

QH7H
RUN 195
THE ARBORETUM

Ar-bor-e-tum, my heart's devotion,
Let it sink back in the ocean!
Always there hurricanes blowing,
Always the population growing,
And the money owing,
And the natives scheming...
And that Barritone steaming:

“I LIKE TO RIDE WITH MY HAT ON !”

(I know you do !)

“Look like a bike with a twat on !”

The Runners:

Cyranosejoshrockhopperjetslagdogsbollocks(thehare)barritonebigphutwarmerspleasuregnometootukentuckysam.

The Story:

The carpark was sloping and icy and, after the cars had parked more or less where **they** wanted, the hash circle was formed in the usual manner. The hare's instructions consisted if a warning that the **sugar** that was used instead of **flour** on account of the icy conditions, (?) had dissolved and was invisible. The **noble** hare, therefor had to lead the pack along the more difficult stretches.

ASIDE: For those that don't know the area, the Arboretum pub stands next to the Arboretum - one of the nicest pieces of open ground within striking distance of the City centre. It is also only a few hundred yards from The Forrest, one of the largest pieces of open ground within striking distance of the City centre. So the route was pretty obvious right from the start - it totally avoided both of these fine hashing grounds and shot off into the teeming metrolopiss.

Just like the art of comedy, and sex for that matter, hashing is all about timing. So, after a brief tour of the back streets of Radford and a run down into town, we ended up at the promised pub stop to find that it opened in one and a quarter hours time! So on - on to the next one... this one closed also, and the next. Finally, the writer found an excellent pub that was open AND would allow Sam (The Hash Hound) inside. The rest of the pack however, were so far behind that by the time they reached the last pub that had been closed, it was open! Unable to pass an open pub...

Refreshed, the pack set off with renewed enthusiasm for the chase, and walked most of the way back, sweeping up Jetslag on the way, who had abandoned the hash for the sake of a Mars bar and a bit of cash. Now there's commitment for you.

A pleasant pub sesh (as always) ended up with down downs for:

1. Cyranose - for.... Can't remember.
 2. Barritone - for looking like Jetslag (apart from the beard).
 3. DogsBollocks - for the great pub timing as mentioned earlier.
- That it then. Except to say isn't modern IT fantastic (see below)?

Ms Sandra Bullock



Best of the Net!

Kentucky.