

Run Number Thirteen: The Three Stags, Spital

The Pack: RTfuct, Sergeant Pecker (hashshit), Hotlips, Charles, OTT, Hansel, Snoozanne, Compo (hare), Car thief.



It was like a scene from the A-team at the start of MTH3's thirteenth run. Well almost. In that there was a problem (**Sergeant Pecker** and **Hotlips** were going to be late and the hash were restless) but as luck would have it we had the right materials to hand to solve the problem (a bag full of beer). **Car thief** got the hang of it after a while too and drank his can of XXXX and stopped looking such a ****.

Snoozanne, noting a deficiency in supplies, disappeared to the shops to fetch cider. She was gone for ages and may have had scrumpy Jack in the hedge.

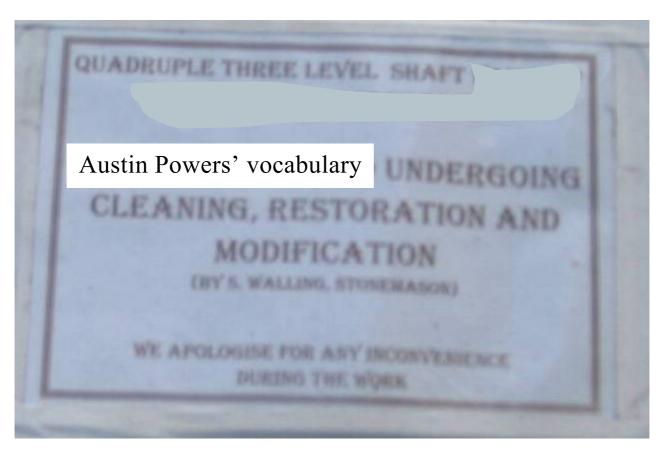
One beer later, **Sergeant P** and **Hotlips** arrived – the former making a quick exit whilst the latter fumbled with straps, still looking for the right button.



Beer's eye view



After a few trips to the loo and a good chat to catch up, we were eventually on our (unusually) merry way. Luckily, after a beery start, we were pleased to find the trail had been laid down long, straight, alleys with tall, solid, guiding walls – much easier to navigate than those wide, open, bumpy, roads and fields.



Bloody Bollox was noticeably absent this evening – since he'd agreed to be stand-in RA for the absent **Austin Powers**. 'Where is **Austin Powers**?' asked **Hansel** for the first time that evening (he asked it more solemnly after **RTfuct**'s go at RA-ing later). But, as luck would have it, we came across a helpful notice along the way – it made sense and we look forward to receiving a nicer, cleaner-mouthed, RA back to the hash next week.



Whilst **Compo** took the weight off his harey paws, **Hotlips** had a good old smirk behind **Sergeant P**'s back – what does he look like in that outfit! A right hashshit! On the other-side of the road, **Snoozanne**'s second victim of the night looked on, completely unaware that he was going to get 'Scrumpied' any minute.



Afterwards, the poor fellow was so weakened he couldn't even pick up his paint pots, whilst **Snoozanne** seemed positively invigorated by the encounter and sprang off down the street boasting that it had been 'on' between them. **Charles**, shocked by what he had just witnessed, tried to make himself invisible.



After a while it was clear that the best way to check the trail was by watching the hare – there wasn't much flour. **Hansel** and chums got excited when they found this:



and called the whole pack around the corner for a look at it.

How to hare '**Compo** style' in 3 easy steps:

1. Get rid of the pack for a minute by telling them the 'on' is 'down there'







The trail was long, leisurely and satisfying. Finding a decent spot for the circle was more of a hassle. Not the pub car park – discourteous to the publican. Not by the shops – WCH3 got a visit from the police last time they had a circle there...





Eventually, as darkness fell, we did agree on a spot for the down-downs...



Sergeant P had one for making **Hotlips** come so late and for making a sick joke about work (most offensive to those that actually do have to go to work).

Charles got one for...oooh, being tall probably, or something. And **Snoozanne** couldn't deny the charges laid against her for man-hunting – though she tried to laugh it off.









Clearly guilty of all sorts, particularly the one on the right. **Car thief** protests he never done it and that he couldn't have cos he's married – see, there's the ring.



Forgotten something RA? Hash shit award for the week perhaps..?



Ah yes **OTT** you are the shittiest of them all – fancy dobbing your hubby into the RA for something as harmless as 'looking at gravestones'. Shocking.

Though not as shocking as what **Hotlips** saw when **Sergeant Pecker** finally popped the hashshit off. She'll be having nightmares for weeks:

