



RUN NO. 170

VENUE: The Admiral Rodney, Wollaton  
DATE: 5 May 1996  
HARE: Kentucky and Sam  
SCRIBE(S): Big Phut and Warmers

As usual jumped in the car with 20 minutes to get from Barrow to the run site. Speeding along the A60 into Hoton we pulled behind a green Rover which had been temporarily slowed down by a right angle bend. Two figures in it looked like they were having an Aerobics session. Figuring it could only be Josh we beeped and then the chase started to make the run on time. Josh speeding at 80 while he and Ann seemed to be changing into each other's clothes with intermediate breaks for airing out knickers and running tights thru the sunroof. We pulled into the Rodney at 11 sharp to be greeted by a bloody nosed Barritone and Crippen with a bloody fist. Please Doc don't hit him again, he really is a nice guy, and he throws a good party.

OK, run particulars, KENTUCKY on his first lay, overly concerned about the worthless hashers who have decided to come. Well we volunteered to do a write-up, which turned out to be sort of misguided as we ended up taking the abbreviated shortcut, thru Bramcote park, so can't tell too much about the first part of the run, which started out Wollaton Vale, (we think) before it got to the off-road area where there was supposed to be some barbed wire designed to decapitate the pack. We rejoined the pack shortly outside of Bramcote park and the trail continued on to Wollaton Park, around the lake and back to the Admiral Rodney. From our perspective and feedback from the rest of the pack, it was a decently laid trail, thru nicely chosen country. Very good since the only help for Kentucky was from SAM.

Let's see what we can remember about the down-downs. PAXO as the role of the insufferable R.A. required us all to rise from comfortable positions to a standing circle to show proper respect (all these religious fanatics are the same). Loong statement from Doc Crippen. Kentucky had to do a down-down with enormous spillage. Must have been relaxing from the mental strain of run-set. Hash Lech, ButtEnd received a down-down for picking up Pornographic Filth along the trail (and Keeping It). Unfortunately we didn't get a good look at it. (Probably required reading for the local school children on their way to school). Colleen (Warmers) was supposed to do a down-down but Paxo made the tactical error of saying that she could pass it off to any one she wanted to. Paxo tried to wriggle out of it, but the R. A's word is law. Crippen believes in pouring beer into his shorts (probably needs a good alcoholic wash), resulting in having his shorts pulled down by hashers ready to avenge ultimate beer abuse. Then Dog Bollocks got one for inflicting pain twice, obviously a masochist. Apologize for leaving anyone out if we did, but it was a good run, good company, and good weather.