



Run no: 153

Venue: The Navigation, Sawley

Date: 3 September 1995

Hares: Paxo

Scribe: Mr. E

As the Magnificent 13 RUN off into the mid-day sun, let us pause for the credits. Playing lead role is Magic (Yes - he of Harrier International fame!!), who had jetted into Long Eaton purely for this occasion (Ha Ha HA!) The supporting cast were made up of Mango, Cyranose, Barritone, Bleat, Dame Shame, Josh, Grope-Her, Doc Crippen, and Horny\*. The director (GI) and the producer (Paxo) were in fine form as the entire cast sprinted off - down a very long false trail! Rewind!! At this point Josh decided to do a mad sprint along the river, the rest of us managing a hot and languid shuffle behind.

Eventually the trail left the river, and it was a short hop to a ladies' check. Which of the four ladies present was going to check it out? "Pretty Polly!" came the answer. "Who?" At the point which will forever be known as the Parrot Check, a blue parrot was chirruping merrily in the tree. Someone made affectionate cooing noises towards it, and frightened it off to a neighbouring tree. Meanwhile three women checked in three different directions, until in the deep distance, "On On" could be heard emanating from Mango's lips. This was where the fun really began.

The trail led us over a compost heap (Which of course was bone dry), into the gravel pits and straight into the middle of the water. "It's only up to your knees here!", cried the helpful hare, adding that if we strayed as much as a metre either side of the said point it would come up to our necks. As it was, the lovely water only missed my bollocks by a whisker. Josh wimped out and walked round the lake, the rest of us waded across.

Now it was back across Trent Meadows, where Horny found the trail and started springing ahead. After we had crossed the railway, a few urban twists led us to the middle of Long Eaton, where there was a lengthy regroup.

On On!! yelled Barritone, making old ladies tremble in their mercy. We were then treated to a tour of the back streets of Long Eaton, West Park and the canal towpath, which we followed all the way to Tamworth Road. Why? Well, our eminent hare had run out of flour, and so he had to "buy" some more from a little corner shoppe, promising to pay them later for it. To save embarrassment, he sent his son to pay the

sheckels. Meanwhile, Magic was bringing up the rear with Bleat by his side. This done, it was on inn down... you've guessed it... the canal towpath!

After the barbie in the sun, Doc Crippen had the privilege of dispensing down downs to Magic (Good to see him again after a year), Paxo (Good trail), Barritone (for gerontophilia), and a few other people whose name escapes me.

Mango and Magic then proceeded to piss off to Spain, just as ?Whyne? was returning.

\* disclaimer - This write up is a complete work of fiction. I can't fucking remember who was on the run!!

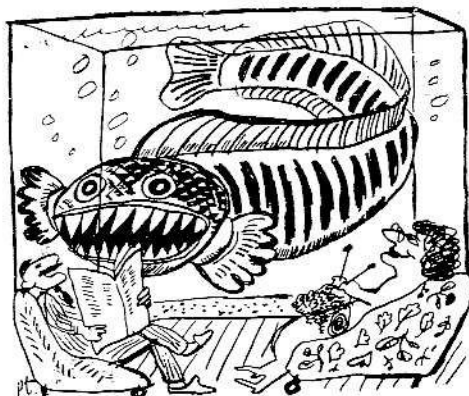
### Hard times on the Internet

"Why The Internet Is Like A Penis," she asked. Why? Because:

- It can be up or down. It's more fun when it's up, but it makes it hard to get any real work done.
- In the long-distant past, its only purpose was to transmit information considered vital to the survival of the species. Some people still think that's the only thing it should be used for, but most folks today use it for fun most of the time.
- It has no conscience and no memory. Left to its own, it will just do the same damn dumb things it did before.
- It provides a way to interact with other people. Some people take this interaction very seriously, others treat it as a lark. Sometimes it's hard to tell what kind of person you're dealing with until it's too late.
- If you don't apply the appropriate protective measures, it can spread viruses.
- It has no brain of its own. Instead, it uses yours. If you use it too much, you'll find it becomes more and more difficult to think coherently.
- We attach an importance to it that is far greater than its actual size, and we sometimes exaggerate about that.
- If you're not careful what you do with it, it can get you in big trouble.
- It has its own agenda. Somehow, no matter how good your intentions, it will warp your behavior. Later you may ask yourself "why on earth did I do that?"
- Some folks have it, some don't.
- Those who have it would be devastated if it were ever cut off.
- Those who don't have it may agree that it's a nifty toy, but think it's not worth the fuss that those who do have it make about it. Still, many of those who don't have it would like to try it.
- Once you've started playing with it, it's hard to stop. Some people would just play with it all day if they didn't have work to do.

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• "Sir: About five years ago, I purchased a Red-tailed Catfish. At the time, they seemed to be a popular fish at many aquatic stores. After doing hardly any research into their requirements, I chose Ragley, a five-inch fish who I thought would be ideal for my five foot tank. I soon discovered that this fish had an incredible rate of growth, and within eight months the tank was clearly too small so, after some considerable expense, a larger tank and stand were made. He lived very happily in this tank for one year before it, too, was too small.



Luckily, I managed to obtain a disused 72x24x24 inch 'wave tank' from my local university, a bargain at £40.

"Today, just one year on, Ragley has undergone his latest move after outgrowing his tank. This time, however, there was a problem: there was no physical space in the house for a bigger tank. As he was now a member of the family, I did not want to sell him, so there was only one solution, and after the demolition of the garage and six months work, Ragley now lives in a 600 gallon 'tropical' pond with possibility for extensions as he grows. Friends and neighbours think I'm insane, but seeing him happily swimming in his

pool with his teeth smiling all the time is all the proof I need. I would like this letter to be used as a warning to your readers. Yours sincerely, Mr Grimley, Coventry."