

The Kings Head, Sutton Bonnington

3rd November 96

Hares: Lightning Rod & Oriface

Sunday morning started just the way I like it with a full on sex session. Today's position was number 128 in the Grandmaster's Guide to a Year of Great Sex (there are all sorts of benefits to being G.M.). In this one Pleasure Gnome is in the kitchen making tea and I'm upstairs dozing in bed. Very enjoyable and it's surprising just how long you can last.

But all good things come to an end, eventually, so off to Sutton Bonnington. Once Wet Wet and Harry had done sufficient stretching for all of us - thanks girls - and Kentucky had answered a call on his mobile the pack was off. Or maybe not. Running blindly down the main road for 1/2 mile without any flour because the hares said the trail was turn right out of the car park. They didn't say "and keep going". Up a side street towards the church it fell to Gobalot to almost find the trail. 5 blobs of flour in 50 metres. Gobalot found two, gave up, and was walking back towards the road. The hares now spoke up to encourage a closer look.

Out into the countryside and along the edge of a field so precious it's grass was guarded by an electric fence. But was it live? Two ways to find out: Touch it myself or delegate the job. Well what would you do? I sent Lucy through it. Impressive yelp. Its a dogs life.

The fence ended at a spot any normal hare would have put a check. Not our lads. We had flour on the paths to the left and right and, following a word from Oriface, we also found it straight on over a field of young crops. So why two false trails marked if no check? I asked Oriface who immediately blamed Lightning Rod - " He gets excited and a bit confused ".

We shortly came to the Star Inn at West Leake and the first check. Luckily the mornings weather was sunny and fairly warm (stand-in R.A. Too Tuf doing an outstanding job controlling the weather) otherwise we would have got cold waiting for the check to be solved. Come-on guys, think of your fellow Hashers, standing around on street corners, and put some effort into finding the trail. The hares were using the London bus style of trail laying, no checks for ages then two come along together. This one more speedily solved and the pack, together bar some walkers, set off on the fong, long, long (we get the picture - Ed) drag along farm lanes and fields to Kingston on Soar. Look that up on a map and you'll find its exactly bloody miles. Funnily enough the pack was more spread out now, best have a check.

Over a field and another electric fence, this time inside a farmyard, running across the path and well disguised too. Good to see farmers taking their responsibilities seriously. Under the railway line and more crop trampling as we finally turned for home but a bit of running still lay ahead. But wait, what's this, a check? Four on a trail of this length? Almost excessive.

Oriface must have been feeling a tad embarrassed so to make amends he warned me against the 1¹/₂ mile loop at the outskirts of Sutton Bonnington down to the river and back. What a nice man. Reminds me of a story: What's the definition of a good mate? A guy who goes into town on a Saturday night, gets two blow jobs, comes back and gives you one.

Down Downs were particuly forgetable today but for the record:

John	Keen checking
Gobalot	Running at hedges expecting a stile to appear
Oriface	Turning his mates in
Kentucky	Taking his mobile phone on the run
Harry	Playing stick with Lucy using a piece of straw

☉ "I hit upon the idea of starting a laughter club so the common man could become healthy without having to spend any money," Dr Madan Kataria told reporters in Lokhandwala, during a tour round one of Bombay's 26 laughter clubs. "Membership is free, and the men and women who join in the jollity are doing so with the aim of laughing all the way to good health."

Dr Kataria then explained the operation of the laughter clubs, the first of which opened a year ago. "Men and women begin by standing in separate rows with their hands raised and chanting 'Ho ho! Ha ha!' for several minutes. Then a fully qualified medical practitioner

walks among them wearing a wig on a string and a rubber nose, and telling jokes while tickling their midriffs with a peacock feather to induce giggling. Lastly, there is free and open laughter, which can go on for fifteen or twenty minutes. We can cure asthma, bronchitis, anxiety, depression and high blood pressure, and the tears of laughter also cleanse the eyes, adding sparkle. We are like one big extended family, and the clubs are now spreading to France, Hong Kong, Italy and Japan. We are now seeking funds to establish a Laughter Research Centre in Korea."

☉ SECTION G - OTHER RELEVANT MATTERS.
9970. Crematoria Beware. Councils are calling for Government action to solve the problem of exploding heart pacemakers, which can detonate with the force of a hand grenade during the incineration of corpses, thereby damaging local crematoria. Doctors should be aware of the problems involved, and the next of kin should assume responsibility for ensuring that pacemakers are removed before cremation.

Bath-time blues

FIREFIGHTERS had to dismantle a whole bathroom after toddler Megan Parks got her finger stuck in the plughole of a bath. The firemen had to use cutting equipment to remove the bath from the wall to release the 15-month-old girl in Gosport, Hants.

Beauty reform

HAITI is to hold its first true Miss Haiti beauty contest in several years, after allowing government officials to unilaterally choose the winner. Some 25 local belles are already preparing to don swimsuits and vie for the title on December 28. Promoter Rodney Daniel hopes the newly democratic contest will improve the country's image abroad. "There are a lot of beautiful, intelligent people here," he said.

"I thank God every hour that we weren't on that bridge when Thurston shot his nuts off, cos we'd both be pushing up the daisies by now," Billy Ray Wallis told reporters from his hospital bed in the Baptist Medical Center, Woodruff County. "When you leave, can you check if anyone got the frogs from the truck? I'd hate anything to happen to them."

Woodruff County deputy Dovey Snyder later gave a more coherent account of that evening's events. "It seems that Thurston Poole, 33, and Billy Ray Wallis, 38, were returning to Des Arc after a frog-gigging trip, when the fuse for the

headlights on Poole's pick-up truck burned out. They didn't have a spare, so Wallis took a .22 caliber bullet from his pistol and found that it fit perfectly into the fuse box next to the steering wheel column. The headlights started working again, and they resumed their journey, with Poole at the wheel.

"Apparently, it never occurred to them that, if the headlight wiring was faulty,

then the bullet would soon overheat. They'd gone about twenty miles and were about to cross White River bridge when it got hot enough to discharge itself, striking Poole in the right testicle and partially severing his scrotum. As a result, the vehicle swerved off the road and drove through the front window of a hamburger bar. Poole (who sustained further abrasions from broken glass, and burns from fried onions) kept shouting at the diners to 'mind my frogs', while Wallis (who sustained a broken clavicle) attempted to steal a chip-fryer in the confusion. I tell you, I've been a state trooper for ten years, but this is the dumbest thing I've ever come across. I can't believe that those two would admit how the accident happened. And all they keep asking about are their damn frogs."