

## A Christmas Story by *Bugger* Babes' (Shit) in the Wood

Twas the morn of the Sunday before Christmas, when all the hashers of the forest did come out to play. They all agreed to meet at the Packe Arms at Hoton at 11.00, as this is well known as the 'bitching hour'. All the hashers had dressed in all their winter finery, many displaying their balls in all their splendor.

When the clock struck quarter past eleven, the wicked Doctor called us all together so we could hear his fiendish plan to upset the big bad Farmer.

Off we set along the road following the trail, hoping to find the nasty farmer straight away so we could return to the Packe. But no, the Doctor had set a trap, we were going the wrong way. Back we went until we found the path to the fields, maybe now we'd find that Farmer.

We trudged across many frosty fields, some cold roads until we came to the woods where the story really begins. As, 'tis where Ebenezer did have a Shit, behind a great oak tree. Ebenezer must have been quite poorly, as the noise from his shit, did wake the nasty farmer who then chased us across the fields towards the river aboard his charger. Where upon Mother Warmers ran as fast as she could, so fast that her words came out in German. Whilst the rest of the hashers realizing that although they had finally lured the nasty farmer from his lair, it was not the time to start a fight, and so retreating & promising not to let Ebenezer Shit in the woods again.

So off they went with a trump, trump, trump.....across the cabbage fields and up the hill. Where upon we met a Goblin, standing by hedge. "Are we On?" we cried, The Goblin replied that we were, and that we could almost "See the Pub". After hearing the good news, we were all chuffed to bits and danced merrily along to the Road.

Oh no, had the nasty farmer been up to his tricks again, or was it the wicked Doctor, because the trail had gone cold. We all thought someone had hidden it, so we all decided to follow the path along the side of the field, as we didn't want to upset the farmer again. However, Mr Rod & Mr Rex, decided running along the edge of the field wasn't good enough for them, they had to run along the track. And, when they got there – they found the trail, so that's where the farmer hid it – nasty man.

Mr Oriface was seen to be running very fast, maybe he had been eating Jacks' baked runner beans again. And very soon, he had past the farmer's house, and was charging up the hill. He must also have eaten some of Bugs' carrots as well, as he claimed he could see the pub, even though I couldn't quite see it yet.....

# Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

The doctor was getting concerned that we weren't huddled around the fire yet, so, he called us together at the top of the hill, and asked if any one wanted to know a secret route. Well we know that hashers can't keep their traps shut, Oh yes we can, Oh no you can't, Oh yes we can, etc, etc, etc, etc. so, we decided to follow the proper trail, along the ridge. Where at the end, the Doctor promised there would be a puzzle waiting for us, where only the really clever hasher will be able to find the way out.

Hoppety Hop, we went along the trail and just as the Doctor ordered, a puzzle to solve – which way to go. Time to bring out our secret weapon – Barritone. If anyone could find a falsey, Barritone can. So off he went snorting and huffing, but unable to find the route, bar after bar. First this way then that. Then, the Master stepped forward, "Once more into the Breach dear friends, once more" and charged off down the hill. Well once the master has decided our path we know we must follow.

Down the hill we charged, strangely finding the trail, as we ran through the breach, and out into the sunlight once more. A final push up the hill was urged, and then we saw it – a sign – ON INN.

Mission accomplished. We had found the farmer, we found the trail and finally we found the pub (again).

On Doctor's orders we huddled round the fire and drank our medicine of Gluhwein, followed by mince pies and Xmas Pud. Just when we had nicely warmed through, he dragged us outside so we could give a toast to:-

Mother Warmers	Landowner Abuse
Sister Creamy Bristols	Falling asleep on the job
Falsey Barritone	Losing his shirt (Gambler's Anonymous take note)
Mr Wallington	Porn Channel Surfer
Toooooooooo Tuf	Competitive SCBer
The Jets & The Slags	Superman Impression
The Rockhopper	Allegedly injuring back while pruning a tree (the tree above the wardrobe?)
Hare	The Wicked Doctor

Bugger

Run 305, The Packe Arms Hoton,  
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