

## Run 522 Royal Oak, South Brent

A somewhat select gathering in the car park due to the noticeable absence of the Brixham and Newton Abbot contingents, however the elite who were there were amused to see **Gomez and Morticia** park between two recycling skips hoping against hope to get their car taken away.

**Flowery Twats** couldn't resist a hash flash. **Ging Gang and Goolie** were late again but found a private parking area had had been specially put aside for them; mind that wet paint!

**Pullit** called all to order, introduced a somewhat athletic looking virgin and allowed **Jailer** to spout some rubbish. Apparently **Meavy** was still out laying the trail. By this time **Slipsteam** had graced us with his presence.

Off we went on a tour of the village, cunningly laid so that no-one could find the trail leaving us milling around corners for a chat. This gave us some time to spot some rare sights. **No handle** was making an appearance only because he just stepped out of his front door to be on the trail. He didn't stay for down downs but graciously allowed **Gary Glitter** to do so. **Pinky and Pythagorass** were also too close to home to ignore us but **Pi** still had to go home early to put her zoo away.

Another welcome hasher was **Shorn** on day release at the moment. **Well done mate!** **Dulux, Fagin and Whisperer** completed the rarer species. Finding our way up the river we heard **Floater** tell **Drop Dead** that she as knackered already and that was without **T.B.** being around!

**Vindaloo** complained that she was likened to an athlete on last weeks words so she made sure that mistake wouldn't be repeated this time. **Goolie** was led astray by many harriets(again), he does love that doesn't he.

Though the fields where rampant giant white lesbian cows(which had earlier pinned **Meavy** against a tree) amused all except **B.S.E.** who thought that at least one was a bull. She's led a very sheltered life.

**Pinky** ran backwards to and from a trig pillar so only managed half a trail. Still the views were nice. The two seniors, **Bootsie and Big Bird**, again left everyone in their wake. Perhaps we should all be as old. **B.S.E.** got chatting to a farmer thinking her luck had changed when flowery charged to the rescue thinking she was in trouble. She had hopes but it was not to be. It was an extremely good hash, lots of checks and very well marked which was good for **Morticia** who found herself on her own on the long. Talking of which our visiting virgin also did the long and came home first. Are we being infiltrated by real runners? God forbid! Back at the On Down so many sat down to eat, **Julie Andrews, Wet spot, Come early** and **Marigold** to name but a few, that **Jailer** thought he was on an Ash Hash.

**Goolie** R.A'd and awarded Down-Downs to:-

**Meavy** - As Jailer was driving (after a fashion)

**The Athletic Virgin** - A shiggy Down Down (yeuch!)

**Traffic Jam** - On her birthday (who was sung to beautifully)

**Overshot** - for overshooting again and running up Brent Tor

**B.S.E.** - for leading the R A astray and not knowing the difference between a cow and a bull

**Skidmark** - just named. The son of **Come Early and Wetspot** who got a glass of shiggy

The Landlady was thanked and it's On On to Stoneycombe wherever that is.

On On **The addams Family.**