

Run no: 346
Venue: The Fayre and Firkin, Ashby de la Zouch
Date: 29 January 2001
Hare: Bugger
Scribe: Barritone
Hounds: Durex, Barritone, Goblin, Too tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Wallington

Well I found the oldest pub in Ashby (dating in fact from the 14th Century), and no bugger had turned up, well, Bugger had turned up.. Oh never mind. Eventually a small bijou pack had assembled in the cold car park behind the pub. We eagerly awaited the arrival of the mysterious Simon, who apparently had drunk Bugger under the table the previous Friday, but with the Ambridge cows safely in their bunks we set off.

The trail went into open countryside almost immediately, with Durex blazing on in front with his trusty torch. Too Tuf gallantly checked down several false trails (without a torch), until everybody was confused by a check were all the paths leading off appeared to be barred. We soon saw the error of our ways – of course it was a Bugger trail! The bridge across the stream was barred, but we didn't have to use the bridge! Eventually we emerged by the Weetabix factory and football ground, to find Bugger already there. The other side, Too Tuf checked out a possible path, and Durex found a much more inviting false trail across another field. However, Wallington had found the trail, shouting his soul out as he charged down towards the Retail Park. There followed an inviting little nature reserve and stream, but the trail headed along the road to a regroup by a "water feature". Nobody could find a water feature, so Durex and I decided to provide our own water feature (in fact Bass which has been processed through a pair of kidneys).

The "Water Feature" actually turned out to be a pipe under the road, which had perhaps 20 cm water in, through appearances can be deceptive. The magnanimous hare didn't want us to get hypothermia (how kind), although Pleasure Gnome encountered a nasty bramble. The rest of the trail was fairly uneventful, although all of us got caught out by some cunning falsies, and the blob of flour that had been laid on the steps of the Police Station remained undisturbed.

The Fayre and Firkin is an extraordinary pub, medieval, spacious and almost completely empty. There are ten handpumps on the bar, but Bass was the only real ale on offer. With a bit more care and business acumen from Punch Taverns who own it, the place could quite easily be packed every night – maybe they can afford not to care. Anyway, there was certainly enough space for a circle inside, and Barritone got awarded his 200th Run Tankard (actually achieved on the Red Dress Run), plus the Haemorrhoid Award for the loudest call. Pleasure Gnome (Chicki) did a good spot as guest RA, and awarded down downs to Wallington for his beautiful New Romantic 1980s sweater, to Too Tuf for his X-ray vision down falsies without a torch, a half of Guinness for Durex (the reason for which escapes me, and also Durex), and to Bugger for the trail, which I enjoyed anyway, don't know about anyone else. The pub conversation involved discussing how to attract new people into the Hash. As we were leaving at 10.20 Tuf exclaimed that he saw a vision of Josh and Chocolate Legs through the window, and sure enough in they came, fresh faced after a winter's skiing (good snow apparently)
