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RUN NO.25

HARE: Zupada

Trail: Flour

Runners: 26

MARCH 11th 1989

The day dawned, Oh no not sunshine again, when is QH3 going to run in rain.

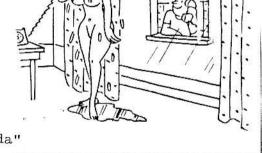
The trail was mega shiggy, shiggy shiggy everywhere, not a dry patch to be found anywhere.

THE CRY ON ON ON WAS HEARD AND THE HUNT FOR THE TRAIL BEGAN.

The pack looked very fetching (at least thats what Ithink is the right word) in their shocking pink and orange bibs, not perhaps agood thing to wear if we were trying to hide from irate farmers, the pack could be seen for miles.

On On they went with shouts of where's the bloody trail, Crafty played mother to a lost lamb everybody say АННИННИННИННИННИННИННИННИН.

Plenty of check points and false trails kept the pack together (Thank God), why is it that I "Zupada" always end up either dumped in streams or used for target practise when it comes to mud fights (see photo of one shit up hare).



"Global Surveys again? But I answered more than a hundred questions yesterday."

We Arrived at the beer stop, everyone surviving the electic fence, to find two very clean Essex Hashers who had lost their way but had managed to find the beer.

Off they went over the fields, mud making everyone 6 inches taller, nevermind the stream that most of them went through cleaned off the mud, with Cazunda, Richard and Zupada deciding to have a bath.

On we went into a field of young bollocks (Whops spelling mistake) bullocks who having eaten the trail decided to chase hashers (bloody hell I've never seen hashers run that fast).

On home to the Carrington Arms.



DOWN DOWNS

Gazunda For forgetting the piss pot

Essex H Pissing in field

Zupada Hare

Essex H Rear Bumming Arse Hole

Can't remember any more!!!!!!!!!!!!



