

QH3 Run #219, Wymeswold, September 9 1997

I'd emerged from slumber hoping for a nice relaxing day. What's a good remedy for a throbbing head and dodgy guts? Ahh yes, a hash. By this time it was almost eleven o'clock but I wasn't worried; hash time (a mysterious time zone where everything happens 20 minutes later than normal) would be operating. Sure enough, there were still heated debates going on about the meaning of flour marks when I showed up. A quick change of shoes (now it wouldn't do to wear new shoes, would it?) and I bound up to the circle. Now then, who shall do the writeup? Who looks foolish enough to turn up late? I know, we'll give it to logic...

This write-up has been particularly difficult to complete, and there may be certain events listed here that are actually not true, or perhaps have been altered a bit from the true flow of events on that clear Sunday in September. The primary reason for the difficulty is of course intoxication, not so much during the run but on returning home I rediscovered a bottle of Czech Becherovka that had been sitting peacefully in my freezer since Christmas. I was so excited about having the writeup to do that a (non-hasher) third party and myself drank half the bottle, quickly, along with half a dozen beer chasers. With that in mind, here are the facts as I see them.

There was a pretty good turnout for the run, a visitor from somewhere foreign, and a "virgin" trying desperately to look virginal. After the rest of the chalk talk, we were off, or shall I say Barritone was off. He found the wrong trail almost immediately, a remarkable feat. The rest of us took off in the opposite direction. There were a few checkpoints in the village, enough even for me to take the opportunity to collapse by a signpost, hold my head and say "never again" before being molested by Doc Crippen's dog and it's wet tongue.

The hare was obviously trying to confuse us, since we did almost a full circle of the pub at a distance of 400m before heading off into the countryside. There was an odd check half way up a grassy lane, Barritone naturally found the false trail and Durex was seen disappearing over a hedge. The rest of us milled about like a bunch of half-minds while the hare desperately tried to convince us that the possibility of a back-check was real enough to check out. Before anyone could be sufficiently encouraged, a great cry of On-On came from the hedge so we set off in pursuit of the oasis of the beer stop.

The said beer stop came much sooner than I'd anticipated and before long we were all enjoying out of-date beer and lager. Actually the refreshments were otherwise very unlike hash beverages: it was nearly cold and quite strong (nearly 4%, wow!). All too soon it was time to leave this oasis and search for the true trail.

First we had to negotiate a farmyard and climb over a fence. This was surprisingly tricky for one of us: PG managed to foolishly sit on a thistle that was growing harmlessly on the other side of the fence. This caused much merriment amongst the masses...

Another couple of fields later and there was no trail to be seen. GPS, Durex, Barritone and Firkin were seen heading off in random directions while TT and I set off in an equally random direction across the stubble. Bigger enquired if we were following any sort of path but no, we were just shambling about in a vain attempt at finding flour amongst the corn stalks. As it happens we were short cutting as on the other side of the field was the On In.

On on,

Mr. Logic.

Down-downs:

Doc Crippen	Hare.
The "virgin"	Claiming to be a virgin but proclaiming "I got away with that" loud enough for the RA to hear.
Chicken Choker	Choking his chicken.
Mr. Logic	Falling over in full view of the RA.
Firkin	Eating curry last night (and wanting to get rid of it).

Don't miss the QH3 web page: <http://QH3.aeschi.ch.eu.org/>

It's all been going horribly wrong at job interviews. In Germany, a man suffered a coronary during an interview for the post of consultant heart surgeon at a Hamburg hospital. In Australia, meanwhile, Mervyn Swayne, 23, of Sydney, hasn't landed a job for two years because he keeps breaking wind whenever he is being interviewed. Mr Swayne's difficulties began in 1995 when he attended his first ever job interview. "I was very nervous," he explained, "and as soon as I got into the room I started farting. I just couldn't control it. The interviewer had to sit with a handkerchief over his nose and I received a rejection letter the following day." Over the ensuing two years Mr Swayne has failed a further 38 interviews on account of his flatulence,

including one in which his interviewer actually stood up and left the room, and another which was adjourned to a car park so as to ensure plenty of fresh air. "It's a vicious circle," sighed Mr Swayne. "The more interviews I fail, the more nervous I get, and the more nervous I get, the more wind I break. I'm farting myself into permanent unemployment."

○ "I was just an ordinary man, but I was also very spiritual. I was deep into the occult" General Butt Naked told reporters in the headquarters of his Soul-Winning Evangelistic Ministry in Monrovia. "Thanks to God, I am no longer a slave to Satan, but when I think of how I used to make human sacrifices before going into battle, yes I feel very bad, so, so bad."

General Butt Naked, who now uses his birth name of Joshua Milton Blahyi, was recalling his role as leader of the Butt Naked Battalion during Liberia's civil war, in which a quarter of a million people died. "At the age of eleven, I had a telephone call from the Devil, who demanded nudity on the battlefield, acts of indecency, and regular human sacrifices to ensure my protection. So, before leading my troops into battle, we would get drunk and drugged up, and then I would go in search of a teenager. Usually I would enter the water where teenagers were playing, dive under the surface, grab one, carry him off under my arm, and then break his neck. Sometimes I'd cause accidents. Sometimes I'd just slaughter the first person I saw.

"After drinking their blood, we would all strip down to our shoes, and then waltz into battle wearing colourful wigs and carrying dainty purses we'd looted from civilians. We would slaughter anyone we saw, and sometimes we'd cut off their heads and use them for soccer practice. We were nude, fearless, drunk, and homicidal. We killed hundreds of people, so many that I lost count. But in June of last year, God telephoned me and told me that I was not

the hero I considered myself to be, so I stopped and became a preacher. Please help me to atone for my past by buying a cassette of my sermons. \$20, all major credit cards accepted." (*Associated Press*,

• Could they by any chance be related? Russian police are hunting a man who took a locomotive for a joyride on a major railway in Siberia. The man had told a duty officer at Tynda Station on the Baikal to Amur line that he was a train driver and drove the locomotive off. It was found abandoned not far from the station, but the identity of the driver remains a mystery.

Closer to home, hundreds of InterCity commuters found themselves on a scenic mystery tour through rural Wales after their train driver got lost on the network of lines between Bristol and Swansea.

Perhaps Great Western

Trains and the Siberian authorities will soon be setting up an exchange scheme for disciplining wayward staff. Saltmines or Swansea? Who to pity more?