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Est.....1987

Q
H
S

'Wallington Marks Field !'

September 18th

Run No. 10

Hare: Wallington

On-On Caterer: Wall's Mum

Ok....attention please! Stop that ,and read this.....or else! (I may be asking questions, o.k.) Well you asked for it ; the first (and G-- help us, the last!) Suterball's (up!!) Hash Run sheet... (*pronounced Mexican style*).

Lets begin with well-deserved praise to the Hare for what turned out to be a super run; one of the best wasn't it..... (*utter silence!*)yes it was!! The weather was ideal, the trail the right length, plenty of good false trails - even us know-it-alls were 'fools on a hill' on more than one occasion. Beautiful Charnwood countryside; including a dual-carriageway, and even a handy 'On-Sex' dunking pool no less!.....well someone had to get wet didn't they? A great turn out.....(should have been Terry-fic as well!.... *promises, promises*)even a dog and a 'crafty cripple' ran (bloody fool). 'Spineless' he may be but what more absolute devotion to our noble eccentric cause than to run again so soonyou've got real guts mate! Mind you, I'm not sure if *run* is strictly accurate; it looked at times more like a bandy-legged, tip-toeing, *kama kase warrior* with thrusheven ran backwards at times!

Oh yes, the run - almost forgot - the course (coarse?) events.....

Suitably met at The George hostelry there in Main Street, Markfield folks, the gang were duly 'captured' for posterity....yet again! (negs. going cheap anyone?).....we were eventually all told to 'Hash Off'. The first part of the trail was easy.....'cos the Hare led and told us where to go! (what a wally). Having told **him** where to go, we rushed off ~~aimlessly~~ purposefully, frightening the innocent estate inhabitants with thundering hooves and suitable Hashing war cries (...*like**Oh, Oh, its this way chaps**or similar horny renderings*). And what a hash horn; it must, I thought, be Hard-on ..the lips keeping it up ..or was it an 'a-Pauline' noise!

Leaving the daubed and devastated 'willage' behind, we sank to new depths, right into this oversized mousehole, gratefully emerging the other side in the aromatic countryside. Dog leading the way, we sped on. Much 'tripping' along, following the 'flowered marked fields' hither and thither... (*puts teeth back*)..., occasionally 'checking' our progress. Was it: "Hold the check you *?! FRB's" we craftily heard from two checks back? Ceaselessly onward,....and back again..... (*bl**dy FT's!*)...spurred on by keenness to reach the next check ...or was it the 'psycho' cry of "bullocks!" that sent more than one of our bumpy gender 'cowering' along the nearest wall? ... (*shades of Ulverscroft again!*). Down pleasant lanes, duly greeting passing horses, ~~falling~~ leaping over gates, the sight of new flourescent yellow? skin-tights flashing and dazzling in the sunlight! Just when we thought: *Wot, no shiggy?* or a spoonful of 'wasser' to tip-toe in, (don't despair Hard-on),.....

(contd.....)

...a corner was turned, and one Zupada was violently held against her will and 'draped' ..in mid-stream by an outstanding member of our group I believe. (*wanna see a dirty picture?*) Talk about cling film! Hay!, was it Pete & Sons spotted; sitting on their 'bales' ...obviously exhausted FRB's. So, with stalwarts Ariel? and Oops-a daisy?, having caught up again... what troupers they are.., its up the hill!silently(sic) passing an intense couple eagerly wanting to discuss the meaning off life ...in peace!

Cool, calculated, smart-arsed, indisputable logic (deja vool?), led at least 3 of us (yes, ok, I confess, I confess,... me included) to 'march up to the top of the hill', only to 'march back down again' - (...*nice one Wall!*). A quick 'dual' with the on-coming traffic, led to a quick turn right into the hedge! Ah! a sneaky hidden passageway..... *ideal for our runners with a short leg to 'bank' on?* Funny?.....I'm sure this 'mousehole' looks familiar?.....no, its turned blue this way, mark me!

Ah! at last the intoxicating smells of the George (or was it smEllymay's feet! in front) welcoming us back to quench our thirsts! (Some preferred / were forced to 'Lumpur' it with well travelled cans of 'Koala' Pils of some sort I think). I think a fireman turned up and offered the usual ho hose (.....oh you are slow) but soon left as he was not needed.

Sufficiently revived, we then were very politely requested to ~~suffer~~ enjoy ...yes you've guessed it ... the **Down Down!**

WALLINGTON The Hare.....revenge for the FT's?.. no, a reward for a good run.

SCOTT The **Hash Nut**for possessing ... (*have I really got to type this?*)... a sexy bum!! *can't see it myself fellas, can you?*

DAVID **GRIFFITHS** The **R.B.A.A.** missed too many previous runs (a sinner!)

PISSPOT **Hash Name**.....for Pauline. Reference her Sibley run piss-stop' (?) and her part share in the infamous ('*I thought you had cleaned it for today! ...oops!*') QH3 bedpan!

SUTERBALL 'for being too damned organised and getting away with everything (*whad I do!, whad I do! ?*) for far too long'

CRAFTY for sensibly running and deliberately twisting his ankle.....show-off!

ELLYMAY for becoming a Daddy ...for the second time! (*the stone in the shoe did not work then?*) Best wishes to 'Mum' as well.

COMMITTEE More totally, democratically decided, delegation of 'agreed' (?) duties were ~~inflicted~~ announced..... (*see later*)

.....and there was more!.....**On, On,** to **Wallingtons** and the **B B Qi**

ON, ON Ten hours later, when many 'puffters' had got the BBQ really going, we all walked around chatting, drinking, eating all the lovely food Wall's Mum had prepared [*flowers have been sent*], more drinking, shouting, burping, ...sitting (falling?) down ...and chatting, drinking, rudely pointing with fingers in (on?) our ears in a ceremony that only Bunnies seem capable of mastering!.....except Psychodylexic!

(contd.....)

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, undecideds, don't knows,.....and Hashers:

.....Please be upstanding for your loyal Committee:.....
the Right Horribles:

G.M. : **Mango**
J.M. : **Crafty**
Hash Flash : **Suterball**
Hash Haberdash : **Ellymay**
Hash Horn : **Hard-on**
Hash Beermaster : **Wallington**
Hash Pan : **Gazunda/Pisspot**
Hash Shit
Award Holder : **Clumsy/Persil**

anyone else want a job?

Next Run:

The next run is not the next run any more 'cos your at the next run; so, what was the next run before this one is now this one. Therefore the next run is the one after this next one now and its going to be next month on the 26th at Barrow.....ok!, quite clear on that everyone!

No!.....well just remember:

Pub: **The Navigation Inn**
Village: **Barrow-on-Soar**
Day: **26th November**
Time: **by 11.00am**
Map: Will be issued now....probably!
Remember: **bring 'loads a' money'**.....at least enough for the run subs (100p). What about one of the new Quorn T-shirts as well!

.....yours dimly, Hash Flash **Suterball** (a suterball case for treatment you've guessed)

P.S. when you see me next, ask me what 'Yawes' is?.....*thanks, mine a pint.*

P.P.S. *What do you call a man swimming along with no arms or legs?*
P.P.P.S. *Did you hear about the Architect who had his house made backwards so that he could watch the T.V. ?*