



181 :on nuR
6991 tsuguA 4 :etaD
neppirC coD :eraH
enotirraB :ebircS

Not only is the number 181 a palindromic number, it also reads the same upside down as the right way up. The reason for this should become apparent in a moment.

The journey of 35 miles was completed in 35 minutes, as a result of Butt End attempting to break the land speed record. However, we needn't have worried, as Pleasure Gnome had to know whether all the Archers' cows would be milked that morning before starting the hash. The trail first led us past a toffee house and onto a drive, where a check by a field full of sheep proved too big a temptation to resist. At this point the hare had provided a diversion due to a particularly well-tackled bull in the field, and when we re-joined the trail again Barritone found a trail leading backwards - or was it forwards? From there it was on back until he was back on, and the trail led through cornfields, lush green pasture, beside rippling streams etc. before we picked up a long farm track. This is where Jetslag, who claimed to know the Area backwards, decided to stretch his legs a bit. At the other end of the track were three notices describing what dire things could befall you if you dared to continue. Bummer, meanwhile, had realised that Doc Crippen had set the same trail 3 years ago... backwards. Back at the pub, meanwhile, was Carol... a harriette who lived in the village and had seen some flour. Reaching the staggering conclusion that if there's a trail it must lead to a Hash somewhere followed it...back to the pub.

The down downs were dispensed by stand-in RA Bummer, who requested the hare to step in backwards. Other recipients included Ffrigin (on a fleeting visit from Berlin!), Barritone (broken bicycle), Pleasure Gnome, because we never actually found out whether the cows got milked or not, and Ian, who will forever more be known as **Jetslag**. Add the huge cobs, good beer and sweltering sunshine it was altogether a great hash..

A man picked up a beautiful woman in a pub and went back to her flat. At about midnight he decided he should go home to his wife, but first he obtained a piece of chalk from his pick up and stuck it behind his ear. As soon as he got home he was greeted with "And where do you think you've been until now?" from his wife.

"I pick up this real dish and went back to her place."

"You lying devil. I can see that chalk behind your ear. You've been playing darts again!"