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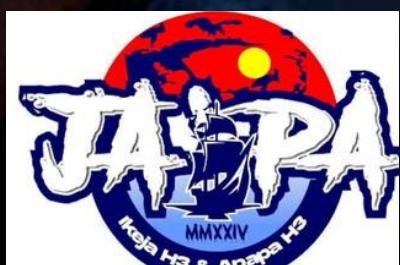
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FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to HOPS Magazine – The Beer-Soaked, Trail-Crashing Chronicles! HASHERS ARE WE ON? What a run, what a handover, what a party!

The Japa Handover run and Halloween bash—featuring not one, but two stellar kennels—brought the unstoppable forces of the Ikeja House Hash Harriers (IH3) and Apapa Hash House Harriers (AH3) together in a glorious, beer-fueled collision. From Ikeja’s “Marine Movement” legends to Apapa, these two incredible kennels put on a show that even the Hash gods couldn’t forget (and they usually try to forget).

A huge kudos to the LOC and everyone who kept the madness going at all cost. But here’s the thing, Hashers: once the post-run beers settle and we start finding random glitter and banners in strange places, we can’t help but think, “How do we hold onto these golden memories?” Enter HOPS Magazine, your soon-to-be bible of all things Hash—because no legendary trail, beer stop, or miscrimanity should ever disappear into the foggy haze of last night’s ale.

HOPS is here to capture the sweat, laughs, spills, and thrills of hashing worldwide, so you can relive it all anytime you need a good On-On! For our maiden edition, we’re bringing you all the JAPA sweet juice So, grab your tankard, throw back a cold one, and sit back as we bring you all the thrills , fun and excitements of the JAPA and HALLOWEEN PARTY 1.0 .

With every page, HOPS magazine will remind you of why we hash, why we drink, and why we keep crawling back to those ridiculous SHIGGY TRAILS every time. Cheers to the trails, the tails, and the tales that make hashing one of a kind. Now dive in, and enjoy this rowdy, raucous ride with us. On-On!

Womanitarian Cummer

EDI-DIOT-IN-CHIEF



THE GREAT JAPA BANNER HEIST: A TALE OF UNLIKELY HONOR AMONG THIEVES



In a shocking turn of events, the notorious Benin cartel concocted a daring plan to swipe the coveted Japa banner, right from under the noses of the world-renowned banner thieves themselves! Talk about bold – or utterly delusional.

We can only assume their motivational speaker was a rockstar and highly convincing or their Benin-brewed beer granted them temporary **DISAPPEARING ACT**. Either way, it's hard to fault their audacity.

Fast-forward to the spooky Halloween party, where DJ Shemzy's brain-busting beats had everyone entranced. Seizing the moment, the Benin cartel made their **LONG SWORD** move, only to find themselves face-to-face with the masters of banner pilfering – in the **FAST LICKING** act of stealing their own decorations, lights, and banner!

What ensued? A hilarious negotiation, with the Benin cartel pleading their case (of cause they have a lawyer among them). Apparently, they'd promised the revered Oba of Benin they'd return victorious, banner in tow. Failure would result in banishment from the ancient city.

And so, in a heartwarming display of honor among thieves, the unlikely allies parted ways, banners in hand, mutual respect earned. Who knew the art of thievery could be so... noble?

BY WOMANITARIAN CUMMER

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT: THE GREAT JAPA BANNER HEIST....



I could hardly believe what I was seeing that Halloween night. DJ Shumzy had the crowd in a trance, lost in beats so thunderous they felt like a spell. But while everyone danced, oblivious to the unfolding chaos, I caught a glimpse of movement in the shadows.

The banner thieves were back—the infamous duo known for striking at the height of the night's revelry. And with the music reaching its peak, they swooped in, their eyes gleaming like cats stalking prey. They moved quickly, grabbing the two JAPA banners as if it were the crown jewel itself.

Just as they were about to make their escape, another group appeared: the Benin Cartel,. For a moment, it was like watching two packs of wolves meet at the same hunting ground. I braced for a clash, but instead, the two teams looked at each other, then nodded. In a first-ever truce, they decided to split the loot, like old comrades-in-crime.

Their confidence was unnerving. They swiped decorations, lights, and even had the audacity to go for the raffle draw TV and the shiny, new tear rubber HMof Ikeja, HM Bow and Arrow himself. I watched in shock as they boldly attempted to haul it all away.

But just when it seemed like their getaway was guaranteed, two figures cut through the crowd: Arrest the Miscreant and Show Off. They weren't about to let the night end in chaos. With swift moves and fierce determination, they attempted to block the thieves' path. But unfortunately , nothing much the two vigilantes could do.

In that instant, a legend was born—the Great Japa Banner Heist. It's the story we'll be telling for years: a wild night of music-fueled mischief, rival bandits, and the unlikely heroes who tried to put a stop to it all..



BY MADLY ENERGETIC

FRESH AFTER A RUN: EXPERT ADVICE ON HOW TO KEEP FRESH ON THE HASH (WITH JUST A BIT OF SASS)

Ah, hashing—the thrill of the trail, the call of the wild, and... the post-run funk. Let's face it, fellow Hashers: nothing says "unforgettable" quite like the wafting aroma of a hash pack after a hot run. But with a few choice moves, you can go from sweaty beast to fresh delight. So, ready to be irresistible after the run? Take a look at these expert, slightly cheeky tips!

Before You Hit the Trail (A Little Prep Goes a Long Way)

Slip into something breathable. Choose moisture-wicking hash gear that hugs in all the right places and lets you breathe easy. The fewer sweat stains, the better. Anti-perspirant: your new best friend. Lather it on like your life depends on it, because it does—for the sake of your fellow hashers' nostrils. Trim those claws. Long toenails might make you look fierce, but they're also breeding grounds for... things you'd rather not share. Keep it clean, folks.

After the Run (Or, "On-After," for the Saucy)

Shower time! Get under the water ASAP with a nice, gentle scrub. Focus on those "high-traffic" areas—the armpits, groin, feet. You know the drill. Antibacterial soap for the win. Yes, it kills bacteria. Yes, it keeps your nether regions smelling like daisies—or at least something vaguely floral. Dry everywhere. You heard that right. Between the toes, behind the knees, all the cozy little crevices. Nobody likes damp... situations.

Emergency Clean-Ups

Baby wipes: not just for babies anymore. When you can't shower, these little wonders will save the day. Think of them as foreplay to cleanliness.

A fresh spritz of deodorant. Reapply after wiping down. Trust us, it's worth it.

Respect the bubble. Keep a sweet-smelling perimeter for the next hasher who wants to get this close to you.



BY BOOTY CALL



FRBs (Fast Runners Beware): A Few Pro-Tips

Bring extra socks and gear. Nothing spoils the fun faster than damp, stinky feet. You never know who might get a peek at those toes. A small towel goes a long way. Not only does it feel good, but a good rub-down can really perk things up.

Hydrate, hydrate, hydrate. The more water you drink, the better you smell. It's science (or at least magic).

Final Note (Because Clean is Sexy)

Hydration helps keep sweat under control. More water, less smell. It's an easy formula.

Avoid sharing towels and gear. Keep things personal—you don't know where that towel's been.

Clean your hash gear religiously. A fresh shirt is a power move.

There you have it: stay fresh, stay desirable, and keep hashing fun for everyone! Follow these expert tips and become a legend of post-run hygiene. Because nothing says "come hither" like the scent of someone who knows how to take care of themselves after a run.

MANY SINS OF DJ SHUMZY..



Here are the fascinating facts about DJ Shumzy that we all need to know:

HE made his explosive debut at SURUDARY, and what a night to remember! This maestro kept the Hashers on their feet until 7 am, defying Nameless Wanker's pleas to wrap it up. Hashers, however, wouldn't let the music die. They were ready to lose it all because of the incredible DJ Shumzy.

The second encounter was at HM WAY MAKER run in Surulere's Unilag Staff Club. Post-circle, DJ Shumzy took over, captivating island -based hashers who planned to leave early. They couldn't resist the infectious beats.

OUR VERDICT: DJ Shumzy is guilty of unleashing hashers' inner party animals, making them indulge in more fun than they bargained and regoed for.

SENTENCE : lifetime residency at all hash events, with a permanent ban on early exits!

BY MADLY ENERGETIC



FACTS ABOUT HM/RA UNCONTROLLABLE DICK

Meet Uncontrollable Dick, the ultimate Hash House Harriers rockstar! As the RA of Lagos, GM of Apapa (aka Kolonjo, because as we all love to call him), and Hash Cash of Surulere, this guy's got more hats than a royal wedding. And rumor has it, he's also part of the notorious Township Crew -

But beneath all those titles, lies a heart of gold. Uncontrollable Dick is the epitome of integrity, humility, and compassion. He treats everyone like royalty, regardless of their status or background. His superpowers include honesty, a work ethic stronger than coffee, and a commitment to responsibility that'll put Superman to shame (not talking about that one that stopped downloading at 20%)

This man's got wisdom pouring out of every pore. He listens like a therapist and speaks like a sage, always uplifting those around him. In chaos, he remains calm, principled, and unflappable - like a ninja in a hurricane.

And when duty calls, Uncontrollable Dick's always ready to lend a helping hand (or carry your problems on his head, because why not?). He's the human equivalent of a peace treaty, except when he's being a mischievous miscreant in the circle - then it's game on!

Attend one of his runs, and you'll get a story to tell (and possibly a few bruises from laughing too hard). This party animal can dance the night away, leaving even the most seasoned partygoers in awe.

So, have you experienced the Uncontrollable Dick magic yet?

BY MADLY ENERGETIC



SHOE CARE 101: DON'T BE A STINKER!



Hey there, HOPS Reader!

Imagine sticking your fingers in a woodpecker's hole and the woodpecker says 'Gosh! that stinks.' ..

Yeah, no. Don't do that. Similarly, don't torture others with stinky shoes!

Shoe odor = bacteria + fungi + sweat. As a runner, you sweat (a lot!). Here's how to keep your shoes fresh:

- Wash shoes & insoles after a run. Duh!
- Get multiple running shoes. Your feet (and friends) will thank you.
- Sprinkle odour-absorbing powders (or baking soda). Because, economy.
- Wear socks! They're like sweat-sponges for your feet.



That's it! Don't be a shoe-stinker. Buy new running shoes, drink beer, repeat.

Stay fresh, HOPS Reader!

BY FINESSE

"Imagine sticking your fingers in a woodpecker's hole and the woodpecker says 'Gosh! that stinks.'"

FACT ABOUT RA FISHER (IKEJA HOUSE HARRIERS)

Meet RA FISHER aka the 'King FISHER' - His majestic lounge in Ikeja named after him is the go-to spot for the Marine Movement and other merry-makers. This Owerri-born hero's heart is as big as his hospitality, always putting others before himself.

RA KING FISHER's the hash tradition's biggest fanboy, always ready to save the day (and the party!). And did you hear about his generosity during the last JA'PA and HALLOWEEN extravaganza? Rumor has it that as the Chairman of the LOC, he dropped a cool 1meter to ensure its success! Talk about putting your money where your hash is.

Long live King Fyshas, the Lounge Legend and Hash Hero of Ikeja!



FACTS ABOUT HM BOW AND ARROW

Meet HM Bow and Arrow, aka Bone and Marrow , the new Hash Master of Ikeja Hash House Harriers! This fine boy from PH (yes, Port Harcourt represent!) has got a reputation - and not just for being a ladies' man (though we hear the ladies of Surulere Hash House Harriers still haven't recovered from his Hash Flash days with all the filters).

Our beloved HM is a no-nonsense, tough-love kind of guy... unless he's in the mood for some playful banter, then watch out! But don't get it twisted, he's all about putting the hash first - an hasher through and true..

Just remember, if you misbehave in his circle, you might just get "firing squad" with a quadruple shot or a full pot down (don't say we didn't warn you). So, behave, or Bow and Arrow will show you his, ahem, pointed skills that never misses his target .

BY MADLY ENERGETIC





MEET THE LEGENDARY SIR OZZY BOB: HASHER THROUGH AND THROUGH.

Born on December 14, 1946, this Australian Airforce veteran spent 42 years flying high, but little did he know his true calling was getting lost in the woods with the Hash House Harriers. For 40 years, Sir Ozzy Bob has been an integral part of this eccentric hashing family in Nigeria, leaving an indelible mark (and probably a few lost shoes).

The Nigerian Connection

After hanging up his flying boots, Sir Ozzy Bob decided to stay in Nigeria, where he became a consultant to the Nigerian Airforce . He taught pilots how to land planes at night without runway lights - because who needs lights when you can just drink more beer to see the unseen , right? This feat earned him respect, admiration, and probably a few gray hairs.

Hashing Glory in Nigeria

Sir Ozzy Bob's Hashing career is a testament to his boundless energy and dedication (or insanity?). He's held esteemed positions, including:

- Hash Master (HM) of Ikeja
- Grand Master (GM) of Lagos
- Religious Advisor (RA) of Apapa (who knew hashing needed a religious advisor?)

His love for the Hash is rivalled only by his affection for his loyal canine sidekick, Bingo. Together, they're the dynamic duo of Hash events - with Bingo often stealing the show (and snacks).

A Legacy of Mirth and Mayhem

Sir Ozzy Bob's antics have earned him a reputation as a master of mischief. Who else could pull off a Hash banner heist in India with the police as accomplices? Sir Ozzy Bob's truly a Hash legend.

The Man, The Myth, The T-Shirts

He boasts an impressive Hash T-shirt collection, proving he's traveled far and wide (or just has a lot of free time). His iconic running pants and shoes are synonymous with his larger-than-life personality.

A Birthday to Remember

Last year, Ikeja H3 celebrated his birthday in style, gifting him a customized beer bottle featuring his image. Sir Ozzy Bob was touched (or just happy for the free booze).

The Virgin's story : The Virgin Story!*

"Virgin" means different things in different places. For instance, in Brussels, Belgium, A virgin is a fetus, or a fetus in its mother's womb, and sometimes they give their fathers, "head". In Sidney, Australia, a virgin is every kangaroo that was born before Sir Ozzy Bob left Australia, because we hear that he's a kangarowhat ??? not my handwriting ooooo...

Conclusion...

Sir Ozzy Bob's legacy extends far beyond his impressive Hashing resume. He embodies the spirit of adventure, friendship, and irreverence that defines the Hash House Harriers.globally.

Long live Sir Ozzy Bob Hash!

BY BOOTYCALL



FACT ABOUT ALWAYS FREE..

Here are the fascinating facts about Always Free that we all need to know:

Meet RA Always Free, the new Religious Advisor of Apapa Hash House Harriers - and no, he won't save your soul, but he'll definitely keep you entertained! This strong-minded, disciplined humanitarian has been hashing since 2012 with Lagos Hash House Harriers as his Mother Kennel. He's been an unstoppable force in LH3, selflessly serving with dedication and diligence (yawn... sorry, had to!).

By day, he's an IT and business whiz, conjuring tech solutions, crushing cybersecurity threats, and taming data chaos. By night (or weekend), he's a thrill-seeking, globe-trotting adventurer, always up for a challenge. Did we mention he's also a leadership guru, finance ninja, and market analysis mastermind?

This hash rockstar co-organized Lagos 2015 Nash Hash (in Benin) and Pan African Hash Lagos 2017 - talk about a party animal! And, fun fact: he founded Backpackers in Lagos State because why not?

Oh, and did we mention he's the hottest bachelor in the hash (self-proclaimed, of course)? Benz enthusiast, party aficionado, and all-around charming guy - RA Always Free is the whole package!

BY MADLY ENERGETIC

Soul Snatchers: The Glamour Girls' Halloween Heist.

Did you all catch a glimpse of the glamour girls, aka Destiny's Child 2.0, slaying the Japa Halloween party? While everyone else was serving up Wakanda-inspired realness, evil witch vibes, and couples' goals as a bad monk and nun, these three stunning goddesses - Nice Erotica, Fucking Mixture, and Nippleless - decided to steal the show (and the souls of every man in attendance).

Rocking gorgeous party dresses and killer physiques, they left the Halloween party in the dust. I mean, who needs fake blood and creepy makeup when you can just show up looking that good? Glamour Girls: 3, Halloween Costumes: 0

Poor DHM Wench Wenker couldn't take his eyes off them, and who can blame him? He was so mesmerized that he finally blurted out, 'Gaddamit, God is truly a creative genius!'

Meanwhile, the rest of us were just trying not to get slain by their shasha fierceness. The Glamour Girls didn't come to scare no one - they came to slay, and leave no survivors.

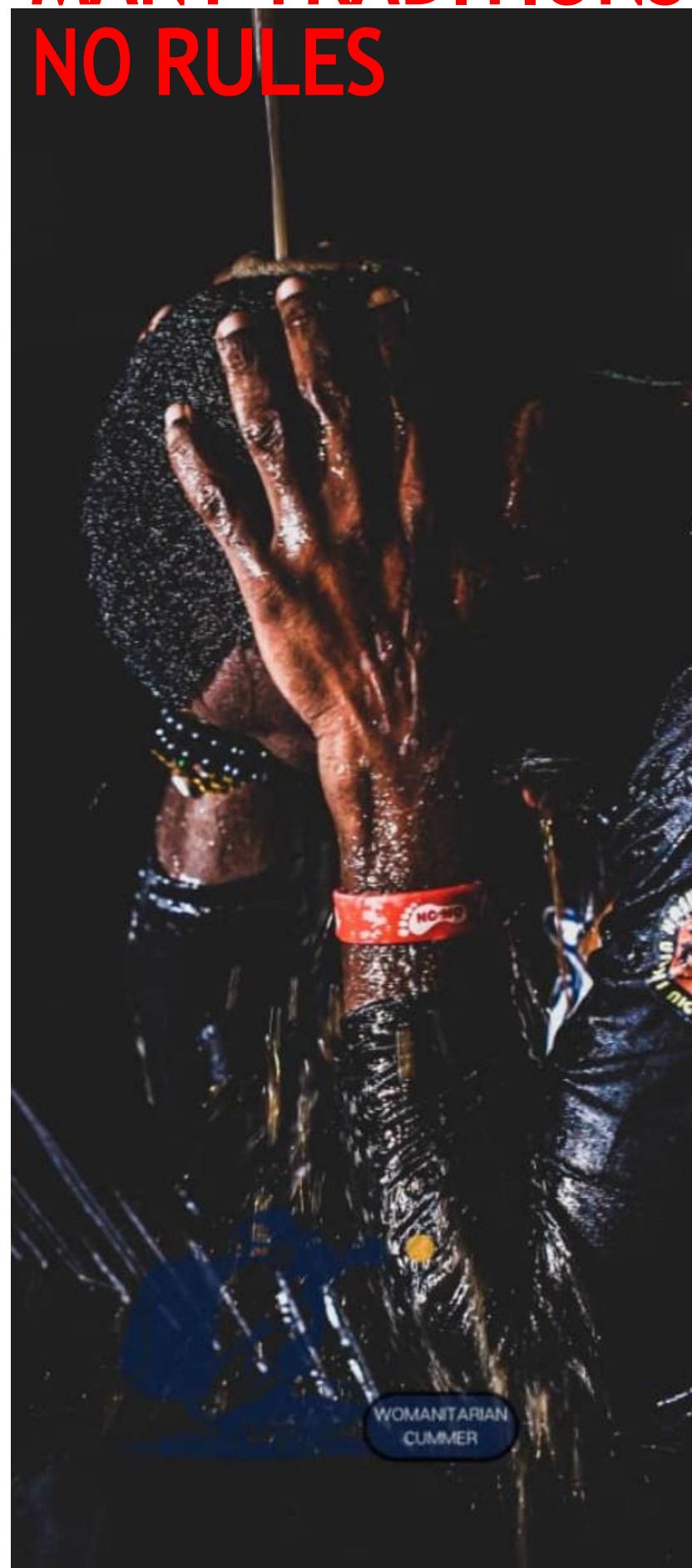
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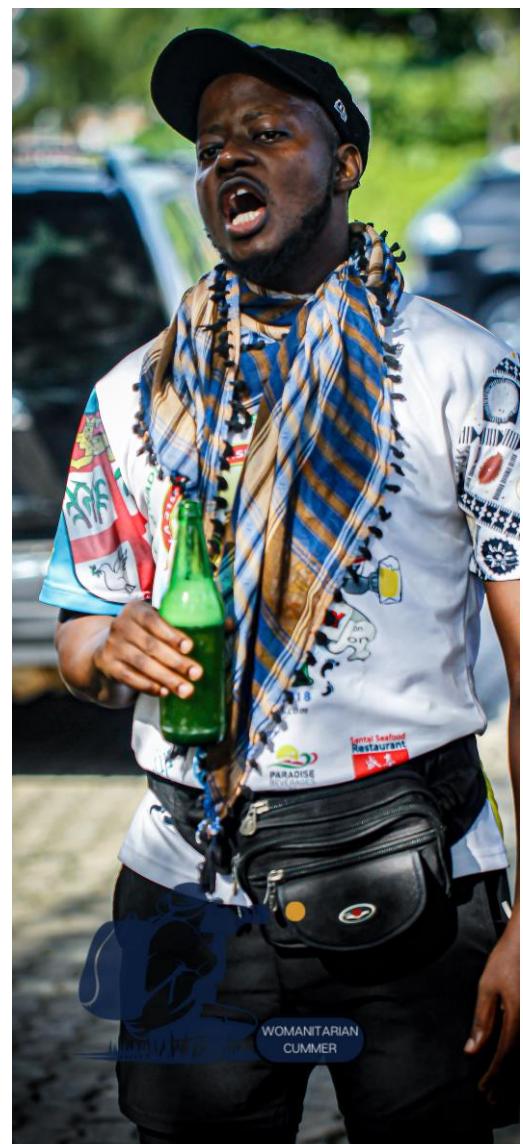
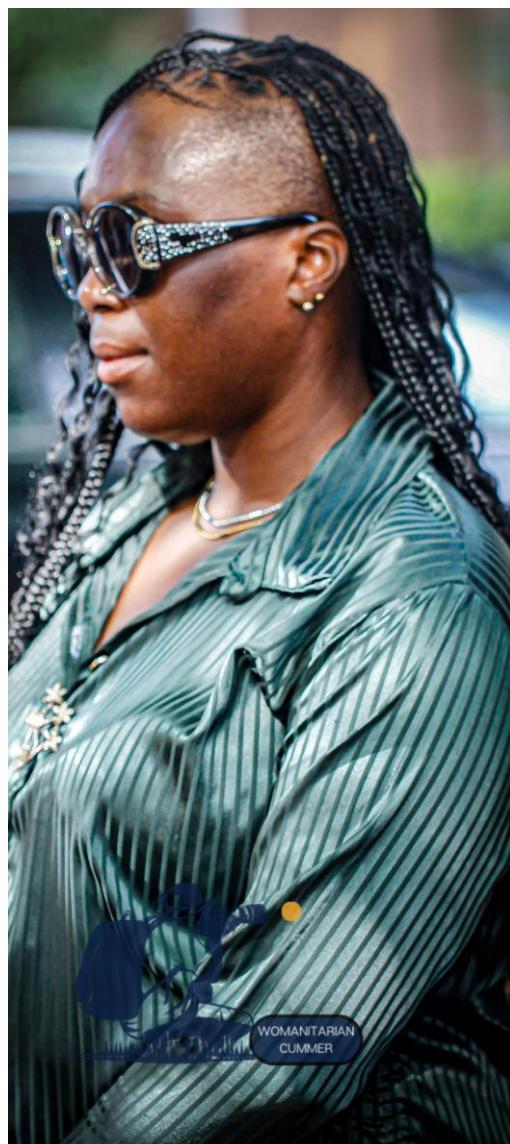


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MANY TRADITIONS NO RULES



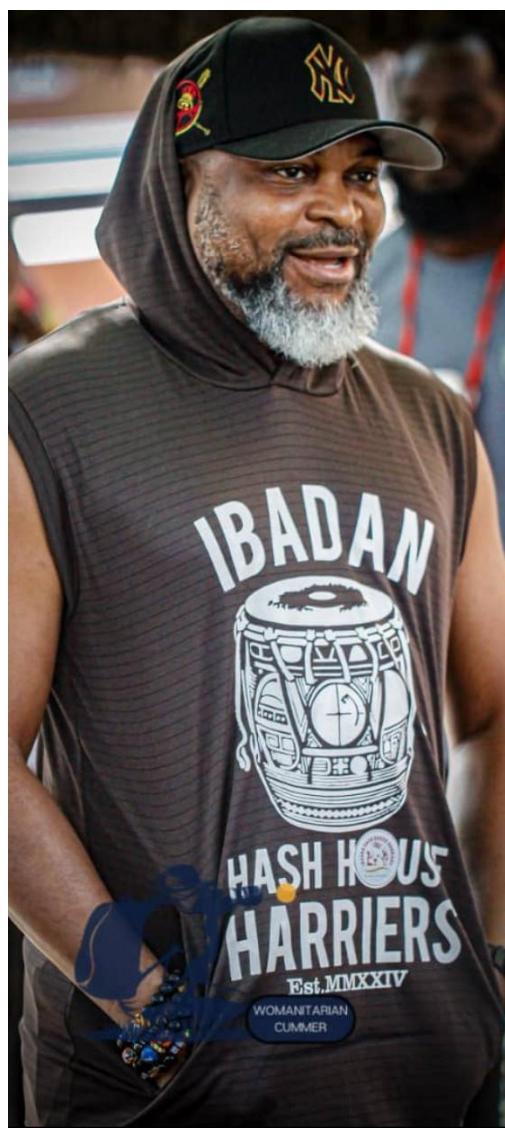
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December 2024

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