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Run no: 137  
Venue: The Royal Oak, Ockbrook  
Scribe: Oriface  
Hares: Barritone

Well, what can I say. It was just like any other HASH day. Most of us were a little late and we were all stood in a car park in a cold wind - see just an ordinary HASH! But where was the hare? (Barritone) At 11:20 a lone figure was spotted sort of running (shuffling really) up the hill towards us looking harrassed and pale (that was the light sprinkling of flour on his upper body which contrasted well with the shiggy and cow shit from his knees downwards). At this point any sane person would have buggered off home, but not us - 'cause we are HASHERS - but we should have from Barritone's appearance that all was not well - AND IT WAS NOT, for we were about to start the hash of a thousand curses (or "bloodies", to be more accurate).

Off we went, straight into shiggy and shit, a dozen or more fine hashers, across fields, bogs, swamps, streams, down numerous false trails (he must have started out days ago).

At last, a stop to regroup, and remembering a a "mini" trail had been set (That's a posh phrase, for some people took a BLOODY short cut!) Serves them right too... Bleat got stuck in the mud up to her knees, CYRANOSE and MANGO were in it and unconfirmed reports made to your scribe suggested screams of: "DON'T PULL ANY HARDER, I'VE GOT NO KNICKERS ON!" were heard. But "ON-ON" was called along the maxi trail so off we went. John (Of the ENDAWAY) had a fight with some barbed wire, LIGHTNING ROD flashed around, CUMOVER hedged his bets and saved his energy and didn't move until he was sure which way the trail went (stopping occasionally to admire his new hair cut in the reflection of a puddle), dribbler dribbled in the bushes, Grope-Her groped his way through the muck, and Pullfrew played with his horn, farting as he went. The sun shone, this was the life, what a crap way to spend Sunday..... but it was about to get crapper and BLOODIER!!

We followed the trail: Flour, shit, shiggy - Flour, shit shiggy - Flour, shit (Well, you get the point), and then the peaceful morning erupted into... "What yer bloody doin' in me field, What the bloody 'ell's goin' on, mind me bloody weeds, Thi' cost bloody real bloody money, Where yer from, are yer bloody deaf?" My personal strategy when hit by a torrent of abuse was to ignore him totally (Gets them madder than ever), but BALDYCOCK is a man of experience, obviously (not that sort of experience, you perverts), and his strategy was to reason with him (on a highly intellectual plane, naturally). It went something along the lines of... "Aw FUCK OFF YER FUCKING WANKER etc.. It seemed to work 'cause when he went back to find out where Lightning Rod had pissed off to, the bloke really had fucked off. No sign of Rod though; at the first sign of an altercation (Impressed, eh!) he bolted. What's an SCB doing not getting a DOWN DOWN?



RUN 137 - CONT'D

So off we went... Flour, shiggy, shit... until we came to a check point in another farm yard. Which way? No sign of life?... and then it really happened this time. "'Is bloody back wi' 'is bloody mates this bloody time, bloody people wanderin' bloody round me bloody garden, this is not a bloody public bloody path... bloody... bloocy... bloody, and again BALDYCOCK steps forward like a fighting cock ready to bloody give 'im all.

We all survived and met up with all the earlier SCBs (Mango, Bleat, Cyranose) and lo and behold Lightning Rod still flashing! (At the ladies anyway).

And soon we were back to the pub, re-energised (knackered) by the run (walk and hobble), pondering why it was that farming seemed to cause high blood pressure.

Two baptisms followed: Steve - when asked, "What did you think of the Hash" always replies "CRAP!" - became a hash knight:- Sir Crapalot. John (On his knees, can I suggest a name? - No you don't have a say!) became ENDAWAY. Welcome fellow HASHERS - ON ON!

Down downs  
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- Barritone - Hare
- Bleat - For the MUD award
- Steve - Sir Crapalot (Could out-drink his dad)
- John - Endaway (Couldn't out-drink his son)
- Oriface - Latecomer award
- Baldycock - Worms in the beer improves the flavour award

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What do Eric Cantona and Camilla Parker Bowles have in common?  
They both got their leg over at the palace.

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Have you heard Eric Cantona has introduced a new strip for Manchester United?  
Blue shirt and black belt.

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A man walked into the psychiatrist's office and complained that he was obsessed with the female frontal cleavage. The doctor ushered him onto the couch and suggested a word association game. The psychiatrist started off with "Melons".

... "Tits"  
He then suggested "Peaches"  
... "Tits"  
He followed this up with "Grapefruit"  
... "Tits"  
... "Windscreen wipers"  
... "Tits".

The doctor said, "Now, I can understand why you associate melons and peaches with tits, and I can even comprehend grapefruit. But why windscreen wipers?" "Easy!" replied the patient. "First one, then the other, then one, then the other..."