbers most made it to the pub in time for their given slot! Trouble had taken the trouble to WhatsApp me the Garmin route which was handy, as Off With Her Head had got caught in traffic so the first pod of walkers set off before the runners and promptly got lost! A combination of locals sending us towards a footpath, looking at the map upside down and a missing mark were soon resolved once we got our act together just before the runners whizzed past, just too fast for us to see



where they went next. So we got lost. The emergency back-up came in again and suddenly there's Broccoli ahead, so off we went to find marks on a bench in the middle of a dog walking meadow! For the most part it was plain sailing from here on, but we did miss a turn into the lovely woods so had to negotiate a housing estate to get back on track, soon getting caught by the runners whom we'd somehow SCB'd past, but they had a final loop while we were On Inn. They'd had the advantage of hare with them but still got lost in the next stretch of woods so I was glad I'd shared the rescue map with the Crawley lot, who did likewise! Although tables had been booked at the pub, our first from start to finish since December, they were unallocated so we were able to sit close to other groups as they arrived in the huge garden, all enthusing about the trail. Anybody had to bail out early as he'd twisted his ankle, which worked out well for Tablewhine and Ryde who'd been on their own but were then able to join that pod. Elsewhere, I was amused by Shoots Off Early who, with Hot Fuzz, had put Run & Go on the spreadsheet in keeping with his name but for once didn't shoot off early, even being cajoled into a second beverage. Also joining us in the garden were Chopper and Don for a lovely evening of drink and social intercourse after another great hash!





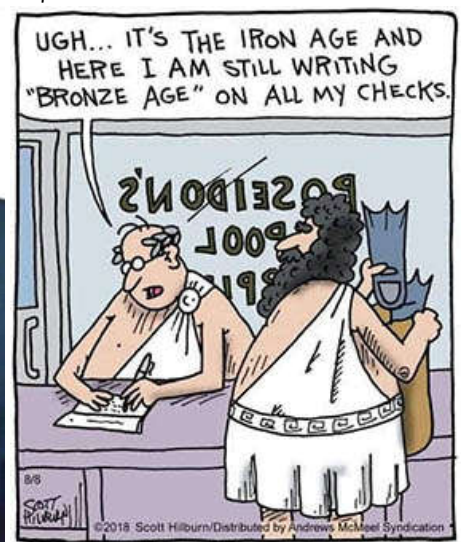
## A LOOK AT IRONY – Thanks to LOCAL KNOWLEDGE:



My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-b\*&%\$." Jack Nicholson



Today I noticed that the cover of my ironing board was wrinkled, and I laughed at the irony. Then I laughed again because of the word "irony."



And finally: The word queue is ironic. It's just a 'q' with a bunch of silent letters waiting in a line.



## REHASHING ctd.

**Chez Come Again, Southwick** – “Someone’s screwed me order up mate! I specifically asked for May, but they’ve sent me October.” Our first day of being allowed to congregate in groups of up to 30 found us not at a pub (as we could now head indoors again, albeit in sixes, although likely to have had the same booking issues as April 12<sup>th</sup>), but in Come Again’s back garden to celebrate her advancing years. The swathe of e-mails full of instructions dictated by the logistics of getting together such were consequently added to by hares Bouncer and Angel as weather threatened to affect trail marks, but a pre-emptive attempt to placate the previously jittery locals on social media turned sour when one person decided to rail, not against flour as others had on previous visits, but the tissue! One tactical retreat later and throwing the hares out with the first pods to repair the weather damage and we were on. Early trail inevitably featured a street wander to get us up Southwick hill where the check took us through some lovely woods backing the houses to get a limited bluebell run in. At the football pitch walkers turned left following the pylons while runners should have gone straight ahead (the Crawley pictures suggest they might have skipped this bit!) where hares found the swings had been compromised with one broken and hanging down while the other had been removed completely. This little loop rejoined walkers at the gate and continued to skirt the edges of Mile Oak to cross over the tunnel and drop down into Mile Oak farm. Trail continued through the farm, swung north at the check and back south at the border path to follow the farm track out through Whitelot Bottom and up through the access land to Thunders Barrow. For me this had been a revelation having seen it on the Shoreham Places of Interest boards at various points around town, but never being able to locate it. Hadn’t considered looking in Southwick! It was a bit of a muddy thrash down the Monarchs Way to the top of Crooked Moon where the walkers rejoined trail, then round the copse to re-cross the tunnel for a (mostly) straightforward charge down and on inn via a quick Rest and Be Thankful stop. Back at base the garden had been set out to allow reasonably socially distanced pods and Come Again’s amazing spread divvied up in trays of six with little pots of allsorts accompanied by pizza, dips and French bread to fill us up. Myself and Angel



T-bone plays planes, while Sticky Balls rolie-polies down the steep hill



provided the beer as it was our wedding anniversary, but had an unexpected bonus when Widdy doubled it up with an extra pin that was NTU due to the forecast so it was definitely ‘game on’, and we could for the first time in months even have a circle! Before that though, Fukarwe presented Come Again with a giant cheque from Investment Solutions for Sussex Homeless Support on behalf of whom there was a voluntary collection pot which raised over £250 in total! An amazing sum, so a big thank you to all who donated from Come Again! The fire pit sadly never got lit but with the clouds rumbling and threatening the patio heater under the shelter drew many in for the warmth as circle up was called. With Knightrider filling the cups, Sticky Balls started proceedings by inviting hares in for a very slow guzzle, before I took over to invite Ryde and



Tablewhine in as honoured hash royalty guests to remind me how it should be done. A trio of ladies followed, including Wildbush (being nominated by Keeps It Up when his local knowledge proved faulty, resulting in his pod following the trail backwards) and Ride-It Baby for her spectacular self-harming having cut her knee up badly and almost managing to lacerate herself as a bramble circled her throat. Sticky punished Ginger Nuts for his enthusiastic trespass when he failed to read the instructions at Rest and be

Thankful, leaping the barbed wire fence and drawing not just his pod, but the following one too, and Little Swinger received a consolation beer for the quivering bottom lip when the publicised swing was not forthcoming. Saving the best to last was a big thank you and congratulations to Come Again who’d worked enormously hard before and throughout the evening to ensure our safety and enjoyment on her birthday. Another great hash!

While on the theme, in a somewhat ironic postscript, Wiggy, Potta and myself revisited trail to clear down any remaining tissue only to be faced with bags of dog shit attached to every other tree, a far more practical target for the Facebook hater!



St. Bernard should know better!



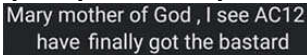


## IN THE NEWS:

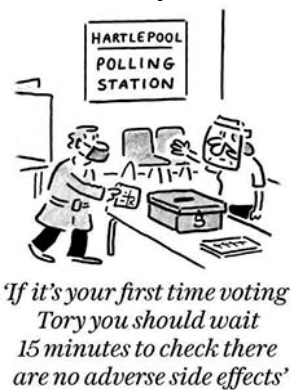
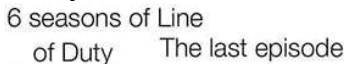
**Line of Duty ends in a damp squib, plus local, police and by-elections, and a Ramadan fail by Tesco:**








Mary mother of God , I see AC12  
have finally got the bastard



6 seasons of Line  
of Duty The last episode



Election of Police and Crime Commissioner for Central police area		
Vote once <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> in column 1 for your first choice, and Vote once <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> in column 2 for your second choice		
	Column 1 First choice	Column 2 Second choice
<b>OSBOURNE, Phillip</b> Chief Constables Party		
<b>BUCKELLS, Ian</b> Fourth Man Party		
<b>HASTINGS, Ted</b> Anti-Corruption Unit 12	<b>AC-12</b>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<b>DAVIDSON, Joanne</b> Witness Protection Party		
<b>FAIRBANK, Patrick</b> Sands View Boys		
<b>DONKEY, Wye</b> Jesus, Mary and Joseph collective		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

## Election fail!

**We plan to cut all homeless people in half by 2025.**



For fuck sake Tesco 🤔🤔



## Mackenzie Scott settles her divorce to Jeff Bezos for US\$38 billion. Melinda Gates: "Hold My Beer..."



Just booted up my Windows PC to find Melinda Gates has already taken half.



"Seeing Bill and Melinda Gates not Excel at their relationship has me like "Word?" I wish our Windows weren't closed but you made it a PowerPoint to stay away. Here's hoping your future has a better Outlook." Oluwajomiloju  
on

## An Indian family went into quarantine after eating lunch at their English friend's house as they couldn't taste anything!



## More reinforcements are being rushed to Jersey



**This Virus must have hit India hard. I've not had a single phone call in a week about a car accident I havent been in!!**



BREAKING: Prime Minister Boris Johnson has announced that due to the new Indian Covid variant people will now be offered the Pun jab. Please start taking this Indian Covid variant seriously! My neighbour caught it and has been in a korma for a week and he's only just buried his naan.



## REHASHING ctd. part 2



**Fire Beacon** – Local Knowledge tells the tale of how, when he was a much younger man and the hash was a much younger hash, he put an end to a phase of competitive haring with each hash outdoing the previous one in terms of length and/or cunning, by setting the bar so high that normality was resumed. This he achieved with a summer hash that came close to a half marathon, which in itself is not too bad given some of the ballbreaker trails, but from a 7.30pm start meant that drinking time was substantially reduced and even lost completely for the more sedate members of the pack so his intent was achieved. With a spate of big birthdays on the hash lately it took a mathematician to likewise set the bar at the limit as Rebel announced: *“Our run on 24 May approximately coincides with my 1,000,000th birthday - in binary, that is! So I think it's appropriate that the run will*

*start near Males Burgh, a burial mound on the Downs, probably dating from the stone age."*

Sadly though, given the magnificent views, after a spell of beautiful sunsets it was almost as if we were being punished for not rushing back to a pub as the Thunder gods rumbled around us. Our considerate hare had reversed his trail to give us the benefit of the wind behind while up high, and so off we set east past the burrow at the beacon itself to head

downhill just before Bo Peep (*the landmark*

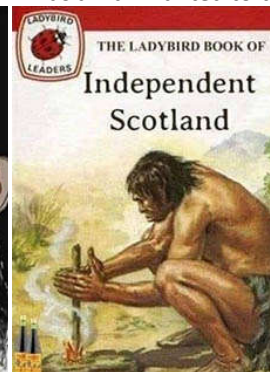
*not the hasher!)* Once down the hill those in search of shiggy were not to be disappointed, and nor were those in search of, bizarrely, a Florida school bus in the Sussex countryside, which admittedly is somewhat more niche but the camera never lies! The latter was to be found near Charleston farmhouse, famously frequented by Virginia Woolf and her luvvies from the Bloomsbury group this time last century. Continuing west, trail crossed the Firle estate before the inevitable steep ascent to the on inn. Our reward was a choice of delicious home-made cakes washed down with the BYOB's, but our punishment was the wind and chill which saw Jenny Greenteeth wrapped up in seven layers which she declined to dance away. Like others before him, St. Bernard appeared to be making an early exit when he slipped away to his van, but in typical Charlie fashion he simply parked up to afford something of a windbreak as the rain made its presence known. Still it never rains on the hash and everyone was back so technically..., oh wait we forgot Chaos' late solo pod! Oh well. Many hashy returns Rebel Without His Keys, another great hash, but I'm off as I'm bloody freezing!



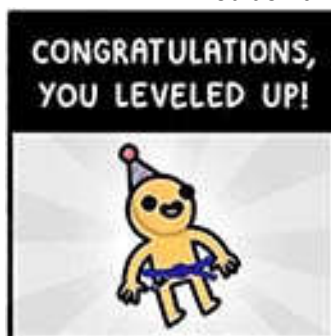
on

It's weird being the same age as old people.

When I was a kid I wanted to be older...this is NOT what I expected.



You don't realize how old you are until you sit on the floor and then try to get back up.

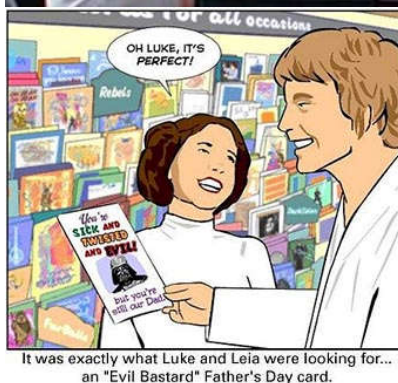
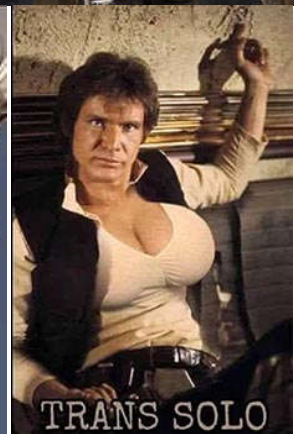
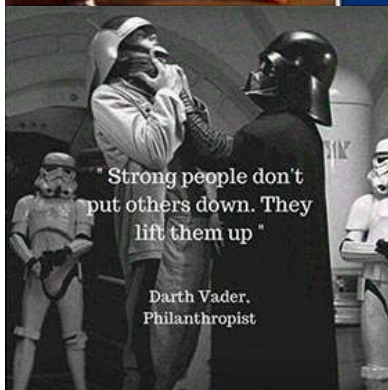


We all get heavier as we get older because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.



# Wildbush's funnies

and May the fourth, revenge of the fifth for our annual look at the Star Wars franchise:

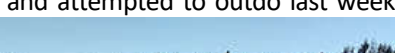


Cornish Star Wars:  
 Luke. I is yurfaather  
 Wuh?  
 Yuerd  
 Geddon  
 I bleddyis  
 Forreal?  
 An Leia's yur sister  
 Shit, I fancy 'er  
 Tis allowed in Bodmin



## REHASHING ctd. part 3

**Chailey Green, Camel hash** – What’s a camel hash asked KIU? Off With Her Head had suggested bringing her camel toe along but it was just one with a camel on as the CRAP hash offshoot set their first BH7 trail and attempted to outdo last weeks Florida bus in the weird Sussex category! There is a long tradition of the late May bank holiday drawing much smaller packs than the runs around it and this one was no exception with just 14 putting in an appearance, and that includes Chaos who must’ve got back from last weeks hash the night before to frantically knock up his speciality black pudding and possibly camel sausage rolls before making a quick call to Sticky offering a sip! Although there had been a pod sign up, there was no need so Needy (sic!), who’d planned to point later pods in the right direction joined the runners 7 to add to the walkers 6 as we set off across the road. The walkers trail was unmarked but recommended we cut off before we got to the camel, which was NOT going to



happen, and we seemed to be losing little ground to the rather sedate pack catching them up in time for a group photo shot after the field of llamas and alpacas. Rather than bore the cameleer with questions he'd no doubt already answered for the runners, we simply formed our own opinion that he'd obviously been offered it in exchange for his wife while on holiday in North Africa as is customary, obviously ignoring the fact that this was a two-humped Bactrian camel from the Asian steppe, but never let the truth get in the way of an amusing random hypothesis. Talking of steps, from here we continued in those of the runners over the old railway line and down the parallel wooded path, occasionally getting passed by a stray who'd been left behind at the checks, to the road where we finally deviated in

search of the sip stop. The runners continued south before a right hander led to a long track through Balneath Wood which the hare had broken up by criss-crossing the obvious route through the trees either side, not that the pack paid much attention, particularly by ignoring the muddy crossing in favour of the main path. Still, Gispert has a way of punishing trail abuse and so, after a switchback via the brickworks, they found themselves at the sip without a sip. Those hash-abiding walkers meanwhile had been rewarded with two sips after finding Chaos rather earlier than anticipated quite a long way from the runners trail, so availed themselves before pointing this out and persuading him to move on, but he then went too far the other way! On Inn was straightforward, eschewing the option of a 3<sup>rd</sup> sip stop at the Five Bells pub, to find Needy prepping and setting up a marvellous post hash table of Pimms and cakes etc. which was the perfect way to end an excellent hash in the sun with a slight postscript. The hash having emptied the first jug, Needy produced a second bottle of Pimms mixing another jug, only to find that most were already making their way home. Wildbush gracefully stepped in to assist the demolishing of the next lot with the result that both her and Needy were rather the worse for wear by end of day! Another great hash!



oo

## Plundering the camels back issues

From #51: More than 600 people in Italy wanted to ride in a spaceship badly enough to pay \$10,000 a piece for the first tourist flight to Mars. According to the Italian police, the would-be space travellers were told to spend their "next vacation on Mars, amid the splendours of ruined temples and painted deserts. Ride a Martian camel from oasis to oasis and enjoy the incredible Martian sunsets. Explore mysterious canals and marvel at the views. Trips to the moon also available." Authorities believe that the con men running this scam made off with over six million dollars.

*From #72: The new Marine Captain was assigned to a recon company in a remote post in the desert. During his first inspection, he noticed a camel hitched up behind the mess tent. He asks the First Sergeant why the camel is kept there. "Well, sir," is the nervous reply, "as you know, there are 250 men here and no women. And sir, sometimes the men have...m-m-m-...urges. That's why we have the camel, sir."*

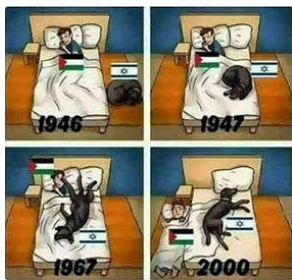
The Captain says, "I can't say that I condone this, but I understand, so the camel can stay." About a month later, the Captain starts having a real problem with his own urges. Crazy with passion, he asks the First Sergeant to bring the camel to his tent. Putting a stool behind the camel, the Captain stands on it, pulls down his pants, and has wild, insane sex with the camel. When he is done, he asks the First Sergeant, "Is that how the men do it?"

"Uh, no sir," the First Sergeant replies. "They usually just ride the camel into town."





# IN OTHER NEWS – Palestine, reopening and travel, Harry, Carrie, BoJo & Ryan Air:



After a Danish paper published this caricature, the Israeli ambassador to Denmark condemned it, asked for it to be removed, and requested an apology from the paper. So now people on FB are posting it to make it go viral.



When Specsavers should have gone to Specsavers (Seen in Brighton)



"I don't care! Pub gardens are open, I'm going"



Night clubs are reopening, but only vaccinated people will be allowed...



Let's have a Covid test before a swim, another test in the bar and then a pre-dinner test on the terrace



"So Bill Gates just got divorced" #billgates

Prince Harry Releases New Book, Podcast, Movie Franchise In Desperate Bid For Privacy



Prince Harry has signed a new 82-part tell-all TV series in a desperate plea for privacy, reminding fans that he also has a new Netflix special and book series in the works. "This constant interest in my day-to-day life has to stop. It's like living in The Truman Show," Prince Harry told viewers of a prime-time talk show, which he used to promote a new upcoming movie.

They tried to make me pay for refurb and I said, no, no, no!



Dear President Lukaschenko,  
My mother-in-law is taking the next Ryan air flight (number FR 1268) from Paris to Moscow and will be flying near your great country around 8.00pm. I distinctly heard her criticise your regime during lunch last Sunday. She called you an arrogant shit and said she'd love to poke your eyes out. Your welcome and best regards.



# THE



# END



## ALL QUEERS TOGETHER

The sexual life of a camel,  
Is stranger than anyone thinks,  
At the height of the mating season,  
He attempts to bugger the Sphinx,  
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,  
Is filled with the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on a camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.  
*Singing BumTitty, BumTitty, TittyBum,*  
*BumTitty BumTitty ay,*  
*Singing, BumTitty, BumTitty, TittyBum,*  
*Singing, BumTitty BumTitty ay.*  
'Twas Christmas night in the harem,  
The Eunuchs were standing there,  
Watching the fair young maidens,  
Combing their pubic hair,  
When the voice from the Sultan  
Came echoing through the hall,  
Saying what do you want for Christmas,  
And the Eunuchs all answered BALLS.



An old man in Egypt was showing a bunch of tourists how to top up a camel with water. "That way," He said, "you can get an extra day out of them between drinks!" As the camel bent down to drink, the old man bashed the camel's balls. The camel sucked in a breath and took in 3 days extra water.  
"Doesn't that hurt?" asked one of the tourists.  
"Nah," replied the old man, "Only if you get your fingers caught!"

