

Date:- Sunday 15th March 1998

Run number:- 238

Venue:- The Great Central Railway Hotel, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Hare(s):- Big Phut, Warmers and Melt in your Mouth.

### STARLIGHT EXPRESS

Well this was to be the first Starlight run that I've been on, and this will probably be the only one that I will go to that was not under the stars...a pretty strange concept really, starlight in the middle of the day, hey, I'm game for anything really...let see what it had to offer...

#### *"All aboard, the night train"*

Felt like that I was the only person in Loughborough as I aimlessly drove around Loughborough in search of the venue, so to aid me on my way I stopped to ask directions, this of course was after spending ten minutes sitting at the Great Central Railway at Quorn, thinking to myself "Am I in the right place, they did say Loughborough...", luckily I was spotted by Wallington sneaking back to Loughborough, and I thought I'd got away with it...

Following the directions seemed quite easy, specially after the seventh or so attempt of passing the actual pub, then again I had only had five hours sleep that night, the other hours of darkness were spent checking out the band (Swell), that we were hoping to use at the Toga run, and of course drinking copious amounts of the finest Tetley's Extra smooth...

When I saw the white car of Goblin pull into the Hotel car park, then I knew for sure, either both of us were in the right place, or that both of us were lost!, but the arrival of Doc Crippen soon put our minds at rest, now if it was G.P.S then we'd have probably double checked...

A multitude of Hashers came thundering into this watering station, and like British Rail, most of them late...but hey, at least they arrived...I honestly must admit, as did Warmers, that I was only really expecting the odd one or two turning up, but we had a good eighteen or so on track, steamed up and raring to go...

The hares arrived back, all three of them, Warmers, Big Phut and their son, who said that he'd flew in specially for the run, Melt in your Mouth...now which part of him that referred to I didn't quite wish to know, but it still left something to the imagination...

Warmers decided to start drawing what seemed like Hieroglyphics, or some form of early cave paintings on the ground, which she then explained to the intrigued crowd of on lookers, none of whom were the Hashers...several different types of checks, some flour, some chalk, and a short run, we'll see...

#### *"Last call for the Loughborough Intercity 125!"*

Off everyone sprinted, well I use that term very loosely indeed, down the road to the beckoning countryside that lay out there...the first check on seemed a matter of yards away, basically that is because it was...set on top of a quaint little canal bridge, so off went the front running b#@\*ards, checking to their hearts content...on on was called, and off we trotted down the canal...but the usual front running b#@\*ards seemed to be well behind, usually they'd have ran passed us by now...

The checks came in thick and fast, the second soon appeared on the horizon, or should I say "On the canal bridge!", with one of the arrows pointing upwards, obviously this was for our divine leader to check out, unfortunately he was not amongst us this week, so that trail was

left unchecked...But the big surprise came when the F.R.B's came trotting over the field that later proved to be the route back in, F.R.B's have lowered themselves into back tracking, what next ay!

*"Tickets please?"*

The run continued to progress down the canal to a place where no-one seemed to be able to find the correct track, but luckily they were soon found and the journey continued...in, around, and over a couple of fields.

There didn't seem to be any form of buffet car on this run, and the much required water stop didn't materialise, luckily everybody was still full of steam and carried on to fifty ninth million check, which just happened to be on top of the canal bridge that the other check was under, argh! that's what it was, a short cut message...

Also at this point Warmers and Big Phut appeared out of the bushes, now they couldn't have been lost, so let's just hope they were looking for something...or could it have been a 'steamy' young love situation, well what ever they were right on track...

*"Last call for Loughborough Watering Station"*

The tracks soon lead back to the watering station, and the multitude of travellers made their merry way into this fine establishment, except for Blow!, whom was grabbed bodily by Warmers, who had a fairly annoyed expression upon her face, "Did you forget something?", came the question, now at this point my neck felt a tad cold, now this wasn't because of the ice breath that Warmers asked the question, but mainly because I hadn't got the Hash-it around my neck, and that was because I'd blatantly left it on top of Goblin's car on setting off...but it was soon replaced around my neck...

*'Ticket inspector...'*

During the wait for the circle, Warmers went around giving out tickets, now was this for the next major Starlight Express journey, 'There and Back', no, there was to be a raffle, but first the down downs, well the gathering soon became larger and larger, as members of Hasher's family descended upon the group...

Then, not long after arriving, one of the barmaids entered the room holding a telephone asking for a "Miss Wet Wet Wet", now that could have only been one person, Mudflaps, obviously feeling a bit left out, so she thought she'd get in on the act, and also get Wet Wet Wet a down down for the act.

*"In the sidings..."*

The time had come for the down downs, and the tray was covered with a vast amount of glasses...who could they all be for...(acting R.A Doc Crippen)

Wet Wet Wet...French Maid

Melt in your Mouth...Hare

Josh & Melt in your Mouth...Hands in pockets

David (Josh's brother)...Virgin

Blow!...For forgetting the Hash-it

Penned by Blow!