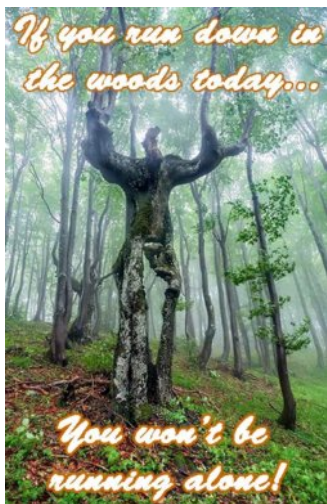


REHASHING I



#2438 BN6 Bar Hassocks – Despite the website being down for half the day, restricting our usual late signers from adding their names, and possibly preventing others from finding out the location, a good crowd mustered for Nasty Nips chalk talk. Usual stuff, about 7.7km, was the gist of it, and off we set up Wilmington Close to the Banjo for several quick checks across Adastra Park to Ockley Lane, then almost back on ourselves to cross Grand Avenue and head into the new housing estate. Picking up the top of Woodsland Road north, where the walkers were spotted heading the opposite direction, we actually made it through the new tunnel after a failed attempt by Prince Crashpian last year, however the ‘Oops’ on the ground led to a fenced off path so back we went for a slippery slidy route through the trees. Foiled earlier, hare was clearly heading for the other tunnel and through to Friars Oak where we crossed the London Road and into another new estate on the former golf course. True trail joined Belmont Lane and the diagonal path for more messing around Hassocks Gate eventually crossing back on



to Stanford Avenue and on inn past the station; while yours truly lost marks, cut across the rec and up to Stone Pound lights, then along Keymer Road to find and follow trail backwards reuniting with pack for the on inn (just in case there was an unannounced sip!).

Despite it being almost a year since our last visit, when we said farewell to One Erection, the pub were very generous with a great selection of down down thirds (including stouts, pales and bests) for the circle up, where the first bit of business was to relay the sad news that Tony Coe aka Silver Fox lost a long battle with cancer last Thursday. Tony completed 179 hashes walking with his wife Blonde Vixen, and they frequently hosted the Christmas sip stop. Our deepest condolences to Jane, the family, and also to his very good cycling friend Psychlepath, as well as everyone else who remembers him. Rik noted that the majority of the pack had actually run past their house on tonight’s trail.



Moving on, the pack were asked if they thought the trail was nice, only to offer a collective groan when RA reminded them that it was actually Nasty, so the villain was called up to down to ‘He’s the meanest..’*, mainly because YT found himself hitting a FH twice from an advanced position ahead of the pack before getting lost! NN confessed to having attempted to recreate an old Dangleberry route, unsuccessfully for two main reasons: firstly he had no real idea where they’d gone previously, and secondly, due to the footpath closure which saved us from a potential immersion in a fast flowing and deep stream! Factoids are NN’s modus operandi in the circle so it seemed apt to include the snippet, apropos nothing, that this is week 45, being the square root of 2025, although it failed to garner the enthusiasm of the pack. Next up was a first time hasher, Julie G, who jokingly announced at the beginning that she wasn’t going to wa*k as she’d been removed from the sheet (Julie G also being Come Again’s muggle name, which confused your scribe!). It transpired that she’d kept her word, staying at the bar necking G&T’s, so declined the beer, and

it took Local Knowledge’s generosity in buying her another G&T to get her up for the ‘Virgins’ song. Honestly, as our most widely travelled hashers, you’d have thought her sister Wildbush & KIU would’ve explained hash protocol! Next up were a couple of proxy down downs as Yogi celebrated his 500th parkrun at just shy of 87 years of age, beating Whose Shout in the process. Well, never let the truth etc. as he’d actually been set off at the front of the field so that everyone could wish him the best as they passed, but in his absence tonight up came WS. The website outage was suspected to be Lily the Pink’s doing, but another no show meant KIU as webfart taking his beer, both being in the wrong place at the wrong time drank to ‘Alright’, along with Mudlark who was thanked for sending along the rum for the Trafalgar toast a fortnight back (Trafalgar hash is his baby, but he was in the wrong place too!).



And finally, NN was called again after pondering where a number of hashers were heading, having forgotten he’d set a fishhook there! As a driver he nominated WS, but there was one beer left for which nominations were sought from the floor. A loud ‘not Bouncer’ from Hash Gomi had Hash Gomi being called for reporting the RA’s absence on trail but he was also driver, so nominated Mudlark, who nominated Bouncer (anyway!) to down to the stupid song.

Lots of admin then occurred before the toast, with Ride-It, Baby announcing possibly Hangleton Manor next week, Mudlark taking a video to send to Knightrider, and an invitation to all to join Angel’s 400th parkrun in Shoreham on Saturday, also her 200th different event! Another great hash!

Bouncer

*** it occurred that not too many are familiar with this widely sung hash number so here are the lyrics:**

He’s the meanest, he sucks the horses penis, he’s the meanest, he’s the horses arse.

Ever since he found it, all he does is pound it, he’s the meanest, he’s the horses arse. Down down...

It's a dog's life at Christmas! (see also #332)



12 shoobies boofing



11 corgos splooting



10 beagles snoozing



9 puggos bathing



8 doxies borking



7 pibbles blepping



6 huskers floofing



5 golden bois



4 dobermans



3 thicc poms



2 german sheps



**and a malamute
in a snow suit**

- What is Father Christmas's dog called? Santa paws
- What did the dog breeder get when she crossed an Irish Setter with a Pointer at Christmastime? A "pointsetter"!
- How do Chihuahua's say Merry Christmas? Fleas Navidog!

Fun fact: A hippo can run faster than humans on land, and swim faster than humans in the water. So the only way to beat one in a triathlon is to...



#2439 - Hangleton Manor, Hangleton - A very on-and-off rainy day had seen the hares, Ride It Baby and Tripsy Daisy, setting the hash late but hopeful that the marks would be present. With everyone gathered, RIB went to start the chalk talk before realising she had left her torch in her bag (in the car) before getting there and realising that it was actually in her jacket! And then Wildbush asked if anyone had left a glove inside - also RIB! Luckily TD had everything in hand and so the pack headed out along Hangleton Ln, St Helens Dr and then Hangleton Way to King's School. A check here would see the pack turning right at the footpath, before turning back into the woods and over the A27 at the footbridge. With a number of stragglers still making there way through the woods, Spreadsheet and myself stayed back at RIB's request to guide them in the right direction (right after the bridge then immediately left and up to the golf course), although a fishhook en route to the golf course meant the FRB's were encountered shortly after Psycepath had crossed the bridge anyway. Trail followed the footpath around the course rather than through it before turning back down the hill (SW) at the clubhouse, with the left fork of the footpaths taking the pack down to the other footbridge, and then straight down S along Benfield Valley. A quick hop over Hangleton Ln and then down the footpath with a loop back left then left again to approach the pub from the south.

Near-enough at 21:00 on the dot, and with 2 free pints sourced by silver-tongued Angel, hush was called for and the assembled group fell quiet, numbering a little less than the run owing to early departures from Prince Crashpian and Private Dancer. And so the hares would be called up for the first DDs of the evening to "Here's to the Hares". And then, just as they sat back down, RIB and TD again - RIB for the aforementioned torch and glove mislaying, and TD for losing the number 2... In signing-in, she had managed to mess up the sign-in sheet with a copy and paste breaking the row numbering; DDs to "They're Alright." Next up, Bouncer - for conveniently stopping and tying his shoelaces just before the first fishhook and Angel having to take his place instead (true or not I don't know, but never let the truth get in the way of a DD!) - the other part of the couple, Angel - for propping up Pussy Galore all the way around - and, making up the thruple, PG - for being propped up all the way around by Angel; DDs to "30 Toes." Moving on, Just Martin, who had joined us from Brighton Explorers; for 14 years RIB has been trying to get him along, but after meeting Bouncer and Angel at parkrun and trying some of Bouncer's cake he decided to attend; 14 years and RIB never once tried cake?! :D Answering the questions as Hard: No / Long: No / Who?: Of his own volition / Come again?: Maybe, Just Martin was then initiated with DD to "Virgins." And, with one more drink owing to TD having a water for her second DD, Psyyclepath was then called up for bringing up the rear tonight, except for when he wasn't which was quite a lot due to wrong checks (notably by PD and myself); DD to "10/9/8", which a rather confused PsyP didn't start until 4... Several calls for 'on his head' were heard.

Next week's (#2440) details were confirmed as the Jack & Jill Inn at Clayton, and details on the Xmas hash were relayed again (15th December, John Harvey Tavern, sign-up) but more details will come out on email again. With On On Don finishing by adding to the confusion by talking about #2441 (in TWO weeks), glasses were raised for a toast to the hash. **Nasty Nips**

ononononononononononononononon

Brighton H7 hashers hit a century...

Congratulations to our regular International hashers of the year award winners - Keeps It Up and Wildbush - on the incredible achievement of reaching 100 countries, not just visited, but actually hashed in! In itself it's difficult to conceive the logistics, annual leave, finances or global footprint needed to reach such a goal when you're both working, but they've done it and are still high on the list of our most regular hashers. Phenomenal!

Rank ^a	Hasher	blog	Kennel	Country	Sta
1.	Hazukashii (email)	blog	Vagabond	138	40
2.	Mu-Sick (email)		Key West H3	109	43
3.	Higgins (email)	blog	BMPH3	102	12
4.	Commercial Whale (email)		North Hants H3	100	8
4.	Keeps It Up (email)		Brighton H7	100	8
4.	Wildbush		Brighton H7	100	5
7.	Thar She Blows (email)		Key West H3	92	37

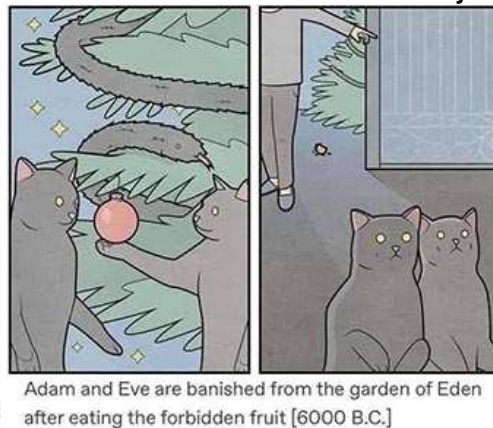
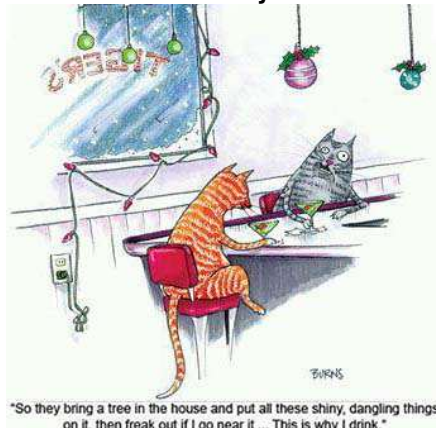
23rd November 2025
We had a special occasion here in Taiwan today, at PanAsia Hash. In all the world, there were only 4 known hashers that have hashed in 100 countries. This weekend we added two more... Keeps It Up and Wildbush. Congrats, and welcome to the 100 club.



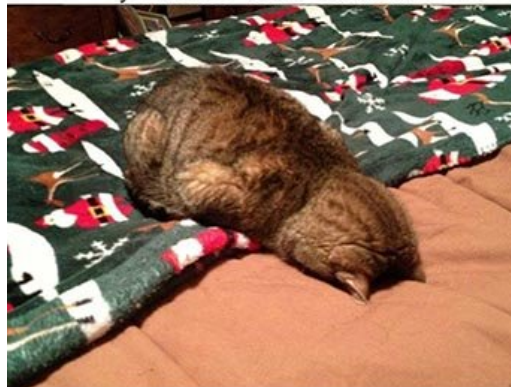
It's a cat's life at Christmas!



Did you hear about the cat that swallowed Mrs. Claus' yarn? She had mittens!



When your life is an emotional and physical mess due to lack of sleep, poor diet and overdue work but you're trying your best to be festive...



I am really fascinated by other cultures' holiday traditions so shoutout to my boy the Yule Cat, a monstrous cat who roams Iceland eating people who aren't wearing the clothes they got for Christmas



My kids say they want a cat for Christmas. Normally I do a turkey but hey, if it'll make 'em happy...



REHASHING III

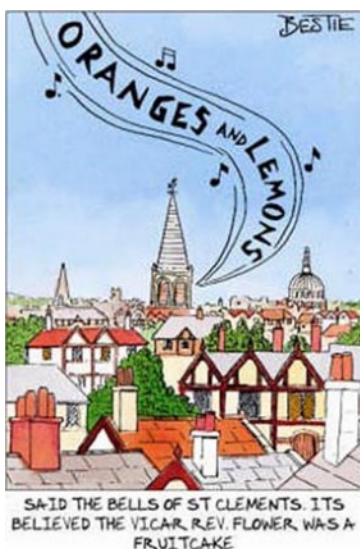


#2440 - Jack and Jill, Clayton - A chill had certainly fallen in the day since Whose Shout and I (Nasty Nips) had set the hash, but another 20 hashers still turned up nonetheless. And so, with WS giving chalk talk, On Out was called S along the road, crossing immediately and turning up the path alongside the railway; a check at the corner of Lag Wood / the railway bridge would find true trail right (E) around Lag Wood and another check at the opposite edge of Lag Wood. Trail called straight on relatively quickly (but not before some had tested the shiggy trail leading into the wood) then on around to the farmhouse and another check. Switchback here would take the pack back along the footpath ENE through the fields to a fishhook, then to Lodge Ln and another check. Trail proceeded S along Lodge Ln to New Rd, straight over and on to the corner after the farm, complete with another FH and another check; the pack at this

point was still spread out and Peter Pansy ended up being the first at the FH, after two age-exempt hashers and one hare; challenged to also be number 6, he sprinted off but returned as number 7, still repeating the FH anyway! True trail was then called W (turning S) up the hill to Underhill Ln and another check. E here along Underhill Ln the pack continued to the tank tracks and up, deviating slightly onto the footpath to the S but rejoining again at the woods and continuing up the tank tracks to SDW and another FH - PP was pipped at the (literal) post by a sprinting Lily The Pink. The check here was kind of redundant as everyone (except PP) turned right (W) along SDW then around the farm with another FH at the footpath crossroads before turning right / N through the farm and on to Jack & Jill car park and Sip Stop. And a lot of cars with misty windows and lights on... Oo-er! Post-sip, On Inn was called downhill, over the recreation ground and straight to the pub.

Back at the J&J and with hush called for, and having acted as hare, hash cash and beer monster this evening, it also fell to me to be RA. Awarding myself a DD felt a little odd, with Hash Gomi calling out "you can't do that" before quickly being rebuffed by St. Bernard stating "there are no rules on the hash." And so, DDs for WS and myself to "Here's to the hares." Following this, a mention to PP, not seen for a while yet still up to his old tricks of running or even re-running fishhooks when he didn't need to; but we can't reward that sort of athleticism! Instead, Mudlark would be called up for moaning about the third fishhook when he thought there were only two (having misheard WS's 'a few' during chalk talk); joining ML would be NickO, who had tripped up at the J&J car park and ended up in a hedge; perhaps he wanted to join in the dogging action?! And lastly, LTP for running up to the SDW FH, just to wind-up PP (but there was so obviously going to be a FH there!); DDs for all to "10,9,8", although glass held back on ML in case he misheard! Finally for the evening, Beat The Barman was celebrating his 500th hash and awarded a DD (sans tankard) to "Get a Life." I noted that when he had been named he had proceeded to drink his DD before the appropriate point in the song, and with no beers left I was glad he had waited! A quick note of next week's hash details and a reminder re: Xmas would then see the evening closed out with the obligatory toast to the hash.

Nasty Nips



#2441 - Eight Bells, Bolney - Circling up for the chalk talk, On On Don announced the trail as a Beat the Barman special albeit a shoulder operation had prevented his actual attendance! More on that later, but we were assured there was a short trail. And so, with a swift welcome to new boot Sophie, off we charged for 10 yards to the check outside the pub. On called up the steps through the church, Angel threw Little Swinger and Half Moon an excellent dummy right, as true trail was called left past the cricket club and along the edge of the field up to Ryecroft Road, where the first fishhook was encountered. Loitering at the rear for a nature opportunity, I was surprised when Ride-It, Baby, hotly pursued by Shoots Off Early went screaming past in search of Psychlepath, despite my assurances that I was rear guard! Finding the footpath through to Cherry Lane, right seemed so logical that I stuck with it to find and call a check at the end of Top Street, realising that true trail must've been the other sides of the square! As I muttered, 'Good job we're not doing DD's for that tonight', we continued north, now well and truly in the mud, to a check left along Big Swing Walk. Taking the grassy option Ride-It, Baby called me out for swerving the mud, but we're not doing DD's for that tonight! Soon enough the paths merged before a second fishhook followed rapidly by the smaller of the two big swings, not that LS was bothered as she justified her name, and Sophie couldn't resist either! With failing hashlights I found myself at the rear with Psychlepath through Furze Field Wood, but a bit of tarmac provided enough relief to get back in touch as trail continued down past the vineyards before turning east, wriggling all the way back to the Street and on inn for an early finish.

OOD had requested a moment of explanation at the start of the circle, clarifying that they had relinquished their trail as Nasty Nips had insisted BTB should set before he could have his tankard, however, BTB seemed unaware of that so the trail was a spur of the moment improvisation based on his extensive knowledge of the area. The truth was a little different as will be revealed next week, but with no BTB present his co-hares OOD & Pompette came up for the hares downer. Next up were visitors and virgins with Just Sophie, being spared the questions, joining Comes in Handy from Munich H3. Sticky Balls was completely oblivious to the fact that it was his 100th hash tonight so will have to wait for his tankard, as we will have to wait for his trail, but at least he could have a beer, accompanying RiB and SOE, although Psychlepath got a major let off as driver for his torch failure (we're not doing down downs for that tonight!), carrying my near dead torch as I reverted to phone, and even announcing his new shoes! Local Knowledge has resisted all calls to return the Mumpty Nug (Prince Crashpian will explain I'm sure) but tonight shoved it into my hands before the off saying, "Marion is fed up looking at this and told me to get rid of it". Well we had to give it to someone, and who better than the erstwhile hares for not knowing where the hell their own trail went and losing the wa*kers. With OOD driving, Pompette was called, and we weren't persuaded by her argument that she should nominate as OOD was driving, but cheated by covering the nostrils to drink from the rim. Usual reminders went out about next week, Christmas, and another great hash was concluded with the toast.

Bouncer

Some Seasonal Santa silly's:

I just stole Santa's naughty list. Ironically it's almost identical to the hash address list!



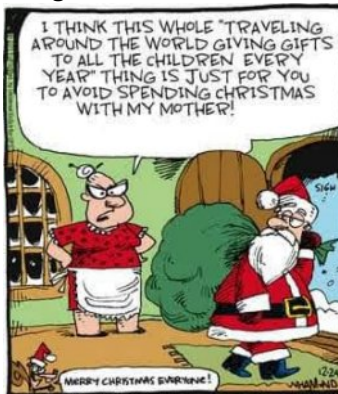
Santa Claus when he was young and poor, before he signed a contract with Coca Cola



Where does Santa go to learn how to slide down chimneys? chimnasium



Things I have in common with Santa: 1. I eat other people's food if it's left unattended. 2. I visit people once a year. 3. I'm fat.



What do you call someone who doesn't believe in Father Christmas? A rebel without a Claus!



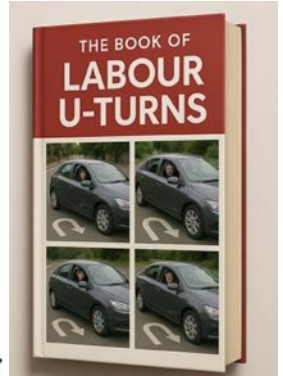
- What goes Ho, Ho, Swoosh! Ho, Ho, Swoosh? Santa caught in a revolving door!
- What goes oh, oh, oh? Santa Claus walking backwards!

IN THE NEWS – mainly the Beeb!

BBC accused of right-wing bias while also being accused of left-wing bias...



Department of fiscal responsibility up in arms after budget leaks make the actual budget something of a damp squib, and force U-turns before plans are even published, although the mansion tax goes through:



Migrants on a loop between UK & France, and Scotland qualify for the World Cup for the first time this century, in America



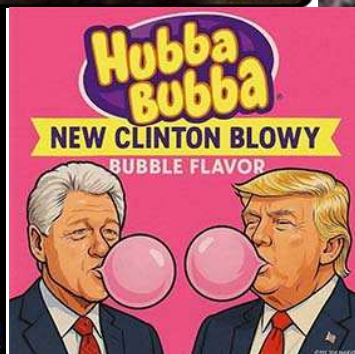
More trouble for the beleaguered BBC as, despite having no jurisdiction and having actually said what they broadcast, the POTUS threatens a \$1bn lawsuit for the Panorama reporting of his role in the post-election riots of January 2021:



"Ok President Trump, if you sue the BBC for \$1bn for spreading lies, I'll sue you for the same amount. I reckon Planet Earth would crowdfund that. Then I'll but Mar A Largo, turn it into a climate change research centre, free Melania, and put a 1000% tariff on orange face paint." Count Binface @countbinface.bsky.social

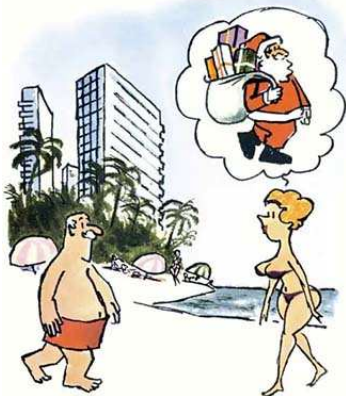
IN THE "no smoke without fire" NEWS - What's Donald gone and done today?

Among over 20,000 pages of documents from Jeffrey Epstein's estate released in November 2025 was an email referencing "photos of Trump blowing Bubba", a known nickname for Bill Clinton, in a March 2018 conversation between Mark Epstein and his brother. Naturally denials that the reference to "Bubba" was about the former President were swift, however, the release ignited significant controversy and social media speculation, as well as some very funny memes:



PAGE **Inside II Today** **Featuring: Alden Erikson**

Born in Waltham, MA, Alden Erikson's cartoons appeared in Playboy from 1957 through 1972. Often featured in the magazine's "Party Jokes" and "Ripped from the Headlines" sections, Erikson's cartoons were sometimes controversial, but also very popular with readers. His work helped to define the Playboy brand of humour and helped make the magazine one of the most successful publications in history. He also did work for the New Yorker. Here's a selection of his seasonal contributions:



Erikson



"Go find your own corner!"



"How about this bunch, lady - can you spot the one that molested you in the park?"



"Humbughumbughumbughumbughumbug...!"



Erikson

"Well done, Simpson. You may retire."



"For your information, you have just gotten snow soot and, in all probability, reindeer manure all over an extremely valuable Persian Rug."



Erikson



"You can run along to bed now, Lisa - Mummy will take care of Santa!"



Erikson

"Hmmm, let's see - you must be the fun couple that requested the bisexual elf!"



Erikson



Erikson

"Actually, Miss Tinsley, this is where we separate the fairies from the elves!"



"Mr. don't we look Christmassy!"



Erikson

"Golly, I never dreamed sex could be so rewarding!"



"Back home right now, they're probably lighting up the old Christmas tree."



Erikson

"You've got to hand it to Brookworth and Finch when it comes to holiday sales gimmicks!"



"I understand some pretty famous people vacation here!"

THE END

Bedroom toys for the girls and boys...



"We do all the research and development and he does all the finished product evaluation!"



"Last year we gave him an electric shaver."



"Gee whillikers - I guess I've got just about the swellest mum and dad in the whole world!"



"See here, Miriam - that's one of mine!"



"Oops - wrong bag!"



"Cancel my appointments. I'm breaking in a new gift wrapper."



"What's got me pissed off is that he now considers her his number one helper!"



"I know you don't like me to hitch-hike, Mum, but guess who picked me up last night on Wilshire Boulevard?"



"Well God bless us one and all - it's Tiny Tim!"



"A candy cane with batteries!"



"Now, that's what I call hung by the chimney..."

LOVERS' QUARREL

By Crickson



How do we know Santa's a man?

He shows up late, eats your cookie, empties his sack, comes just once, calls you a ho and leaves while you're asleep.