

Trail : - 413.

Pub : - The Trap, Barrow-On-Soar, Leicestershire.

Date : - Monday 25th December 2002.

Hare : - Rock Hopper.

The Trap Was Set!!!

Well it was a full car park that I screamed in to, at a speed of 5 MPH, not because the police were chasing me from Beaumont Leys at Mach 3, but because I thought I'd give my tyres a chance of cooling down before I left it to collapse in a heap on the pub forecourt. There was hardly anywhere to abandon my 'Pussy Magnet'™, so I carelessly left it in the entrance, allowing minimal access to the car park for any regulars...

I thought I was being ignorant, and fool hardy leaving my car so close to the entrance, but Beer & Loathing came screaming in, and this time I mean screaming, headlights lighting up my near naked body...as I changed for the trail!!! (don't usually travel around naked!)...anyway, he parked next to me even closer to the entrance...at least they'll hit his car instead of the 'Pussy Magnet'™, some sense in his madness...

The weather hadn't been that bad all day, bit over cast, but free of rain, but then again this was Barrow-On-Soar, England's version of the Mississippi swamps (but without the trees!), I still chose to run with sweatshirt on...unlike some foolhardy hashers (they'll regret it later!).

The pack consisted of the following :- (List in order of appearance)

Wallington (Big one...the torch that is!)

Beer & Loathing (Hasn't got one... the torch that is!)

Bugger (Left it behind...the torch that is!)

Durex (Couldn't see his... the torch that is!)

Goblin (It's on the Christmas list...the torch that is!)

Rock Hopper (Didn't get to see his...the torch that is!)

Chicki (Apparently small and well form, just nice to hold...the torch that is!)

Butt Plug (Rummaging around for his...the torch that is!)

And...

Blow! (Now if I said head! Would you know what I meant!!!)

The hare's brief was as usual, flour, blobs, checks, bars, etc...the bit I didn't like that much was the requirement for Wellington boots...this sounded like a very wet trail...couldn't be that bad, as it hadn't rained all day...

The On Out was called, and we sped off, almost at the speed of my entrance...but this wasn't to last...

We head in to the housing estate just down the road from the hostelry, into the warren of back roads, and jitties. It wasn't long before the pack was spread out looking for the trail, shouting, "...Are you!!!"...or was that just me...at this moment, I got this feeling of being alone, like that ghostly feeling of being in a grave yard...this was mainly because I was on my own, I back tracked, almost back to the pub, hearing the constant call of onward hashers...but where the f#@k were they!!! I wonder if rabbits have this much trouble in their homes...

I eventually caught a glimpse of the pack disappearing in to the distance...at a great of knots (this term does have relevance later!!!). Sprinting, like I was going to miss the last orders at my local, selling cheap beer...I eventually caught them up...asking the hare why they didn't wait for me, he said, "...everyone thought that you'd be alright, as you're fairly fit!", how fitness keeps you from getting lost I am at a lose...can someone enlighten me?

Anyway, we actually hit some form of countryside at this point, and in to a field we went...Have you ever see that program 'It's A Knockout', when the tied people to a bungee rope, and asked them to run in a straight line towards a goal...well that's what it felt like...mud everywhere...rubber soled trainers, silicon in the mud, not a match made in heaven...

Finally wound our way through the countryside of North-east Leicestershire, and came across what seemed to be the North Sea...this vast array of water stretched as far as the eye could see...well to the other side of the stile...Beer & Loathing, and myself were the first to attempt to swim this watery expanse...as I waded in, it felt like my huge member was getting small, trying to withdraw back in to the warmth of my body...obviously the water/air temperature wasn't the preferred 32° required to function...then again it was bloody chilly...

For some stupid reason, Bugger and Goblin had the sense to ask us which bit was the shallowest...well fancy asking a hasher or two, that has just found out for themselves, a. how cold it was, and b. the way not to go...so like gentlemen, we aimed Goblin through the bit we thought was the deepest...did I say gentlemen...meant bastards!!! The funny thing is, Chicki came a few moments later...and asked exactly the same question...

Some sodden (or should that be sodding!) fields later, we arrived at the very well off village of Quorndon, commonly known as 'Quorn - Home of the Veggie'...luckily the streets of Quorndon were free of pedestrians, water, and any form of warmth...but at least we knew roughly where we were...or did we...

Who chose to check out the obvious way back to the warm of our hostelry...yeap me! Got all the way to the top of the bridge that crossed the A6 (some climb that!!! Well it is when you didn't have to...), to find a bar...luckily the pack didn't run off and leave me this time, and I quickly caught them up...

Well the hare decided to take us up to the furthest point before turning back to Barrow-In-Soar!!! Durex, obviously not happy with the twenty miles that we'd just waded through, decided to head toward Woodhouse Eves, you crack on, me, I'm going back. But this, apart from the first straight mile wasn't that straight forward...yeap, back in to the warren of streets again...at this point Durex was spotted (actually I was right next to him!) crossing a bar, when I pointed it out, he stated that it's definitely this way..."...he did eventually come back, and followed the correct trail...

The On Inn...what a welcome sight...back in the pub car park, we all stripped off, out of our wet clothes, apart from Chicki, who was catching hypothermia waiting for Butt Plug to catch up...

The inside of the pub, obviously more welcoming than the outside, had a blazing log fire, and wonderful idea of having a room just for the kids!!!, more about that later...

Well we all sat around, thinking to ourselves...'I'm sure there were more than this on the trail!'. Sure enough, we were missing a couple of hashers, at least it wasn't me this time, left to fend for myself in the wilderness known as Barrow-In-Soar...Someone had seen Durex heading in the general direction of the chippy...but Beer & Loathing...who knows...I admitted seeing him in the car park, as he removed the barrier (commonly known as his car!) from next to mine, to

the other side of the car park. Not sure whether this was so the careless drivers of the village could attempt hitting it from every angle, or the fact that the 'Pussy Magnet'™ was beginning to show it up...I know which!!! But since then he'd disappeared off the face of the planet...well pub car park at least...

Had a quaff of ale, and guess who popped in to the pub for a drink...Beer & Loathing. Apparently he went off looking for a cash point, but ended up...well I don't honestly know where he ended up...but at least he was back...to collect his down downs...

Talking of which, we asked to use the play room to do the down downs, rather than suffer the bleak winter chill outside in the dark car park...There was this sign, 'Keep Out Of The Play Area If You Are Above This Height'. Well I noticed this once I'd dived into the ball pool, and swam around a bit...caught on camera as well...the CCTV type...I just pretended to be of a small size...

Anyway, let's stop waffling...to the down downs...

Durex...for suggesting at the last hash to have the circle as soon as return as possible, then bugging off to the chip shop!!!

Beer & Loathing...for getting lost trying to find a cash point!!!

Wallington...for having a big one!!! (Torch that is!!!)

Bugger...can't remember what for though...

Rock Hopper...for taking the role of a water nymph, and taking us on a guided tour of the river Soar...

All these down downs were carried out over the door mat, so that we didn't get any beer on the carpet, which has probably see more baby vomit, two year olds piss trails, and food than any kindergarden...but hey, who am I to say anything, if they want to pour beer over their nice clean clothes, rather than a dirty florr...don't let me stop them...

After a swig of ale, Wallington decided to try and make friends with a whippet...by getting on his hands and knees, and acting like a dog...I've heard of doggie style...but surely this was going a bit too far!!!

Well that's how I seen it, if you saw it any different, then you must have been on a different hash...

Penned by

Blow!