

Run 261 The Morning After The Night Before (or trying to "redress" the balance).

After having had our fill of rather plump sausages, (well the lucky ones amongst us anyway), we set off from the spooky den of iniquity that had formed our home for the night.

Blow and I lead the post party convoy, closely followed by G.P.S. and his faithful hash hound. Well, when I say closely, I mean they were present inches from us - visible as a speck in the rear view mirror. Blow! being Blow! didn't consider slowing down as an option in reducing the distance between us. And I think that G.P.S. was confused by the, "only a fool breaks the two second rule" and had it remembered as, "only a fool breaks the two minute rule." His excuse was that Toby doesn't travel well at high speeds. But, I beg to differ having seen that hound bound along a hash trail!

Anyway, we all made it to the "Three Horseshoes" one way or another, and were greeted by our heroic hare Doc Crippen. He informed us that he had left the scene of the party at 7.15 am. having shared his bed (albeit briefly) with "Lady Dye." He had hoped it was Malt-Teaser falling into his clutches, but on discovering it was Lady Dye, somewhat disconcertingly only had to offer the fact, "well, at least he has a lady's name!" Presumably, he would hence feel comfortable sharing a bed with any Les, Sam or Robin. Takes all sorts to make the world go around, I suppose!

Having revealed all this, Doc. then went on to relate the necessary pre-hash info.

Here are his gems of wisdom:-

A) The run would be 4 miles for the least hung over, and 2 for those who were still suffering, from the joys of the night before.

B) There were 3 bulls to watch out for in one of the fields. (In the end these were not seen by the majority of hashers - though Lightning Rod claimed at the end of the run, that he had seen said bulls "parked" at the edge of a field. He didn't say what they had been driving, but I suspect it was "bulldozers.")

C) There was an electric fence, but it wasn't turned on. Which really was a pity since most of us could probably have done with a shock to wake us up, and to bring back the "buzz" from the night before.

After this intro. the pack were ready to run off, (well O.K. were ready to flop to the floor!), when a very fresh faced runner appeared in full kit. "Visitor or Virgin?" We wondered. But he was neither. Well he was a visitor as he was visiting his brother, but couldn't join us today since he'd already promised to go out on a bike ride with someone.

Still this being the opening circle and not the closing one, he wasn't put off calling again. And so jogged off heartily, with a Quorn H H H business card clutched in his hand, and a glint of joy in his eye - He'll learn!

It now being half past circle time, we could delay no longer and trudged off into the fields of Breedon on the Hill. Minutes on, the tiredness still lingering from the night before, began to take its toll on some of us. Too Tuff finding my alcohol-slowed brain incapable of understanding any of his jokes - took the rather drastic action of laying himself in the middle of the road. He was saved by his good wife's cries of "Phil! Phil! Get up!"

Well that, - and the fact that there were actually no cars coming at the time.

Later jogging past him, I tried to explain that this shock tactic, would have helped more if he had lain in the road long enough for a vehicle to approach. I think though, that it was now his turn, not to get the joke.

Next I jogged on along next to Barritone, and mulled over "gluwein" recipes with him. A pleasure, we had all indulged in the night before, whilst surrounded by banging in the park. The potency of which, (the Gluwein, not the banging), was evident in Barritone's much slowed pace and inability to find flour on the golf course... Or maybe he was just looking to get his hole? It's not often one has the choice of 18!

People who know how to take their ale, or who know how to avoid parties before a hash, were able to lead the trail of otherwise

flagging, and probably still intoxicated party goers. These FRB's were Rockhopper, Lightening Rod, Blow! Wallington, G.P.S. and Toby.

G.P.S. had the added advantage that Toby provides an excellent mud-skiing service. By simply holding on to his lead, he is capable of towing even a grown man at remarkable speeds! However G.P.S. seemed unimpressed at this new sport and muttered threats of sending young Tobs back to the R.S.P.C.A. .Otherwise G.P.S. will be looking for a society to protect him - anyone willing to set up a R.S.P.C.G.P.S.?

Next (to quote Wallington) it was time to go up "Bleeding on the Hill". As we staggered up to the summit we passed some pensioners out on their Sunday stroll. Their eyes soon widened at the friendly, pink, dick-looking object on Wallington's T-shirt, but made enough of a recovery to splutter out " Good Morning!" to us.

Then Wallington and I detoured from the route - to investigate if any of the graves and been disturbed in spooky Halloween goings on - and O.K. because we had lost the trail!

Still having taken the scenic route it was then Down! Down! the bleeding hill to the On Inn, to flop and sup some more ales. And as Too Tuff said in conclusion to the circle, " That's about the size of it". Curiously the gap between his fingers didn't seem to be very big. So it's sympathy Letties to letter. Or words to that effect as I am still

pissed!

Sp. ? Please write out "pickled" three times, in your spelling book.

On! On! Creamy Bristols.

P.S. Here's the Down! Downs! Although most of them relate to antics from the red dress run, as squealed by Blow! to Lightning Rod.

Wallington : For having snuck a chance at feeling Warmer's Warmers! Whilst they were magnificently presented in her red dress.

Wallington didn't deny the charge, and indeed still seemed to treasure the memory!

Too Tuff: For proclaiming under the "Size doesn't matter" poster, that it does. The scribe is unsure at this point, whether he upheld any evidence to back up this statement. And whether if he did do so it was actually visible to those gathered. But Hey! Tufty as even the poster was telling you "Size doesn't matter!"

Barritone: For loosing the trail on the golf course.

Pleasure Gnome and Too Tuff: For short cutting. Say no more!

Doc. Crippen: For being sporting enough to hare a run after the red dress extravaganza.

Me (Creamy): Probably for doing 101 drunken foolish things the night before, but most specifically for asking a man in a suit and tie "Do you call that dressed up?" (apparently, whilst also flipping his tie in semi- disgust). My only plea for mitigation is that HE WASN'T WEARING A RED DRESS! So he WASN'T "DRESSED UP!" And obviously I was harbouring no grudges at the fact he wouldn't "dress up" and put my red T-shirt on. Should have told him it was for a bet I guess - Still you can't win them all!

SO NOW, ALL THAT'S LEFT TO SAY IS A VERY BIG THANKS! TO MALT-TEASER, LADY DYE AND ALL WHO HELPED TO MAKE IT SUCH AN EXCELLENT EVENING!

"THANK YOU!"