

Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hare: Fetch.

Pub: The White Horse,
Headington.

The Beer Stop Crew: Lockjaw & Far Canal.

Next runs:

24th Oct: The Exeter Hall, Cowley Road.

31st Oct: The Coach & Horses, Wallingford. **Halloween Dress-up!!**

7th Nov: Boundary House, Abingdon.

It's good to be back hashing inside the ring road again, if only for the convenience of turning up on your bike and having a few bevies coz you ain't got to drive home. Every available bit of railing was taken up by bikes it seemed. Even Victoria had cycled. Mind you, he had come straight from work only 2 minutes away, so not a particularly arduous journey. And he'd left work at 4 o'clock, so no wonder he was five sheets to the wind when everyone else arrived. Hotshot turned up in his trademark scarlet top (which is getting a bit worn and thin these days) - he says that when he wears it on his bike, he finds that he has a tendency to ignore all the rules of the road. "Yes." he said. "It's my red, light jumper."

Our new GM [Genetically Modified? - *Scribe Ed*] La Crease hollered the On Out and stood on the wall to welcome everyone to tonight's run. Actually, she welcomed everyone, but missed the virgin Hannah (or was it Hailey?). In her defence, she did ask if "that girl over there, is she a virgin?" but yer scribe thought she was Abi. They looked the same from behind! Another victim of looking the same from behind as someone else, Fetch stepped forward to give us the briefing. "3 blobs and on and if you see a number then..." but by then our attention spans had expired. And then we were off. And immediately stopped. It was a tricky first check, not helped by the FRBs running straight past it and calling the on on down a false trail. After a bit of umming and arring, the pack were urged forward by Fetch, who evidently wasn't going to let us hang around tonight. Was this coz it was a long trail or that he had a hot date to get back for? Or both?

We headed off down into Pullens Lane and a left turn down the Cuckoo Lane hill to the X-6 (unfortunately not a 6X. This X-6 is a hash marking from Munich. Or München, if you prefer. Fetch says he prefers München.) On back up the hill for 6 blobs to catch up with the walkers before turning back down the hill again at the next path. This was the theme of the run tonight: down the hill, up the hill, down the hill, back up the hill again, ad infinitum. It also meant that there weren't many stories flying around coz most of the hashers were permanently out of breath, but not the walkers. Mile High told how she'd read about the latest must-have gadget. (Not to be confused with a must-have Gadget. That doesn't exist.) Apple Computers has developed a computer chip that can store and play music in women's breast implants. Called the iBreast, it is considered to be a major breakthrough because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.

After the 4th (or was it 5th? Who knows? Who cares?) climb up that damn hill, Lockjaw finally sat down for a rest. But not before sending a couple of clueless FRBs checking back towards a false they'd found earlier. Now tactics were very much in evidence in choosing which way to check as we started wondering where the beerstop might be. Foodmeister Far Canal had slipped off earlier and none of us had spotted which way he'd gone. Victoria and Gadget clearly had no idea coz they ambled into the John Radcliffe hospital, never to be seen again. Dipstick checked *down* the hill! He's a glutton for punishment. Did Home Alone join him or has she sensibly quit all that hill-running business? Oh, that reminds me - heavy-treading Home Alone set off yet another car alarm just by running past it! That's twice now! Twice that I know of, anyway.

The On Inn was eventually found after a circuitous trip through Old Headington, with Far Canal waiting for us with not enough vegetable stew. Mmm. It was a bit of a walk back to the pub afterwards, but we did pass a French bistro that is well worth a visit. The food is out of this world. It's called Planet Of The Crêpes.

The Circle –

Can't remember. Lost in the mists of time and alcohol.

So here's some filler material....

"My wife really enjoyed lying in a hammock in China."

"Shanghai?"

"No, a couple of feet off the ground."

I climbed a mountain last Saturday.

Snowdon?

No, the weather was lovely.

I saw that bloke off Wayne's World in Scandinavia the other week.

Norway?

Yes way!

I met a lovely young lady in North Wales last week.

Bangor?

Yes.

Last time I went to Ireland, I met a lovely girl there.

Galway?

No, we just kissed.

"I met this amazing girl in the Lake District, we were dancing in this club, and then she just started kissing me."

"Cockermouth?"

"Both!"

My sister's just had a baby in Central London.

Holborn?

No, it was a caesarean.

Announcements:

The Away Weekend: can you carry some wine over in your car? To spread the load, if you can volunteer to take some of the wine then that'd be great.

Also, there'll be some printed details soon.

This Sunday: the last TOSS of 2007 at the Red Lion in Steeple Aston. 11am start. 11am sharp! It's invading Bicester Hash's run so check their website for a map.

Or, happening at the same time, you are invited to the North Wilts Hash piss-up in a brewery at Ramsbury Brewery, Axford, near Marlborough. 8 squid gets you 5 beers (at least) and all the food you can eat. For details, see <http://www.nwh3.co.uk/run%20sheet.htm> and/or contact Kitkat at saz5081@yahoo.co.uk.