

## *A FLY ON THE WALL VIEW OF THE HASH WEEKEND...*

Date:- 5th September 1997

Venue:- The Rising Sun, Middleton, Cromford.

Run No 222 :- Mallock's Mountain...

Hare:- Miss Whiplash.

The weekend began in the early hours of Friday evening, with the pre-hash party being arranged around Showman's spacious abode, numbers of guests were unknown at the time, but the more the merrier...as long as they brought some more liquid refreshments!

Well the first to arrive at the scene, now to be known as '*Den of Iniquity*', were G.P.S and Blow!, laden with copious amount of that falling down fluid, bitter...and a box full of crisps...?...and Mr Smoothy (G.P.S), had even purr...chased...a bottle of wine... for the ladies...shame none were expected this weekend!

The night began fairly slowly, with the next arrival, being Josh, not arriving until the ungodly hour of 8 O'clock, what kept him, where had he been till this hour, apparently it had something to do with Boy Scouts...okay!, The next, main, and definitely LOUDEST arrivals were the Norfolk gang, consisting of Rab C (The Pilot), Whimpy (The Co-pilot, not used to these four wheeled inventions!), and the passengers of this flight of fancy being, Twonk, and Billy...

G.P.S's eye seemed to light up at their arrival, can't understand why, maybe it was the thought of some more beer in the fridge...anyway, the party began...but suddenly resituated itself over the road, at 'The Talbot'. It had been arranged that the party would move onto the local (the other side of town) Indian eating establishment, but who'd arranged the transport there...funnily enough that person had the name of 'Nobody', how's that Meatloaf song go..."All dressed up, and no place to go...", well Showman saved the day, and a mini bus was on it's way...

The Akash, was a place frequently used by Showman and Mudsucker, and they knew the management, I'm sure it's safe to say, fairly well, so what possessed them to invite the hash down there a second time...anyway, we all sat making our selection from the vast menu of mild to 'bloody' hot curries on offer to the unsuspecting diner...Twonk didn't like anything too hot...but Whimpy insisted on getting the hottest fair on the menu...good luck, and gallons of fluid to him!

Half way through the meal, Womb Service decided to drop in with a couple of his old university friends...I believe, for an educated man, his fatal mistake was to sit opposite our table, because Billy decided that it would be great fun to send Womb Service little pieces of our table cloth, soaked in bitter, via the air...much to the annoyance of the manager...

The best item on the menu, and I'm sure Twonk will agree, was the '*Bitter Soda avec Sodium Chloride*', a speciality of the 'strolling gourmet' Billy...well it went down a treat, and it also came up a treat as well, maybe too much ice cream!

The party finally arrived back at the *Den of Iniquity*...in the early hours of the morning, and it was party on...for some, but two members of the party had better ideas, which involved, a room, some beds, no lights, and the ancient art of making babies...never seen that on Blue Peter, anyway the rest of the party, apart from Josh, who was

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fast asleep by now, felt a bit left out, so they all decided to join this educational night class...

The rest of the evening was spent in Leicester's newest night-club, 'Showman's Place', a small, but welcoming establishment, loud music, cool beer, clientele left something to be desired, but they were there to party, and that is what they did...till four in the morning! I must say that Whimpy and Twonk's dancing can only be likened to that of the North American Red Indian's war dance...

Morning broke over the tranquil house, and cries of breakfast rang around the house, it was just a shame that it was only four hours after the head had hit the pillow...but hey, it was a hash weekend!

Twonk had kindly informed Rab C that there were some breakfast goodies in the boot of his car, and could he possibly retrieve them for him...so off when Rab C, searching a high...and a low...reappearing with a vast quantity of nothing in his hands, Twonk assured Rab C that the items in question were in fact in the boot of his car and not in his fridge back home...so off went the intrepid explorer again, many a item of clothing and camping equipment was thrown aside in search of this valuable item, but to no avail...

Twonk then discovered that he had been using the said articles of food as a pillow, food is for...eating, not to sleep with...makes more sense that way, hate to think what the rest of his bed partners look like!

The party decided to set off at midday to find the camp site, so that left G.P.S and Blow! enough time to round up their camping gear and head off...the fact was that Blow! had to go and purchase a new tent, as he'd been evicted from G.P.S's marquee in favour of Billy...

Blow! was driving and G.P.S had the map, fatal mistake...but give G.P.S his due, he located the route that we should have taken, operative words being should and have. Every time we passed a junction the cry of, "we should have gone up there!", rang out...after the twentieth time, Blow! began to follow the North star, it seem more accurate, even in daylight!

Over the crest of the next horizon shone 'The Rising Sun', idyllically set in the quaint little hamlet of 'Middle of Nowhere', home for the next thirty six hours...or so!

The camp site was already adorned with a scattering of colourful tents, so the late arrivals wasted no time, and up went Blow!'s new tent in a matter of minutes, modern technology, materials and all, and several hours later, G.P.S had finally erected the ground sheet of his marquee, one thing had been noticed, the fact that Billy never ventured across from the other side of the field to help until the love nest had been feathered! But who blames her, we are sure that she'd have been more than happy with G.P.S's erection, what say!

So it was off down to the local drinking establishment, and as G.P.S and Blow! entered this fine stone building it was obvious that people would travel miles around...just to avoid this place!, no seriously...they sold the only thing we had come for... 'food'...no, no that was a misspelling, don't know many four letter words (okay!), it was meant to read 'beer'...so after a plate full of beer, and a glass of food, it was decided that we should head down to Matlock Bath for a bit of a pub crawl, the only

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problem being that Matlock was five miles away...and being runners, we couldn't walk, so two cars were duly nominated... Josh's and Blow!'s, Josh's because he wanted to go to the bank, and also to show the girlies of Matlock his soft top, and Blow!'s because that's who most fingers were pointing...

We climbed upon our trusty steeds, and set off in search of the promised land, or come to that any pub that would serve us...It was decided that G.P.S would follow (safer that way!) Josh...park the cars up and meet us back at the first watering hole... luckily the first pub was only a matter of yards into the bustling market town of Matlock Bath, so it was beers all round, and await their arrival...and wait...and wait... then in the distance, on the other side of the road G.P.S was spotted aimlessly strolling towards us, obviously unaware of his surroundings, and even more obviously unaware that we all sat watching him walk on by...must have been dreaming about something ...or someone!

The crawl carried on without the presence of Josh who still hadn't returned, but we did set a trail for him to follow...but how many pubs are there in Matlock...we were to find out!

The next pub introduced us to the sing talents of Whimpy, who gave us a short, but never the less, very funny rendition of Chris Rea's 'Road to Hell', ably assisted by Twonk and Rab C, thankfully, who's equity cards have been lost in the post!...then the night progressed to the other end of the street, and some three pubs later, we entered the fourth and final watering hole, which just so happened was right next to Blow!'s jalopy, so the parking fee was topped up, and we had till 8 O'clock the next morning to collect the trusty steed...A couple of drinks later and more members of the hashing fraternity arrived, Too Tuff (aka Tufty), Pleasure Gnome, and Barritone...but this was short lived, as we had to venture off into the night, okay back to 'The Rising Sun', as some more members were there waiting to greet us...

Bugger, Cobblers...were propping up the bar as we arrived, and Wet Wet Wet was shortly to join us...the party continued into the night, and then continued in G.P.S's tent, he'll never learn...it was like a night club, people closely mingling in a small area, drinking vast amounts of jolly juice, with the sporadic flashing of light, then reality struck, we were still in the middle of nowhere, we were still in that field, we were still in G.P.S's tent...so make the most of it!

After a camp fire sing song around Whimpy's sacrificed underwear, the naked 221b run through Middle of Nowhere village began, and luckily was fairly short lived, but this did bring a new meaning to the saying, 'go naked in the country!', after that breath taking site of male nudity, and the women being kill joys yet again! things just seemed to drift off into darkness...

The next morning seemed to arrive well before it was due, a quick check of the time proved it to be 10 O'clock...now in most peoples reckoning, that is two hours past the hour of eight, or another way of putting it, two hours passed the time Blow! had to collect his car...so off went Showman and Blow! to rescue the stranded vehicle, there it stood, lonely and dejected in an empty car park...but colourfully decorated with a large red 'overdue fee' sticker...bloody capitalists!

Then the time came to break into a gentle jog, but luckily this only lasted as far as the start point, the pub...the crowd had transformed from the eight Friday night...to eleven Saturday night...to what seemed like...like...a couple more!, there must have been at least thirteen keen, willing and able hashers raring to go, the rest...well, they seemed intent to carry on the great drinking tradition...

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The madding crowd comprised of Mudsucker, Showman, Billy, Twonk, Whimpy, Rab C, Wet Wet Wet, Cobblers, Bugger, Miss Whiplash, Lightning Rod, Rockhopper, Too Tuff, Pleasure Gnome, Wellington, Rambo, Santa Claus, Barritone, G.P.S (adored with a new necklace), Blow!, Josh, Hen Pecked, and some more...but who's names escape me for the moment!...

Off we set...into the unknown...ably lead by young lady who must have been drinking gazelle juice for breakfast...up hill, down hollow...then we came across it, it was vast, it towered above us like...like...like the hill that it wasn't, Miss Whiplash had found the only mountain in the Matlock area, we think he was expecting us to defeat this eiger before the afternoon was out, more importantly before the pubs shut, I think most people would have preferred a short cut at this point, and I am sure that Showman and Wet Wet Wet must have found the only one, and funnily enough it must have lead back to the pub, as they were never seen again...but no, to the summit, we pressed on, to the lady's 'control' (posh word for check) point, luckily, and very obviously the rest of the run was all down hill from here...

The next 'control' point was for a 'living hare', by the looks of most of the hashers, that had made it this far over the mountain, it was about the only thing still alive!...But before we could be released, we had to play a little game of Charades...it was funny how we got the answer before the mime actually began!...

The beer stop, and the opters out, were a welcome sight looming in the distance...as was Hen Pecked, who caught us up near to the end...but at this point it was noticed that Bugger and Cobblers seemed to be missing from the proceedings...as were they at the circle...as far as we know they still are...

Then came the down downs, and there was plenty to go round, some that I can just about remember include, Miss Whiplash...for setting the impossible, as well as the impassable 222, G.P.S (a proxy for Billy)...for being a visitor, and a second for apparently talking to the animals of Norfolk (new nickname being Dr Dolittle), Blow!...for being in the wrong place at the right time...or was that the wrong place and the wrong time!, Whimpy, Rab C and Twonk...for also being visitors, and a second for wearing hats (blown up condoms), within the circle, Rambo...for wearing his wife's top, and visa versa, Lightning Rod...for making his son do the driving, Santa Claus...for being late (best not be at Chrimbo!), and Wellington...for something to do with Wet Wet Wet, not quite sure what, but after the position she gained in front of him, well I was too shy and embarrassed to ask!

It was a damn good weekend...and remember...

*They say 'pain is pleasure', well I  
had a very pleasurable time!*

*On On...*

*Submitted by Blow!. with photographic (no, I don't mean pornographic)  
help from G.P.S (negatives available for R|I|a|g|k|w|a|t|!|)*