

Trash #322 February 2023



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
6th February 2023	2295	The Horse, Hurstpierpoint	BN6 9SP	Lily the Pink & JellyBooby
Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. Est 15 mins.				
13th February 2023	2296	Saddlescombe Farm	BN45 7DE	St Bernard
Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est 10 mins.				
20th February 2023	2297	Cuckmere Inn, Exceat Bridge	BN25 4AB	Black Stockings & Heinz
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26 to Newhaven then left on A259 through Seaford. Pub is on right hand-side ½ mile outside Seaford but before crossing Exceat Bridge. Est mins.				
21st February 2023	2298	New Oak, Patcham	BN1 8DJ	Drambulie & BB
Directions: Take A27 east and leave at next junction. Turn right at roundabout back over A27, then 2nd left at next roundabout. Pub is on Carden Avenue, 3rd turning on the left. Est. 5 mins.				
6th March 2023	2299	White Horse, Ditchling	BN6 8TS	Anybody
Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at roundabout. Park in village car park on right. Est. 10 mins.				

**13/03/23 Kings Head, Upper Beeding – Bouncer
& Angel**

20/03/23 Royal Oak, Poynings - Gromit

**27/03/23 Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath -
Psychlepath**

CRAFT #128 – Worthing Tap Takeover

**Saturday 15/04/2023 12.00 P trail from
Worthing Station – Worthing Tap Takeover**

Hashing around Sussex:

CRAP UK H3:

05/03/2023 11.00am Ardingly Inn, Ardingly

Hare: T-Bone

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

**05/03/2023 Darwell Wood car park,
Netherfield, TN32 5JB**

Hares: Sh*t Stirrer and Snake Hips

On afters: The King's Arms, Ninfield, TN33 9JB

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Thought for the day: Trash towers are delighted to congratulate Hägar on reaching his half-century!



And what's more, this month also marks 30 years since the very first Brighton Trash appeared!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

06-10/04/2023 Sloshed in Sitges with FUK FMH3
 30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near Gorron – see flier below and let us know you're coming
 07-09/07/2023 St. Bernard's 60th party weekend*
 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/>

*St. Bernard invites all BH7 hashers to join him in celebrating his 60th birthday with a weekend of fun! Friday night byo bbq entrée to burn, followed by folk entertainment.

Saturday morning hash, games and evening ceilidh.

Sunday clear up the leftover beer!

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



Friday 30th June to Monday 3rd July 2023

Big Camping area - with fire pit - showers and loos in the house. A gas BBQ, electric hob and kettle available for cooking. Plus fridge for food/beer.

Beer - Bring your own or buy at local supermarket.
Friday evening - pissy euro larger, IPAs and wine will be available at cost, on an honesty box basis.

Catering - Friday evening - free veggie meal.
 Breakfasts—DIY (we will have milk and do a boulangerie visit in morning for bread/croissants etc).
 Saturday evening - BBQ your own food and add salads to share
 Sunday and Monday - DIY

Itinerary

Friday - arrive, set up, chill, drink, **evening veggie meal provided.**

Saturday - short drive to late morning Hash.

Stop off at a supermarket for supplies on the way back (You can't bring dairy/meat into the EU). Evening BBQ with your own meat/veggie option, contribute salad bits to share.

Sunday - Hangover run if needed, and a choice of :

- ☉ kayaking on small river or large river/treetop adventure, high ropes/paintballing in Gorron.
- ☉ visit old town of Fougères or Domfront with castles, some cafes and bars.
- ☉ Walk along Mayenne River plus bar.

Monday - Leave or hang around.

Our address is 6 Le Haut Geray, Desertines 53190, Mayenne, France

Getting to us

DFDS Newhaven to Dieppe cheapest crossing (approx 4hr drive, 270 km with 22 Euros in tolls)

Brittany Ferries 10% discount code f008sm KIRK or F08Y33 KIRK (0 is zero)

Portsmouth to Caen (approx 2 hr drive, 120 km with no tolls) or **Le Havre** (approx 3 hr drive, 190 km 10 euros in tolls) www.viamichelin.co.uk for a routes, tolls and predicted fuel use.

Check out broker agencies such as AFerries and Ferries Direct, sometimes they have cheaper offers.



Drawn to scale—Le Teilleul to Desertines 8 km



Let us or Bouncer know if you are coming.
 janelkirk@gmail.com
 johnkirk33@hotmail.com



CRAFT H3 #128 – Save the date!

Following last years tap takeover, when a number of microbrewers took over 16 pubs in Worthing, the plan is to repeat the exercise again this year. Whatever happens, CRAFT will be meeting at 12 on 15th April and touring Worthing's micropubs plus selected others so grab your tankards and join us for what should be a grand day out.



SAVE THE DATE

14-16 APRIL 2023

#WORTHINGTTO

A stile for Phil:

We have made contact with the National Trust officer responsible for Devils Dyke area, where the first Brighton hash trail took place, and they are looking out for a suitable location. An initial suggestion of Cissbury Ring was rejected as being too far out, as was the idea of replacing one of two gates as the cost was prohibitive.

As before, if you spot something that could be suitable please do let myself, KIU or St. Bernard know.

Thank you,
 Bouncer

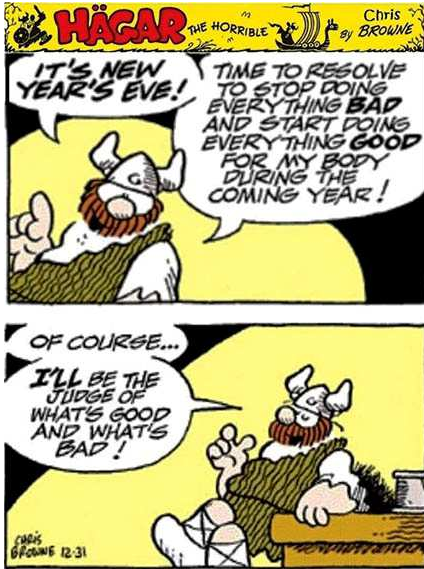
PAGE
Inside 3 Today

In honour of Hägar the Horrible's 50th anniversary here's some lovely Helgas & Honis:



...and I thought it was cold up north!

REHASHING with Bouncer:



Run 2290 Six Bells, Chiddingly – Mustering up in the car park Don issued a series of clear directions, given that his running days are passed, and a proxy hare with emergency map was therefore created. No sooner had we set off though, said proxy hare, Dangleberry, baled out with an injured part lobbing the map at Nasty Nips and Knight rider while he joined the walkers. Trail went through the churchyard crossing a couple of fields to meet the road in the village, then joining the footpath to go past Hoads Wood. It continued down the Vanguard way then turned right through a couple of farms before crossing the A22 briefly, then working a convoluted, and probably unofficial judging by the angry farmer, route home. Certainly, there was a question about the scarcity of marks, which was at the time blamed on Pompette using the finest quality quilted, but in hindsight could well have been down to nasty maps, something On Don was keen to defend latterly, although his run report has yet to hit the editors desk! One thing was clear, is that this was indeed a record breaking hash – being the longest hash on paper pruned to the shortest but undeniably muddiest of the year so far. And indeed, of course, the first! So, circling up, after the setting hares On On Don and Pompette came the proxy hares Nasty maps, Knight rider and the runaway Dangleberry. Invoking the Head injury protocol, Psychlepath received attention after cracking his nut en route, but even as the pack was baying “who said head...”, returning visitor Head Mistress was called in along with first time visitors Sex Toy and Pussy Galore. On the subject of returnees, and with another

record-breaking reference, Keeps It Up and Wildbush were back from the bottom of the world, while the ‘yet-to-be-named’ Andy P was also back from the top of the World having been to Everest prompting the appalling joke that the Himalayas are no laughing matter, unlike the South downs, which are just hill areas. Various names were proposed for Andy but ultimately deferred until Dangleberry could get his dressing up box out! Another great hash... **Bouncer**

Run 2291 Jack & Jill, Clayton - To quote Ian Hunter's Wild Bunch, “Did this ever happen? Was I ever there? Most of the time I was drunk.” Why you ask? Well dear reader the simple explanation is that, demonstrating the same cavalier attitude to the role as the hare raiser who suddenly found himself taking over this date for his hash, your scribe has left it so long to review the events of that evening that they are but a blur of nonsensical notes, coupled with a dubious Strava record. The latter suggests that trail shoved a quick right



down New Way Lane, then left to wander up and skirt the lower slopes of Wolstonbury, unravelling some of Dangleberry's mysterious Echoes, before rejoining the northerly section of New Way to return across the fields, but what do I know? Circling up it's probable that hare Fukarwe was downed but just as likely that One Erection's birthday was recognised. On more solid ground, Jelly Booby lost a shoe at one point (for which I expect Lily drank!), Ride-It, Baby complained that we didn't get to the top of the hill and Black Stockings may have been punished for throwing the date back as she couldn't make it, but turned up and ran anyway. Finding Wilds Thing in the pub allowed a sharing of some amusing stories surrounding Keeps It Ups sabbatical by getting Wilds Thing to collect his new Tesla, then get forgotten vax certs to them, and finally a bit of panic when the pipes froze causing Sean to ring your scribe and ask if I had intimate knowledge of their insurers. Yeah, sure I've got files on all of you ready to go if



anything mysterious should happen to me on a Monday night! I really have no idea what happened in the circle, but I do know that Rebel was not recognised after his bottom lip trembled when he realised he was being charged significantly more, not once but twice, than anyone else for his beer, the excuse being something about London prices, but it was all resolved amicably so, discretion and all that, we let it lie. Hey ho, another great hash! **Bouncer**



REHASHING with a wordy new scribe, *Nasty Nips*:



2292 BN6 Bar, Hassocks, 16th January 2023 – With the mercury hovering at 0 degrees Celsius, 23 hashers gathered in the warmth to await the appearance of a 24th, namely Dangleberry, haring for the second time from the BN6 Bar in Hassocks (the first being 14th March 2022, just after they opened); Duncan - owner and operator of BN6 Bar and Hurst Brewery - was glad to see us all once again. As the usual time of departure neared, Bonking Queen announced she had received a msg that 'the hare would be 10 minutes late'; cries of foul were heard and some debate was had as to whether the pack should make their own way as many had spotted marks on the way in. But wary the hare may have attempted some previously unheard of '5-and-on' policy, the pack decided to wait. This author, *Nasty Nips*, immediately scribbled some notes down in his pocketbook. Ah yes... perhaps a little backstory is due here. With DB as hare, and Bouncer+Angel away, who would RA this hash? Surely not DB RA'ing his own hash for a second time! Luckily, Bouncer had had the foresight to ask Lily The Pink and NN at the previous Jack & Jill Inn hash if they could carry the RA duties. As an experienced / inebriated hasher, LTP replied in the affirmative; as simply inebriated, NN had replied the same. Back to the hash... With pocketbook in vest and a rough guide already scribed in the back, NN kept an eye out for sinners+saints alike. Of course, the pack hadn't managed to set foot out of the door before DB had already managed to earn himself a notation for being late to his own hash. And so it was that, finally, the sea of yellow-jacketed hashers was greeted by the hare, covered almost up his entire legs in mud. A quick circle was held outside, laden with innuendo as the hare noted the 'r'nners could expect 6 inches' whereas the w'lkers would 'get the full 12'. That's flooding, to clarify! The sip promised in the email was also confirmed, much to the satisfaction of the crowd. And so, a little later than usual, On Out was called E along Keymer Rd. Quickly turning S at Dale Ave, up some metal steps besides The Corner Cafe, the pack moved on high; well, all except Gromit, spotted passing through the very clear X mark right next to the steps before U-turning and re-joining the masses. Over the flat terrace roof the pack proceeded, and then back down onto Keymer Rd beside Budgens before

continuing E and on to the first check of the evening. Turning N around Adastra Park, the hash encountered a water-logged field; even those attempting to stick to the footpath found themselves in 2-3 inches of water. Was this to be another DB Hassocks hash that saw the hare lead the pack through stream after stream? Turning E at a footpath intersection check, the hash moved along to Fir Tree Wy, S on to Parkside and through a footpath back to Keymer Rd and another check. With a quick On On called, the road was crossed by the lights, on to Willow Brook Wy, Highlands Cl and then Dale Ave once more, heading SE. Turning at the Old Fire Station / Lodge Ln, the tarmac was left behind and the much-promised 6 inches appeared as the hash turned WSW into fields following the footpath. With perhaps a missed flour blob, One Erection and NN led the pack right of the fallen fence and left of the bushes through a shiggy-heavy route when the true-trail lay a mere 12 feet to the right the other side of the bushes. Routes converged at the tree-line, and perhaps no-one noticed... Ploughing on, 1E, NN, LTP and Keeps It Up proceeded to follow the footpath diagonally across the field, marks in sight, the pack having been slowly stretched out by the thick mud. After the third such field, the FRBs made an impromptu regroup at a boundary where, unbeknownst to them, the hare had in fact planned (but been unable) to lay a fishhook for 8. Waiting (almost) for the back of the pack to re-join, LTP was heard to remark that 'there's nothing worse than catching up only for people to r'n off' and so headed off, joined by the rest of the FRBs. It was at this point that it was noted that AnneRKey had turned around as 'she didn't want her nice shoes to be ruined! Not new shoes, but definitely worthy of a DD should she be at the bar on the pack's return. On through a further two fields, the r'nners and w'lkers would now diverge - the r'nners following the footpath SW to and across the B2112 (uninspiringly named 'New Road') and the w'lkers turning NW towards the sipstop clearing. With those w'lkers encountering enroute the much-promised 12 inches, which was probably more like 18 as it overtopped knees for some. The cause was a stream so in flood that it crossed fast over as well as under a driveway. With the r'nners now headed S and crossing the 3km mark, the pack found themselves E of Clayton along the footpath to Spring Ln, Underhill Ln and then a short ascent in the direction of the Jack+Jill windmills before turning W partway up the hill. Following a relatively flat line across the hill, the FRBs (1E, NN, LTP, KIU, and Just Andy P) once again held an impromptu regroup and took the time to turn off torches and gaze up at the stars - the muted chatter-conversations around constellations, satellites and planets broken only by KIU calling On On several times; apparently, this time he had decided not to wait or had simply not heard. The FRBs did all they could to resist the urge to get back on trail and decided to remain at the RG. After a few minutes, and with the hare bringing up the rear, the pack started up once more and quickly rejoined with KIU who had stopped only a short way down at Underhill Ln / Clayton Rec. Crossing the football pitch and through the goal, the B2112 and 50m north on the A273 (and past last week's hash pub), the hash found themselves alongside the railway tracks on the footpath known locally as the Cinder Track (on account of the showering with cinders from steam locomotives back in the day) and through the 5km mark and a fishhook for 6. Counting them through 1 to 5, Just Paula P was spotted at the fishhook, resting and unaware that she herself was the sixth; once prompted, JPP performed her fishhook duties and went to the back of the pack. And with that, the hash had made it to the sipstop, where DB's cheesy spiced gonad biscuits were offered around and beers consumed, as the w'lkers had done minutes before. These caraway-seed adorned biscuits were made with a heart-shaped pastry cutter, that inverted looks like gonads! And the sipstop bag was placed at the centre of a mowed 50 metre high heart, duly re-designated as gonads! As the temperature had dropped a few more degrees, the sip was short but sweet, DB pointing the group back to the main trail with LTP+1E almost leading the pack back up the w'iker's shortcut. With simultaneous calls of 'On Back' by NN and Ride It Baby and 'On Hare' by DB, the wayward FRBs turned around, corrected in the nick of time before ploughing into that 18 inch flood. So with the sip done and the Hassocks burbs just beyond the trees, the hare however had committed the unconscionable - he had laid a check AFTER the sip! Nonetheless, DB excelled himself in laying a mass of dizzying turns through the trees and the near-freezing water of Butcher's Wood, before re-joining the Cinder Track approximately 250m north of where the hash had left it. DB later revealed the 10 minute delay was due to getting lost in that maze of paths and frantically dropping flour blobs till he found exit. DB then routed everyone via ANOTHER check (!), on the Cinder Track, across Clayton Ave and back to Keymer Rd via a narrow footpath, turning briefly W before looping around the station, through its pedestrian underpass, that featured TWO MORE checks (!!).



Before dropping down onto Keymer Rd (now E) before the roundabout, and On Inn. Back at the BN6 Bar (perhaps not coincidentally having postcode BN6 8AR - squint if you don't understand) there was a promise of funky snacks and, more importantly, a wide variety of beers and ales; the musings from the hash suggested that they were most impressed. With all available to enjoy as a pint or a half, or indeed two-thirds (Schooner) or one-third (Gill, pronounced Jill). I reckon we'll be back for another Jack+Gill trail! As more hashers returned with food in hand, the bar quickly filled with the smells of curry and fish+chips, from establishments chalked with a respective chilli and fish. Duncan was most generous in providing seven Gill's of various ales ranging from palest-yellow to darkest-brown. With NN calling hash-hush, those gathered were asked what they thought of the hash - the usual light-hearted abuse was shouted. So, of course, DB was first called as hare. But before he could have his DD, NN wanted to make everyone aware that DB was the reason NN had joined the hash, and that NN owed all his hashing experience to... Bouncer, who sadly couldn't make it tonight. With chuckles around, the hare was finally given a chance to whet his whistle (having chosen a pale ale described as 'yellow') with the short 'This is your DD song' in place of the more-usual 'Here's to the Hare'. Enroute to his chair, LTP was heard to remark that DB had his hat on in-circle, a fact not missed by NN who had almost presciently got that noted in his book. And, allowing DB to ALMOST make it back, NN called DB back for a second DD. The sip options were listed - the noted hat, the innuendo forgiven (it's the hash - what do we expect?) but the 4 checks (even worse than the cited 3) AFTER the sip was the winner. Selecting an 'off-yellow' ale this time, DB downed to the 'No, No, No, Bad, Bad, Bad, Down, Down, Down' song, commenting after that he wasn't sure a yellow and off-yellow were a good mix. Gromit and Knight rider were then called for SCB'ing near the end (choosing not to go around the station) and (for Gromit) the aforementioned crossing of the X right at the start of the hash. To a clink of glasses and 'They've got Little Willies', two more DDs were had. Continuing the theme of pairs, NN then called 1E+LTP for nearly leading the pack the wrong way after the sip and, to a quick countdown of '10,9,8...', LTP emptied his glass in mere seconds whilst 1E was left with contents at the end (but not over his head). The last DD went to JPP for her fishhook mistake. Onto final business, and owing to a lastminute location change, 1E was asked to update everyone about next week's hash. And then closing circle, NN raised his glass to the hash, toasting with the now more common 'May the Hash go in peace'. To which those-in-the-know customarily responded 'May the Hash go in pieces', which it did as they hit more of those fab BN6 Bar brews.

Nasty Nips



The sipstop was placed at the centre of a mowed 50 metre high heart, duly re-designated as gonads.

WANT A SWIG OF RUM?

NO, THANKS...
I'M ON THE
WAGON

NICE TIME TO BE ROLLING IN !!

DAVE COVERLY

NEVER MIND THAT MOPPING!
WE WANT SERVICE!

HE ALWAYS GETS ARGUMENTATIVE WHEN HE'S BOMBED!

DAVE COVERLY

HOW MUCH BEER DID YOU GET?

A SIX-PACK

WILL THAT BE ENOUGH?

Phil Witte

WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT THESE BAD HANGOVERS I GET, DOCTOR?

YOU CAN STOP DRINKING ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

NO, SERIOUSLY—WHAT CAN I DO?

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Panel 1:

Man in suit: DON'T YOU HAVE ANY LIQUID ASSETS?

Bearded man: MOST OF MY MONEY GOES BACK INTO THE BUSINESS

Panel 2:

Bearded man: I'LL SAY!

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, STRANGER?

I'LL HAVE THE USUAL

In the beginning.



He reflected back on some old Norse legends his Swedish aunt had told him when he was a child. His hand sketched out a horned Viking helmet sitting on top of a big round nose. The rest of the figure seemed to draw itself. The cartoon barbarian's portly frame was draped with a rumpled beardskin, his shield was hacked and worn, and the crowning touch was a snarled beard encircling his bewildered face. The answer to the cartoonist's problems was staring him in the face!

Now his mild-mannered marauder needed a name. The cartoonist smiled, thinking of his three children who used to wake him up regularly from his afternoon nap when returning home from school. He would storm down the stairs, yelling in mock anger, "Stop that noise!" His youngest son always fled in terror crying "Run, run, here comes Hagar the Horrible." That is what he would call his comic strip creation.

IN THE DEEP, DEEP HEART
OF THE NORTHERN OCEAN
A SQUIGGLY ICK...




...HAD A FANCY NOTION...

I'M GOING TO BETTER MYSELF!

EVOLUTION CALLS!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO SHORE!




IT'S OUR DESTINY! WE'VE GOT TO BECOME LAND ANIMALS!

FIRST WE BECOME AMPHIBIANS
THEN LIZARDS, THEN SMALL
ANIMALS...

A cartoon illustration of two fish swimming underwater. The fish on the left is smaller and has a simple, rounded body. The fish on the right is larger and has a more complex, elongated body with a visible eye and a small fin. Both fish are facing right. There are several small circles representing bubbles around them. The background is a simple line drawing of water with a dark, wavy line at the bottom representing the seabed.

THEN, IF WE LIVE LONG ENOUGH,
WE EVENTUALLY EVOLVE INTO
PRIMATES AND FINALLY INTO...



What the bloody hell is a rabbit?

Rabbits belong to the 'loof' family, and are genetically similar to feather dusters.

Rabbits natural predators include sheep, dragons, missiles and the moon.

The French for Rabbit is 'la bouncey mouse'.

No one knows why rabbits have those weird fluffy antlers on their heads.



Also, what the bloody hell is a water rabbit?

Dangleberry dribbles dust for a double-naming as we welcome Tripsy Daisy and Shirker Ninezing



REHASHING with Dangleberry:

Run 2293 The Bull, Shermanbury – Arriving in the parck of this surveyor of the watery realm, first sin was committed as Bonking Queen was heard to remark on disembarking her vehicle, 'I recognise that rear!' This directed at Just Paula P's backside, as she rear-first disembarked her wheels. On later recount, there was surely relief from Off With Her Head, that her circle-frequenting rear was this time 'off the hook!' Relief too from Nasty Nips who was initially thought the disembarker remarker. And so gathering to hear cautionary chalk talk from hare One Erection, we learnt of winter's frozen answer to shiggy, 'Brown Ice'. Heading on out S along Brighton Rd, path was soon found NE across the River-Adur-bordering southern meadows, to a stepping-stone preceded stile. And scene of NN's DD-earning "I'm going to keep dry", followed by On 1 hop, On 2 hop, and then contradictory On Splash. It was then past Shiprods Farm+Lake, via footbridge at Titanic deck angle, to a place that sounds like a new K-Pop fad, the 'Sakeham Gauging Station'. Infact it might catch on, certainly the pack went back for more, of this juicy sluice that bridges the Adur, before the Mill Stream is bridged. More on all that later, as trail continued NE beside the stream to join a track, and then T right to Frylands Ln. Though not before NN and Rebel Without Keys made a synchronized decision to tie shoelaces / stretch calves, with a

foot each propped against a 5-bar gate, that promptly swung open, causing both to drop feet to the floor in a DD-earning visual comedy cameo. Continuing W, Frylands Ln reached T right to Wineham Ln, before heading S to rebridge the Adur. And then track W through Abbeyland's Farm, to a check straight+right, respectively tried by then-FRBs NN+Dangleberry. DB finding first mark, queried NN "are you?", to which the irregular response was "fishhook". DB concluding fishhook must be on true trail, on-backed to instead go straight. Indeed quite some way, without seeing fishhook, mark, or indeed floury or chalky daub of any variety. Meanwhile, the entire pack streamed through the check heading true-trail right! Somehow, at circle, NN dodged his DD for all this, indeed reverting it to DB, 'explaining' that the exclaimed "fishhook" was to call attention to DB missing one a bit earlier. Reaching the Adur, trail then hugged W to pay déjà vu revisit to the Sakeham Gauging Station. This caused the pack to fear they were in for a repeat loop, perhaps ad infinitum. But no, trail now routed SW across the Adur-bordering northern meadows, passing Shermanbury Place and Saint Giles chapel, to T left to Brighton Rd and on inn to the pub. Where after the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called by RA DB to bring the mentioned sinners and some to book. The reappearance of Hashrick (aka Bouncer) with a simple assignment to carry RA "Mr Blackberry's" excessively long ecclesiastical sash was characteristically misunderstood, as a request to tie it to everything immobile. It was a minor miracle then that DD's were able to commence, with a DD thankyou to our hare, appropriately enough on this first day of



Hashrick being a bloody nuisance as hare downs:

the Chinese New Year of the Water Rabbit! A re-welcoming DD too for Wiggy's better half Sue. Visiting Keeps It Up and Wildbush was family member and Brisbane Uni student Adam, though all had now scarpered. Maybe WB sensed incoming DD for leaving her torch in the car, so instead Bouncer took one for wrong-way leading the walkers. Prince Crashpian and Knight rider received DD's for supposedly SCB'ing through a water trough, though it turned out they were Super Clever Bastards, as that was true trail, and everyone else had falsed. Thence, to PC's seeming invalid cries of "you can't DD twice!" he and HotFuzz received for thru-running a fishhook 8, according 1E "when we first encountered". But that would make trail instead of figure-of-8, a figure-of-9 or 'lollipop trail'. Which brings us to an inspired name-proposal for Andy P, given his near-but-not-quite half-Everest bid, reaching base camp (improbably 'from above') of 'Shirker Ninezing' (after Sherpa Tenzing). Ride It Baby's swingometer showed the pack favoured that over 'Camp Basey' (after 30's jazz pianist Count Basie), and from the floor 'Came At It From Above'. Paula P was named at the same time, recalling her injury-prompted stile lift of the one bad leg by the one good arm, 'Twister Sister' was suggested. Or given that the stile hop resembled one by a certain 80's video game hero, 'Froggy Stile'. But recalling her regular on-trail stumbles, the swingometer registered keenest for BQ's impromptu suggestion of 'Tripsy Daisy'. And that's no Bull!

Run 2294 The Stanley Arms, Portslade – Were the ample pack of 24 hungry for trail, or just plain hungry? Because with the pub not doing food, hare Ride It Baby's suggested New Star Tandoori for deliveries/collections first saw Gromit delay trail with his enquiry "is the tandi on the on-out?". Then Local Knowledge's local knowledge fail him by asking "is there a chippy on the out-trail?". At last, the pack departed this charming backstreet boozer, heading S along Wolseley Rd, then E via Gardener St and Elm Rd to a T with Trafalgar Rd. Here Bouncer committed a DD-earning sinful trio: First being wrong by saying the tandi was left-not-right, second contradicting the hare on this, and third attempting to explain the first by spinning 180 to say his left was the hare's right! Onward N via Trafalgar Rd, rounding the Battle of Trafalgar pub into Victoria Rd, before a half-clockwise circuit of the Southern Cross Rec to cross the Old Shoreham Rd. Though not before Bonking Queen continued the culinary theme by expounding the Peanut Butter and Marmite sandwich to One Erection. This earned herself DD, together with 1E for his later waiter-worthy juggling of 4 drinks and 2 snack packets one gripped by the teeth while still talking. Trail then made 'staircase' NE of Foredown Dr, Benfield Cr and Mill Ln to find snooks W over Benfield Wy and under the Hangleton Link Rd, with the obligatory shouty+echoey On On's. Heading N via Benfield Valley path to the Miloki (Mile Oak) roundabout, the pack resumed N via Hangleton Ln and path bordering the golf course, to bridge the bypass. It was then out onto the chilly downs, ascending Benfield Hill to a pointy apex. Though not before RIB's DD-earning fishhook arithmetic-anomaly that saw Dangleberry counted as repeat sixth. It was then a return SW beside the New Barn Farm horses, to unbridge the bypass and pass the Foredown Tower, home to the south-east's largest camera obscura. So-named because this Edwardian answer to the TV dinner is a blurry projection of the world outside, that appears otherwise unblurred if just looked at. Focussing, the pack continued S along Foredown Rd, and it was along this stretch that saw newly+aptly baptised Tripsy Daisy make good on her name far sooner than we'd all hoped by falling, with ankle sprained and hand lacerated :-/ BQ, and then TD's hubby and same-time-named Shirker Ninezing helped the casualty limp direct to the pub. Which was to first T right onto Fox Wy, then proceed S via a succession of snooks+closes to exit between schools to Emmaus secondhand superstore. Then continue W via High St then S along Applesham Wy, to uncross the Old Shoreham Rd. Briefly here TD was supported by Rebel Without His Keys, offering to be onward limp escort, and exclaiming 'I'll phone if we need a lift!', despite having left his phone in the car, though neither recollect this vignette. The pack meantime found in-trail beside the allotments thence Stanley Rd, to arrive at the Arms where the tandi deliveries awaited. We'd thought TD+SN had understandably scarpered, though they later reappeared with TD beaming and bundling fish+chips, and so eligible for DD for being driven by Psycepath the short distance to+from the chippy. The DD's were all porter halves, with TD's nestled in a pint glass half-filled with a slew of ankle-soothing ice.



THE TRUTH ABOUT PRINCE HARRY - He didn't kill 25 Taliban. He captured them, held them for hours whinging and moaning about the problems in his life. Then the Taliban shot themselves.



PRINCE HARRY

KNOB

PRINCES WILLIAM PRINCEPS HAROLDVS
IN PATERAM CANINAM IMPVLIT

Who wants decking?

How to

I said to him, "I don't give a shit James Hewitt doesn't scare me!"

A photograph of James Hewitt, a man with a shaved head wearing a green sweater, laughing heartily while holding a plate of food. Next to him, a woman with long brown hair, also wearing a green top, is laughing with her hands clasped. They are in a kitchen setting with a whiteboard and various items on the counter in the background.

HRH Prince William



Knock Down Ginger
World Champion 2019

"He fucking slipped"



Just going to leave this here and let you remember that no matter how bad a day you're having, at least you haven't just told the entire English speaking world you got knocked on your arse by a member of the RAF

I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. CAN I COME HOME PLEASE

I would like reconciliation with my father and my brother but they have to apologise first !



You stupid boy!

'Please, sir, I want some more maths'

 **Susie Dent** 
@susie_dent

Word of the day is a reminder of 'sparple' (14th century): to deflect attention from one thing by making a big deal of something else entirely.

 **Tim Burgess** 
@Tim Burgess

I thought 'careless' covered stuff like spilling your coffee, but apparently it includes setting up an offshore trust in Gibraltar under your parents' name, transferring your shares to that Trust and then selling those shares for £27million - you live and learn I suppose

1:17 pm · 22 Jan 23

Saw this on squires gate where
Rishi was filmed with no belt on

My car broke down last year – the clutch gave out.

I tried passing a law making it illegal for my car to stop working, tried suing it, tried arresting it, and tried sacking it. Turned out that I needed to spend money maintaining and fixing it. @revpaulwhite on social media.

CRAFT REHASHING Friday 13th weekend



"Oh, I couldn't make it Friday—I've so many things to do.
It's the thirteenth, you know."

Following very successful weekends in Norwich and Bristol, the first of this years Friday 13th Hash meets was again a weekender, this time in Edinburgh. We're always up for a trip to Auld Reekie, particularly because our best man, Phil, lives near and he kindly accommodated us for a couple of days dropping us at the station for the start of our hash adventure. Our first port of call was a bag drop at the Travelodge where we discovered that Dipstick had been shoved in Room 101, with Hot Doggy style and Nose Job (*who joined the BH7 Zoom calls a couple of times*) also lurking about. Angel's reasonable insistence that we do a bit of culture meant a million steps in the castle before checking in properly, then heading off to the pre-hash meeting point at the Caley Picture House Wetherspoons, an impressive multi floor building with a huge projector in the auditorium and the original screen still in place. Hash proper started at the Beehive in the Grassmarket where many old and new friends were already gathered (*including Testiculator, Mr X and many others from various CRAFT H3 trails*), ahead of the first of the re-enactments that define the F13H3 approach. Robocop was in fine fettle as he told a grisly tale of Burke & Hare, making a mess of the hashers daft enough to volunteer for his table. We made a sharp exit with the plan of getting to the next pub



ahead of the horde but unfortunately shot straight past Runs-to-Eat as she prepped her presentation so missed that particular bit of fun at Cockatools expense. The Three Sisters was a bit awkward as we'd been promised beers for our rego fee, but they were unaware and had no beer anyway. Apparently an area had been set aside upstairs and a deal done with other fizzy lager or cider but there was a fair bit of teeth gnashing. Moving on there were a couple more enactments in the Royal Mile by Mr. X and the Rutland H3 boys before we headed down to the Kinderkin to conclude our evening with a couple of pints of Loch Lomond breweries excellent Parumpapumplum plum porter (*see page 6 #321 for Bouncer's Rubberbumpump joke, wheeled out here*), although others opted to stay out somewhat later!

Come the morning Parkrunning hashers had a meet up at the Holyrood parkrun, literally a single lap course round Arthurs Seat, and although exceptions came in rapidly, we still managed a creditable 8! A quick brekkie at the Red Kite café and we headed round to the Bellfield Brewery for the BRAS and Pants H3 trail (*BReweries Around Scotland and running pants!*) all with our finest underwear on display. The mistake the hares made was of, after a lovely view of our earlier parkrun route from Calton Hill, taking trail past the Kinderkin again so it was inevitable that myself, Dipstick, Knead and Making Bacon amongst others would fall through the door for more Parumpa, and having lost a fair bit of time SCB'ing back to the brewery rather than revisiting Arthurs Seat again. Availing ourselves of the many ale options at the brewery an excellent circle, including Cock-a-tools unique beer dispensing system, was followed by a slow exodus in search of food, with many of us ending up at the unashamedly gay Regents bar which had bowls of condoms and lube in the gents toilet, which was like a red flag to a bull with hashers looking for an entertainment source! Our trek to find grub continued but in my case failed as KFC use chicken fat to cook their fries, and so to bed.



As we had to virtually pass the Caley Picture House on our way to Sunday's Edinburgh hash, it would've been rude not to pop in to break the old fast, where we hooked up with Little Shit and Sharnie from Aberdeen H3 for the walk on to Ryries Bar, although we managed to take the Cook's tour via bypasses and housing estates. Marking a big number for several EH3 hashers including Hairspray, this was an excellent trail taking in much of the Waters of Leith and the



stunning Fettes College before we hit Stockridge and Dippy once again led me astray. Although how could I resist popping into the promised St. Bernards Bar, which was quite excellent with all sorts of interesting bits and pieces scattered around and about, as well as the Parumpa again! The pack was strung out enough that we were able to get back in touch easily after just a half and were soon enjoying the beers in Ryries before the closing circle and the inevitable farewells. Another excellent Friday 13th hash weekend. Look out for F13 Hash in October wherever it will be! **Bouncer**



IN THE NEWS – usual load of hot air!

Just bought the wife's Valentine's Day treat.... A hot air balloon trip across the USA.



German woman claims she tried warning the USA about Chinese Balloons 40 years ago.



There were a few cases of mistaken identity:

The Chinese spy balloon has just sent back it's first pictures from Missouri



Anyway, there I was at 40,000 feet in my own private balloon not bothering anyone....



Followed the Chinese spy balloon for 250kms. Realised it was bird shit on the windscreen.



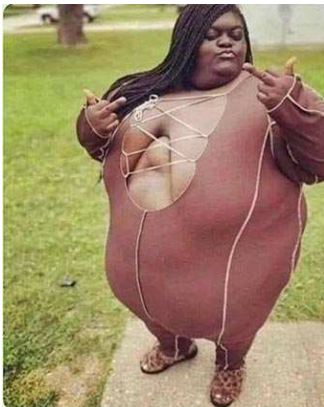
Then the international community got involved – Wales; Germany, Scandinavia and the UK Government:



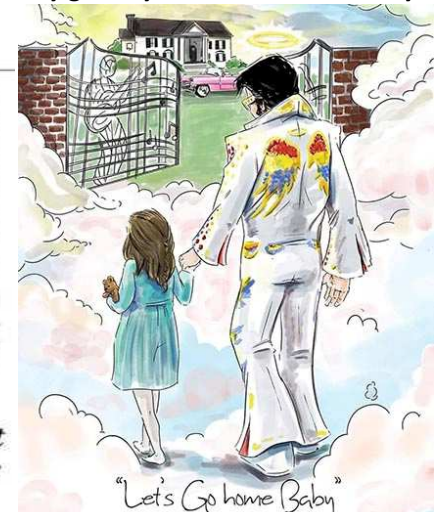
Oh great, here comes the German spy balloon...



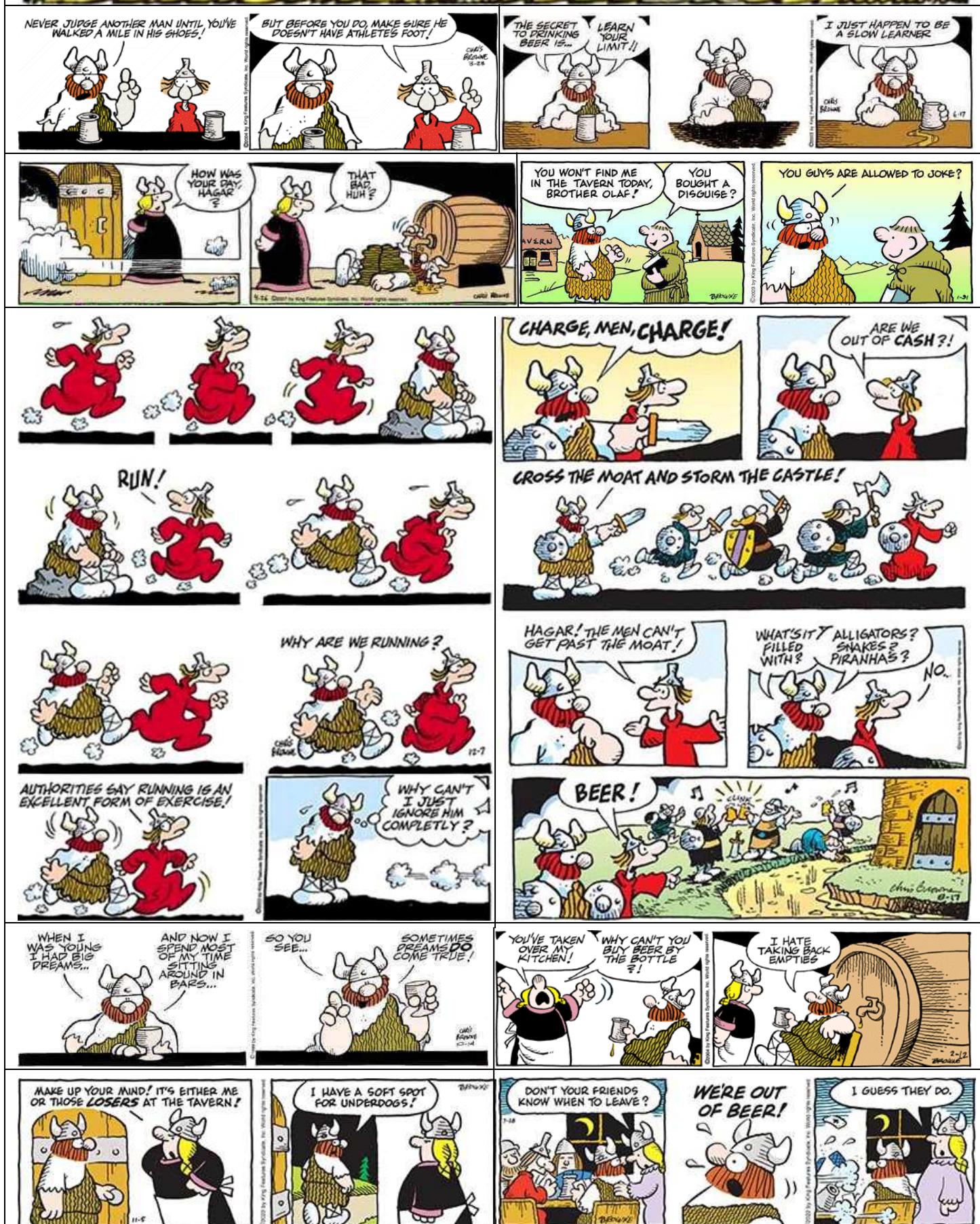
In other news, strikes are still going on, and we say goodbye to Lisa Marie Presley:



American spy balloon sent to China... Failed to lift off 😊



HÄGAR THE HORRIBLE GOES RUNNING & DRINKING



A famous Viking explorer, and good friend of Hagar the Horribles, returned from a voyage and found his name missing from the town register. His wife insisted on complaining to the local civic official who apologized profusely saying, "I must have taken Leif off my census."

