

Run 488 from South Pool on Wednesday 10th January...Hares ..Big Buoy & Nutcracker

Well, there I was, Tuesday evening, relaxing with a glass of lager and watching a DVD ("Slither", by the way, a comedy/horror - not much good!), when who should ring up but my younger daughter. "Hello, Dad!" she said, "How are you?" "I'm fine," I said. "What do you want?" "Well," she said, "Mum and I aren't going hashing tomorrow, and I'm supposed to be doing the words." "So....." "Will you do them instead?" "OK," I said. "No problem," I said. "Love to," I said. (Not.) Anyway, here they are!

It was a lovely starlit night as we met at South Pool, somewhere out in the back of beyond. As usual, I felt that I ought to take a quick trip to the loo, to relieve myself before the coming run. Well, can you imagine my surprise to be confronted by harriettes using the male toilet, as there was a queue for the ladies'! It was most embarrassing to have Come Early looking over my shoulder as I was having a pee, and remarking that she thought that Wet Spot's was small! It was cold, I tell you!!

A little later we gathered for the Hash Circle, were eventually introduced to the virgin Sandra, and Big Buoy set about telling us about the trail. Well, he would have told us except that I think that there was an exceptionally large vessel, and a very thick fog, as the roar of a fog horn all but drowned him out. What? Was it Fallen Woman breaking wind? Surely not - no lady would ever make such a noise!!

We were eventually told that it would be a 5 mile sprint for the longs and a 3 mile dawdle for the shorts. So off we set! Up hill.... The first part was unexceptional and most of us stayed together. Wet Spot was up to his usual tricks - see later. Jailer also kept appearing amongst the front runners! He must have known some short cuts!! And all was progressing satisfactorily until the front runners came to a check which led left to another check. "On on," I called. But, inexplicably, the two routes from this second check both ended in crosses! What to do? Go back to the first check, which had been kicked out downhill.

It then took me a while to catch up with the rest of the pack who had decided to go into a field because there were marks on the left. No, I can't see the sense here either, but, being a true hasher, the 'sheep syndrome' set in and I duly followed whoever was at the front. (I do seem to remember a number of harriettes saying something about the marks being on the wrong side, but, like a true male, I chose to ignore them!) (The harriettes that is, not the marks!) I do remember that voyeur Come Early saying "I told you so!", when we encountered the arrow leading us back into the field!

A bit of confusion occurred here - we had, obviously, gone the wrong way across the field, so should we continue to do the trail backwards or cut short back along the road? I, and some others, decided to continue with the backwards trail, but most hashers went short. (More of their escapades later.) The next part was, again, fairly uneventful for us as we did the trail in reverse. However, when we met Argie and HT2 going the other (correct!) way, another decision had to be made. Should I continue to do the backwards trail or join them? "Join us!" yelled HT2. So I did. Easily swayed, aren't I?!

Endo also decided to keep HT2 company and the four of us set off, this time following the correct trail! After passing the arrow into the field, I discovered the correct L/S split at the bottom of a bridal (Ed. he's got weddings on his mind?) track which, I thought, only Argie and HT2 had followed correctly.

Back at the car (8:50 by this time), I proceeded to get changed and had just finished when Going Down appeared! She had done the long after all, after going back along the road to the L/S split! Apparently, only herself and one or two others (Doris, Twiggy and Gump?) had done this. Committed, or what!

In the pub, at the second time of trying, we were called to order by Big Bird and down downs were duly awarded thus:

Hue'n'Cry for falling into some cow poo and then trying to rub it off on a hedge!

Wet Spot for being a silly bugger by trying to hold a gate shut and not letting me through.

Big Buoy for setting a lovely trail!

Fallen Woman for her massive fart. (She also received the Joker's Hat from Sniffer.)

And the virgin, Sandra, for running too fast!

Mention was also made of Floater, who also decided to play with the excrement of cows, and of Rabid, who either (a) helped Floater up and showed some concern or (b) kicked her a few times when she was down to see if she could make her roll in some more poo!

On On, Piddler On The Hoof (pp Sweetpee!)