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THE UNIQUE HASH - Run 149 (or should that be 555?!)
- The Blue Bell, Hoby

Hares - Cyranose & Josh

Quorn Hashing history was made today (as Cyranose & Josh would have us believe!) as Run 149 began with an intimate circle of Hashers huddled together in what at this stage atleast seemed to be a HUGE carpark! After waiting around for a "wee" while ("Where's the toilet? Where is it? Is there NO toilet around for miles?") the Hash began with a lesson à la Josh on flour....yes....FLOUR! Speechless Hashers (ooh....for what seemed like milli-seconds...) watched mouths agog as Josh threw a perfectly formed BLOB of rather strange looking flour into the middle of the circle. Surely this wasn't the virginal white flour we all adore? No...it couldn't be...it was far too healthy-a-looking wheaty alternative! What was he playing at? Cheap...did someone say cheap (out of date?!) flour....surely not. And not one Hasher amongst us was convinced by the unsightly substance before our eyes.... not that is until Doc tried to allay our suspicions by tasting the strange mix. At the cry of "Tastes like flour to me!" we were ON....and tore out of the carpark at breakneck speed (don't mention the whiplash!) as a perfectly formed group of FFRB's - that's my version and I'm sticking to it! Socialising....oops!....no....RUNNING....Cyranose slipped into the conversation that this Hash was going to be unique....ummm..... in more ways than one and that PRIZES might abound. The thought of.....a free pint.....half pint.....shares in Walkers' crisps.....KP.....? spurred us all on. Sounded like excellent news to me as we all racked the brains of our smily, enthusiastic faces in search of a prize.....Rockhopper? (no, HE hadn't a clue!)..... Doc....Minihatrick....Gerihatrick....the Hatrickettes....Dame Shame....Bleat... all making wild guesses with little success at this early stage. After a swift re-group at the first check (was that REALLY a check-back after running ALL that way..) Doc tore back across the field en route to what seemed, from a distance, to lead back to the pub! Think he must have been REALLY thirsty! Was he crazy or what? No, we all agreed, he's just an over-energetic P.E. teacher! Goodness knows where Rockhopper was at this point, but most of us kept close to Cyranose (our informing Hare, you know!)

"Which way now, Cyranose?"

"Ppsstt.... ppsstt.... ppsstt.. !" she whispered.

"WHERE?... What was that?... Back across the field?"

"No! Follow the river... follow the river round...."

"Fine!"

And we were off again. ON! ON! Through cornfield after cornfield... through village after village.... passing pub after pub..... Why is it that the trail took us so temptingly close to FIVE pubs and yet steered us unwittingly clear of their welcoming, open doors right at the very last moment each time?

Surely this WAS a unique Hash... so perfectly re-grouping (!*!) as we all went en route, runners at the front ALL OF THE TIME and following, quite convincingly I thought (well most of us that is) the new, healthy style trail of camouflaged flour. But, WHERE was Doc? Was that one.... no.... two... three... four... YES... FIVE... (it had to be!) false trails he'd followed. He did a TREMENDOUS job of running around.... and around.... and around. He looked happy enough in the distance though!

Running breathlessly and red-facedly (was that the sun?) on our five mile meander through FIVE villages with NO short cuts we had truly made Hashing history! Eager to go on and on, we continued our much needed Sunday exercise outdoors in the pub garden where we joined Wallington, Mango and Mudsucker, exercising our elbows, mouths and bodies lazing in the sun. Brilliant!

Bye for now,

Bleat_x

P.S. As for that much awaited prize.... those Hash nuts were simply wonderful!