



HAPPY CHRISTMAS

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by

Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:

13-15/01/2023 Friday 13th part 52 – Edinburgh

30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near Gorron

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 in January

08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>

And congratulations to our neighbours at Chichester hash on reaching their 1000th. They have kindly extended an invite to us to join their celebrations on Sunday 15th January at 11am:

Venue: Hunston Uphill Way nr Chichester West Sussex SU860017 Behind the Hunston Community Club

Après Hash: In the Hunston Community Club.

The bar will be open. There will be food and a raffle.

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hare Raiser	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
Beer Monster	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
RA's	Dave 'Dangleberry' King
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Haberhash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Hash Horn	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
SDW relay	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Hashtorian	David 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Christmas Hash	Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons



Sloshed In Sitges: FUK Easter Migration 2023 First UK Full Moon H3 trip to Sitges, Nr Barcelona Thurs 6th-Mon 10th April 2023

Once again the FUKFMH3 gang are off to foreign parts to celebrate the ties between Easter and the Full Moon. This year we're heading to Sitges, Nr Barcelona for some Easter warmth, and those reasonable Spanish bar prices! We had a Gay old time there 5 years ago.

The weekend is a do it yourself event, and all are welcome. There is no upfront fee, although there will be moderate charges when we are there to cover essentials!

If you fancy joining us you need to:

a) **Book your own flight** to Barcelona from an airport to suit yourself

b) **Book yourself into the Hash hotel.** The recommended hotel is Hotel Platjador, (Passeig de la Ribera, 35, 08870 Sitges, Barcelona, Spain) although there are plenty of nearby alternatives such as Hotel Subur also on Passeig de la Ribera : 350m from station. (Booking.com or <http://en.hotelsitges.com/> or Subur (<https://www.hotelsubur.com>))

c) **Email Tops and Windsock** (windsock@btinternet.com) to let us know that you are coming.

Key dates are **Maundy Thursday 6th April (Full Moon) – Easter Monday 10th April.**

However some of us will be there from Tuesday (or earlier), and staying later.

Trails will accommodate both runners and the less athletic, and there will be plenty of beer stops to keep everyone refreshed.

Although not fully planned yet, the provisional timetable is as follows.

Thursday: 18.00-19.00 Meet Hotel Platjador rooftop terrace. 19.00-late Pub Crawl round Sitges hared by Not So Clever Panda & My Li'll Spermhead. Registration on trail. **Friday:** 10- 11.00 Meet up near Hotel Platjador. 11.00 A-B Running Long Trail around local Hills. Hares Omo and Tinkerbelle. Alternative Public transport for less able. Return via train. 18.00-19.00 Meet Hotel Platjador rooftop terrace. Gin Cocktail Party location to be advised: Don't forget to bring contributions. **Saturday** 10-11.00 Meet up near Hotel Platjador. 11.00 Circular trail hared by Termite and Marmite round Sitges. 18.00-19.00 Meet Hotel Platjador rooftop terrace. **Sunday:** 10-11.00 Meet up near Hotel Platjador. 11.00 Circular trail hared by Looselips and Oral Sex round Sitges beaches. 18.00-19.00 Meet Hotel Platjador rooftop terrace. Later TBA. **Monday:** 10-11.00 Meet up near Hotel Platjador. 11.00 Local trail tba

Barcelona Airport

There are 2 terminals with Easy Jet and Ryanair using T2, whilst BA and Iberia use T1. The two terminals are 4km apart but there is a free shuttle service. The train is the best option for T2: You need to get a train one stop to El Prat de Llobregat (towards Barcelona), and then go the other way to Sitges. Total journey approx 40 mins €4.60 1 way. For T1 use the Monobus to Sitges, (approx 30 mins) and costs €8.00 from the driver. Taxi €60-65.

ON ON Windsock & Tops First UK Full Moon Hash House Harriers January 2023

When the red red ribbon, comes bob-bob-bibbon...



Did you know... The Egyptian God Min is depicted wearing a long red ribbon around his forehead to signify his sexual energy.

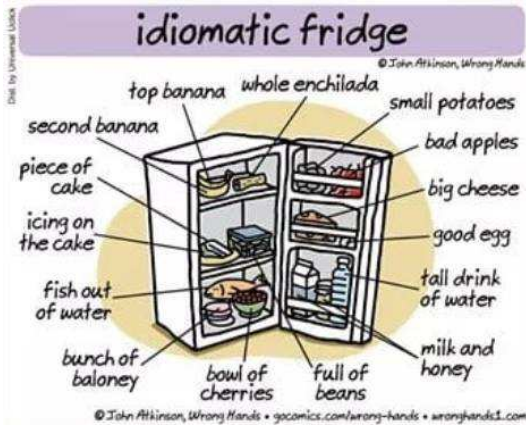


Mick and Siobhan decide they don't want to discuss sex in front of their young children, so decide to use code. One day Mick is feeling somewhat turned on and says to Siobhan, "I'd really like to type a letter." Siobhan replies, "I'm sorry but you can't type a letter today as there is a "red ribbon" in the typewriter." A few days later Siobhan feels a bit horny so says to Mick, "You can type that letter today." "That's OK, Katie", Mick says, "I don't need the typewriter any more, I wrote the letter by hand."

'In ancient times cats were worshipped as gods; they have not forgotten this.' - Terry Pratchett



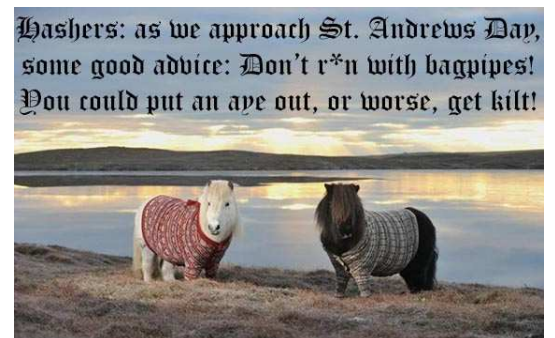
REHASHING...



racecourse, but what had Andy been up to in the bushes? In the pub we ran into problems straight away as the landlord blamed a lack of ale on his supplier, who'd decided he needed considerably less than he'd requested. Surely they've heard of the infamous hash thirst by now?! I was disappointed in the mooted sausage deal too, which on closer examination required you to order each item separately, causing the price to quickly rocket. In the absence of ale a restricted circle was called with stand-in hare Fridge for the walkers being joined by map-carrier Mudlark who'd invented a new trail! There seemed little to report from the pack, however, One Erection, after emptying YSB at the start of the trail and very responsibly bagging it up, then ruined things by depositing in with the general waste. Andy P's startling appearance had caused some discussion on what he'd really been up to with a reminder that more than three shakes can get you arrested in these parts! Word had got through that he'd been something of a hero earlier in the day, rescuing folk in distress out on the water, so maybe his down down was a reward instead of a punishment, you be the judge. His good lady Paula had the last word as she somewhat harshly passed the Numpty mug on to Fridge for the weather complications, which could be the last we see of it this year, to conclude another great hash.

Bouncer

2285 Blacksmiths Arms, Halland - Though conditions were drizzly and cold, a hot sexy trail was to reveal, encountering Nooks Field, and then Lower Honey Farm, all bathed in a romantically-swirling mist. And the amore didn't stop there. First though, the cosy pack of 20 gathered in this most welcoming of low-beamed establishments. Where orders were taken for the keenly-priced offer of various curries and a drink for only £13 usually, but just a tenner on Mondays. It was then on-out SW down Lewes Rd, before finding path NW to join Knowle Ln, encountering The Nook and Nookfield, nestled in Nook Field. To then curve NE to cross Eastbourne Rd, onto Sand Hill Ln, and eventually a path SE. After some random wanderings around a freezing foggy field with a pond, exit was found SE. And it was maybe the sheer relief that caused first Angel to remark 'my feet are frozen, I hope there's a roaring log fire back at the pub !'. And second, Hot Fuzz to exclaim in reply, 'there's always a fire in my heart when I'm running with you !'. It took some prodding to wheedle this out, occurring just as HF straddled a stile topped by lightly wrapped barbed-wire, with that revelation unsteady HF and nearly causing a painful fire also in his wedding tackle. In fact talking of stiles, Bouncer gallantly offered Off With Her Head a steadying hand, to clear two that resembled a show jumping water fence, as he stood wellied in the drink. OWHH had scarpered pre-circle, so just a DD threesome, sung to the innovative 'there is a game called thirty toes'. About the foggy field, exit was indicated by hares On On Don and Pompette to back-marking recruit Rebel Without His Keys, as being "near a pylon". A hasher who by his own omission has "no sense of direction". Though this attempt at excusing failed against the better excuse of second candidate Knight Rider's "can't see in the dark". With Pompette ruling out On On Don's third pick of Hash Gomi due to "being a runner". And so the entire quintet received DD's for basically being BH7's answer to the Keystone Cops! Back on the trail, it was a switchback north, to head off-piste through waterlogged woodland+pasture, out to Palehouse Common lane. Before heading SE to join Lewes Rd SW, then taking a similarly water-worldly path south toward Annandale Farm, switching west through Bentley Wood for the on-inn. Upon which stretch was encountered a bridge with hole, on which your author nearly went down, before getting a grip. Back at the pub, the curries with rice+popadom+chutney worked wonders to restore warmth. After sustenance+refreshment, circle was called to



bring-to-book the sinners mentioned, and some. The book of original sin, I mean original book of sin, was temporarily AWOL. And despite a smaller book, there were infact far more DDs than usual. And all at not a penny's cost to BH7, as the pub generously stood us 4 whole pints, that they were kind enough to divvy up as 12 thirds. Keeps It Up and Wildbush will be absent now for a month, as they survey hashing in Antarctica and southern South America. Predictably, penguins dominated their table's conversation. Including KIU's DD-earning quote-of-the-week about prior encounters with the flightless bird, "most of the penguins were single". Were they making eyes at you? The DD was joint with Prince Crashpian, for an on-trail counting conundrum that sometimes saw 12 r*nners, then 13, or was it 12. Did the counting always start at 1? And then for the final DD's, it was Pompette for the revelation that she was "unable to get her leg over", a stile it was clarified. And that DD was joint with Just Paula P, for the use of good arm to lift bad leg over a stile. Oh BH7 hashers, you have quite the romantic style!

Dangleberry

The following words were printed in this months On On Hash History magazine along with the picture of Chopper from the Halloween issue. I'm grateful to Shakesprick and would again draw your attention to his excellent publication with a link from the website: <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/hash-history/>



Phil "Chopper" Mutton

We had some very sad news last week when one of the founders of Brighton hash passed away. Phil "Chopper" Mutton clocked up over 1700 hashes with BH7 and, with *Local Knowledge* another of the original 5 on that very first run in June 1978, kept the hash going through the difficult early years. In an official role Phil looked after the hash finances for many years, but was a voice of good-humoured reason whenever there were 'issues', and came to be regarded as the father figure of the hash. He also represented Brighton at the very first UK Nash Hash but, other than the clubs own annual forays to Montreuil-Sur-Mer in France (the BARMY hash), rarely hashed anywhere other than BH7.

After the antics of some hashers saw the club banned from several regular hash bars in the early days, the hash swung towards athleticism for a while, taking part in the annual South Downs Relay with no less than 9 teams of 6 with a hash involvement one year. *Chopper's* team missed the cut-off and were excluded the following year, in his words "for using a ladder on the larger hills". And thus were born the hash relays conducted on a much more light-hearted basis and with rather more beer being involved, as well as many memorable meals to round off the day. *Chopper* organised them year after year always declaring his team the winners, using whatever logic would get them to that point!

No longer able to run, on one of his final relays *Chopper* set off ahead of the runners on his bike, so the expectation was that he would be first to the end of the stage, but one by one the runners came through all with no word of him. So we waited and waited, until eventually a forlorn figure appeared on the top of the hill, having broken his saddle and walked the whole way. A renaming had him known as *Saddleshift* for quite some time but eventually he reverted to *Chopper*.

One of *Choppers* favourite events was the Seven Sisters Marathon, now known as Beachy Head, and for many years all hashers who took part would meet up at the end for champagne and nibbles, everyone bringing along a bottle of fizz and, therefore, everyone on average drinking a bottle of fizz. After some pub banter early in the year one year, *Chopper* and *Bunter* had a bet over who would lose most weight in time for the Seven Sisters Marathon, the stake being a magnum of champagne. At the weigh-in the result went in favour of *Bunter* as he'd put on less weight than *Chopper* had, so *Chopper* handed over his magnum then promptly produced a pint sized flute and single-handedly drank the bulk of it himself much to *Bunters* chagrin. He was later seen weaving his way up an otherwise empty road happily singing away to himself with an enormous grin on his face as two harriettes endeavoured to maintain his verticality. I can still see the bin bursting with bottles, magnums and even a jeroboam after the hash had been, at the posh private school that still forms event HQ!

One of my own favourite *Chopper* -isms was his line, given that we always hash on Monday evenings and are therefore in the dark for 8 months of the year, to "waggle your torches so they think we're running", but he had a particular skill for humorous one-liners that invariably had us in stitches! As his health declined *Chopper* resorted to walking the hash, eventually with an oxygen tank, despite our efforts to disqualify him for such 'assisted' hashing. In time his health deteriorated so that a short walk was all he could manage. And then Covid hit. With his health in a fine balance, he was only comfortable coming to the hash post vaccinations or if we were in the open air after the hash, but Monday night was sacrosanct and he would be there if he possibly could, his final hash being only 3 weeks ago on 3rd October when he put in a brief appearance for a quick pint, leaving before the pub became too busy.

Chopper was taken into hospital last Tuesday and died on Friday with his family around him - his farewell message to us being typical *Chopper* as he knew it would be his last: "Just to let you know I am in hospital and may well be some time."

We will all miss him being there to greet us back to the pub after the runs on Mondays, and he will be remembered with love and affection by all who knew him.

REHASHING:

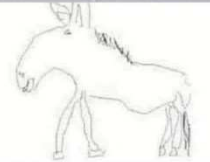


2286 Queens Park Tennis Club, Brighton - Run 2286 Queens Park Tennis Club, Brighton – Beckoning the pack was a spicy little trail by duo Knight Rider and Mudlark, followed by a welcoming winter chilli of veg or beef. Having cleared a parking hurdle, the 19 of us gathered in the tennis club's clubhouse. Where, joining the two Loud Shirt Brewery ales, was the welcome gesture of complimentary crisps+peanuts at bar and tables. With the pack pre-lubed as required, ML called circle-up with clear

instruction, and a specific caution: Beware a metal stanchion, threateningly located at 'bollock height', for those so-equipped. Pack were ushered out SW into Queen's Park, where they found looping trail around the lake, to double-back NE and exit the park along Queens Park Rise. Pass the Pepper Pot? Well close, to this Grade II listed tower, with unknown original function. Though among its many uses since, is the publishing+printing of Boggy Shoe's defunct sister publication, the Brighton Daily Mail. The road morphed into Plumpton Rise, then Hallett Rd, before reaching T-junc with Elm Grove. Trail was then found right, ascending, to then veer left into St Helens Rd, thence May Rd. And out to Tenantry Down Rd, bordered by download turf, exchanging NE for N. At T-junc with Bear Rd, trail was again right, headed E, before resuming N along a path bordering the South Downs National Park. It was here I think that we encountered the first of 3 fishhook sevens. With Mudlark counting as seventh both Angel and Rebel Without His Keys, while knowing full-well that RWHK was actually eighth, and so in fact an escapee. ML was later to confess his fabrication to Angel, to 'make slacking RWHK work'. For this contrivance, ML of course received DD. While RA oversight meant Angel+RWHK missed sharing a DD drink for both being 7. It was here too I think that offending stanchion was found. Though it was of such modest elevation that the question of course arose as to quite how low-slung is ML. In a botched attempt to answer, called was 'tickling-stick' provisioned Wiggy, in place of declining Bonking Queen. Wiggy instead comically-hammed, including a Groucho Marx impression with the bristly end of in fact the clubhouse broom. DDs then for BH7's answer to Laurel & Hardy. Back to the trail, re-entering the burbs via Dartmouth Cl, it was Fitch Dr, a twitten, then Auckland Dr, to hit the trail's northernmost limit. Then S through The Hyde industrial estate, before ascending the monster flight of steps that is Jacob's Ladder. Which apparently isn't hard enough, as it was fishhooked too. Along paths skirting Warren Rd, to the right then left, trail thence paralleled the Brighton Racecourse long straight. Where ML overhead Angel's lengthy discourse about the unlimited possibilities of Spoon's free cup refills: 'First I have tea, then cappuccino, next mocha, then hot chocolate. Actually, no, NEVER hot chocolate'. This thrilling story of course won Angel a DD, of tea. Trail then passed the Whitehawk transmitter, and the 'Shell Bench Sweet Spot', before cutting down NE to re-enter the burbs at Sutherland Rd, thence Evelyn Terrace, and on-inn to the club. Where the pack appreciatively thawed with the chilli, accompanied by rice, chutney, and buttered French stick. And rehydrated with the intentionally-hazy Dazed and Confused NEPIA, and treacle-hued El Dorado APA. Circle was thence called, with the mentioned DDs, plus these: Thanking first our hares, it was then a 'welcome back' for Whose Shout and One Erection. Though of the recent hashes, they were in fact present for Fridge's Fox On The Downs hash a fortnight back, missed by the RA. Also RWHK was called for his response to Whose Shout's shouted request, while Rebel was stood at the bar beside the sauce bottles. WS: 'Bring over the spicy sauce'. Rebel: 'What, the whole thing?!'. Rebel, I know it's a tennis club, but did you plan to serve flicked blobs of sauce from bar to WS's plate?!

2287 White Horse, Ditchling - Winter's first snowfall on BH7 territory and the mercury sub-zero, are immaterial eh, as we hash regardless :-). And so-say the ample pack of 19 that gathered at this gem of a village hostelry. Well apart from co-hare Jaws, who'd been attending a presumably exceedingly brief training course at which he'd learnt the first rule of winter driving, is DON'T. And so he didn't, and we were absent the hasher with the masher nasher moniker. In his place and with a far nicer smile, Greenteeth, together with co-hare Rebel Without His Keys. And so calling circle-up outside the pub's steamy windows, Rebel announced I think a first for BH7: A trail laid in snow-contrasting beetroot juice! Indeed a practice adopted by Finland's Helsinki H3, although with considerably more liquid than this single spied 'blob'. Rebel further advised the pack to stick together given the wintry conditions. And also informed of a sipstop, to the pleasant surprise of many and in-particular Ride It Baby, who enquired 'will there be cups?!' Rebel though was seemingly distracted by Angel's unique Xmassy jumper with its reindeer snout 'mono boob' as so-christened. Indeed it took twin repeats of the enquiry before Rebel finally tuned into quite what cup was queried! Abreast now of trail's refreshments, the pack were directed on-out from the 12th century pub to the similar vintage and prettily-elevated St Margaret church, overlooking the village green white-out. Before finding trail past the duck pond ice-rink and N up Lodge Hill Ln, tilting for the restored 18th century Oldlands post mill. True trail though wheeled E, descending to Orchard Ln. And it was along this stretch that our Newcastle H3 visitor 5 Kuai Head was quizzed as to whether he obtained lift with Lily The Pink, in response to a fast-answered lift-seeking circular email from Bouncer. 5KH's too-much information answer was 'we came together', for which the pair duly scored DD, with tied finish. And yes, for 5KH the trail was long enough, hard enough, and he'll come again. Presumably, beating his personal, best. The pack then went S, along North End, to enter the Ditchling burbs, and along a house-backing path. It was then exit E to East Gardens then East End Ln, by The Dymocks, which wasn't nearly as painful as it sounds. Onto the Lewes Rd, all bar your author found footpath SE, bisecting The Shirleys, which by all accounts was even less painful than it sounds. Your author instead went up The Shirleys to his Dymocks, losing the plot and the pack, and straggling back to the pub just in time to accompany Greenteeth to the sip spot. The pack meanwhile continued SE to Westmeston, along which stretch

If Anybody Would Like Portraits Of Their Pets Done, Just Pm Me For Details!! Christmas Orders Are Filling Up Fast!! 😊🐾



David Bos
Sledges for sale peacehaven
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Sledges for sale
Small red sledge £4
Big sledge red blue green or pink £10
Pickup from peacehaven.



Angel mislaid a generously-proportioned black cylindrical object described as 'a torch', for which the pack sadly groped the snow in vain. On passed the St Martin's Church chicane along the Ditchling-to-Lewes racetrack (record 7 minutes) to then turn-tail W along Underhill Ln until Saillards farm, taking a farm track N, then path NW toward the Nye. Along which stretch Gromit walking attempted FRB slowdown fishhook 7 fabrication in snow, missed by all! Joining Nye Ln W out to Beacon Rd, the pack headed N to find sip pitched-perfect to dispel the chill: Aldi's Kraken-esque Cesario spiced rum, paired with dark chocolate coated cinnamon-spiced biscuits. On-inn then was a short leg N up South St to the crossroads, and W up West St. Back at the pub, the pack refreshed, and around half sustained with the extensive selection proffered by the sign-in sheet dropdown. Which foxed Fukarwe/Pondweed with his Eat In No Food DD-earning combo. As for Jaws being backward in coming forward, the eponymous movie if watched backwards is infact a heart-warming story about a shark gifting arms and legs to the disabled. Who says the hash doesn't do bad taste?! And as for the snow, no finer business opportunity for Hash Gomi who within minutes of first flake, had a FB advert up for sledges in various sizes+colours. With HG even trying to offload to myself a snazzy number in BH7 pink, as well as trying to play pocket snowball. This, together with HG's incredulity at Bonking Queen's business-denting reference to yesterday's rain, that BQ rapidly+wisely clarified became snow, ably earned HG DD. Who then fairly countered with DD for your author for The Shirleys debacle. And then as is London City hash custom, circle was closed with a season-appropriate 'may the hash go in peace'.

FIFA WORLD CUP QATAR 2022 – part 1:

A guy in the pub asked me to name three Qatar players. I said Jimi Hendrix, Hank Marvin and Jeff Beck.



World Cup half-time entertainment will make a change from penalty-kick competition, insist organisers



I'll give £50 to anyone who hacks the PA system in any Qatar World Cup stadium to play YMCA as the teams walk out.

Thought this wasn't allowed in Qatar, legends.



Early controversy as Welsh mascot revealed.

Fixtures

I'd love nothing more than to go outside and commune with Mother Nature. But what can I do? It's out of my hands: Nigeria are playing Croatia.

Eating on your own isn't much fun. Some say there's nothing bleaker. But this is the big one. I've waited all day. It's Switzerland – Costa Rica.

Sorry to miss Mum's birthday today. Please save me a piece of cake. She'll understand, it's Morocco – Iran: third place in the group is at stake.

I think you just said you've filed for divorce. I'll sign the papers as soon as I can. Only ten minutes more (plus time added on) of Colombia versus Japan.

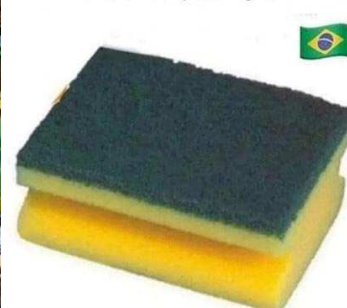
Brian Bilston

England should definitely win the World Cup, we have the best strikers in the world – Kane, Rashford, Foden, Saka, Postmen, Railwaymen and Bus Drivers! And then there's this

Quick game of Qatari man or jam jar #QatarWorldCup2022



My wife, a fan of Brazil, asked me to buy her something green and yellow to use during the World Cup. Now she's not speaking to me.



Rachel Riley has promised to present Countdown naked if England win World Cup!



CARRYING POLAND

CARRYING FRANCE

CARRYING BELGIUM AND GERMANY



The Germans are out of the World Cup
Don't mention the VAR

@jestjokes



De Argentinien liggen er bijna 15:52
The Argentinians are nearly out!

CRAFT REHASHING - the 12 pubs of Christmas



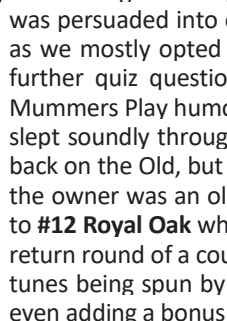
With so much uncertainty over trains to Lewes it was difficult to promote the 12 pubs with sufficient notice for people to clear their diaries. Although the change from 17th to 3rd December was made after the initial announcement, strikes on 17th meant it was a good call, however, it seems not everybody picked up the change, and it did mean an unfortunate clash with the CLAWS christmas party in London (City, London, West London & Slash hashes), which I didn't initially think would have much impact. Having already lost hardcore CRAFTers KIU and Wildbush to a unique opportunity to hash Antarctica, and a couple of late cancellations with Proxy baling out after a wisdom tooth removal taking Legolas with him, the Fishers on a deferred dinner booking and Tequil'over requiring Chunderous's care

after worsening his cold at the Surrey H3 carol hash meant we were a very select four in **#1 John Harvey Tavern** with just myself, Angel, Roaming and a solo Cliffbanger with Bushy working. As we got stuck into the Old, Roaming produced a bag of goodies and a raffle which I won gaining the coveted flashing headband. With a tight schedule we moved on bang on cue to **#2 the Snowdrop**, running into Trouble on the way. My aim was a sensible 1/2 pint per pub but the Old exclusion clause meant a 2nd pint in pub two, while Troubles understated Christmas attire was enhanced with a set of glittery specs in the draw. Dangleberry and Dipstick had naturally overdone things the night before, but it sounded as if they wouldn't be far behind when they messaged they were at Wetherspoons in Brighton, until they added that they had to nip back to DB's to collect some bits. The long walk out to **#3 Beak Brewery** was well worth it and the heaters and firepit outside were much appreciated, as was the burger as the terrible two finally caught up after sinking halves in the first two pubs, Dangleberry with the most bizarre 'tankard' measuring jug. This would be a great hash venue if we can persuade them to open on a Monday, and of course superb beers, which I kept seeing in Bristol on 2 visits recently. After CB gained a hat in the draw we headed on to **#4 Gardners Arms** but DS & DB decided to grab the other half in the Snowdrop as we swung past, and missed the marks so RP had to chase them down. Some smooth moves got us a table as the



couple left, beating a chap in a group who said it was their normal spot, but chatting on it turned out he knew a few hashers, remembering Tim 'Doctor Lurve' Carter, Spreadsheet, and a few others. Can't be 100% on his name but think it was something like Paul Whiteman if that means anything?

#5 Dorset Arms was once again a pint of Old and I started to wonder if I could actually make 12 pubs, but the arrival of the beaming Testiculator gave us all encouragement. It was on to another brewery as we entered **#6 Abyss**, and another excellent potential hash venue with a huge indoors as well as heated tables outside and a food truck, a possibility very much enhanced when Dangleberry bumped into a Rhine hasher the following day who was unaware of Brighton hash, but whose boyfriend is apparently behind the Abyss! We were still very much on schedule but questions were asked as DB performed an impressive change of outfit in readiness to be part of a double act as the buffoons in Home Alone at the CLAWS do, an accessory for which was a very intimidating crowbar. I'd been joking to DB that there was a challenge to find a matching gift from the 12 days song in the corresponding pub so he posted a picture of a can of 1664 at the Runaway kiosk at the station muttering something about 7 swans! We also said farewell to Trouble on the way to **#7 Volunteer** who must've enjoyed her short time in our company as she fell asleep on the way home and ended up in Crowborough! The pool competition produced a three-way tie between the participants with Dips beating me, Testi beating Dips and I beating Testi so, after a photo opportunity at the giant santa we wandered on to **#8 Elephant & Castle**. Something called the World Cup was in full swing on the tellies but RP produced an excellent christmas quiz, which turned into a battle of wits between myself and Testi the latter edging it, but everybody got a few right. Cliffbanger attempted to make his escape here, muttering about food, but was persuaded into eating at **#9 Lewes Arms** to set a personal pub crawl best, as we mostly opted for burgers. He and RP exited for trains as we wandered on to **#10 Brewers Arms**, for further quiz questions with Testi in the chair this time, but everything was stopped by the arrival of a Mummers Play humourosly recalling the battle between St. George and a Turk and events after, which Angel slept soundly throughout! The end was now in sight as we stepped into **#11 Rights of Man**, again for a pint back on the Old, but it was a bit embarrassing as I played with a puppy using Dipsticks Moose Hat, to find that the owner was an old work colleague who recognised me as the moose started mating with her dog. And so to **#12 Royal Oak** where my pint was on the bar before I could protest, courtesy of Testi, which necessitated a return round of a couple of whiskies to toast our success on a grand day out, as Angel woke up to dance to the tunes being spun by Bang Bang Meringue! Four survivors, with three of us completing all 12 pubs, and Dips even adding a bonus beer at the Spoons before starting. Another great 12 pubs of Christmas!



The mummers play while Angel sleeps

Scary view of the Lewes Arms

SURVIVORS at pub #12:

Bouncer

FIFA WORLD CUP QATAR 2022 – part 2:

The last time England had 6 shots on target vs. the Iranians.....



SURVIVE 250 MPH CRASH



SHIRT GETS PULLED



Ohnotheragen!

I bought my mate a signed Harry Kane picture for his pub. He's only gone and put it over the bar.



1. In the 1400's a law was set forth in England that a man was allowed to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. Hence we have 'the rule of thumb'
2. Many years ago in Scotland, a new game was invented. It was ruled 'Gentlemen Only...Ladies Forbidden'. and thus, the word GOLF entered into the English language.
3. Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history: Spades-King David; Hearts-Charlemagne; Clubs-Alexander the Great; Diamonds-Julius Caesar
4. In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes, the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. Hence the phrase...'Goodnight, sleep tight'
5. It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the honey month, which we know today as the honeymoon.
6. Since 1996, England fans have said they are going to win the cup at the start of every football competition, hence the phrase 'deluded twat'.



Congratulations West Falklands, world cup winners.



Qatar 2022 has been one of the safest World Cups ever. With the lowest ever levels of hooliganism, violence, and alcoholism. The least number of arrests and some of the best behaved fan of all time.

Which just goes to show – it was the gays causing all the trouble... 🏳️‍🌈

IN THE NEWS

Reports are coming in that Boy George has been attacked by a reptile on the set of I'm a Celebrity.



Jen @GeekWobble

Matt Hancock is gonna be a lil delayed #ImACeleb



So all I need to do is eat a camel's penis and the plebs will love me again?



I'm buying my wife a once-in-a-lifetime Unique Experience Gift. It's a train journey'



'There's no rail strike today. All cancellations are running normally'



'What do we want? A Government U-turn! When do we want it? When it is safe to do so!'



'Did you call an ambulance?'

Christmas Eve and Suella Braverman catches another foreigner working without a visa



Left the car running on the driveway this morning to warm it up... then the doorbell rang!!



Greta Thunberg @GretaThunberg

yes, please do enlighten me. email me at smalldickenergy@getalife.com



Andrew Tate @Cobratate · 1d
Hello @GretaThunberg

I have 33 cars.

My Bugatti has a w16 8.0L quad turbo.

My TWO Ferrari 812 competizione have 6.5L v12s.

This is just the start.

Please provide your email address so I can send a complete list of my car collection and their respective enormous emissions.

THE END

Christmas fails in the department store...



Dog walkers. Decorate poo bags with tinsel and glitter so that when you inevitably launch them into the bushes, it creates a magical Christmas scene for everyone to enjoy!

So, I just got stopped by the Police as part of their "Christmas Drink-Driving Campaign"

The female copper asks me, "How many drinks have you had in the last 24 hours?"

Apparently, "Not enough to shag you!" was the wrong answer.

I'll need a lift back from custody.



The kids asked if they could write "Let It Snow" on the windows... the bottom is what can be seen from the road.



We grew up in the 80s
John Hunter · 6 tim · 



Asked Santa for a baby sister.



Found him like this with mum!



Sweary anagrams

Can you rearrange the letters to make festive words?

- 1 SNORTING GEESE ASS _____
- 2 JOCKS FART _____
- 3 TOILETS ME _____
- 4 FARMERS CHAT SHIT _____
- 5 HI NUTTY SLAG _____
- 6 GAY FILTH SIR _____
- 7 MICE PENIS _____
- 8 I SEMEN HER WET _____

ANSWERS: 1 Season's greetings 2 Jack Frost 3 Mistletoe 4 Father Christmas 5 Naughty list 6 Fairy lights 7 Mince pies 8 Three wise men

