

KENNES VALLEY HAS USE HARRIERS



Hash 209 - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - 26th December 2005

The Toys stood miserably in the icy cold outside the pub. "Cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey" chattered Whitebeard the Pirate. "Not just a brass monkey", replied Brayfart the Scot, gathering the kilt tighter around his blue knees. Obote & Kaunda, the two snowmen, seemed to be the only ones who were happy, their carrots throbbing with pleasure. "Aren't zose carottes suppose to be on ze face?" asked Frrrrroggie ze Frrrrrenchman, jiggling his onions in a vain attempt to keep warm. "Look - he's playing with his balls!" shrieked Frau Liebmilch, the blue nun. Seaman Staines was having problems with his hook, which had frozen to his nose. "I told you not to pick it" said his sister, Barbarian Barbie. Minnehohoho the Red Indian seemed to be doing a war-dance: "squaw needum peepee tepee" she groaned. Moppet the Muppet straightened his unconvincing black-and-ginger wig. "He's got a cat on his head" exclaimed Bedbath, adjusting his calliper. "Look" shouted the blue nun - "one's stroking his pussy, and the other's fiddling with his crutch!"

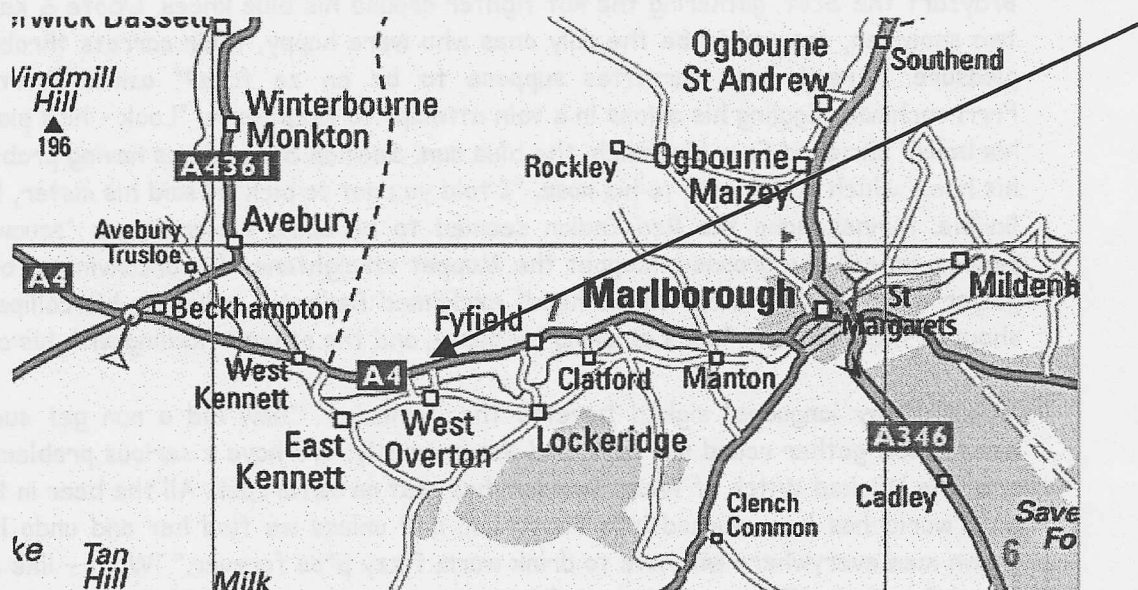
"What filthy language" sighed Davetto the Toymaker; "how did a nun get such a bad habit....Now gather round me Toys, and listen quietly. We have a serious problem; Margarita, the Wicked Witch of West Swindon, has cast an awful spell. All the beer in the whole wide world has been turned into Babycham, and unless we find her and undo her spell, grown men everywhere will have to drink warm fizzy p*ss forever." "What - like Arkells?" asked Brayfart. "Even worse" replied Davetto - "you have to drink it from poncey little glasses." Brian the Marionette (or possibly Marion the Brianette) cleared his throat importantly and spoke for the first time: "Anyone got any Alka-Seltzer?"

"This 'ere Margarita" said Whitebeard; "what does she look like?" Whereupon a slinky, mauve-wigged vamp almost dressed in a purple basque, hot pants, fishnet tights and thigh-length boots uncoiled herself from a lamp-post and snaked sinuously to join the Toys. "Hello Boys" she purred, and wrapped a long leg suggestively round the Toymaker. "When you 'ave *quite* finish wiz zat" snapped Frrrrroggie, as he retrieved his limb and screwed it back on. Margarita vanished. "Luckily, Toys" continued Davetto, "I nicked the Witch with my chisel as I tried to catch her, and she left a trail of stuffing across the country. You may be able to follow it."

"Come on girls and boys" cried Bedbath, tearing off his dressing gown and flinging away his crutch, "Let's wash the mad bitch - I mean mash the bad witch!" And with that, the Toys took off down the hill, Obote and Kaunda leading the way, whilst the Wobbly Walker dolls brought up the rear. Soon Brayfart was in front, hacking away with his mighty weapon, until he puffed out of run, when Barbie and Seaman Staines spurted past him. The locals,

out for their Boxing Day constitutional, were startled and amazed as the Toys galumphed past. "They think we're mad" panted Brayfart, as he gathered his kilt and clambered over a stile. "Well I can see *you're* nuts" screamed the blue nun, following close behind.

The trail of stuffing was easy to follow, through pretty little ToyTown villages, over rickety little bridges which crossed a charming stream, and once even *through* the stream - although Minnehohoho said she'd go rusty if she got wet... Before long - or in the case of Brayfart and Whitebeard, mascara dripping down his shirt-front - after several hours - the Toys and the Wobbly Walkers had chased Margarita back to the pub. They gathered threateningly round her. "If you don't lift your spell" said Moppet, "we'll put coffee in your hot water". In no time at all, beer was foaming in glasses, and the Toys warmed themselves in front of the empty fireplace. Frrrrroggie made a speech: "Zank you to Davetto et Margarita, and we ask ze landlor' to joudge 'oo eez ze best-drrressed Toy". The landlord gave first prize to Brayfart, but only after he lifted his kilt to show what a Scot wears underneath - and put Cathy Chatterbox off meat-and-two-veg for life...



Second Coming Hash Runs

- 210 - 8th Jan - The Westbrook Inn, Westbrook (Bromham) - GOM
- 211 - 22nd Jan - The Bell Inn, West Overton - Brian the Bold
- 212 - 5th Feb - The Plough - Mad Mike Fisher
- 213 - 19th Feb - The Who'd a Thought It, Lockeridge - The Late Keith
- 214 - 5th Mar - The Buggers Arms - Lady Margaret & Dave

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keith@griffins.co.uk - website kvhash.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk