



Website: www.inh3.co.uk

Hashmaster: The Penguin, handing on to Silverbarrels
RA: Tampon handing on to Bravefart
Scribe: Bravefart
Beer Master: Bear
Hashflash: Slaphead & Wron Keys in one sense, but Klinger in another
Master of Music: Stir Stick, interrupted by Nightjar to good effect
Hash Cash: Jetstream

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IndoNostalgia Run Trente Tois – May 2008 Le Mans, 24 Heures sur le piss

Note 1: As we only have two runs a year and therefore not much chance for the traditional Jakarta-style run notes, you can bloody well read this novel. It should keep you busy until the next INH3.

Note 2: If you don't remember events happening as narrated then tough – you were bound to have been pissed out of your faces at the time, so little wonder you don't remember. However, we have the photographs!

Travel and Arrival

Come to the next INH3, they said. The Hare will do us proud, they said. Even the blurb on the website was an exciting cocktail of hype and the spin. “**Phealthy Phrogg** has found a superb venue, about 20 minutes drive south of Le Mans. It is based at a Gite in the countryside at the edge of the beautiful foret de Berce,” it said. But they weren't telling the whole story, were they?



The Gite, not far from Edinburgh

They should have said that it was at a Gite in the countryside at the edge of a forest a short distance from a village, near a train station, a long way though more countryside, at the end of a railway line near an airport terminal, quite a distance from another country.

My epic Odyssey began at my firm's head office in London. Well actually, it started the morning before at Hamilton Sheriff Court. I had been called as a witness on behalf of a client company. Despite **Jetstream's** best efforts of creating an invitation for me to the ‘World Invitation INH3 Cross Country Championships’ at Le Mans, they wouldn't excuse me. So I pitched up deep in the heart of bandit country, suit and hash running kit to the fore. The Court House had X-ray security to contend with, but as I was wearing a suit and was clearly not the accused, I was allowed through the side entrance. The sheriff clerks asked me if I was a professional witness. That sounded superior enough, so I said yes. They leaned in conspiratorially and nodded knowingly at me. “Fire arms, is it?”

Eventually I was allowed out and flagged a taxi to the airport. The taxi driver asked if I had been a witness

at the court. When told yes, he then asked how much I wanted to fiddle the expenses – we'd agree a price, write out an inflated receipt and split the proceeds. He was most put out at my outrage, stating that he had done the same thing with a judge the week before.

Anyway, a flight to London, a wee bit of pretend work in the London office and the next day, being Friday, was POETS day (Piss off early, tomorrow's Saturday) ...

I arranged to meet **Silver Barrels** (I wouldn't let him in my office, of course, and insisted he hang about outside until I was free). We legged it through London, jumped on the train to Heathrow and flew over to Paris, to take a train to Le Mans. It was super fun trying out my basic French: “BonJewer, Mon Bon Garcon. Donnay Moy une ticket, silver plates. In fact, doux tickets, poor mon frere et me. Nous voudrons allez et return.”

“Where would you like to go?” asked the ticket clerk in immaculate English.

“Errr ... it's a return, so back here, of course,” we cried.



Taxi!?

Somehow or other we managed to get to Ecommoy. It took a moment to recover from the euphoria and relief that we had done it and negotiated our way this far into La Belle France. That stolen moment was all it took, for as we stood at the entrance to the station, we saw someone get into the only taxi waiting at the taxi rank, and head off. I opted to wait patiently for a taxi, but **Silver Barrels** went to ask the station master. I heard some muffled talking, then guffaws of laughter (not **Silver Barrels**'), then a short scream and finally a silence.

Silver Barrels walked back to me. "The Station Master said there aren't any taxis," he explained. "Said that the car you saw was just someone collecting a relative. Bastard laughed at us for thinking there were taxis here."

"So what was that scream?" I asked.

"Let's just say he is contemplating the errors of his ways and is now sorry that he laughed at us," **Silver Barrels** said with menace.

So we walked. We asked a few locals if there really wasn't a taxi somewhere. One sweet old lady was terrorised into giving us directions to somewhere in the town (village? Gathering place, maybe?) where there was a taxi. We got there to find that it was actually a sign that said it was necessary to phone another town in order to ask for a taxi.

So we walked some more. We got chatting with a nice young French lass. We asked her about a taxi. She laughed a bit and said no. We asked her about our end destination and showed her a grubby print out of **Phealthy Phrogg's** map. She laughed

a bit more and gave us directions. She spoke French. We spoke English. She was such a lovely lass that, of course, it was only polite not to understand her. So in gestures and smiles, she agreed to walk us to the outskirts of the village and show us the way to Saint Mars d'Ouille.

She finally pointed us along a road and we gave her a wistful cheerio. We walked on, and were suddenly overtaken by a car which proceeded to pull in and wait for us. Fearful that it was the French girl's father, we approached cautiously. To our delight, we found that it was **Jetstream**, **Unmentionable** and a couple of other harriettes, who had fortunately taken a wrong turning and came across us.

We explained to him that there weren't any taxis. His eye ever open for a fast buck, **Jetstream** said he would be pleased to act as our taxi. He said he'd only charge us 50 Euros each, and that he'd take our luggage for free as a bonus.

We thanked him, slung our bags into the car and told him that we'd walk but that we'd take him up on his offer of free transport for our bags.

Eventually, after we'd walked a long way, **Pugwash** came back to collect us, and we drove the last 70 miles in comfort. Well, OK, maybe it was only 4 miles by then.

Tired, but happy, we walked in the door of the Gite, to be met with a rousing chorus exhorting us Scots to go home via various perverted sexual practices (and some that sounded quite interesting).



Piss off – one Scotsman is enough

Jetstream offered us a sausage from the charred remains of the BBQ, then promptly added the cost of the BBQ to our weekend bills. The rest of that evening soon became faded and lost in a haze of ale.

Before the Trail

The next morning, **Slack Mack** was up early and looking for breakfast ingredients so he could do his good turn for the day and cook for everyone. He didn't find any, so drive off to the nearest shops. Meantime the rest of us got up, found the breakfast ingredients immediately (in things called "fridge" and "cupboards" which perhaps they don't have in Australia or his particular part of Paris.

The likes of **Control Freak** and **Slapper** conjured up rations (and beer) for everyone, and still no **Slack Mack**. He finally arrived, moaning that his car's starter motor was knackered. Luckily, he had found a garage that had been able to start it for him but now faced the prospect of leaving the car running for the whole weekend. He opted to park it at the top of a hill hoping we'd all give him a push start.

It was now lunchtime, and we all tucked into an extensive repast, lovingly prepared by the likes of **Furry Ferret** and **Matahari**.



Matahari and Furry Ferret

It's a good thing when the warm-up for a cross country run involves so much food and beer!

As it happened, the hares had still not returned, so we carried on drinking. Eventually a few got bored and formed a Circle in the hope of luring the hares out of the woods. **The Penguin** made an appearance.

He carried a plastic bag with some flour left in it. He was hot and sweaty, clearly having been out and about, but the Run Discussion not having been held, he insisted that it was not his trail and that he knew nothing about it. He admitted to being the Quality Control element.



The Penguin controlling quality

Nevertheless, even as the hares arrived, some semblance of order was called for and the On On was called.

The Trail



Ooh La La front running



Strollers

And so we ran, strolled and limped off. **Bluto** found himself as the front running bastard right at the start, but his panic soon subsided as **Froggy** walked past him before shifting smoothly into a jog, then his usual blur of speed. It was excellently chosen countryside, with some good and cunning Check Arounuds and Falsies on a short-ish trail. But the weather was lovely and made for some very pleasant exercise. **Methane** cantered through the trees, his flowing

locks shimmering as he revelled in the freedom.



Freedom! Come Later in pursuit

The freedom to run for ages in completely the wrong direction, as it turned out. He was much slower and not much wiser as he ran back to join the pack on the actual trail. Mind you, he had a bit of a following, as **Sadist** and **Matahari** trotted along just behind, followed in turn by **Come Later** and **Ooh La La**.



Anker wankers find the beer first

Onwards and outwards led the trail. It was good weather, cracking scenery and a thoroughly good trail. It can perhaps best be described as: trees, forest track, check around, giant pine cones, sneaky check back, more trees, overgrown grass, undergrown trees, ponds and a wee bit of mud. **Toed Bedsores** seemed to enjoy the beer stop in particular, and was loathe to leave it until he was quite sure that all the beer had indeed been finished.



Beer stop

We drifted back in dribs and drabs. The quick ones were rewarded with

the glorious sight of some barrels being prepared and opened for a day of drinking.



Time for a beer

Bear took up his role as Beer Master and had soon demonstrated his beer divining skills, amazingly finding liquid beer in an unopened beer barrel. It was soon opened but still his mythical powers were held in awe by all who beheld him. There was a quiz – what was the beer called?



Sackcloth for the down-downs

It had an Indonesian name, and together **Tampon** and **BraveFart** worked out that the specially named beer (*kain karung*) meant Sackcloth. Their triumph was short-lived as **Bear** pointed out that it was just a rebadged barrel from the Milton Brewery at Cambridge, and even **Bunter** (who serves it in the St Radegund) will confirm that this particular beer was known to be fairly shite.

And so to **The Circle**.

The Penguin wandered into the centre, thought for a long time and then welcomed us all to R*n Number 33. Either he was indulging in a moment of nostalgic reverie, or the alzheimers was finally kicking in.



You call that a circle?

The hares were dragged in. **Pheelthy Phrogg** and **Slack Mack** were attentive as **The Penguin** elicited a few run discussion comments: Too short, Too long, Too much sunshine, Not enough flour, Too many Scotsmen on the trail. With the typical French connivery for a freak result, it was resoundingly declared an excellent run, and **Tampon** then stepped forwards to lower proceedings to another level.

There were a few short charges, encouraging a fast flow of beer. **Tampon** started awarding down downs for no reason at all as well as reasons like "You're ugly" "You're not" "You look thirsty" as well as the standard "private party" and "wanking in the Circle" (will they never learn?!)



It was at this early stage in the Circle that **Ferret** and **Squits** stood, and presently wobbled and swayed a bit as the beer began to take effect.

It was pointed out that there had nearly been rain on the run, and that the hares had narrowly avoided a punishment of ice. **Tampon** noted smugly that it had nearly started raining at the start of the Circle, but that the rain had been persuaded to go. But if nothing else, he is a modest fellow and he didn't keep for himself all the praise from the Circle. "No," he said, "I have been helped by my assistant who attends to such matters these days and keeps the rain scared and at bay. Yes, Gollum is here."

And true enough, **Gollum (BraveFart)** bounded into the Circle, eager to please his **masssterrrrrr**.



Gollam finding fish for his **masssterrrr**

To the delight of **Tampon**, **Gollum** scampered around, sniffing at the wares on display. Some old meat, some fairly rare. But a definite fishy smell, which kept him interested.

And then it was time for **The Penguin** against all-comers in a lookalike competition. Some large pine cones had been collected and these were used as nesteggs. The various **Penguins** had their shorts pulled to their ankles, to create a nest, and happily toddled round the Circle for a wee while until they were pulled over and given a down down.



Too many Penguins

The Penguin duly won **The Penguin** lookalike competition, but which **Penguin** was it?!

Stir Stick was appointed as Master of Music, and soon whipped the crowd up in a frenzy of traditional Circle songs, requiring memory and crowd participation, Lacking both, **Stick Stick** spent some time berating and generally taking the piss out of the Circle, before carrying on regardless. He recovered his memory and entertained us to many classics throughout the duration of the Circle. Who could forget him leading the

Circle in that wonderful song that we have all forgotton. Of course, we had the **Marseilles** at every opportunity. This led into the famous story of **Philippe the fearless French Fighter pilot**, his girlfriends and choices of accompanying drink.

It was sadly and solemnly reported to the Circle that **Klinger's** wife had forbidden him from wearing her clothes. The poor bloke was devastated, so the Circle was happy to oblige and after a whip-round amongst the **Harriettes**, he was soon decked out to his delight. (And everyone else's despair.)



Delight

Despair

Tampon called for the Hares' song, and the Circle was relocated the nearby **Wendy House** on stilts, which was turned into a makeshift theatre. It was decided to re-enact an old fairy story, given that **The Penguin** appeared to have come to the rescue of the hares, in his own mind rescuing a certain **Hash Sh!t** and giving it an air of credibility.

And so **Slack Mack** made use of his own natural flowing locks to be **Rapunzel**, locked away in the tower room in the castle (in the **Wendy House**) and unable to perform for us. We couldn't find a **Rumple Stiltskin**, so **Pheelthy Phrog** took on the slightly twisted persona of **Crumpled Foreskin**, and just when he looked to be about to contaminate us all with his singing, along came a **Knight on a horse** (well, **The Penguin**, astride **Silver Barrels**, our resident muscle. the Hares' song was surprisingly good, with **Pheelthy Phrog** proving an expert crooner.



The hares' song

To take out minds off this fine display, we were treated to a more manly pursuit. After all, we were at Le Mans, so why not have some car racing. Teams of a driver and navigator were chosen, and had to make their way round a complicated track (going round in a circle, round the outside of the Circle). One driver flaked out and needed changing because it was such hard work and hot work, and **Starkers** set forth with a bucket full of water. The target was obvious, as **Silver Barrels** was leaping around, driving very carelessly and generally making himself the natural victim. Everyone stood back expectantly and watched as **Starkers** crept up noiselessly and unseen, and managed to tip the entire contents of the bucket of water over **The Penguin**. Even **Silver Barrels** had closed his eyes tight shut and prepared for his own impending soaking. But **Starkers** had other ideas, soaked the Hash Master and managed to earn himself a down down for wrong target identification.

Nightjar emptied his bladder and stepped into the Circle to entertain us with some cracking nonsense rhymes.



Getting ready for action

I wish I had recorded it, because it was such a virtuoso performance, and the next morning all I had was a hangover and a faded memory of laughing till I was nearly sick.

The beer continued to flow and so, with all the athletes in the Circle who were clearly looking after their bodies so well, it was time for the Hash Olympics. **Silver Barrels**, still glowing with pride at his amazing escape from a certain soaking, stood up as self-appointed Head of State to open the Olympics, and Chief Race Commissar to organise the various events. Personally, I took a breather and drank a few pints at this stage, so I can only offer some condescending comments about how I am sure it was very funny and very well staged. Actually, I do remember the entire Circle being unwittingly dragged in to take part in every event imaginable, followed by a mass Down Down.

And then it was time to re-enact history. Well sort of. Given that we were in France, it was time for Hasaprix the Gaul and chums. **Pheelthy Frog** played the role and was well supported by **Come Later** as Obelisk. The plot was that Getafix (**Bear**), who produced the magical potion that made everyone .. well, it was supposed to make everyone stronger and able to fight the Romans, but it just made everyone fall over and giggle a bit. Sure enough, along came the Roman Emperor – **Wron Keys** playing in part of Wankus Offus, deperate to



Wankus Offus envying the big chopper

get his hands on the magical tool that would make him the envy of all mankind. Instead, he came up against **Pheelthy Frog** wielding the biggest chopper you ever did see.

A few security guards were thrown into the mix and were soon polished off by actually giving them the magical potion, which we learned was called *Bir Piss*. Sure enough, one by one the Romans and then the

Gauls started falling over and were unable to walk. They resorted to crawling back to Getafix, to get some more of the piss.



Crawling back to Getafix

Eventually, Hasaprix the Gaul decided to collaborate with Wankus Offus and everyone lived happily ever after until the *Bir Piss* ran out.

Stir Stick led us in a few more songs, roundly swearing and cuffing us whenever he saw the Music book of Jakarta Hash lyrics that was surreptitiously doing the rounds. "That's not singing," he would snarl. "That's just reading!"

And to be honest, we were all still in the happy throes of the Circle when suddenly the patriarch who is The Penguin called Hats off, Pots on the floor ..."



Hats off, pots on the floor

The On On On

The Penguin clearly knew something the rest of us did not – that the *makan* was served. Wow – how good was that beef rendang?!



More rendang?

Afterwards, people started to drift off – some who were staying offsite and others, eventually to beds (often their own).

The drinking continued, and the drunkards got drunker. **Klinger** nearly fell asleep in a drunken stupor, but kept getting what the Brits call a frog in his throat. **Pheelthy** was nowhere to be seen so he was not the pervert. No, the French call it *un chat dans le gorge*. Whatever, the outcome was that **Klinger** was wracked by a sudden and violent coughing fit from time to time. This in turn caused him to expectorate his false teeth across the room. Surreptitious bets were placed as to where they would land – in someone else's beer, sliding across the floor, down someone's cleavage (not necessarily a Harriette, looking at the large forms of manly flesh on display) or, and this was the Holy Grail, the 1,000,000 to 1 shot ... into someone else's mouth as they yawned or reached for their own drink.

A hard core stayed down and methodically worked their way through the beer and wine, until eventually all the impending hangovers had been dragged upstairs by their owners and lovingly put to bed in various states of undress.



Hard core requesting two more beers

Sunday Trail

True enough, my two pet camels, Ahmed and Wassim, had slept on my tongue overnight. I used some sandpaper on my teeth and came downstairs to find the likes of **Toad** and **Ferret** so pissed they were having breakfast cereal with beer instead of milk. Or maybe they were just true model professionals.

One by one the various disreputable hashers crawled out of their scratch

bags. **Tampon** tried to hide from the swelling crowd and noise by pretending to sleep on in his tent. But someone found a football and thumped a few shots at the side of the tent until he was persuaded to wake up.

As with yesterday, a massive lunch was spread out on the table, and soon the question was not so much would we do the run, but could we.



Makan

Worryingly, yet again the hares seemed to have headed out to lay the trail and then just bugged off somewhere. Even more worrying was when they did reappear, for **The Penguin** came back from setting the long run well before **Pheelthy Phrogg** and **Slack Mack** came back from setting the short run.

Eventually we were set off on the trail. First **Squits** and then **Toy Boy** found themselves at the head of the trail. But before they could start panicking and sense the sudden nosebleeds, the natural order reasserted itself and **Froggy Park** breezed past. The Harriettes seemed to be running in a gaggle together, which gave them added safety and made it incredibly difficult to ass them by without fear of being molested. **Slapper** seemed to be heading up this impassable (and impossible) entourage, aided and abetted by **Forgetmenot**, **While You're Down There, Computer**, **Open All Hours** and **Ooh La La**.

But they had not banked on some cunningly twisting trail, as the flour led one way then another back back again. Front Running Bastards soon became walkie talkies and had to turn into Short Cutting Bastards just to catch up with the pack. It was certainly a trail designed to break up the standards.



FWBs – Front Walking Bastards

One would be tempted to say that it was actually a better run than yesterday's. Well, apart from the bits that **The Penguin** laid (or “supervised” as he was still trying to claim later). The French love for food was shown even in the wildlife: we chanced upon a snail which was busily eating a blob of flour laid by the hares. Everyone ooh'd and aah'd at the cute wee thing. Everyone except **Pugwash**, who stood on it and crushed it.

All too soon, the trail led back to the *gite* and we were done with all the fancy athleticism and professional sportsmen bits and ready for the beer.

The Circle

The Penguin's alzheimers was kicking in again, so he promptly retired himself and appointed **Silver Barrels** as Hash Master. Holy fuck, was that a bad mistake! **Silver Barrels** soon had the hares on their knees begging forgiveness for having set the runs in the first place. They were stunned when they were then awarded excellent run status, but in truth it was more than they deserved. No, actually it was an excellent run. **Pheelthy Phrogg** was so impressed that thereafter he showed his respect to the new Emperor Hash Master.



Shinhead



Skin full

The hares probably did a song – I was too busy drinking to notice.

Starkers was appointed as Piss Pouter and **BraveFart** led off with a few charges. **Rip Van Wrinkle** was soon lubricated by a couple (of beers) as were **Maidenhead** and **Slapper**. **Wron Keys** seemed to get into trouble with the RA a lot, but **Froggy** had his get out of jail free card in the form of a pathetic and often used excuse that he was driving straight after the Circle. Not to worry, though, **Squits** was staying overnight so he was soon beered up.

Lightning. Strikes twice. Never. .. Bollocks! **Starkers** was persuaded that **Silver Barrels**, as a virgin Hash Master, was a prime candidate for a baptism. So **Starkers** went off to find a large bucket and fill it with cold water. What went on in that young man's head? Maybe, in truth, he has been programmed and conditioned as to identity. Clearly, all he heard was “Blah blah blah big bucket of water blah blah Hash Master blah blah throw it over him.” Stealthily, he crept forward unseen by most and duly tipped the contents over **The Penguin**.

Proceedings got under way in earnest when this particular corner of France was put to a traditional French use, and we examined the many, many different types of soldier who have invaded the country in its proud history. First up, **Silver Barrels** as one of those Ladies from Hell, the Scottish Highland Soldier. Unable to find bagpipes, he was soon trying to give a blow job to a chair.

This was soon followed by the English Tommy (**Squits**), and various others portraying the likes of the Americans (invading their friends without realising it), the Russians, the Germans and even **Slack Mack** representing the Australian Army. It had been noted how proud **Stir Stick** was to be Dutch, and how annoyed he was at being introduced as a Danishman. So he was loudly and happily introduced as the Belgian Army representative.

Stir Stick soon got the music going, with some classic Jakarta songs, most of whom were, or were made to be, audience participation. Never before had a Circle witnessed the intimidating tactics and sheet thuggery that were the skills of this Master of music, as he sought to entice a note or two out of The Circle. Clearly, he intimidated the Hash Flash, who was only brave enough to take some photos of him after the Circle finished:



Music Masters

BraveFart soon followed up with more beer and eventually the birdies were chirping happily.

And talking of birdies chirping, **Nightjar** sauntered or staggered into the Circle and treated us to a couple of monologues that had some of us literally pissing themselves with laughter. Or was that the beer again. He treated us to a rendition of the Witch Doctor Song.

The content, the style, the delivery – absolute class. So if you are just reading this, not having been there and you are wondering what it was all about – well, get your arse along to INH3 next time. Anyway, he sang his song and downed his down. **Stir Stick** thrashed us about the timpanic membranes with some more songs and then it was time ...

... for Period Productions to present a new show; a spectacular theatrical event. Filled with all the double-entendres you could come up with and spurt out on the spot. This was “Lord of the Ring (-piece).” Gollum crawled and slavered his way on stage. Tampon narrated as Gollum went looking for a Hobbit with a small sword, but it was only a small prick, so he soon got bored. Then he went looking for Aragorn, the

Woodchopper with a large chopper. Time, here, for **Stir Stick** to lead us in a rendition of The Woodchopper Song. Next, Gollum continued his travels round the Circle until he came across an Orc who gave him the horn. But sadly, it was only **Toed Bedsores** and it was a prosthetic one, last seen on the helmet of Hasaprix the Gaul. Sadly, and ever more frustrated, Gollum moved on, continuing his quest. He found a wizard, so had a look to see if it was true that a Wizard's staff did indeed have a knob on the end. At the end of the staff, he duly found Methane. Gollum picked up a glove of invisibility and tried to grope his way round the Harriettes, but they must have had magical powers of their own, for they saw him coming. Nearly at the climax of his great quest, Gollum found Shelob the spider (aka **Bear**) and attempted to cop off with the awful creature.



Shelob Bear

Polar Bear

This provoked another musical interlude as **Stir Stick** led us in a round of Bestiality's Best. Finally, Gollum caught the one eye of **Ferret**, and went under his sarong to investigate the one eyed trouser snake tat was fabled to love there. It did live there and truly it was a vile and loathsome creature. What Gollum found there was indeed the one eyed trouser snake, but it had teeth marks all over it. Yes, Gollum had recovered not the One True Ring, but the false teeth that **Klinger** had presumably left there last night. Cue thunderous applause and masses of down downs for all the thespians.

Nightjar staggered slowly into the Circle and announced “The King sits in Dunfermline toun, drinking the bluid red wine...” He proceeded

to recount the ancient poem of Scots monarchy. The Circle tittered at first, waiting for the jokes, the punchlines and the filthy words. Such was Nightjar's delivery, though, the The Circle was held quiet and in awe and listened attentively to the whole lengthy poem.

Seeing an easy chance for some adulation, **The Penguin** hopped forward and, encouraged hugely by **BraveFart**, it has to be admitted, began "A is for A: - you know, the one about A long strong black pudding up ..." Anyway, he got as far as the "A is for A ... Ay ay ay ay" and most of The Circle shouted "Fuck that, you're boring!" before heading off to see if the food was ready yet and then to refill their beers.

What with all the attempts at fornication and damnation thus far, **Froggy** then tried some education on us all and delivered a speech about the effects of Sharia law. The Harriettes were duly clad in burkas and hijabs, and we got going.



Taleban hareem

He was just pointing out the finer points of certain obstacles faced, when he mentioned the Taleban. Immediately, **Stir Stick** led **Tampon**, **BraveFart** and **Silver Barrels** in a chorus of The Banana boat song aka "Hey Mr Taleban, tally me banana." This kept The Circle amused and **Froggy** frustrated, and better yet, mentioning the name Taleban was integral to his story, so there were plenty of opportunities (all taken) to interrupt his flow. **Tampon**, **BraveFart** and **Silver Barrels** turned their sarongs into burkas and used the oversized pine cones from the day before to launch a squad stoning adulterers. Almost every one in The Circle was duly targeted. Still, **Froggy** had recovered control and was just

approaching the denouement of his tale when he was surprised once more by **Stir Stick**, **Tampon**, **BraveFart** and **Silver Barrels**. They had found some left over flour from the trail and turned themselves into suicide bombers. Eventually, **Froggy** rose from the dead to finish his story, and the four miscreants were punished (or rewarded, depending on your point of view) with a couple of down downs each.



Another monologue coming on

Nightjar returned to the centre of the Circle for another monologue. He was clearly enjoying himself in the limelight, for when **Stir Stick** tried to move him on and begin another song, **Nightjar** remembered the cloggie's hatred of being called anything other than Dutch. **Nightjar** composed himself, stared down **Nightjar** for a while and then, mustering all the dignity he could, pronounced, "Fuck off, you Belgian cunt."



Planning or plotting?

We were drawing naturally to the end of the Circle, so it was time for all the thanks and farewell speeches. **The Penguin** toddled in and thanked everyone and anyone he could. There was a brief reminder about the next INH3 Run (Number 34) in Gloucestershire on 5 September. **Pheelthy Phrogg** then entered the Circle and prattled on in some strange language that was, allegedly, French. **BraveFart** assisted with translation as **Pheelthy Phrogg**

recounted some of the highlights of the weekend. He finished up by assuring everyone it had been a splendid weekend, and saying "Thanks for coming. Now fuck off out of my country."

Then it was hats off and pots on the floor.

The On On On



More good grub

Those who stayed on were treated to another good spread of grub, and then proceeded to try to drink the gite dry – well, the booze might go to waste otherwise. In a travesty of disrespect for French culture, the wine was sloshed down when everyone was too drunk to notice its quality. **Klinger** was so pissed he fell asleep at the table. When a loud noise caused him to shudder, he reached instinctively for his wine and then, glass empty, returned to his sleep.

Finally, the beer and wine was all gone. Then **Ferret** went to the loo, so we took the opportunity to raid his store of wine that he had intended taking back to Blighty, and we stayed up a bit longer, drinking that too.

And that was it.

Post script:

Pour le weekend fantastique: Mucky Buckets, Monsewer **Pheelthy Phrogg** et Monsewer **Slack Mack** et aussi le Garçon **Pengiu**. And so on on to Gloucestershire.

Sampai jumpa lagi. **Bravefart**