



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #355 November 2025

Find us on [facebook](https://www.facebook.com/brightonhash/) 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
3rd November 2025	2438	BN6 Craft Beer & Tap, Hassocks	BN6 8AR	Nasty Nips
Directions: N on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. R at Stone Pound lights, pub just past Grand Avenue on r/hand side opposite Boots, approx. 1/2 mile. Free parking in Dale Avenue car park BN6 8LN, 30 secs walk from bar. Est 10 mins.				
10th November 2025	2439	Hangleton Manor	BN3 8AN	Ride It, Baby!
Directions: A27 west and take second exit; left at next two roundabouts then right at t-junction. Pub on left. 10 mins.				
17th November 2025	2440	Jack & Jill, Clayton	BN6 9PD	Whose Shout/ Nasty Nips
Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.				
24th November 2025	2441	Eight Bells, Bolney	RH17 5QW	On On Don/Pompette/ BTBarman
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right then right again for village. Est. 15 mins				
1st December 2025	2442	Railway, Burgess Hill	RH15 9DQ	Beat the Barman/Trouble/Bouncer
Directions: North on A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Straight on at Stone Pound lights to next roundabout. 3rd exit on B2036, then right at next roundabout on Queen Elizabeth Ave. Right again at next on Station Road and pub is on left just before the Station. Street parking. Est. 15 mins				

Receding Hareline:

08/12/25 2443 Maltings Car Park by Lewes Arms, BN7 1YT. On Inn will be the Blue India to celebrate **Spreadsheet's 80th**. Please sign up early for celebratory meal!

15/12/25 2444 John Harvey Tavern, Lewes – Rebel & Jenny Greenteeth **### Hash Xmas party and awards ###**
Please return all awards from previous years as soon as possible. See sign up sheet to register.

22/12/25 2445 New Inn, Hurstpierpoint – Private Dancer & Oral Hooker

29/12/25 2446 White Horse, Ditchling – Little Swinger & Half Moon - **## Half Moons leaving hash ##**

05/01/26 2447 The Longshore, Shoreham-by-Sea - Angel

Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

(7pm start unless shown)

20/12/25 12 pubs of Christmas - Brighton

Hashing around Sussex (Sunday unless stated):

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

02/11/25 Black Swan, Pease Pottage – T-Bone's Day of the Dead hash

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

9/11/25 White Dog, Ewhurst Green – Jobsworth & Kingfisher

East Grinstead H3 – r*ns start at 10.45am:

09/11/25 Red Lion, Chelwood Gate – Strapper & Strapless (11.02am start for remembrance)

23/11/25 The Rock, Hoath Corner - Yorkshire Pud

30/11/25 Greyhound, Lingfield - Marigold & Thermoman

W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am: 16/11/25 Darent Car Park, Westerham TN16 1BS – Pheel the Greek



Thought for the day: Understand paranoid people better by following them around. At night. On Hallowe'en.

REHASHING I

HOW TO WALK A HUMAN A Dogs Guide

Humans need exercise. If they don't get it they become "chubby". It's up to you to save them.



1. Allow your human to tether themselves to you. This keeps them from wandering off or running away.
2. Your human will probably need breaks. Be considerate and stop and sniff often.
3. Bark frequently. Humans have short attention spans.
4. When you go to the bathroom, walk away. If you have trained your human correctly, they will pick it up. Good aerobics.
5. Periodically drag your human as fast as you can. This is called interval training.
6. Do not allow your human to shorten the walk. They are being lazy. Sit in protest if you must.
7. Once you return home, allow your human to remove their tether, then lick their face many times. This is positive reinforcement for a job well done.

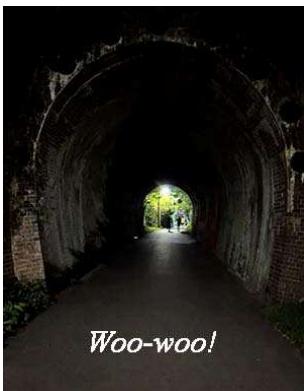


Lane to the right turn and unmarked checks through to London Road. Working our way through to the railway tunnel, pack inadvertently regrouped at the top of Woodsland Road when on trail hare Private Dancer got momentarily muddled until on was found along the stream and across Adastra park for a twitten route through to Ockley Lane and the on inn. Going past the chippie opposite the pub, the oriental lady serving almost got more than she bargained for when she came out saying, "I want to see the moon" as the hash ran past, nearly being treated to a number of hairy backsides instead of the full Harvest moon she was hoping for. Indeed, Lily the Pink was allegedly caught mid-salute in the pub garden shortly after!

#2434 Greyhound, Keymer - Once again a much larger pack than the booking sheet suggested were gathered, but a big welcome to Bart from Isle of Wight H3 who'd been pointed in our direction by Beerpump, and it's always good to see Who Killed Kenny? from London H3, as well as returnees from Chichester - Caught Short & Cock Burns on a 2nd consecutive BH7 hash! The chalk talk was somewhat bodacious as a 5 miler was announced, although Oral Hooker confessed to running short on flour and energy towards the end so advised us to "make your own way back"! With those words pack set off down Lodge Lane where the first check was called west at the finger post to cross the fields shy of Halfway farm where the first FH found 5 returning. Continuing to New Road this was upped to 8 at the next as we crossed to follow New Lane round to Underhill and onto Clayton Hill. How we laughed as the fish-hookers returned but the check stayed low along the edge of the hill then turned right to cross the rec and on to the Jack and Jill where Prince Crashpian was keen for a sip. Taking the first right off New Way Lane, pack seemed convinced we were heading for Dangleberry's stylie but true trail was north west to three quick successive FHS's which decimated the pack somewhat as Knighttrider had fallen back to commune with nature. Result was a string of hashers along Belmont



Hashlights on!



Woo-woo!

Circling up, OH was on less than 100% form (and nothing to do with the auto correct naming her Oral Hoover!) so, given the choice of water or nominate, opted to pass on to PD who found himself with double downers and a suggestion he hugged himself schoolboy style as he necked to 20 toes. Next up were the visitors, welcoming Bart and hoping the urban end to the trail was in line with his expectations based on the IOW Full Moon hash night time trails. Mudlark (fka Navy Nigel!) had observed earlier that Merlin and Teddy were wearing red and green lit up collars respectively for Port and Starboard, which was enough of an excuse to call WKK? in, although Balinor and Dyke Divers hash and dash meant Mudlark standing in. Cock Burns returned with her signature port sip stop but just the wa*kers tonight, coming into the circle with P.Rick dog meant the doggie down down song. And finally, although KIU received a down down last week for changing a FH7 to FH3, he did it after the 7th had already returned rendering the exercise pointless, other than to upset tonight's RA who was that 7th. As he is also due to complete his 200th marathon at the weekend, with Wilds Thing and Fukarwe both completing their 300th (800 in all!), the call went out for anyone

else over 50 marathons to which LTP responded to represent the former, and St. Bernard the latter although he briefly set his drink down in mock disgust. The countdown could've started at 3 for LTP, 5 for SB but even KIU was impressively within the 10 seconds before he announced details of the event inviting everyone to support, or even join in for a lap or two. To Anybody's relief, as he'd got back to the pub early so had popped over the road home to watch Coronation Street, circle was closed out with Hot Fuzz shouting round corners that next week's hash is at the Five Bells Chailey! Another great hash!



I was chatting with a woman online and after many attempts to get together she finally said "Look, I'm scared to meet you because I was born with 3 extra toes and I know when you see them you will no longer want me."

I assured her that I am not a superficial person and a few extra appendages would not cause me to flee. I also said I was a little hurt by her assumption. So now I'm stuck dating this monster with 3 toes jetting out of her forehead.

- What kind of tea does Dr. Frankenstein make? Monstrosi-tea.
- How does Dr. Frankenstein like his potatoes? Monster mashed.
- Why is Frankenstein's monster so popular? He's a people person.
- What's Frankenstein's favourite gym exercise? Deadlifts.

A frank look at the doctor & his monster...

Albert Einstein was a genius. His brother Frank, however, was a monster.



Sparks flew when Frankenstein's monster met his bride. He simply couldn't resistor.

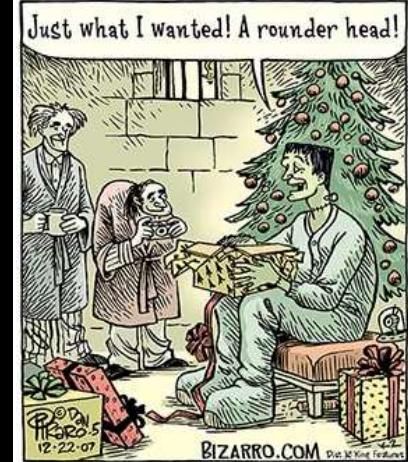


Igor was asked why he worked for Dr. Frankenstein: He had a hunch about him, but was just trying to make a living.



The Rocky Horror Picture Show is the only movie in the Rocky series to not feature Sylvester Stallone.

Frankenstein's monster had a temper, but was actually surprisingly level-headed. But if it walks towards you, you should still Bolt.



Doctor Frankenstein used to be a lonely man working in Human resources, but then he learned how to make friends. He put up a 'Help Wanted' poster, looking for someone to give him a hand so Igor could play his Franken-Steinway, then went to the secondhand second hand store where he used charge to pay. As a body builder, he's in great shape! Now he has a great sense of humour and always has people in stitches. He bought a monster truck, and a lab dog, uses an organ-izer to keep track of the body parts and enjoys a Franken-stein of beer in Frankenfurt, Germany. But he never made a second monster: he just didn't have the guts to do it again.

REHASHING II



BH7 #2435 - The Five Bells, Chailey - HHHi hashers - A quick recap this week as Hot Fuzz and Shoots Off Early had laid on a short hash to get us back to the pub by 20:15. Usually that'd be a precursor to a 'but', but in fact the trail was so well marked that (for the most-part) the trail went smoothly and fast, with well-placed fishhooks getting the runners all back in a nicely-grouped fashion. But, just before setting off, Angel thought it best to let us all know that Bouncer was absent this evening as he was in Scotland; yes, Bouncer DOES have a life outside of the hash! :D With that done, everyone got moving N along the A275, turning left (W) at the first check down past St Peters Church and on to FH#1. Continuing W/NW for another 1/2 mile or so, trail would then turn SE crossing over Longford Stream before re-joining the indicated footpath S and onto FH#2 and FH#3 ad then to the trail E towards South street (the village). Crossing over the A275 through Markstakes Corner and up to Green Ln, trail would turn S, passing the road to the left, turning left (E) down Caveridge Ln and onto the footpath. A turn N here would find the pack starting to head back in the general direction of the pub through the woods to Markstakes Ln. With FRBs Mudlark and Little Swinger some way ahead, the marks were lost for a short while by those behind (led astray by myself I fear - luckily I wasn't going for a wee!) before Prince Crashpian would find true trail, only to be met by said FRBs returning from FH#4 at Markstakes Ln. Over the road, trail now continued through

the field N, turning W through the hedge shortly before the end of the field before popping out on the A275 to the welcoming lights of the pub. With more time to sit down before the circle you would think I'd have had more material but it was not meant to be as a number of other things found me still writing up at 21:00 as hush was called for. Hares Hot Fuzz and Shoots Off Early were very vocal about the quality of the trail, a fact generally agreed to by those gathered; DDs to "Here's to the Hares." Next up, Keeps It Up for his 200th Marathon, a fact that couldn't be missed over social media or just KIU mentioning it; DD to "Get A Life." And finally, Angel (who I promised I wasn't picking on) for not killing anyone after being constantly asked where Bouncer was all night long! DD to "She's Alright." Next week's hash was tentatively announced as The White Hart in Henfield, hared by Prince Crashpian. And, prompted after forgetting, glasses were raised to Knightrider for another last hash. And so the circle was closed out with a toast to the hash.

Post-circle note: REALLY remiss of me, but we should have wished Whose Shout a very hashy beerday. What's worse is we had been talking in the car, he'd offered whisky to everyone on the way around, and I completely didn't write it down and forgot! If I haven't written before I start sorting DDs out I am SO likely to forget... I'll be glad when Bouncer's back as he's much better at winging it than me! Sorry Whose Shout - next beer's on me :) [Hey, I forget stuff too! Ed.]



Witchy women & Hallowe'en fun



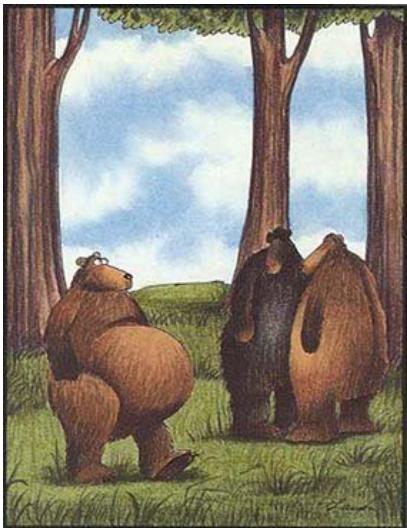
The Grim Reaper appeared beside me when I was chopping up some carrots in my kitchen. He took his scythe and started chopping the carrots with me. Very scary when you are dicing with death.



Advice circulating on social media about leaving pumpkins out for hedgehogs is not recommended by experts. A Dorset Wildlife Trust spokesperson said: "We would only recommend feeding meaty cat or dog food, or a specific hedgehog food with protein high on the list of ingredients. I can't confirm what effect pumpkins would have on them but with relatively high levels of sugar, they wouldn't be good for their health and leaving decomposing food out in the open is also likely to attract rats." PDSA veterinary nurse, Anna Ewers-Clarke, added: "Although pumpkins can be great fun decorations, keep them out of reach of our furry friends and dispose of them safely once Halloween is over. Large quantities could lead to stomach upsets and candles inside the decorations can also pose a danger. They can also be a hazard to wild animals – move your pumpkin inside overnight when cats and many wild animals can be more active and looking for food. Pumpkins will often go off after a few days especially if the weather is warmer. As mouldy food can pose hazards to animals, it's important to dispose of your pumpkin in a safe, secure bin or compost bin once the festivities are over."



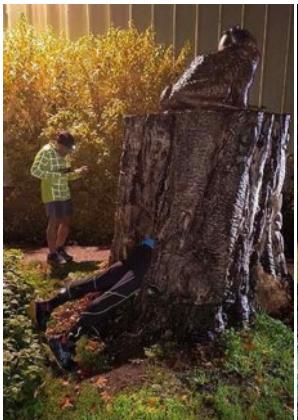
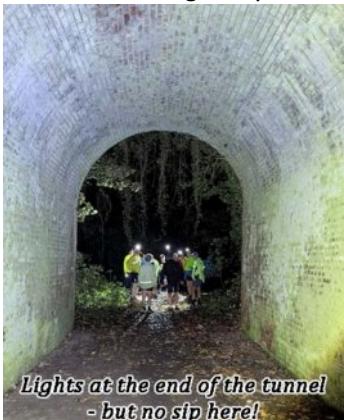
REHASHING III



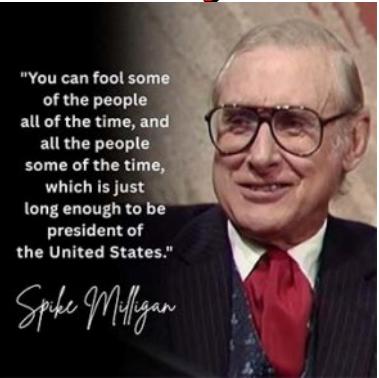
IMPOLITE AS THEY WERE, THE OTHER BEARS COULD NEVER HELP STARING AT LARRY'S ENORMOUS DEER GUT.

#2436 White Hart, Henfield – With no hare organised by last Monday, Prince Crashpian was persuaded to step up to find biblical weather throughout the day, but that failed to dampen the spirits of the hash with a respectable pack congregating in the pub pre-r*n, including a long overdue return for Wilds Thing. Weather abating for the chalk talk we learned that today's trail was brought to us courtesy of an on-line look at the Downs Link railway, and there would be a Trafalgar Day sip stop, although no Mudlark who was kayaking down the Dart or some such suicidal endeavour. With Half Moon bizarrely carrying a colander due to some social media challenge, we left the High Street by the side of the Plough, trail cutting through Furners Mead and on to Henfield Common. Crossing the A281 to meet the track above Broadmare Farm, the clouds parted momentarily to give us pretty decent views to the South Downs. Hare had snuck ahead to ensure the FH was complied with before we crossed the Shoreham Road on to Broadmare Common and the slippy 2-plank wide boardwalk. Checks were called through quickly, but the weather had done its worst and marks were at best sporadic, which actually meant the pack stayed fairly tight as we ran up Grinstead Lane and back down Windmill to a first halt under the bridge. Invisible from above, the high arch was to allow farm machinery through. Some fun followed at Berretts Farm where skeletons had been placed at the picnic tables, which Ride-It, Baby seemed strangely reluctant to leave

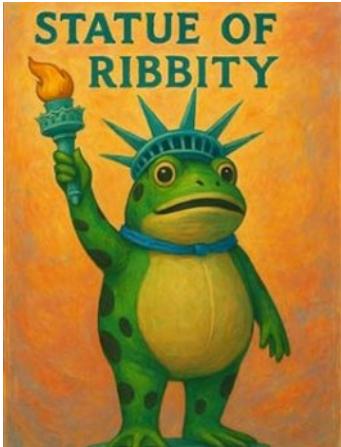
as we rejoined the Downs Link past Henfields famous Sand Hills (ask the hare, like most I wasn't listening!), and continued up to the Old Railway pub. Another stop and we learned that the former railway bridge here was simply buried under the rubble when they built the road, for future archaeologists to muse over. Leaving the DL on hare along Staples Barn, a regroup was called at the Toad, and Knightrider on his final final hash was persuaded to attempt the wet hole, before a charge to the sip. With Rum provided by Mudlark and Sallie Knightriders fantastic mars bar cake, we toasted Nelson, the King, Mudlark & Knightrider before the on inn along Church Street. Circling up, Nasty Nips was thanked for getting a hare organised and Prince Crashpian stepped up to accept his beer, now fully aware why no-one else had volunteered! Wilds Thing (who despite starting over a 100 behind Fukarwe caught up to jointly run their 300th marathon last week) had got lost at the first check, found the wa*kers and ironically slated the pack as elitists. An early start meant he'd had to get away thus evading a racism charge, however RA was grateful to NN for pointing out that Half Moon had completed her first race, a 10k in 49 mins; and Little Swinger had knocked out a 3.20 marathon in Amsterdam on Sunday after her 250th (and alphabet) parkrun in 22 minutes on Saturday, so they downed to they're alright. With an RA WhatsApp group, unused charges don't get missed, and NN had pointed out that RiB had removed herself from the sign in sheet last week after catching a cold, along with several couples, oh bitter spinster! Her skeletal mischief and insistence that 1 was on, seconds after the hare had announced 2 was on as per usual, also drew attention. She was joined by Whose Shout who, NN pointed out, hashed on his birthday last week but failed to get his reward despite sharing a car with the RA in which the subject was discussed, and sharing a flask with the pack! NN being last week's RA, he joined the pair and I was also grateful to him for supplying all tonight's charges, effectively letting me off the hook, so he could have the weather fail downer too - Get A Life you lot! A theme of late has been the imminent departure of Knightrider for which he's regularly received beer, tonight being no exception, but he would be joined by Gromit and Rocks On on their final time as Henfield residents, with G being thanked for treating the wa*kers to a history trail. The song should've been Goodbyeee, but Gromit wanted an early start on his down down which was ruined with the countdown, then back up again before he caught up with the other two! With one beer seemingly left on the table, the temptation was to bring in Hash Gomi who'd timed his barfly arrival impeccably: seconds after Angel removed his name from the sign in sheet, and literally just as RO announced free hash chips! However, the circle isn't complete nowadays without a fishhook charge, this week's going to Caught Short who was number 6 of 5 at the 2nd, but he'd also fallen to add salt to the wound of a bad day that was instrumental in his decision to come hashing, as he wanted to avoid sending angry work emails. It was just as I completed the charge, with him also taking one for the team as P.Rick dog had emptied himself millimetres from the pub doorway, that I realised I was awarding him my own beer, doh! After closing circle with details of next week's Halloween hash, I discovered that Imoan Naomi had deliberately dressed for the occasion of Trafalgar Day, but she was des driver anyway. Another great hash!



IN THE NEWS - What's Donald gone and done today?



He's been depicted as a frog in 'No Kings' protests across the USA against ICE antics...



The US Postal Service created a stamp with a picture of President Trump, but the new stamp was not sticking to envelopes

This enraged the President who demanded a full investigation.

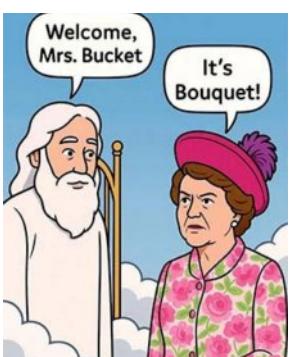
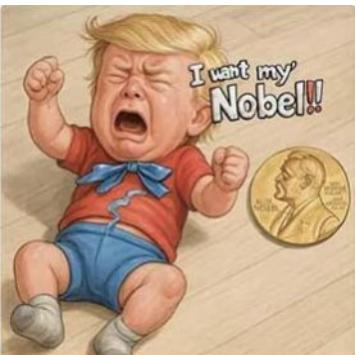
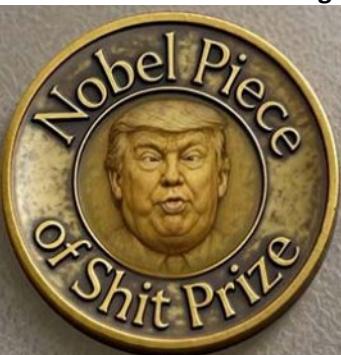
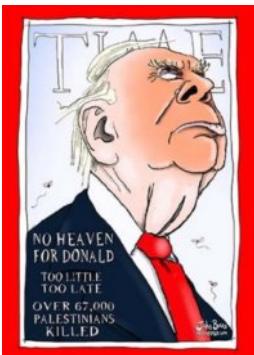
After weeks of testing and \$1.73 million in congressional spending, a special Presidential commission presented the following findings: The stamp is in perfect order. There is nothing wrong with the adhesive. People are splitting on the wrong side.



He's tried peace negotiations as a distraction from the Epstein files...



... but it wasn't enough for him to get a coveted Nobel prize.



REHASHING IV - HAUNTED HOVE



BH7 #2437 - The Watchmaker's Arms, Hove - The WITCHmakers. HAUNTED Hove. Yes, that's right readers - it's that time of year when we all dress up like we're 6 years old and out begging for chocolate! Welcome to another Haunted Hash House Harriers special...

38 ghastly hashers descended on the Watchmaker's Arms in Hove, generating many a look from passers-by as ghosts, witches, devils, skeletons and more would run through the streets of Hove (and a little of Brighton too). Turning left (N) out of the pub the trail would take us along Wilbury Avenue, Wilbury Crescent and the footpath through to Silverdale Rd before turning S over Lyndhurst Rd, along Holland Rd and Somerhill Avenue to St Ann's Well Gardens and the well itself, and Bouncer's first 'H' (Haunted) stop of the evening where the gathered would have a quick sip stop (with AAARGHgricultural Rum and chocolate eyeballs amongst the offerings); Bouncer also repeated the story of St Ann's Well for all gathered, facts that most were unaware

of. Moving on S out of the gardens and down Furze Hill, Lansdowne Rd and Cambridge Rd, trail continued on to the sea via Brunswick St East and a stop at Upper Market Street / the Old Market and another historical recounting. S on Waterloo Street via a 'mini-H' stop at the Southern Belle before continuing on to the Peace Statue, a quick hop between Brighton and Hove, and another spectral tale. Then W along the seafront a short distance before turning up into Brunswick Sq Gardens, another quick sip, a story about a 'strange brown mass' (!). Now proceeding N through the gardens and W along Western Rd, with a little divert via another quick H-stop at The Bow Street Runner (with a visiting hasher popping out to say hello and On On!), before turning S into Palmeira Square Gardens / Adelaide Crescent Gardens and down to the flight of the Langoustine at Hove Plinth - not a scary story but a culture stop nonetheless. Then cutting up Third Avenue (noting the Blue Plaque for King Edward VII) before the final sip stop / H-stop at Hove Town Hall. On Inn up Norton Rd / Eaton Rd / Goldstone Villas.



With pizzas and fish & chips all delivered and being devoured, and with 6 thirds of what Just Rick (the Watchmaker's Arms owner) described as 'brown' laid out in front, hash hush was called and an eerie silence descended - it NEVER normally works that well. Perhaps people thought more food was being delivered?! Hares 'Beasty' Bouncer and Angel were called up for the first DD to the tune of "20 Toes". Next up, Half Moon (and Fred, the skeletal head) for a fabulous homemade costume and Tripsy Daisy as the Bride of Scooby Doo; it was noted (jokingly) that the wedding dress WASN'T covered in blood before TD had started the evening, with TD then noting that it was her actual wedding dress from her 'practice' marriage (her words, not mine!); DDs for both to "They're alright". Bonking Queen and Bubble Chopper were welcomed back, surely missed, but no DDs as the third of their party - Just River - would receive her name tonight - 'Bubble-On' (a variation of a previous suggestion of 'Babylon' from 'Rivers of Babylon'); DD (of water) to "Get A Life". And finally, two stupid hashers: Just Rick, for forgetting his headtorch - luckily for Rick I had one spare, unluckily for Rick I was RAing - and Little Swinger, for what could only be described as deep-throating a huge gherkin in front of Half Moon and myself! DDs to, of course, "You're Stupid". With Xmas hash details noted and next week tentatively confirmed, the evening was closed out with a toast to the hash.

Nasty Nips



HAUNTED HOVE 2 – the stories:

1. Saint Anne's Wells – The first inhabitants of the area were pagan cannibals, who devoured the bodies of their defeated enemies in ritualistic celebrations. Later on, a priestly caste of Celts was said to rule Brighton's green and pleasant land, conducting otherworldly ceremonies throughout the city's confines. The Celts were followed by the Romans, the Angles and the Saxons, each of which worshipped at Brighton and Hove's various holy sites and shrines. One location that remained venerated and holy throughout Brighton's changing culture was the spring at Saint Anne's Wells. The name is likely to be an early-modern alteration and it was probably first named "Annifreid's Wells", after a Saxon princess whose husband, according to local legend, was murdered. When news of his death reached her, she burst into tears and when the tears hit the ground, a well sprang up, which became known as Annifreid's Well. Whatever the origins, the location is known to be a hotspot for paranormal activity with some commentators speculating that the park could be a crossover point between the material world and the spirit world, popularly known as a "hellmouth". Reports of demonic children are particularly popular, with one account from 1896 talking of a hoard of "demented youths with cat-like eyes" terrorising a party of Brighton merchants and businessmen. In 1993 a Japanese student was admitted to Brighton's Royal Sussex County Hospital, suffering the symptoms of severe shock. When questioned as to what had caused her trauma, she claimed to have been approached by the devil whilst passing through the Saint Anne's Wells area.



home guided by moonlight when an other-worldly ghost dog appeared beside him. He stopped and the dog stopped too. He looked at the dog and the dog looked at him. Then it vanished. Also the West Pier ghost, allegedly a drug user from the 80's, has been seen as far as Hove Lawns, notably when some partygoers had a fire on the beach into the small hours. Taking it in turns to answer the call of nature behind the bandstand, they were shocked by the scream from the final one who described the girl manifesting in his peripheral vision.



Brunswick Square – In the 90's an art student saw a strange figure of a man at the end of her bed, but almost immediately a dead torch lit up. The man vanished and the torch stopped working again.

5. **Bow Street Runner** – Hove's first police station – Rumour has it that, in the cells, a prostitute choked on her own vomit and still haunts the place by way of things moving mysteriously and gin going missing, which is a handy explanation for the bar staff. In addition there was also a picture of a moody old man on the wall which used to change expression. It was finally removed in 1985.



7. **Hove Town Hall** – Previous building burnt down in 1956 in mysterious circumstances. Rebuilt in 1974, it is now home to a number of ghosts, mostly in the basement – the old computer rooms. Greg Austin and Wendy Masters saw keys fly across the room from the hook. A shadowy figure would also appear behind people at their desks. For the record, Fukarwe claimed to know all about this one!

2. **The Old Market** – Built in 1828, this was a market place, but became a horse stables when they went bust. This is haunted by a ghost that nudges and bumps people on the stairs, possibly that of a man who died after getting caught in the chain of a ten foot wheel that was used to raise stuff to the upper level, but ghostly horse sounds have also been heard.
Mini stop: The Southern Belle pub – also rumoured to be haunted.

3. **Aldrington beach near Peace statue (King Edward VII memorial)**. The Mayor was walking



home guided by moonlight when an other-worldly ghost dog appeared beside him. He stopped and the dog stopped too. He looked at the dog and the dog looked at him. Then it vanished. Also the West Pier ghost, allegedly a drug user from the 80's, has been seen as far as Hove Lawns, notably when some partygoers had a fire on the beach into the small hours. Taking it in turns to answer the call of nature behind the bandstand, they were shocked by the scream from the final one who described the girl manifesting in his peripheral vision.

4. **Kingsway/ Brunswick Terrace** – Frank and Ethel Warren rented from a cantankerous old lady who lived downstairs and strange things happened as soon as they moved in, mysterious knocking although no-one was there. After a bath, Frank went back in to clean the bathroom and found it to be full of a strange brown mass so he left it until morning, by which time it was sparkling clean. On another occasion the landlady accused them of subletting when she saw a man in the window. Ethel later saw a man in her room. Recognising him from photographs the landlady had, she realised it was the landlady's deceased son-in-law. Despite her rudeness the landlady left them the entire house when she died.



6. **Flight of the Langoustine** – Depicts four life-size figures leaping through a broken steel grid, representing a "dash for freedom" and was inspired by a mangled lobster pot the artist found on the beach. Metaphorically it represents liberation and hope, translating a simple observation into a powerful symbol of escape and human resilience, but could also be interpreted as a spiritual seeking to escape the confines of this earth and move on to the next plane of existence.



Witchy women & Hallowe'en hooters

any excuse and out they come!



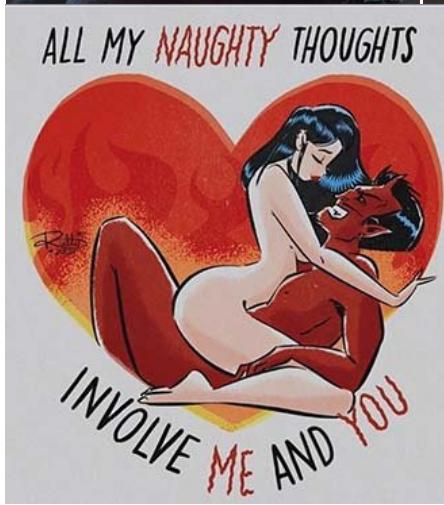
*"Forget the candy, lady.
Show us your tits!"*



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THE END

...in which we wrap up another Hallowe'en issue with some final naughtiness



Clark Kent was lying in his death bed with his wife Lois Lane beside him.

After some time, Lois said "Darling, I have to confess something. Years ago, I had an affair with Superman. It was only one night, but I've regretted it ever since. I hope you can forgive me."

"You don't need to worry about that because," Clark said as he took off his glasses, "I am Superman! Even if you didn't know it was me, in my eyes you were always faithful."

"Oh thank God!" said Lois. "I can't tell you what a weight that is off my chest."

"Glad we cleared that up," said Clark.

"So I guess this means you were Batman too."

onononononononononononononononon



I just found out that they always put bras on dead women????

IF ONE OF YOU MFERS PUTS A BRA
ON MY CORPSE I'M HAUNTING YOU
FOR EVER WITH THESE FREE ASS
TITTIES! I will not go to my grave like
that!

