

Date: 07/03/04 Run: 462
Location: 51 City Road Hare(s): Butt End (planned)
Scribe: Soup Dragon Durex & Baritone (unplanned)
Hashers: 16 (approx) Dogs: 3

The Hash That Nearly Wasn't!

Heavy rain was falling in Derby at 7.30am so the point for consideration was whether to hash and get wet or not to hash and read a book! However the sun burst through an hour later so the question was resolved.

The location '51 City Road' did not immediately inspire us with confidence, not least because it obviously was not licensed premises but also because City Road appeared to be split in two on the map, with no highlighted area identifying where in fact number 51 was positioned! Fortunately, Blow found his lost vocation as a Beeston sign post by positioning himself on a corner to redirect confused (and there were many!) hashers. Number 51 is in a one way street with only residential parking; entry is a near impossibility! An absolutely brilliant meeting place for drivers!

The confusion increased once everyone began assembling outside the house only to find no hare at home! The hashers concern regarding the missing Butt End (who, after being absent from hashes for donkeys' years, apparently agreed to set the trail whilst under the influence at some local hostilery) must have been nothing compared with the residents' anxiety over the ever increasing group of motley dressed people loitering on the pavement, all becoming increasingly impatient to tramp the streets of Beeston. Baritone, having parked his bike in the garden without ascertaining whether or not the owner was present or, indeed whether or not, the trail would be laid, seized the opportunity of grilling one resident who thought 11.15am was as good a time as any to prune her roses. However, she had no idea of where Butt End was, or probably who he was!

Does no Butt End mean no hash? Would we just have to go directly to the pub? After some attempts at allocating blame for the hare who went AWOL, a solution was put forward. Bugger would take Sainsbury's by storm and probably introduce the possibility of a potential flour shortage. Why else would anyone rush into the supermarket to buy shed loads of flour on a Sunday morning, clad in shorts and a bandana? Meanwhile Durex and Baritone could pour over the A to Z for Nottingham looking for a route round the back alleys. Live hares setting a trail at the last minute? Easy!

Conversation whilst the three key figures ensured the hash went ahead and did not progress directly to the pub, was varied. Opportunities to increase the knowledge of hashers are not lost!

- ❖ Thanks to *Who's Whose*, we now know that humans do not greet each other in the same way as dogs!
- ❖ Don't bother dyeing your eyebrows cos Chicki says it will only last a few days
- ❖ Goblin says there is a successful treatment for dogs with arthritis so, unlike the first point, this may apply to humans too and we may get some respite if the hash becomes too painful in the future

At this point, Boris decided that the road was such a comfortable place to lay down and hey, so what if a car wants to pass? Well, not 'pass' exactly, 'go over' was more to the point since the road was so narrow! Live speed humps, now that's original!

Judging by the bemused expressions on the faces of the Beeston Sunday morning shoppers, 'On, on' is not a cry frequently heard. These may also be due in part to the fact that the anticipated run on flour was obviously a false alarm since liberal amounts had been spotted in various corners of the shopping centre.

A large group of runners plus Lucy and a smaller group of walkers plus Snowy set off in pursuit of the gallant hares. After several false trails the suspicion was shared that maybe this hash was not going to be such a doddle! Fortunately, the FRB's provided yet more opportunities for health and beauty discussion. What better time for Chicki and Malteser to consider the advantages and disadvantages of various shampoos! Good job it didn't rain or 'best value' could have been tested!

Suddenly the large group of runners seemed to have shrunk and, (poor scribe that I am), I have absolutely no idea who arrived back first, or last for that matter! I'm pretty certain there were a considerable number of short cutters! However the pedestrian area did enable the 'camera couple' to window shop for antiques and *Who's Whose* to make comparisons in the housing market. Durex and Baritone did an excellent job and well deserved their 'down downs'. Chicki's 'down down' was for wearing elderly leggings - obviously, male hashers are becoming fashion conscious! The 'camera man' received his for incorrect postage! I must say I thought the whole idea of digital cameras was that the photos winged their way via the cybernet rather than the GPO!

Please could all hashers start collecting information on skin and nail care to share next week. We must make the most of all opportunities to extend our knowledge in this area! Also if any hasher bumps into some long forgotten ex-runner, why not ask them all to turn up at number 51; perhaps they could make a combined attempt to set the run (or with a bit of luck, one might turn up!)