

## Run 1710 – The Bull Sheet – 5 June 2010 - Nutsucker



It's a long, long road, with many a.... pothole, crevice and, god damn it, downright crater. So started the approach to run 1710, amongst concern that El Sordid's hairdryer may well disappear down one of the larger holes, never to be seen again. Unusually, no one reversed off onto a rock in a fit of rage.

Surprised glances were cast around the assembled crowd as it was noted that newcomer Anrou-no-name had not been scared off after Friday's FFFFF run.

Mercedes-no-name bravely volunteered for Hash Cash and proceeded to rename all hashers. Tight Fit become Tight Piss, suggestions for her hash name are already forming, front runner being Miss Dick Lick (dyslexic).... Seemed more logical at the time...



The front running balls were handed out to shit of the week (or no doubt should have been) Mark IV and ginger ninger.

Right, a hash athlete warms up pre-r\*n.

The r\*n set off downhill, front runners Mark IV, Ginger Ninger and Marco Follo disappearing into the distance.



Anrou no name was spotted at a check point holding ginger ninger's front running ball, having fallen for the 'pass-them-on' ruse.

Tim Rat with a Sweet Snatch for Fucks Sake was notably not amongst the front runners this week having not been awarded the FRB.

Left, a china man emerges from the undergrowth.

The run over, hashers gathered at the picnic site. Marco Follo had brought some chillies to the delight of the hardcore hashers. Radar Love proved himself to be all man by refusing to eat one.

Ginger Ninger was punished twice with the arm for improper care of the front running ball whilst Hanky Wanky laughed nervously, fearing repercussions later.

El Sordid was accused of being Jimmy Jump after his pilgrimage to the Eurovision Song Content in Oslo.

Anrou-no-name was spotted to have been wearing Michael Jackson-esque gloves on the run. These were claimed to be for heat control and not for military saluting or crotch grabbing. He later redeemed himself by performing his can sucking party piece for the second



time in two days. Hash names floated so far include the delights of Michael Suction and Posh Wank.

Mercedes no name vehemently refused to drink from her new shoes but willingly offered herself up for a wet T shirt competition. This offer was valiantly taken up by the group after which she was also forced to drink from her shoes. No bargaining on the hash!

Gobble Oh Seven's whinging on the r\*n had not gone un-noticed. Her complaints of having to carry her own breasts were punished alongside fellow carriers Mercedes-no-name and Unsinkable.



As if there had not been enough to discuss in the circle Benny Hill was called in for some pervert-related offence (no doubt). Not content with the arm, he insisted on taking a chilli pepper, putting it down his trousers and giving it a good rub. The show was completed by his eating of said chilli pepper.



Five minutes later Benny Hill was seen hopping up the hill holding the offending area.

To make note of official proceedings, shit of the week was awarded to Twice a Day for failing to produce directions until moments before the run. The hares were

then controversially awarded the champagne which was then less controversially drunk by the voting panel.

Run 1710 concluded with a picnic with Worzel getting to work on a lovely pair of melons.

Signing off in the style of Tim Rat...

