

Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribble



Hare: Anal Condom

Pub: The Leathern Bottle,
Lewknor.

The Beer Stop Crew: La Crease (absent) & Wrist Action.

Next runs:

19th Dec: Bullnose Morris, Oxford.

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

Continuing The Scribble's theme of the derivation of town names, you must all think Lewknor gets its name from "Lewk at the map! It's miles away." and "Nor am I going to bother going if it's raining." Well, you're wrong Coz it's certainly not miles away and it was never likely to rain neither coz it never rains on Oxford Hash. Except that recent time on the way back from Slimbridge of course, but that was a Churn Valley hash so it doesn't count.

Tales and memories of Dutchland abounded in the snug. Anal Condom's story of losing the pack where the hash's plan of wearing orange was scuppered by the whole city wearing orange too; and Wha De Say's stories of hob-knobbing with Dutch queens. On out for the orange men and women, and while Shitstix did his Pastor Glass impression as he passed a glass to the barmaid, the pack gathered for the briefing from ~~The Reverend Ian Paisley~~ Anal Condom. "ARE THERE ANY WALKERS?" he bellowed. "What about the short-cutters?" asked Pink Pussy. "ARE THERE ANY WALKERS?" stressed the Condom. Clearly he was taking a hard line and the short-cutters would just have to keep up. "ULSTER SAYS NO!" he didn't add.

On out and the omens weren't good. Checking immediately is always an invitation for the pack to stand around while just one or two do any of yer actual checking, thus setting a trend for the whole evening. Better to have a bit of a jog to the first check and get everyone warmed up, I think.

Anyway, this tactic did at least delay the pack long enough for Full Term to catch up after his late arrival. On on through the churchyard and (eventually) through the farmyard and then it started to get a wee bit muddy. The fields more resembled The Somme than Oxfordshire. In fact, we should take a moment here to pause, reflect, and remember our fallen comrades, Prison Pussy and Wha De Say. There is a small corner of a foreign field that is forever slippy. The Last Post broke the still air. (Yes, it was The Last Post! They were all the right notes too,. Not necessarily in the right order, I'll give you that, sunshine.) And it was all quiet on the hashing front, despite the repeated cries of "Oy you?" from the main pack. No change there then – no matter who the FRBs are, they always leave their voices behind in the pub. In fact, Silent was the only one calling. And loudly, which given his name, quite an irony. Or, since he's a web techie, was it del.icio.us irony? On on to the regroup and a chance to (a) marvel at Whistle unable to stop herself flashing and (b) discover the whereabouts of the doll. Dipstick hadn't said anything to suggest that he'd noticed that Wha De Say hadn't brought her, but Wha De Say explained her absence anyway: "She went down on me in the car on the way here." he said. "And then I thought I could take her in the bum. bag." On on across the fields, and we were getting further and further away from the motorway, where everyone knew the beerstop was under a bridge. Over yet another slippy style and then "Look at these giant radishes! They're huuuuge." "They're swedes." corrected Wrist Action. "No." said Gatecrasher. "I think you'll find that these are radishes; they're short and red. Swedes are tall and blonde."

Keeping the Dutch theme going until the very end, it was On Inn past the windmill, and On quite a bit further Inn to some OH³ Dutch cake. Yum. But not before everyone had to wait for the beerstop crew to arrive. Losing the beerstop crew? It's a dangerous game to play with a beer-thirsty pack.

The Circle

Anal Condom – the hare.

FBJ and Full Term – hunting diplodocuses.

Prison Pussy – he knows where his thorax is.

Pink Pussy – for her late email asking for a lift. Prison Pussy was nominated to drink “that disgusting stuff.”

No Hash Name But Is Known As Ken Smith – 3rd-timer. Awarded instead to Comfort coz he ain't a 3rd-timer at all – he's been loadsa times. But Comfort was in Lockjaw's car, plus she don't drink no beer, so No Hash Name But Is Known As Ken Smith had to drink it anyway.

Whistle – renamed Mouthful, or That's Quite A Mouthful, or something. My ears had frozen by now and I couldn't hear a darn thing.

Hot off the presses at Newsbiscuit.com...

Sports cars to display drivers' penis size

The Government has decreed that all high-powered sports cars will have to comply with a new law designed to reduce carbon emissions. From January 1st all cars with an engine size of greater than three litres will have to display a separate license, similar to a taxi plate, clearly stating the size of the driver's penis.



Porsche have claimed that their decision to withdraw completely from the UK market on the same date is 'entirely coincidental' and denied that their customers would be the worst affected.

Top Gear presenter Jeremy Clarkson blasted the idea before announcing that he had succumbed to 'Global Warming guilt' and was downgrading his car to a one point three Renault. 'Little' Richard Hammond however was surprisingly seen at the Ferrari showroom smugly ordering a top of the range model and an illuminated plate.

Other British drivers have been lobbying the Government to embrace the metric system so that six inches may appear as a bold fifteen cm. Female motorists welcomed the move and are exempt from the law by default. 'It's not just a matter of anatomy' explained the Transport Minister. 'Very few women are attracted to these brash and expensive vehicles, though the ones that are might have to display the penis size of their footballer husband.'

Another law was blocked by SUV drivers who won an appeal against their IQs being displayed on their cars. It was successfully argued that in the vast majority of cases the simple 4x4 multiplication on the back of their vehicles already gave the correct answer.

Scribe: FBJ