

The cuckoo Bush - Gotham Sunday 21st April 2002

Hare: Baritone

Scribe Snowie Snow

Well it's a dog's life. One day your innocently investigating some gorgeous pee smells in a pub car park and the next, some one has "collared" you to do a write up. Just as well I can bang out a few letters using mummy's key board because I can't grip a pencil to save my life - as soon as I get my chops around it, it seems to disintegrate in to a pile of splinters.

Anyway talking of mummy she has got a lot to answer for and not just about that time with the vicar! If she hadn't been yapping on about it being a record that most people were gathered at the pub before 11 then that 2 legs Durex wouldn't have got me to do this "doggie style" . Or should that be stile?

What's funny too is that every week she knocks daddy for making us get to the pub 20 minutes early and then left to her own devices does exactly the same! That's kind of how we knew loads of others were early too.

Scrooge arrived with us after I had finished giving him a good licking! Oh and of course little 2 legs Tom was with us too.

Then Josh arrived. Then Multi and Durex amid much concern that surely their time pieces were wrong if they were 10 minutes early! Then some new smells came...somebody called Paxo and his son Horny. Then Scab and her mate. Sadly they had no 4 legs with them and I've learnt that 2 legs don't appreciate you giving them a good sniff.

Then Bugger and Goblin came. Bugger sounded a bit perturbed that daddy had a new allotment. He seemed to feel that daddy should come over to his house and do his

gardening for him instead! Well can I just say Bugger, give me a few bones to bury and I will dig away for you.

Anyway then the hare arrived the only one not on time! He was looking delectably dirty and I could have licked him all over but mummy had me tightly on the lead.

He gave us the "hare's brief" which I was really looking forward to until I discovered it was just a little rant about the run. Still some good things ahead apparently including a "wee-group"! Then he did a great conclusion...

"Yes there are lots of other things to tell you but I can't remember what they are right now!"

But then he did remember something else. Looking right at me he said "dogs need to be kept on leads until we are at least at the top of the first hill." Some people really know how to piss on your patch don't they? Forget the good licking, a nip round the ankles look s quite promising now!

Then suddenly we are off and I am pulling mummy along for about a mile until we get to the top of the hill. Then I run off like a wild thing unleashed, which is probably because that is what I am.

Then that tall, skinny 4 legs comes bounding a long "Lucy" I yelp after her and try and interest her in a game of "let me sniff your arse chase". For some reason she doesn't seem to want to play. Still that's girls for you..."always playing hard to get!" No wonder they call them bitches.

Anyway lots of stiles, hills and the sight of people's shoe soles and sock tops later, we get back to the pub. Then great news! NO DOGS ALLOWED! So it was a quick sup of water and the car boot for me. Didn't even get to see Chicki's wonderful circle!

Still, like I said before... IT'S A DOG'S LIFE!

Sorry if the write up's been a bit ruff but it's late at night and I am dog tired!

Snowie Snow.