

G.M. 'ZUPADA' 0509 813417
J.M. 'ELLYMAY' 0533 362730
O.SEX CATHY 0509 600131
HASH CASH 'WALLINGTON' 772 243880



Run No 40
Whatstandwell
June 16th 17th

Well we made it to 40! three years on and the Quorn clocks up another milestone in history. And what a memorable run it was too one of the best yet, I'd wager and certainly the most picturesque.

The die-hard nucleus of the old guard (you know who you are) met alongside the river in the wonderful Derbyshire dales sadly no visitors turned up with spectacular views all round. Its a shame so few turned up to witness the event but hey - ho such is life!

On - On ! with the plot. Hare today (gone tomorrow) Sly Fox gave a brief intro " What do you want to know... Oh yeah, two is not on, three your on, check usual markings -right on - off we go - On - On up the hill! The simplicity of it all was much appreciated. The pack launched its semi inebriated mass (Gazunda) up the lin3 before veering sharp left along the canal tow path. Those of us who thought this would be a simple trail were soon proved wrong.

A cunning double loop from the first check split the pack into three in one foul swoop! Wonderful! It was like running into the set from Planet Of The Apes or even a more lavish Star Trek episode on another planet. Tall trees grew out of marshy hollows yet sheer rock faces a hundred feet tall dwarfed everything around. Echoing cries of "are you" ... Where are you Rodney, filled the air. Much later the pack re-grouped and were off again with still another 3000ft to climb! so steep was the trail That much walking ensued although some tried to run. This practice soon stopped however, when it became apparent that even though you were standing upright your nose was only three inches from the ground!(understand)!

Out of the woody bits and into open countryside went the hash until another steep ascent confirmed the worst fears - if we climbed any higher we would need oxygen masks! Soon mutterings of "wheres the beer stop" and "I hope the beers here" could be heard. The humidity dried up the throat to such an extent that even Carling Black Label seemed appetising! Driven mad by the heat Wallington was heard to say (having glanced across the valley)"I never knew there was a light house so far inland.....

(Am 40)

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But enough of this gay banter. ON - On to the beer stop on the brow of a hill where the view was breathtaking - the highest beer stop ever. Maybe not but certainly one of the longest! A good twenty five minutes enabled everyone to cuddle the hares offspring before hot footing it into part 2!

Where as part one was 95% up part 2 was (yes youve guessed)98% down. The trail meandered through copse and thicket until the vegetation became so dense it became necessary to join hands with a fellow hasher so as not, to lose anyone.

One misplaced shoe and youd never be seen again, the undergrowth was that dense! However all made it through the wood on hands and knees, although Supercheck misjudged and ended up facing backwards down the hill held only by dense vegetation and a fixed grin.

On down towards Whatstandwell, and in particular the canal. At this point Optimistic, Supercheck, Wallington and yours truly realised we'd been separated from the others. Later we re-formed as Zupada, Dave, Cathy and Gazunda waded across the water, emerging damp but happy as the On - In loomed close at hand.

A brisk sprint home as a pack and straight into the pub grounds for that welcome glass of ale (or two).

Ceremonies were kept to a minimum - This was a respectable hostelry!

DOWNDOWNS

Sly Fox - For being the hare and a great trail.

Rodney - For his new hash name "DynaRod" for going where other hashers fear to tread

Allyman

Edie-Hare