



The Luna Words

Hashers who run by the light of the silvery FULL Moon!!

Luna Date: 10th November 2011

Trail No. 14

Issue No.14

Trail and On Down: Butchers Arms, Abbotskerswell

Hares: Shortie and Big Foot

We gathered at the Butchers arms the 10th day of November
And had a minutes silence for the ones we should remember
As we circled up before the run Abbotskerswell the location
for men and girls who gave their lives serving our British Nation.

It was a good turn out that night, last count was thirty four
A couple of Lunatic virgins, but most we'd seen before.
Big Foot and Shortie were the hares who laid the trail that night
As Lunatics we howl at moon tho' not a warewolf was in sight
Except upon a t shirt worn on Fallen Woman's chest
And noisy dogs Havoc and Kura to see who barks loud-est!

PP asked me to write the words (another one in rhyme)
But I was icing Winfield's cake - I just didn't have the time
Every day I'd put it off and now I can't remember.....
What happened on the run that night..... not a glowing ember!
I've wracked my brain, and tried so hard to travel back in time
To live again that hour and half between half past 7 and 9!

A sudden flash of inspiration – "I know where I'll look"
Larks Vomits always taking photos and puts them on Facebook
I found his page and went back weeks and there for all to view
Sixty seven pics in all – (I thought there'd be a few!)

All gazing at the moon at start most adorning Luna wear
A great way to recall that night who was and wasn't there
Most of the faces I remember but some I didn't know
So I suggest when you've got a minute, you can have a go!!

I remember crossing farmers fields, mud sticking to my shoes
And following trail into the woods which eventually we loose
I remember Kermit - checking every which way but one
But every path he looked for marks he said that there was none
Then Big Foot said "just follow me - I'll show you the way"
down an imaginary trail of flour – (which he didn't lay!)

Woof Woof now was feeling hungry, I heard her rumbling tummy
A mirage then appeared by torchlight, crisps and peanuts – yummy
A bowl of cheese and sweeties too, cups of mulled wine to drink
Served up by Shortie from her car with Rise and Shine.... (I think)
I ran the shorts but Big Foot said "you are the last again"
But as we ate and drank our wine, along came five more men!!!

Back again through the village ran, with tired and aching feet
Relieved to be back in the arms - of the man who sells us meat
No!.... it was FF in the car park..... not a butcher but RA
Waiting to call circle and give the down downs out today

Of course the hares got beer to drink from a yellow plastic cup
For laying out a 'proper hash' despite the big cock up
Zombie gets a down down quite a **Mouthful** I am told
With a guy called Colin Mitchel, having Sex just up the road
She tells me he was competitive that night with **Gromit** too
And that she was running funny - (probably needed the loo!!)

Last but not least was **Poacher** for not kicking out the flour
And running through the checks got him back in just an hour
But that isn't how a hash is run were s'posed to show the way
to the slower ones like me at back, so we finish on same day!!

I hope I've sparked some memories of an evening full of fun
Without the help of others, the words there would be none
Technology and Facebook and textings MSMs
So thanks **Big Foot** and **Shortie** is how my poem ends

Next time I'm asked to write the words - I won't wait a month.... instead
When I get home I'll write them up - before I go to bed!!

On On Soapy xxx

PP - GM / Hash Haberdashery
pp.lunaticsh3@gmail.com

WR - GM / Hare Raiser
darren.maynard1@btopenworld.com

NEXT TRAIL

Horse and Groom. Bittaford

Monday 9th January 2011,

(SX666569) Time: 7.30 pm

Hare(s): HT2 and Endo