

I think! or I thought it was!

On Tuesday 29th August 2000 the run was from The Rancliffe Arm at Bunny and the run number was 330??

The hare of course was our champion drinker G.M.

Too Tuf.

It was a glorious evening complete with a fantastic sun setting lasting for over a hour! The gang consists of Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Scrooge, Multi Teaser, Akileeze, Clementine and myself. As soon as we arrived to the first check, as usual we were hopeless in checking out for the correct route, it seem like seem ages before finally the kind hare guided me to the correct route leaving the rest of pack to catch up! Anyway we then stumble across a beautifully setting/place where we saw a lovely wooden bench along with a pot plants on each side! The scribe on plaque read in loving memory of Syd and his dog call Moss.

Aah Bless them

Further along on cart track we saw many fields that have just been harvested which show sign of winter is coming.

Ugh!!!

Once again a farmer grumble at us for going on his private lands, Luckily enough Too Tuf managed to persuade the bastard farmer to put shot gun away, before we get blast on our back side!!!

Akileeze, Scrooge and myself decided to take short cut back for various reasons, mainly cos we were in sickness again! and leaving the rest of the pack to complete it course under guidance of our hare Too Tuf, who ensure they got back to one of our favourite pub. While we were at the pub we were hoping to see a famous bunny! but we didn't.

Shame!!

Akileeze being the R.A. for a change, and he practically gave nearly all of us a down down drinks at the end of the run

Awards went to

Wallington for having been Stressful sickness

Akileeze - Handy Andy?

Too Tuf for being a hare and having put up with farmer's complaining!

Scrooge - Cruel Running

Clementine - Front Running Bastard

Pleasure Grome for something about getting out of Thunder Flight!

Multi Teaser for self inflicting throw up!

An old tired retired sailor puts on his old uniform and goes down to the docks once more for old times sake. He hires a prostitute and takes her up to a room.

He's going at it as best as he can for a guy his age. He asks, 'How am I doing?'

The prostitute replies, 'Well sailor, you're doing about three knots.'

'Three knots?' he replies, 'What's that supposed to mean?'

She says, 'You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back'