

SACRED RUN 1555 OF OUR LORD 23/7/2012

OLD CENTURIANS GLOS. HARES FIRERAISER AND LONE RANGER

The humble pilgrims did meet at the sacred ground of Old Centurions. The sun did doth beat down on them and they were sorely sweaty. Their divine FFF or known by his earthly name of Fireraiser Fuming Frank did bless them with his presence and lecture. Zister Zandra doth took what was most important to thine pilgrims: thine car keys and a piece of gold.

Leaving the holy rugby site, the pilgrims headed towards the badlands of Matson, where it was rumoured that the inhabitants did doth baste babies over braziers and hold aloft runners on skewers stealing their socks to use as tongue warmers for the winter. But with heads held high they did enter the dark lands. There, they doth encountered swarms of midges, which did think of our pilgrims as animated lunch packs and then they bravely fought their way through javelin throwing pigmies and one legged dwarfs on skate boards, but they ran on happy in knowing that they would see the Sacred Ski Slope and did look upon its beauty. At last they encountered a flipping great hill, which at the top, some pilgrims doth sat, red faced and panting, enough to blow any little piggies house down, but rest would not come for thine pilgrims, our divine leader Fuming Frank doth had a go and told them to find the holy symbol of check and to make sure that the enlightened ones (commonly known as the front runners) doth took the trouble to kick them out. Our illustrious GOM Timmy Frozenfingers did curse at the enlighten ones for not kicking out the symbols of check, resulting in potential catastrophic lostness of thine back runners. But Father Frank was never far away from his beloved pilgrims, merrily scattering the sacred flour to alert the back runners (in particular your said scribe) as to where to go.

The journeys end was filled with much joviality and ale. Blessed are Father Frank and Smeigal, The Lone Ranger (who had taken much mediums under his wing and cherished their rings) and for Zister Zandra for keeping safe that which was precious to our pilgrim runners. Blessed are those that keep our trinity, our Fun Run God Hash, the sacred flour and our chant of ON ON, alive each week.

Bless you from your scribe, Bansheee! Aka Divine Diva of Daftness

Further pilgrimaces:

1557 6/8/12 Bathurst Arms, North Cerney Spud we Like with her 2 chips Liam & Ozzie

1558 13/8/12 BBQ Stratford Place Stud, Coln Rogers GL54 3LA Dogger & Carloss

1559 20/8/12 TBC Deacon Dick the Zip

1560 27/8/12 TBC Canon Carloss the Barloss

1561 3/9/12 Weighbridge, Nailsworth Bell End the Barmey LAST MONDAY!!

1562 9/9/12 TBC The Rev Very Hung Lo FIRST SUNDAY!!

1563 16/9/12 Daneway, Sapperton Fishfingers the Great and Nun Nickers the Kip

1564 23/9/12 The Vale, Cricklade Caviar the Curvaceous OR The Groper of the Slime Swamps

1565 30/9/12 TBC Gringo Gripper

1566 7/10/12 Keepers Arms, Quenington She Who Must Be Obeyed Anorak & Polepussy the Perverter

1567 14/10/12 TBC Dainty Donkey and Boosed off Barney