

JINGLE BELL REGISTRATION
20TH DEC SQUASH CLUB

224

TRURO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

MPASS

Run Number 383: The Old Albion, Crantock, Hares Hornblower and Worms.

ERSIL

N TRACE

Mama Mia here we go again.

HINDS

I was all right until I tried to move my head. It was at this point I discovered that it was still attached to my body, and my body was not sure that it still liked the arrangement.

HERLOCK

VINJA

IPUP

Sometime later after a shower (isn't water heavy these days?) and a hearty breakfast I was ready to face the world. Doc White had also risen from the grave but she was not to join the hash today having to go to work to save up for my Christmas present. Just as I was about to leave Doc White decides that her motor bike (I call it that so she won't get embarrassed) isn't working right. She declares that it wasn't pulling (well who is, that's what I want to know!). There is some doubt as to whether the cold weather is affecting the bike or the biker but gallant dad, as

TIN TIN

MISS PIGGY

usual volunteers to drive her into Truro on the way to the Hash. That then is the reason why I was over 10 minutes late for arriving at the Old Albion, Crantock for run number 383. Never mind because, whether they had all waited just for me or whether they had forgotten what

PIED PIPER

PEN WIDE

sawdust was I don't know but, I arrived just in time to hear the On On called and hashers appeared from all sorts of nooks and crannies and ambled off in a singular direction. We were a motley crew, mostly survivors from the night before, a few who had short cutted the hash bash and one new runner, 29 in all. The re-emergence of Popsie was noted. I forgot to ask Pied Piper why Miss Piggy wasn't at the hash bash and who that younger more attractive chap she was with was. After another 10 minutes we were joined as usual by Open wide and Groin Strain with the

GROIN STRAIN

REKLY

3J

10 PEN

usual excuses about having difficulty in getting up or getting it up or something equally uninteresting. We ran about for a while around some greenish areas which, we had learnt from Gobber the week before, were called fields, encountered a modicum of shiggy before plunging down to the Gannel. The tide was out, what a disappointment! On on was in fact across the Gannel by footbridge before going up the Hill of Pentire and into the urban extremities of Newquay(ish). CD failed to find the on on at this point (that reminds me he should have had a down down for that). The Hares it appeared had hidden the blobs behind the lampposts (what

OUTANKMIN

CRASS

XCALIBER

ARSENAL

11 SON

N.C.

TRIFLON

PRUNES

Jingle Bells
20.12.96
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