



Hares: Wha De Say & Fagend.

Pub: The Carpenters Arms,
Witney.

The Beer Stop Crew: Home Alone & Shitstix.

Next runs:

12th Dec: Marsh Harrier, Cowley Marsh, Oxford.

19th Dec: Bullnose Morris, Blackbird Leys, Oxford.

26th Dec: Kings Arms, Sandford-on-Thames. Note: **11am start.**

2nd Jan: TBA, 9th Jan: TBA. Need some hares for these please.

Witney: the name originates from the old Anglo-Saxon "Wit", meaning "Ooh it's quite a long way, isn't it." and "Ney", meaning "And it looks like it might rain tonight, maybe I'll stay in and watch I'm A Celebrity Get Me Out Of Here instead." So it was that a slightly smaller than usual hash quaffed their ale in the Carpenters Arms, but at least Fagend was happy. It'd mean fewer short-cutters to keep an eye on as she tried to remember her way around the trail she'd helped lay earlier. Arriving in the car park, La Crease double-parked and blocked in Perineum. "Are you an injured turtle?" asked Bollard Naked. "Eh?" asked La Crease, thinking it was something to do with her parking. "A turtle... you're injured... a ninja'd turtle." Oh good grief. Where would we be without the Kidlington boys and their sharp wits, eh? "Their sharp whats?" asked Perineum. In the pub, Gadget was flashing his new gizmo about and talking about his exposure, but Wha De Say nipped that in the bud. The landlady was already getting a bit worried by the presence of the inflatable Mighty Atom. Dipstick has taken quite a liking to the doll, hasn't he? Is he going to keep it every week? And what are we going to do about the doll's name? Shall she stay as Mighty Atom (the real one may not be too happy, but we'll find out when she visits) or does she deserve her own hash name? How about Margarine? (Coz she's a plastic spread) Or Head-Lock? Dipstick dipped her head into the canal at the lock last week, "and she's tight" he says. Oh yes? "Yes. I've taken her out every night this week and she hasn't offered to buy even one drink!" On Out and it was a bit chilly as we waited a few more minutes while Big In Japan drove his car through the pack and into the car park. We'd not normally have waited, but he did have the tables for the beerstop. Finally we were off. And off trail. It was a bugger to see the plasterboard markings tonight until you were right on top of them. And even then, half of us didn't see them all night. As usual, we just sheepishly followed the hashers in front. Or followed Wha De Say when he got tired of waiting for the blind FRBs to find the trail. Not knowing Witney that well, I have no idea of where the trail went, and even less memory of anything that happened during it. It was a twisty-turny route though, and one which I'm sure was never further than half a mile away from the pub at any time. I do remember that we ended up at the beerstop in a flooded back lane, eating our sausage and banana casserole while standing ankle-deep in the puddles. It was the night of the missing RA so Wha De Say did the honours at the circle, but not before he'd got himself a splinter from the RA's box. It serves him right – it was a skelf-inflicted injury. (Amusingly, the Oxford English Dictionary gives another meaning for skelf – "A small person; one who is a nuisance." Sometimes these trashes just write themselves.) Back in the pub and we came face to face with a newly shaved pussy. Prison Pussy, that is. A pat on the back for Oxford hashers at the away weekend coz 140 squid was raised for Children In Need as part of Wrist Action's tireless efforts to get him to shave off his whiskers. But do you think he looks a bit chubbier without the beard? Yer scribe reckons that the £140 has by-passed Children In Need and found its way into the pie shop's till.

The Circle

Lockjaw – knocked the down down glasses into the mud.

Gadget – flashing his gizmo.

Penelope Piss-stop – was willingly taken up the wrong way.

Spaced Man – sex on trail. Twice!

Ayumi – a mate of Penelope Piss-stop's "from the old country".

Dipstick – since he's had the doll, he's gone blind.

Wha De Say – the Hash Shit. He'd blamed his stick for the poor markings.

Ha ha

An Irishman was terribly overweight, so his doctor put him on a diet.

"I want you to eat regularly for 2 days, then skip a day, and repeat this procedure for 2 weeks. The next time I see you, you should have lost at least 5 pounds."

When the Irishman returned, he shocked the doctor by having lost nearly 60 POUNDS!

"Why, that's amazing!" the doctor said, "Did you follow my instructions?"

The Irishman nodded..."I'll tell you though, by jaesuz, I t'aut I were going to drop dead on dat 3rd day."

"From the hunger, you mean?"

"No, from the f**kin' skippin", the Irishman said!

After our last child was born, my wife told me we had to cut back on expenses.

I had to give up drinking beer. I wasn't a big drinker, maybe a 12-pack on weekends. Anyway, I gave it up, but I noticed the other day when she came home from grocery shopping that the receipt included \$45 for makeup.

I said, "Wait a minute I've given up beer and you haven't given up anything!"

She said, "I buy that makeup for you darling, so I can look pretty for you."

I told her to "f**k off, that's what the beer was for!"

An elderly couple had been dating for some time. Finally they decided it might be time for marriage. Before tying the knot, they went out for a heart to heart talk over dinner about whether it would really work out.

They discussed finances, living arrangements, snoring, and so on.

Finally, the gentleman decided it was time to broach the subject of their physical relationship.

"How do you feel about sex?" he asked, rather trustingly.

"Well," she said, responding very carefully, "I'd have to say that I would like it infrequently."

The old gentleman sat quietly for a moment. Then looking over his glasses, he casually asked, "Was that one word or two?"

Scribe: FBJ