



RUN 118.

Easter Sunday, 3rd. April, 1994.  
The Hollybush, Duffield.

HARES:

Pullfrew & Trenchfart.

SCRIBE:

Lightning Rod.

Some 13 Hashers assembled outside the Hollybush, where real ale is brought up in jugs from the cellar, to pit their wits against a trail laid by apprentice Hares, Pullfrew & Trenchfart. The well shiggied state of these two before the start was perhaps a little taster as to what was in store!

It turned out to be a Hash for the Derby Division of the Quorn H3, as everyone else including Doc & Mango had decided crossing the border into that excellent county Derbyshiggysshire was just too far. However, the arrival of a brace of experienced Hashers from Leeds, namely Burglar Bill & Flossie more than made up for the non-attendance by QH3 regulars. After yet another punctual "On On" was sounded, the hounds split into two packs to tease out the trail, the correct one inevitably leading very soon to the 'sea of shiggy'. Most good & true Hashers went straight in but some were tempted by a fiendish long 'short-cut' by climbing up a bank and running along a ridge to join the others 500 metres further on!

Burglar Bill at this point seemed to be going for gold & sniffing out the correct route at each check. Flossie though was lagging whilst taking in the lovely scenery & couldn't care a 'rats butt' if she was accused of being an SCB.

Local knowledge didn't initially help in deciding where the course might go, as even Megasorearse, him of Hollybush fame, was seen to be running all over the countryside with an air of confidence, but in the wrong direction.

First-timers Jennifer, Janine & Jemma seemed somewhat bewildered by the event, but full marks to Janine who ran the whole course, whilst the other two J's were learning the techniques of being SCB's. After curious looks from villagers in Pargate, the course led downhill into a wood & across a stream at the bottom. At this point, Moriface was seen to be cleaning his trainers to a 'new-look' condition in the stream. Strange really, since on stepping out the other side, thick shiggy couldn't be avoided.

After crossing a railway line, we entered a field occupied by horses which turned out to be very partial to the particular brand of flour that had been laid!! As the Hash ground to a halt due to the course being 'eaten', literal mud-slipping between Lead Hare Trenchfart & Leading Hound Bullshit proved quite entertaining.

Burglar Bill eventually sounded the 'ON ON', although he was seen to have stooped a man walking his dog who duly pointed in the precise direction of flour. (Bill reckons he was only asking the time!)

From here it was all downhill, particularly so when 3 nameless and brainless Hashers decided Francis was looking too clean, and sprung a "shiggy-slinging ambush", pretty well changing her pristine appearance instantly to that of a mudflap.

Being Easter, no Down Downs were administered. Just as well really as Hash funds probably wouldn't have covered all the dastardly deeds committed!