



Run no: 136
Venue: The Hunting Lodge, Barrow Upon Soar
Scribe: Mr. E
Hares: Doc Crippen

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The tale starts the previous evening and the previous year, when four hardy souls decided that a new year's piss-up in the Hunting Lodge was preferable to repairing Mango's ceiling. We sat by a big roaring log fire, beer flowed freely, as did the conversation. Doc Crippen had originally had the idea of laying a midnight hash that occurred in both years, now he was having second thoughts. Next to breeze in was Rockhopper, followed closely by Pissco and Rough Passage, all kitted up and prepared for the aforementioned run.

By now the pub was filling up, and the stage by the window was now occupied by a couple of guys in kaftans. They sang soul and reggae covers to backing tapes, and the motley crew of hashers was soon dancing and joining in the words. Midnight came, and both Grope-Her and Barritone were soon kissing females with wild abandon. Rockhopper, previously a good clean-living soul was gradually getting more and more pissed. At 1:20 AM. Grope-her was getting increasingly agitated, saying we should move on to Cyranose's, as she was expecting us an hour ago, etc. Where was Pissco? - Purchasing another pint and devouring it incredibly quickly!

Cyranose had a terrific spread laid on for us, and the drunken mob that had staggered through the door devoured her hospitality with enthusiasm. Pisscophrenia, however, was revealing the reason for his hash handle, and started loudly pontificating on all sorts of subjects. He later collapsed on the sofa. Cyranose put a tape on and started dancing, but even that couldn't arouse Pissco.

Next morning. It was cold. Grope-her got the start time of the hash wrong (Sounds familiar?) 18 people managed to stagger to the Hunting Lodge; Josh only just made it, and Pissco and Rockhopper were dead to the world. One of the partakers was Bananas, a hasher from Managua H3 (Nicaragua). The trail was suitably short, and at a regroup in the middle of a traffic island, we were offered a Mini. Your scribe chose the Main, and as an ill omen it started sleeting... then snowing! we went across some fields and some allotments, eventually finishing up with a tour of the back streets of Barrow. Just as we got back, we were greeted with a 5-minute blizzard. We decided to expose the new landlord and the pub's clientele to the joys of the Hash, and held the down-downs on the stage. Guess who walked in in the middle of the ceremonies? - Rockhopper!! Guess who was given the next down-down!! We sat in a circle eating sandwiches and soup, and then popped down to Cyranose's for tea. Pisscophrenia was lying on the sofa, his face the colour of that lime blancmange you used to have at school. A great weekend!