



RUN 113. Sunday 16th. January.
 The Partlwood Lodge, Ockbrook.
HARES: Baldycock and Lightning Rod.
SCRIBE: Gentleman Jim.

It was a bright, sunny morning and lovely and warm until we found the pub and had to get out into the icy blast. I don't know where the wind was coming from, but I know where it was going! One revoltingly fit-looking Baldycock arrived back complete with black Labrador. Next time you take the dog with you, please make sure you feed it first so it does not eat all the fucking flour as it runs behind you! Icicles were beginning to form as we waited for the mad cyclist - I must remember to shake all the drops off next time I have to stand in the cold!

Anyway, complete with Barritone, we were off, sorry, on - isn't Hashing terminology confusing? It never fails to amaze me how Baldycock manages to find so much shoe-sucking shiggy when he lays a trail. Just as I thought we were getting the hang of the trail, Barritone, followed by the Teeny Hashers, charged off, or is it on?, no! it wasn't, so it must have been off, in the wrong direction. Will they ever learn?!

Hills, dales, hills, dales, bloody big hills going nowhere, and shiggy, where Pigeon Shit's extremely clean companion inadvertantly got a little dirty encouraged by a fellow Hasher! If you thought I've been writing 'bull' so far, then you were mistaken, but I will now.

Now, most intelligent homosapiens, or is it sexuals, know that bulls are colour blind. However, this obviously excludes most people thick enough to run through mud, on a cold winter's morn in the Ockbrook Half Marathon, trying to follow a trail of flour that had previously been devoured by the dog! One very considerate Hasher decided to tell one Teeny Hasher that he was glad that he was wearing a yellow top and not a RED one similar to his. This resulted in the quickest shirt removal ever seen, with said topless Teeny Hasher overtaking Linford Christie in the 100yd. Dash, followed by a credible high jump over the next gate, not to mention the trail of s*** he left behind - no bull!!

I don't know about you, but I was getting ready for the promised beer stop and was just beginning to think that because of the time, the beer stop must be at the pub! Just before arriving at his new Bar job at the Hermitage Arms, a myopic Homeless, sorry, Shedless Chicken, decided to check out the flour that a helpful Hasher - he gets everywhere - spotted glistening in the sunshine on a tree at the top of the steepest hill on the Hash. Amazing enough, when he got there, he could not find the trail! Oh well! That's how it goes sometimes.

Anyway, back to the beer stop where Shedless served up the refreshments and measured up the Hermitage for carpets and curtains. At this point, Cyranose slipped on some mud and, although the writer

cast aside personal safety in a futile, but gallant attempt to save her, was then accused of ungentlemanly conduct, which as everybody knows must be a mistake. She said that he had pushed her!!!

Fully refreshed, off we went again covering a training ground for mountain goats. This was quite helpful really in warming us up for the next phase of the trail. Anybody who was mad enough to do the FARMYARD FROLIC RUN at Rearsby will have immediately recognised where Baldycock had got his inspiration from for the next section. But running through rivers in full flood, having first broken the ice, does wash all the mud off. It was a bit of a shame that it was so shiggy when we got out of the water - at this point, the expression "we" excludes Josh, who as everybody knows is a truly dedicated follower of fashion and is always immaculately attired. He decided that his new designer label Boots were much too precious to get muddy and wet and was seen disappearing through a gateway - shame on you Josh! (ED. Ahh! But Josh knows that the GM is never wrong!) With much relief, the On In was spotted and fortunately, the pub had an all day opening policy - so it wasn't closed!

DOWN DOWNS.

HARES

Baldycock and Lightning Rod for a really shiggy marathon length run. (Mind you, with Quorn Hounds continuing to run like blind mice and unable to find the trails at every check, it's not surprising we were out there bloody hours - ED.)

HELEN

Virgin runner and posthumously named TUMSHUDDER (as she was still lost on trail with Pigeon Shit - what WERE they up to?) - named for her Belly Dancing exploits!

JOSH

wearing new Boots.

CYRANOSE

SCBing and accepting lifts from strange men - as usual.(She has no pride - ED.)

GROPEHER

non-runner and appearing on trail occasionally to direct the Hounds the wrong way!

JOHN

named MEGASOREARSE for his extremely flatulent backside.

JAMIE

named BULLSHIT after stripping his ^{RED} shirt on trail and running like hell from a bull.

STEPHEN

named TRENCHFART - an anagram of Frenchtart, a name given him by his mates.

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