

TRURO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
252'nd HASH HAWKINS ARMS ZELAH 19-07-93  
HARES- AIRLEG & DIGGER.

All was peaceful. People chatted and light hearted banter filled the pub car park. In an instant the calm was shattered as a shiny black" XR2 TURBO NUTTER BASTARD GTI EVERYTHING WE DO IS DRIVEN BY ANORACKS" careered into our midst and in a hail of dust, gravel and bits of car, came to an unplanned and abrupt halt care of the car park wall. So ended lesson one in "HOW TO IMPRESS THE GIRLIES" by our very own MASTER B. SHERLOCK was so overwhelmed by his stunning display of driving skills, that she literally slid out of the passenger seat on her own juices--NOT.

Any road up, after the hares had poured forth their usual lies and half-truths about the forthcoming hash, off we all trundled in search of that elusive on-on. Unfortunately I had been cruelly and unjustly afflicted with the Prat shirt which, having had a pint of double cream on it last week, was well and truly humming. The upshot of this whiff was that it was a rather solitary run for me, so I didn't get to see alot of what occurred. However notable highlights included:-

:-The excellent Hash Halt catering.. Ice-cream, cherries, peaches, bubbly wine, caviar, naked dancing girls, pink elephants, mythical beasts and a troupe of flying Aardvark wearing spangled boob-tubes. I must stop snacking on those little mushrooms as I run along!

:-LUSTY nearly poking her eye out on a low branch. She does look fetching with that corneal blood clot.

:-BALOO, BOGLIN, INCH-HIGH, DRIPPY KNICKS and LAURA had a real mud and shiggy war.

We arrived back at the pub nice and early, after what I consider to be a near perfect hash: wet, muddy, fun and less than five miles. Thanks again to AIRLEG and DIGGER.

Down-downs (water) went to myself, O.S. and DIBBER for S.C. Bing (its a fair cop guv). Also to new runner RACHAEL who fell arse over tit in a most spectacular fashion, (any suggestions for a hash name?). LAURA and 38.D.D. also received down-downs for getting stung by wasps. Jenny, those were two of the biggest wasp stings I've ever seen. I'm always available to suck out the poison should it happen again- trust me I'm a doctor. A notable down-down was to MRS. AIRLEG seeing as hubby had mysteriously disappeared. After strenuous protestations she quaffed like a good-un, even managing to throw the last mouthful with uncanny accuracy into the startled visage of WOTS 'IS FACE . Hash prat went to BOGLIN for sullyng the willy warmer, which in turn went to LUSTY for god knows what.

Whinger, we all understand that a hoary old perv must find it difficult to keep his mitts off a beautiful, lithesome continental like ESCARGOT, but if you don't stop mauling her in public you might take the unofficial tittle of hash canoodlers from myself and the lovely GROIN STRAIN!

I knew it had been a great evening when finally, LUSTY, TWIGGLET and INCH-HIGH left our place after hours of wife-swapping, bestiality, drinking and golf, and the last words I heard as I drifted off were from the moaning GROIN STRAIN lying next to me .....

"Oh god, the room won't stop spinning, I'm never drinking again"!!

ON ON        OPEN WIDE.