

**Hash Report – Monday 31<sup>st</sup> March 2003, the Plough, Ashby de la Zouch  
Run 425**

**Weather:** Fine, dry and orange

**Hares:** Bugger & Goblin

**Scribe:** Butcher's Dog

**RA:** Chicki

Well a fine night, our first Monday run in the light. All who showed ran barring one Sybil's Snott who turned up well dressed – well 3/10 for the collar, shame you forgot the tie – on crutches with a book and shortcut straight to the bar. At least he gave Chicki something to think about whilst running – *how* rather than *what for* to give him a Down Down. Also in our midst a virgin, and oh, a virgin in white – new shoes (!) *which did not go unnoticed*.

Bugger introduced his (er, their) masterpiece as short and sweet, rules obeyed, checks in place, 3 blobs and you're on (yeah, right) although he admitted to forgetting bars. I shouldn't have shivered – should have learnt, Micklover H<sup>3</sup> lot gave me a Down Down for it, Quorn hashers decided I'd volunteered to scribe.

So off we set – round and round the leisure centre, in and out the car parks, the pack soon fragmented. Up through Wainright's yard and in amongst the trucks.... The question soon arose as to whether we were following one trail or two, its personality was so split, some blobs applied neatly as thro' a stencil, clear and certain (definitely flour, not yet baked), the rest was fairy dust. Out into the fields and a water jump, ON ON!

Over enthusiastic checking or maybe suicidal tendencies as Durex and Rockhopper headed off across the road (no agreement as to whether the M42 or A511, hashers lost completely – anything new?) common sense prevailing as Chicki and Goblin brought up the rear (trust the girls not to waste their energy). Finally to the apex and Tesco's car park, to the horror of assembled shoppers as the panting hashers charged into sight. A beer stop? Hopes rose... only to be dashed – though thank goodness Bugger'd missed a trick as we circumnavigated the carwash. Another check, off shoots Durex across another road, to narrowly miss disaster as the cops come flying down the road blue lights flashing... Someone evidently called the drugs squad after our deranged entrance on the trail of all that fairy dust...

ON ON to the industrial estate and back into the fields, and time for near mortal injury as Too Tuff, too enthusiastic, ran the correct route through wire and brambles – only for the pack to shortcut. The to the school, where the helpful little darlings had added to our trail... at least Lightning Rod ran their little route. Back into the town, thinking of the beer.. another check (what more?) Off shoots PE, heading out towards the town limits, a smug yell following that he evidently didn't know Ashby... but no, hot on the scent of beer ON ON! He was back on the trail...overshooting the next check hidden in the floristry. To the site of a major domestic, flour all over the fence (no cake tonight love, the flour's all used up), and a rule-breaking falsey leading Gobalot and Oriface up and round the castle. (Well she likes her running. Guess they felt they'd done enough and shortcut later, over ON INN early to the bar, where witness Sybil told his tale). Hashers scattered, Bugger called them back... So back comes Butt Plug ON ON choked back, obedient as ever – to be told “not you!” Get ON.

Soon after came the shortcutting, Gobalot, Oriface and yes – Butcher's Dog owns up - bringing up the rear, lost the pack and headed for the pub. We missed, I'm told, all but Rockhopper failing to follow the trail up the pipe...

**And finally to the Down Downs:**

Bugger & Goblin      The Hares for their dusty disputes.  
Sybil's Snott      For dress sense and literary tendencies.  
*Chicki solved his little problem with a straw and the boy showed us  
he could suck!*

Woggle      As representative of the Mickleover shortcutters.  
Rockhopper & Durex      Over enthusiastic checking and suicidal tendencies.  
Too Tuff –      injuries sustained.  
Oriface & Gobalot      Shortcutting.  
*Oriface, the perfect gent, showed us that a fellow ought, always to  
come second. Thanks for the observation Butt Plug.*

Ruth      The virgin in white.