



Run no: 135
Venue: The Park, Market Bosworth
Scribe: Cyranose
Hares: Wallington

This will be a very short write-up, as I am still "hung over" from the pre-run piss-up (Yes again folks!) By the way, thanks Wallington for your hospitality

Lots and lots of hashers turned up (well, 18 of us). It was cold. It was sunny. The run was short (thank God), picturesque, with lots of shiggy and lots of puddles.

Showman made a welcome return, accompanied by his daughter, a lady rugby playing friend (well that's what he told us) and his lovely dog (complete with tinsel collar). Not to be outdone by his dog, Showman was sporting a rather nice christmassy thing thong. Unfortunately for us harriets he also wore his shorts.

Down downs were given as follows:

Wallington	- Hare
Showman	- Best xmas attire!
Cycological	- Visitor
Rockhopper & Phil	- Virgins
Lightning Rod	- New pair of run trainers
Cyranose	- Party animal (????)

Merry xmas, and I'm off to bed!

It was his wedding night, and the minister finished undressing in the bathroom and walked into the bedroom. He was surprised to see that his bride had already slipped between the bed sheets.

"My dear", he said, "I thought I would find you on your knees!"

"Well, honey", she replied, "I can do it that way as well, but it gives me the hiccoughs!"

Literal truth

BOAST on packaging of a Chinese-manufactured pocket computer: "100,000 word spelling checker with Queen's Engilsh."

□ ON Saturday afternoon a dewy-eyed Glaswegian youth sat in The French House, a hard-drinking London pub. By his fifth drink he was convinced that he was about to win the Lottery. When the draw was made someone discreetly wrote up the Scot's numbers on the pub blackboard, pretending that they were the winning digits. "The drinks are on me!" cried the young Calédonian. It was only after he had paid for a £45 round that he was let in on the ghastly truth.