

SUNDAY 16TH JANUARY 2011 HASH,
from the
LEMON PUB, MYLOR BRIDE.

HARES:	Gromit and Heavy Breather.
RUN SCORE:	-1 (lost Papermate)
PUB SCORE:	79
NUMBER of HASHERS	19
NUMBER of DOGS	1

It was a lovely wet day and what with the Hash Ski trip on this weekend our numbers were some what depleted, which meant all the more cake for us. Yes *Papermate* brought along a very large ^{cake} he had purchased in ASDA, which was extremely welcomed and this was before we had set off.

We set off at a fair old pace across an open playing field and on to the one and only check. It was a 5 way check which I think threw *Blue Rinse* as she called an on back leading to much confusion so we all split up and rechecked losing *Papermate* in the process!!!!!! Think *Gromit* had gone home for a cup of tea at this point. Not long into the Hash *Charlotte the Harlot* had run out of *Sacha's* poop bags (*Sacha* was sporting a lovely colourful winter coat with her name emblazoned on it) this you will be pleased to know didn't cause *Charlotte* a problem, for future reference if you are ever in this situation just kick it around a bit to spread it as much as possible, not sure the house owner who's gate it was left at would agree though? We doubled back nearly to the pub car park and just when everyone thought that was a short hash we veered off down hill. By that time, in the immortal words of *Horney Flasher* "I felt like a riding stable pony and didn't want to go back out again". But the Hash view after was well worth it. It was not long until the Hash Holt, which can only be described as entertaining. This was the first time anyone had missed *Papermate* and a lively discussion took place as to where he went and a lot of back slapping and congratulating the Hares for their achievement ensued. The egg sandwiches obviously weren't up to *Haphazard's* standard as she promptly doctored them with crisps and *Shoot-em-up* smoked hers. Talking of which *Droop* was a little down in the mouth as yes you guessed it "What no salt and vinegar"!!!!!! *Blue rinse* was showing off her waitress skills with a gallon water container tucked under her arm, poring water for everyone when she noticed she had dropped one of her gloves, picked that one up to promptly drop the other one and stand on it

in the mud, bent down to pick it up and pored water all over it! Just as the Hash Holt was nearly over and all the wonderful fair had nearly been eaten, *Papermate* turned up just in time for the last remaining egg sandwich and a beer (we're not to sure if he followed his nose or *Brooke Bond's* welly marks). *Gromit* had had enough of *Papermates* moaning and drove off. So it was on on to a farm where we stopped and looked at an old mill wheel that would have been turned by either ass or hasher? We eventually regrouped at the Pandora Pub, no time to go in as it was on on up Everest and on in.

Down Downs were awarded by the RA's as follows;

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| <i>HB and Gromit</i> | For being hares |
| <i>Cher</i> | Who put her brand new £150 super dry top to the test. |
| <i>Brooke Bond</i> | Had to dive in to the local shop before the Hash to purchase pain killers, what was he expecting? HB and Gromit's hashes are obviously notorious |
| <i>Skids</i> | They said it was his retirement do!. Well Happy Birthday Skids a little bird told me that he was only 57. "Only". |
| <i>Blue Rinse</i> | For miss-calling at the only check there was and for dropping her gloves not once but twice in the mud and stepping on them. |
| <i>Droop & Brussel Sprout</i> | Droop asked BS - Latex was once a front runner is she getting used to him loudly huffing and puffing and coming behind her!!!!!! Not to sure where he was going with that one. |
| <i>Papermate</i> | For getting lost, a man of his advanced years should know better (hashing years that is) and for abusing Grommit. |
| <i>Shoot-em-up</i> | SMOKING |
| <i>Charlotte the Harlot</i> | For running out of Sacha's poo bags which was no problem, just kick it around a bit that will sort it. |

On On

Power Jen