

Run 193: The Red Lion, Nether Broughton.

Date: Sunday, December 1st., 1996.

Hares: Josh and Bummer.

Scribe: Doc Grippen.

It's always unnerving when you're the first to bloody arrive at a Hush run and there's nobody there! Nothing unusual, I hear you say, but this was 11am!! No sign of the frigging Hares - nothing unusual, I hear you say - but were there possibly two pubs of the same name in this village? Could it be that this was because of who the two Hares were? Nothing unusual, I hear you say, especially as it is Josh and Bummer!!

The cold sweat of worry, however, turned to warm, comforting feelings (I was having a piss in the car park at the time) as Jetslag's trusty steed rode reassuringly into the gravel crapkar (oops!) and hitched itself next to the nearest overhanging tree. Following closely behind was Moby "Nigel Mansell" Dick simulating the joys of high-speed rally driving in his supercharged Reliant Robin! Three spins round the karcrap (!), a deft flick of the wrists (no wanking on the Hush - and certainly not with both hands!), and a yank of the handbrake (how many hands has Moby Dick got?!) saw him expertly swing his revving, throbbing, pulsating, eye-catching rust-brown bucket into the narrowest of gaps a mere 40metres wide! We all stood in awe of this astounding feat as Sam, the Hush Hound, followed by Leo, proceeded to totally vandalise Kentucky's 4x4 Panda from the inside out resulting in the latest in pawprint designed upholstery! Very fetching!!

Enough frivolity, for out of the distant mists emerged the bloody Hares - it was now 11.10am. Their late return from laying the trail boded a long run - SHIT! Why did I have to choose today of all days to be here!?!

Initial stereo crap disposed of (what else would you expect of Josh AND Bummer?!), Sam led the Hounds - that's Lucy and Leo, not you frigging lot! - off in the general direction of the trail, deftly sniffing out the hallowed flour and pissing all over it! No respect, these "Friends of Man"!

Following a now watered-down trail(!), we pounded across the tarmac, over a stile and along the shiggy footpath behind some houses to the first check by a farmhouse, whereupon, Lightning Rod and Barritone uncannily and totally out of character(!), selected the falsy. Meanwhile, Kentucky and

Pigeon Shit proceeded to bribe the farmer's wife with all sorts of sexual favours in a desperate attempt to be the first to find the elusive trail. Who said Kashing isn't competitive?!!

"Piss off moi land!" and an angry pointing digit were the retort. Our intrepid explorers took these instructions on board thinking she had shown them the way (bloody wishful thinking on their part!) and, holding hands, gaily skipped off across the neighbouring field to blindly stumble upon three blobs and On! Jammy bastards!

Harry, the Klash's mud-pack specialist, wallowing in the aromatic art of shigggytherapy, decided that Josh would be an ideal model for her pebble-dash treatment, and so, without even obtaining the official medical written consent from Josh, proceeded with the experiment. Well, Josh took to this like an elephant-to-a-mudbath! requiring no previous training, and so, coated Harry's face with a well-placed mudpack. The rest of the Hounds, upon seeing this spectacle, appeared to transform themselves into FRB mode and sped off in the opposite direction to that of the thrown mud, eventually emerging through a small housing estate to the next check.

Looming at us from across the road was the unscaleable uphill mountain trek which the Hounds desperately tried to ignore but inevitably had to take. Donning climbing ropes and ice picks, and substituting crampons for trainers, they roped themselves together (any excuse for a bit of bondage!), gritted their teeth against the harsh winds brought on by excessive baked bean abuse and trudged up the 1 in 1 incline.

It was at this point that Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome resorted to underhand tactics - well, actually, it was Pleasure Gnome's hand underneath Too Tuff's bollocks which secured his hasty ascent of the gruelling rock face, claiming it was HARD ON her because she has to regularly check Too Tuff's pulse when under exertion following his recent operation! As THE Klash Doctor, I've never heard of taking a pulse on this part of the anatomy before but do look forward to personally experiencing such uplifting treatment in the future!

By now, the Klash trail was leading us along the crest of Mount Everest, skirting the site of the pub in the distant valley some 20,000 ft. below. Breathing was becoming difficult at this altitude so, as THE Klash Doctor, I suggested mouth-to-mouth resuscitation at every possible opportunity! However, this did not mathematically compute as the Harriettes were

outnumbered by the Harriers 3 to 1!! Oh well! Mathematics never was my strong point, after all, I'm only a bloody P.E. Teacher!

When it seemed like we would friggling well fall over the edge of a huge, gaping precipice, the trail suddenly led downwards to the left and towards the great drinking hole that is the shrine of every Hashers' dreams. Spurred on now by the steep incline, the wind behind us (or was that Bummer passing another comment?!) and the delicious temptations of the elixir of life, the pack rampaged onwards like a hoard of rape and pillaging Nor-dicks(!) leaving behind the still happy, mudslinging Josh and Harry, who were quite content, it seemed, to while away the time at every shiggified farmgate entrance, furthering their skincleansing skills. Unfortunately for Harry, upon her return, she was to be unsuspectingly ambushed at the pub's watering hole at the end of the kraparc(!) by anonymous culprits who did the honourable thing and washed her clean in preparation for her entry to the pub! Such courtesy and thoughtfulness are what makes Hashers the people they are - bastards!

And so, another great Hash run came to a sticky end (no, this has nothing to do with Foo Tuff now!) and the assembled Hounds joyfully socialised in the euphoric atmosphere of yet another Red Lion pub!!

Doc Crippen

Smell alert! According to German research, the scent emitted by a woman after sex helps her partner to sleep better. In Japan, meanwhile, a man

was attacked after his 'friendship spray' had entirely the opposite effect to that he'd intended. Inventor Uzo Kagashuki, 46, of Osaka, had gone out into the streets to test the spray, which he'd spent the past nine months developing. "It was made from hormone extracts," he explained, "and designed to make those who smelt it feel irresistibly sociable towards the wearer." It was immediately evident, however, that things were not going according to plan. "Geese kept hissing at me," recalled Mr Kagashuki, "and children cried whenever I came near. Then a man hit me on the head with a tin of water chestnuts." Before long he was being followed by a large crowd screaming insults, and it was only by buying a bottle of aftershave and smothering himself in its contents that he was able to get home without further injury. "It's funny," he admitted, "because last year I developed an 'antipathy spray' and people kept kissing me."

○ "Neuticles are just like regular testicles — except that they don't work, of course," Greg Miller told listeners to a San Francisco radio station. "Rocky is the first patient in California to be fitted with them and, thanks to my invention, no bitch need ever know he's got anything missing."

Miller, head of the Canine Testicular Implant program (run by the CTI Corporation of Buckner, Missouri), was speaking after Rocky, a hundred-pound Rottweiler, had undergone neutering surgery in Fresno. "Neuticles are coated

with polypropylene, the same material we use for human implants and surgical equipment, and they don't just make the dog's owner feel better. Dogs often get depressed after neutering, just like humans, but this way Rocky will never suspect anything's been removed. We're now marketing them under the slogan 'Neuticles, Looking and Feeling the Same'. When you see your veterinarian, ask for them by name."

Rocky won the prosthetic equipment through a contest run by the radio station, after submitting three ghost-written