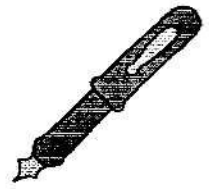


Scribe's eye view...



Date:- 13th December 1997

Run Number:- 229

Venue:- Leicester (Quorn H3 Chrimbo Bash)

Hares:- Live(ly) Hare...

THE TWELVE HOURS OF HASH-MAS

(18:00) On the first hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

The first venue for the evenings events were the hallowed lanes of the Superbowl in the centre of Leicester, for a game of ten-pin...meet at six...Well G.P.S and his brother (Nik), Blow! and his mirror image (Rob), turned up on the crack of six, and there was a multitude of other people already congregating there, just that none of them happened to be Hashers...

...Best place to wait...the bar! 10...15...20...pints, sorry, got a bit carried away there, 20 minutes later and we decided to have a game, specially as Mudflaps had turned up...nearly on time as well, then again I s'pose the Archers wasn't on...

...The game began, and with two of Musflaps's students joining in, it made a fairly good challenge...the challenge being not calling 'Harriet' Mudflaps, as requested, but then again fancy asking a group of Hashers to do that, specially when drunk, a fatal mistake...

(19:00) On the second hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

During the match, that was in full swing by this time...scores remaining an absolute secret...for the sake of honour...the rest of the party turned up...Too Tuf, approached my twin brother in the bar, and greeted him with "Blow!", what my brother thought of this proposition I'd hate to think, but he returned from the bar rather sharpish...

...After a few introductions, we cracked on with the game, with most of my shots being taken by either Showman, Mudsucker, Too tuf, Whimpy, Twonk, Rab C, etc...basically anyone but myself, but who gave a damn, except the owners, as everyone must have had

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black sole shoes on that night...most of which was left on the floor... but we were long gone...the only record they had of us being there was the receipt of payment, paid by...cheers Mudflaps...

(20:00) On the third hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me... 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...' ...So began the pub crawl...and a matter of a hundred feet later, and we were in the first pub...The Cherry Tree...apparently one of Showman & Mudsucker's old haunts...the beer flowed...the music rang out...and for some reason all the Norfolk Hashers disappeared...last seen heading for the comfy seats of the lounge...must be getting old, or infirm, or was it that that was the longest trail they've done this year, and needed to sit down...

...The trail carried on to the deepest darkest parts of the City...to a cross-roads, obviously time for a holding check, we'd already lost G.P.S & Nik by this time, but then again there is no surprise there...

...The problem that lay in front of us was that of the three 'Dens' of iniquity that lay in our path, and which to choose...'The Fourpence & firkin', great beer, 'O'Neils', great pub and great beer, and 'The Globe', great scott why did we choose that one...small, compact, weak beer, and all the women had to keep brushing closely by us...so okay it had one advantage...

(21:00) On the forth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me... 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...Within the realms of this quaint public house the centre of attraction soon became Mudflaps, well her shoe laces to be more accurate, and what seemed to be the precise surgical removal of them from her trainer, along with her sock, which obviously must have just got in the way...

...Outside the den of iniquity, Pleasure Gnome took a deep liking to my coat...so we decided to have a 'swapsies', but on reflection I believe that she had the better deal, as all my credit cards were in the pocket of my coat...

(22:00) On the fifth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me... 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two

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toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...We finally arrived at the last pub, only a matter of yards away... sorry missed a couple of key words out there...'Two thousand', it's a good job that it was Britain, and Winter, else we'd have frozen to death...

...I now believe that this last part of the trail must have been planned so that Mudflaps could do a final recce on the next days trail...cunning!

(23:00) On the sixth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...Every time the Quorn Hash seem to have a meal in Leicester it always to be at the Akash...where else...no that wasn't a question!

...The Hashers entered the establishment in some form of intoxication, I could tell as I was pissed...this time the management took the wise precaution of situating us in the furthest, darkest corner... obviously our reputation proceeds us...

...many a delightful dish was thrust in front of us, and funnily enough most of it stayed on the table(maybe due to one member of the Norfolk Hash not being there!), the food seemed to disappear almost as fast as the time, and before we knew it, the waiters were wishing us "Good night", well I think that is what they said under their breath...

...The taxi ride home(hash home being that of Showman & Mud-sucker), seemed a very brief affair, one which I shared with Tufty, Pleasure Gnome and Wallington...not the affair, but the taxi...

(23:59) On the seventh hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...Back at the BIGGEST den of iniquity, and the booze just carried on flowing, as did the musical laugh from what was coming a very annoying Christmas decoration...no wonder that adult don't believe in Santa Claus anymore, specially if they portray him like that...

...Most of the Hashers disappeared to watch the T.V in the other room, or that is what the rest of us thought...

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(01:00) On the eighth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...
'Mudflaps a milking', 'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...The evening, or should I say morning!, carried on with a topical discussion with Mudflaps, Rab C and Blow!, about the social decline of the modern world, personally I couldn't understand a word that they were on about, but it sounded good at the time...the graph that Mudflaps drew seemed to make it all clear and brought it to some form of perspective...modern society are 'A bunch of tits'...

(02:00) On the ninth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...
'Hashers crashing', 'Mudflaps a milking', 'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...For the non-intellectual amongst the group, who also couldn't understand a word that Mudflaps and Rab C was going on about, and who had earlier snuck off to the living room pretending to watch the God channel on Sky T.V, it was time to rest their weary heads...Squeez'em next to the radiator, G.P.S next to the fire (incinerator), Josh in his usual potion...on the sofa...Pleasure Gnome & Tufty in the middle of the living room floor...typical of a man after world domination...Wallington stole Lewis's bed, the hardened b'stard that he is, Whimpy & Mumbles crashed on Lewis's hard wooden floor...which seemed a bit silly, as there was a perfectly decent sofa bed next to them...

...The rest of the Hashers stayed up talking, but more importantly...drinking!

(03:00) On the tenth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Rab C a leaping', 'Hashers crashing', 'Mudflaps a milking', 'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...Then for some reason the conversation turned from proving that Mudflaps couldn't draw graphs to lasers, and there use in modern society...at this point it seemed that Rab C was losing the argu-

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ment, hence his speedy exit to the living room to crash...

...That only left the final debate...where were the rest of us going to sleep...and funnily enough we all chose the same spot...so Blow!, Mudflaps and Twonk all cuddled up together near the second warmest place...well it would be in the morning...the cooker...

(04:00) On the eleventh hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Toilet overflowing', 'Rab C a leaping', 'Hashers crashing', 'Mudflaps a milking', 'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...I was not only awoke by the constant snoring of Twonk, and the persistent tossing of Mudflaps, but mainly by the noise of rushing water, maybe I was dreaming of laying on a sun drenched beach in paradise, with a cascading waterfall...or maybe the toilet was overflowing again, because someone had forgotten to lift the handle up again...anyway back to the dream, where did I leave that...

(05:00) On the twelfth hour of hash-mas, my scribe wrote about me...

'Headaches a thumping', 'Toilet overflowing', 'Rab C a leaping', 'Hashers crashing', 'Mudflaps a milking', 'Glasses are a brimming', 'Plates of curry a laying', 'Streets of Leicester bring', 'Two third', 'Mixture of dens', 'Two toppled pins' & 'Hashers in a bowling alley...'

...well after the hour of five had finally struck, and the sound of Twonk's nasal resonance began to ring like a lullaby, and I took Mudflaps's constant elbow digging as a sign of affection, the land of nod finally loomed in front of me...but before I knew it Wet Wet Wet was knocking on the back door...but that is another story...

Penned by

Blow!

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