

Hash Report - Sunday 16th March 2003, The Lamb Inn, Melbourne.

RUN 424

Hare: Gobalot

Weather : Fair to bloody brilliant

Turnout: About 15-290 Hashers.....who cares on a Sunday if I can't count.

Pub: Looked Good. Shame the Beer Garden wasn't yet finished!

Scribe: Oriface

Deputy (Unpaid) RA in Hash Circle at 11:15am: Bigger

RA after final whistle: Chicki

It was a lovely bright Sunday morning in March when the (March) Hare informed us the trail was through woods, a bit wet, some hurdles (did she think this was a steeplechase or summat?) and there was water about. Sounded okay to me in that case, apart from being 'volunteered' to act as scribe.

Barritone had just cycled for an hour-and-a-half and look knackered not surprisingly, and he still had an hour and forty-minute trail run coming up (how that hare tells stories!!) and then a similar ride back home.

Bigger elicited all the useful info from the hare (which was next-to-nothing) and we set off from the car park – just as Chicki and Too Tuff were driving in. Must have been a reason for being late but we won't pry into their marital affairs today.

Off we all went and were immediately confused by the "light and delicate" sprinkling of what appeared to be Fairy Dust, but was allegedly (said the hare) flour. Butt Plugg was later to remark that this was probably a Hash World Record for laying a trail with just 7p worth of flour. Everyone enthusiastically agreed, so it must be right – anyone know the fax number for the Guinness Book.....?

It appears we all missed the first check, since after 15 light sprinklings (dobs of alleged flour) we hit a bar.....so off we backtracked to find the trail heading onwards and unfortunately upwards, for the next mile or so.

Butcher's Dog was hot on the scent by now, and sniffed off onto a falsey before regaining her canine intuition and getting it right second go! ON ON went the gallant pack of Hashers up and onwards hitting a false trail through the new forest (or more like infant saplings).....Blow checked it regardless and even after half-a-mile you could see he had lost it – because it was false – because you could still see Blow for the trees.

At this point Lightning Rod was ON the trail calling ON ON when he was safely past the 5th (flour) sprinkling and building up a nice lead thank you. The rest of us followed and almost immediately were ankle deep in the shiggy stuff, and then next we hit another check. At this point Lightning lost his 'lead' as Butcher's Dog accelerated up another hill, on towards Robin Wood and the holding-check right alongside (what was to become) the infamous Mobile Phone Mast.

So the Hare was right, we'd found the wet bit, and the wood, that left only the hurdles and water to come. Never mind that now, Chicki was wrestling with her mobile phone, and YES! there was a signal, there was.....whoopee, a signal, how marvellous.

At this point a couple more latecomers arrived in the form of Durex and Malti, just in time for the apprentice Hash Flash (Lightning Rod) to catch all on a team snap. ON ON we went into Robin Wood, potential trails everywhere and Hashers checking everywhere, and then,and then, yes you guessed it! some miniscule sprinklings were detected meaning this was it.....ON ON we went, through more shiggy and forest trail.....over fallen trees....wait a minute could these be the

promised hurdles? My word, this was a trail of such cunning and the sun was shining, it was warm, and everyone was running, or walking, or at least moving along. After what seemed like 12 miles, but was probably only 2, we were back on the outskirts of Melbourne, snaking our way back t'pub. Thirst was beginning to take its toll by now. Water, that's what we needed now if we were all to survive, water. Water, that is, with a goodly blend of hops, and a well-transformed sugar and yeast mix. By eckky thump lad, a good pint o' watter was what we ordered when we reached t' Lamb.

Just a couple of pointers here.....most of us spotted the hurdles, the wet bit and the woods but where was the water? Well according to Gobalot it was there yesterday when she recce'd the trail, but it must have dried up today!

So to the Down Downs (or the settling of old scores)

Gobalot (the Hare) for being thrifty with the flour.

Chicki for discovering a mobile phone signal exists when standing 4 metres from a 60-metre mobile phone tower.

Bugger for some misdemeanour I can't remember.

Creamy Bristols for another misdemeanour

Lightning Rod for impersonating the real Hash Flash

Porker for visiting from Prague

Barritone for yet another misdemeanour

Chicki and Too Tuff, for falling asleep on the bus home and missing their stop after the Saturday night drinkathon.

ON! ON!

Oriface