

AGPU NEWSLETTER

DAY 2 (Revisited).

The Big Red Bus.

Saturday dawned a beautiful sunny day, but by the time Skids awoke, rain was in the air. It was a very special day. Droop had taken a holiday. He had realized that Saturday was the day that his customers returned goods for refund, so he would be better off by not working. He was beginning to sound like the unemployed!

Breakfast was a bizarre event. Knickerless thought that the porridge had been brewed by witches in a cauldron, something to do with the eye of newt and toe of frog she found in it. Haphazard was prevented from prodding the electric toaster with a knife and therefore saved from certain death. She said that she didn't see the warning notice, but anyone who needs to be told not to stick knives in toasters should not be allowed out alone.

Blue Rinse made a big fuss about collecting a copy of the Guardian newspaper for Bypass. However she relented, but was seen to hide it inside her copy of the Saturday Sport. (She buys it for the keen political analysis and sports coverage).

No long raining, 10am chimed and it was time to hash. The hares LBW, Dishy Goolies and Bomber blotted their copy book by not kicking out the check for Papermate when he arrived later. An oversight surely?

On mass and in dribs and drabs, around the corner and down the road, there it stood in all it's magnificence, a big, red double decker bus, with a suspect number plate. You couldn't miss it, but some did. Some tried to sing Summer Holiday, but no-one murders a tune like Cliff.

The hashers climbed aboard the bus, most of them admitting that they hadn't seen a sight like it since before the war. Gromit, with a nostalgic tear, produced her bus pass and her ration book. There could be some powdered egg and a knob of butter to be had. The driver, a comely wench by the name of Park and Ride, started the engine and they were off. Excitement grew even more as they approached the airfield, could they be heading even further afield? Surely there wasn't a pilot in the Hash as well. Sadly not. The bus turned off for St Columb Major and came to a halt at the bus stop. From within the bus, cries were heard, "Is this the Hash Halt?", "Ahhh me knees," and "Put it away Furry." As the excited hashers alighted, goggles were handed out to PMT, Bypass and Sore Arse, instructions given, and the check was found. Then like Olympic athletes circa 1936, they were off. Unfortunately, the trail that Dishy had laid not an hour before, had been swept up by an enthusiastic road sweeper, so many ambled through the village, window shopping and wondering aloud how much further to go until the first pub stop. It was after all nearly 10.30.

Hope that's clearer now.

On on. Skids.