



1176

Run no: 182
Hares: Barritone & The Dobber
Venue: The White Hart, Stanley
Scribe: Barritone

A rear view:

It is now a month after the event, and so this write-up is subject to Scribe's Licence. Either some or all of the details contained herein may be false.

The hares were sipping their Pedigree as various Hashers started assembling in the beer garden out the back. It was almost too small to cope with the 48 (yes - 48!!!) who turned up. This motley crew included a number of virgins, and Roger, whose previous hashing experience is revealed in the exclamation, "Gosh, there are a lot of young people here tonight!". After awaiting the Coming of the RA (A truly religious experience) the trail immediately led through a field, where Moby Dick had an argument with a cow, and did a perfect Errol Flynn impersonation using a piece of stick. The cow was clearly not impressed - apparently they were watching a TV documentary about whether you can catch BSE from eating humans.

Stu then emerged after a particularly long false trail. He later explained that he had to tone down the usual sprinting because he was knackered doing a lot of exercise before the run (Well, that's one way to describe it). The long stride towards Dale Abbey really sorted people out, with Lightning Rod and Crazy Horse making a joint decision to ignore the regroup and keep on FRBing. Everybody continued checking in every direction except the right trail, until one of the checks had been obliterated, together with all the false trail marks leading off it, by someone thinking it would disturb their little Dunroamin. This meant Jester sprinted off for miles and miles until he realised nobody was following him.

The trail wound through a 5 ft. field of maize, where everybody was talking about the recent dramatisation of Stephen King's *The Stand*. What evil monsters would come crawling through the crops this time? Just then our worst nightmares came true, as an alien creature stood about 500 metres away from us, waving its limbs and making an awful lot of noise. We couldn't ascertain whether it was trying to communicate with us, or what it was trying to say - it was so far away. However, it was soon deduced that what it was shouting was "Stop shouting". It soon became clear that this life-form (*Latin name: Farmus Angrus*) was of limited intelligence. He was standing so far away that in order to be heard he had to do precisely what he was asking us not to do. Just then Mango and Warmers found themselves in a ditch, with 400 kg. of Mr Angry's prime BSE weighing down on them with honey-glazed eyes. Nethertheless we all got back in one piece, with only minor cuts and bruises.

The down-downs alternated in tandem. I can't remember who received a down-down, except both Lightning Rod and Crazy Horse got one for FRBing, and Tim was christened "Hen-pecked" for being dragged to a party in Stoke on Trent by his distaff side when all he wanted to do was hash. Barritone got one for availing himself of the £3.50 fish supper... with the usual result.

What's the difference between Australia and a tub of yoghurt?
If you leave yoghurt long enough you'll eventually get culture.



WHITE HART - STANLEY
12-8-96

ATTENDANCE 48 (MH3 31, QH3 17)

Hares : Dobber & Barritone.

This became our first ever joint hash, welcoming Quorn to the Derbyshire countryside, complete with stampeding cattle and irate farmers.

Laying the trail prior to the run Barritone & Dobber were suitably knackered and after refreshing themselves before setting off on the hash did not improve for the rest of the evening. After an uneventful first check we hit the first cow field whose inhabitants were suitably spooked causing several people to huddle together praying this was not going to be another Shardlow.

The natives got angry as hashers followed a falsie along their farm track and then watched in amazement as 30 plus other loonies chased across the fields away from them. Out into Locko Park where a regroup was arranged but front runners decided to take no notice and were next seen supping beer (lucky buggers). Once out of Locko the next check caused a load of confusion as hashers went in every direction before finding the correct trail around the garden centre. The next batch of falsies were totally wasted, the hares had more fun laying them than the pack tried finding them. Are these Quorn hashers too good at this? We'll find out at Melbourne in October!!!! (As it turned out, they couldn't cope with the long distance run).

As the trail neared its end without too much incident, there they were waiting for us, a field full of Bullocks. Complete mayhem rained as at least one group scattered over gates, in ditches, through, over and under hedges to escape by the the hot aired breadth of a rampant set of sweaty bullocks. Dobber suffered an ear bashing as Mr. and Grandad Angry didn't understand we were having fun and not trying to kill their livestock. They threatened to report us to every organisation in the county, they forgot we were on public footpaths and it was us at more risk from their mad animals, than they were from us.

Back to the pub where Dobber joined Too Tuf from QH3 to perform the necessary down-downs to - Phil Mead - no prize for winning

George Kendall - virgin hasher

Crazy Horse - sun lounger leg injury

Jester - floppy stick to chase cows

Stuart & Judith - sharing can of lager.

On.on, Dobber.