

RUN # 306 THE NUT AND SQUIRREL PUBLIC HOSTELRY AT NAILSTONE

Date : Sunday 16th January 2000

Hares : Henpecked and Firkin

The morning dawned bright and beautiful as a plentiful supply of eager hashers awaited the off ... well all eager apart from lurgy infested Cobblers and sicknote yours truly... the former decided against crossing the main road and leaving the snug confines of the village whilst the latter poddled around at the back (that's my excuse for the scant recollections of what was happening out on the trail ...and I'm sticking to it !...) All I do remember was a beer stop (or should that read a gnats piss stop ?) in a secluded copse , a chance to test out our balance on a kiddies assault course in Barlestone (falling off could hardly be blamed on the alcoholic strength of the aforementioned beer !) and watching Too Tuf's prowess in leaping a brook not once , not twice but three times - Pleasure Gnome was so impressed that she chose the footbridge ...

Down downs were duly awarded for the following indiscretions...

The hares... a back to back down led to a serious bed pan assault on poor old Henpecked resulting in a tender red throbbing head...never mind , Firkin can always kiss *it* better later...

Heavy Sleeper... Mr. On Sec aka Bugger has not been able to consummate a rash hag since the long summer days of the previous century but today his M+S carrier bags were well endowed with not one but two glorious bumper editions.

Laws of Direction... Newton never came up with this one but then again he probably never went hashing. Blow announced his theories on the potential prospective directional future of the trail at a check whilst being ridiculed by his so-called friends.

Calorifically Challenged... Slam , a visiting orienteering virgin hasher who was a 20 stone lardy bastard in a previous life but now needs the calorific content of the beer in a vain attempt to slow him down.

Astute & Shell Suit... The late arrival of Durex was not only matched but bettered by Malteser. Not wishing to be a lonely hasher , Malteser astutely kept Durex's speed in check by tagging along.

At this point the GM passed across to his "little" helper , Showman who beckoned sweet innocent (?) Ruth to enter his circle... Showman had tried to outrun this harriette but found out to his cost that she just keeps going and going and going i.e. he was beaten by a woman ! No naming ceremony was forthcoming this time round as this was only Ruth's second run but was voted '*Keeps Cummin*' for the next time...

The two hares were recalled back into the circle for marriage conselling - fancy holding hands on the run inn. Their back 2 back down down degenerated into a beer shampoo for Firkin.

The GM continued in generous mood by delving deep into his sac and pulling out...an assorted array of bottled real ale along with the odd bottle of gnats piss / lager (depending on which way you dress...) as top trophies for Hash Awards 1999.

Baritone's prized prezzie should at least keep his windscreens clean in future therefore reducing the number of irate Volvo drivers in the Nottingham area.

Many hashers returned within the confines of the Squirrel Nutkin for much merriment whilst the hares and myself went off to discuss how to spend the proceeds of Showman's wallet over some spaghetti hoops on toast.

On On Jetslag