



RUN NUMBER 189

WHERE: Fox & Hounds, Blidworth
WHEN: 2 November, 1996
WHO: Kentucky (Hare)
X-Sightaballs (Scribe)
WHY: Read on ...

Why would six male hashers, one female hasher and a hash hound go out into a dark wood and have eleven bangs between them (eleven, I'm assured, not ten - two happened at the same time, so we didn't really notice)? Answer, of course - the QH3 firework extravaganza. Undeterred by the November weather (mild), the rural terrain (green and pleasant) and the local ale (wet and plentiful), a mammoth pack of eight suffered the hardship of a torchlit stroll, a dazzling pyrotechnic display, an inordinate quantity of Gluhwein and a few pints next to a roaring bonfire. On the minus side, much suspicion has been thrown on Dogs Bollocks' claims of hash miles run, in view of his surprising inability to measure 25 metres when lighting blue touchpapers attached to large explosives, as well as on Kentucky's claims to have been "walking in these woods all my life" after jauntily stating at the half way stage that "I haven't got a fucking clue which way the trail goes from now on".

The bijoux size of the pack and exuberant payment of hash fees resulted in "mild" penalties all round, as follows: KENTUCKY for locating the explosives 200 miles from the Houses of Parliament, PLEASURE GNOME for deciding she wouldn't mind giving him one anyway, DOGS BOLLOCKS for ruining everyone's night vision, BARITONE for answering every shout of "mind the big muddy puddle" with "oh shit, I've just fallen in a big muddy puddle", PEEPING TOM for being an FRB, and TOO TUFF for getting confused and pissing up his dog's leg. Oh, and yours truly for managing to trip over the very last tree on the very edge of a very big wood. Well, I didn't really expect sympathy.

ON ON ...

X-Sightaballs