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## NO BALLS SAILS CLOSE TO THE WIND

Heading to the Laager site on Saturday I was impressed by the total lack of signage, just as well No Balls was using the same old pitch as he and several others have utilised on numerous occasions, the addition of a garbage heap was a nice touch. Wallace and Gromit had put their stamp on the place by ruthlessly driving over the only HHH sign in the area but with our customary homing skills the 42 eager beavers had themselves in position and with the clock approaching 15.30 the Hare stepped in to the arena and gave us the briefest of descriptions as to where he thought he had left the paper, so without further ado the crowd lumbered across the little bridge and up the first of several hills on what was to turn out to be, by No Balls' standards, a relatively good trail with no surprises and enough in the way of challenges and he managed to bring everyone back to camp without the need for a search party, quite an achievement for our boy. Along the way there were various beasts some water and for the Rambos ample space to stretch their legs before the Pisstruck came into view and a cheer went up and we all took a load off.

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The Circle was called earlier than usual and before the vote we had Forrest Dump in with his shiny new boots and socks to receive a double Downie with teabags. Now matters took a more familiar appearance with Hare No Balls and substitute Hash Shit Lima Papa front and centre listening to the comments of several participants and the opinions ranged from wonderful from The Wee Yin to Fuckin' Shit from Foghorn Leghorn but in the end and by the slimmest of margins the jury gave him the green light and No Balls can enjoy his Christmas dinner and regale his guests with tales of his success.

Foghorn's hubby stepped in as Virgin and sank his cup in true Aussie style and a host of returners including Lame Excuse, Trick Cyclist, Mother Cooker, Scouse Bastard, Ooh La La, Forrest Dump and Wallace and Gromit all submitted their excuses for their absence. Go Round Again as Rambosnitch, grassed himself up along with a few others while DFL did likewise with a pathetic assortment of Wankers and all accepted their punishment by slurping in unison.

The cubes were visited by Dambuster, for clyping on her chums at the foraging point, Foghorn for Circle abuse and Masterbates for foul language.

Lame Excuse couldn't believe her luck when the Bunnet was plonked unceremoniously on her nut then Tubby Tinkler said aufiedersane as she heads to Ze Fatherland as did Foghorn's better half who goes back to fill the

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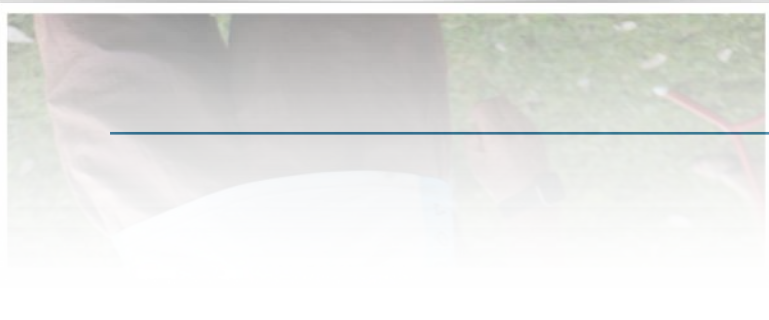
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bank accounts so the missus can spend the lot when she and Tweety Pie head down under at year's end. Next week's Hare Babalas was AWOL so a lookalike in the shape of Big Yin mumbled that the action on the 23rd. will take place in Taling Nahm and with no other business the Circle was closed.

ON ON.

TRASHER











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