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RUN 116.

Sunday 6th. March, 1994.
Wallington's Pad, Earl Shilton.
Wallington.
Bummer.

HARE.
SCRIBE.

Fire made up, spuds peeled, wife fed cat, pissed off to the Hash! As I said to Josh, I'm all out of Virgins, so hopefully I could get in the right lanes through Leicester. So, I nearly got it right - it's not like you meet any Brits in Leicester, so what's the problem?! No navigator, I arrived at Wallington's in good time with no parking problems. Not much sign of life, however, the windows were all steamed up so maybe it's all happening inside!!

A motley collection of Hashers dossing about the lounge. It wasn't a pretty sight but at least Doc and Mango were conscious. Doc, the connection between the adverts for sexy undies and drills, is hopefully you end up with a bit! So, after all the ablutions were taken care of (Josh made to go last, understandably), the bit between the teeth, wishful thinking Doc, it was On ON!

Unlike the London Marathon, only one start was needed - one Hare, six Hounds - WHERE WERE YOU? you lazy fair-weather Hashing bastards!!? By the way, my ex-Hash, Amatheus in Cyprus, are hosting InterHash '96. Be warned, it might be too hot for all you pussies who need the weather just so!

The run started off with a bit too much tarmac and me on two falsies!! Check three and Mango hit the front and called us all On On down to the sewage farm - now we are in true Hashing country and check four. I went right taking in all the goodness of the fresh country air. No, it wasn't the sewage, just 'ango's natural bodily functions!! Her words for having a farty bottom!

Where was I, oh yes! right off check four, well, make that wrong off CH.4, another false trail! Around a field and I'm back with the pack, all five of them, and they've all gone one gate too far - now I'm front running! Through a farm - not sewage - but very very smelly. Barritone took up the trail-blazing followed by myself and Doc, Josh and girlies bringing up the rear.

Back across the fields, Doc, blood leaking from his leg catches up to Barritone and me. Barritone asks the obvious, Doc, where did you cut yourself?" "On the leg", came my reply, couldn't resist it, sorry Barritone! We regrouped, found a check and hit tarmac and streets again. The finish, we are all thinking - wrong!

A sneaky loop around the allotments passed some cute-looking horses and there it was, 'ON HOME'. A cracking trail, well done, Wallington, you VERY OLD PERSON! Free food and beer at Wallington's followed and, of course, a birthday DOWN DOWN for him in the new Hash Tankard. ON ON Bummer.

P.S. Feel free to come Hashing anytime and bring a friend or three!

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