

RUN NUMBER 180
MONDAY EVENING 29 JULY 96
VENUE THE RATCLIFF ARMS, BUNNY
SCRIBE ~ LIGHTNING ROD
HARES ~ TOO TUFF AND PLEASURE GNOME

Having been assured by Oriface that tonight's run started at 19:15 it came as some surprise on our arrival exactly on time to see a dozen or so hashers on the verge of departure - on time - surely not?

Correct, not on time, but then we were enlightened by Too Tuff 7pm was the scheduled off, and for being late and arguing the point scribe duties were allocated to yours truly.

The hares Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome gave us the direction, and a steady gallop saw Oriface and Baritone arrive at the 1st check 1st (a well proportioned, uncomplicated, simple flour circle conforming to international Hash standards IHS0 9001!) Pity Miss Whiplash wasn't on this run to note.

Scribe picked up the new trail running alongside a dyke (didn't know they were allowed on hashes?) but no-one else seemed to have heard the shouts of ON ON. Hash chatter was breaking out amongst the likes of Mango, Cryanose, Big Phut and Warmers, whilst serious head down hashing was happening up front between Rock Hopper, Baritone, Sharnie and Oriface.

A well placed check on re-crossing the dyke threw the pack into confusion and only hints from Pleasure Gnome on the likely direction saw Cyranose pick up the new trail through some vicious stinging nettles.

This regrouping check took effect so that we now saw the running order changed with Mango, Egg-Cite-aballs Big Phut and Warmers trail blazing into the setting sun.

Oriface got lucky in finding the remaining checks and consequently he and Baritone both bounded back to Bunny, bollox to the rest of us.

On return to Hash HQ we found Josh and Gropher complete with excuses for not being on time and then Too Tuff called the circle Since the RA was not with us the honour was bestowed on Oriface to administer the down downs, who immediately nominated Josh for tuning up in a crap suit/tie. Next were the hares for laying an excellently crappy course, and then Baritone for running and farting like a horse and finally Egg-cite-aballs for being a poser in his fancy T-shirt.

All over then, but was it? Baritone pounced up and demanded a special down down for Too Tuff as on the last Hash he had spread rumours that the John Thompson Pub closed at 2pm. Consequently everyone left and Baritone had to drink on his own until 3pm. Since no poem was bestowed on the hash, yet again, by Hash Bard Oriface, beer re-fuelling ended a good £1.50 worth of summer evening hashing.