

Date: **01-Jul-2001**

Run No: **363**

Venue: **The Victoria, Beeston**

Hare: **Barritone**

So how do you increase the size of a Quorn Pack?

Hold a run in Norfolk.

And so it was that the Quorn Hash was held at 7pm ish instead of 11am ish. Fifteen of our regulars were at the Norfolk 900<sup>th</sup>. As it happened the only hashers that turned up for this run had been in Norfolk that morning with the exception of **Barritone**, our hare, who had just flown in from southern Africa, looking fit and sun tanned. **Barritone** was pleased to see us; otherwise he would have been running the trail by himself. And it's no fun holding the checks by oneself or indeed holding anything by oneself.

The pre-run circle consisted of cries of "I hope it's a short one". Bunch of lightweights.

And so laden with the excesses of a rather good weekend with the Norfolk Hash and the heat of the strong Nottingham sunshine the pack strolled off at a rather leisurely pace through the side streets of Beeston. By the time we got to the river Trent, I decided that we weren't really doing justice to this fine trail and so I took off at a cracking pace, overtaking **Scrooge**, **Blow** and **Too Tuf**. Yes I did. This meant having to solve some rather tricky checks and finding some superbly laid bars. And then I was behind the knitting circle, which consisted of **Creamy**, **Choccie** and **Josh**. By the time we got to the lakes in the Attenborough Nature Reserve I had pulled away from the knitting circle and was running falsies again. Then we were off 'round the cricket ground, back into the nature reserve for a couple more checks, over the railway line, passed **Barritone's** old house, over the golf course and back to the pub.

Back at the pub we all had a roll. After a pint or two in the garden we strolled off to the car pack for a circle. This was under protest from **Barritone** who thought we should stay in the garden and entertain the locals. **Josh** and **Choccie** were given one each for being the only ones to find the showers at the Norfolk weekend. Well there was drinking to be done. **Barritone** was given one for a splendid run and **Too Tuf** for telling tales to a sweet natured and trusting harriet. Well I do not believe that trees sneezing cause wind.

And that's the way I saw it.