

100th  
run



write  
up.

QH  
3

RUN 100\*\*\*\*RUN 100\*\*\*\*RUN 100\*\*\*\*RUN 100\*\*\*\*RUN 100\*\*\*\*RUN 100  
\*\*\*THE PISS TON BROKE RUN\*\*\*THE PISS TON BROKE RUN\*\*\*THE PISS  
TON BROKE RUN\*\*\*THE PISS TON BROKE RUN\*\*\*THE PISS TON BROKE RUN  
Sunday 4th. July.

The Blue Bell, Rothley.

Mango & Doc.

Scribe: Periodical, West London H3.

Having received the flyer some weeks back, the prospect of running Quorn for the first time instead of the London Henley run was quite appealing, and after some dedicated salesmanship by Mango and Dr Crippen at the Herts bash I was convinced - the mysterious promise of something unique, and judging by Doc's reaction to the 2.5 hour Herts run on Saturday in blazing heat, a manageable run length. Little did I suspect.....

Sunday dawned bright and sunny, The Worm's TR6 appeared on time at 0830, and with Mango's instructions in hand we set off for Rothley. Two hours later we are looking for the promised signs ( if not the promised land ) having reached the village. We find one wrapped all the way around one signpost, and as we make a decision on the direction, Doggie Bag and Lurch appear from that very direction looking lost - this is despite Doggie Bag having an extra day to explore. Is this the first indication of the quality of marking ? We are correct though, and outside the pub many welcoming faces beam at us in the sunshine. T-shirts later - very intriguing. Soap, razor and tissues ? Very odd...Not half as odd as some of the fancy dress though - ball gowns, dogs, chickens, wedding guests, mechanics etc etc.

"ON ON !" yelled Doc, and the motley crew shambled off, left up the hill, then across the first bits of greenery. Spirits were high - how we laughed and joked! How we skipped and gambolled across the sward ! How we chortled at the antics of the Quorn H3 gate-diving team ( a merry band, at least two in number, whose party piece consists of leaping athletically at a gate, catching their feet in the top bar and pitching themselves head first into the cowshit on the far side) and how we basked contentedly in the sun at the checks.

Now the checks seemed mostly to be straight on, apart from some very long back-checks. Flour seemed to be getting eaten by the numerous horses, apart from on the golf course where the budding local Ballesteroids were quite amicable all things considered. After some hour-and-a-half of this, the gambolling and chortling was beginning to fade, especially as pressure was being mercilessly applied by the Hare regarding a deadline..on a hash? The words "running" and "hurry" were heard, striking terror into the hearts of the dedicated strollers.

Eventually we reach the promised piss-stop, after a LONG on-in, and the "unique" feature appears - live steam trains. Unique that is, apart from London's 888, East Grinstead and some West Country H3 events. Wait a second, this is Rothley station - perhaps the pub is near some other stop then. We wait for a second train to pull in - and then we get into the first one. I see. 60 odd sweaty hashers ruin the upholstery with body fluid, having drunk the beer stop dry. Spirits begin to rise again. Doggy Bag sticks her face out of the window and learns the hard way about The Good Old Days of Dirty Steam, returning hastily inside looking like an extra from London's Burning.



We get out at Quorn. Realisation dawns that the pub may yet be a bridge too far. More bloody running, out to the left, down a farm track, hit another check across a field - elapsed time now 2 hours 15 minutes. We see the back-markers being led off in another direction altogether. One's Sense Of Humour becomes a little strained. Eventually, we reach another bridge regroup, where my Favourite Hare Of All Time now announces that we're going back to Quorn station again.

Another mile of purgatory in desert heat, and not even the prospect of seeing the delicious Virgin Julie lain delicately in the cowshit-filled stream can ease my melancholy. Rubbing Doc's face in it might, but I haven't the energy. Lurch and I plod wearily back to the station, where thankfully some reviving fluids await - Prince is also still awaiting us in the Blue Bell, unable to run due to injury, on his own, and we've been out for 2 hours 45 minutes now. Doc announces the imminent arrival of the train back, and judging by the number of hashers who attempt to throw themselves in front of it, many are sunk in the same terminal depression as myself. Even attempts to get the singing going on the train are met with walls of silence, apart from venting our frustration on the hapless normals sharing our carriage by blowing every whistle in sight - quite musical.

More plodding back to the pub, for Ansell's keg and Pedigree draught, a very very pissed Prince, and Prost clinching the Grand Prix from Hill. The T-shirts appear, beer is drunk, food is served, and maybe it wasn't that bad after all - for a 3 hour 30 minute run....

Down-downs are dispensed with great gusto by the RA, especially the hash WANKER hat ( helmet ? ), somebody becomes Twin Peaks number 38, but Mushy Penis is surely unique ( unless, of course, you know different..). Retribution was not sufficient in merely giving Doc a second down-down - I look forward to his next visit to West London...or anywhere where I happen to be in fact. The pub fountain became mysteriously empty at this point, coincident with the moistening of several hashers. Pink Imp, having changed into dry clothes for her drive home suffered a sense of humour failure around now, and someone's car alarm refused to turn off after their keys had been in the river. The singing started, clothes were removed, food was eaten off the floor and various general hashlike things went on, and on, and on.....

ON ON

Periodical, West London H3.

On!  
On!

