



Run no. 131  
Venue: Stathern Basin -> The Belvoir, Plungar  
Scribe: Mr. E  
Hare: Josh and Grope-Her

The story starts at 2 am. on the morning of the Hash in question. The hare, looking outside and seeing drizzle started shitting bricks, fretting, "Oh no, I hope my trail doesn't get washed away!!"

Cut to 10:50 Sunday morning, and up rolls the hare, complete with brown trousers. He didn't have long to wait, as soon the little lay-by was packed with a motley crew of hashers, plus two dogs (Dastardly and Motley?). After a brief instruction from the hare to regroup at all checks, we were off!

Bo (Broken Waters' dog) rushed off, and quickly found a trail down a private footpath by a stream. Barritone, the Doghandler Designate, called her back, and checked ahead down the road with Wallington in hot pursuit. Wrong!! In fairness to Barritone though, that was the only trail the dog got right all day. Meanwhile, we had a virgin (Wanda), who looked as if she was dressed more for the catwalk than the dog-walk, and second-timer Cath. This cunning little twist meant we didn't have to regroup for long at the first check.

After the second check, Broken Waters took Bo, while Barritone and Big Phut checked out a couple of footpaths across a field. Bo followed Broken Waters on the right trail. Current score: Bo 2, Barritone 0.

Eventually we got to Plungar, an idyllic village with a lovely looking pub called the Belvoir. Nobody except the hares realised at that point that that was where we were to end up. Meanwhile Warmers had declined to regroup at the checks, and was steaming on miles ahead of everybody else. The trail led across some more fields to the ubiquitous feature of all Josh trails: THE CANAL!!! The towpath was on the other side - how were we to get across? Bo went for the most direct (and wettest!) way, then after swimming back checked left - after all, that's the direction of Stathern Basin!! Wrong!! We back-tracked and crossed a stile and a field, where Bo checked out yet another false trail nobody else could be bothered about. Eventually we crossed the canal and ran down the towpath for nearly a mile until we got to a check.

At this point the hare offered a mini, which was straight back down - You've guessed it - THE CANAL TOWPATH!! This was readily accepted, especially as Cyranose had checked in what the hare assured us was the right way for over a quarter of a mile - and still hadn't found the trail!

Back at the pub, down-downs were dispensed by Cyranose, with Pigeon Shit doing the announcements and Barritone leading a rousing chorus of Vino. Down-downs were awarded to Wanda and Cath (Cath had escaped this initiation at Rutland Water), and, in their absence, to the two dogs, who were undoubtedly the stars of the show.