

Quorn H3 - Run 317

Venue: The Black Horse, Grimston

Hare: Durex

Athletes: Barritone, Blow, Bugger, Doc Crippen, Pleasure Gnome, Rockhopper, Scrooge

Also Rans: Creamy Bristols & Tom, Goblin, Sleazey (late), Too Tuff, Wallington

Non-Runners: Skid Marks

Visitors: Cyclogical (BH3)

Virgins: Chris & Ian

Gathered in the pleasant village of Grimston, the expectant hashers were speculating the potential length of the trail and whether Durex had run 10 miles from home to lay it. The familiar coaxing out of cars ensued and the hash got off to the accustomed late QH3 start....

Bugger lead the front runners to the first gate, then politely opened it for the following hashers, allowing him to blend into the pack.

The long wet grass left trail marks for the front runners, but the clever hare had tried walking backwards, hopping, walking on his hands, walking sideways, anything to hide the trail. He occasionally laid some flour.... On across undulating fields, Rockhopper (good to see him back on his feet) trail blazing at the front and Blow insisting on following the false trails. Across a road and to a re-group, to allow the virgins and rear guarders to catch up. Along near a farm and by some blocks of marble which rapidly stopped Rockhopper in his tracks. He made a mental note of the map reference and ran on...

The trail split into long and short, and almost all took the short route. Doc Crippen explaining that he would really like to take the long route, but did not want the short takers to get lost. What happened on the short trail is a mystery, the scribe took the long trail and the spies and super-grasses on the short trail had nothing to report.

Pleasure Gnome was charging away at the front, only allowing the others to catch up when we came to fields containing animals. On across old strip-farmed fields and confusion in a village, but the trail eventually being found around a large wheat field. The hare was hanging back, hoping to take the short cut across the diagonal, but was spotted and felt obliged to follow the trail around the outside. Cyclogical's shoe upper and sole parted company, and had to be held in place by wrapping the laces around, fortunately managing to get back to the pub. The On Inn at last, and the long trailers arrived back at the pub many minutes after the short trailers. Plenty of room in the pub, and the down downs out in the garden included a refreshing shower. Besides a reasonable pint, the pub seemed to be a Boer (or bore) enclave, with at least three people wearing Sprinbok's jerseys, with our own Bugger setting the trend with the upturned collar look.

Down Downs issued by the RA (aka Doc Crippen):

Cyclogical - Supposedly using intelligence on the hash (looking for footprints)

Sleazey and Bugger - Opening gates for fellow hashers

Sleazey - Anglesey & Best trail

Barritone - An incident with a cot blanket and a tooth brush

Wallington - For using an umbrella in the circle, he drank the beer from it..

Chris and Ian - Virgins, short-cutters and knowing Tufty

Too Tuff - the great slipped disc conspiracy

Durex - Hare

.....All in all, another good Quorn hash.