

Run No. 442.

Location: The On Inn, Chilwell

Time: 11:15am [ish], *life a bit fuzzy at the edges for most that morning*

Hare: Blow!

Scribe: Butcher's Dog

A step back – Saturday night and Blow!'s Harvest festival party, subject of a well rehearsed six-month long advertising campaign by Blow! enterprises... no doubt sponsored by Walker's... Nevertheless, there was a good turnout. The beer ran out by 10pm and hashers were forced onto multi-coloured cocktails of unknown content but to the delight of Skids and Malti who compared notes as they would in former days have done on talent (allegedly). The cocktails could also have been part of a cunning plan by the quiz master however...

Sunday (morning – just) saw hashers crawling into life off the floor and out of the nooks and crannies of one terraced house in Chilwell, which tardis-like finally yielded up a fair sized pack with a few bright and breezy additions...

This should perhaps be re-titled the hangover r\*n – but then what else is a Sunday morning hash for but to work off Saturday's imbibing? It was a warm and sunny day (just to make us all suffer for our sins...) dry underfoot, just right to raise a healthy thirst.

"It's all on road" said Blow and promptly led off out across the fields. Short cuts and pub stops (or no run at all), longer routes with extra hill especially for Chicki. Blow expected proof of the extra exercise and the flour daubed foreheads on our return were evidence that some of us at least, didn't cheat. All reassembled in time for the circle even if it was via a taxi ride after a prolonged beer stop (PE, Sybil and Smutley). Not sure that a taxi constitute hashing, but then there are no rules on the hash. I can't remember all the downfalls (my excuse is having more than one...). Nevertheless, the Hare certainly got one, and I'm sure there were plenty for every misdemeanor and a few for no good reason. Attempts were made to drink from the shortest yard I've ever seen and you took pot luck as to whether you go warm frothy beer or ice cold gnats p\*\*\*. Okay – one of my doses of cold gnat's was justified. Iceland own-brand crisps constitute heresy of the highest order!

And It cannot go without mention that Tuff finished on a high with a happy look on his face and a lovely pair of pumpkins in his hands...

On On!

