

Hash Run No. 265 The Jingle Bell Run, 20 December 1998

Venue: The Blue Bell, Rothley

Hare: Doc Crippen

Scribe: Big Phut and Warmers

Pack of 20 on the 20 th of December on a beautiful bright and sunny cold day. It was nominally known as The Jingle Bell Run, but since it was Christmas Season celebrating the birth of Jesus, everybody hoped it would be Doc's Redemption Run (or Sorry it was so very long and muddy last year).

Freezing hashers stood in the pre-run circle waiting for the good stuff to start. IT WAS COLD! Big Phut was chosen by the Grand Mattress to scribe the run's events. At BUGGER'S recommendation, GOBLIN was twirled in the circle center, arm at shoulder height to choose our R.A. for the day. She gave JETSLAG the finger. What a varied troop of R.A.'s since the "committee" decided that Grand Mat Warmers would choose the scribe and the R.A. at each run. It surely brings out a lot of hidden talent.

We enjoyed the run, it started out by the river (which is currently flooded) and ran through the Rothley golf course, beautiful landscape, dodging golf balls, and we went across fields on well marked trails. Ran over Swithland Lane toward Bradgate park. Overlapped some of last year's notorious run, but the weather was much better this time. Short-cuts were offered to the walking wounded and flu victims. At the beer check, posh crystal glasses held our beverages.

Arrived back at The Blue Bell after almost being hit by a golf ball. There was a welcoming fire in the fireplace. It was warm and cozy, and we drank and gossiped. Large platters of mince pies we thought had been forgotten at the beer check, were delivered to Doc along with pitchers of good Glog, Gluehwine, (sometimes known as red barf juice). Some non-runners attended and we were happy to see them, Wet3 and MudFlaps, Santa Claus et al, hope they will all be able to run the next run. (Did you hear about the dyslexic devil worshipper who sold his soul to Santa!).

Outside for Down-Downs.

DOC CRIPPEN was praised for the perfect run length, sunny weather, and a well-marked trail. To Celebrate Doc's 100th run with QH3, on behalf of us all, our Grand Master presented him with a silver Mug, from which he drank his down-down.

ORIFACE for wearing a blue santa hat (those of us in the know realize that is the mark of a dyslexic elf.)

FERKIN for moving quickly when GOBLIN'S finger pointed to her, thus diverting to JETSLAG.

HENPECKED for gobbing on himself during the run, had to drink out of his new shoes.

BARRITONE lost one of his balls on the run, and it was returned to its proper place by ROCKHOPPER.

DUREX for commuting (company business, sure!) to Bandung, Indonesia, just to get his 450 run T.

TUFTY and GNOME for too many Bra shenanigans.

Thanks to DOC for the run and On On site, JETSLAG for his entertaining R.A. routine, we had a lovely time once again with QH3.

Down Downs concluded with WARMERS asking all to sing the hash hymn, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Remember to give BUGGER your filled in ballots!

ON ON