

Run No: 2049

Date: 07-Jan-2018

Venue: Green Man, Colne

Hares: Pedro &

Scribe: Toed Bedsores



He retires Early with his phone, Everyone says he is a child, needing instant gratification.

Michael Wolff tells the inside story of our G.M.s domesticity. Maybe he should consider checking out Google's [Search Inside Yourself](#)

“As technology pushes us faster, we have to adapt to new ways of doing hashing in this new millennium,” says Mark Tauber, senior vice president and publisher at HarperOne. “We believe that Meng’s book lays the groundwork for a new national conversation about hashing and what hashing means to us.”

In otherwords, turn your ‘phone off – or put it in airplane mode at night.

So now you know why I am having to do this write up.

So there we all were, outside the Green Man, like reptiles trying to find a spot in the sun to thaw out, appart from the Grand Mattress, who was on her way to Littleport.

G.M. ~~Trump~~ Hold it for me, called the circle to some sort of order, and off we set into the cold muddy fens. We ran along tracks with such names as Long Drove, Back Drove and round lakes called Holme, with more droves through them. Plenty of shiggy and cold winds, on a well laid trail.

Back at the pub we were able to warm ourselves, and get in a pint or two, before the circle. By now the Grand mattress had followed the dust and made her way to Colne. Why is it that whenever a woman is involved in a mistake, it is always a man’s fault?. Apparently Slaphead, despite being absent, was responsible for Big Swinger going to the wrong location.

Down downs were awarded to the Hare, and Visitors. Just Steve got one for saving a child. Chimp for some toilet function she performed for the R.A.. Horney, Schoolboys dream and Kermit (not sure what for, but does it matter.)

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