

Quorn H3 Run 364

Date: 15th July 2001
Venue: Firkin Pub Ashby-de-la-Zouch
Trail: Excellent – short and sweet

We all (well all 11 of us) gathered in the Firkin car park on an unexpectedly warm Sunday, and had to wait for a few late arrivals (namely the hares) before we set off at a nice leisurely pace at 11.20am. Barritone, keen as ever sped ahead with Durex and Clementine to check out the route, so ensuring that the slower members of the group didn't over-exert themselves!. Bugger and Goblin brought up the rear, with Bugger carrying his bag of flour to put the finishing touches to "this is what I did not too much earlier" trail. Two minutes into the run Durex realised that he hadn't locked his car and so made a hasty return back to the carpark. Very pleasant running/walking conditions, and so Too Tuf, Bugger, Chick and K decided to sit out the run round the neighbouring village and enjoy the midday sun and let the others work up a sweat! En-route Too Tuf and Chicki decided to reminisce on their courting days by playing Pooh Sticks across the bridge, with TooTuf's larger and thicker stick winning hands down!

The only tricky part of the hash was the jumping or rather wadding across the stream – a welcome cool down for some!

Quite a bit of talking went on between the ladies (what ladies?) and when asked by Too Tuf what her excuse was this time for the lack of running, Chicki replied that it was because her shorts were chaffing her inner thighs!

Quick drink at the Firkin before returning to Goblin and Bugger's House for a well earned BBQ and an admiring glance at Bugger's pride and joy....his decking. Alan eat your heart out!! I think he fancies himself as a bit of a DIYer, or rather did until he was putting the finishing touches to his masterpiece when Goblin suggested they get an expert in. Now, Now!! Was she suggesting inviting bouncy Charlie to help Bugger out?

Too Tuf was keen to christen the decking with the drinking circle and so we all gathered round to await our fate. Down downs were as follows:-

- Goblin - For shopping for food for the BBQ instead of laying the hash that morning. Sensible lady thinking about the welfare of others!
- Bugger- Last minute specking of the trail – Friday night in his car. Then setting the trail on Sunday morning after a late lock in at the local pub
- Durex- 2 down downs, one just wasn't enough! One for following old ladies back home and the other for crossing over the river hanging onto the bridge – clever chap!

K- For mistaking thinking that San Diego was in Yugoslavia
– whoops!

Warrington- For calling “on on “ for false trail

To round up the circle it was decided that K should be given a hash name having escaped this fate on her 3rd hash when the group couldn't think of a suitable name (this was now K's 5th hash in a year – getting a bit keen!) So it was decided to name her Scab because of her black tracksuit bottoms “which only come off when the weather is very hot”. Too Tuff carried out the naming ceremony, anointing Scab's head with drops of bitter shandy. Named at last. The group then dissembled to tuck into the mighty banquet that had been prepared by Goblin. Homemade apple pie and all. A good day had by all. Thanks!!