



RUN 114. Sunday 6th. February.
 Red Cow, Hinckley Rd., Leic.

HARES: Showman and Thrush.

SCRIBE: Mango.

No.1 RULE IN HASH: THERE ARE NO RULES! Just as well really as this was the Hash Run with a BIG DIFFERENCE!!

The Hashers arrived anticipating the sweaty return of the aforementioned Hares, one eventually appeared in a chauffeur-driven car (courtesy of Mudsucker minus cap!) at 10:50am.!

Uttering a load of bullshit, his excuse for not laying the trail that morning was due to the fact that his Crap Rugby Club had brought forward their Cup Match by one week thus clashing with his promised Trail! So, oh deary me, what do we do? How to lay a trail when I haven't got time to do it?

The gathered pack of eager hounds included Josh (with yet another new Rover!), Bummer accompanied by 2 Virgin Runners and one definitely non-virgin wife and baby! Lightning Rod and Pullfrew, Rough Passage and Pisscophrenia, Doc and Mango, PigeonShit, to name but a few, if not all, were also there and couldn't wait for what was in store.

Now, this takes some explaining. We set off with Showman, the Hare, minus the co-Hare, Thrush, FRBing with a 1/4 of a bag of flour. One minute from the start, after rounding the first bend, the Hare stops the Hounds and proceeds to lay a flour Check in front of our eyes! and calls upon 3 stupid Bastards to check it out, when we all know full well that there is no trail at all. When 2 of us were nearly 200 miles out of sight, he'd call On On in the opposite direction. Bastard! This gives you some indication of the next hour and a bit general fiasco - commonly called "ash Mismanagement!"

PigeonShit was heard to say: "This is not a Hash, this is a Mickey Mouse Run." Never mind, we succumbed to Showman's warped humour and were literally led around a mythical trail, with Showman being the only one who was likely to know where we were going!

We toured the delights of Kirby Muxloe (Muck's Low, more like) and its upmarket housing estate, crossed a leaden shiggy field, waterlogged to the crutchline (but naturally avoided by the ever-clean Josh and Lightning Rod) and entered a Golf course to stop for a Balti Take-Away. Here, Showman and Josh were seen to compete in a long jump over a ditch wide enough to tax Bob Beamon and at least 50ft. deep filled with golf-ball eating water! Unfortunately, neither of them fell in!! Circumnavigating the sparsely-populated Greens, we continued our Donald Duck Olympics, crossing numerous categories of field to the Rugby Club, where sanity prevailed over a pint of Hash nectar from the Bar and where we were warmly greeted by the co-Hare, Thrush, who promptly whisked Showman off to his Cup Match leaving us to sup up and find our own way back to the Red Cow after hastily given directions.

Upon our return to the watering-hole, an apparition met us in the form of Barritone, who had literally travelled half-way round the Universe to get to today's Hash and, surprisingly enough, couldn't find the trail! I wonder why?