



RUN 112. Sunday 2nd. January, 1994.
The Carington Arms, Ashby Folville.
HARES: Doc and Mango.
Scribe: Crippen.

I knew this was going to be a great run as soon as Mango and I laid it!! Modesty prevents us boasting further about the run of '94!! However, it must be mentioned that we chose the perfect Christmassy pub on what must have been the most perfect day weatherwise in 1994! This was also a day for serious Hash Health warnings re the run: firstly, for the non-swimmers of the pack, the imminent danger of drowning following the recent monsoon rains common to this country; secondly, if you survived that, the scientific fact that water is a good conductor of electricity might have caused problems as you attempted to scale the electric fences which hemmed in every field (very Hare raising and member raising as well, if they could have been found in the sub-zero temperatures!); thirdly, having hopefully survived all that, was the possible Hash misdemeanour of losing your prized Boots during the run in the somewhat shiggy countryside which Mango and I just happened to find whilst setting this trail! Funny, no-one believed us that the trail was shiggy-free - doubting bloody Thomases!!

Despite directing the pack onto the hallowed flour, they proceeded to roam aimlessly about trying to find the trail, eventually reaching the first check where they again had to be ably assisted by the magnificently attired Hares. Question: do Quorn Hounds need glasses? Do Quorn Hounds know what flour looks like? Can Quorn Hounds count to 3? I ask because this lot ran like farts in the wind - bloody everywhere. Even the more experienced Hashers followed blindly, frequently ending miles off the trail before realising they were not on flour!!!

Pigeon Shit and Josh were seen at the rear delicately trying to pick their way round each mini-lake and shiggy mound which confronted them, only to be seen later succumbing to the inevitable: crappy covered legs and arses! Not a pretty sight! Baldycock, the sly old buggar, was seen hiding the crucial blob of flour over a bridge and directing everyone else through the river which at this point was nothing short of fast flowing and remarkably resembling the white-waters of the River Tully, Oz! He, of course, took the dry route! After traversing ploughed fields where Hashers grew taller by six inches and heavier by six tons (note the metric measurements), Bummer convinced himself he was on flour and disappeared into the early afternoon sun. New Boot John, meanwhile, cannily looked on in ribbled amusement, repeatedly stating that he was actually enjoying himself! Strange fellow - he'll soon learn! The three FRBing lads were frequently heard calling On On on the first blob and ended up running at least 20 miles further than most. Bloody fit buggars! Mr. Spill at this point, gained a second wind (from where would be

on on on on on on on on

Pils

ALL ABOUT

ME!



Right now, I am
ONE year older
THAN I WAS LAST
YEAR.

I'm QUITE tall and weigh LESS NOW THAN WHEN I WAS PREGNANT!

My favourite:

Hash Nosh

IS A BIG PIECE OF MEAT WHICH FILLS
ME UP - "FNARR - FNARR!"

Hash Piss

"PILS", YOU KNOW THAT LOW SUGAR,
DIET DRINK !! OR SO
I WAS LED TO BELIEVE!

Pub

ONE THAT'S OPEN
ALL DAY.

Tirail

THE PUB CAR PARK.

Hasher

THE ONE'S WHO
MISS THE RUN.

Book

"THE MISSIONARY" OH
SORRY I THOUGHT IT SAID
B--K

Hash Song

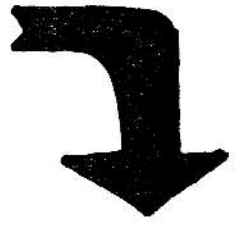
ANYONE I CAN REMEMBER THE WORDS TO.

Hash Saying

I PROMISE I'LL MAKE THE NEXT RUN!

on on on on on on on on

THE FUTURE ME!



THIS WAY UP

Here's what I'll look like in the future. ↗

When I grow up, I think I might be a GROWN UP!

^{BEST}
The thing about being a Quorn Flasher is -
THE ON - AFTERS.

I'll never forget the time I flashed in -
MY SUSPENDERS !!

