



Lun 1711
Valdelatas
13th June 2010
Hares: King Sir Sir James & Worzel Gummidge

Plick Of The Leek

Aaayyyy!! There I was, minding my nose in my own business when some trat kum upto me and say "You Lite Bullshit, OK?" I say, "No no rike bullshit. Prefer egg flied lice." Got me no-where so here I am.

The lun was crose to Madrid which was good because I could lide my ricycle to the site without risk of frashing brue rights stopping me in mid peddle. I came rate but still managed to catch up with those round-eyed farang types.

The lun was OK but for an athrete such as me it didn't burn off more than a few carolies from mum 's bleakfast of clumpet and cornfrakes. Loads of nice views of Madrid virrage ... not a mark on Beijing. Small fly!

Beer stop was found over half way through lun but was welcome. Plobrem was we had to crimb a blick rall with a lope before I could get my rips aloud a nice can of Chairman Mahou such were the masochistic tendencies of these iriot men.

Most of time I was a Flont Lunning Bastard along with a guy whose hair rooks rike a well worn blirro pad - Mark IV is his name - and another broke called Brandy Regs. If this is the best that the hash can offer in terms of lunnners then I'm a Chinaman. Which, hey, I am.



About 9 kirometres in renth and about an hour in dulation. Ruvery lun! Ruvery rocation! I give it nine point run (9.1).

The Circle



Even if I rive to be a lipe old age rike my great, great, great grandmother – she's now 180 years old now God bress her – I will never understand the circle.

For some leason this jovial looking farang with a lide grin always appears in the circle when I am called out. This Sex Mex seems to think he's a rong rost relative. It's true he rooks rike me but his Chinese is tellible. Obviousry never been to school in his rife. The guy needs to get an education.

Other than that I can leport on the forrowling.



Brandy Regs had his clack creaned by some masseur in Beijing. His clack hair was removed by some geezer with wax on his finger. Hashers doubted that a) it was wax and b) that it was a finger. Anyway, Brandy rooked pletty happy with himself ... plobabry why he has the name Brandy Regs in the first place.

Scrambled Dag was awarded a trophy for fifty hairs ... which is 50 more hairs than Brandy Regs arse plobabry. Not Half Mad rived up to his name and was made to drink roads of beer. This seems to me to be no punishment to an Ilishman; a bit rike crosing a vicar in a loom with roads of choirboys.

And then there is this chappie who everyone says is Loy Orbison. He my favourlite but seems he lost his voice recently. I'm still a bit confused because surery Loy would be driving a car without bits hanging off it. Loy is funny guy. He tell me his beloved rife is rike a cloud; when she goes away it turn out nice. Funny man.



Then to crown everything this broke gives me The Plick for no other leason than he wanted to say "Plick of the Leek" Definitely a weird geezer.

Then you know what happens; some hashers sing me a down down song that goes something like this:

"Ying Tong, Ying Tong, Ying Tong, Ying Tong Iddle I Po. Ying Tong, Ying Tong, Ying Tong, Iddle I Po, Iddle I Po." Sirry really, singing me the menu of Peking Palace Chinese Lestaurant but they thought it was funny so I suppose all fair in rove and law.

Plobabry rots more stuff happened during the course of the day but velly difficult for me to understand what the white farang talk about. Maybe next time I get to lite the Bullshit I rill understand more; get to know more hash handles.

Meanwhile I reave you with a joke.

A family is driving behind an Ann Summers delivery lorry when a large dildo flies out and hits their windscreen. To hide her embarrassment the mother says to the children "That was a big insect." To which the 7 year old son replies "I'm surprised it could fucking fly with a cock that size."

I think my Engrish get better arleady!!

On on!!

Marcus Follo