



RUN 115. Sunday 20th. February.  
 Dirty Duck, Belvoir Castle.  
HARES: Josh and Cyranose.  
SCRIBE: Doc (commotose!)

Never arrive at a Hash semi-unconscious from the night before! - as I discovered to my cost! In my absence, I was voted in as Scribe! So, this is a write-up by Doc from the inside of his Jeep whilst looking at the inside of his eyelids and attempting to shake off a mammoth Hangover from the previous night's Bash. Meanwhile, everyone else, except the also Hungover Mango, ran!

Despite this drawback, I am confident that I shall describe the trail accurately from memory and previous experience of one of Josh's and Cyranose's Runs. It follows a familiar theme: 1) layed in flour, blob-shaped and at regular intervals. Well, one every kilometre, after all, when has Josh ever been extravagant with flour?; 2) layed from a pub in the middle of phukkin nowhere and reached only in 4WD!; 3) layed over extremes of terrain - shiggy hills, shiggy dales, odd raging river crossings, shiggy tracks, old railway tracks and embankments, freezing canal towpaths, ancient narrow canal bridges, shiggy woodland retreats, crotch-tickling stiles, Belvoir Castle views and the inevitable downhill-along-the-canal-towpath-over-the-ancient-bridge boring old On In!! There you have it, a typical and predictable Josh/Cyranose Trail, perfect in scenery, perfect in length and the perfect 1hr. 20minutes duration!!!

History also dictates the following events en route: a) Josh, as Hare, avoided all the shiggy even though he laid the trail!? How does he do it?; b) Cyranose, as co-Hare, used this title as an excuse to run at the back - so what's different?; c) Barritone ran all the false trails in only a skimpy t-shirt, sweating buckets on an absolutely bollock-freezing day, carrying his bike on his back!; d) Lightning Rod, in true Hashing style, also avoided mounds of the shiggy to avoid getting his brand new pre-shiggied Boots dirty!; e) Pullfrew ran like a demented Hare (longeared variety) off trail and into the distant mists, through all the shiggy just to make up for his father's lack of commitment to the hallowed brown stuff!; f) GropeHer roamed around lost as he can never find a real trail and spent most of the rest of the time molesting Cyranose at every opportunity using the excuse that he was only trying to help her over the stiles!; g) Bummer motored along doing his own thing blindly leading the blind on false trails!; h) Russell looked on with bewildered amusement wondering how the hell he ever got involved in this Bunch of Retarded, Beerswilling and phoney-jogging Nomads!!

THE BIG QUESTION IS: WHERE WERE ALL YOU OTHER HASHING BUGGERS? You, like myself and Mango, missed a superbly scenic run by your hallowed GM!! We had an excuse but the rest of you - unforgiveable!

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RUN 114. DOWN DOWNS: Mango - for the absent Hares!  
 Virgins - Alan (who isn't on alcohol at the present)and Russell (who is!)