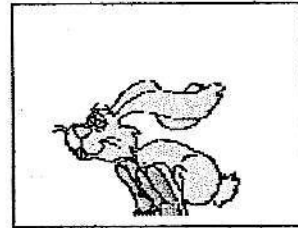


Run No.: 235
Date: Sunday 15th February
Venue: The Star, Thrussington
Hare: GPS

Despite getting stuck behind a slow moving house on the way to the hash, and with *Pleasure Gnome* absent, the Hash set off relatively early before the Archers had finished. *Blow* led us out on a 400 m uphill sprint along the road terminated by the first of many holding checks. A holding check to me is a hash conundrum. The purpose of a check is to send the FRBs on a wild goose chase giving the SRBs time to catch up, i.e. hold-up the front runners. I suspect the many "holding checks" (with X in the flour circle) in this run were to enable the hare to keep up. Hot the heels of the first holding check was a "ladies check" a novelty to most, especially *Wallington* who proceeded to check it out. On hashes I have run on a "ladies check" was a euphemism for one of two things. Firstly, it is used on a run by a harriette who quietly wants to disappear off the trail to go for a pee. Secondly, it is a hashing term used when a harriette disappears down a check for a long time hand-in-hand with another hasher (or harriette).

What intrigued me about this run that if you took all the letters found in the flour circles in sequence (including the beer stop) the hare was trying to tell us something – *L***BS*. Answers on a postcard to *GPS*.



My running shoes got their first wash this year in a ford crossing. Our RA later reported he did a fjord crossing – no wonder I saw four hashers (names withheld by request) trying to hold *Showman* from falling in. Alas they were unsuccessful and our RA wet his pants. And I thought he could walk on water!

I later found out why *Big Phut* has no need to run round the Hash fast. *Warmers* runs on ahead and makes sure he has a beer reserved at the beer stop. Nice management *Big Phut*. The beer stop was most welcome by all on a February day that was so warm it could have been summer.

At the ON-IN we were introduced to virgin hasher Dave Morgan who had once before stumbled on the Quorn Hash in a divine revelation whilst cycling up (?) Mountsorrel. Charlotte (*Squealing Piglet*) had a momentous first hash and has now already got a hash name. *Baby James* Doc Crippen, also on his first run, thought the hash naming with oats and milk protein was hilarious and demanded more. Instead, *Blow* got a Down-Down being identified as one of the brave souls who tried to help our RA from falling in the fjord. I also recall seeing two full moons arising next to The Star. This had resulted from a discussion concerning *Doc Crippen*'s legs.

Well that's the way I saw it..... *Durex*TM.