

QH3 Run 223

Saracen's Head, Calke Village

Hares: Oriface and Lightning Rod

Scribe: Whiplash

What bastard made me scribe? You have to be smashed, hungover, late or live in Bermuda to be scribe. Are there no rules anymore?

I had no hangover and no excuse for bad memory.

So. Good weather, not that we care. A good hashing area, flat enough for Tufty, even W3 was to get round this one. The hares had promised a cracking lay. A good turnout. The pub had a good reputation and even wanted us back. That can't be true can it? There were virgins and even some children, one ran well, James I think.

We started late of course. Does no one realise it cuts into drinking time?

Not late enough for everyone. Tufty, Showman and Pleasure Gnome joined us underway. In a village of one street, a dead end and five houses, they couldn't find the pub. Worse was to come. Within a mile Showman was holding a committee meeting. I suppose at the speed he runs that's not difficult.

What about this cracking lay then. Well every lay has it's own character and this was no exception. Lightning Rod already had a reputation for economising on flour. So it was no surprise to find no flour laid within a mile of any check. After blowing two spoonfuls of flour on a check, the cost had weighed on Lightning Rod's mind. Yes Tufty, they're called checks not controls.

No matter, Barritone was there to run down the false trails and after a shaky start he played a blinder. In fact this hardy perennial always does well. Bikes in, bikes out, runs like hell and let's face it he's hardly built for running. Whatever you're on Barritone, I want some. Even with Barritone, it wasn't to be easy. We started off with a mile in the wrong direction. Some prawn had shouted "On On" at the first and only marker and we were off. I don't want to point a finger but Rockhopper was there and looked really sheepish.

When Barritone faded, it was Jetslag who led us on. By cunningly following Oriface's instructions, he quickly sussed out the right trail and built a big lead.

The lads had to do well on this one. The girls were no help. 'Though to give Mudflaps her due, she did try, albeit in the wrong direction. Good for you, Mudflaps, nice outfit as well and whatever Tufty says, I don't think you show us up. Fashion note for the ladies. Mudflaps sported a nicely judged blue and black outfit. Matched but not too well matched. No real runner would be turned out like a mannequin.

Actually I tell a lie. I remember one Master's. A 45 mile trans-Pennine race/epic held in the depths of Winter. Our lady team mate had even chosen hair tint, mascara and lipstick to match her outfit. Would you believe even toenails were lacquered to match. A striking red and black outfit at the start and a plain peat bog black outfit at the finish. Name withheld to avoid embarrassing the poor girl.

Alright I'm getting off the subject. We're on the trail, no one's lost, yet. In fact it looks good. It's off road, I love off road, it's through woods, I love woods, but then bloody bloody nettles, thousands of them. Why don't we have a no nettles rule? Do you know some masochist took his shirt off here, to maximise the stinging area. Rightly punished with a Down Down later.

Then disaster and I don't mean someone got lost, 'though they did. No it was an animal problem. No it wasn't Showman's dog chasing sheep 'though he did. No it was a bloody great bull.

This docile herd of cows were just shuffling out of my path when it was suddenly apparent one had bleeding great horns and wedding tackle to match. Oriface, Lightning Rod, I still haven't forgiven you. The ladies coped well here. Wet Wet Wet bravely flaunting a vibrant red top. In fact W3 was so taken by the wedding tackle, I had to drag her forcibly away.

I'm sorry I missed your matador efforts Wallington, but everyone said they were impressed.

What else could happen. Well there was a second bull. I was ready this time and you know, you don't have to outrun the bull to escape. You only have to outrun the slowest man in the group.

The hares already in disgrace were found short cutting.

Tufty looked out of sorts. Usually by letting others find the trail, he saves enough to manage a final spurt. At a pace that wouldn't share a marathon runner. This time his usual circumspect start was followed by, can you believe it, waiting and jogging in with Pleasure Gnome. Is this love or is the heavy hand of matrimony bearing down? Will our GM wear another Nash Hash tee-shirt in 1998, or are his hashing days numbered? All right, all right, so we got back, the lost were found and it was Down Down time.

First Lightning Rod wouldn't drink. He said the bed pan wasn't clean. He'd been looking after it as well. Look! Lightning Rod we don't mind if you get caught short. There are times when you've just got to dump right now. But can't you rinse it out afterwards. Pleasure Gnome was disgusted. She said she always washed it out after using it, especially if it was one of those runny speckled ones. Luckily Showman stepped in to prevent the waste of good beer.

Our two virgins put on a sparkling show. Martin taking the lot over his head, cos it was canned beer. He's right too, why can't we have proper bottled German lager? Chris did even better, drinking his out of a new shoe.

Chris, if you haven't washed it out yet, you can do a good A/B test. See if it stops Athlete's Foot, also can you check if you're going any faster on that side?

We had another Freudian scene with W3 on her knees. Is there something I'm missing here? Inputs required please. A good effort from W3, spilling just a few drops. Is there no other way this scrumptious totty can get noticed? What was it for? Oh yes, getting Showman lost. Probably justified, Showman needs all the help he can get.

Then it was Bugger's turn for turning out the mountain rescue two weeks earlier. Jetslag got his for masochistic efforts in the nettles.