

Run 492

Hare: Finger Flasher

Beer-stop Crew: Treacle Tart & Mr Sloppy

Pub: The Admiral Benbow, Milton

Circle: Tom Tom – dirty girl; Mr Sloppy – previous RA; (enough said) Gatecrasher – no idea!

An interesting mix of rural and Business Park terrain; Tom Tom clearly found the rural shiggy too tempting, couldn't resist a bit of mud wrestling or was it a rumble in the Jungle (for those who remember a bit of boxing history). I can't remember much else of what went on as I didn't take notes, not knowing until I got back that I had been elected in my absence to write the hash trash. Pony Express was late as usual but managed to, Sherlock Holmes like, track the trail (might have helped that we went around in circles for the first 20 minutes).

Announcements:

500th Run, East Hendred, Community Hall, 7th December, Hare and Food prep volunteer's needed.

Away week-end – places available, £45 approx cost, help needed for cooking.

Run 493

Hare: Victoria (last minute stand-in)

Beer-stop crew: Treacle Tart and Mr Sloppy

Pub: Red Lion, Marston

Circle: FBJ- lost property from last week; Mum & Dad – her birthday (very discrete about which one!): Bollard Naked – not spotting the virgins!

Were there any announcements- I was not awake again if there were??

It must be age but again I can't remember much about the trail. I shall have to do less drinking in the pub afterwards and spend time writing things down, while my short term memory is still working. I do remember nearly losing the pack at one point by following the short cutters – excuse was resting for that coming Saturdays marathon. Then we had a bit of a domestic between Perineum and Rectal Floss about not paying attention to the hares instructions. Nothing of course to do with the fairer sex not knowing right from left or either, heaven forbid, the male of the species not listening as usual (that's just possibly me and Perineum). Anyway as ever I looked after myself and scarpered after where I thought the pack was heading. What did others get up too? I recall towards the end of the trail Victoria peeping through some young ladies window claiming he knew the person – wife or some such thing. I won't say any more (this time) as Victoria had done a sterling job with his last minute stand-in. Got back to the Beer-stop for some nice soup (I'm only here for the food honest!) and there were Perineum and Rectal Floss having had to walk all of 200 yards of ale from where I left them – the ultimate short-cut!