

RUN NO: 236  
VENUE: THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, RADFORD  
HARE: TUFTY THE LIBRARIAN  
SCRIBE: BARRITONE

The pack (at that time consisting of Yours Truly) waited with baited breath for the hare. After a long, hard day at the office (Well that's enough of my mind wandering and wishful thinking), we were offered the "20 a day run", with the prospect of everybody being able to share the experience (or, as he most delicately put it, experience). Soon various others arrived, including Polly from Haunch of Venison H3, unfortunate enough to be doing an Open University Degree at Leicester.

The trail included a cryptic clue at each check, which related to some aspect of Nottingham's rich tradition of fag-making. The trail started off up Radford Road with the first check at the corner of Ashburnham Drive. We then went via Players Square to the Forest Tavern (i.e. Freedom ... .. Smoke Tobacco - you fill in the blanks). At Marlborough Street, we enthused a whiskey-swilling sot who wanted to join in - he'd have fitted in perfectly!! We then temporarily lost the trail, but managed to find it again before arriving at Canning Circus and the Red Lion. After a welcome beer stop, we headed into the park and through the tunnel (again!), from where we stayed on tarmac and eventually hit the Derby Road and the long drag back to the pub. Luckily Polly had brought my head torch which was left in Salisbury at New Year. Eventually, we all filtered back into the pub, which is a veritable oasis in an area that's quite frankly a tip. Josh and Polly were engrossed in deep meaningful conversation all way round. Pleasure Gnome got home late from work, and so couldn't be fagged to make the journey to Radford (Spookily her maiden name's Kent - a well known brand of fags)

Owing to the fact that 8 out of 9 of us had been puffing out huge quantities of Carbon Monoxide and other shit on the way to the hash, down downs were suitably subdued. Barritone received one for having to go home sober after the Norfolk 700th when they removed three full barrels of beer at 2 pm (he made up for it at tonight though) Polly magnanimously offered that he had saved himself up for a down down, and so received it with gusto.

On On

In Colombia, meanwhile, a burglar shot himself after being set upon by a gang of wigs. Antonio Laras, 27, of Bogotá, had broken into a local factory while high on drugs intending to rob its office. As he made his way through the workshop, however, he noticed what he took to be a group of security guards lurking behind a bench. He duly shot at them before making a dash for the exit, only to discover his path was blocked by more guards, at whom he fired wildly before diving behind a packing crate. Here he remained for 20 minutes, shooting intermittently until, realising he was surrounded, he screamed: "You won't take me alive!" and shot himself in the head. What he didn't know, however, was that the factory was actually a wig factory, and the 'security guards' were, in fact, mannequins with toupees on their heads. "They were far more effective than our real guard," said the owner, "who was so drunk he slept through the whole thing."

Inhabitants of Mulhola in Finland haven't been so fortunate, however, after their campaign to keep open their local bank ended in failure this week. Many reasons were cited for the closure of the Mulhola Bank of Credit, chief among them being that in 20 years it hadn't had a single customer. "We just sat there all day doing nothing," said manager Herla Fjask. "The closest we came to a client was when a woman came in and asked if we sold marrowfat peas." Offers of ridiculously low rates of interest failed to alter the situation, and eventually it was decided to shut the bank, whereupon residents started a campaign to save it, even though none of them actually banked there. "All towns should have a bank," explained one man. "Irrespective of whether or not anyone uses it." Sadly the campaign failed, and the bank has now been turned into a mini-market, selling, among other things, marrowfat peas.

○ "If it was just a finger, I would probably not complain," John Bisius told a reporter from Read On magazine, "but we are talking about half of me. Surely I should know where the mining company buried my legs, or whether they burned them or threw them to the dogs."

Bisius recalled how he lost his legs in April 1981, after an underground accident at the Zvishavane mine in Zimbabwe. "My legs were amputated in the mine's hospital. When I recovered, the mine owners gave me a second-hand wheelchair and found me work as a receptionist and office attendant. They were so kind that I didn't like to ask them what they'd done with my legs.

But now that I am retired and thinking about death, I want to know what happened to them. I am thankful to the doctors, but I never signed any document allowing them to dispose of my legs. If my bones were buried, I want to dig them up. I will keep them and wait for my other part to die, so that I can be buried in one grave.