

**Run no 887 Stithians – The Seven Stars**

**Hares – Spoons and Uri Geller  
Contents – 48 hashers and 4 dogs**

**A surprising turnout considering Pigpen had done his best to sabotage proceedings with the knockout punch from the firework party. Piston had no memories of getting home (perhaps he didn't!).**

**Within minutes of the first 'on on' the majority of us were walking, soon to be woken by the cries of 'where's Molefinder?'**

**'Gone to see his flatmate?' came a reply.**

**One hasher was to be seen waving a squashed *small burrowing animal with dark velvety fur*.**

**Who was it who warned me to 'watch out for this thingy sticking out thing'? (or was it another memory of the party?)**

**Next, the water and shiggy. There were many clashes, mostly involving Einstein. Later he was rightly given a down down for harrier abuse!**

**One advantage of the water was a certain amount of wet t-shirts. This week it was won by Tantrum (where was Nice Ones?)**

**As one group of us was running/walking/crawling along we exchanged jokes in an attempt to keep our minds ticking over and to introduce a little more frivolity to the proceedings. A close second came; *Never shag an idiotic dwarf. It's not big and it's not clever* (apologies to CD).**

**The winner came from Piston although I would like to point out I heard the same joke on Pirate FM later in the week and they got it from some bird magazine (the feathered variety!!); *Two men are talking before one of them gets married. The first one says, "On my wedding night I took my trousers off and told my wife to put them on. She said she couldn't because they were too big. Exactly I said. I wear the trousers in this house and don't forget it. Do you know, I've had no problem since." The second man decides to try this on his wedding night. Sure enough his wife can't get into his trousers. He tells her that he wears the trousers in this house. However she takes her knickers off and tells him to put them on. "I can't get into these they're too small," he moans. "Exactly, and you never will unless you change your attitude."***

**Has a runner ever been introduced to hashing during a run? One such unfortunate was reading his Sunday paper and having a coffee when Has Bean accosted him through his window (!) and got him to join in there and then (we haven't seen him since).**

**Morgan deserves a mention for not only being the youngest hasher but actually overtaking me in her wellies at one point.**

**The hash hole was at what was nicknamed *wet patch cottage*. The on on was called with at least 8 hashers still out on the course! In true hash tradition and realising two of the unfortunates were my children, I ran off to the pub!**

**Later it was discovered that some people had been refused passage through a gate by an irate farmer.**

**Back at the pub we were greeted by the cry of "*Anyone got any spare knickers?*" Who was that lady? That was my wife. Now, how did Einstein make Hooker's knickers wet?**

**Run score 11.**

**Pub score 99 (good cheap beer).**

**Down, downs; Piston – for joining a running club, Droop – I like it up the back of Karl Marx, Yakult – for party abuse on Pigpen's pubic wig, Einstein – harrier abuse, Slippery When Wet – for being abused! Doc – Las Vegas wedding with no beer, Tantrum and Hooker – rolling in the river, Gollom – for getting picture in the paper wearing white!! Spoons and Uri Geller – hares.**

**Finally a new boot called Richard was caught clearing up dog poo. The RA gave him the choice of hash name. Pooper Scooper or Shit Bag?**

**Being a man of taste and some sophistication he requested he be called Pooper Scooper. Hashers, having no taste or sophistication, all agreed he now be known as Shit Bag.**

**Another successful day.**

**Liability.**