



Run no - 166  
Venue - The Plough, Discworth  
Hares - Lightning Rod & Oriface  
Scribe - Plank

I woke with trepidation and no hangover, obviously any preparatons for the hash the night before had not gone too well. I reached for the paracetamol (Why miss a great tradition?) Anyway, with a gammie knee, I was going to need all the help I could get. I hobbled downstairs and headed for the fridge, but when I got there, there were no beers left. Obviously last night had not been so bad.

Arrived with **False Fart** at a rather quaint pub after following some rather dodgy road signs, to be greeted by a large amount of piss taking about "Plank's wet friend" - No, she wasn't coming. Well I hope she wasn't coming or she'd be playing away from home. Yes she could swim but couldn't run (That's why she went for a dip last time).

**Too Tuff** immediately dicked me with writing this crap. (B'stard - he's got a long memory unlike me who can't remember the run). Then we were off, after I had run out of the pub car park stop and let someone else find the trail. Whilst in the village **False Fart** was challenged to an impromptu race with some local kids and unsurprisingly won.

We had been warned it was going to be muddy, but cow shit as well? What the fuck did the hares think we were - biologists? Over hill and dale we ran, false trails and all, finally crossing a stream only to face more piss taking. By now my knee was killing, so stupidly I followed R.A. down a false trail. After that I dropped the pace and came to a check which surprisingly the rest of the pack had missed; **Dame shame** and her fat friend (a dog, not Bleat) and **Little Big Horn** abused each other. After a breathehr and feed with these bickering, Robert and I set off at a slow walk across the fields.

Finally after what seemed an eternity, the rest of the pack caught up, minus R.A. and his merry band. Brown Nosed Butt licking long cutters. One of the canine hashers pulled a herd of bulls, and then got the run around.

Finally reunited with R.A. and co. We jogged the last 3/4 mile back to the pub in some lovely tropical weather (Monsoon).

### Down Downs

**Plank** - Posing (20 press-ups after run)  
**False Fart / Rockhopper** - Sucking up to R.A.  
**McMaddie** - Evesdropping on R.A. and "wife"  
**Andy** - Coming from Liverpool to hash with us  
**Hares** - "Bastard Run"

### Namings

**Robert** - The Dog's Bollocks  
**Oliver** - Dick Cyclist