

RUN #256 THE RISING SUN HOSTELRY , SHACKERSTONE

The day dawned hot , bright and sunny ... yippee , Summer this year was going to be on a Sunday morning after all ! The circle was perfectly formed when the Grand Mattress announced that yours truly was to be the On Sex - must have been the way I was standing but hey you can only be a virgin *scribe* once in your life ...

Hen Pecked our *well hung*-over hare ably assisted by Firkin promised the pack a plethora (lots , many , oodles and oodles) of checks with both short limp and long hard (ooh eer missus) trail options available...

Off we set and it wasn't long before Bugger and Barritone were in discussion with a local farmlady about the merits of definitive public rights of way - why don't you check out an Ordnance Survey map you old battleaxe ? ... the fact that it was a false trail was of minor consequence !

The heat was by now about gas mark seven and rising - had the hare been studying Japanese game shows ... even Barritone was seen to be walking - an excuse of having to cycle 27 miles to the pubbe was volunteered - if only Shackerstone hadn't lost its British Rail passenger services in 1965 (Firkin told me this anorak information), he could have been spared , bless him !

A holding check was deliberated over and finally called for the benefit of the tailenders but not before Dogbolter had sprinted off up the hill in search of Fiona the beautiful big breasted busty barmaid with the 48DD lovely luscious wubbly jubbliies (Who says size doesn't matter ???) - pah , what a waste of energy , Odstone didn't even have a pub !!

The beer stop was ultimately reached and needless to say there was no surprise for our dry throats and dehydrated bodies to be greeted by an ample supply of out of date beer but no ordinary out of date beer I hasten to add ... but 40th Anniversary Limited Edition Traditional Bitter made by Santa's little helpers and brewed in Lapland in the shadow of Santa's Grotto ... no wonder it was bloody well out of date !!! Blow did his best to pass on our festive jolliment to two narrow boats laden with a party of pre wedding females but he would have had more luck in finding a softie to drink ...

From here on in , some short-cuttet , some didn't , but on our return we did discover the late arriving Mudflaps visiting us from the Syston time zone (Hash Morning Time + 1 Hour)

Down downs were administered amongst others to the following misdemeanours ...

- Big Phut - Corrupting a minor with his intimate knowledge of Captain Zero -a *big* star in the world of adult education videos
- Too Tuf - For a long hesitational pause ... he just lost it ... but did he ever have it in the first place ? ...
- Kentucky - A long returner ... long time , no see
- Barritone - Presented with an additional love mark on his buttocks courtesy of Judith (thank goodness we hadn't eaten !)
- Dogbolter - Lost himself between four big bouncing bulging balloon boobies - who needs Fiona to put a smile on his face ? ...
- Henpecked & Firkin - Failure to spend hash funds as previously promised - NO trip on the steam train , NO trip on a canal barge and NO steak & chips at the pub

On On

Feislag