

Quorn H3 Run 414

Date: 2nd December 2002
Venue: The Air Hostess, Tollerton
Hare: Too Tuf and Chicki

Cold, wet, and miserable, typically romantic English weather greeted the hashers for run number 414. That was until two visiting hashers, **Groucho** and **Who's Whose** started talking about the Cairo hash. Hey Presto! The rain stopped, the sun came out, and **Too Tuf** decided it wouldn't be appropriate to run in wellies and wax jacket. (His intelligence is amazing). At 11.20 am or thereabouts "On-On" was called and the pack (some of which were resplendent in Day-Glo Tabards) was led off by **Chicki**. Obviously forgetting she was a hare. One hour-ish later the muddy pack came On-Inn pretty much together, with **Groucho** the one time front running bastard bringing up the rear returning five minutes adrift (so keen to run that he started the trail again).

After a little refreshment, change of footwear and some make-up applied, **Chicki** ordered the circle formed. **Malti** was the first to be awarded a Down-Down for a piece of superb unselfish female parking, (she managed to squeeze her Corsa into two parking spaces) well done. Next invites in were, **Durex**, **Josh** and **Butt Plugg** for shortcutting. Apparently they had all crossed a bar in their enthusiasm to get to one. On sec **Goblin** was called but was driving, so Looky-Likey **Bugger** stood in and was rewarded with a bedpan Down Down. Next were the visitors **Who's Whose** from Mickelover H3 and **Groucho** fresh in from Cairo who sampled the ever popular delight of the bedpan. Following the beasts was **Chicki** who Down Downed a bedpan to celebrate here 200th run. **Too Tuf** was recalled for his wellies and being the hare, happily savouring a bedpan including dregs, and finally **Bugger** informed a by now ice-cold circle of the next hash run and I believe a good run was declared.

On On you bastards
Sybil's Snot
Virgin Scribe