



Run: 188 Hare: Doc Crippen
Hostelry: Dew Drop Inn, Hathern, Liecs.
Scribe: Grope-Her

In the beginning there was a pub, then there was a Hash. However the Hashers were informed by the hare that the pub was crap and that the post Hash venue would be at the Anchor, just down the road. Usual introduction, trail flour, 3 and on etc. blah, blah, blah. Easy start to the run (I, spotted the flour when parking the car) around the streets then paths fairly predictable with GROPE-HER leading the charge in a manly athletic style wearing a virgin white like shirt indicative of his well known "Good clean life and beautiful thoughts" philosophy. (I'm the scribe and I'll write it as I see it!). The run was lacking in shiggy, a fact owned up to by the Hare prior to the run that he bottled out due to over indulgence the night before and was feeling a little frayed, and chose the easy option. GROPE-HER still leading the charge across the fields was way out in front desperately trying to get ahead for a piss, without suffering personal embarrassment due to the chill factor, was mindful of an ode penned a couple of years ago :

*There was a young Hasher from Quorn
went out for a run one morn,
When the weather was nice, but quite chilly
mindful of this, had stopped for a piss
but had difficulty in finding his willy*

Having eventually located the aforementioned appendage completed his ablutions GROPE-HER waited for the pack by amusing himself on a rope swing at the next check. BARRITONE, as is his wont, went charging off on a wrong trail vigorously encouraged by the pack (bastards!) while the real trail was in the opposite direction. JOSH was singularly lacking in energy, preferring to follow at the rear with WALLINGTON, CAROL and Virgin friend (Harriet) only checking once and got it wrong. KENTUCKY(& dog) on the other hand were very energetic but not very effective in locating the trail, this was left to 3 MOANS who was very persistent on one check by the canal where the Hare was mindful of the cost of flour these days and decided to economise. As for ROCKHOPPER, well enough said! The trail led into the fields for a short detour before rejoining the canal tow-path, pleasant but it started to rain, at which point the pack crossed paths with a large group of walkers going in the opposite direction all over-dressed in warm coats and waterproofs with the exchange of friendly banter we went our separate ways. CAROL seemed to be desperate to get grips with the sheep promised by DOC (a worrying trait in certain Hashers) and was, by this time "whinging" muttering something about getting wet and the detrimental affect on hair etc. and was subsequently named WET!WET!WET! for doing so. A short cut was offered by the Hare but the pack was made of stern stuff and to a man (person!?) refused. A bit of simple street running to finish then back to the Anchor where the walkers had beat the pack to the bar.(good planning DOC!). GROPE-HER was declared as the "Secret" RA (busy chap) and when finally reaching the bar, dished out 5 down-downs for various fictitious misdemeanours, most of which ended up on the corridor floor via the heads of WET!WET!WET! and Harriet. Run wet but good.