



Run no: 134
 Venue: The Swan Inn, Milton, middle of nowhere
 Scribe: Baldycock
 Hares: Lightning Rod & Dame Shame

As the fiesta drove in to the car park, waiting hashers gave a cheery wave, but no response came from the car. It rolled to a halt, doors opened, then some 5 minutes later out rolled Wallington Mango and Cyranose, a lot worse for the night before's alcohol intake. Cyranose could only mouth her good mornings: her voice was left in Milton Keynes (250th). Mango was seen rubbing something from a tube into her face to revitalise other parts that hadn't been rubbed. Doc very thoughtfully was giving Rough Passage, Pissco and Stuart (virgin) a sightseeing tour of Burton-On-Trent, arriving some 25 minutes later.

By now, Mango had come to life and Hash Hush was called. Virgins were introduced: John Steve, Stuart. Lightning Rod gave a run-down on the run and off we went, bodies in all directions. On was called and the pack got into a steady trot, out of the village and into the country. The going was soft but not too wet (More shiggy needed). As I approached a stile, Mango was seen to be caressing a large mushroom stalk she found by the wayside. After 5 minutes and realising it wasn't going to get any stiffer she cast it to one side, and with a sad look decided to try and catch the pack.

At the next check point, Cyranose was seen grovelling at Lightning Rod's feet asking, "Please, Please, are there any short cuts?". Lightning's reply was "It's not a short cut you need, it's an ambulance". The next hurdle was a cattle grid, and a bemused hasher was running up and down the fence followed by a more bemused dog unable to find a way through, so in steps Yours Truly, the gallant hero, to open the gate and lift the dog to safety (All overweight spaniels have lifting handles), and not one speck of mud was deposited on my shirt. One very muddy hasher (Sorry, not sure of your name) looked on in astonishment, saying "So that's the way to do it!

Next came the drink stop. I'm not calling it a beer stop - that would be an insult (Next time Rod buy fucking beer, not cat's piss). A cry of "Petrol!" was heard. All moved over and Mango read the reg. number and asked for words to go with the letters C. N. N. After lots of OOO - ARs and grunts, Barritone came out with Caressing Nora's Nuts. Some fields later Gentleman Jim was seen chasing a herd of young heffers, undoing his jogging bottoms shouting "Come back, I love you! I love you!". After about 10 yards he gave up and decided it was easier to run with the pack.

Down Downs

- Hares - Lightning Rod and Oriface
- Colin - Guest runner rom Cambridge
- Barritone - For his "Caress Nora's Nuts"
- Baldycock - Welcome back
- Virgins - John, Steve, Stuart