

In which we meet New Friends and invent a New Game.

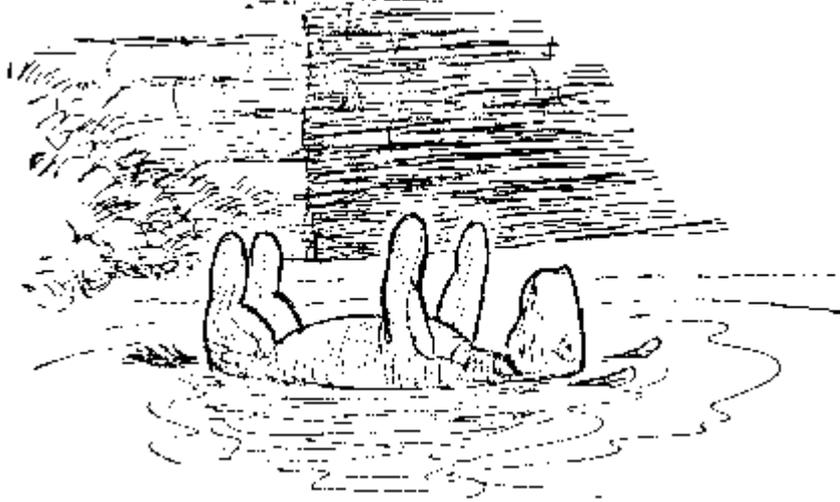
There is a corner of the Forest where it never rains by the dingily warren of Bunny. It was a winter's day when all the local animals assembled shunning those of pink plumage. With a spring in their step and a steam hammer in their heads, and a little hum they set off into the country.



Hare took them all to his home and welcomed them towards a small tunnel, one of Hares friends and relations, not seen in the forest before leapt with joy straight up to his little pinky pointy bits into the rushing water. Bigger-the-Shit was not to be outdone by such display fully followed the happy leaping hare.

It was a few minutes later that the brave pack stared down into the muddy waters below the bridge. 'Oh look' said Josh 'it's a Richard' They all stared into the water only to realise that the name of this particular Richard was

Tuffy and that in fact one Richard was racing another one.



'Again, again' lalalington shouted but he needn't have bothered; Having shaken for a second the two tykes were straight up to their necks in dykes.

The pack left them floating away into the distance.

It was at this time that Sybil'snot remembered that he might have had a friend in Bunny, who had told his uncle about a pub that apparently opened early once, and so, set back to ensure if it happened again he could tell his friends about it. Also nowhere to be seen was Dogbolter, who remembered the last time Hare had encouraged him into a hole he had spent a number of months in use as a clothes horse.

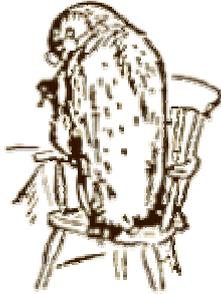
In doing so one of our new friends Patch was left alone without even 10 Winstons to keep him company. The nicorette held up until the top of the next hill and it was plain sailing after that. The trail wound on through tortuous loops and hang over defying checks, the pack did not. Another new friend Victoria sponge-like with the Red Wine the previous evening had left all her pies for DB. Left the massed bands of the combined lightweights of the Quorn Hash chatting of the four halves of Bullion they had shared, whilst she indulged in bouncing exercises from every check taking energy from the quarts of sac left drained the night before.



The pack drew closer together at this stage, and group together for the entrance to the Hundred Acre Wood. Could they believe the new game had caught on so quickly? Not one, two or three but a veritable overflow of Richards raced hither and thither between their legs. At this point the Hare

and Bugger-the Pooh were restrained least they spent more time wallowing with their new friends.

It was apparent that this wood was the Forest of mixed up Fairystories, the Woodcutter (surely Little Red Riding Hood) stood and laughed at the turd trotters.



Our new friend Hatter
who lived with Dormouse
in a tree house
in the wood
told the RA "yes number 17".

Please could someone please ensure Hatter is given a copy of the newsletter as Chicci was overheard asking Tufty if they too could live in a tree.

Jack and Jill went Skiding down the hill.
Hansel and Gretels House was eaten by Dogbolter.

Back to the Pub. Happily ever after you would think would be the next line. Bollocks, it got worse. At the party the previous night mind warping drugs had been circulated. Goldilocks previously quiet and shy now a dominatrix ordered all to do her bidding. Dormouse changed to Honey-pot. Honey-pot back to Tuppence, and Tuppence to Greasy Flange. (was that all because she bought a Rugby Shirt from Bugger.) Penise impersonated two pints of pissy amber nectar in the CarPark, and a Prophylactic produced an orange cake. A Buttplug woke me at Lichfield.

Happily ever after be damned, I live in fear.

On on

Pretty in Pink

Remember: An apple a day, makes you sick of apples, but pies are forever.