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Run No.184 01/09/96  
Hares : Bleat & Dame Shame  
Venue : The Hemlock Stone, Wollaton  
Scribe : Dr. Who

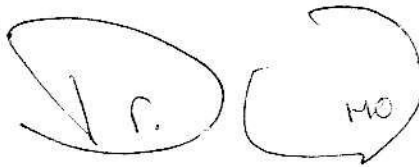
Your scribe turned up at The Hemlock Stone promptly at 10:50 (yes, for a change I was not late for a hash) to be greeted by Kentucky and I quote "some new bloke" on a fine September Sunday. Were we the three merry band that would be running today? Of course not. Soon after the hares appeared grinning like Cheshire cats as they knew what was in store for us. More Hashers dragged themselves out of their abodes and sauntered in up until about 11:15 when it was decided the proceedings should begin. After watching Sam and Leo (a new Hash Hound) joyfully taking up a CAREER in Lumberjacking it was decreed that I should be Scribe. The Hash started in the usual way with nobody knowing where they were going so Lightning Rod and I hopefully bounded off down the road. ON ONE! I called, ran for a bit, ON TWO!! I shouted getting excited now! Ran for a bit more. I just happened to glance over my shoulder to see who was following and to my surprise there was nobody. At all!! So after a sharp U-turn we caught up with the pack to find the hares hadn't even noticed we were missing. Anyway our tribe skipped, skirted and trousered there way around Wollaton Park until we came to a small fence with a ditch on the other side and a blob of flour seeming to point the way across, well I say ditch, I more mean moat or Beeches Brook. As Red Rum or Shergar were not on the run we decided to go round (we are Hashers not horses) to find it was a false trail anyway. But of course there was more Jigery-pokery to come. We had all been told at the start by our grand leaders the there would be a holding check and we had to do an activity beginning with the letter in the circle. The letter was 'P', it seemed very obvious to me but apparently the activity was 'play'. Well I wasn't to know. Eventually after much more confusion and running we arrived at The Admiral Rodney where upon my arrival I witnessed Lightning Rod attempting to break into a White 'C' reg Honda Civic. (He had been given the keys to one of the Hares car and told there was free beer inside). Upon Realalising we were in fact looking for a Blue Honda Civic we quickly called ON ON, hid our faces from the security cameras and ran on.(a small bribe will stop me from telling the police) A short time later we arrived at the bottom of Bramcote Hill and finding a check several Hashers set off up and down various tracks and as I waited at the check, listening to the calls of the aforementioned runners, I could hear ON ONE! ON TWO! then nothing. Not a peep. Not even a 'P'. Time Passed. Lots of time.

Either all other Hashers had been eaten by the three toed, purple eyed, green skinned, runner eating monster that lives in those woods or there was no trail. In fact it was the latter (the Hash monster had probably wiped it out) so common sense prevailed and we all climbed to the top of the hill where I was informed by an old friend from School that there was indeed a BLUE 'C' reg Honda Civic with a large 'B' (for beer) in the back window in the car park on the other side of the hill (thanks Gavin). After a quick drink and a regroup it was a short run back to the Hemlock Stone. Above all a great day for Hashing, a well laid trail (apart from Bramcote Hill) a stupidly long write-up. If you were not there tough, but Bleat and Dame Shame may give you a personal tour on request.

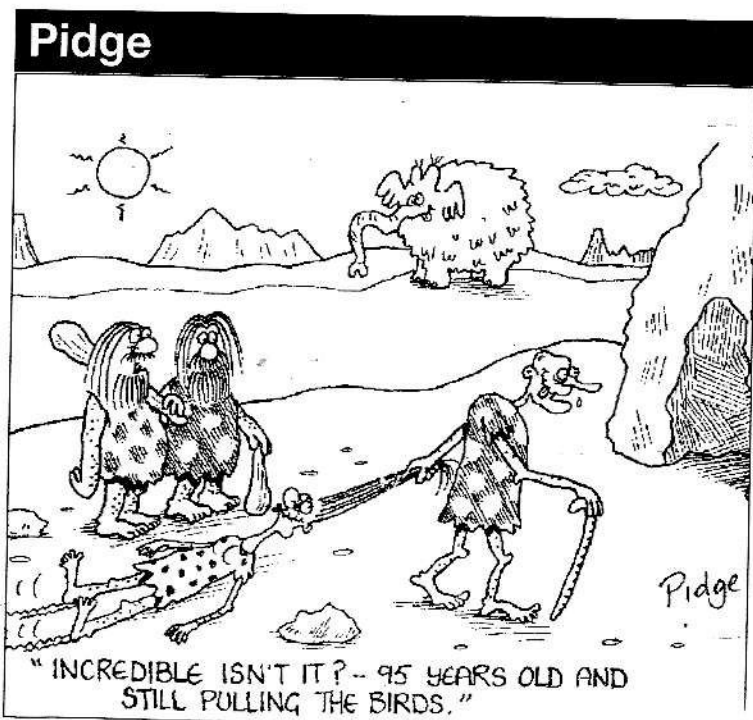
Apart from being chosen to scribe I was also stand-In R.A. for the day. Down-Downs were as follows:

Bleat and Dame Shame for setting it  
 Barritone for always going the wrong way on it  
 Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome for missing it  
 (that's my job)  
 Kentucky for making it look easy  
 then saying it was hard work  
 Lightening Rod for reading in the Hash circle.

ON-ON to the next one



Dr. Who.



**It's all been** going horribly wrong with soup. In Hungary, 4,000 people have been reported ill after eating poisoned strawberry soup. Equally disastrous were events in Poland, where a man was killed by 26,000 tins of turnip broth. The unfortunate victim was Mr Urban Mittens, who was at the time building the world's largest ever pyramid of soup tins. "I've never seen anything so beautiful," explained his grieving wife. "The base was mulligatawny, then there was a layer of lobster bisque, one of sweetcorn chowder and then 60 feet of creamy turnip." Tragedy struck, however, at Mr Mittens' moment of triumph when, after three years of work, and having built his pyramid to a height of 63 feet, he was placing one final tin of crabmeat pottage at its very apex. "He cried 'Eureka!'" recalled Mrs Mittens, "and then the

whole thing collapsed on top of him. Soup was his death; just as, in a way, it was his life."