



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #349 May 2025

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
5th May 2025	2412	The Ruby, Coldean		BN1 9GD	Angel
Directions: Head east 1.5 miles on A27 and take the Hollingbury exit. Straight on at mini-roundabout up the hill and continue on Coldean lane for 1.5 miles, pub on right just before traffic lights. Est 5 mins.					
12th May 2025	2413	Jack and Jill, Clayton		BN6 9PD	Half Moon
Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.					
19th May 2025	2414	Hampden Arms, South Heiton		BN9 0JJ	Rebel WHK
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. Take 4th left, signed South Heiton 1/2 , follow round to right and pub on left. Est. 25 mins.					
26th May 2025	2415	Talbot Inn, Cuckfield		RH17 5JX	Beat the Barman
Directions: A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again into Cuckfield. Pass pub to roundabout then turn right and right again for car park. Est 20 mins.					
2nd June 2025	2416	Friar Road, Brighton – <i>Number on sign up!</i>		BN1 6NH	JAWS & Rebel WHK
Directions: From roundabout take A27 exit in right hand lane. 3rd exit at roundabout then left onto Vale Avenue. Right at T-junction onto Winfield Avenue, then left at the end on Carden. 2nd right is Braybon Avenue then after 1/2 mile, left on Surrendon Road. Friar road is first right. Est 8 mins. <i>## Hash in the garden. A barrel of Harveys, wine from our area of France, chilli with or without meat (con o senza carne) and a tarpaulin if it rains. Park on Surrendon or Ditchling roads. *0th birthday special!</i>					

Receding Hareline:

09/06/25 Ringles Cross, Uckfield – On On Don, Pompette & Beat the Barman

16/06/25 Old Boot, Seaford - Private Dancer & Oral Hooker

**23/06/25 Royal Oak, Poynings – Penguin Shagger & Peter Pansy
Penguin Shagger's long overdue 100th hash!**

30/06/25 Cleveland. Brighton – Nasty Nips

07/07/25 Cock Inn, Ringmer - Pompette

Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

Specimen start
(7pm start unless shown)

Sunday 01/06/25 from 12pm - Ale trail launch: Hole-in-the-Wall, Brighton - *Self-guided unofficial CRAFT!*

Hashing around Sussex:

Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):

11/05/25 Robin Hood, Icklesham - S*it Stirrer & Snake Hips

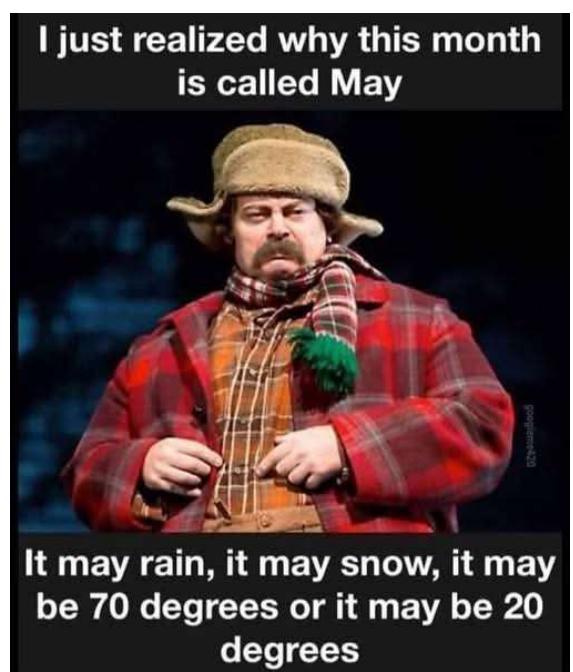
CRAP UK H3 - r*ns start at 11am:

04/05/25 Village Hall car park Bletchingley. On On Whyte Hart –
Vera Vomit & OITE

W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am:

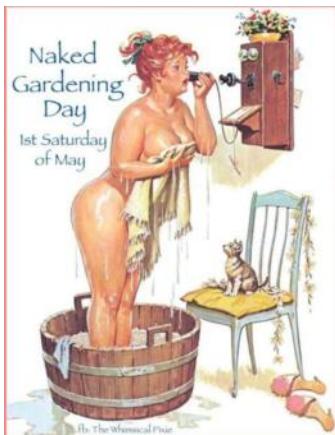
18/05/25 Darenth (Town Centre) car park
Westerham TN16 1BS – Statler
On INN: The Grasshopper on the Green

Thought for the day: April showers bring ~~May flowers~~ mud, they bring mud!



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

World Naked Gardening Day - featuring the Naked Gardener (see #311 for male WNGD)



Did you know that if you garden in your back yard naked, your neighbors will build you a privacy fence for absolutely no cost to you.

REHASHING #1



running. We also had a history lesson about protestant martyrs burnt at the stake in Lewes from our Hare in a churchyard. There was a lovely sunset which the Hare organised for a specific pictorial location or so he told me.

A collage of four images showing different views of a house's exterior and roofline. The images include a close-up of a shingled roof, a view of a blue sky with a small bird, a view of a green lawn, and a view of a dark, textured wall or roof surface.

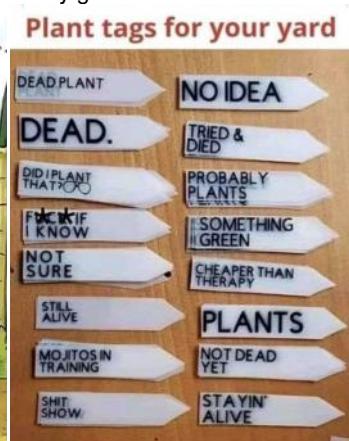


The back room of the pub was reserved for us and the tables were set out as for a wedding reception. Our RA was Bonking Queen who was of course in good form as usual. (Some rough notes now follow as I wasn't really paying attention as I didn't know I was going to do this write up until afterwards and after a few beers!). There was reference to warm ups for LS and NN and a possible divorce on the cards as NN was AWOL. Could LS do a warm down? Gomi was noted doing some stretch ups and that maybe he could help lead. Actually, Gomi also got a little bit of stick for Crawley-itus and Worthing-itus. A down down was awarded to the Hare, Prince Crashpian. All agreed it was an excellent hash. At the sip stop it had been duly recorded in the naughty hashers' book that Bathe it Daily had taken Six pieces of cake and Private Dancer had had 5 sausage rolls AND an ice lolly. True hashers then! (The Hare informed us that the ice lollies were in fact a year old from Dangleberry's wake and which he had recently found in his freezer.) A great welcome home was given to Bouncer and Angel from their epic trail across the hashlands of Australasia etc. A down down for Angel and then: for Bouncer; Bathe it Daily (**thank you for the pictures Ed.**) awarded him the Numpty mug (**for breaking his leg 3 weeks into a ten week running and hashing trip Ed.**) which was duly emptied by him without too much spillage. A true hasher. We'll that's it folks. Whose Shout

Whose Shout



I've started growing snooker cues from seed at the end of my garden. You should see my potting shed.



BROCCOLI! CAULIFLOWER!....sorry I have, florets...

Bouncer & Angel's hashing odyssey: Last leg, home of the hash - Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia...

...which makes it all the odder that we struggled to find any information about when any of the many clubs in the area would be meeting! But with just 48 hours before our homeward flight, it would probably have been a bit too much for us to hash anyway. Not to say there wasn't hashing experience to be had regardless, and our first port of call was to the hash museum. We arrived to find the doors open but no-one home, founder Neptunus being in his native Netherlands. Spread over three floors, he has managed to accumulate a vast collection of hash t-shirts and paraphernalia and they're well presented for casual browsing and photographing. We didn't find any BH7 shirts but know he has some so maybe not sorted yet. We did find shirts from many of our neighbours in Sussex though and left some of Chopper's souvenirs from the earliest days of Brighton hash, so hopefully future visitors will have more success. From here, I thought it would be a good idea to head to the home of the hash to complete the pilgrimage. Merdeka Square was very photogenic but not much as I remembered from 1998 and I'd forgotten that the Royal Selangor Club was for private members only, to which we were granted temporary access back then, so Angel's visit was restricted to an external photo only.



So no hash this time but I'm sure we'll return, and we did at least manage a parkrun the following morning at Putrajaya (having also walked a freedom route at Garvey Park just before leaving Australia). No rest for the wicked though, and after 16 hours we were home but straight out of the door to watch Gooey/ Kieran in the Brighton marathon. Knackered!

As a rather sad postscript to our visit we discovered that the fortunes of the Hash museum hang rather in the balance, with the following emails awaiting our return. Unfortunately the deadline has passed but perhaps we could consider a donation from BH7 hash funds.

HHH Museum ****Poll Results on Gisbert Memorial Day Feb 11th****

HHH all, Firstly thank you all for taking part in the Poll which was 96% positive about having the HHH Museum. Today on Gisbert Memorial Day we are requesting donations or hash event support for the Museum. There were many questions by Poll respondents about the Museum, here are the main facts to be aware of before deciding to support or not the HHH Museum.

The plan going forward is to move the Museum in mid 2027 to a new building which will be built on the Hash Heritage site recently acquired by the Hash Heritage committee in Kuala Lumpur (K.L.), also by successful fund raising. As Neptunus has over more than 16 years with haberdashery from more than 470 hash kennels, clubs , built up a very large collection , it is currently housed in a very large rented building, he has mainly funded rental and other costs himself , both in the original Museum in The Hague in The Netherlands and since 2019 in K.L. but now is retired and much less income then in his working days. So we need to finance mainly rental costs and utility to bridge the time until the Hash Heritage building is constructed estimated to be ready by mid 2027. Bridge time costs estimated to be circ Eur 35,000 to Eur 40,000. Ideally we would prefer to raise the funding by donations from Hash Events , but this takes time to get organised, so we are initially looking for donations to help bridge the gap until event donations can flow. There will be full transparency to ensure the money goes where donors intended, and MTM will provide audit oversight. For more details check out the Q&A attached based on Pollsters questions. The Donors will be recognised with a listing categorised as follows with a wall display in the Museum for hash eternity. \$20 Friend of the Museum; \$50 Bronze donor; \$100 Silver donor; \$250 Gold donor; \$500+ Platinum donor

Pink Panther in Brussels has kindly reconstructed the website which is going live this evening, there photos and other information about the Museum can be seen, he sent this message today. The website is ready. Without any notice to the contrary, it will be launched this evening (Europe time). This means <https://www.hhhmuseum.org/new> will just be <https://www.hhhmuseum.org>

The winner of the Poll draw is a Harriette named Tangerine Dream, from Sek Kong H3, living in France, Neptunus will post video of the free and fair draw on FB later today or tomorrow on the HHH Museum page. So that's it , please only donate what you feel comfortable with and really appreciate your support. Details for donations in USD, GBP and EUR as well as Paypal, Wise and IBAN are attached.

On On, Moose Diver - On Behalf of the HHH Museum Committee

Hi Bouncer, Following our message on 11 February we received a total of \$125 through 3 donations which is very disappointing. Looking at our previous mail, we might not have stressed enough the current situation and deadline to the 500 poll respondents. Since Neptunus lost 2 of his 3 sources of income a year ago, he is now facing financial problems to pay the rent for the museum. So if you are still willing and able to support this initiative, we would appreciate it if you could remit what you can afford before the end of March.

Donations can be sent to Wise or PayPal. Let us know what you prefer. Thanks in advance for keeping the HHH Museum project alive, The HHH Museum Committee & Neptunus

REHASHING #2



BRENT WAS A BIT GREEN WHEN IT CAME
TO TRYING TO IMPRESS HIS LOVE

the entertainment, as a great distraction from a sombre day scattering Dave's wife's ashes, said entertainment kicking off with the usual hares downers for KIU & Wildbush to 20 toes, and applause for a great trail. Mention was made of Sticky Balls and Psychlepath hoping to capitalise on their presence at the CRAP hash the week before, the former having gone, and the latter claiming his memory had gone, prompting the comment to Dave that he had that to look forward to once he reached Rik's age! Returnees welcomes were then extended to Off With Her Head (who'd also gone, but it's a start); Serbian Bomber, who got a special mention for throwing his toys out of his lovely new green car at the lack of parking; and Legolas, who had also been spotted dropping to a walk at the sight of fishhook returnees ("I dun two already, ain't I?" she argued in her best clipped

Roedean accent). No dice but downers to both to “Why were they...”. KIU’s hash here had severely depleted numbers at the Brighton Marathon, hitting the charity where it hurt after they robbed him, in the ‘never let the truth...’ section, but someone who did deserve a mention, and a beer, was Nasty Nips, finally cracking that 12 seconds over to smash the 4 hour barrier even if he did pay the price having to miss last week’s hash – Get A Life! With a beer to spare, Half Moon won the comment of the night. Usually an FRB, she was heard gasping, “I’m coming, oh God, I’m coming” from a side track to trail, before returning looking hot and flustered, apparently after a severe self-admitted bit of trail abuse (just a number 1 not a number 3), but she’s still flat chested. And so it came to the Numpty mug, KIU again receiving special mention, as was the exceedingly rarely spotted trail checking Hash Gomi suspected of going in search of mince pies again. However, there could only be one winner, for holding up proceedings earlier as well as sporting new shoes from a pub with a carpet, step up latecomer Knightrider, and make sure there’s no spillage.

Shoots Off Early had the courtesy to hang around and confirm the Easter Monday hash would be a noon start but food may be hard to come by, before a special bonus award by the hares tonight. Having recently returned from Bhutan, allegedly the happiest people on earth, they awarded poky Bhutan beers to the happiest hashers of the night. KIU awarding happiest wa*ker Pompette, who wisely chose the 6%, leaving WB to award Nasty Nips the happiest r*unner a 9% brew, which makes up for the 0% he'd been drinking earlier

A note from a compassionate, loving and caring Aussie husband

A note from a compassionate LOOK AFTER YOUR WIFE!

A couple of weeks ago, I was sitting on the patio, drinking beer and watching my wife mow the lawn. Cheryl from next door saw us and was so upset that she came over and yelled at me, "You lazy prick! Sitting there drinking beer while your poor wife pushes that ancient lawn mower around! Get up off your fat arse and give her a break!"

I thought 'Shit women!' Took another swig from my stubby, wiped the cold foam from my lips, lifted my sunnies, stared directly



...), wiped the saliva from my lips, lifted my eyebrows, stared at her, at this nosy cow and told her in no uncertain terms to sod off and mind her own business. I told her my wife had green fingers and that she really enjoyed gardening. After a few days I felt really bad, so I went out and bought her a ride-on mower to show my sensitive side. I'm really proud of the deal I got and also very proud that my wife can now sit down while mowing the lawn. Yes guys, we should take good care of our wives... then maybe they'll take good care of us.

I KNOW I'M TOO BLOODY SOFT WITH HER. SHE'LL PROBABLY WANT GEAR'S ON IT NEXT

- I got so fed up with my neighbour's dog barking all night in their garden that I got up and put it in ours, see how they like it.

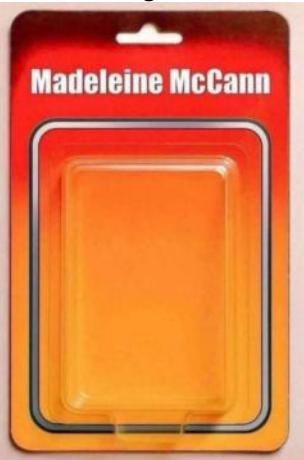
- I've been putting fluorescent dye in the cat's food and I have to say the neighbour's garden looks awesome in the moonlight.



KnightRider's lost property

I'm at the age where actions creak louder than words...

You may have spotted the recent AI action figure trend. There is of course a hasher, although Sticky Balls offering wins for me!



My Wife the Gardener

She dug the plot on Monday –
the soil was rich and fine,
She forgot to thaw out dinner –
so we went out to dine...
She planted roses Tuesday –
she says they are a must,
They really are quite lovely
but she quite forgot to dust.
On Wednesday it was daisies –
they opened up with sun,
All whites and pinks and yellows –
but the laundry wasn't done...
The poppies came on Thursday –
a bright and cheery red,
I guess she really was engrossed –
she never made the bed...
It was violets on Friday –
in colours she adores,
It never bothered her at all –
all the crumbs upon the floors
I hired a maid on Saturday –
my week is now complete,
My wife can garden all she wants –
the house will still be neat!
It's nearly lunchtime Sunday –
and I cannot find the maid,
Oh no! I don't believe it!
She's out there WITH THE SPADE

One day a father of a very wealthy family took his son on a trip to the country with the firm purpose of showing his son how poor people live. They spent a couple of days and nights on the farm of what would be considered a very poor family. On their return from their trip, the father asked his son, "How was the trip?"

“It was great, Dad.”

"Did you see how poor people live?" the father asked. "Oh yeah," said the son.

“So, tell me, what did you learn from the trip?” asked the father.

The son answered: "I saw that we have one dog and they had four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of our garden and they have a creek that has no end. We have imported lanterns in our garden and they have the stars at night. Our patio reaches to the front yard and they have the whole horizon. We have a small piece of land to live on and they have fields that go beyond our sight. We have servants who serve us, but they serve others. We buy our food, but they grow theirs. We have walls around our property to protect us, they have friends to protect them." The boy's father was speechless.



Then his son added, "Thanks, Dad, for showing me how poor we are."

Too many times, we forget what we have and concentrate on what we don't have. What is worthless to one person is another's prize possession. It is all based on one's perspective.

Bouncer was staggering along the road, much the worse for the drink, throwing empty beer cans into the street and falling into people's gardens. His singing gained the attention of a passing policeman who decided to question him. "What do you think you're doing there?" the policeman asked. "I'm on my works outing" came the slurred reply. "Then" the policeman queried, "where are all the others?" "Ah" our man grinned, "You see officer, I'm self employed!"



You know you're a hasher when, rather than throw a knackered pair of trainers out, you keep them because they'll be good for the garden.

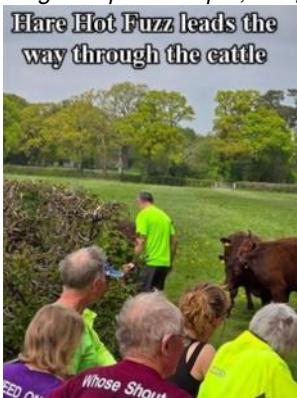
REHASHING #3



Slugwash and continued on the FP through the alpaca fields over Ditchling Road and up to the church. A devious trail ensued wriggling down towards Ote Hall farm, crossing Janes Lane, then the FP through the trees past St. Georges Retreat popping out of the woods at Hundred Acre to follow the wa*kers trail in.

Food had been a concern in the build up, and clearly the pub thought they might be overwhelmed by Easter eaters, but there were very few other than us there, and they weren't interested in food, so it was a bit of a mystery that they started turning orders down as we'd 'reached the quota' for our group. Generously, given the anticipated 10 eaters, they had taken orders up to 20 but the landlady was flummoxed! Naturally circle up was timed immaculately to coincide with the arrival of meals for many causing Shoots Off Early to lament that his food was getting cold as he and co-hare Hot Fuzz received their reward for another fine trail, completely devoid of chocolate after all. Easter is family time so it was nice to see SOE had convinced Josh and Sean to join the r*n, as well as signing up Jade & Becca as barfly's, but his better half Kim was also registered as a runner! HF did the gentlemanly thing taking her guest beer for her as we also welcomed back Charlotte-it-Daily and Ging Gang to the Alright song, and apologies as there should've been more visitor/returnees downers. Mention had to be made of Pope Francis' comic timing, choosing both Easter Monday and one day after meeting the despicable JD Vance, to pop his clogs. Prince Crashpian and the now absent Rebel had shown little mercy, causing Angel's mouth to water and the sheep to quake at the graphic descriptions of their Easter lamb dinners, being joined (again!) by HF for sheep whispering, and SOE for abuse of his own trail - getting the pack to hold while he turned the pre-planned 3 fishhooks into 5 and altered the numbers on others. Young Nathan (whose hash name escapes me but I've always called Ping Pong from an early hash when Testiculator utilised a table tennis table to change him) had something to say about that in his defence for not doing fishhooks due to a bad ankle that, nevertheless, had him FRB'ing the entire trail, as "it was 6 when I got there but he changed it to 10". PP being 3rd cleverest in his class bested his dad who was only 6th cleverest, earning a sympathy beer for Testi. Another sympathy beer went to Beat the Barman who'd lost his keys, but had inadvertently instilled panic amongst his table mates also losing theirs, before I remembered I'd left ours for Angel, and Local Knowledge located his, but the story had to be related from the Henfield hash a fortnight back when LK genuinely did panic before realising he hadn't brought his car! Hopefully a happy outcome for Simon. The conclusion of the circle with the awarding of the Numpty award by Knightrider to Hash Gomi for asking the general public if there were any arrows down path on a check, carrying out stretching exercises on the r*n and discussing what brown flies were on a cow pat, must've come as some relief to Ann-R-Key who'd arrived late and got lost early on, as well as Bonking Queen who'd let poor old Nincompooch be victimised by the cattle, despite earlier warning. After confirmation that next weeks hash would be a St. Bernard special from his place at £6/ head to include the first pint, the toast was made to wrap up another great hash, and the less said about Pirate's dog Max the better. *In an amusing postscript, I was checking the sheet later to see that Blue Bell End had signed up for 7.30pm, along with the comment, "Bugger just seen its midday."*

Bouncer

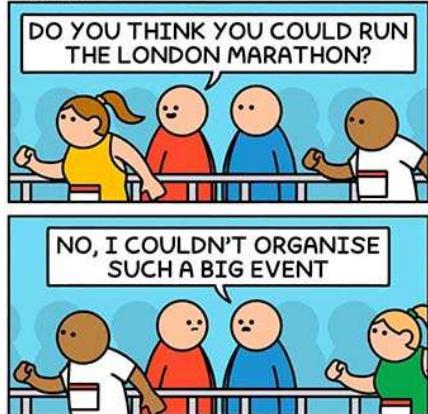


My favourite new factoid is that they hit dead popes on the head three times with a special dead-pope hammer. Just to ensure they are, in fact, dead



My fitness instructor: "Have you ever done a marathon?" "What, like on Netflix?"

TWONKS



Last year I entered the London marathon. I finished last. It was embarrassing. And the guy who was in front of me, second to last, was making fun of me. He said, "Hey buddy, how does it feel to be last?" I replied: "Do you want to know?" and I dropped out.

Nasty Nips' hobby was marathon running; he spent all his weekends on trails, paying no attention to weather. One Sunday, early in the morning, he went off to race as usual. It was still dark, cold and raining, so he decided to bottle it and return back to the house. He came in, went to his bedroom, undressed and laid near Amy. "What terrible weather today honey," he said to her. "Yes" she replied "but my idiot husband still went running!"

I wish my mate would stop talking about how he just ran his fastest ever marathon. Sounds like a broken record!

We work out too much. We waste time. A friend of mine runs marathons. He always talks about this "Runner's high". But he has to go twenty-six miles for it. That's why I smoke and drink. I get the same feeling from a flight of stairs.

Deciding to take up jogging, the man was astounded by the wide selection of jogging shoes available at the local sports shoe store. While trying on a basic pair of jogging shoe, he noticed a minor feature and asked the clerk: "What is this little pocket thing here on the side for?" And the clerk: "Oh, that's to carry spare change so you can call your wife to come pick you up when you've jogged too far".

A man had been driving all night and by morning was still far from his destination. He decided to stop at the next city he came to, and park somewhere quiet so he could get an hour or two of sleep. As luck would have it, the quiet place he chose happened to be on one of the city's major jogging routes. No sooner had he settled back to snooze when there came a knocking on his window. He looked out and saw a jogger running in place. "Yes?" "Excuse me, sir", the jogger said, "do you have the time?" The man looked at the car clock and answered, "8:15" The jogger said thanks and left. The man settled back again, and was just dozing off when there was another knock on the window and another jogger. "Excuse me, sir, do you have the time?" "8:25!" The jogger said thanks and left. Now the man could see other joggers passing by and he knew it was only a matter of time before another one disturbed him. To avoid the problem, he got out a pen and paper and put a sign in his window saying "I do not know the time!" Once again he settled back to sleep. He was just dozing off when there was another knock on the window. "Sir, sir? It's 8:45!"

MATT
LONDON MARATHON START

'Ed Miliband has introduced some regional variations. A marathon in the north is 15 miles and in the south 45 miles'



Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighbourhood. They parked their truck at the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house a woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter. Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger co-worker to a foot race down the alley back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one. As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong. Gasping for breath, she replied "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"

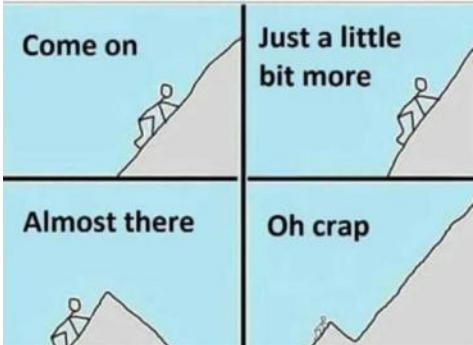


WARNING: Old jokes alert! For the younger readers, Marathon was the original name for Snickers.

I did a marathon once in 2 minutes 30 seconds!! Took another 5 minutes get the nuts out of me teeth though!

Just finished a half Marathon. I decided to have a Mars Bar instead.

REHASHING #4



2411 Saddlescombe Farm – "Fairly flat," said St Bernard, "and only 4 miles." To which one quick-witted hasher asked if that was vertical distance? Given that this ranks... *checks phone* ... as the second-hilliest hash of this year, I doth call St Bernard a fibber! The hare was also heard to remark that "there's one bit that'll slow you down." Cryptic but made clear once on trail (more on that shortly) but at least he rewarded some of us with port (more on that later too) and, for those of us partaking in grub, some lovely jacket potatoes, chilli, and beer. And so, the hash set forth W straight over Saddlescombe Rd, following the foot around to Poynings with a quick left at the road then right through The Royal Oak car park and footpath back to the road. Straight over and through the fields to the roundabout of Poynings Rd / Saddlescombe Rd / A281, and the first fishhook (for 10) and a nice surprise - those fishhooking crossed back over the field to return back to the hare who greeted the fishhookers with a shot of port (or optional alcohol-free fruit punch) - what a lovely treat. Oddly, only 9 seemed to have

made it and it was decided that Prince Crashpian had somehow missed out. Now nicely lubricated on-trail, the pack followed the trail straight over the roundabout, into the field and onto Church Ln; check here would find true trail S, back down to the A281 and over on to Beggar's Ln. A short run on the tarmac would then turn up the steps E and the start of a much slower pace where the trail got thicker and thicker, a check leading the pack through the most unlikely of routes - a footpath covered by fallen trees and effectively obscured. Running, now no longer an option, was replaced with scrambling over and under the fallen trees, finding the odd step here or there, and clinging to trees down slopes; arrows continued to marked the way however, as did a fair amount of blood! After the much slower pace, and the bloody culprit identified as Whose Shout (legs and forehead smeared with blood), the trail opened up once more and turned back S / SW and down towards Saddlescombe Farm. Almost home, another fishhook here would find 8 turning back for yet more port, although a quick headcount this time revealed 9 had returned - the port obviously a winner this evening. Lastly, On Inn down the hill.



Back at St Bernard's, with plenty of beer available for DDs, a number of charges would be brought. Of course, firstly the hare. It was noted that the fishhooks with port were a lovely addition, although the fallen trees and blood trail need not be repeated anytime soon; DD to "Here's to the hare." Next up, a variety of charges: Bobble Chopper, who (nearly) rode into parked car on the way home from the football at the weekend and was bruised up as a result; Whose Shout, who was already sporting injuries before the hash after taking a sledgehammer to some wood and the wood won, now marking the trail in his own blood; Prince Crashpian, who had missed FH #1 and had no port as a result; and OH, who was a late arrival and missed the r*n but stayed for the food and drinks; DDs for all to "What do we do with a drunken hasher", as suggested by Bouncer. It was noted that the last time that that song had been sung (at Mudlark's Trafalgar Day hash) we had sung 14 verses! Next up, Bonking Queen, spotted on the swings at the back of pack; and Lily The Pink, for some post-hash beer abuse (spilling beer on opening the keg); DDs for both to "20 Toes", BQ electing (rather unfairly) to not use her drinking arm and slowing down LTP, who still managed to neck it once he got the glass to his lips. And last up (before awarding of the numpty mug) returnee Dyna Rod and new boot Just Sue Clark; having witnessed the evening's shenanigans it was put to Just Sue if it was long enough for her? Smirking, she commented on how that was suggestive! After much prompting, noting that I had to record the answer, she answered with a "not quite". Was it hard enough? Again, a smirk and another "not quite". Who made her come? Now laughing, I took the answer to be "lots of other people" (I asked to check but she couldn't stop laughing now). And will she come again? A definite "yes"; DDs for DR and Just Sue to "Little Flat Jessie". Handing over to Knightrider, it was commented on how today might be the first ever double-awarding of the numpty mug... How would this happen? "Straws," someone shouted. And "there's two holes". But who would the recipients be? None other than Pompette and Beat The Barman after a key fiasco the previous week when BTB had given his keys to Pompette, but they had both forgotten this, she had driven home, he had re-run the trail to find them, and it turned out (after he got new keys cut) that they were in Pompette's running belt! DD to "They're Stupid". Lady first, Pompette proceeded to make a mess (her first numpty?) before passing over to BTB, who was refilled mid-DD by myself! Next week's hash details were confirmed as The Ruby, Coldean and a 7pm start even though it's a bank holiday. And so the circle was closed with a toast to the hash. **Nasty Nips**



Well, St Bernard certainly gave us a great hash last night. A challenge indeed. I was awarded a down down for leaving a blood trail. Brambles, thickets and fallen trees certainly slowed us down but we all survived (I think) and were rewarded with excellent beer on tap and baked potatoes and chilli back at the farmhouse. A novel innovation of the night was the rewarding of fishhook participants with a shot of alcohol mid trail. Lucky too with the weather. Great hash. **Whose Shout**

I can't help feeling St. Bernard rather missed the point about St. George's Day! Normally celebrated on April 23rd, this year saw a deviation due to Church of England rules that prevent saint's days from being celebrated in the week before or after Easter, and thus today, April 28th, was in fact St. George's Day. "It'll always be 23rd for me, and I'm not having any religion getting in the way", uttered our hare, a saint himself - a religious accolade! **Ed.**



THE END



Wrapping up this issue with a final look at the news and gardens...

Blue Origin's rocket: boldly going where no sex toy has gone before! 🚀 🍑



MATT



ANYTHING'S A DILDO



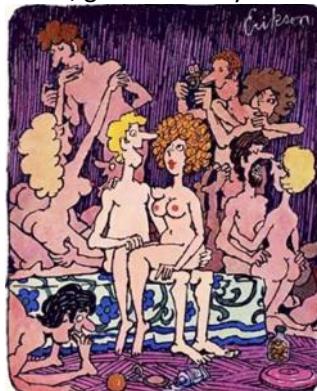
Jeff Bezo's Blue Origin 'rocket' taking 6 women, including 2 renowned scientists and Katy Perry, to the edge of space was truly a gift to memesters everywhere, but Japanese medias simple pixellation was the winner!

How women have changed over the years



Taking grandad for a pint in 2050. 😊 😊

Crotchless panties are the most impractical and irrelevant piece of lingerie out there. Lingerie is supposed to tease, hide, and hint at what's behind. These do the opposite: frame your bits in superfluous material that still has to be removed, or, if left on, get in the way. Besides that, they provide absolutely no support for your bollocks.



BREAST INPLANTS



Twelve Italian priests were about to be ordained. The final test was for them to line up in a straight row, totally nude, in a garden while a sexy, beautiful, big breasted, nude model danced before them. Each priest had a small bell attached to his weenie, and they were told that anyone whose bell rang when she danced in front of them would not be ordained because he had not reached a state of spiritual purity. The beautiful model danced before the first candidate with no reaction. She proceeded down the line with the same response from all the priests until she got to the final priest, Carlos. Poor Carlos. As she danced, his bell began to ring so loudly that it flew off, clattering across the ground and laid to rest in nearby foliage. Embarrassed, Carlos quickly scrambled to where the bell came to rest. He bent over to pick it up... and all the other bells started to ring.



If Carlsberg did asylum seekers in a dingy 😊

