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Venue: The Rose & Crown, Cotgrave
Hare: Gerry Hat-Trick
Scribe: Loopy Loo

A small motley crew gathered in eager anticipation. Would this hare, Mr Cunning himself, the master of guile and deviousness, live up to his billing? Being the holder of a most prestigious trail-blazing award, he certainly had a lot to live up to. After a few moments, over the hill and he appeared, with the whole tribe. Ding ding a dang dong dung ding a dang dong!!!!

After the first check, Mango found the trail and we were off: zig-zagging round the back-streets until finally coming out almost where the check was. "We've done a big loop", Mango cried, plaintive. The trail then followed the road to the next check, where Barritone found the trail, obviously spurred on by Minihatricks and tinihatricks in the distance. The trail went past a farm and round the side of a field. Bleat and Dame Shame sensibly stayed with the hare, while the rest of the gullible lot went right the way round the field and back to the check. Mango, meanwhile was trying to find some way of avoiding going round the field by climbing into whatever undergrowth was available.

The trail then, apparently went round three sides of another field, but this time nobody was being fooled. After reaching a cornfield, the trail bent sharp right and looped back to a canal. "I know where we are!", cried Bummer, "We came here last year!" Barritone went the wrong way, while at the next check there was confusion. After several very cleverly laid falsies, the trail crossed the canal and continued the other side. Rough Passage continued the wrong side, but didn't fancy braving the rough passage across.

At the next stretch of towpath, Wallington decided start training for the Great North Run next month, and hared on ahead. The next check saw him using his loo seat appropriately, which he was awarded for turning up to this run a week early!!

Another cunning little twist throught the woods, and Doc Crippen found the footpath leading back into the village, where there were more loops before returning to the pub, where Pisscophrenia, feigning a twisted ankle or something, was posing in Doc Crippen's jeep!

Well, This trail certainly did live up to its billing - certainly enough cunning and loopiness! However, WHERE WERE YOU??? It was a lovely day, hot but not too hot, and we had a great time. If you weren't there, don't you just wish you had been?

Down downs were awarded to Wallington for coming to the hash a week early(!), Bummer for having a birthday, Pisscophrenia for posing and to the Tinihatricks for their virgin run.