

Run: 163.

Venue: The Plough, Normanton on the Wold.

Hares: Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome.

Scribe: Doc Crippen.

Yes, I know I'm behind with this write-up but then I was behind on the run as well. So, this load of verbal diarrhoea should compensate for its tardiness.

There are some days when you know you won't actually "run" - a cardinal sin on the Hash, anyway - and this was it! My first mistake was to appear keen by arriving too early at the pub only to find Irish Mist greeting me at an open pub door. My heart jumped an excited beat as the picture of a pre-run drink formed longingly in my mind. But, such visions of paradise faded quickly as the Baremaid's (oops!) lusty words rejected my advances - strange? I was only after a pint!

Thus, entwined in Blarney Banter with Irish Mist, she revealed her mammoth efforts to get to the Hash from Leicester, climbing snow-capped mountains, sliding down dizzy dales, trekking through dense native-infested jungles and raging torrents, fighting off wild beasts and lesser-spotted road-ragers (No! Not me!), skiing down 1-in-1 pistes (yes, she'd had a few already), free-falling from 30,000ft. to ultimately land on the white cross marked on the tarmac outside the pub. What an amazing woman and all because the lady loves Hashing! Eat yer heart out, Barritone!

Enthusiasm boiled over as the Hounds frothed at the mouth ready for the start. But wait! There appear to be five virgins in our midst. Could these rampaging pacemakers give the wrong impression of the Hash by ACTUALLY "RUNNING"! - something alien to the experienced Hasher like myself and Cyranose. It therefore became imperative that Cyranose and I set a true example to our holier-than-thou, naive and fresh-faced novices by setting a conservative, controlled and well judged stroll at the back. This does, of course, offer various advantages to the scribe: 1) he can see bloody everything in front of him; 2) he can view all the female glutei maximi - including Bummer's!; 3) he can aerobically control the air intake required for a pleasant conversation with Cyranose and 4) it means NO CHECKING! Ha! Ha! So, for all you virgins out there, leave the checking to the fucking FRB's!

From the rear (!), we could see Dame Shame and Bleat bursting occasionally with rushes of blood into a canter, their off-yellow shirts looking like stale custard tarts dripping with rich-green snot, and calling confidently On! On! to those of us behind.

From where we were at the back, Josh, in his inimitable and individual Hashing style, was seen to be ignoring the hallowed flour and blazed his own trail for home, usually the quickest one back to the pub! Canny lad - especially as this was one of those rare, thirst-wracking, Indian Summer days that we get in freezing January!!

Now, naming no names, of course, and not wanting to implicate anyone in the serious misdemeanour of FRBing, Lightning Rod, Paxo, Horny and Rockhopper were noted by us, from the rear (!) for their absence from the pack. From our position at least 20 miles back (we were keeping up well at this point), and using Jodrell Bank's telescope which I always keep safely housed down the front of my shorts (Cyranose was impressed!), the casual term of "Headless Chickens" sprang to mind as we watched these silly sods aimlessly running their bollocks off totally clueless as to where the trail

led! Still, for us tactically positioned at the back, it gave us time to catch up to within 10 miles of the pack!

Dogbolter, our Mountain Sheep Visitor, seemed totally unimpressed by the Hash Mismanagement but, from a distance, showed considerable interest in the four-legged Knitting Machines which dotted the hillsides (home-from-home for him!) and appeared to be rounding them up in sheep-dog fashion, or was he heavily incognito as a confused nomadic ram not knowing where to turn next? Whatever, only he knows his true identity! Upon our return to the great Alcoholic Shrine, it was noted that Dogbolter had a woolier hairpiece to the one he started with. Amazing the places some Hashers will stick their heads on a run!!

And, what about the scenery, I hear you ask? Well, it was a nice trail laid by two nice Hashers in nice flour, followed by a grope (oops!) of nice Hashers, through nice countryside, blending with a nice sky and ending up at a nice pub serving nice ale! There! What could be nicer?!

Oh yes! One more thing. What do you call a Hasher who arrives late for the start of the run, is incapable of ever catching up with the pack or even hearing the Hash Horn, gets back after the Down Downs and STILL PAYS HIS SUBS?

Yes! It is, of course.....

EXCITABALLS!

On! On!



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Handcuff alert! In Yorkshire, firemen rescued Christine Butcher after her three-year-old grandson clapped a pair of cuffs on her whilst playing Batman and Catwoman in the garden. Fortunately she was only stuck for half an hour, unlike Italian burglar Sergi Pienni, who spent four years in handcuffs after escaping from a police station. Having wriggled from the station window, Mr Pienni, of Ravenna, had vainly tried to remove his hand constraints. "They just wouldn't come off," he explained. "I tried picking the lock, hitting them with a sledgehammer, even cutting them with an oxyacetylene torch, but nothing worked." Realising that with such a handicap further burglaries were out of the question, the repentant robber decided to go straight, applying for a post office job and telling interviewers his arms had been joined at the wrists since birth. Amazingly he was given the position, serving as a model, if handcuffed, employee for the next four years until he was recognised by a retired policeman. The story ends happily, however, for judges ruled he had suffered sufficient punishment for his earlier crimes and ordered his restraints to be removed. "I feel naked without them," admitted Mr Pienni, windmilling his arms uncertainly.