

Date: **26-Mar-2001**

Run No: **353**

Venue: **The White Hart Quorn**

Hare: **Rock Hopper**

What is the mighty Quorn Hash coming to? Here I am, in the car park of the White Hart in the village of Quorn. The Quorn Hash running from a pub actually in the middle of Quorn itself! How the mighty are fallen. Next thing you know the illustrious Grand Master will retire in favour of an older, shorter man. Verily, these are strange times.

And so to the trail: Our hare, **Rock Hopper**, being a wise and thoughtful Hasher, had set a trail that avoided territory closed due to Foot and Mouth restrictions. Being, also, an open kind of chap, **Rock Hopper** explained that this meant an almost all tarmac trail and the only bit of shaggy on it was easily avoided.

The pack, **Too Tuf**, **Chicki** and **Durex** set off. Soon we were heading out of the village and front running. **Too Tuf** stopped, apparently without reason, outside an Hotel. "This is Quorn Grange," said **Tuf**. "This is where **Chicki** and I had our reception when we got married and those windows there are the bridal suite and that bit is the bar and that is the(Continued page 98)" The rest is lost as by now the pack had fallen asleep.

It was rather good of **Rocky** to set a trail past Quorn Grange for **Tuf** and **Chicki's** sake, especially as no Quorn Hasher was invited to the wedding and **Too Tuf** had just been made Grand Master! (Note to new GM, take notice).

Durex started the hash wearing an unseemly large amount of clothing. **Durex** must be getting nesh. As the trail took its toll he slowly began shedding layers. **Durex** would have got back naked if only the trail had been 51 miles longer.

The road started to climb at this point and looped up over and round the side of the quarry workings. This was where the optional shiggy was, but only half the pack did the 100 metres of off road in an attempt to keep their dog clean. Light weights.

From here it was down the hill and in along the main road from Mountsorrel and back to the pub. As it was fairly cool and the pack fancied running rather than walking and Foot and Mouth had put paid to any original trail setting, the trail was well chosen.

No sooner had we settled into our first pints then **Jet Slag** enters. (The Pub, not us). **Jet Slag** had foolishly assumed that the Hash would start after the Archers. The price **Jet Slag** paid was to run the Hash by himself and only some of the checks had been kicked through. The Hash should, and maybe one day will, start on time.

Down Downs was a leisurely affair. Hash Kash figured that, as everyone would get some form of Down Down, and no one fancied going outside, then the hash would buy the next round.

Well, that's the way I saw it.

Too Tuf