



Run no: 133  
Venue: The Nags Head, Castle Donington  
Scribe: Pisscophrenia  
Hares: Bleat & Dame Shame

GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOD MORNING HASHERS ! ! ! ! The weather down on the trail is going to be wet, damn wet.

Well, I wish somebody had told me because then I would have known to bring my rubber ring and arm bands (Calm down). Unfortunately for this hasher, the run started badly when just as Doc was asking for scribe volunteers, a long legged bar maid with PVC thigh-length boots and mini-skirt walked past and obviously deserved some kind of complement. A resounding "YES" springs forth, and instead of discovering what she can do with those boots I find myself trying to recall the day's events.

First off, Doc presented Gentleman Jim with the Hash Shit Award, but for what reason no one knows. It was at that point a monumental discovery was made - the hash T-shirts have our very own individual hash names printed on them!!!

We were off. Pisco ran to find the trail, and in so doing did a Barritone and followed a falsey. It wasn't until Rough Passage and Dame Shame (or was it Bleat?) had formed a search party that he returned to the trail. Meanwhile the pack had dispersed quite successfully and we found that Doc, Lightning Rod and Gentleman Jim had actually FOLLOWED Barritone over a bar (heinous crime), and were nowhere to be seen. The rest of us admired their folly and asked Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) the way to the trail. Couplet distress!! Despite being one of the hares she had no idea in which direction it lay.

We fled in the opposite direction to Barritone et al, believing this to be a fail safe formula for finding the trail. And indeed it was; the trail was recovered and nothing much happened until we got near the top of a very exposed hill. There it started raining and getting very windy. So much so that when we reached the top the trail was nowhere to be found. The pack regrouped with Rough Passage and Dame Shame (Or was it Bleat?) in tow viewing the lengths that airline charter companies go to in reducing the cost of hiring their aircraft.

When we thought it could get no wetter or colder, it started pissing down horizontally. A quick confab with Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) and we still didn't know the way. A shout from Doc and the pack broke from the trail. Somehow the pack split and a group of hardened hashers found themselves in a village with no sign of the trail. Luckily the scribe was part of this broken pack and remembered the route back from a previous hash set by Bleat and Dame Shame. It was at this point that we thought that it was best to fuck the trail (if only we could find it!) and follow the scribe's instinct.

However, the confusion was intensified by the fact that we had missed the beer stop and amongst this muddle found Wallington (who had not started with the pack) on something, maybe the trail, running in the opposite direction. When Gentleman Jim enquired what was going on Wallington replied, "It's quarter past twelve."

As we kept up a hashing pace, a particularly shiggy pond came into view as the final hurdle before the safety of the pub. As the pack (or what was left of it) waded across up to their thighs in horse piss and mud, Gentleman Jim got stuck. It was then the reason for carrying the Hash Shit Award was revealed. It cunningly doubles as a shiggy shovel to dig oneself out.

First to arrive back were Lightning Rod, Gentleman Jim and the scribe followed by Doc and Cyranose. Rough Passage, Gerry and Minihatric and Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) arrived in the car while Barritone came in on an unknown trail. It was not until we had retreated into the pub and were on our second pint that Wallington entered and enquired as to where we had all been. If only he knew!!

Down downs were dispensed with on account of the weather.

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#### STORY TIME

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Once upon a time there was a frog, who was sitting on his lily pad, crying his eyes out. A vicar was on his way to church when he saw the frog, and said, "You look a very sad little frog. Tell me, what is the matter?" "Well", replied the frog, "I'm not really a frog at all - I'm a choirboy. The Wicked Witch caught me scrumping apples in her garden and cast a spell on me, turning me into a frog. However, being a man of the cloth, you can expunge this evil spell by taking me into your bed tonight and kissing me". The vicar hesitated, and then put the frog in the palm of his hand. "I'll help cast off this evil spell", he reassured him. So that night the vicar took the frog into his bed, kissed it, and next morning the frog woke up as a choirboy again.

And that, M'lud, is the case for the defence.

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The teacher was very worried about one particular pupil, Mary, because she simply wouldn't stop swearing. One day the school inspector was visiting the school, and so she knew the children had to be on their best behaviour. "Now then children", the teacher said, "I'm going to go through the alphabet one letter at a time, and I want you to give me a word that begins with each letter. Who can tell me a word beginning with A?" Worried that Mary would say "Arsehole" or something, she turned to Linda. "Can you tell me a word beginning with A, Linda?" "Apple, miss" "Very good, Linda". When it came to the letter B, scared that Mary would say "Bugger" or something, the teacher turned to Debbie. "Banana, miss" "very good, Debbie". When she got to C, she was sure Mary would say the "C" word (no, not christmas), so she turned to another girl. "Julie, can you give me a word beginning with C?" "Cat, miss" "Very good, Julie". Now the teacher couldn't think of any swear words beginning with D, so with much trepidation she said, "Mary, can you give me a word beginning with D?" "Dwarf, miss" Breathing a huge sigh of relief, the teacher gasped, "Excellent, Mary. And do you know what a dwarf is?" "...Yes miss. He's a fucking short little cunt"

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Where's the best place to shag a sheep?  
Off the top of a cliff, they push back harder.