

The Free Trade
Sileby

Run no. 276

Hare: Wallington

4 April 1999

Once again our hare was Wallington, this time not celebrating another birthday but clocking up 12 years of Hashing. And it's not a coincidence that he chose to set his trail from the Free Trade as this was where the Quorn Hash inaugural trail was from, again 12 years ago.

As well as demonstrating the usual Hash symbols for the benefit of those with short memories (Blow taking a keen interest) our hare issued two challenges: FRB's would be punished by the deviousness of the trail and the last Hasher back to the pub would win a prize.

The effect was instantaneous. For the first 200 yards up the main drag Big Phut led the pack. It was, of course, never going to last. A lack of short term memory soon had Blow and Bugger forget the prospect of a prize and start busily checking at the first opportunity.

Into the open countryside and the story of this Hash trail quickly became apparent. Durex, Scrooge and Blow were determined to prove that just as no muff was too tough for them then no run was too rough. These three were barely seen again as they powered off through the fields and roads around Cossington. They did usually wait for most of the pack at the checks but only with a deliberate display of stretching, running on the spot and smoking.

The tail end of the pack was equally competitive as Warmers, Goblin and Big Phut vied to be last home. Never have I seen shoe laces need re-tying so often. In a stage whisper designed to intimidate his opposition Big Phut told me his secret weapon; as the trail got closer to the pub the desire for a beer would get stronger and he felt sure his opponents would break first and so ensure him victory. Certainly a plan so cunning that if it was any more cunning it would be too cunning.

Along the banks of the river Soar Pleasure Gnome and Bugger led the main body of the pack with Goblin, Creamy Bristols and Wallington not far behind. Goblin and Creamy Bristols may have been planning a late attack on the last Hasher home prize but it was too little too late. Big Phut had too much experience, gained over an enormous number of years, to let anything slip to a couple of whippersnappers.

From the riverbank it was back into Sileby and the pub. I was back in the front half of the pack but Durex had still had time to get changed, get a beer in, read the Sunday Times and give his car an oil change before I got in. To give Durex at least some credit, he had certainly taken his RA duties seriously as the weather was bonza all day.

As it was Easter Sunday Skidmark and Malteazer couldn't make the run being busy worshipping the great God Mammon. They did make the circle, but in civilian dress! Standards on the Hash slip once again.

Down Downs:

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| Wallington | For the hare announcing competitive ideas on the Hash and for marking the trail with strange tit-like symbols. |
| Big Phut | Last back to the pub. His prize? A large Easter egg. |
| Skidmark and Malteazer | Hash Call Girls and in casual dress. |
| Pleasure Gnome | Very slow in getting write ups in to On Sec. |
| Too Tuf | Your scribe, a down down of beer and mini easter eggs. |
| Malteazer | Mobile phone ringing during the Hash Circle. She was driving so nominated a looky-likey of Scrooge based on having similar legs. |
| Wallington | 12 Years of Hashing. |

Following a write-up in last month's Rash Hag, Skidmark would also like it more widely known that she is, most definately, still a she.

ON ON

Too Tuf