

Hash Run No. 274, 21 March 1999

Venue: The CROWN, Asfordby

Hare: Durex

Scribes: Big Phut and Warmers

DUREX told us it was a flat dry run. WARMERS assigned the honor of RA to BLOW, who as usual, assumed it with good nature. A few pithy comments from BUGGER, (and a lame excuse from SKID MARKS) about nobody sending any write-ups in except for yours trulys, so we volunteered to do it again, just to show off our writing talent.

We waited for the late arrivals until 12 minutes past 11. Then persuaded by the sight of BARRITONE's shivering body and his pathetic pleas to get going, off we sped, only to be delayed by a sun bleached blonde with tanned skin. He sped past us, only slowing to avoid the "we're not gonna move" group of QH3. After the car slowed down, our tanned "real Man" squealed his tires and off he sped. Then we realized it was our JETSLAG. We all decided to carry on with our running as "he can catch up with us easily". Well he did, but then he had to speed back to his car due to uncontrollable painful movements. He had forgot to put on his jock-strap! Probably thinking about some waitresses to chat up.

The run well – at this time of year they all seem to come down to mud, deeper mud, and stinking mud. The scenery was grand, but due to the muddy lumps in the plowed fields, we have to keep our eyes down. Luckily the morning rain had ended by the time we ran, so at least we were dry. DUREX chose a lovely run, and it would be a great trail on a hot summer day.

At the beer check, Mr. Nag, DUREX mentioned that QH3 took longer to solve checks than any other hash he had run in 1000+ runs. It's those lazy FRB's (front running bastards). He can't blame us BOPs (Back Of Pack) who always faithfully chug along. To keep us amused, SAM instructed BLOW in the fine art of fetching (not felching). It did get a little monotonous throwing the stick again and again, but BLOW's pleading eyes and whining were just too much to bear.

We all arrived back at the pub safely, scraped off our bodies, put on dry clothes and shoes. The pack all then tried to fit into a tiny dungeon room. A choice of sitting around the edge, or jammed in the middle without much chance to speak to anyone except the hasher wedged next to you. But, of course this is no disadvantage, as any Quorn hasher is capable of sustaining a whole day of fascinating conversation. The taller guys, TUFTY, COCKCROW, BIG PHUT had to stand at the top of the stairs - no room for them.

Outside for quick down downs, too cold to linger. Visitors, KNOB JOCKEY and COCKCROW. The dynamic duo of SKID MARKS and MULTI-TEASER were rewarded for their pre-run athletic displays of stretching. Should we rename her Stretch Marks? (All right we know you don't have any, not even cellulite). JET SLAG for not locking his car. MR. LOGIC for changing his name from MR. HEM-ROID. Where's the Logic for changing a perfectly good name? A quick finish with the short, short version of the Hash Hymn. And best of all to our hare for a lovely, cold, wet, muddy, scenic, and as usual enjoyable run and ON ON ON.