

Run No.: 269
Date: Monday 23rd January 1999
Venue: Manor House, Quorn
Hares: Bugger & ~~Too Tuf~~ GOBLIN



Question. How many hashers does it take to do a "69"? *Answer.* Fourteen because that's how many turned up on this cold January evening to celebrate this auspicious run number. By kind intervention of the RA it was a few hours of this wet wet January when it wasn't raining.

BUGGER the hare [not in that sense] shuffled the pack and handed out cards before we departed. Why would only become apparent later on the run. Now for a small village there are many roads through Quorn and as a driver I usually get lost. It was no different on foot. There are two sides to every road, two ways round every roundabout, and too many opportunities for bloody checks in those housing estates. The hare took full advantage of cunning checking possibilities and repeatedly sent the FRBs to the back of the pack.

The chip shop was a fleeting temptation momentarily before a holding check where the hare asked us to show our cards, or in the case of BIG PHUT, he was ordered to "*get it out*" by WARMERS. The cards designated two teams, the numbers were the order in which we had to tackle various objects of a pursuit course. Some showed better physical prowess than others (never mind the upper torso strength WARMERS looking like Schwarzenegger wouldn't suit you). The biggest challenge for your average hasher was mental rather than physical. We had to work out how the various "apparatus" should be used. For example, what do you do with a waist-high horizontal log that is full of holes? We tried to walk across it, sit on it and swing over it. With BARRITONE rapidly closing in behind me, my sole wish was to get off it quickly [careful with word order!].

To celebrate that this was a '69' run we disappointingly only had a beer stop in the White Hart and the promise of a special edition T-Shirt. Anaesthetised with alcohol and warmed by a log-fire we hardly noticed the cold on the way back to the ON-IN. I wonder what young TOM [that is his hashname!] had to drink at the beer stop. Instead of lurking at the back of the pack with mum he actually tried to overtake me.

The Manor House had been freshly refurbished and was now under new management. It just goes to show what getting the QHHH "On On Inn" award does for a pub. Those fair weather daylight runners who missed this hash will never know why PLEASURE GNOME's hole was getting bigger or what DOC thought was nearly as good as sex.

RA for the evening was BLOW who awarded the following DOWN DOWNS, though most seemed to be drunk by TOO TUF who was the only person who claimed not to be driving:

1. JETSLAG for getting his large backside stuck on the slide during obstacle course activities;
2. BARRITONE for persisting with a check despite being baaarrrrred;
3. WARMERS for indecent suggestions to BIG PHUT;
4. TOO TUF for winging about his wife's checking;
5. HARES for a good run.

We then came to the Oscars of the hashing world, the QHHH 1998 Annual Awards. Dipstick awards went to BLOW (and WALLINGTON in absentia) for getting brand new cars on the morning of the QHHH 250th run. Several bags of flour were presented for the Best Country Trail (Run 240 at Scalford) for unparalleled stretches of shiggy and succeeding in getting MUDFLAPS trapped in what has affectionately become known as the "cow vomit". Hasher of the Year, BUGGER, got lots of pairs of socks and no doubt will get a share of the bottle of wine awarded to Scribe of the Year, GOBLIN, for the write up of run 243 at the Star, West Leake.

Well that's the way I saw it,

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