

Quorn Hash #199 2 March 1997

Queniborough

Hares: Mudflaps & Wallington

What I did on Sunday

On Sunday I went running with the Quorn Hash. Well, not quite. I missed the start like I usually do. You see, although me mam doesn't mind me Hashing with the big lads, she doesn't like me hanging around before the start and after the run when they talk about things not fit for my ears. As it is, she won't let me see more than the map on the Rash Hag cos of all the filth in it. So when I got to the pub, all the big lads had gone. It was OK really cos GropeHer and his nice friend Tanya were late as well so we could run round together.

We ran down a lane to a farm where the road was ankle deep in runny cow-muck. GropeHer gave Tanya a piggy-back. This wasn't fair cos for me the cow-muck was knee deep and me mam keeps threatening to stop me pocket money to pay for a new gym kit. Those two were like little kids playing games while I did it proper cos when I looked back, Tanya was giving GropeHer a piggy-back. Well it looked like a piggy-back, but they weren't moving far cos their shorts were round their knees, silly things. I waited for them at the next check and then GropeHer sent me off to do all the checking like the bully he is. I didn't cry though, and found the trail, but when I shouted ON ON they didn't come. When I got back to the check, Tanya was stood against a tree and GropeHer was bumping into her and making the tree shake. I asked them what they were doing and Tanya said something about a quick tree trembler which is good for conkers. These girls know nothing. I could see it wsn't a horse chestnut tree and anyway it's easier to knock them off with sticks. I was beginning to think these two preferred sissy games to Hashing.

Well we ran on across the fields to a village where the trail went down a narrow path full of nettles which stung GropeHer's knees and my elbows, but I didn't cry though. There was a garden full of nice doggies next to the path. GropeHer said to Tanya all those dogs had given him an idea. Help at last, I thought, but I checked the other direction just in case. I even waded across a stream at the check, but there was no flour wherever I looked, so I went back to find the others. There they were, playing Flat Dog. I'd seen the dogs playing it in our street. She was the Flat Dog and he was on her back pumping her up. GropeHer said he'd found the right root straight away and Tanya shouted ON ON, but I didn't hear them.

When we got running again out of the village, we followed a stream to another check near a bridge. Tanya smiled at me like me mam does when she wants me to go down to the shop for a loaf on the slate, and I knew I was in for more checking. Tanya smiles like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth and I know it doesn't cos I heard Doc Crippen say he put a knob in her mouth once and it stayed hard for ages. I checked all the trails using the fieldcraft we'd learned in the cubs and as usual it took the other two ages to come when I shouted. By now my legs were getting tired, but I must be getting good enough to be a proper member of QH3 cos GropeHer could hardly walk and I'd run further than him.

We went through another farm and across the fields to Queniborough where we found the final check. Tanya smiled again which is funny cos proper Hashers groan when they run onto a check. Well this time I sneaked back to the other two to see just how much running they were actually doing and there they were behind the hedge playing the game me big sister plays when me mam and dad are out. She calls it The First Time For Me and it usually ends up with her and her friend rubbing the settee cushions with a flannel, which is funny cos she doesn't like housework normally. I asked GropeHer what was going on and he said Tanya had sat on an ant hill and they'd run up her wee-hole and he was sending in his thing to eat them up just like an aardvark and it felt bloody fantastic. He told me to practise this game Bonking cos it was better than Hashing any day. I didn't believe him but I told me mates anyway.

Finally we ran back to the pub where all the big lads and lasses were gathered outside for the awards. They gave me a clap for taking two and a half hours and I heard later that Tanya had given GropeHer a clap that lasted two and a half weeks, but I didn't believe it cos neither of them deserved any applause for not checking properly.

Anyway, me and me mates tried this Bonking game and we prefer Hashing. The man from the council said it was the biggest ant hill he'd ever been called to clear and me mam says I can go back to school next week when the bandges come off. And I won't cry either.

This was the first run Bugger and Jane did with QH3 and, despite christening Jane "Cobblers", they keep coming back

On On
Tufti