

# Hash No. 543. Bigbury-on-Sea. Boxing Day 2007

**Hashers: (36):Ali G, Big Bird, Big Foot, Broken Man, BSE, Bubbles, Bum, Double D, Dog-On, Dulux, Drop Dead Gorgeous, Endosperm, Fallen Woman, Flowery Twat, Going Down, Goolie, HT2, In-Cider, Jailer, Knee Trembler, Julie Andrews, Meavy Maid, Nutcracker, Overshot, Piddler, Poacher, Shortie, Sniffer, Soapy, Top Shelf, Twigg, Wet Spot, Sneezy, Snowflake, Lucy, Andrew.**

The car-park was full! Full of ramblers, day-trippers, surfers, skinny-dippers, hashers and doggers (Sorry, I mean dogs!). Knee-Trembler's dog was obviously not in the Christmas spirit as he yapped, barked and bit at any other passing canine. At 1:30 Goolie called all to order for the last run of 2007 and after a couple of minutes of worthless waffle from the GM and the hares, the hashing horde was off! All except Broken Man, who said that he was just going to go for a hobble, or a waddle, or was it a Wombling Merry Christmas? Jailer intended to go out for a very short run so that he could go off for a pint at the Pilchard Inn, only to find the pub packed and no chance of getting that pint!



Going through the village, the trail then came to a check at the main road where front-running HT2 went completely wrong by following a trail of sea-gull poo and paper tissues. This left BSE to find the real trail, closely followed behind by Bum who nearly vanished head first down one of the many rabbit holes. After a brief jog around the top of the cliffs it was then on to a steep, rocky, and treacherous clamber down the cliff to the beach. "Hashing isn't supposed to be this dangerous," big girl's blouse Bum moaned!

Dulux was approached at the Nature Reserve by a mackintosh-wearing 'gentleman' who wanted to know why we were all run-

ning through Cocklemouth Ham. She went on to tell him that we were all sexual deviants hoping to get some cockles in our mouths! Waiting at a check Big Foot failed to notice one of the hasher's Labradors approach him, cock his leg, and pee all over his feet! At the end of the run he thought that his socks had got wet from the shiggy!



After a steep climb up from the river and a path past the golf course, the trail went over the main road and on into some very muddy fields to the Long/Short split. Looking around him at all the other hashers Wet Spot commented that most of them had definitely put on some weight over the past week, and this was proved correct as BSE climbed over a 5-bar gate, and bent the top bar!

Going down a very steep and muddy field Wet Spot told Meavy Maid to be very careful. "When you get to your age your bones take a lot longer to heal if you break them," he said. Her reply has been censored by the Words Police!

