

CHURN VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS – Christmas run and Nosh

Run 1632

15 Dec 2013

Fishfingers

The Vaults, Cirencester.

Yahoo It's Christmas and there's only one Christmas and only one Churn Valley Hash House Harriers Christmas run, well as long as you don't count the Boxing Day run, which of course, is the Boxing Day run and not the Christmas run, need I go on, well I could but then it would be boring and I would get bored and then there would be nothing written or there might be but you would all have lost interest and be ordering your next pint or three.

The day dawned a bit drizzly and overcast but hey who cares, it's gonna be a fun day, I rely on Polepussy to count the folk in and back but unfortunately he wasn't concentrating busy nattering about football, so I think there were about 40 folk, all donned in various Christmas attire, welcome back Neil, Dawn and Melinda, GOM looking particularly attractive in his Christmas leggings and Gommess in her very festive 'at. I cannot comment on the run as I didn't, in fact I walked with Grizzle yes I did say Grizzle, he's injured himself but he wasn't grizzling. We met alot of ramblers, rambling about from Baunton to the outskirts of Cirencester, very brave of them, they looked slightly perturbed when they came across our mottle little bunch of folk.

The longs disappeared left and were never seen again, well not by me anyway. We had a jolly walk and got back to the venue for nosh in time for a bit of après and exchanging Christmas cards.

A few late arrivals, cause they'd been shopping instead of running, not a bad idea, which I did straight after the run cause I'd forgotten Christmas paper. If that's all I forget it'll be a minor miracle.

The Christmas dinner was very nice, and was well received by all. Nice and warm in the tent (marquee) too, which was slightly better than last year, cause we froze but then the weather was slightly different, the white stuff was lying about. (it may not have been last year but then who cares). A few down, downs cause it was Christmas, Polepussy, and Blameless, (I can't remember why those two got a down, down, probably cause GOM could), Fireraiser did a down down too and did it really well, just as Fireraiser would, I can't remember why he got one but then why would I? Black Lace for losing his tooth, and looking like black beard, and me???? and Averil cause we were grumpy with each other but now we're not???????, well there's a thing.

Sheeps head went to Spearmint or peppermint, whatever, cause her and Pain in the Neck had dispatched their sheep, no don't ask me where, I was having lamb for Christmas lunch and didn't want to think about it. The bags went to Averil for being Averil I think. Hey ho no change there then.

Fire-raiser presented the customary quiz, which was very 'ard, and there was a bit of cheating going on on our table anyway, well only one question did we cheat on, and it didn't make a lot of difference we were beaten, but it's not the winning, it's the taking part (bollocks), who thought that statement up?

Kippernick was in charge of silly games, the first one pass the orange under your chin to the next person and so on, I think possibly the double chins on some folk hampered the passing of the orange, sweeties were awarded to the winners, next game string going up and down and down and up folks legs and shirts and knickers and things, got very heated and Spearmint, (peppermint) and grizzle did undress so they could get the string up and down quicker, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. It would have been a very strange sight to anyone looking in, grown folk with silly hats and jumpers on, shrieking and stuffing string up and down each others attire, nice pants grizzle. Pass the matchbox next, well Dylan's nose just got in the way, funny sights. I just couldn't get my nose to fit???, say nothing, I have the memory of an elephant and I do do reprisals.

Finally the results of the quiz and for a group of people who so say don't compete, ha ha, the language that was flying about from one table to another was unprintable, suffice to say Neil's table won but I think that was only because Corndolly knew what the thing was called that sucked milk out of cows, !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! and there by hangs another tale.

Thank you to GOM and Gommess for organising and organising us. Lots of friendly banter and friendly folk, at the end of the day we're all mates and that's brill.

Happy Christmas to all and a jolly New Year and on on into 2014.