

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 "ashers followed blindly, frequently ending miles of 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 resemblingthe 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 ribled 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

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telling although curried baked beans were mentioned casually in passing) and with his horn clutched firmly in his fist, raced off over hill and vale , slipping back five paces for every three attempted strides forward. He was last seen running frantically on the spot in the middle of a rank farmyard slurry pit! Mango, my co-mare, having reached Gaddesby, decided to wimp out and seek the comfort and warmth of the aforementioned pub, claiming on our return that she had actually run all the way back - a full 14 miles by clean, dry, signposted road! No witnesses, however, but she was sixteen brandies ahead of our return! Lightning Rod, in his inimitable well-spoken style, was heard remonstrating to soon-to-be-named John: "I'll murder bloody Doc, he said that there was no shiggy! I hate getting my ballet shoes dirty!" And this came from a man who not long before had shown me his latest acquisition: brand new trainers with shig already on them. Canny lad that Rod!! He could have a best seller there. Towards the end of the run, GropeHer became a Cropper - just for a change - when, whilst crossing a deeply ploughed, exceptionally flooded paddock, he tried to keep balance, pirouetted three times on his left Boot (he's ambifootrous) and proceeded to drill himself into the ground. Sympathetic fellow Hashers simply ran past ignoring the wallowing bearded one assuming him to be a friendly farm hippopotamus! Eventually dragging himself from his muddy hollow, he enacted an encore and fell flat on his face. Still, the mud will be good for his complexion!! Picking up the final check, the Hashers, now weighing nigh on 20 stone apiece, revelled in the straight, downhill dry-road run On In. Well, there you have it, a brilliant trail laid by two superbly experienced and attractive Hares who remain modest to the end;

Down Downs.

<u>Hares</u>: Doc and Mango for laying a magnificent trail - even if I say so myself.

New Boot: John McCann - a warm welcome John and we hope to see you enjoying yourself again at future Hashes.

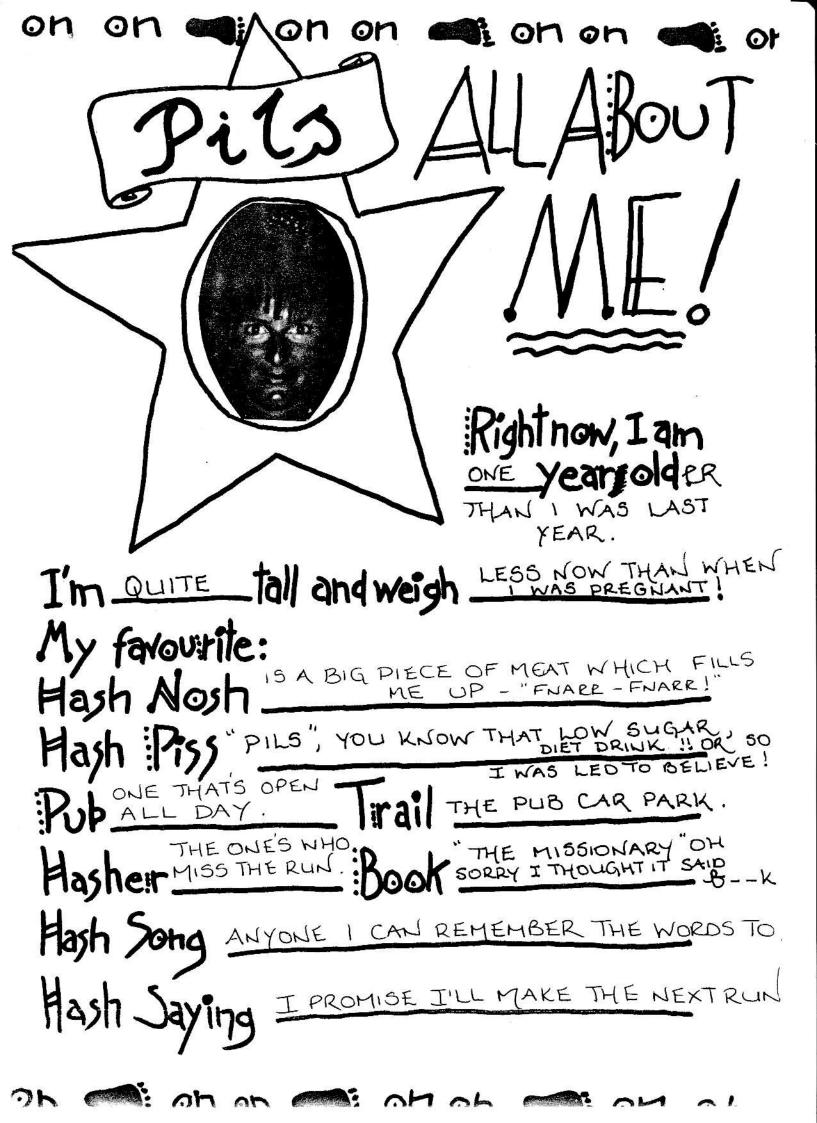
The Lads: Two of them anyway - for F#Bing like blind mice and calling On On on the first blob of flour. A severe lecture re Hash etiquette followed from the stern Baldycock. He is lovely when he's serious!!

<u>Bummer</u>: for numerous misdemeanours en route too numerous to mention, e.g. running round a bloody field on his own trying to find a non-existent trail cunningly laid in the opposite direction by Doc.

Naming.

Graham: now PULLFREW as his legs resemble pipe cleaners, and we all know what they reused for!!!!

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THE FUTURE ME!





Here's what I'll look like in the future. I When I grow up, I think I might be a GROWN UP!

The thing about being a Quoin Hasheir is_

I'll never forget the time I Hashed in -

