



Hash run no: 154  
Venue: The John Thompson, Ingleby  
Date: Sunday 17th September  
Hares: JJ & Shedless

Scribe - Oriface (Suffering jet lag as I write)

It was a good day for hashing, with a visitor from the Mickleover Hash (Leonardo! - He's a painter! and decorator too!) and at least two virgins (well hashers anyway). So at 11:25 am we set off because we thought that's what we ought to do - particularly since the hares hadn't got back. So was this a live hash therefore? Well it was pretty lively with Lightning Rod having the occasional flash and the Hash Horn doing a trumpet voluntary even if one of the Ingleby residents asked whether it was really necessary on a Sunday morning - of course it is! Well, we got lost occasionally but it was a cracking course and some us had local knowledge, so we kept it going at a fairly fast lick, and still everyone kept up! Wow! So fast indeed that some of us missed the fact that one check had "L" in it. Not Lost again but a Ladies check which Lightning Rod and Oriface completely loosed up!

So, who were the hares and why were they late? Answers - JJ and Shedless Chicken.

#### Down downs

Shedless and JJ - Harebrained start time  
Two virgin runners  
Helen Hasher  
Miss Lightning Rod - Ladies check missed  
Miss Oriface - Ladies check missed

As usual Shedless performed an amazing piece of poetry, so amazing I can only remember the last line!

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A woman sprang home from work one day shouting, "Pack your bags! I've won the lottery!" "Should I pack for hot weather or cold?", asked her bemused husband. "I don't care, so long as you're out of here in an hour!"

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A woman went to the doctor for a check-up. The doctor said, "I've got some very bad news for you. In nine months time you're going to be changing an awful lot of dirty nappies"  
"What do you mean, bad news?", replied the patient. "That's wonderful! I've always wanted a baby!". The doctor replied, "No, that's not what I meant. I was trying to tell you you've got cancer of the bowel!"