

Run 224 - Wheatsheaf, Colston Basset- Hares, Too-Tuff and Pleasure Gnome

Rain had been predicted as usual at this time of year, but it was between showers, so we had a good dry start at the Wheatsheaf. Just past the Stilton cheese works. After the hare briefing, we set off on a country run. Mainly open fields of huge clods of good English freshly plowed earth. Distance was about 4.5 to 5 miles. I couldn't pay my usual attention to the lovely countryside as the terrain was ankle twisting. We ran through some woods where Too-tuff had set the trail the night before in the dark. I hope he didn't get scared. Running back close to town, we ran into some big flour arrows laid by an unknown source, which caused the pack to be temporarily diverted from the true trail. Hare lies?, "they weren't there when I laid the trail", but did he lay the trail at night and who makes big flour arrows in Colston Basset. Directional arrows to the cheese works?

Down-downs were imposed by benevolent dictator, Flying Bugger, inside the warm and cozy pub. 1. Pleasure Gnome for solving checks for the pack and directing us to the true trail. 2. Wet, Wet, Wet for arriving late as she was listening to the Archers. (Maybe we should change run start time to allow all the addicts their fix, or buy stereo headsets from the treasury). 3. Durex for wearing a Halloween Hash T-shirt. 4. Warmers for saying Felch very slowly. (See explanation below)

Much of the ON ON ON at the pub was involved with pornography starved hashers reading a sexual glossary distributed by Flying Bugger (Distribution in his company got a fellow employee sacked. Pretty clever because we think that Bugger forged the e-mail address source just to get rid of an obnoxious associate.) It was then that Warmers made the mistake of saying "what's Felching". Too Tuff attempted to define it. (A sexual habit too gross for us to explain to the gentle readers of this write-up). In an attempt to gain something useful from this mass of corruption and restore a decent sense of morality to the group, Big Phut composed an anti-smoking message. **Smokers. Give up smoking by sticking one cigarette from each new pack up a friend's backside, first, then replacing it in the box. The possibility of putting that one in your mouth will put you off smoking any of them.** (Hopefully at least for hashers).

Thanks to the hares for a good run.

Big Phut

Thought for the day:

A bus station is where a bus stops.

A train station is where a train stops.

On my desk I have a workstation.....