

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN No. 232 - 18th. JANUARY, 1998 (The Wettest Day of the Year!!)

HARES: Tufty the Librarian and Pleasure Gnome.

THE RED LION, NETHER BROUGHTON.

SCRIBE: Doc Crippen.

HASHERS OF THE LOST ARK or TOO TUFF'S ARK.

As the years passed, "runners" grew in number and spread to the four corners of the Earth and, as they grew in number, they also grew in "seriousness". Hash-God, seeing the wickedness of the "Serious Marathon Runner", decided to destroy ALL the "SMR's" that he had created in his world.

There was, however, one man whom the Hash-God chose to save, a good man who led an honest pack of Hashers. His name was Tufty the Librarian, and Hash-God spake unto him:

"Woe betide me, for I have createth an evil world of thee "Serious Marathon Runner" and I intendeth to destroy them. But thee, Tufty the Librarian, thy wife Pleasure Gnome and thy family of Hashers shalt be saved. I shalt causeth a FLOOD of great immensity to riseth over thee whole land known as Nether Broughton and thy must layeth a HOLY TRAIL unto thee highest ground where thou shalt find safety at "The Hallowed Watering Hole" known as THEE RED LION but, from this day forth, it shalt be called "TUFTY'S ARK"!!!!!"

Hash-God continued: "Thy Holy Trail shalt be layeth in thee SACRED FLOUR and spreadeth at regular rods in order to leadeth thy precious pack of Hashers unto thee safety of "TUFTY'S ARK". It shalt be marketh with checks to alloweth thy family to keepeth up and there shalt be two of each kind, Harrier and Harriette. Includeth shalt be thy faithful Hash Hounds, Lucy and Leo. And thy shalt provideth BEER, known as HALLOWED PISS, for thyselfes and thy family of Hashers for it will PISSETH DOWN for 40 days and 40 nights and ALL "Serious Marathon Runners" ("SMR's") shalt becometh extinct on Earth in thee GREAT FLOOD that followeth". Thus spake Hash-God and he PISSED OFF!!

"Just our bloody luck and on today of ALL days! It's our fucking trail!!!" spoketh Tufty but he didst exactly as he was badeth by Hash-God and he and his wife didst layeth a Holy Trail in Sacred Flour despiteth thee fact it didst PISSETH DOWN on them from Hash-God's Heaven. And they were greatly pissed off by this command of Hash-God but didst as was badeth of them. Whenst the Holy Trail was prepareth, they gathereth their family of Hashers unto a SYMBOLIC CIRCLE and spaketh of Hash-God's bidding and they were all filleth with great hope for thee future for thee rain STILL PISSETH DOWN on them. Tufty's shouteth of "On! On!" seteth off thee Hashers unto thee now ankle-deep waters of thee wet wilderness as they followeth thee completeth Holy Trail of Sacred Flour which was also being PISSETH ON relentlessly from a great height!

For 40 days and 40 nights, thee skies continueth to darken forebodingly and all thee Hashers becometh fairly well PISSETH OFF as thee FLOOD waters procedeth to riseth above thee SACRED BOOTS (which becometh known as THEE PLIMSOL LINE!!) on thee now flooded plains surrounding Nether Broughton. Despiteth thee Hashers belief in their Hash-God and thee "call" of TUFTY'S ARK, thee slashing piss and deepening shiggy tooketh its toll on Josh, for he loseth his BOOT amongst thee shiggy of thee plains and didst struggleteth to keepeth up with his fellow Hashers. But Tufty's faith and encouraging words of "Cometh on you bastards!", keepeth

his Family going ever Heavenwards in their quest of TUFTY'S ARK. And thee rains continueth to PISSETH DOWN and all "SMR's" didst becometh submerged and perisheth in thee floods, as Hash-God had foretoldeth.

Time passeth, and it becometh obvious that part of thee Hash Family hadst been left behind on thee flood plains. But alas, Hash-God's plan spake unto Tufty of marking thee checks, helpeth thee tardy disciples to followeth their family across thee flood plains to higher ground, whereuponst, GPS and Blow didst catcheth up with Tufty's family, and they were much relieveth for it still PISSETH DOWN liketh thee cats and dogs who, by thee way, were not includeth in the ARK! and thee waters riseth above thee aching calves!

It thus transpireth from these tardy bastards that other Hashers remaineth behind on thee ever-deepening flood plains but that they hadst SEEN THEE LIGHT of thee Hash-God and been leadeth directly unto TUFTY'S ARK! where they partaketh of thee HALLOWED PISS!! "Thee bastards", shouteth Tufty and his PISSED OFF family as they continueth through the slashing torrents and thee waters riseth even higher above their knobby knees as the rains PISSETH DOWN in sheets.

Thee great winds didst bloweth hard on thee Holy Hash Survivors and Tufty didst decide to sendeth out Front Running Bastards, Durex and Jetslag, to checketh for any sighting of Tufty's Ark but, alas, they didst becometh confused on a loop in thee absence of their leader Tufty and proceedeth to runneth up their own backsides! Sighting Doc running liketh a headless chicken, they regroupeth with thee family as thee rains PISSETH DOWN liketh a deluge and thee waters riseth above their now wrinkled thighs!

Tufty again sendeth out scouts, Barritone and Rockhopper, in thee hope of sighting Tufty's Ark but Barritone didst findeth a False Trail layeth by thee Marathon-Devil, enemy of Hash-God, in order to sloweth up thy FRB's. Such evil trickery fooleth not Rockhopper's scent for thee Hallowed Piss for he eventually breaketh uponst thee summit overlooking thee flood plains and didst spyeth in thee distance a most Miraculous Sight. He belloweth "On! On!" to thee family of Hashers whereuponst they didst all chargeth down thee hillside with much uplifted spirit for Hash-God had indeed led his faithful pack unto Tufty's Ark! However, disaster didst beckon for Hash-God hadst forgotten to tell his Hashing family that thee Cows hadst been excludeth from The Ark and that they were deeply PISSED OFF by this and were thus suffereth from Mad Cow Disease!! As they closeth around thee Hashers and Hash Hounds, Hash-God didst sendeth them deliverance in thee mighty form of Bigphut, for he didst disperseth thee four-legged BSE's to thee four corners of thee sodding plains with bolts of lightning, thus saving his beloved Warmers and fellow Hashers from being trampleth to death as thee rains relenteth not and thee waters riseth to even Bigphut's crutch-height uponst thee plains. And there was deep joy at this.

Hash-God then spoketh once more unto Tufty: "Thou hast led your pack well and followeth my words religiously. Now, thou must seeketh sanctuary in thee Ark, namely Tufty's, alongst with thy wife, Pleasure Gnome, and thou shalt all be rewardeth with thee Hallowed Piss. My World is for thee and thy Hashing family and Hounds to enjoyeth for thou art all safe from thee Serious Marathon Runners who have now perisheth under thee flood waters." And Tufty didst praise thee Hash-God within thee Symbolic Circle with thee help of his omnipresent R.A., for he speaketh thee immortal words now inscribed in stone: "God, it's still PISSING RAINING!!"

On! On!
Doc