

Run 232, The Forest Gate, Loughborough
Monday 26th January 1998 !!

The most memorable thing about this run to most people (if they can remember at all?), is that it's the one where Wet Wet Wet poured the remainder of her down down over her t*ts and was later chatted up by another female in the bar. However, me being the hare, remember it for managing to find a river crossing on a town run. W3 should have also written this write up, but having waited 2 years, I don't think she's going to do it, so I'm having a go. This isn't going to happen for all missing write ups, its just that I thought that such a good run needed to be saved for the nation.

There may be a few gaps in my memory after 2 years and 75 hashes.....

It was a cold, wet and dark evening as the pack started to gather in the back corner of the Forest Gate car park. Prelims announced, we set off in the general direction of the town centre at about 7.14pm. The trail went across the grass opposite the pub, then through the river. Well it should have done, as if I remember rightly, only about 4 of us went through it, the rest wimped out & crossed the bridge (Which was barred of course).

Down the path hidden from the road by a line of trees, to a check outside the gates to the school. Being far too sharp, the correct trail was found almost immediately and the pack pressed on towards the town centre. Over the pedestrian crossing, then following the road with the river running down the middle. Cunningly (careful how you say that) the trail crossed the road and disappeared up the alley which followed the stream all the way to the car park at the leisure centre. Car parks are not great places to check in, especially at night, in the dark, when its been raining. Hashers scattered everywhere checking all the roads and paths that happen to meet at the Leisure Centre. Eventually somebody found some flour on the subway which leads into Carillon Park.

Out of the subway and into the park. Stop. There's a check. Now then, when I set this in the light, I thought it would be piss easy to see flour from a distance. So, it was set cunningly (its that word again), i.e. behind trees, on the side of trees, amongst the playground equipment, etc. Hence, now no one could find the bloody stuff. Not wanting to tell people which way to go directly, a bit of nodding and general clue giving was needed to steer the pack along the right path.

Out on to the road again and another check. I wasn't going to miss the opportunity to take the trail through a multi-storey car park, and soon enough somebody (sorry I can't remember everything) found it. Up & down a few ramps and then down the exit stairs to come out on the main pedestrian street in Loughborough Town Centre. The trail then passed the original choice of pub - The Griffin, which I changed when I observed that getting more than 2 mini's in the car park would have needed a bleedin' magician. At least the sight of the pub showed we were back in the land of the living after the previous 15mins in comparative wilderness.

Over the road, down the alley to the back of Sainsbury's car park to the traffic lights next to the Swan & Rushes. So near, yet so far - we weren't stopping. We crossed the road and disappeared into the darkness of the canal towpath. The evening mist swirled over the canal like a 60's horror film.

Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

I'm sorry I don't know where that arty crap came from. Anyway we now had to endure a long straight bit, along the canal up to the Navigation pub and a holding check. Barritone interpreted this as a sign and tried in vain to gain entry - it was shut! You may have noticed the amount of pubs that we pass on this trail, all of which the beer drinkers would attest to be better than the Forest Gate. Tough, I liked it because the food was good, it had a big car park and the trail was easy to route from it and it *the river* to boot!

When the lightweight had caught up (me!), the pack then scurried off to find the trail again, they should have realised it went straight *past* the Gate pub. Round the corner towards the Bell Foundry Museum - very cultural, but before you could get into your strides, a check seemingly in pointless position on the main road with a cul de sac in each direction. Nope, the little 'Red Book' had worked its magic again and found another back passage to probe, which came out in the dead centre of town (yawn) at the back of the church. More importantly round the tuther side of it, is Gray Paul (Classic Ferrari Showroom for the Filly Steins).

Now it is well known on my runs you need to check both sides of the road, so where did I lay the trail - straight down the bloody middle - well there was a sort of path (ish). Past the Cherry Tree then up another alley (you've got to use them all, haven't you?), leading to another & another. At this point, it was noticed that Warmers & Big Phut were missing. I led the search party back up the trail, but no avail. Not even Mulder & Scully could have found them. Had they disappeared off the face of the planet?

The rest of the pack continued onto the main road past the school and up its drive to a check at the T Junction. They could see that left was a dead end, so they all went right, right up to the bar. "Oh Bigger" "Yes" "Another bloody alleyway" "Yes" - Well it was unlit and muddy. - Perfick.

Up a few suburban streets, shouting loudly to annoy the local inhabitants who were all standing guard at their gates, tutting at our attire. Then, down what must be the narrowest alleyway in Loughborough - 6½ inches & the path was narrow too. Back at last to Epinal Way & almost in sight in the pub - tough cus we're going tuther way. - I'd found another pub to pass! Also, this way is off the main road, with grass under foot. A gentle climb, past the Maltshovel and a slow downhill jog and were back at the pub, where we found Big Phut & Warmers propping up the bar. Apparently while some of us were dribbling in front of Gray Paul's window, Warmers (& Big Phut) had stepped into the Irish Pub on the corner to make 'a visit' and had then made their own way back to the Forest Gate.

I've no idea who Showman gave the down downs to, except Wet3, as mentioned earlier and myself for being hare, and because the trail had passed so many good pubs, I got a pint of lemonade with ice in it. However, I didn't see the ice cubes in it, and when I started drinking the pint, I thought I'd broke my teeth. I wouldn't have imagined that Warmers would have escaped unscathed either. I can't for the life of me remember what the reasoning behind W3's down down was or how Showman managed to get a Wet T-shirt out of it - Answers on a postcard to hash towers - just in case we can use the ruse again.

Bigger
26th January 2000.