

A BERKS EYE VIEW...

Run no.: 208
Venue: The Riverside, Barrow-Upon-Soar
Hare: Rockhopper

Rockhopper, not known for his athleticism, was keen to get on with laying the trail. He had not been up all the previous night drinking malt whisky, and had foregone breakfast and rushed headlong out into the fresh Barrow air clutching two bags of flour and a plastic sack of canned beers.

This was going to be a flat picturesque trot back and forth along the Soar river plain, with the trail going past Big Phut & Warmers house and the Navigation. But we all knew that anyway, this was afterall a Barrow hash. Several of the lesser hashers were away on a hash weekend, but they were more than made up for with a quality raiding party up from the Royal Berkshire H3. Rockhopper had been nibbling his finger nails, thinking that no-one would turn up, but he needn't have worried. There must have been bugger all on that day, because a reasonable number assembled on the banks of the Soar/Grand Union Canal, several having hashed in Stoke the previous day.

The aforementioned BPh & W pretended that they were late and had to drive 300 yards down the road to get there on time. A QH3 hash starting on time?? They are just lazy bastards....Pidgeon Shit had dropped in from Lincolnshire wearing only some faded beach shorts (with a pattern that a 1960's tie would be proud of) and a roll up.

"There will be blobs of flour, checks and regroup" exclaimed the enlightened hare, "and ON ON up to the left.....". The pack set off at a startlingly medium pace up the hill to the left, and rampaged around the Plesiosaurus island until they realised that there wasn't any flour, and had missed the well marked footpath down to the canal...

BH3's Twin Cam and little Hub Cap were tearing off at the front, and sure enough passed BPh & W's house and the Navigation to the first check. Cyclogical, Barritone and Wellington wandered around the canal for a while until somebody found the trail straight ahead and across the meadows towards Mountsorrel. In and out of the flood tunnels beneath the A6, and we were soon amongst a herd of bullocks. Barritone tried stampeding them into a group of walkers, and the strung out pack landed on the streets of the mother village. I suppose that QH3 has to go through Quorn every year to maintain it's title.

At this point, Twin Cam and Jetslag were front running, with Barritone and Wellington thoroughly checking out all of the falses. At last we all sighed, a regroup. But rumaging around in the bushes did not produce any beer, so ON ON once again. The trail lurched right into the undergrowth, and a small group leapt across a stream and across some alotments. The mischievous Hub Cap was calling ON ON with not a blob in sight, and the peace was briefly shattered for the lone alotment diggers who escape from the house for quiet solitude on Sunday mornings.

Anyway, the detour was worth it because Twin Cam and Barritone mis-judged the width of the stream and slipped calf deep into the foul smelling ooze (pew!). The real trail was found, and Dobber proved his manliness through the nettles by pulling his long socks up over his

knees and his shorts down as far as he dare, to try and avoid the dreaded nettle rash. I am assured that the builders bum wagging along the trail was an amusing sight (Thankfully, I missed it). At the same time, Bugger was trying to avoid the same fate by running along the stream. Around this time, some informants had also informed on Twin Cam and Warmers for leaving the trail for jungle P's.

The general lack of checking, and the sheep pack at the next check reminded me of all other hashes. Doc Crippen admitted to being too wimpy to check out potential false trails, and had been having great trouble keeping up with Leo the dog. The trail headed towards Loughborough across the old Central Railway line, and of course Rockhopper had timed it so that a steam train (a genuine ~~Z-w-c~~ that used to run along this line, I was assured by former anorak Skydiver from BH3) trundled by at the right moment.

The regroup, within sound of the clicking cameras of the anoraks and the delicate whine of the moped riding local lads, did turn out to be the beer stop when the hare eventually turned up. Rockhopper had appeared from out of a corn field in the opposite direction to everyone else, no doubt a ploy to sharpen the thirsts of the pack. It was just as well, otherwise we may all still be drinking the 2.2% canned bitter....an acquired taste.....

On with the show, a careful crossing of the A6, and back across flat fields towards B-u-S. More stiles, a sewerage works, a shabby farm and a llama later and we were at the ON IN, which had been strategically placed 25m from the pub! The pack trickled in, never having really got back up to full throttle after a beer stop. Gnome limped back after injuring her leg while frolicking in the woods. A rush to the bar (possibly the crappiest in Barrow) and the rampant thirsts were quenched on the banks of the river Soar. Doc Crippen was eventually sufficiently recovered from his exercise to act as temporary RA, and the sinners were :

- Rockhopper - Hare (which reminds me - Warmers was actually praising him for the trail. She obviously hasn't fully adjusted to life back in the old country...)
- Skydiver & Hub Cap - Nominal visitors
- Big Phut - Driving to the pub (he claims he didn't want to raise a sweat)
- Bugger - Limbering up and posing certain stretching exercises before the run
- Twin Cam & Barritone - For getting muddy, stinking feet in the stream (Barritone was also further shamed by being well and truly out-drunk by TC....)
- Pidgeon Shit - Turning his back on the circle and reading a book (oh my gawd...)
(Well, at least he didn't sing!!!)
- Cobblers - Eating in the circle (obviously Gnome wasn't going to cook later...)

ON ON - Cyclogical

p.s. - Don't forget the Berkshire 1000 weekend.