



LIZARD HASH

30 JULY

Hares: Horny Flasher and PMT
48 Walkers, 3 runners = 51 in total.

Friday evening and Saturday:

As we all arrived at the campsite the scene was set for a good weekend. Haphazard had her usual flower power tent and Limpet managed to get a luxury caravan on the black market. Furry turned up with his clapped out old Transit and his gory bright yellow and orange bike.

As the evening went on everyone arrived and the beers were opened. Through the night it poured with rain and so did it into the morning. A few of us braved a walk or run to the shops or beach but the weather was so off-putting. Around five o'clock we were all a bit fed up and as if the man upstairs heard our thoughts the rain stopped and it was glorious sunshine for the evening. The barbies soon lit up and we all enjoyed our well-earned grub and break from the rain.

Later on that evening a gang of us wandered round to the pub only to invade on someone's hen night. As the night went on, the pub began swaying and Furry enjoyed the cheesy music, Sore Ass was first to get on the groove on the dance floor then Blameless followed by Limpet and Mother Theresa, Spotted Dick and I held on to our drinks as two Lizard Lassies had a punch-up. Don't Blame Me was right next to it all and didn't even notice. CD gave me a manly talk explaining that when you get to his age you begin to know your limits as he jumped onto the dance floor and started raving. Short of a Shilling was absolutely paralytic!!! The girls thought this was great. Well, one girl ran off. Either needing a pee or in sheer fright as this Born Again Disco Diva let loose! Poser and Bindi kept conversation alive as they slowly knocked him back. Limpet is obviously trying to shed some illegal money as he bought me a drink!!! Pigpen had his tongue on the floor as the ladies boogied on down, about one-ish the party was over and only the true hard core few were left. CD, Spotted Dick and me.

As I held myself up on Spotted Dick he had a quick flirt with the Lay-dees!!!! CD and I wandered back in the dark and CD demonstrated his complete lack of direction going the wrong way then walking into a granite boulder the size of him!

Sunday: The Hash

We all meet on the Lizard Point ready for a good hash. First up to get down-downs were the hares, PMT and Horny Flasher, followed by ? ? CD got a down-down for his drunken behavior and leading me and Spotted Dick onto drink the night before, CD must have been a bit more in touch with his limits that morning as he planted almost the whole pint on his head. We all set off to PMT's house where the hash began. The trail was soon picked up by the FRBs. Trundling through lovely country lanes and footpaths towards the coast I noticed Furry was looking the worse for wear and out of breath. As he wasn't out late drinking the night before I'm putting this down to age. The hot sticky air was slowing us down as we get to the cliff edge. The trail leads us down a scenic footpath to a valley on the cliff edge. We all had a regroup to let the physically challenged *pissheads* to catch up. We watched

the trail waiting for the last gang to appear. Ah, the hare Horny Flasher appears! With the group of poor people who decided to follow him down the wrong trail that he bloody set! We all shouted and gave vigorous hand gestures to the poor confused hashers that had unwisely followed the HARE into the field completely surrounded by brambles and wire. Doc shouted "left, left, go left, go flipping left!" then someone with superior knowledge told Doc that's actually their right! So if you are passing Doc on the road and he's got his indicators going just stay back. Then it clicked – Horny Flasher realized he had gone the wrong way as the embarrassed bunch returned back to go down the right path, Pigpen ran round in fright trying to escape the terrifying field as this reminded him too much of being a pig in a pen. He groveled under a wire fence and threw a few brambles and managed to find a way back. As he returned first he took most of the embarrassment, then the others appeared at last. After the confusion we all continued along the path up and down the Cliffside only to get a Morlé arrow as the FRBs did this with ease, the rest of us – well, we didn't!. To the hash halt – beer, biccies the lot, just enough to refresh ourselves. Stopping by the church and graveyard proved a bit of a problem for me as I told young Morgan off for playing on some poor person's grave she then asked me "how do they get out if they need the toilet" which is when I shoved a biscuit in her mouth and walked off to save the confusion! We all plodded off full of beer for another mile or two, then the brave few ran the long route and the rest of us walked back to PMT's house. Thanks to PMT we had some munchies and booze laid on in her back garden. Droop was hoping there were going to be some Thai ladies at PMT's house as he had the shorts on that apparently flatter them, but I think he was miserably disappointed. As the sun beat down we all flicked through some photo albums and enjoyed the last bit of nice weather.

ANDY CAPP.

On! On