

Date:- Tuesday 1st September 1998

Run number:- 254

Venue:- The Railway Inn, Sileby

Hare(s):- Wallington

## THE SILEBY PUB RUN

The evening turned out fairly warm, with not a cloud in the sky. A great evening for a run around the countryside of North East Leicestershire. It seem strange doing a run on Tuesday, but it was apparently changed to fall in line with a new EC regulation called 'The G.M said!' directive, or was it actually something to do with the Bank holiday falling on or around that Monday time again. This meant that we were missing one or two of the regulars, namely the G.M and Hash Kash, the person who changed the date in the first place...

I drove passed the small tarmac area several times before I actually clocked Wallington's car, and assumed that these six parking bays were actually the allotted parking spaces of the pub, must be a busy place I thought...I sat in the car several moments, awaiting the arrival of Creamy Bristols and Tom, who should have been arriving of the six thirty something from somewhere, but unfortunately the pressure on my bladder was just about to erupt...so I'm afraid I just had to nip to the closest public convenience, which luckily was just there in the neighbouring car park...

Creamy Bristols and Tom finally arrived on the inter-village express-ly slow train, with Barritone in tow, who they managed to bump into on the journey...

We waited around for a couple of drinks, then Doc Crippen turned up, followed by a woman who would only name herself as Ruth, another school teacher, now this went down a treat for Creamy Bristols, as she could now talk shop...

Wallington then reappeared, apparently after just setting the trail, but not looking particularly sweaty, dirty or in fact exhausted...must be a short one then...

We waited and waited, and one by one the Hashers arrived, Bugger, Goblin, Malt Teaser, Skidmark, Warmers, Big Phut, Josh, Chocolate Legs, Lady Dye, Jerslag, Durex, Scrooge, and some woman named Ham Shanker, that had come over from Bermuda (hopefully not just for the run!).

The hares brief caused a bit of a puzzled look on everyone's faces in the circle, Wallington produce a hand full of paper, splayed them out like a pack of cards, asking us all to take one. At this point I thought that Wallington had maybe joined the Magic Circle that weekend, and I was quite hoping that he wouldn't actually get round to the stage of sawing someone in half, but he then explained the purpose of the paper, whilst pulling a rabbit out a top hat, only joking, these were to dictate who in the circle had to ask permission at each of the pubs, whether or not we could all go in or not...and I thought I was bad for not informing just the one Landlord!

Well the run set off, and as dictated Blowl had to lead the pack to the first pub, which was found after negotiating several back alleys and streets, which Wallington later told us that this is were he was brought up as a kid. The pub was then spotted, 'The White Swan', so Blowl popped into the establishment to ask permission, only to be greeted by two of the biggest Rotwuelers, and no landlord, two of the locals, as that is all there was in there, started to call out his name...but no response, so after what seemed like 5 minutes, I popped my head outside and said, 'Yep it's okay!'

Wallington never informed the circle that there was also a strict time limit to the run, and after about ten-fifteen minutes, Wallington started to shout 'Come on, drink up!', so everyone gulped back their drinks in a frenzied rush to comply. Outside Barritone was the second pub finder, and he was half way there by the time everyone had exited the pub.

Through some more shady back streets and alleys, and we were at the next pub, 'The Horse and Trumpet', a friendly, warm, inviting, and low roofed pub, as the tail amongst us soon found out, but luckily the time limit soon came around, and before we knew it, we were off on the jolly jaunt again. The trail lead directly off

opposite the pub, a quick sprint around the very picturesque church, and we were almost directly back where we started. I thought this was Hare and Hounds, not Wild goose chase, anyway down the road a little bit was a very inviting pub, 'The Free Trade Inn', so it was On Inn to the third pub, because the Landlord said it was okay...by this time all those that were driving, mainly Bigger, Doc Crippen, Big Phut, Wallington, Durex, Jetslag, Ruth and of course myself, were on the old fizzy pop and the idea of a six pub run started to seem a bit more boring than first anticipated...but the chat started, and Creamy Bristol's was confronted by some men, accusing her of stealing their favourite stool, but a few bars of the eyelids later, and she soon gave it back to them...

There was talk of a Chip Shop Stop, say that when your pissed, but this call was down to Creamy Bristol's, as she had drew that piece of paper, and as I knew, quite well, that she adores chips more than meat and two veg, that she'd be calling the stop soon, well lets put it this way, if she didn't she wouldn't be getting her meat and two veg that night...anyway we over ran that pub by approximately 24 seconds so it was time to make way to the next venue, hopefully the chippy...

Unfortunately not, it was yet another pub, and Warmer's turn to sweet talk the Landlord, we soon gained entry and the beer was flowing yet again...the locals within that establishment seem quite taken aback that we'd actually contemplated running to the pub, but when we informed them that it was several pubs, total shock ran across their faces, as well as into their pub...On exiting the pub the call was finally made for the chippy stop, but first we had to negotiate the ragging torrents of the local stream, negotiation was quite easy, to the upset of Bigger, as the local authorities had nicely built a concrete channel for it to flow down...

But there was a little bit of a tricky negotiation to be done, well for some, who thought it best to ignore the calls of the pack and to find their own way to the chip shop, this route seemed to take them under the bridge, and over the fence the other side, Well, Lady Dye got over the fence, Skidmark chose the safer option a came back to the point where everyone else got out, but Bigger jumped, squeezed, climbed, but still couldn't get through, and finally had to give up and admit defeat...

The chip shop even had a ring of a pub to it... 'The Sibley Fish Bar', but the only pints that were flowing over that bar were pints of mushy peas...a quick gobble down of the chips, and we headed towards the sixth pub, now you might ask yourself, that's if you've been paying attention, what happened to the fifth pub 'The Duke of York' on the route, did we miss it out, no it was shut, not a sign of life anywhere to be seen, Bank Holiday Tuesdays ay, it will be the death of the pub trade...

Now luckily the sixth pub 'The Railway Inn' was the last, and surprisingly not, was the first one we set off from, so a great feeling of joy came across everybody's faces knowing that they hadn't got to manoeuvre their beer and chip filled guts around the streets of Sibley another step...

This seemed like every 'rough mans' local, ripped seats, cold cobbled floor, loud music, loads of smoking noisy delinquents, an ideal setting for the hashers to have their circle...so it was out into the night, and in to a seductively back lit beer garden, which looked as though a tornado had just passed by, hadn't really any worries about spillage's or come to that breakage's...so it was on the the circle, with the acting R.A being Doc Crippen...

Down Downs were given to the following sinners, for the heinous of...

Wallington	Being the hare, and for a novel and total last minute trail!
Bigger	Being too fat to squeeze through that gapping gap in the fence!
Ruth	Being a virgin hashert! (Will she be back?)
Creamy Bristol's	For child abuse, as she nicked her sons chips!
Horn Shanker	For getting lost, as she was actually from Bermuda!

Well that is how I remembered the night, a great way to pass a Bank Holiday Tuesday night by...

On On

Blout