

**Run No : 1989**

**Date : 12-11-2016**

**Venue : Chequers, Wrestlingworth.**

**Hares : Toed Bedsores & Goldfinger.**

**Scribe : Only Me .**



*It was a very special day for the hashers, and the Country as a whole, as it was Remembrances Sunday. We gathered together for a two minutes silence. Led by Comrade Slaphead, we remembered the sacrifices of the fallen men and women during the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> World War, also the present time. Then it was time for the hare to point us in the direction of his trail shouting 'On -On'. The pack followed the FRBs through a narrow path between the shed and the pub into open field. A 'Check' was called soon after. The pack dispersed left, right and forward. I caught up with Jetstream, as the main pack was still hanging around and wondering, which way the trail might go. Klinger went straight into a gated field with a flock of Sheep having their breakfast. I asked why Klinger was frightening the Sheep. Jetstreams' response: 'Klinger's a sheep-shagger!' The On-On was called in the direction of the first check, and into the wider path, between the hedge and the houses. Unfortunately, the trail seemed to have stopped. Once again, the FRBs Haven't got one, Deep Shit, Big Blouse and Pedro disappeared in all directions. On-on was called by Unmentionable down the Hartley road and sharp left turned into a narrow path and out toward open field. At this point it was a turn back. Haven't got one and Pedro both went left, Deep Shit turned right and immediately left toward a couple of houses and found another check beside a lamppost. He instructed me to hold the check while he was looking for the trail. Big Blouse came charging towards me. I told Big Blouse that I was minding the checkpoint and sent Big Blouse checking. Meanwhile, in the distance, I saw the hare shortcutting with the pack across the field toward Deep Shit. I could just about hear him shouting to the hare: 'Why the hell are you taking the pack through the ploughed field? Only me is still holding the check at the bottom of the hill!' I wouldn't want to square up with any of them, if you ask me. I limped up the hill trying to catch up with the pack. Another check was called and once again the FRBs disappeared in all directions. I followed Pedro towards a path and found two blobs of flour. To my disappointment Pedro remarked that it would be too good to be true, and it was! The pack went toward the village, but another 'Check' was called. I caught up with Paparazzi and El Rave. The pack pressed on, but there was no actual trail to be followed. El Rave, being a dedicated hasher, would not go off trail, let alone short cut. There was an arrow was only ten yards from a check point. We were unsure which way the trail would go. We could see in the distance that there were hashers everywhere. I checked toward the barn/farm yard and found the trail which we followed back to the village. Back in the car park, I could see that some strange activity was going on. First, I was not quite sure if Haven't Got One had found bodies in his car boot. But to my relief, it turned out that he was only 'flogging' a surplus of bottles of wine (full body).*

**The Circle and down downs to:**

**Hare and his co- hare** = job well done.

**Horney** = bullshitting

**Pedro** = Blank Cheque

**Goldfinger** = Failure to train his dogs

**Customer** = Grand Mattress tried to recruit

**Haven't got one** = Athlete

**Googly** = Retained his ( shit of the week ) crown.

**On, On Only me**, Happy hashing.

**Big Leg** = Kermit abused

**While you down there** = Lost outside the( very ) pub

**Slaphead** = Remembrance Sunday Leader

**Klinger** = Trump Anthem

**Debonair** = Little duck