



RUN No: 168

VENUE: The Star, West Leake

DATE: 31 March 1996

HARES: Titty Frutti, Butt End and Titty`s brother

SCRIBE: Gobalot

It was my, `thirty-ninth year to heaven` when, along with a pool of some eighteen hashers we gathered together under `The Star` at West Leake.

And, while Sam savaged sticks, the rest of us formed the hallowed hash circle to be given instructions and/or verbal abuse by the `Doc`. (I don`t know about the colour of my top, look at the state of his shorts.....) Such dark and evil thoughts were immediately banished when, catching sight of Titti Frutti`s slight figure I saw her smile a tiny smile of grim determination. Then I knew.

This was going to be a RUNNER`S HASH!

We started by flinging our bodies to the four far corners of the pub car park. When this strategy failed we resorted to the only sensible tactic that all hashers resort to when confronted with an orienteering challenge.

“Er, has anyone seen any flour?”

Eventually, we started our journey, and, yes dear reader it fulfilled - almost- every desire that a certified runner/haser has engraved upon their hashing hearts.

First of all there were the `holding` checks. I remember one in particular, where some of the hashers decided to, `hold` their own..... The sound of running water broke the silence of this spring morning. (Stop taking the piss).

Then, the invisible trails started. Only Lightning Rod could suss these out. They must have had his name written upon them in invisible ink. Or maybe he needed the extra hill training. I don`t know.

Oh yes, there was also the drama role play. When Paxo`mimed` 9½ Weeks` his nine and a half digits were literally explanatory. Am I the only one who has seen this educational film?

There were the rollercoaster through shiggy up and down hills.

Remember the one I let you get to the top of first ,Kentucky?
Sometimes there was a shared moment of revelation when, lost in the wilds of West Leake`s forest, Bigfoot`s harriet - Chicky?- and myself confessed that ,unless there was a `Marks and Spencer` or equivalent around the corner, we were unable to take compass bearings.

Sadly ,there were none of these shops within a twenty mile radius. Most of all there were the green fields, the shiggified hills, the warm and sunny climate, the shouts of ,on ,on.... , copious amounts of flour, the company of fellow minded hashers and harriets such as, Dogs Bollocks, Barritone, Josh, (unaccountably quiet) Bleat/Dame Shame? , et al.

All in all the general , don`t you just feel good to be alive? ambience pervaded the air, until you stepped into something warm, wet and smelly, of which there were a lot A small price to pay for this superbly planned and well laid course. (Creep).

And so it ended as we wound our way back to The Star, this trail of knackered hashers, to be greeted by our GM Cyranose, and her sister both looking far too clean for my liking.

DOWN DOWNS were as follows:- (While Sam still savaged sticks).

1. Kentucky . The hero of this hash. He spotted my lost contact lens upon the grassy floor, and gained the accolade of Eagle-eye.
2. Your Scribe. For losing the aforementioned contact lens, and initiating an impromptu prayer session to Allah. (Well that`s what Doc Crippen said we all reminded him of).
3. Butt End. He was spotted `windshielding` on his bike.
4. Dogs Bollocks. His distinct lack of verbal abuse on tripping over. Apparently, (whisper, whisper) he only said, "whoops." Oh yeah!
5. Lighting Rod. For, `discovering` lots of different hash trails.
6. Cyranose. Her cries of, `yes yes` definitely raised the `spirits` of certain hashers.
7. Steve. The virgin, who managed to pour the beer everywhere but in his mouth.
8. Another hare. Titti Frutti`s brother? Whose new name had something to do with Macho Whales!

It`s a dog`s life, Sam.