

QH3 RUN NO: 388
DATE: 25-03-02
VENUE: MELBOURNE ARMS, Melbourne
HARE: GOBALOT
PACK SIZE: 13
SCRIBE: THE **DOBBER**

After listening to Gobalot's amazing adventures on the M1 trying to get to the venue, concern grew as to how long this trail would be, especially when she told us to expect a lot of white lines on route. With suspicious minds (Elvis is among us!) *the pack* sped out of the car park and crossed the first white lines and entered the dark and eerie world that is Melbourne. Peace was disturbed as Barritone roared out ON ON in his customary way, only for the whole area to be echoing over and over again. As you know his normal call frightens the ****t* out of you, this echoing was too much for normal human beings to endure. As the torches lit the night sky it was like being at a Rocky Horror Show and the first cheek was located. After a short delay Rockhopper led the way round "The Pool" and into the woods. Hashers trod very carefully through here, in case they trod in something they might be eating later. On exiting the woods there was a crescendo (lovely word, had to fit it in somewhere) of police sirens and helicopter search lights as we were in an "OUT OF BOUNDS" area. How could the hare do this to so many poor, lost and confused souls. Skidmarks was unperturbed as she shone her light on two copulating frogs, but a loud scream followed as she went for a closer look, she stood on a Toads-Tool, it must have been a countryside orgy and he was next in line. Having evaded capture by the local feds, we crossed more white lines towards the reservoir. Yes, you were there before me- no change there then, we met the Reservoir Dogs but lived to tell the tale. A check, more confusion, which cheered up our hare who had been mystified as to how we flew through previous checks. After a meeting of Mensa the trail was ON and the pack were off like gazelles and on their way to the Tramps Supper (sorry- curry) waiting at the inn. While taking liquid refreshment food orders were eventually placed due to a reluctant waiter who didn't realise how ravenous the pack was in his presence. Down Downs were held while the chef scoured the streets looking for ingredients for those sumptuous meals that had been ordered. Had the circle been held after the meal it would have been a real "Ring of Fire".

Down Downs

GOBALOT: HARE
CREAMY: NEW SHOES
SKIDMARKS: VOYEURISM
DUREX: CHIVALRY
BARRITONE: DAFT BAT (VOICE ECHOS)

Hope you all enjoy the above fantasies and any mention of speed was purely accidental.

ON ON
THE DOBBER