

Run No. 451

Where: The Stratford Haven, West Bridgford

Date: Monday, the 24th day of November, in the year of our lord 2003.

Time: after the Archers

Hares: Tuff & Chicki

Scribe: Butcher's Dog, *report transmitted via the wonders of modern technology from the Caribbean... Just to make you all jealous...*

Overview

A cool, dark moonless night in West Bridgford and beyond into the uncharted wilds north of the river Trent and Nottingham's Meadows. Wet underfoot with some shiggy. A potentially dangerous route – it took a brave hasher to walk this one – SO I suspect Sybil's trusty walking stick of being something more My last r*n for sometime and thus awarded the task of fabrication – as something to do on the plane – cheers Durex!

On Out...

Back to the start as the hashers gathered surreptitiously in the Coop car park wondering who's return to find their car clamped and whether the Coop had sufficient clamps... Social drinking after the circle is the norm but Chicki was evidently keen to get one in first – not a bad idea given the choice in the Stratford – at least no more pubs with no beer - *take note Mr PE*. On out and Chicki nearly gave the route away commenting that setting it had been interesting in the light of her and Tuf's househunting and she'd seen a few places she's like to live, realising your scribe live locally she stopped... but given the route (see below) one is left wondering just what type of area she has in mind! On out and towards the river, checking carried out extremely thoroughly, all options checked before the pack accepted it was over the footbridge. All through the Meadows that pack sped, circumnavigating Notts. County's ground, rapid re-grouping, rapid checking, FRBs raising a sweat. No one lost and no short cutting – all back over the Bridge of Lady Bay and hot of the scent of beer Smutley blazed the trail back in a solo checking effort...

As Mr Plug accurately observed, a minor miracle had been achieved, we'd circumnavigated the Meadows and no one got shot! All back in under an hour, short route or a fast run - maybe fear inspired the latter... Plenty of time to imbibe at least.

To the downdowns (no crap beer at least) –

The Newcomer – do we count him as a hasher having last run age 13? Probably not since we'd have gotten into trouble giving him a downdown back then.

Sybil – Supervisory checking

PE – Baritone impersonations (& failing to be properly attired)

Transit and Sherpa – House warming do

Mr Plugg – Injuries sustained *and still failing to catch the barmaid*

Butcher's Dog – Au Revoir

The Hares – a pint a piece for a short run. Should've been halves.