

## **Quorn H3 Run 408**

Date: 6<sup>th</sup> October 2002  
Venue: The Gallows Inn, Ilkeston  
Hare: Barritone

What a glorious sunny day; a bit of a light turnout swelled slightly by our three visitors – **Jonah** from USA, **Kim** and **Lloyd**. Where was **Bugger** and **Goblin**? Where they still trying to find the last trail in Keyworth?

Nice to see **Barritone** in fancy dress, not only did he set the trail, but he was wearing so much flour he looked like the trail. (A Down-Down was awarded to the flour monster).

So On-On following the scenic canal path and On-On into the countryside. There was a bit of competition between **Butt Plug** and **Chris** (Currently unnamed hasher) to see who could find the most false trails. **Chris** won but was heard to comment on “how bloody far the falsies went”. This statement in conjunction with his gate vaulting earned him a Down-Down.

Where is the elusive **Ball Crusher**? This man just disappears and turns up at will. Bit of a Time Lord eh!

Hash chat with **Creamy** reveals she has promised to take her son **Tom** to the Goose Fair later. Pity it finished the night before. A Down-Down was awarded to the Tight Git. Case file sent to NSPCC.

**Too Tuf** walking – never! Out of retirement and back on the rugby pitch is taking its toll. Boots polished, he's become a born again Flanker. On-On, there's the canal. Some of the pack knows where the pub is and set off for that well-earned sherbet. The rest of us haven't a clue where we are, so we take the sensible option of following the trail, which leads us back to the pub. On-back you thirsties.

Drinking our beers, who's that? Off the trail come **Bugger** and **Goblin**. Navigational problems on route to the venue (no navigational problems with the Down-Down **Goblin** eh!

Home time, see you later.

**Butt Plug**