

HUMCC's 5th Smelly Duck Rally 2010

Another weekend, another rally ... this time with wall-to-wall sunshine (minor downpour excepted ... oh, and night time excepted too).

It was only on Friday tea-time on the way home from work that Mr Foody and I decided to camp the Friday night as well as Saturday; both a bit jaded from the previous weekend's Farmyard Party shenanigans and a workload bursting at the seams, we had thought about just visiting on Friday and coming home, only to return for the final night. But sod it, it's sunny, the work can wait, we were up for a proper party.

And so, a curry, a shower and some minimal packing later, we set off on our merry (and very short) way to Storthes Hall Student Village ... with the parting shot to each other "do you actually know where it is, other than somewhere off Penistone Road?" Neither of us did, but how hard can it be? Not very, as it turned out.

A mere twenty minutes later we were unpacking the bikes at rally control and lugging the lot across the field to where fellow Hudds MAG personages, Andy P, John & Carlos were pitching up. Richard soon followed and we were joined later on our little corner by Ian and Ben.

I have to say at this point that Richard had the crappiest tent ever ... how we laughed as we looked at the sparse array of tentpoles and bizarrely shaped inner and outer skins. Still it worked; it may have come a cropper had he actually pulled "a big lass wi wind" but he didn't so all was well.

We were taking advantage of the lovely balmy evening ... outside by the tents when HUMCC Emma came round to say the band were a bit cheesed off at playing to an empty room, so we obliged and turned audience. At £2 a pint at the bar for cider, I was well away and, true to form, got clattered on the first night. As indeed we pretty much all did (thanks to cheap bar prices and flavoured, scary coloured vodka shots). And oh how we danced. The band – Caught off Guard (not Out of Order or anything to do with targets, Mr Foody) – were absolutely cracking, playing a range of music from classic rock to indie to more up to date rock (sorry for not being more specific but I refer to my earlier comment about being clattered). Mind you, they seriously need to learn the words to "Nellie The Elephant" or they'll get nowhere :o)

Now we're not quite sure what occurred that evening, but a funny thing happened. One minute the dance floor was awash with people dancing and head-banging as one would expect ... a mere blink of an eye later and Wendy from Bridge Rats was topless and within two shakes of a Smelly Duck's tail, practically everyone else was too, with Richard and Andy P proudly representing Hudds MAG!

After the band, Joe played some excellent tunes till stupid o'clock in the morning which made us dance like demons.

Richard turned into a walking disaster area and managed to lose his top and his camera that night ... a cautionary tale for anyone thinking of shouting "Export!" at bartenders every 5 minutes. Mr Foody sustained a crooked knee during his now legendary heavy metal skip around the room ... a cautionary tale for anyone attempting to skip on a tiled floor awash with spilled ale (probably Export), methinks.

I left 'em to it about 3 am ... not many of us remember turning in for the night but it might have been daylight before some of the dirty stop-outs hit the sack. Heh heh heh!
Come Saturday morning, it was time to buy Mr Foody a new airbed, so we did forsake the rideout to Dewsbury to the armed forces day (and apparently missed a really good event, so shame on us), and went on an airbed hunt. This hunt took us to Morrisons where we had a marvellous dinner and stocked up on snap for tea before returning to a leisurely afternoon liggering in the sunshine.

John and Carlos had been tagged as rally virgins and were due to be 'got' during the silly games ... come 5 pm it was "time"!

HUMCC had organised beer and spoon races (pint on a big flat spoon, with contestants running under and over hurdles, downing the pint and racing back) and sleeping bag races (hopping in a sleeping bag, downing a pint and hopping back) ... both with the added excitement of a ruddy good soaking for all contestants. And then came the HUMCC -v- Team Sober tug-o-war ... the chaps' event was won by HUMCC; the ladies' event by Team Sober, so the decider was an HUMCC -v- Team Sober (mixed) tug-o-war which was fairly and squarely won by Norman the Jack Russell who dangled from the rope in fine fashion.

And so the ritual humiliation of the rally virgins commenced ... although John somehow managed to avoid any of it! Carlos and the other two virgins were clarted with all manner of slop and flour and treacle before being cling-filmed (or gaffer-taped, in the case of the fellow how claimed to be allergic to cling-film ... how does he know?) and, where possible, being sent rolling down the hill.

Later on Andy P made it rain by saying a severe weather warning had been issued for Yorkshire. Bigger! It didn't last long though and we were soon assembled for more drinking and partying.

Saturday's band was Kerpunk! who sounded really good and had a chap in a kilt fronting them ... I'm not sure they had a particularly large audience for the simple reason that it was ruddy warm and everyone was outside. A shame for the band as they were great – lots of Ramones, Sex Pistols, Clash, Stiff Little Fingers, Skids (according to their MySpace site they sound like "being twatted with a dustbin lid" and if that doesn't make you want to see them, I don't know what will!) As you can tell, I was much more compos mentis on Saturday night.

More Hudds MAG dudes turned up – Dave & Shirl, and Ruth & Mark (the latter being fresh (?) from France) – and we got re-acquainted with friends not seen for a while, so we got to yakking and a tad more drinking. Richard managed to stay off Export (apparently, he doesn't even like it and can't recall why he ordered it on Friday) and did manage to get re-united with his camera. His top never turned up though ...

The night was rounded off with the releasing of lots of Chinese lanterns, a firework display and a bonfire.

HUMCC put on a great rally ... thanks for all your hard work guys, especially Emma!

Linz Foody