

Quorn Hash - Run 212

Sunday 20 July 1997 - sunny and hot.

The Plough at Ratby

Hare - JetSlag

It's a little after 5 in the afternoon, it's hot (35°C), I'm on my nth beer, feeling totally at peace with the world ('cause I'm on me hols) ready to break open a 5 litre (smallish plastic barrel of Vin de Pays du Var - prix FFfr38.50 - roughly translated means 7 bottles of local plonk at 75 pence 'une bouteille).

The clue is On 'Vin de pays du Var' - the 'Var' region is the Cote d'Azur, south of France. Sorry to drift off like that - back to reality.....Yes even better was the Quorn Hash of 20 July, also a sunny and hot day from the OFF at the Plough at Ratby, somewhere in Leicestershire (I think). Those of you who attended the 200th at nearby Kirby Muxloe will be forgiven for constantly experiencing 'deja - vu' on this run. (By the way I'm wearing the 200th run T-Shirt here, it mingles in well with all the Benetton / Versace (late of this world) / Gucci etc. designer and over -priced crap they're all wearing here.

Anyway, off we all set at 11:17am on the dot up hill in the scorching heat, clinging to water bottles running over fairly parched shiggy and such. Wait though...as I recall many of our Hashers set off at a walk - more like a Sunday School outing than a HASH run. This group included -no! no! I cannot name names - oh! bugger it of course I can, Too Tuff, Chicky or Pleasurenome, Bugger (again! a second mention!) and lots of others.

By now Frigga was friggin' banging along in front until he lost the trail - that'll teach him! Lightning Rod was also playing at clever buggers until he got lost (6 km down a farm trail I think) that's when I picked up the lead. This was not to be taken lightly -the responsibility!- the leadership skills! -could I handle the pressure? mais naturellement! So I took up the lead -what a héro- soon cocked that up though and was very quickly skulking along at the back in with JetSlag, Warmers et al.

Anyway quelle une delightful jour! The hare got us lost once when he failed to put bars on the false trails and some of us stitched it together anyway and we ended up in a wood running in ever decreasing circles (mein gott - what is this place I'm inside?)

So we continued ON! ON! Was this March and the 200th run or was it July and the 212th?? It was the same trail wasn't it? Never mind, it was at least a Sunday and you're allowed to be confused. No point in switching on a second brain cell - such a waste on a Sunday! (As an aside: Did you see Alexi Sayle in a rēpeat of the 'Young Ones' recently -charging round half demented with a shot gun - threatening anyone who was either sane or "Sarcarstic" - his name? - Why Brian Damage of course. He wouldn't tolerate Sarcarsm from anyone. Yeeess? - They don't make 'em like that anymore do they).

So back to the ~~run~~, ~~walk~~, Hash. That's it Hash. Next me and Lightning Rod 'Sussed out' the beer stop -we knew the lady in the car, looking totally relaxed and nonchalant in the in the car park was really JetSlag's lady and she had a boot full of Beer (in a cool box to boot!) (That's the trunk to Warmers and BigFoot).

Anyway it was a fantastically brilliant run (yes, I've always been good at Bullshit - I have a PHD in it). So to the Down Downs! Showman had everyone singing something - the locals looked pretty perplexed at this -like most of us Hashers!

So who got a Down Down? Buggered if I can remember really. That's it! Of Course!

- Bugger, for not recognising TWONK on a Welsh Road Sign - well, obvious isn't it? (Explain it to me next time in that case then).
- JetSlag, The hare. A good trail really even if he cocked it up a bit. He was awarded the order of the BOG SEAT for his expertise in trail laying.
- Frigga (I think) for going off somewhere exotic.
- " ____ " apologies to " ____ " I can't remember who it was? This cheap wine gets you pissed easily (or are you just a light weight -Ed). The Down Down was for Smuggling a Red Dragon out under his hat and I think I remember the hat was 6 feet tall? Crazy this Hash - no wonder I keep coming (now! now! manners please)

That's all for now.

Bon soir you Bastards! (Not really you darling sweet people).

The Truth About Pub Refurbishment



Before



After