

Run no 491....January 31st 2007....Halwell... The Old Inn....Hares: HT2 & Endo

What a good turn out on this very **mild January** night. It would seem that the cold was keeping those so called hardy hashers away last week! ☺ But anyway enough of that and back to this weeks run. Everyone gathered round in a big group in the car park and then were promptly split up into two groups by the hare. One group was supposed to be made up of the real athletes and front runners, while the other group was for all those poor unfit Hashers. No one was quite sure of the reason for this split up and most people seemed to be very cautious and therefore the athletes group was very small indeed. But the reason for this split up became apparent as one of the hares explained it was to stop a traffic jam forming at the first style, which apparently was a bottle neck. So **H.T.2** asked all the athletes to go off in one direction following **Endo** and then asked all the slower runners to follow her in a different direction and then promptly went the same way?

Anyway onto the first hurdle which was the previously mentioned style, which **cow pat** promptly pole vaulted over as she just couldn't wait to get over, nearly taking a tree down with her as she went? **Troughie** on the other hand was heard bragging later on that evening about actually front running, and was apparently seen running up a big hill as well as checking! A large group of the runners seemed to be led astray by a virgin runner who went diving into a river only to find out that she had gone wrong and had to go back across again. How many times do you lot have to be told? Never follow a virgin, dear o dear. **Piddler** was his usual self, shoving everyone out of the way in a desperate attempt to get to the front and win the race? Whilst **Susie wong** was heard swearing and complaining that his dinner was going to be cold by the time he got back as the run was so long. **Pinky** was bragging that he had stopped off at the pub in Blackawton for a quick pint half way round the run (I get the idea this was a very long run!) There was a bit of confusion too as I was told that both **Big Bird** and **Big Foot** had fallen over after hitting their heads on a branch, and when I asked **Big Foot** he said "oh no it wasn't me. It was **Big Bird**" and as you might guess he told me the exact opposite. All in all there seemed to be a lot of complaining and confusion, all in all a pretty normal run for **S.H.4**.

Back at the pub the first sweaty bodies started to appear about quarter past nine looking very weary. In the pub it was announced that it was **Wet Spots** Birthday and everyone sang happy Birthday to him in a most tuneful way! **Goolie** did the down downs and they were awarded as follows,

Wet Spot For his birthday

Chris who got named **Whispers**

And to the Virgin hasher **Marie** for leading everyone astray.

Anyway its On On to the Royal Castle in Darmouth.

Tosser.