

# Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hares: Big Stiffy

Pub: The Kite,  
Osney.

The Beer Stop Crew: Far Canal (Food) Gadget (Beer)

Next runs: 31<sup>st</sup> October: The Coach and Horses, Wallingford.

**Halloween Dress Up!!**

7<sup>th</sup> November: Boundary House, Abingdon

14<sup>th</sup> November: The Pear Tree, Hookton Vasey

## 25 GO MAD IN OXFORD

It was the best of runs, it was the worst of runs, nah can't plagiarize this early on. Er... Once upon a time a group of drunkards got together and went for a run. That's better. Greetings everyone, its Big in Japan here, taking my turn as intern on everybody's favourite organ, okay second favourite organ, the Trash.

### Injured

Before the 'fun stuff' had even begun we were let down by new in the job GM, La Crease, who was unable to turn up, apparently having pulled her calf muscle. A lot of people put the pulled muscle down to some unseasonal friskiness on the part of FBJ, but let's face it; FBJ couldn't pull in a tug-o-war team so there must have been some other reason. My own unsubstantiated view is the humiliation of the French rugby defeat was too much for La Crease and she's gone into self-imposed exile. You might argue, in fact many did, that at no stage does being GM require the use of one's calf muscle but it will do you no good. My sources say La Crease won't be coming for two weeks. According to FBJ's neighbours, she hasn't come in two years.

### Comeback

So it was with all the style of a punch drunk George Foreman returning for 'one last fight', that GM has-been Victoria got us underway. Although most of us were dressed in tight lycra and sneakers, combat trousers, hoodies and those funny masks some cyclists wear would have been more appropriate as we were to be urban warriors for the evening, descending on Oxford's mean streets like 5<sup>th</sup> columnists descending on the Bastille [FBJ -the 5<sup>th</sup> Columnists may have been Spanish Civil War not French Rev, can you check on Wikipedia? Cheers BiJ].

### Tropical

Fortunately even on the chilly October evening in the urban jungle we were kindly warmed by our hare who'd arranged for a spot of island hopping – traffic island hopping. Just a quick dodge through the traffic brought us to the second of the night's two regroupings and not a single injury. With not a single health and safety assessment carried out we trotted on on to the on in via the Martyrs' Cross. No one knew why the Martyrs had been slain all those years ago, except Whadyasay that is, who was around at the time and only escaped martyrdom himself by pleading insanity. However, when I asked him to explain I couldn't understand a word he said.

**The Circle** – I made extensive notes of the circle, noting all the down downs and commenting Mr Sloppy's RAing skills which were excellent. Unfortunately I went on to lose these notes which makes this section of the Trash slightly redundant.

**Ha Ha** – I have no jokes to tell so I'm going to divert attention from my short comings by pointing out mistakes in last weeks Trash.

1. Last week it was stated that the virgin attending run 438 was called either Hannah or Hailey. I can now confirm it was definitely Hailey.\*
2. Unfortunately (for me) there were no other mistakes.

The author of this week's Trash wishes to point out that all errors in this week's Trash are entirely the fault of the editor and sloppy editing on his part. Names were not changed to protect the innocent because there aren't any.

\*Or Hannah

Please email suggestions, happenings and stories for the weekly Scribble to  
**Stuart.Mozley@admin.ox.ac.uk**