

Mini Report
Gorcombe Farm
8/1/17

All Grocers trails are ranked or classed as an extreme sport so why not have one at an actual Extreme Sports Centre for the 'Anniversary Run'
What a good idea.

A brand new venue, this must be a first. After the Champaign toast and the down downs the Hare with his inscrutable smile held back both the mini and the main as the footpath was blocked by a huge Thelwell type lady on a very small Thelwell type pony. Not a Lady Godiva this lass.

The mini struggled up a cardiac type hill with the Grocer watching knowing full well those who did make it to the top would probably get lost or shot, despite assurances that the trail did not go anywhere near the shooting range, which proved the Grocer to be a lying Wessex Old Git.

The Coffee Hash rushed off to enjoy some Quad bike racing with Beverly winning two out of three races in her wheel chair beating Foot Stuck.

After a very shiggy Drovers Way path the trail opened out into a lush countryside of hostile cattle and electric fences. Bumhugger almost electrocuted two original 1979 Old Git octogenarian Hashers, Atrick & Gates, along with Shitzoo at an electric fence. Conversations reported back included that 'Floppy Tits' was not happy about her hash insignia. The Old Gits would favour an all comers Harriet Boob contest at the Valentines run so the whole Hash could participate in a final judgement.

It has been noted by the ornithologist Hashers that the On On bird has become almost extinct. The joy of hearing the Male and Female 'On On' calls on a Sunday morning are sadly no longer to be heard in the Wessex countryside. This must explain why the bushes and thickets now rarely rustle with lusty Hashers loving or mating, and bloated Hashers flashing or relieving, and of course, why so many get lost on a regular basis. Excluding of course, Captain Oats and his brave band of Old Git Hashers.

What on earth do they get up to each week ?

The Après slurps included Old Git Virgin Experts' annual visit, the Proprietor for being 2 hands clever, the observant young Sainsbury Heir giving Cum Lately a home truth for getting lost and Cum Lately getting his own back on the Hares for a dustless and extraordinary long trail.

Two Old Gits