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RUN 27 'THE HOT RUN'
(Or the Ice cream run)
(Or 'taking in Leicestershire's sights on foot')
21 MAY 1989

HARES: WALLINGTON and ELLYMAY

11 o'clock approached and the motley pack began to assemble. As is the way of late, some of the old regulars limbered up to the bemusement of the more recent faces. Talk of "It's a long one" met with considerable suspicion as the Sun climbed to it's most devastating position beaming UV's down on our little hashers eager to launch themselves into the Leicestershire countryside (with or without money!) Briefing over, the pack ambled out of the Crown car park only to re-group 50 yards from where they'd set off! Much looking up and down Bradgate road but very little running was evident (was this an indication of things to come?) Eventually, prompted by an enthusiastic Wallington, the pack headed full power towards Anstey's heart only to deviate almost immediately for fun and games in Memorial Park. Once again, childhood playtimes were re-enacted on parallel bars and rails - most notable being Pils' impression of a bat hanging upside down by her knees - an ambitious position not least for the strain it put on her tracksuit bottoms!

On, on to the swings, slide etc - what fun they had and how amusing to see grown adults throwing themselves around the park oblivious to the elderly natives. But soon it was time for some real running as the pack negotiated winding roads & footpaths heading ever nearer the wide open plains of Bradgate Park. Up over the brow they went spread out like a wartime advance. Distant cries of "Are you?" received no reply - the FRB's were already well ahead. "Hold the check" was called - "Why, do you owe me money?" was the response. Oh dear.

Through the midday haze a mug shaped form appeared on the hillside as if drawing the hashers nearer (it wasn't). Was it relevant?

By now the pack was well dispersed and the Hares began to fret (Well I did!). Time to close the pack into a more orderly group. Fortunately, the ensuing brain failures outside the park gates,

where much scratching of heads attempting to break the code "O.J." occurred, drew the FRB's from one way to the RBA's from the other. After what seemed like hours 'Orange Juice' was exclaimed and then ignored. Old John was the distant target so off they went scattering the herd as they went. "It's a distance up there, you Bastard" was the considered opinion of Nigel. He was right. The Hares had foolishly believed the hashers would run to Old John. Instead a slow amble, reminiscent of Sunday afternoon strolls, ensued resulting in Quorn's longest run to date!

Anyway, the view from the top is always worth the effort and the promise of a beer stop spurred the pack on to the far side where welcome drinks awaited beneath the shade of the park walls. By this time most shirts & hats were gone as the sun gave it's best (can anyone remember a Quorn Hash in anything but Sunshine?) On! On! - Swish - Swish went the stomachs as the remaining bodies headed along the West side to Newton Linford and Ice creams!

As was the intention, this would be a HASH to remember and the group ice cream consumption outside the vending hut was worth a photo or two (Thanks, Suterball!) Our "new recruits" from Norfolk ate their's whilst running (they were slightly delayed having made a "Wee Wee stop" in the park). But off they went bravely upwards and onwards as we entered the run's third hour and the thought of missing the pub's welcoming refreshments gave added enthusiasm to an exhausted pack.

Footpaths, fields and the smell of the countryside fuelled our heroes on through the woodland and copse - only a few miles left now and the pack knew it. Gathering speed (and taking a few false trails Zupada, Suterball he! he!) the Crown moved into view through the trees of Anstey's Green, and the realisation that the run's start was also in view meant the end was nigh. A large "On home" confirmed this fact - they'd made it in one piece. On! In!

Après Hash

Down Downs.

Wallington	}	THE BEST TRAIL EVER!	JOINT SOAKING IN ICED WATER FROM A BUCKET (BLINDFOLDED, TOO!) A HASH SPLASH INDEED!
Ellymay			

Mr Spill	FRB
Gazunda	FOR WINGEING (AS USUAL)
Darren	A VIRGIN
Nigel	FOR BREAKING THE 'O.J.' CODE
Toy boy	NEW HASHERS FROM
Chicky	NORFOLK - BOY CAN SHE DRINK!

Hash Awards

RBAA - Toy Boy, for a lacklustre performance (i.e. last in)
HASH NUT - Where is it? Answers on a post card to the G.M.

Add the caption No 1



Prize - Either a holiday for 2 in the Bahamas OR a free pint next time!

HAND IN YOUR ENTRY AT THE NEXT RUN!

Thought of the day - Why am I doing this?

Special Hello! to MANGO - Great to see ya!

From the Edit-Hare

P.S. Thanks to Wallington for the grub!

Ellymay

Ellymay

By the way, who threw the water?

44

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46

47

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QH3

RUN NO 29

• WHEN - SUNDAY 23rd July 1989
11 am

• WHERE - THE GREY HOUND
BOTCHESTON

