

# Northants Hash House Harriers

Sun 20/Jan/08

Run: 1473

White Hart, Holybourne

Hares: Petal & Silvier Fox

## "Less of a run, more of a slither"

"And where the hell have you been" is not an acceptable way to greet a returning fellow hasher who has been away saving the empire for democracy, even if it is his first appearance this year, but I guess that's just the sort of ignorant abuse that one has to accept as a leading light of the hashing community. The run was only about 30 yards old when **Fairy Snow** was chanting gibberish into your scribe's recording equipment.

The run got under way after Hares for the Day, **Petal** and **Silvier Fox** had given the customary briefing, which included dire warnings about angry natives with shotguns and laser guided weapons, but not before **Goofy** had wheeled his chariot into the pub car park, and promptly stalled it in front of the RA.

The trail included many enticing water features, all of which were studiously avoided by a pack consisting almost entirely of wimps. It was while crossing a very soggy field that **Firework** remonstrated with me over the lack of Run Reports recently: it appears that during my enforced absence my bitches have been in breach of their contracts. A slippery path along the top of an embankment beside a river took us to a regroup at the Waterbrook Park industrial estate, which provided **Little Prick** with the opportunity to announce to all and sundry that **Dickhead** had a donkey in his shorts. How she became aware of this startling fact is not entirely clear. **Jolly Green Giant** came shambling up to the regroup with a seriously exaggerated limp, clearly looking for sympathy - stupid boy! Mind you his shambling gait may have had less to do with any physical ailment than his inability to see where he was going through his Mr. Maggoo specs.

The fruit of **Every Ready's** loins, **Gary**, was in company with his gorgeous intended, **Jenny**, and they were spotted actually kissing - urgh! - on trail. When chastised for this disgusting behaviour, **Gary** said it was to encourage **Jenny**. However, it clearly didn't work to his advantage, as she promptly legged it, leaving him in her wake.

Much of the terrain, whilst not particularly shiggified, was extremely greasy and slippery, so it was surprising that no-one was reported to the RA as a tumbling tosser for the customary ritual humiliation in the circle. Be that as it may,,the consensus view was that the hares had done a half decent job - many thanks to **Petal** and **Silvier**.

See y'all next time - and rather less Scribe abuse, if you don't mind! **Bidet**

Down Downs were awarded:

**Petal** and **Silvier** - Hares

**Chastity Belt** - Stripping off adjacent to the circle

**Flying Doctor** - Trail improver

**Goofy** - Un-expected stop

**Dickhead** - Ass @ the back (T/shirt)

**Little Prick's Mum** - Virgin (which, as No Entry pointed out, is a highly unusual title for one's mother-in-law!)

**Gary & Jenny** - Visitors (but for some unaccountable reason, not called to account for their amorous activities: but it was noted that they got back quite a bit later than everyone else).