

Hathersage

RUN 409

So on they come – no! On On they come.

Drawn from all parts of the world of Norfolkshire.

First to come was **Porca**, an embarrassing condition, but maybe age.

The campers with their mighty erections – despite the cold – arrived and duly erected, proud for all to see.

Clementine AKA “Santa” “I’ve got a friend coming at 7.00pm”. She actually came at 9.15pm. Some foreplay my boy – well done. Please liase with **Porca**.

Talkative **Kelly – Beijingstoke** – entertained **Wimpy** and **Mumbles** all the way. It’s 12.00pm I’m going to bed. I only had a four-hour kip on the way here.

Blow – “the soup is nice, isn’t it!” fed the troupes and on to Bingo was the call. Wot no Bingo! “That’s the Lord Mayor”, stated Soup boy, “I’m telling!”

“Can’t come clubbing” duly arrived, “I owe you an apology. I was in Poland.” Wanker.

Creamy was seen with bottles of Barcardi Breezer in front of her – what a blonde.

Wallington – AKA David Essex “my barbers scissors are blunt” proceeded to kiss all and sundry. Much foreplay was observed, obviously a student of “Santa”.

Josh – “I’m just here to steal a menu” – arrived, or maybe came – he was looking happy – or was it wanton.

“She’s a dog” – “no bj – you can’t say that – she’s a fashion victim, Oh! You mean Lucy is here”. Lucy said – “Mummy is a fallen woman, have you seen her T-Shirt?” “Apparently Mummy swallows. Where’s Snowie when I want to try? Probably kicking some other bitches arse – Blokes!”

Did you know that Jack Daniels is made in a dry state! Bugger me!

“Irish Coffee beer” “I’m going to hang my bollocks out in a frost”

“Haiwii 5-0” AKA – **Too Tuf**, the man who won a certain hashier £100. What a pair of balls that boys got!

Chris – I've got a moustache but no hash name, I'll have 2 sugars and milk please. 50 runs and still no name – Drives a Fiesta, knows an American, comes in Coventry – allegedly – wears grey under crackers – dresses as a woman once a week – been seen on the gay scene with **Blow**. Ok a little poetic licence but isn't a naming due, more than willing to buy his round, an intelligent and all round good egg.

GPS, "I don't shake hands – I break them" I used to be in the military, now I'm a petty thief Oooh – it's a nice big blue one, **Wallington** "Cuddles" "I want 306" "**Kelly**, can I have a cuddle in the back of a 306". That boy's got all the lines.

Josh – "chips or mayo, mayo or chips – I've eaten Pizza in Florence". So What! So has Hanibal Lechter! I'm leaving the oldies and going to sit with the girls. Top Lad. Tell Mum the Sunday Sport does teach you things. Refer him to "Cuddles" and "Santa Foreplay".

We've got girlie lager, stated "Soup Boy" – Last seen drinking French County wine at a Beer Festival. A good night – but shouldn't he draw the line at pulling the taxi driver. NG1 Thursdays – Virgins night. For tickets see "Curious of Valley Road".

I want to go to bed stated **Beijingstoke** – I've got no bedding – Yes, that old chestnut, **Porca** is Wirgin, and duly lent her a coat. Not that sort of boy!

The night was dark, the starts were clear, the moon was waxing and the arse was soon to appear. "Does my bum look big in this?" "No you daft cow, it's a balcony". No Names – but nice ass!

The boy rested wearily – but satisfied.