

Sunday 19th March
The Crown Inn at Heather

So there it is, waking up on a beautiful spring day and no excuse this time to stay in bed and not go hashing. Hangover's still there after the previous night's exertions but what better way to cure than 5 miles gentle (in my case, very gentle) running around the countryside.

First thing, where is it? Having been an intermittent attendee so far this year, the run sheets were all out of date, but finally one was found with it marked AND a map on the back! Off we go then!

So to Heather. First problem is the sheet says the "pub in Heather". OK, which pub? Can't we be a bit more specific? After a nice drive round the villages' pub car parks I catch up with the gang at Crown Inn.

Bugger does his introductions. Typically introduces new signage just to confuse everyone. Skidmark is appointed RA, and lastly who is to be scribe? Everyone shuffles their feet. Erectum with his hash hat lowers the brim to avoid eye contact. Yes! Blow gets appointed! Escaped again! But there's the usual winge of "it's always me" and "I'm the only one who writes up anyway" and the curse of scribe falls on Erectum. Damn!

Still, it has its advantage – "I'd better stay at the back then and keep an eye on what everyone does rather than charge of down the front" he says. Nobody else seems convinced by the Erectum's peerless logic.

Off we go then!

First mile is notable for Bugger's economical use of flower (could this be the first ever single-bagger on a Quorn Hash?).

So the run develops nicely; relatively flat (always a good point with Erectum) and with the promise of a beer stop towards the end. But about half way through, the trail leads down the hill to a tunnel under the road with a stream running through it. Uh oh! Water. Now water and Erectum don't mix but luckily Durex is on hand to show the way; over the wall on the other side of the road without getting our little tootsies wet (hey! any idiot can make themselves uncomfortable!) all accompanied by dark mutterings by other (not so dry) hashers (not envy, surely?).

And so on to the Beer stop (and feeding the ducks – with organic bread?) in a lovely spot in the Forest Park (bit short on the forest, mind!) and On Inn

Down Downs to

- Tom Cruise on his Birthday (where was Scrooge with the flower is what I want to know?)
- Blow for his argument with a tree branch
- Scrooge (welcomed back)
- Gobalot (front running bastard)
- Barry (new shoes)
- Too Tuf (always late)
- Durex, Erectum, Oriface and Lightning Rod (no safety in numbers then) – who all got their feet wet in the end.