

Date: **01-May-2001**

Run No: **356**

Venue: **The Maypole, Wilford**

Hare: **Barritone**

The Pre-Hash: 19.10hrs. **Too Tuf** and **Chicki** arrived to see some of the pack hanging out in the Pub Garden. Only some of the pack had arrived even though it was 19.10hrs. **Malti** arrived a few minutes later convinced that she was on time having ascertained a start time from our new Grand Master, **Durex**. **Durex** quickly defended himself by explaining that he told **Malti** that the run should start at 19.00hrs but in fact always started at 19.15hrs 'End of Archers' time. 'End of Archers' time would be great if only **Too Tuf** had a car with a radio. Anyway back to the Pre-Hash. It is now 19.20hrs and the pack still haven't started. It was at this point **Chicki** noticed two things: she had forgotten her money and **Blow** wasn't dressed for a run. **Blow** then informed the pack that he had slipped a disc drying in the shower. **Blow** should try a different drying position. **Too Tuf** pointed out that **Skids** had a real injury because she was wearing a bandage from her thigh to the middle of her calf and yet was still going to run. To quickly change the subject **Blow** went on to inform us that following his bar opening last Saturday night, a fine affair with loads of beer and food; including a traditional New Zealand Bean and Bacon dish produced by **The Ringer** and **OG**, and tons of glorious food from the hosts **Blow** and **Creamy**, there had been a number of chunders. **Blow's** mate **Carl**, a strapping policeman with a penchant for blonde jokes, chucked in **Blow's** study. Afterwards, **Carl** could not remember eating a computer. **Malti** and **Skids** both had a good chunder the following morning and **Too Tuf** confessed that he too had gone home and splashed his back lawn, garden fence and the washing up. **Barritone** then announced that this pub was the only pub in England called the Maypole and how apt for a May Day run. **Barritone** informed the pack that the run was short and that everyone that wanted to eat would have to be back before 9.

The run: 19.25hrs and the pack were off. Another excellent trail set by **Barritone**, who, despite the Foot and Mouth Crisis had managed to find plenty of good footpaths through countryside and around playing fields. **Malti**, who had earlier informed the pack that she used to live opposite the Maypole in Wilford seemed to have a lot of problems solving the checks. Always eager to increase the size of a pack, **Jet Slag** managed to

interrupt the wholesome games of a group of youngsters who followed the pack lured on by **Jet Slag's** infamous vivid pink cling-ons.

The pack was back at the pub by 20.10hrs. **Creamy** and **Tom** were back at the pub just a few minutes later having not got lost at all.

The Après Hash: **Rock Hopper** who had been unable to attend **Blow's** bar opening due to relative commitments presented **Blow** with a bottle of beer he didn't own. That **Blow** didn't own I mean. And the bottle was full of beer. Take note **Barritone**.

The pack was back in time to order food. The choice of beer at the Maypole wasn't up to much but the choice of food was good. One could have a chip cob for £1.75 or a chip cob with chips for £2.35. **Barritone** ordered a belt buster, as usual, but settled for a tuna melt because they had run out of belts. **Barritone** finished his meal before the circle started. What is the Hash coming to?

The Circle:

Down Downs were awarded by the Deputy Stand in R-Anus **Too Tuf** to:

Malti for her fearless checking and fording raging torrents,
Skids for hashing with a real injury because she was wearing a bandage,
Jet Slag for disturbing youngsters with his pink cling-ons,
Tom did one with **Jet Slag** but didn't like the tomato juice and cherryade concoction as much as **Jet Slag** did,
Barritone for a cracking trail,
And finally **Too Tuf** was given slops for leaving his mug in **Blow's** bar.

Actually **Barritone** left his bag in **Blow's** bar but whipped it out of **Blow's** Pussy Magnet before **Blow** could knobble him.

This is dedicated to our new Grand Master to demonstrate that Gold Fish don't need to make notes to remember.

Chicki