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Run no. 125 - "The Inter Titty Run"
Venue: Long Eaton Station
Scribe: Gerihatric
Hare: Barritone

It was 11 O' Clock on a bright sunday morning as 12.5 hardy hashers met at Long Eaton Railway Station, everyone expecting to be taken on a train journey to commemorate the occasion. All this was shattered when someone was heard in the distance yelling "Who ordered a bus?" We all turned to be greeted with the sight of a pre-war omnibus, and Barritone running across the car park shouting "Everyone aboard!"

Having all settled down for what we hoped would be a pleasant journey in the countryside, we were treated to a hash first - a falsie on a bus. Even then two latecomers failed to make the start. Boo!

The journey proper started, and we were taken through Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and into Leicestershire, only to be dropped off in the only village in the three counties not to have a pub. Not only that, we also had to pass through the quaint old village of Kegworth, noted for its "Hashing Bastards" and outstandingly friendly natives.

As the bus disappeared into the distance, the hare was off on the trail to the joyous sound of "There's a beer stop on the way" - Pity it wasn't at the start. Off we went through ploughed fields, wheat fields, rape fields, cow fields, over stiles and under bridges, which is about as we will get to a train journey. On the way, one of the lumpy hashers was silly enough to enquire of Hash Shit, "What way is it?", to receive the unhelpful reply "Don't ask me, I'm only the toilet attendant!"

Having moved out of Leicestershire into Nottinghamshire, we were faced with another dilemma in the form of aragin torrent of water - well, a stream anyway - Do we cross it, go round it, drink it or go back? Is this the beer stop? Having decided that there was no pub around, we crossed over only to be met with a field of nettles which proceeded to sting Yours Truly in some most delicate spots.

On On - We went along the side of the river, admiring the boats and fishermen until we came upon another river, this one a little wider than the last one and obviously deeper. "Bollocks - I'm not wading across that!", someone was heard to say whilst the hare was waffling on about "The beer stop's over there", and pointing across the water.

Then it was spotted: "The Banana Boat". Having determined that the owner had some petrol in the engine, we climbed aboard. Halfway across the driver was heard to remark, "I think I have enough fuel to get us to the other side". Hope there's no crocodiles in the water. On reaching Terra Firma, it was then a mad dash to the beer stop for a refreshing pint and some chit-chat whilst ogling the local sights.

Run 125 - Continued

The pleasantries over, it's off again along the river banks and a tour through the back streets of Long Eaton, then On In to the railway station, where we all stood around trying to spot the On In pub, to be told by Barritone that it was 300 yards up the road. There then followed a he-man's start and race to the pub.

A few more pleasantries were exchanged followed by a hurried circle and down downs, as everyone had somewhere else to go; all of which did not deter some academics from compiling a number of statistics for the run like 12.5 hashers took part, the hash took 125 minutes to complete, 125 words were spoken on the hash, Yours Truly had 125 nettle stings on his legs, and there were 12.5 checks on the run. What a load of bullshit!

Anyway, good run.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
With no one in the vicinity
Jack fell down less half a crown
And Jill lost her virginity

Old Mother Hubbard went into the cupboard
To fetch the postman a letter
But when she got there the cupboard was bare
So they did it without, it was better.

VULGAR FRACTIONS

JACK	JILL	JACK	JILL	JACK
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WHELMING	WHELMED	JILL	DUE	SEAS