

**RUN 237 SUNDAY 1ST MARCH 98  
ROSE & CROWN, COTGRAVE  
HARE – DOC CRIPPEN**

A bright and fresh Sunday morning was ruined when a lot of hung over hashers arrived in the pub carpark around 11ish. It was the morning after Steph's 30<sup>th</sup> Birthday party, an enjoyable affair that had finished around 4am that morning. It also meant that a number of the assembled 'runners' were a little overdressed for the occasion.

**Showman** urged the pack into a circle and introduced the visitors, **Cycological** and **Twin Cam** from Berkshire and **Twonk** from Norfolk, then proceeded to nominate me as scribe and asked **Doc** for the run details.

After waiting for the non-arrival of **GPS** and entourage, the pack followed **Barritone** out of the village along the same path as **Tufty** had used last summer. Due to the distinct lack of enthusiasm displayed by a number of hashers, the pack was very quickly strung out for miles across the Nottinghamshire countryside. Failing even to get out of the village **Showman**, **Twonk** and **Ben** decided that if they turned back now, they would get back to the pub in time for when it opened. **Wet 3** and **Mudflaps** also decided that running was not an option, but a short gentle stroll would be OK.

Out of Cotgrave, cross the road and up the long hill to the woods, round the woods (apparently, as I shortcutted that bit) to a track (identified as the site of **TT** & **PG**'s bonk check last year). When approaching the next check **Tufty** commented that if the trail went left or straight on, it would be a nice run, but if the trail turned right, that it would be a long run. – It turned right of course.

A mile or so later, I actually saw some other hashers, patiently waiting for us ramblers to catch up at the holding check. The pack was about to depart again, when a strange figure appeared over the horizon, could it be **GPS** – No, but it was his brother, followed by **Squealing Piglet**, then **GPS**. 3 miles in 30 minutes uphill and still caught up with the pack! And yet, they still call themselves hashers? Anyway next check, beer stop, 6 litres of beer plus lemonade intact (take note CLH3). A passing runner and a couple of dog walkers declined to join us, can't imagine why!

Only another 3 miles and we were back at the pub, after passing through Clipston Village Only, lots of fields, down a big hill, over the road, past the sewage works and back into the village. The pack dribbled back to the pub 1hr 45 mins after they'd left it after a good run, although some of us weren't in our normal peak condition to enjoy it fully.

Down Downs were administered outside and were given to:-

**Doc Crippen** – Hare

**Bugger** – Allegedly fiddling about in his shorts.

(**Warmers** had re-discovered the Hashit outside the Forest Rock, Woodhouse Eaves where it was last awarded (to **Mudflaps**), so was given a free choice for a Down Down)

**Twin Cam** – Visitor

**Twonk** – Water, for not getting wet all weekend, but as he couldn't/wouldn't drink it, thrown over **Wet 3**.

**GPS** – For bringing his entire family to Steph's party

Hashit awarded to **Blow**, for getting a golden Shower from Steph and enjoying it.

After the Down Downs back into the pub to enjoy Steph's excellent Birthday Cake, (Made by **Goblin**, of course)

**Bugger**