



Run no: 156
Venue: The Aviary, Nottingham
Date: 15 October 1995
Hares: False Fart
Scribe: Cyranose

Lots of hashers arrived on a sunny Sunday morning on the Trent (Well, the Aviary pub near the Trent, that is.) Canoeists canoed, fishermen fished, strollers strolled and wankers wanked (Sorry about that folks!) It was a lovely day anyway.

Virgin Viv (More initial illiteration folks!) turned up with Dame Shame and Bleat. Big Phut and Warmers (She with the big boobies) turned up. And Three Moans (Don't ask!), an experienced Hasher from Worsley, also turned up, complete with sun tan. Personally I don't like brown bodies, especially skinny bodies, but the rest of the male hashers apparently did!

We set off at 11:15 am and started the run with a nice long loop (Thanks False Fart!) We ran along the river, over bridges, across roads, through streets and ended up at a V stop (That's Vodka Stop, you stupid people!) Outside False Fart's house. Mango and myself dived on top of the vodka bottle (as per usual!), and everyone else enjoyed the lemonade? The vodka went straight through Mango who then relieved herself over the drain outside. It sounded like a running tap to me! Nice one Mango! then we all had our photo taken in the garden (away from the smelly drain of course!)

Off we went again, refreshed by the refreshments, whereupon we came to a little stream. Paxo and Mango, pretending to be Robin Hood and Little John, proceeded to fight each other. Mango tried to grab Paxo by his personal bits, so Paxo grabbed Mango by her even more personal bits. No one won but at least Paxo got Mango very wet, especially in the nether regions.

Everyone agreed it was a very enjoyable run, but why did False Fart insist on doing chicken impersonations while explaining the checks? Apparently, elbows only had to be used to point out the various routes from the checks. That's O.K. if there are two routes to check out, but Dame Shame, Bleat and myself were eagerly awaiting a three-route check. What other appendage would he use, we hopefully enthused?

Back to the pub. Horny came in first, or so he tells me. Mango and Warmers walked straight past the pub (Too busy nattering!) The Down Downs were jovial, as follows:

- False Fart** - The hare (ably abetted by a chicken?)
- Little Big Horn** - Renamed GI as he joins the army soon. good luck!

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- Viv** - Virgin, who couldn't do the down down. Maybe next time eh!
- Horny** - for ignoring advice to tie up his laces, then tying them up, then going arse over tit down an embankment.
- Three Moans** - A very skinny visitor with a sun tan (No I'm not jealous!) who down downed with expertise.

The circle ended with a rendition of the Birdie Song (Well what else can you sing at the Aviary Pub?)

Footnote: Dame Shame mentioned that she'd gone to bed early the night before, and enjoyed the best night she'd had for ages. She then mentioned the word "Dick". Everyone laughed, and I felt jealous, even though she tried to tell us she'd used the word "Ridiculous" instead. Come off it, Dame shame, we all know what "The best night I've had for ages" means. You lucky Dame!

sex...

Sex with a doctor - Now this is only going to hurt a little bit.

Sex with a traffic cop - Now blow here, and keep on blowing until I tell you to stop.

Sex with a schoolteacher - Now we're going to go over this again and again until you get it right.

Sex with an air hostess - Put this over your nose and mouth and breathe normally

Sex with a taxi driver - I don't know where it is. I can't find it anywhere.

Sex with a car mechanic - Hmmmm... This one needs a little lubrication. Shall I give it a jump start?

Punchline competition I had a dream recently when I was at a party, and a hired comedian was telling jokes. Unfortunately in the dream, I missed the punchline. The best punchline will win a suitable prize...

Quentin Tarantino walks into a college, and says "I want to teach bible classes!"

The chaplain looks up in disbelief and says "You? Bible classes? Why??">

QT: Because.....