

Run Number 777 Ship Inn Kingswear. (yes it is in South Hams !!)

Woke up early today to do these word things, found my glasses, pencil, and paper, but unfortunately not paper with anything written on!! So it looks like I'll have to make it all up. (nothing unusual there) (*Oi - that's my line...-ed*) First of all had to pick up Mother-in-law who was going to bring a friend but she chickened out. Pepys had man flu and couldn't manage it, bless! I had arranged with my granddaughter for her fiancée (works on the ferry) to give us a free ride across the Mersey, but he was driving the bloody thing and we had to pay. Thanks M-i-L. So we arrive in the pub to be greeted by the luvverly Going Down, fresh back from Africa, and more recently the piste, where her partner in crime, aka Piddler was suffering from man flu as well. (*and a sore leg too...-ed*) However he did send notices of 'have you paid up' so we didn't really notice that he wasn't there. Also greeted by the ever so friendly (gave me a big hug and kisses!!) (*yikes...-ed*) landlord, Colin. Slowly the gathering of the clans with Broken man looking once again like the athlete we know he is. Good to see you looking so well. His poor Memsab was mistakenly called Broken Woman by someone, much to her displeasure but if the cap fits etc.. Anyway, GM arrives and duly stands on a table with her tannoy to introduce one and all. Two virgins one of which was Marcus from Brixham, who was to have an eventful evening. (more later) I was given the dubious duty of finding (yes, finding) the car in a car park, no make, no reg. no colour just keys that apparently talk to you. (*eh?...-ed*) HT2, Broken man and myself went around the car park many times before the blasted thing talked. However, inside was beer, cider, lemon., and, wait for it, popcorn!! So we had to guess where we had to go for the beer stop, fortunately I knew the area well and we guessed right. Anyway, back at the pub, GM passes it over to the hares, Lady Buoy & U-bend; who gave us the normal rubbish and on-on they're off- off. Not doing the run myself as usual, the rest of this gibberish is from hearsay and thoughtful crap. (*couldn't have put it better myself...-ed*)

The options for running here are numerous but we always seem to find the same ones, and so it's on up to the Banjo and off to the woods fortunately there are few residents so there was no need to run shy. Bubbles by this time is asking Cow Pat if she could swim (is he going to throw her in ?) New virgin (couldn't be an old virgin, I suppose!) named Marta showed up well and is obviously FRB material. Have to keep a steely eye on her! M-in-L is now three hashes old and is keeping up well. Looks like an easy naming there, when appropriate. You could tell who went to Centre Parcs cos they all came back so rejuvenated and fit. Needless to say they didn't have me to lead them astray. However some of us did manage a little cycle ride in their absence kindly ironed out by Jyde, no hills etc.. Bloody liar. So anyway we get to what we think is the beer stop and HT2 goes off into the woods to supposedly find a trail. Personally I think she needed a pee, but after a while shouts were heard and lights were a-flashing and here they come for popcorn and choc ices etc.. Fallen woman says she's never had a popcorn Hash before, she's had a very sheltered upbringing. Tyred Bunny on the other hand arrives looking as fit as ever and it's probably true to say that he has tried everything at least once in his short lifetime. (*bet he hasn't kissed Colin...-ed*) Beer stop over, on-on, shove off and it's clear down and back to the watering hole for the three of us. Had to drop B'man off cos of his baddy leg and HT2 forced me into the Dart Hotel for a quickie (*EH???...-ed*) (drink) (*Oh...-ed*) before arriving back at the hostelry where hashers had already arrived. Me thinks they must have cheated. Bubbles stands up once again to rapturous applause to do his RA-ing bit, slightly pissed off cos he can't name anyone now without committee approval. See how much power the new team has. Gary certainly is laying down her intent. Down-downs were duly awarded to the Hares; Marcus, for calling Fallen woman broken; Marta for being foreign sounding; Hot Flush, not sure, myself, not sure and Colin the landlord and his staff duly thanked for a very hospitable and friendly venue. It's on-on to Ivybridge and the Horse & Groom again, weren't we there a few weeks ago ? Perhaps we ought to pool our resources and buy our own pub. Silly thought. Sorry. (*doesn't sound silly to me...-ed*)

Don't forget your bookings for Feb 4th. Berry Head Bash More the merrier, always a great night out. If you haven't booked do so now, it's not to be missed. It's like Hash Oscars without the speeches. England versus Scotland in the lounge prior to evening for anyone interested, Social meeting 1.30pm.. See you all, cheers,