



Hash Run No. : 157  
Venue : The Navigation, Barrow upon Soar  
Date : 4 November 1995  
Hare : Mango  
Scribe : Mommy, its all so new to me.....

Well, after searching the local papers.....libraries.....and the like, I finally meet "Paddy", a hasher trying to do it on the net, in Luxemburg, who gave me what I wanted.....what I needed.....in the form of Craig Marshall in Middlesex, who it turns out isn't satisfied with just the one HHH, sad bastard that must be. In summary, he faxed me the U.K. Hash directory....and.....oh yes.....They will be mine.....the Quorn HHH caught me eye.....could it be .....where the hell is Barrow upon Soar.....who is Mango? Are U.K. hashers similiar to thier southern variety? Will they have an attitude?

So being a truely desprerate, deprived hasher, I venture out for a rare, chilly saturday night hashing experience, with not one but two hash groups (Mickleover incl.,who don't seem to get out much, considering the amount of children they brought along!), who all look the same to me with all thier Hashing regalia.....is this a fashion Hash or what? I wan't my mommy.

The leggy American type of guy, introduced everyone.....and asked Mango (oh is that who she is!) to talk people through the flour droppings that they where about(?) to encounter. ON-ON called and off we go. We soon discover, that this could be a rather dangerous, or bonding experience, if we just flirted with H's with torchs.....I don't care.....just give me light. With no idea of where we're going, we follow blindly looking for thoses small blobs we were told about. In retrospect then, flitting, nattering, opening security gates by giving them that famous hasher glance, trying not to end up in the Soar, remembering to open all those gates and climb all those obstacles in the way, not to mention those hashers in front who seem to stop for no apparent reason .....where'd those blobs go?

As we ventured under the Great Central railway.....everyone stops, and watchs Mango take.....is no one going to stop her? .....sparklers and fire works out of her designer hare bag. With the help of a few cancer seekers the sparklers are alight...This is such fun, Mom, I think that I'm ok now.Freezing to death, we observe Cyranose and Mango attempt to sabotage the bridge with there fire works antics, and almost gasing everyone with the amount of smoke that they produced. ON-ON again, and of to the beer we go, pausing to watch a train to pass above us.

And so it came to pass.....that after yet another jollity run, we finally arrived at our watering stop..... are they burning the place?...why are people throughing pictures of Tony Blair and John Major into the fire?...could this be how they celibrate Guy Fawkes here? It is at this point that hash shorts and his hashing hippy interrogate me, as to my existence.....I may need you again now mommy. After we all eventually drink the cold away.....and half blinded by the bonfire of ill repute, ON-ON is called, and off back to our final watering hole we go.

For those of us who blindly followed Dobber and Penguin, enjoyed an extensive overview of the non flourery parts of Barrow, but surprisingly we found our way back.....does someone know where we're going or what!

Who is that guy, who keeps running past me???

Exhausted we eventually make it back to the Navigation.....a quick count reveals that all survived, only to be rewarded, by yet another one of Mango's firework displays. So where's the beer then..... WOW, these guys are good.....there own private hash drinking room.

The hash circle is tight and jolly, with Down-Down's going to,

- Dobber - Did he know where he was going?
- Mango - Abstaining, a sin in itself!
- Leonardo - The painter of ill repute!
- Dougal - How far away is your mommy, then?
- others - too plastered from me one and only experience of Trent bitter to remember.....sorry Mom.

So in conclusion then Mom, Yees, Yees, Yees, I think that I'm going to enjoy me Quorn experience.....see you when I set a run home!



*Dougal*

