

Run # 296  
Hare Too Tuf

The Stratford Haven, West Bridgford

27/9/99

Dark clouds rolled across the sky, driving the twilight quickly into full night. Dark, ominous clouds full of foreboding, moving with a heavy menace. The wind picked up, straight out of the West. Rain began to fall, a heavy rain being driven into sheets by the wind.

Suddenly lightning cracked, lighting up the sky towards the Trent. For a split second the old blasted Oak was silhouetted against the angry sky. The blasted Oak, survivor of many a fierce storm but bearing cruel scars from these encounters. The rain came down with renewed vigor.

"All right, it's quarter past seven, let's get this Hash underway." With varying degrees of enthusiasm the pack left the shelter of the pub and ventured out into the rain. After 10 minutes, all spent in the side streets of West Bridgford, the rain eased and the trail reached the banks of the Trent. Here our 3 Hashers new to the Quorn held a conference to debate, in a full and frank way, whether to short cut. They decided to press on but before actually moving anywhere held another conference. They were now going back. Turning to walk off to the pub, Maxipad changed their minds once again and it was on with the whole trail.

Along the riverside path and across some fields the trail took the pack to a footbridge over the Trent. And a check...

Well, look on the bright side, the pack had a chance to regroup. Looking on the darker side, how did Barritone and Durex make such a cock-up of finding flour? Barritone was even armed with a torch to assist with spotting flour that was laid next to bloody lamp-posts. Once the hare had pointed the flour out to a skeptical Pigeon Hole the pack lumbered off.

From here the trail was a straightforward one. Along the other side of the river, over the pedestrian suspension bridge, through some more side streets and home to the pub. Back for 8<sup>o</sup>clock, perfect.

Here we found Bugger, who had arrived 5 minutes late and set off on the trail by himself. After catching up with Wallington they had executed a masterly, if unwitting, short cut and were back in the pub after 20 minutes.

Sleazy Rider was kept busy in the pub writing directions to his cottage on Anglesey and taking deposits for the Snowdonia weekend. You may notice from this that the Snowdonia weekend isn't in Snowdonia. Ah well, that's clarity in advertising for you.

The most common conversation subject was time/aches/pains/blisters following the previous day's ½ marathon. What is the Hash coming to, some sort of bloody running club? However, of the Hash entries, Durex did manage to knock out a half in 1 hour 35.

Arkileez produced a Hash Masters crib sheet he was used to using when Hashing on Java. Get the On-Sec to fill in the boxes and the all the information required in the circle was there. And printed off in colour too. Arkileez's job obviously doesn't keep him fully occupied.

Finally to the circle, outside under now clear skies. Stand-in R.A. Too Tuf awarded Down Downs to:

Durex                      "Percy Thrower" After yesterday's ½ marathon, 10 Hashers retired to this same pub for a few beers. Not so Durex. He went straight home to do a spot of gardening.

Maxipad                  Vacillating on whether to short cut or not.

Arkileez                  "Gordon Brown" His run details sheet was full of strange European words the likes of which I can hardly bring myself to type. Run length in Kellumeetas, whatever they are? He's in league with the Chancellor to quietly introduce the Euro through the back door.

Dan Watts                Maxipads son, using the Hash to avoid studying.

The third of our new runners was George Hultan. Malteeza arrived a bit late while Scrooge was very late after playing five-a-side kiss ball.

On On

Too Tuf