



## Santa's Diary - Volume 235, 10<sup>th</sup> December 2006

Well that's another Christmas over, thank goodness! Time to take me boots off and have *my* turkey with all the trimmings. Should have done it yesterday, but I was too knackered. Sat down in front of the box to watch the Queen's speech - she looks more like Elton John than ever - and I was fast a-kip in no time. Woke up on the sofa later feeling none too good - all that sherry and mince pies, plays merry hell with my digestion - and it was straight into my pit, boots and all.

So, into the old jeans and T-shirt, and I'm off down the rub-a-dub for a pint or two of Old Dogs-breath, to be followed by a slap-up pensioner's lunch, then back to the North Pole for a bit of Christmas Bum-Hug with Timmy and all the other elves... Then tomorrow, catch up with my diary for the past few weeks, and then I'm off to my little Mediterranean Island for a month of R&R, before it's back to the grindstone planning for next year. Ho hum.

Talking of pubs and diaries reminds me that I was out doing a bit of recce over Oxfordshire a couple of weeks ago, and blow me if I didn't see the same bunch of idiots ploughing through the mud as I saw last year; Sapperton, I think it was then. Well, I had such a laugh last time, I thought I'd see how they got on this year - and maybe lend a hand, heh-heh. And I was not disappointed!

Bloke in charge was a little cove called Mabel, I think. Full of himself, he was - gave them a great long lecture before they started, like he was planning a military operation or something. Some old git called Mad Mike went and had a kip in his car, and a sexy little number (if you're that way inclined, which thankfully I'm not) called Katrina popped home to do some ironing. Mabel was still rabbiting on when she got back. Eventually they all got started, and off they all went slipping and sliding through the waterlogged fields. Laugh! - I nearly bought me own beer. This Mabel had gone round before to lay a trail of flour, but them poor idiots couldn't find any - perhaps it was a *little* cruel of me to wipe it all out before they got there! They never guessed the real reason of course - well, that will teach them not to believe in me. They was all blaming that Mabel bloke - and the *language!* - specially from a very ladylike bird called Margaret. Fair made me blush.

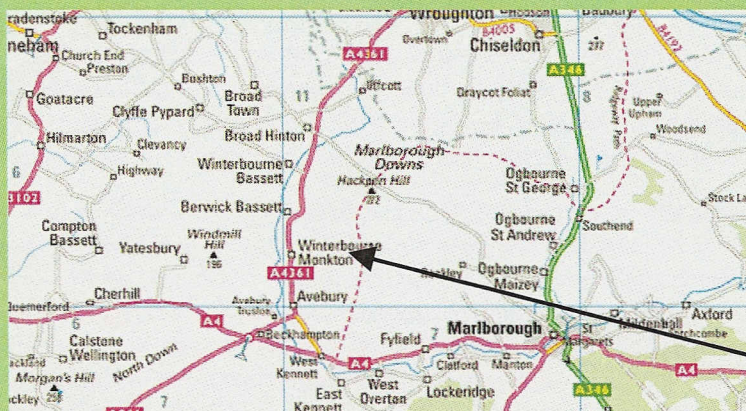
They got themselves proper lost in one field leading down to a railway bridge. Kept harping on about badgers. In the end I had to let them off a bit, and they managed to find that Mabel who was doling out coffee and mince pies. Bless. Well he sent them off to get lost again, and waited for the slow ones who could only walk. After they'd had a quick cuppa, he let *them* get lost round some farm - seems like it's always the women who swear the worst - that Kathy taught me a few new ones! Back to the runners though - they were far more fun. After they'd effed and blinded a bit more, Mabel took pity and gave them a lift down the road - all except some lanky bald git who seemed to be punished for running too much - they made him keep on running, poor old sod! Anyway, he didn't seem to mind too much.



After a mile or so, Mabel turfed 'em all out into the rain, and made them run back to the pub - **The King & Queen at Longcot** - through more mud and puddles. I popped in smartish for a pint, and the landlord asked me if he should light the fire for them. "No", I said, "they'll be all hot from running, so they probably need to cool down a bit". So they all sat there in the cold, blue and shivering! And the girls kept jawing at the open door, making it even colder! I haven't had such a laugh since I saw that John Prescott - Deputy Prime Minister, for Gawd's sake - in the papers, arsing about with his secretary! Anyway, the lanky old git eventually turned up, and then the walkers - all soaked to the skin! And another lanky bald git made a nice speech about Mabel - after everyone had been slagging him off! Someone threw some green knickers at him for making them run so far - he said it was only 6 miles, but I flew round in me sleigh after, and it was more like  $8\frac{1}{2}$  - someone else joked he'd been using Steve's rubber band to measure it on the map. What a laugh! I must come back next year.

Oh - and I found a few more cracker jokes - Ho bloody Ho!

What do you get if you cross a black hat with a rocket? *A fast bowler*  
 What do you get if you cross a snowflake with a shark? *Frostbite*  
 What do you get if you cross a star with a silver cup? *A constellation prize*  
 What do you get if you cross an elephant with a fish? *Swimming trunks*  
 If two's company and three's a crowd, what are four and five? *Nine*  
 What's big, hard and hairy and sticks out of a man's pyjamas? *His head*  
 Why are there so many Smiths in the phone book? *They all have phones*  
 What goes 'Mark'? *A dog with a hare lip*  
 What's black and white and red all over? *A Dalmatian with sunburn*  
 What do you get if you cross a dog with a sheep? *A dog which can round itself up*  
 What dog has four legs and an arm? *A Rottweiler*



## Second Coming Hash Runs

- 236 - 26<sup>th</sup> Dec - Keepers Arms, Quenington - Princess Marge & Duke Dave
- 237 - 7<sup>th</sup> Jan - The New Inn, Winterbourne Monckton - Mad Mike Fisher
- 238 - 21<sup>st</sup> Jan - The Buggers Arms - The Late Keith
- 239 - 7<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Calley Arms, Chiseldon - Jackie & Pauline

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bigger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email [jer@xyz.port995.com](mailto:jer@xyz.port995.com) or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email [keith@griffins.co.uk](mailto:keith@griffins.co.uk) - website [kvhash.mysite.orange.co.uk](http://kvhash.mysite.orange.co.uk)

