

**Run 382 The Old Flying Horse, Kegworth.
Hares: Skidmarks & Clepto**

28/1/2002

Late January 2002 gave the UK the worst storms for some years, with winds topping 120 mph on Ben Nevis and 7 people losing their lives.

Meanwhile, in Kegworth, it was a tad breezy.

In the carpark of the Flying Horse gathered a small band of hard core Hashers prepared to brave the chances of a light shower. Once Clepto had given the pre run brief it was time to go into the pub for a drink and a sit down. It did go on a bit. All most of us managed to remember was that checks were marked with a circle and three blobs and you were on. Radical stuff. Skidmarks piped up with the odd additional point as if to prove that she had had some input into the trail but Clepto was quick to shut her up. No point in sharing the limelight is there?

The first 20 minutes of the trail were spent running circles around the suburbs of Kegworth until we were in danger of disappearing up each other's arseholes. Past the Britannia Inn and it looked like we were heading for the canal and open countryside. But then one of those freak happenings occurred. The trail led into The Anchor, which was serving Adnams Broadside for £1.50. Now this was class trail setting. Clepto tried to drum up some enthusiasm for the loop through the fields but his selling points of mud, water and darkness only worked on Bugger, Barritone and Chicki.

While the long runners were out Malteazer got lost finding the Ladies and was gone ages. She'd only just got back when Durex joined us. Now is that a coincidence or what? Suggestions that "Adult" activities (well, Tom was with us) had taken place were rebuked by the smile on Durex's face.

The long trail were soon back, including a filthy Barritone who ignored the pile of muddy shoes outside and only took his runners off when at the bar. Where he left them. To the joy of the landlord. Wallington had now also joined us. He'd used that old cunning plan of finding the Hash by looking in every pub in the village. Feeling safe now we'd been found, Malteazer opened up and told the pack that for comfort she liked plenty of room at the end (confused silence) otherwise the end went black (stunned amazement) and it might even fall off (much crossing of legs).

We finally left the pub (if for no other reason than the hope that the rest of Malteazers private life stayed private) and were soon back at the Flying Horse. In fact, very soon as Chicki and I got a lift from Wallington.

The Circle

Deputy assistant stand-in RA Chicki awarded Down Down's to:

Clepto, our Hare, for lying to the local kids that we were on a charity run. He considered his down down pint of Guinness to have a fine head on it. It soon had an even better one with the addition of a healthy sprinkling of my pubes. Malteazer. An orange juice for discussing her blackening extremities which were falling off.

Bugger. For losing his way and thinking he must be in Winchester Skidmarks. For issuing orders to the local kids

The bulk of the pack now retired to Skidmarks house for a truly outstanding lasagne.

**That's the way I saw it
Too Tuf**