

PENDEEN CAMPING WEEKEND

September 1st – 3rd

Pigpen was set up by HM to do this newsletter so being his dutiful partner, I wrote it for him as dictated by my lord and master.

The usual bunch of dysfunctional dipsos were camping it up in Pendeen. Pigpen was the first to get an erection with my assistance of course; one to be proud of!

Limpit was second to come and thought he was too big to penetrate the campsite. Watched by the locals he carefully measured the hole and determined it was 36 knob-lengths wide. A quick calculation and he decided his gross appendage could make it through with 2 knob-lengths to spare. The locals gave him the clap as he came slowly in much to Mother Teresa's pleasure. Other proper erections followed and the evening was spent discussing tactics for the weekend.

Saturday morning was wet, foggy and drizzly much like Droop who had arrived and departed again. I dressed my darling Pigpen and buttered his toast for him.

A forced route yomp was organised by Skids and Nickerless over the moors. Skids looked impressive in his battle fatigues, carrying a map of the New Forest. These poor excuses for hares argued from the start because they could not remember the route they had set. This was the first hash ever when the Hares did the checks whilst the followers waited. Still it was a praiseworthy hash with another first, trail markers of, bio-degradable dog turds. Skids lectured us on the various historical artefacts such as Crum Castle, which turned out to be three boulders, horny flasher and a Men an Tol. Charlotte the Harlot climbed thro the hole wishing for sex with firemen. Horny climbed through wishing for a warm brown drink which he promptly got when Pigpen splashed him when he was half-way thro. Nature featured as well with squashed frogs and an enormous adder which sidled across the path. Don't believe all that crap about adders sliding away into the bracken if they hear you coming. They don't. The hash quickly scattered when someone said that adders could throw themselves at you.

We arrived at a café where the lady informed us that she was expecting lots of hashers and had spent the entire morning making scones for hundreds of cream teas. We all ordered chocolate cake. PMT went to the thunderbox and came out gasping cos Pigpen had been there before. On back to watch England scrape a win against Andorra. Glad we are not going skiing there.

An excellent and informative hike. Well done and thanks to Skids and Nickerless

The evening was spent eating in the excellent hostelry.

The hash next day was set by scary locals OPTIC and BO BO. A brilliant hash with something for everyone. A tin mine for Mr. Shithole and Haz, a lighthouse for Horny Flasher, seals for Hap who couldn't see them properly and thought they were seagulls and a great hash halt for Droop who decided that the sandwiches needed beefing up with more sand and gave them a good covering to render them inedible.

Optic got in a big flap because I had got lost having taken the short cut she suggested. Pigpen was informed and promptly called in his first reserve, PMT, but happily she was not needed for long because I caught up and my beloved came running up to me to inform me how much he had missed me..... I'm so lucky and bless the day he staggered into the Ale House looking for someone to cook a Chilli Con Carne for him. I was in time to tie up his shoelaces which had come undone.

We missed the Down Downs cos Pigpen had trouble issuing directions to me to get his erection to drop, so I don't know who got what. Blameless had passed his driving test so there's another hazard besides HAPHAZARD on the roads now.

Great weekend despite the dodgy weather. Well done to whoever organised it.

With love from PORKY SCRATCHINS Is this all right Pigpen darling? Shall I print it for you now?