

Hare: Doc Crippen
Hounds: Too many to remember

It was some time ago, and Alzheimer's Disease has taken a fearful toll...

However, I remember clearly that er... what was the question again? Oh yes. It was a Sunday. I think. It was erm... warm, with that cloudy stuff.. erm... yes, mist. Mist all over the place. We met at some pub... I'm pretty sure it was in Upper Broughton... there were a load of half-minds there... erm... then we ran off through these fenced things... erm... fields. Yes, definitely... fields... erm... mostly, because some of it was in a village. But not the one we started in. Then we came to a beer stop thingy, and some people had some beer. But not everyone, because some didn't. And then we ran, and ran, and ran until we came back to where we started.

There we had Down-Downs and elections... erm... but not at the same time. And then some of us got completely whammoed.

Down-down-down-down,

Mr Logic.

Down-Downs

Doc Crippen: Misleading the pack (he was the hare).
Henpecked: Irrational behaviour (believing the hare when told he was ON).
Showman: Misguided (always picking the falses).
Caroline: Virgin.
Mr Logic,
Psychological: Some trumped-up excuse.

It's been a week of outrageous con-tricks. In China two conmen told a crowd of people that if they put their money on the ground and closed their eyes, the money would be doubled. The crowd complied and the men made off with the cash. Similarly imaginative have been the Turkish thieves who've been persuading banks to hand over their money in the mistaken belief that it's contaminated by radiation. The three men, wearing protective clothing, have apparently been entering banks around Ankara and informing staff that, due to a radioactive

leak at the national mint, all their notes had been recalled. "They said if we didn't comply we'd turn bright blue," explained one manager. "So we handed over everything in the safe." To date six banks have fallen for the ruse, including one where the thieves not only took the money, but also sprayed staff with a "decontaminating liquid" which turned out to be blackcurrant juice. "We do not, nor have we ever used nuclear power to make bank notes," insisted one government official.

A hashman lived an average sort of life, and he died and went up to meet St. Peter, and said, "Can I come into Heaven?"
"Heaven," said St. Peter, "this isn't Heaven." He went on to explain that the Pearly Gates were much higher up, and could only be reached by very long ladders, which varied according to circumstances. "you take this chalk and start climbing. For each sin of adultery, fornication, lechery, calling a false trail, or whatever, you chalk off one rung."
The hashman kept going for ages, his legs ached, his arms ached, and he met no one. All at once he saw a fellow in a curious garb descending a neighbouring ladder.
"Excuse me, sir," he said, "are you by any chance an angel going back for more candidates?"
"no, indeed, I'm the Archbishop of CanterLury and I'm going back for more chalk."