

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run No 272 "Four Pubs and a Chippy"
Hare Wallington
Location Royal Oak, Loughboro'
Date 1st March 1999 - 1900hrs'ish

An ex-Asian Hasher, forlorn and in need of a bad Hash I scoured the netwaves under the mis-conception there would be an On-On in the location. To my chagrin I unearthed a webshite for Quorn H³ - Quorn isn't that the stuff that tastes like Tahu. Anyway after an exchange of true Hash dis-information from Kentucky- "The Royal Oak-it's somewhere on the A6 on the way out of lufboro" - panicking about down downing for latecoming I arrived to the minute at the allotted hour. Looking around for a group of seedy, dissolute characters, I was not to be disappointed, there huddled in the corner was my holy grail, Quorn H³, all consuming Hash piss. I thought to myself, odd thing for a hasher to do, but when you're in need of a hash it's amazing the depths to which you aspire - I know I'm back in the Northern Hemisphere, they must do it front to back here and start with the circle. But no, I was wrong this was the precursor to Wallington's birthday and 100 run pub crawl, five pubs it was announced whilst we all waited for Bugger's appearance. 'It only took me an hour to set the trail' Wallington offered 'and the check rounds are at the pub locations'

After Bugger finally turned up and discussed his mis-managed health, a southerly departure from the Hash piss centre was On-on'd. Although RA had mis-managed the weather and it had stopped persisting down-down, it was still bloody cold. Barritone and Bugger led the way with Too Tuf in close attendance. After negotiating the A6 trucking hazards, the 'Anyer Rice Paddies' were never like this! All went well for the first 100 mm., my anticipation was high, lots of soggy flour dollops, a good trail, after so much rain I half expected a water buffalo or two to emerge from the shadows, must have been Bintang nostalgia.

With Barritone well to the fore we forged on-on through the streets, through the pools of light, the pools of rain, and eventually through pools of confusion. For twenty minutes we scoured the streets for a sign, a manifestation of flour, some flour, any bloody flour. Still convinced I was in the wrong hemisphere I continued this fruitless search. Finally dredged from the depths of Too Tuf's and Blow's grey cell emerged the painful thought 'didn't we run here two weeks ago, this is old flour ...doh'. Back tracking, all known hashing logic was reversed leading us to the Blacksmiths Arms for consumption-on of Kronenbourg 1664 et al. Too late did we read the eggsortation-on to 'buy jugs - 4 pints for three-' the sign declared above the bar. Our eyes had been down-down turned still looking for flour. But then that had been typical of the night. Could it get any worse! On-on arriving we found a panic stricken Wallington hare and the late-latecoming hasher Josh, who had appeared as confusingly as the flour disappeared. A short distance on we stumbled upon the ...pub who's name escapes me. There was some competitive running across Queen's Park by short cutting Malty Teaser 'I'm first' she demanded emerging from the park gates behind Bugger and Barritone. But this was nothing compared to the disgraceful display of exhibitionism of Bugger and Barritone rushing (who is this Linford Christie?) headlong to the Mis-management -Swan with Rushes- Pub. Not a bad drop of hash piss - Tetley- to a background of Led Zeppelin. Time was rushing on-on so Wallington aimed us at the Chippy, missing out the Firkin next pub and led us to the time warped Cherry Tree. Arkileez was electronically located by the ball and chain and was roundly abused for said indiscretion. Barritone leading, as usual, encountered the miserable bastard of a landlord who refused to let him continue scoffing his fish inside. Totally disoriented by this time with not a blob of flour in sight we headed for the Royal Oak. At this point the scribe departed leaving Bugger entering the pub with Wallington's birthday cake.

Well I had found a Hash, and found to my delight that mis-management and hash-ups still rule and running hash is still a universal drinking problem.

On on

Arkileez

Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag