

Quorn  
Hash House Harriers

GM....Michele Mango Flowers  
(0509 230 396 or 0509 232 410)

RUN 12

A QUICK PADDLE IN THE OUTWOODS

Hares: Psychedelic and Motormouth

The monsoons of the preceding few days finally broke to a fine and brilliantly sunny Sunday morning for the twelfth Quorn Hash.....and what a turnout we had for Psychedelic and Motormouth's first lay. He was awarded an immediate Down Down for the 'Bonking Bunnie' shorts. Charnwood Forest is a delightful spot for a Hash...in fact its truly spondoolicating. Loughborough University turned out its best - even a... Hasher from Peebles H3, with Sherwood also putting in a fine performance, led by that veteran from Seoul with the foul longjohns. We even had some QH3 originals returning to the fray....welcome y'all. A blast of the horn(s), after suitable pikkies had been taken by the faithful Flash, and away to the woods..literally...well up and down the woods really. ON ON and even more up and down and through the mega-shiggey we ran. In terms of this lay not having dry, flat, mundane trails...it did; there was mud and water up to the eye-balls....and didn't they love it! Persil's hearing-aid gave out and so the cries of ON ON had little effect

on his meanderings...but what a great pair he and Clumsy are; well done. Josh and the Spiceman have no excuse however for pottering off over the far horizons and losing the Hash totally... sinners to be punished. The Hares had obviously decided that this was to be the wettest Hash in Quorn's history - the swollen streams had all burst their banks, to flood the fields....we Hashed through everyone...several times. Some of the motley crew fell in, as is now traditional for this Hash...some as always were thrown in... but some were graciously carried over - quelle etiquette.....what a nice bum Heather has got.

A STUNNING BLONDE comes up to the bar and leans across to the barman. Provocatively, she runs her fingers through his bushy beard. 'Is the landlord in?' she purrs.

'No,' croaks the barman as she carries on fondling his beard.

'Well, will you give him a

message for me?' she sighs.

'Anything,' moans the barman, blushing as her fingers reach deep into his beard.

'Well,' she cooed. 'Tell him there's no loo paper in the ladies!'

The beer stop, for some inane reason, was sited at the top of the bloody hill in the teeth of a freezing gale.....nice one Hares. And so, huddled together for what little bit of warmth there was left in those chilly bodies, we drank from the usual boring plastic Magnums that this Hash has had to put up with for the last year....ughhhhhhh!.. anyone heard of glass or glasses..... anyone own up to Aids?

'A fella had the cheek to call me a nymphomaniac. I told him to get out of my bed - and take his three pals with him.'

'I've heard you're very good to your wife - you hardly ever go home!'

'Samantha Fox is a big girl. Her boobs could breastfeed Australia.'



"For all you care, Sidney, I could be making love to the window-cleaner on the lounge carpet!"