

Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hare: Mr Sloppy

Pub: The Six Bells,
Thame.

The Beer Stop Crew: La Crease & Wrist Action.

Sunday 7th Dec: 500th Run and Annual CAMRA Run
Snels Hall, East Hendred, OX12 8LA.
Meet at 10.40 am for 11.00 am run start - short, medium and long trails to choose from.
Food and first beer, £5.

Hey! What happened to hash #500? Did I miss it? Did it happen over the away weekend while I was too drunk to notice. Ah, no. I see from the run list that it's on Sunday 7th December when, by coincidence no doubt, I'll probably be too drunk to notice.

As it was, it was #501 tonight and another fact-filled briefing from GM Bollard Naked: today was National Toilet Day! Rather apt then that after sending the pack on out without waiting for the beerstop crew to return, La Crease and Wrist Action were flush-faced when they eventually caught up at the first check.

Lockjaw went off to check in the woods. At least we think he did. Peering into the trees, there was no sign of him. And no sign of any movement either. Perhaps he was only pretending to check and just going through the motions. Whatever it was he'd been doing, he pootled out of the trees only when the on on had been called down the lane.

On on through a couple of fields and Prison Pussy was surprised at how dry the ground was after all the rain in the previous weeks. No sooner had he remarked on this, however, than it suddenly became very wet with shiggy. Mud's name was taken in vain, but like she herself said, "Yes, it's wet and deep, but once I get a foot in there, it soon warms up." Shit Shoveller decided to give mud a miss tonight (unlike the rest of us who couldn't wait to get in there) and was given a nod towards a shortcut by Mr Sloppy. But where did Shit Shoveller actually end up? He wasn't seen again until we found him at the beer stop.

Back out onto the tarmac and Mr Sloppy's approach to haring seemed to be let the pack do whatever the hell it liked while he had a beer in the pubs that we passed. That, coupled with the smaller than the average-sized blobs, meant that his chat-pack-sweeping nearly always involved sweeping the bewildered FRBs too. "Where's the effin' flour?" asked an exasperated Road Enema. "It's the first letter." said Shitstix.

We went all round the houses without getting any further than about 50 metres from the Star And Garter, it seemed. This was where local knowledge came to the fore tonight. Tom-Tom was navigating (of course) via the ~~stars~~ bars. Apparently she and Mom and Dad are often to be found at lunchtimes in The Star And Garter itself, having a swift half to steel themselves before double maths with year 9.

Meanwhile, in the rear, Pink Pussy and Rectal Floss were quite taken by the Thame Tackle. And then when they saw that they could get a service too from Thame Tackle, they came over all unnecessary. [Was All Unnecessary one of the Milton Keynes hashers? – *Scribe Ed*]

And what's this round the corner? It's the first decorated house of Christmas! Wahay! I think that's why hashers like the decorated houses on the various estates - hashers like to be lit up too.

Scribe: FBJ