

Run No: 1985

Date: 16-Oct-2016

Venue: Kings Head, Wilburton

Hares: Gorilla & Bastard

Scribe: Wimp

The kings head situated next to a canal on one side and surrounded by tropical forest on the others was draped in a mist as I steered my craft into the pub sidings. I got out and found that I had a Shamcock straddled across my bow. I shouted at him get off and be seen in the rain. 'BE SEEN' he shouted - doing a little jig, muttering and holding his hands in the air – the rain stopped, the sun shone and became a lovely day. Thank you RA.

At the circle hares Gorilla and Bastard explained the rain started when they started laying the trail and stopped as they got back to the cars and Shamcock's dance. Having laid the trail in flour – good luck. The trail goes off that way!

We set off 'that way' and with the lack of rain - the canal and towpath was starting to look more like a road and pavement which the hash followed for the first two checks. By the third check Shamcock, got his own back on me for running over him, telling me I was scribe – talk about parentage. Have you noticed their likeness / similarities? They both drink beer, have partners that hash better and the big clincher is they are both non English. Yes you have it - Shamcock is klinger's love child from the days when he had teeth and wore make up. .. There we go fellow hashers, you read it here first!!

We were now to the south of Wilburton where we turned East through lowland wilderness and then climbing uphill down again and back up into Haddenham into a graveyard with headstones mounted a foot in front of each other. We crossed a road where there was a graveyard and down another road where we turned direction around another graveyard. They must put the graveyards on the hills so the bodies don't float to the surface, or Haddenham is not a healthy place to live.

Slaphead was onto this wet issue when he got a job lot of scuba jackets with matching flippers. They didn't trade well, he tried wearing them on glossy magazine covers - zipper down to his navel and leaning across Goldfingers sporty car. This still didn't work, so he re branded them as Harriet cycling jackets with a free pair of bicycle clips in the back pocket. It worked wonders -The black and turquoise tops have just about sold out

The hash went back to lowlands across private land and back to the pub. Gorilla and Bastard did a lot of leg work for this trail with good long false trails and flower that held despite the rain and Sam the dog wanting to eat it.

Great pub, great food and down downs that included;-

- Unmentionable - having done 1000runs - congratulations
- Poppy the pit bull - having sent her poppy (Wrong Keys) the right way and the rest of the walkers the wrong way getting Hash Shit tee shirt
- It'll Come Off - got all excited expecting a bottle of gin when Bastard won Computers and Toed's raffle to be deflated when he only got a bottle of beer
- Taxi - de stented, arrived very late with his hat on but in a hospital gown and towing a drip
- Vajazzled - had a gin hang over, she cut her knee and left a trail in blood

Great Hash – thank you Gorilla and Bastard - on on Wimp