



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

Unless indicated, all r\*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
1st August 2022	2268	Paiges Wood Car Park, Haywards Heath	RH16 1NE	Keeps It Up
<b>Directions:</b> A23 N to A272 for Haywards Heath. Left at Miller & Carter onto Paddockhall Rd, next left onto Sergison Rd. At T junction, left onto Lucastes Ave. At T Junction left onto Blunts Wood Road then 2nd rt into Blunts Wood Crescent for car park. <b>Est 25 mins. Run followed by BBQ at the Hares' house. Please let hares know you are coming for catering purposes.</b>				
8th August 2022	2269	John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	BN7 2AN	Lily the Pink
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. <b>Est 15 mins.</b>				
15th August 2022	2270	Loud Shirts Brewery, Whitehawk	BN2 5RU	Knightrider, Mudlark & Hash Gomi
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east 3.5 miles to Falmer. 2.1 miles south to Woodingdean, right onto Warren Rd, after 1.2 miles left onto Wilson Avenue for 1.2 miles to traffic lights. Turn right, then first left and first right for brewery yard. <b>Est 15 mins.</b>				
22nd August 2022	2271	Duke of Wellington, Shoreham	BN43 5RE	Off With Her Head
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west through tunnel. Leave at A283, left at roundabout. Across next roundabout then left up High Street. Left after yacht club then 2nd right (fork) for car park. Pub on main road just past turn-off. <b>Est. 15 mins</b>				
29th August 2022	2272	TBC		Dangleberry
<b>Directions:</b>				
5th September 2022	2273	Saddlescombe Farm	BN45 7DE	St. Bernard
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. <b>Est. 10 mins</b>				

You want a conspiracy theory, I'll give you a conspiracy theory:

### Receding Hairline

**12/09/2022 Hangleton Manor – Dave K & Ride-It, Baby**

**19/09/2022 Eager hare required!**

**26/09/2022 TBC – Shoots Off Early & Hot Fuzz**

**03/10/2022 Sportsman, Withdean – Fukarwe**

## Hashing around Sussex:

**Hastings H3 - r\*ns start at 10.66am (11.06am) unless indicated**

03/08/22 **Wednesday at 6.30 pm** – C/p Church Road, Catsfield TN33

9DP - Poo Sticks. *On after: Kings Arms. Ninfield*

17/09/22 Hastings Country Park (Barley Lane) – Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter. **Saturday** as part of OCH3 away weekend

**CRAP UK H3 - r\*ns start at 11.00am unless indicated**

07/08/22 Dragon, Colgate RH12 4SY – Bouncer

14/09/22 Missing Link Brewery RH19 4QS - T-bone Little Swinger and Bog Finder

**W&NK H3 - r\*ns start at 11.00am unless indicated**

21/08/22 Half Moon, Balcombe RH17 6PA – Dangleberry

25/09/22 Albourne Village car park – Angel & Radio Soap. *On after Duke of York, Sayers Common*

**onononononononononononononononononon**

**Thought for the day:** Just finished competing at the Commonwealth Games in the sun-tanning event. I got bronze!



## BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

03-06/11/2022 Goa Interhash - <https://goainterhash2022.godaddysites.com/>

17-20/08/2023 Eurohash - Baarlo, The Netherlands at The Dutch Castle de Berckt – *Full.*

25-28/08/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire – registration details very soon.

March 2024 TBC Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>

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**SAVE THE DATE 30/06/23 - A Funny French escape...**

Angel and myself had an excellent few days at the height of the heatwave staying with Bollocks and Split Pin at their place in France, along with their other friends Foot Rot and Just Jane. This was a long deferred trip thanks to COVID's interference, and should have been a full hash excursion but barriers got in the way, and at times it felt that everything that could go wrong did go wrong\*. So the original plan was abandoned until the World has been properly rebooted, which has been scheduled, it says here, for the weekend beginning **Friday 30<sup>th</sup> June 2023**. So get the date in your diaries now, dust down the camping gear, and keep an eye on these pages for when we start to book crossings.



*\*The final straw was when, just ten days before we went, parkrun announced the suspension of all French events due to a legal concern over the requirement for a medical certificate to fart in public in case you put your back out, or something. Angel and I managed to join 20 other r\*nners for the Rouen parkrun regardless, keeping one eye open for the Gendarmerie.*

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**INTERHASH 2024 – QUEENSTOWN, NEW ZEALAND**

Come join us for Interhash 2024

Queenstown is located in the southern lakes region of the South Island of New Zealand. Surrounded by dramatic mountains and crystal-clear Lake Wakatipu, Queenstown is renowned for its spectacular scenery, four distinct seasons and world class activities and attractions.

It's easy to get here with daily direct flights from around New Zealand and Australia. Auckland and Christchurch have daily flights from Asia, USA and EAU. Plus great road connections to major New Zealand highways or as we say "roadtrip".

Queenstown is renowned around the world for its spectacular scenery, outstanding landscapes and natural attractions. From majestic mountains to crystal clear lakes, our environment is the stage for all that we do. Straight from The Lord of the Rings film sets, this is where you will be hashing.

This enviable environment combined with the natural species and resources, are at the forefront of every visitor experience in Queenstown and are core to what makes our destination so special. We recognise the significance of our pristine natural environment to the tourism industry and the importance of sustainable environmental practices.

Queenstown and the surrounding region's geography, flora and fauna are incredibly diverse and can be explored on a range of stunning hash trails.

There's hashing and there's hashing in paradise – you won't be disappointed!

<https://www.interhash2024.com/>





## PAGE THREE POPS OUT...

### Athlete comes last in 400m race after penis falls out of shorts as he goes commando

An Italian athlete ended up last in his 400 metre race at the 2022 World Athletics U20 Championships - after making the rash decision to go commando and having to run with his willy falling out of his loose-fitting shorts. Decathlete Alberto Nonino started off promisingly and went past two rivals in spectacular style on the last bend. But in the final straight he slowed down noticeably and was filmed grabbing his crotch up to six times as his competitors went past him and he finished at the back of the pack. The 18-year-old's problems down below were immediately cited as the reason for his slow-down.

Sports journalist David Sanchez de Castro left nothing to the imagination by revealing in a tweet alongside footage of Nonino's embarrassing moment: "World Athletics U20 Championships in Cali, Colombia. "Last series of the 400 meters decathlon. The Italian Alberto Nonino in lane five begins very well but crosses the finishing line last. He had his p\*\*\*k out, literally." He added in a follow-up explanation to followers who didn't immediately grasp what he was getting at: "Perhaps I've explained myself poorly. His penis escaped out of the side of his shorts and he had to hold it because it wasn't allowing him to run properly which is normal when your dongle is swinging from side to side."

The athlete appeared to confirm his problems in the trouser department were to blame for his disappointing performance in social media statements after the footage of him bringing his hand to his shorts as he slowed down started going viral. He said in an Instagram story: "I just want to talk to you a little bit about the rumpus there's been on blogs and social media in general. I'm conscious it was obviously an accident and I'd like to tell you I'm aware of the reaction and you don't need to send me the links to the blogs out there. I'm trying to laugh about it now but immediately afterwards I felt terrible and I'm thankful to my friends and family for helping me get over what happened a few hours later." He added in a swipe at the press attention his faux pas has received: "The journalistic world worries about cases of bullying throughout Italy and around the world and then publishes these articles that for a more sensitive person could have done a lot of harm."

Japanese pole vaulter Hiroki Ogita earned global fame at the 2016 Rio Olympics after his penis appeared to knock off the bar while qualifying. Australian rugby league ace Billy Burns accidentally flashed his package during a July 2020 match.

Fans joked afterwards the 21-year-old should win the 'tackle of the week' poll.' Spanish daily La Razon said of Italian athlete Nonino's Cali blunder: "This race will at least serve as a lesson for future events. Better to wear pants and use the right shorts for long-distance events."

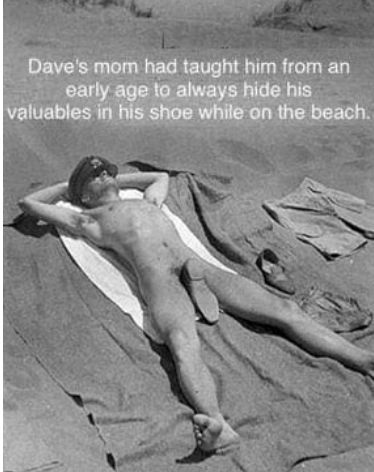


### Alberto Nonino Penis Falls out

My damn neighbor is a show off.



Dave's mom had taught him from an early age to always hide his valuables in his shoe while on the beach.



It's a wasps nest!

Don't think it's a Banksy.



What is the quickest way to clear out a men's restroom? Say, "Nice Dick."

Looks like its gonna piss down



When your "Pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow" Cookie Cutter goes wrong:



Never trust a hot-dog salesman:

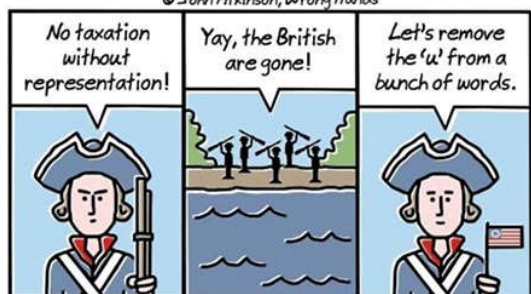




**Swan, Lewes** – Not only Peter Pansy's 250<sup>th</sup> hash but also US Independence day found us rather appropriately in Lewes where, at the White Hart hotel, Thomas Paine expounded the revolutionary politics that lead to American Independence. A theme of the red, white and blue was proposed, and so, although the Union flag would've been just as acceptable to remind the upstart nation who was boss, the stars and stripes were to feature heavily. At the chalk talk we were informed that US pissy lager would rather appropriately be squirted down our throats at the checks from the hares formidable weapon, ooh-er, then on was called to a check six feet later where a few of us promptly misinterpreted the walkers call of On. Recovering to chase pack up Rotten Row, trail went



© John Atkinson. *Wrong Hands*



cold at the High Street so a rescue call was made to find a regroup at Julia and Sasha's house, and the latter proudly showing off her trophy as most improved hockey player. Looping back to the High Street we continued past the Rights of Man, a missed opportunity for a rather appropriate sip, and on down to Pells to chase the river out to Offham. The next check took most of the pack to the top of the chalk pit, while others took the longer climb up Race Hill, where pack split again as people made their own way down past the prison and on to Valley Road for the real sip, despite the wa\*kers chalked denial. On Inn and joy, as we found the excellent and rather appropriate Harvey's brew Tom Paine available! Circling up comment was made on the amount of blue and white as some elements had clearly got confused with the Sturgeons latest bid for Scottish independence before Peter Pansy was congratulated on his 250<sup>th</sup> in traditional fashion. Lacking new boots, we welcomed



back Pearly Cubes, who One Erection will insist on calling Yorick on account of his enthusiasm for Hunt attire. Sinners included Cliffbanger, a charge of trail abuse for messing with the sip marks, and the silly forkers who took the wrong path up Race Hill – Prof, Nasty Nips, Penguin Shagger (who was allegedly also a co-hare), One Erection and Bouncer (also on a charge of tech on trail). Peter Pansy was back in for best fancy dress on trail, while Where's My Broccoli took the honours in the pub, and finally Abs after the closing story in the Heath. She was telling us the trail 10k, when suddenly she started 'bonking', with explanation that she thought it meant sudden drop in energy. The theory was that her dad told her that whenever he nipped to explain why the bed was needed in the middle of the day, who boldly stuck by his story. And thus, dancing being a very Abba Abs will henceforth be known as Bonking Queen! On

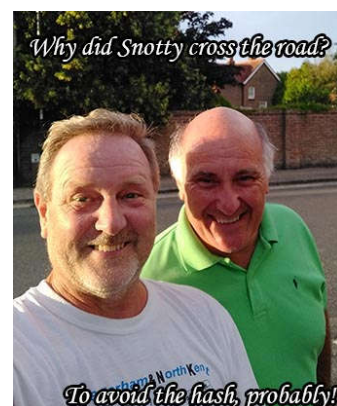


**Plough, Henfield** – An eventful mustering had us musing over the message from Dangleberry that Charlie had refused to get in his car so, not wanting to let him down, the two of them had gone for a stroll locally. Confusion was complete by the arrival of Charlie who was somewhat bemused at the charges of snobbishness, and what had he done with DB? Further interrogation revealed that DB was referring not to St. Bernard, but to Dangledog. Prince Crashpian was feeling his age so delegated back-marking duties to myself, but sweetened it up by confirming there would be a sip after a suggestion last week that he could always get the birthday beers in



instead! On out was a quick tease with Furners Lane before heading west to pass the toad and through the fields to the Downs Link. The returning Cardinal Hugh was having problems with Mitch but the fishhooks did the job of keeping him in touch until I dropped back for him only for late arrival Just Kikkin to call that he'd SCB'd. As no-one had kicked the checks we then had a job to get back in touch, only saved when Thomas the Tangled appeared noting that the rest had failed the next fishhook! At least we had company along Hollands until a timely SCB past the peacocks in Nep Town Road brought us face to face with long lost hasher Sir Snot. On Inn was via an

excellent sip at the bowling club to the news that Cardinal had assumed it was at PC's house and gone home. In the pub we celebrated Trev's big birthday and trail, before St. Bernard's punishment for not being a dog. A couple of visitors from Henfield Joggers left early but Just Lorna was on a long overdue return so drank with Just Ann, who'd finally made it to the circle at the third attempt! Naturally there was mention of fishhook etiquette with Wilds Thing, St Bernard and Keeps It Up getting punished for losing the sweeper, while Angel was similarly rewarded after eventually cottoning on and marking through. Another great hash! **Bouncer**



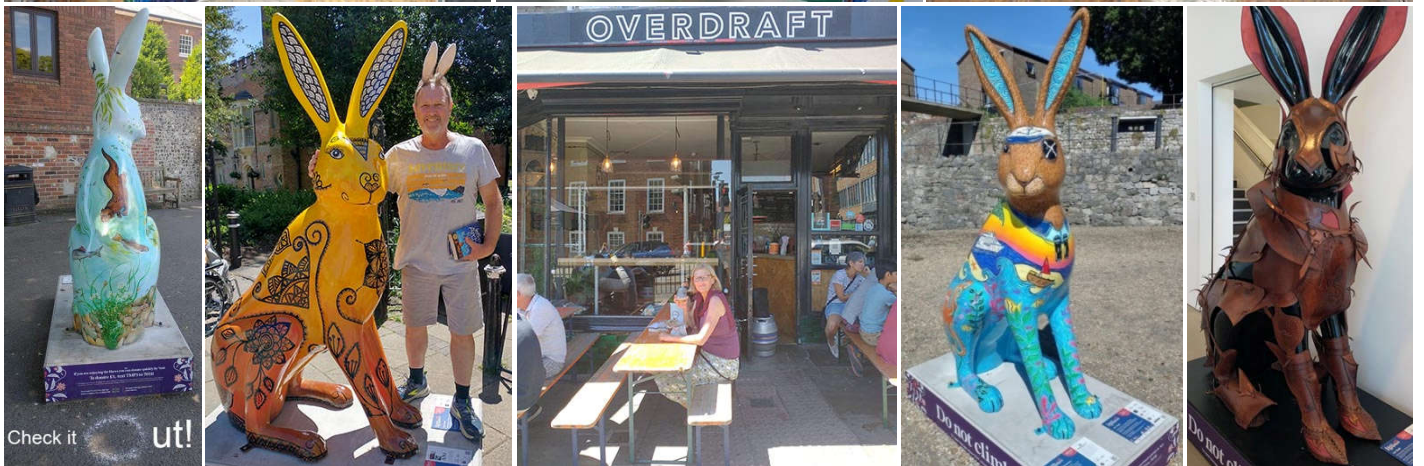


## Looking for hares...

Although Brighton associates Dipstick, T-Bar Twin and Pisticide went, we were unable to attend this years Nash Bash in Winchester from 24<sup>th</sup> – 26<sup>th</sup> June. But we did get there two weeks later, tying in a visit to the parkrun with a wander round the Hares of Hampshire sculptures, where we chanced upon one of the hash trails giving me a tenuous enough excuse to share some of our photos, including Angel in her new 'hare' ears! We also visited the micropub Overdraft where, on some nights, you can take along your own vinyl to be played, and we even carried on to complete the trail in Southampton!



Our first and favourite because of its realism was Pierre the Hampshire Hare; then came Leverets Holding Out For a Hare-O and Ostara's Hare, allegedly the legend that spawned the Easter Bunny. Next up was A Wild Walk on the Downs (the Hampshire equivalent of Fukarwe's Worthy Snowdog) with a nod to Glasgow's infamous Duke of Wellington statue with the traffic cone hat!



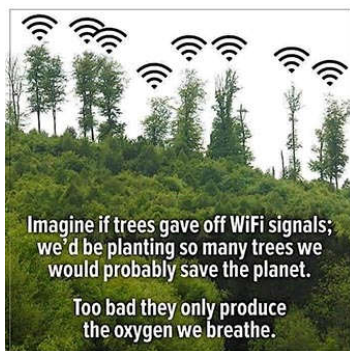
Hash check marks; pretty Doodle; the Overdraft bar; Captain Discovery (not Pirate as you might've thought!), and the armoured hare.



Other favourites were the spotty Hare of the Dog, Glitter Hare, Doctor Who Hare - showing every Doctor - and the Fighting Hares.



## RE-REHASHING



Escarpment, though a similar word came to mind as we approached ever-closer, in still-broiling temperatures. With an ascent seeming imminent, and then actual. Though not before several hashers took opportunity for a cooling splash in the Fulking village spring. Or in Davek's case, dip. A mid-ascent regroup offered pack photo opps. A monster gradient check followed, before finding switchback true trail climb to the South Downs Way summit. I suppose we should be grateful to our hare for saving this to the later, cooler part of the hash. Relatively speaking. It was then a trek east, with fabulous views over the weald, to the Devil's Dyke Pub. Before steep descent to the on inn, via roadside sipstop, where ample bottled supplies of Corona+Heinken and savoury snacks were parchingly consumed. At the pub, after the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called. With hare Fukarwe's DD recognising alternate-tyre-hopping style circuit-training, that was afforded by the cracked-earth canyon paths on escarpment approach. Observed also was Fukarwe's pre-r\*n announcement that he wasn't driving, so was hitting the sherberts. And thus up he came again, to recognise the following achievement: Not only has the hashalete-parcellence completed 100 marathons in 100 seconds, or something equally impressive, it would appear from today's marking that he has been back to skool: Because at all the chalked checks, we were treated not only to a nipples-circle, but to the word CHECK, written out, in actual, big, letters. But this wasn't the only cursive accomplishment, as Ann R was observed on the sign-in sheet to have supplied her name in a stylish flowing script. For which the scholarly pair earned a DD. Well the cat's out the bag now, pack you're invited to font-astically embellish your name! Next up, was Nasty Nips, for his on-trail announcement to all and sundry, that he had new socks, infact special achilles socks no less. It was only the fact that he'd exchanged his runners and socks for sandals that saved him from having to drink his DD through one of those socks. Per Shoots Off Early's observation, Mudlark was called for capturing a hound that had slipped lead from its lady owner, whose cow-averse husband was cowering in the field behind, or something like that. And then St Bernard was called, for leading three others, namely the other SB - Sticky Balls, plus Hot Fuzz and Davek, down the wrong-side of the descent fenceline, in what was in fact a longcut not shortcut but nevertheless a falsecut. And lastly it was the two SBs for the following presumably heat-induced friskiness: St B was lovingly-admiring one of his National Trust cast-metal Fulking Hill signs, when Sticky observed that the upper nut had come off. But that St B needn't worry, as it was a simple matter of withdrawing, and then reinserting, the screw, and wedging it in with a couple of twigs. Concluding the DDs, a hash coincidence tale was recounted, that saw First UK Full Moon H3 (FUKFMH3) hasher Amnesia research hash founder A.S.Gispert's birthplace to be 80 Breakspear Road, in Brockley in Kent. At which spot, FUKFMH3 held a sipstop, only for it to be interrupted by an unfortunate scooter accident, that saw half the numberplate torn off, leaving just the upper line, that read H3. Circle concluded with glasses raised to Airman, who departed us for a trail in the clouds, just a year ago. **Dangleberry**



**on**



but declined the hash squash to drink her own beaker, while Pirate likewise refused the nomination. She did at least teach Keeps It Up how to count to 8, using just fingers, no thumbs, as he was 9<sup>th</sup> out of 8 at the fishhook due to inept maths skills. Shame as it's his job, but he'd also faux pas'd the sign-up sheet for his own run leaving Off With Her Head as hare next week! Dipstick was on fine dipstick form re-enacting his mermaid stunt at the weekend by flopping around on a speed bump, insisting on trying to tell people about his scab, and finally giving the staff a hard time over his baguettes having ordered two not four when they dared to cut them in half for him.

**White Horse, Ditchling** – A short trail was forced on us due to the insistence of the pub that food would be out at 8.20pm sharp so no sip, but typically after her early panic at the thought of dozens of sweaty hashers turning up demanding sustenance, the landlady was far more reasonable on the night! With the hare taking the walkers, maps had been strategically passed on to trustworthy hounds while Sticky Balls and Bouncer took on the back marking role as best as they could. That lasted to Stoneywish when the pack split up to ran past tents in every direction. Finally sorting ourselves out, we picked up the Greensand ridge out to Streat, and wriggled through to head in via Westmeston Place. We've been thoroughly spoilt this year and once again enjoyed Al Fresco dining and drinking, the circle revealing that the wa\*kers enjoyed trail, while the r\*nners just hurled abuse, which probably reveals more about the quality of the pack than Anybody's efforts. Astrid was celebrating her 4<sup>th</sup> birthday



## Hot Doggy Style Attempts to hide

Nico was next after bragging his role in Jake Wightman's World Athletics 1500m gold medal having pushed him round a parkrun (well he was behind him at any rate!), before Terry Smith was welcomed back after some time. Prof deserved his, er, rejected squash as he was driving, mainly for past sins, but also suggesting a chalk arrow on Rebels back would unite trail and horn so we wouldn't ronggo agin. Dangleberry took centre stage to introduce the latest hasher with a song, lyrically enhancing Abba to give us a tribute to Bonking Queen, using a flaky excuse that she had filled her car with a seaworthy flamingo to get her into the circle. And finally, the Numpty award which, had he been a regular rather than a guest, should surely have gone to Dipstick, got passed to Bouncer after his French fails (*see editorial*). Another na, last seen rescuing a baby bird, which may or may not have been a Swallow!

	A	B	C
1	#	2268	
2	Date	Monday 01/08/2022	From 19:0
3	ation	Paiges Wood Car Park	Haywards
4	e(s)	Keeps it up & Wildbush	
5	omments	Don't follow by a book at the Hares' house; Ple catering purposes	
6		so who is it, I'm so confused!	
7	# Name or Hash	Handle	Prepaid
8	1	Off With Her Head	Yes
9			No



# HEATWAVE LATEST:

Councils across the UK rejoice after melting roads begin to fill in their own potholes...



Be thankful it's not snowing... Imagine shovelling snow in this heat!



Just trying to keep cool by standing naked in front of the fridge with the door open... The supermarket staff aren't too impressed though!



I'm not saying it's hot, but I've just squirted the contents of a McDonald's apple pie over my head to cool down.

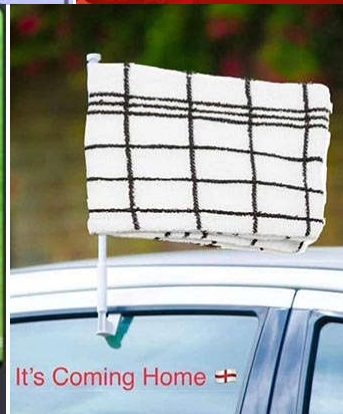
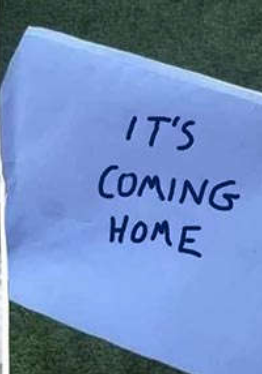


As the weather is so hot I asked the Hermes delivery driver if he'd like a bottle of cold water. When he said yes, I dropkicked it over a fence into my neighbours rose bush and told him I'd left it in a designated safe space.



**Men: Football's coming home! It's coming home!! It's coming!!**

**Women, 60 yrs later: ...FFS I'll get it myself.**



FOR SALE: Genuine pair of woman's goalkeeper gloves signed by the 2022 England women's team, INBOX R DETAILS

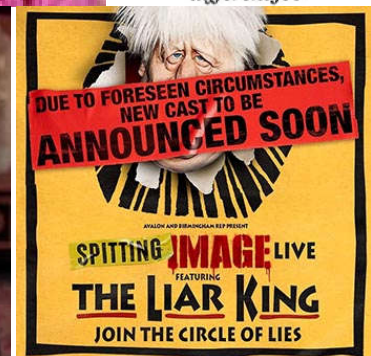




# IN THE NEWS – Political meltdown!

Doctors are advising people to do as little as possible during the heatwave, making it the first time Boris Johnson will have listened to experts.

Leave him alone!  
He's doing his best!



I phoned Heart FM today to enter their mystery prize competition. The presenter answered and said, "Congratulations on being our first caller. All you need to do is answer the following question correctly to win our Mystery Grand Star Prize." "That's fantastic!" I called out in delight. "Feel confident?" the presenter asked, "It's a Geography question." "Well, I've got a degree in Geography from Oxford University." I proudly replied, "and I've taught Geography to A level students for the last 20 years." "Ok then, to win our Grand Prize of 2 VIP tickets to a Tory leadership hustings and meet the two leadership candidates afterwards for afternoon tea, what is the capital of France?" "Bradford", I replied.



## A little more news...

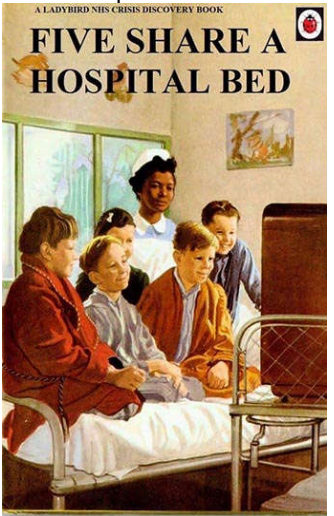
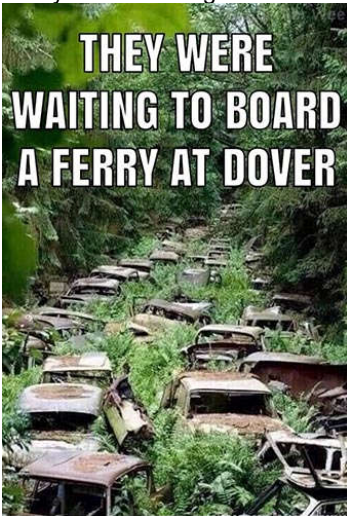
Just for the fun of it, everything from fuel prices, through transport issues, a bit of Ukraine, the cost of living crisis, Thai massage parlours and that lot again. Oh, and George Jetson!



Hi, I have 25 gallon of unleaded petrol that I'm looking to trade for a 3/4 bedroom house in Cornwall with around 5 acres.  
No haggling I know what I've got 😊



My local cinema got robbed of £1,000 yesterday. The thieves got away with 2 jumbo popcorns, 2 large cokes and a packet of skittles.



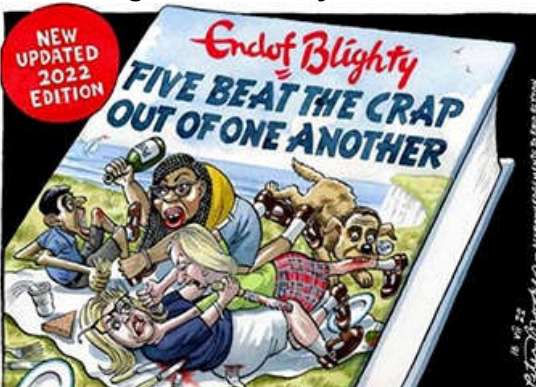
New series of Big Brother receives 50 million applications after producers confirm that the house will have food and central heating.



I don't mean to alarm anyone, but someone is about to give birth to George Jetson.



Choosing the next Tory leader is like choosing which portaloo to use on the third day of rock festival.



I've been trying to get an appointment to see my doctor for ages. I finally saw him last Tuesday and showed him the rash on my bollocks. He just ignored me and kept pushing his trolley round Tesco's!



## How a smart harriette gets rid of an overly attentive hasher at the beach...



A hasher falls asleep on the beach for several hours and gets horrible sunburn. He goes to the hospital and is promptly admitted after being diagnosed with second degree burns. He was already starting to blister and in agony. The doctor prescribed continuous intravenous feeding with saline and electrolytes, a sedative, and a Viagra pill every four hours. The nurse, rather astounded, said, "What good will Viagra do him?" The doctor replied, "It'll keep the sheets off his legs."



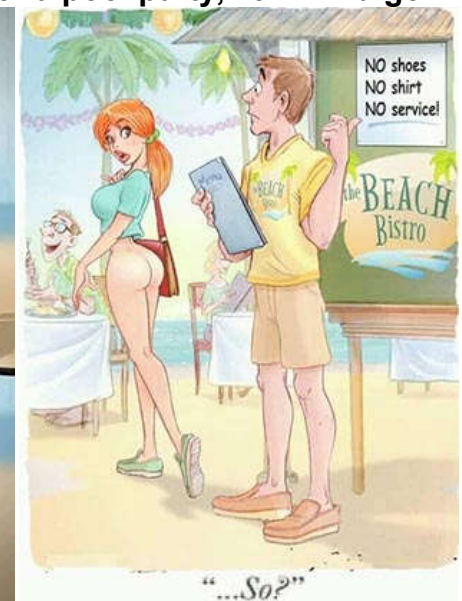
# THE END



After watching several England ladies matches and being a lifelong avid football fan, my expert analysis of the lionesses is that the goalkeeper has the biggest tits...



It's so hot today that if Michael Barrymore invited me round for a pool party, I think I'd go.



A hasher is jogging along a remote beach. Suddenly he hears a deep voice: DIG! He looks around: nobody's there. I am having hallucinations, he thinks. Then he hears the voice again: I SAID, DIG! So he starts to dig in the sand with his bare hands, and after some inches, he finds a small chest with a rusty lock. The deep voice says: OPEN! Ok, the hasher thinks, let's open the thing. He finds a rock with which to destroy the lock, and when the chest is finally open, he sees a lot of gold coins. The deep voice says: TO THE CASINO! Well the casino is only a kilometre or so further on, so he takes the chest and jogs on to the casino. The deep voice says: ROULETTE! So he changes all the gold into a huge pile of roulette tokens and goes to one of the tables, where the players gaze at him with disbelief. The deep voice says: 27! The hasher takes the whole pile and drops it at the 27. The table nearly bursts. Everybody is quiet when the croupier throws the ball. The ball stays at the 26. The deep voice says: SHIT! **Well on that waste of time, ON ON to next issue!**