

# FORBESKIN &



# WINKLE

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The Maple 🍁 Leaf call brought 42 and 3 juniors scampering down south in search of the promised perfection but found themselves being bribed with ample ale in the form of a pit stop laid on by Winkle and Forbeskin. As if our dedicated membership could be influenced in such a tawdry fashion. Well Mullet, Big Yin, Dipstick and Sleazy certainly could, so after the Hash, as they awaited the outcome of the vote with sweaty brows the jury deliberated and Lady Luck was on their side with a roar of approval, not that it was really ever in doubt but you never can tell. Note discrimination as the wankers were excluded from the free pit stop. Tight bastards!!

Things got off to a great start with the welcome return of a couple of veterans in the person of Corkscrew as ever the epitome of sartorial elegance in his one piece designer tight, baring his other peg in bazen fasion.

Also Dipstick who popped round in between episodes of his sale of the century to remind us all what a superb athlete he is. Unfortunately without child bride Wibbly Wobbly who was neckin' it with Bags & Honey Trap in downtown Knightsbridge.



Hymen from Seoul and his young bride honoured us with their presence, but more of them later.

Nice to see Madam Dump who had pulled herself away from the kitchen together with Dumpling. Lets see more of you both.

We listened carefully to Forby as he gave us the details of their efforts and at the stroke of 16.00 and a bit, off we went.....kersplash !! Up to our knees in the briny or for Hymen and missus, total immersion since he tried to do the honourable thing and carry her across the shark infested waters and went arse over teakettle, together with his brand new Somsak mobile iphone or whatever.

Nevertheless the best was yet to come. After plodding along the beach much to the amusement of a few tourists and innkeepers we headed inland and hit the first of the eight checks. Here we first spotted the Hare dropping off a truckload of Wankers who didn't fancy getting their designer shoes covered in crap. OK name them and shame them. Don't have to. We know and you know who you are. Gromit, Bob the Builder, I'm Cummin' Where's Wally & Strolling Bones.

Several checks later the split saw the shufflers heading in the general direction of base camp. At this stage Red Mullet & Dipstick creatively following lower contours bumped into Leopard Piss who was creatively avoiding any tracks that went right, in the opposite direction of the lager site. Mumblings of "seen any paper?"... no... no..... they reluctkenly rejoined the pack, back on paper (for a short while that was).

Meanwhile the hardy, seasoned and highly trained Rambos sprinted further away toward Taling Nahm only to be diverted into a field then across a raging torrent before stumbling out onto the flatlands next to the Temple. Thence across and onto the home stretch or so they thought. However the Hares x2 had one last surprise which took them up ,up and awaaay to where Winkle stood with Box Brownie in hand and cool box at her feet.

Unfortunately for the late comers, Yin, Sleazy, Mullet and Dipstick having arrived earlier had depleted the stock somewhat and were seen tottering downhill clutching chilled tinnies.

Once again the search party was sent out but this time to rescue an injured Pissbowl who, having arrived customarily late was no doubt doing his best to take the lead when he tripped over his ego and returned to the expert care of Wet Nurse who although suffering herself from a Changover of Olympic proportions nonetheless strapped the poor lad up.

A series of offenders next appeared in the circle to confess to their misdemeanours as Mullet and Leopard Piss spilt the beans on them. Forbeskin was one of the accused but refused to take his punishment so Winkle manned up for the ice bath. But true to form as an English gentleman, Dipstick decided to take the ice first while Winkle risked all and climbed on top. You'll note a certain child bride's e-mail address has been removed from this weeks trash distribution to avoid ugly scenes when Dipstick arrives back in Knightsbrigde. OK. plus a beautiful 100 year old rocking chair donated to our Hash Cash.

**We stand on guard for thee**



We had the returnees and deserters in then Dippy made an encore to receive a well deserved run shirt of 375 not out followed by an early Chrissy prezy to be opened by Wibbly Wobbly. Turnips ?? Oh wait a minute Swedes Elena and Thingmajig became Skandihooligan and Troll at the behest of Archbishop Moulet Rouge. Great Hash, thanks guys.

Darkness was descending as Go Round Again informed us that Namuang is the site next week, let's hope he doesn't take us near that mingin incinerator. We were told once again that next Saturday's Hash will kick off at 15.30 promptly.

ON ON







