

Paul Williams
2861700 1812



QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| G.M. | -Too Tuf | (H) 0115 937 4505 |
| R.A. | -Showman | (H) 0116 226 8964 |
| ON SEC | -Barritone | (H) 0115 922 6050 |
| HASH KASH | -Pleasure Gnome | (H) 0115 937 4505 |
| MASTER OF THE PISS | -Rockhopper | (H) |
| ORGAN GRINDER | -Mr Logic | (H) 0115 914 0938 |
| HASH FLASH | -Lightning Rod | (H) 01332 751580 |
| POETUS LAUREATUS | -Wet Wet Wet | (H) 01664 840256 |
| HASH SUPERGRASS | -Josh | (H) 01949 860805 |
| MEDICAL ADVISER | -Doc Crippen | (H) 01572 823166 |
| HASH LECH | -Kentucky | (H) 0115 916 3857 |
| HASH HOUND | -Lucy | (H) 0115 937 4505 |

HASH HOLINES: 01509 415134
0115 922 6050

RUNS: Thrice Monthly
1st & 3rd Sunday 11pm
Last Monday 7pm

<u>RUN</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>RECEDING HARE LINE</u> <u>VENUE</u>	<u>HARES</u>
218	Mon 1st Sept	The Swan, Milton *Joint with MH3-GRID 470,308*	James and Eddie
219	Sun 7th Sept	The Hammer & Pincers, Wymswould	Doc Crippen
220	Sun 21st Sept	TBA THE LIME KICK, CO-STON BASSETT	JOSH
221	Mon 29th Sept	TBA *Torchlight Run*	THE ROYAL OAK, COSSINGTON GPS-WOMES SERVICE
222	Sun 5th Oct	The Rising Sun, Middleton, Cromford *Cromford Special*	Miss Whiplash

217 LAST QUORN BEEF
Mon 17th Aug Plank & Leggit Sawley Marina Buggers & Cobblers

- NUDES IN BRIEFS
- 1) Well done to those who attended, drank at and were sick at NASH HASH at the weekend.
 - 2) Mickleover 50th run and Xmas pub crawl:- Fancy dress. To be held some time between Christmas and the New Year. TBA.
 - 3) Spa H3 joint run:- Date TBA. Venue somewhere near Leamington Spa.
 - 4) ON, ON with Quorn H3 to Norfolk 700th on 13th Sept.

CONFUSING GM HIM SAY?
Anything e pohible on hash ef yo han't go a clu wat yo tawkin abow(Japaneze accent required)

THE HASHITE SAGA-IN SEARCH OF THE HOLY QUORN
Sunday the 17th of August was just like any other run day for 4 x FOTM(FRIENDS OF THE MOLE) hashites as they lay legless on the streets of Lincoln, Lincolnshire, England, UK. At 04:30 am, LIGHTHOUSE the brightest amongst us, pointed to a glowing light in the sky to the West. Possibly we were lying the wrong way around and it was the sun rising in the East? But no! It was the most famous chalice of them all, it was the 'HOLY QUORN'. We knew it was our destiny to track it down, and so it was, hangovers and all we headed West-ish.

THOUGHT OF THE PAGE?
My brother is such a bad athlete, he ran the bath the other day and came in second!

Scibe
Run 217

The chariot roared towards the holy light. Past NOT-IN-HAM we were arrested by the Sherrif for wearing PAPER shirts and shorts. Local live stock had been disappearing and he thought we were RUSTLERS. Soon LONG EATING was digested and SAWLEY missed. Suddenly, there it was, by the marina, the HOLY QUORN. Vis-a-vis; the Plank & Leggit. FUNKEY GIBBON guided the chariot into a slot in the rear of the car park and we proceeded to gather with the other hounds for the pre-ramble ear bashing.

PRE-BIRTH

BUGGER & COBBLERS, two unlikely looking hares, lied to the twenty plus throng, telling them tales of drunken orgies and laughter. What about the run we asked ourselves? BUGGER gesticulated with a finger, or was it two, and the HASH was ON,ON!!!

By the first bend BARRITONE had rubbed DUREX up the wrong trail but he still managed to stretch a-head. At this early stage of events I could hear the GM and HASH KASH mumbling; "whats the matter PLEASURE GNOME", he said. "I've lost the dog ", she replied. "Don't worry pet, we can place a notice in the RASH HAG; 'Lost HOUND please return to QUORN HHH". "TOO TUF, I don't think the dog can read", she exclaimed! As a visitor to the QUORN HHH I got the impression that they were barking up the wrong trail or just talking a load of 'dogs bollocks'.

HASH GRAFFITI?

They don't make cars like they AUTO.

BIRTH-THE AGONY & THE ECSTASY

The first check came and went as did the river Trent. Mr LOGIC, BLOW, ORIFACE, PULL-FREW and LIGHTNING ROD were all seen trading places along the speckled white trail. It was hard lines for some crossing the railway track. RAMBO on the other hand decided to make life easy for himself running along the lines and then SCing at the last minute to head the pack. A blatent SCB like that rarely goes unnoticed by the committee, and so it was to be? Is it true, 'that every fifth run with the Hague HHH and you get a Dutch Cap? I wouldn't say the HARES were tight with the white stuff but they must have made a pile of dough with all they saved! Talking of money? If HASH KASH keeps her pound coins in her pussy, does this mean that QUORN HHH has loads a money in the 'KITTY'?

By the 3rd or 4th or 5th check in Breaston(Or should that be BEARSTOP?) the heat was really on. So much so that the pack rested and waited for stragglers. After what seemed like a millenium DUREX returned from the roundup alone, no HALFWAY or LIGHTHOUSE, Randy sods. So it was ON,ON and two down(Two less for the Bearstop Ha,Ha). MARK-the-VIRGIN runner was proving that wearing tight shorts does not impede ene's performance. I saw him in the bar chatting the blonde up afterwards, she was transfixed by those shorts. The US of A line dancing pair BIG-PHUT AND WARMERS were enjoying the English country shorts, backs and sides?

Once at the water check evryone followed the HARES instructions and searched high and low for the clear nectar but none could be found. COBBLERS eventually came good and produced the wet cool matter. In true HHH style she was despatched from whence the water came and given a right royal soaking. COME OVER was down on his knees in front of COBALOT, only 'slurping' water this time? When the Lady of the Lake returned from her swim and we had quenched our thirsts it was ON,ON to the river Derwent and the lock crossing.

HASH DEFINITION?

Whats a myth? An unmarried woman with a lisp.

HHH-WISDOM?

Keep on smiling-it makes everyone wonder what youve been up to!

Somewhere on the run was a bear stop, but where was it? DUREX and RAMBO were first to the check along with some mountain bikers. By the time the bear was discovered all the pack had gathered. TOO TUF let LUCY lead him up the garden path while others decided that following the GM is not always a good bet, they were right. ON, IN; ON, IN; echoed along the Trent and we knew that bear and food was at hand. After 1hr and 37mins we arrived in camp, bracing ourselves for the QUORN ceremonial circle, the most ancient of rituals.

THE AFTERBIRTH

As with all circles, it was not long before the guilty were being punished for thier sins. Yours truly was the first to receive the down down, on behalf of the other FOTM hashites. At least someone had been sitting on the piss-pot before my mouth touched the sides and had kept it nice and warm for me! The new runner was named after completing his third HASH, he will now be known as 'WOMB SERVICE'. He will have to be careful as everyone knows that the butler did do it? With matters of course out of the way we all retired for more grog and some fodder. We were happy, we had come, seen and delivered the HOLY QUORN.

PARTING THOUGHT?

What do you get if you cross Boy George with a bird of prey? Vulture Club.

The four FOTM would like to thank all members of the QUORN HHH for thier friendliness and for making our weekend complete by providing a memorable run. Over the page are our HHH details and we would be glad to see you at any time on one of our runs. Possibly we could arrange a joint run and duty free crossing pre-xmas sometime. Once again thanks to everyone for a lovely run.
ON, ON QUORN HHH!!!!