

Run 268 The Rancliffe Arms, Bunny :-

A Dedicated Harriette's Diary

Entry logged: Saturday 16th January 1999

7.30p.m. Attend surprise birthday party for an old college friend in St. Helen's.

7.45p.m. Said friend turns crimson as he is greeted upon entering his local, by a gang of people, singing rousing choruses of "happy birthday!". He feigns a smile and pretends to be pleased, that the quiet night out with his girlfriend, has snowballed into dinner for 30.

9.00p.m. The table has turned into a group of Joe Pasquali sound - a - likes, as everyone has inhaled more helium than is probably good for them.

11.00p.m. The same table has turned into Oliver Reed/ complete pisshead sound - a - likes and decide to retire to the only licensed liquor hole in the vicinity... the local Conservative Club.

11.45 p.m. I announce in an unintentionally loud alcohol induced voice " Well I wasn't the one that said they had a wank in Thailand!"

11.45p.m. and a few seconds (that feel like hours) later, The Conservative Club regulars conversations grind to an abrupt halt and suddenly lots of eyes are upon me. The one's boring the biggest hole belong to those of the parents, of the chum I am visiting. I smile weakly over, half-hoping that they would imagine that I must have said "bank."

11.47 p.m. Time for a sharp exit. Leave to mutterings of ".." in my day.."

Entry logged: Sunday 17th January 1999

12.30a.m. The party's back in full swing. No old bingo goers to worry about offending now. Everyone's talking the same language. It is gibberish.. but it sure as hell is funny gibberish. Suddenly Blow announces that if he is to drive back tomorrow it is time to stick to water. I take pity - these are my friends - Blow probably needs to keep drunk to understand them. I apply for Martyrdom and state that I will drive in the morning. I start supping water - at least there is plenty of it on tap.

3.30a.m. Everyone's increased drunkenness is beginning to clash with my sobriety. The gibberish is still gibberish - but it's just not funny any more.

3.35a.m. We make our excuses and retire to bed.

No One despite being completely arseholed can fathom any good reason why we are waking up in a few hours time to travel 200 miles to go for a run... But then they are not HASHERS are they?

7.00 a.m. Rudely awakened by a digital beeping. Decide that another half an hour's kip is in order and set about fondling the walls in near pitch black to locate the light switch. A puzzle the Krypton factor could bear in mind - as it is extremely taxing in a weakened state.

7.30a.m. Up and out. Retrieve Tom Cruise from his nannies - literally kicking and screaming. Young hash blood doesn't see the need to attend hashes as desperately as older hash blood.

8.00a.m. De - ice car. Set Off down the frosty M62 into the sun-rise.

8.10a.m. Stop car. pull over. Announce to Blow that there is something drastically wrong with his car. Blow does his best not to panic. Indeed not to even look slightly perturbed. He opens the car door, observed the 2" of ice coating the road and declares it to just be a case of A.B.S. that is causing the car to judder as I brake. We continue.

9.00a.m. The sun is still glaring in my eyes and despite sun glasses it is a constant effort to see the road ahead. The icy road conditions do nothing to calm me and I grip the steering wheel for dear life. Blow keeps announcing that he feels like shit. It reminds me that the three hours I suffered without alcohol last night might at least be rewarded with better health today. Right now my concentration is so intense any health issues would be secondary.

10.40a.m. Arrive in pub car park. 200 miles away hours earlier and we are still the first to arrive. After my hands have become unlocked from their stiff driving position I seek relief behind a bush. (Don't get excited I just meant I had a pee). Then I head to the garage for a thirst - quenching lucozade.

11.00a.m. The pack begin to gather - Including the hares Tufty and pleasure Gnome. I sidle up to Too Tuff and ask for a short cut, since Tom is still being unforgiving about his removal from a nice warm bed.

He tells me we come to a check at one point, and I can follow the road back from there.

11.15a.m Blow is nominated as R.A., I (Creamy) am nominated as scribe. My excuses that I might not be going on the whole run are not accepted and Goblin offers to fill in any blanks. We charge off. Seconds later, Jetslag coats me with puddle water and his Dick - Dastardly laugh signals this is no accident.

11.17a.m. (ie. two minutes after setting off time) We run along the road and reach a check. As people race off here and there checking, I ask Tuf if this is the check, where I can run back along the road to the pub. as usual he does not get my joke and with a deadpan face says "no, that comes later".

11.47a.m. We reach a check that has everyone scurrying off into the woods. I receive a tip off that this is "the one" and head back along the road with Tom.

12.10p.m. We arrive still not shattered, and decide to back track. A shady character sits inside his car in the car park reading a newspaper. There is something familiar looking about him, but we pass on.

12.20p.m. We meet the front runners Blow, Durex, et al and return to the pub for a pint or so. The shady character steps out of the car..Kentucky! Not dedicated enough a hasher to run. More of a Sunday drive/reader rather than a runner.

Not like some of us....some of us would travel miles on not much sleep to attend a hash!

Now there's dedication!

On! On! Creamy!

_ What about the Down Downs? Well there were 4 or 5 but the only one I care about is that Blow gallantly gave Jetslag one for splashing me. I suppose it is fairly worthwhile noting another dedicated comrade - Too Tuff - got one, and a rather smashing drinking tankard for completing 15 years of Hashing!

- Oooh! And let's not forget this is the run on which we were treated to Barritone's rendition of Indian Rhapsody. Talking of which just when did we say we were going to rehearse these fine lyrics?

1. Why didn't JFK Jr take a shower before he left for the Vineyard?
He said he'd wash up on shore
2. What's the Kennedy's Flying motto?
Your luggage will arrive before you do
3. What do Kennedy's miss most about Martha's Vineyard?
The runway
4. What will it take to bring the first family back together?
One more bullet.
5. Why was JFK Jr flying to the Vineyard?
He wanted to crash his cousin's wedding
6. What will they name the movie about JFK Jr.?
Eyes wide shut; or Three Funerals and a wedding
7. It used to be that the Kennedy's drowned their women one at time.