



Q
H
3

RUN 97.

Sunday, 23rd. May.
King William IV, Earl Shilton.
Hares - Wallington and Elly May.
Scribe - Doc.

In typical, undignified and debauched hash fashion, half the bloody mis-management arrived late amidst heated discussions as to who was to blame! Feeble excuses reminiscent of a damp squid prevailed: Josh claimed he was sober for once on a Sunday am.; Cyranose brought the tea in bed late; Doc had to wash his hair; but Gropeher - well - any one who drives backwards at a snail's pace down the wrong side of every friggin' motorway between Notts and E. S. has to be to blame!! Competition for Pigeon Shit, I ask!?

Well, they say the sun shines on the righteous - so why the hell wasn't it pissin' down on us!? Probably some divine intervention on the part of the Hares, Wallington and Elly May! The new boots and the virgin seemed impressed but they'll get to know us better. Welcome to Showman and Mudsucker (NYCH3 and Sarnia H3) and Jackie - it's good to see new mud -uh- blood in the Hash. After all, anyone who arrives at the run with his own piss is always welcome!

And so to the run....the Hares sounded off (!) and the hounds hared off, massing in small groups all over E. S. totally bloody lost after the first half mile. At this point, Elly May was heard to pass comment about the average number of brain cells housed inside a hasher's head. I, of course, hadn't the intelligence to understand him and do most of my thinking with my backside. The now cl-ewe-less sheep roamed aimlessly until the elusive GM beamed down to call on on. How does he do it?

Virgin Jackie lacked no lustre as like bees to honey, GropeHer and Pigeon Shit were seen to jostle for position (96 was mentioned!), out-manoevring each other in an attempt - they say - to educate the virgin in the finer arts of Hashing. Hardly surprising she didn't look impressed!! Time to change your tracksuit bottoms, lads! Mango, in a rush of alcohol, suffering from severe spottybumitis, nomadically followed a falsy down a dark alley. A rare sight as was the spotty bum!



And so onto pastures new and the green, green grass of home to see Gentleman Jim wading up to his knees and waist in short grass. Was he simply bumming about or just tickling his fancy? Whichever - he had a broad (he denies this rumour) smile on his face! He was later seen lying prostrate gland in hand (have I missed out a comma here?) bushy-tailed and with an evil 'wanker's-cap' leer on his face! The same look that lured Mango??? Meanwhile, the quiet, red-faced Sinders was frbing past another phukkin falsy which we fell for yet again! She was closely followed by equally red-faced Hares in hot pursuit, oblivious to the cries of agony from fellow hashers suffering nettle rash whilst abseiling back down a 1 in 1 bank.

Mudsucker and Showman were pacing themselves (for what they wouldn't reveal) and claimed they enjoy the occasional spurt and rest - is this a new rhythem method of contraception, I ask? On on into the Hasher's paradise - a kiddies play area where Cyranose and Hamshanker were both seen in various positions draped athetically around the large bulbous red phallic symbol of a rocking rocket. Never seen either in the Kama Sutra! Their smiles revealed secret desires - Hamshanker's obviously being a love of hot, throbbing bright red objects beneath her shapely thighs! judging by the sports car she drives. And Josh! Where was our beloved GM all this time? Phuk nose for he was seen disappearing into the distance up his own backside all in the cause of Hashing. He's a sly b.....d if you ask me. You think you've lost him but he hides behind bloody bushes, waits for you to go 15 miles the other way before he calls on on! But, there are no rules in Hash and the GM's never wrong. On home and a great run!!!

Down Downs

- Jackie - for being a virgin; luv ta see yer at the next run.
- Mudsucker and Showman - new boots and a warm welcome.
- Hares - Wallington and Elly May for a brill run and arranging the sunny weather.
- Mango - first checking and getting it wrong.
- Hamshanker - for defecting to the Berlin H3.
- Wanker Cap - Doc Crippen for running round stark naked revealing his Dolphin, consistently getting checks wrong and displaying ballerina antics mid-hash (unjustified, if you ask me, after all I'm just an innocent in these things!)
