

Run 416 The On Inn, Chilwell, Nottingham 15 December 02
Hare: Blow

Who's the bloody RA on this Hash? It was wet and miserable for the start of the r*n. Must do better!

The pack were waiting (im)patiently for the late arrivals and Archers fans in the car park of the Blue Bell public house, Chillwell and sharp at, ooh about, 11:20 we were off. We knew it was an A to B trail finishing at the On Inn bar. Vital information for the shortcutters amongst us. Despite Blow having set the trail the previous day the front runners were finding the remains of the flour well enough to head quickly for Attenborough nature reserve. And none quicker than Groucho. We would never have seen him again had it not been for his laughable lack of ability at checking.

We had been promised a short trail so the wiser ones in the pack (that would be me then) headed left, into the reserve but quickly out again after only one check. It took a couple of minutes to solve so the pack was being kept together. Crossing Chilwell golf course we had been hoping to distract some golfers with our Crimbo fancy dress but the weather had sent them all inside. Poofs.

We were now getting perilously close to Beeston, so close that Bugger & Josh started talking house prices. Well, it is a Beeston by-law to do so. Most of the rest of the trail was through a narrow stretch of parkland that, I believe, will be the route of the next Nottingham tramline. Which will come in handy for the back markers who could short cut to Blows.

For some of us that was the trail over with. For others, the challenge of finding the Blue Bell to collect their cars and then finding Blows house again still lay before them. But that wasn't me so who cares. Into the On Inn bar at the rear of Blows house and what's this? 3 beer engines but no beer to dispense, only tinnies. After the previous evenings Christmas pub crawl around Long Eaton this was probably just as well. I don't think too many of us were up for another big drink.

Goblin had made some mince pies and similar goodies, Wet Wet Wet had delivered personalised gingerbread men and Creamy heated Mulled wine. Very seasonal. And the reason Lightning Rod and Oriface had got out of bed today. We only see them once a year when the promise of free food and grog drags them along.

In the Circle RA Chicki presided over the distribution of Down Down's of which by far the most significant was the one handed out by Durex to Chicki of her 200th Run tankard. An ice cold pint of tinned beer was not Chicki's first choice of drink but now the tankards contents can only get better.

Other Down down's were awarded to Colin & Graham, virgins brought along by Sybil's Snot who ensured they missed the run and shortcut straight to the On Inn. Our Hare, Blow, received one for the trail but it should have been for the Christmas tree. Creamy & Tom decorated it, but not to Blows satisfaction. So he took all the decorations off and did it all again himself.

One Hasher had sensibly parked his car outside Blow's before the run but unfortunately his car keys were at the start of the trail locked in Who's Whose's car. Step forward Groucho. Might slow the bastard down.

During Hash announcements Butt Plug "volunteered" to set a trail on Monday 30th December. Good show that man. Hopefully Hares for 2003 will not have to be press-ganged.

On On

Too Tuf