

Run number 510 from the Live and Let Live, Landscope.

We'll get to the car park early, we decided, it is always awkward to park at the Live and Let Live. We arrived at 7.10 pm and much to our surprise the car park was almost packed, with people thronging everywhere. Goodness, gracious, it wasn't like SH4 to be early for anything. Quite right, it wasn't SH4, but hashers from ISCA, Ashburton, Plympton all making guest appearances for Shortie and Bigfoot's hash. E.T and M & M from Bicester, Bitter and Twisted from Loon Valley Hashers and Floater's baby, Carl (all 7'8" of him) milling around making jolly banter.

Needless to say, at 7.29 the SH4 contingent began to arrive. Tyred Bunny called everyone to some sort of order (the Grand Mattress having better fish to fry). He welcomed the visitors and then handed over to the Hares, whereupon Shortie bemoaned the fact that Bigfoot had had a migraine all afternoon and she had had to lay the entire trail. And she was knackered! 2 long/short splits were offered and Bigfoot promised that both the longs were only 5 miles. How would he know?

We ran out of the car park, turned left and down through the pretty village of Landscope, keeping up quite a pace. Next, it was **up** the pretty village of Landscope to a hidden green lane and we were off in earnest. It was a figure of eight run it transpired, but I doubt if many of us noticed it at the time. The first long split took us (eventually) through the woods, where many of us lost the trail. Bitter found herself "all alone in the middle of the wood going around in circles". Until she told herself to pull herself together, get a grip, and look for the flour! Rabid, Rabid's friend, Damp Patch, Vindaloo and Cowpat hummed and aahed about doing the second long. But, it was a hot night, most had run the night before, we didn't want to keep others waiting at the pub etc etc, so we whimped out and took the short. We ran through Riverford's organic fields, taking care not to step on the organs, then up the lane to a very welcome sight of Bigfoot's mobile bar. How many more to come? Asked the hare, "I'm a bit worried I'll run out of beer. Mind you, I've some red wine as backup." I said I thought we were tail-enders when Bitter turned up, having talked herself back on the trail and she even did the second long, putting the rest of us to shame. Mind you, it was only round the edge of another organ field. Guzzling our beer and chatting to the barman, we learnt that Jailer and Ali Gi had been caught in the act of vandalising the car. They had shortcutted, arrived at the beer stop before Bigfoot and seeing the beer in the boot were in the process of picking the lock with a crowbar, when mercifully, the key arrived.

Thankfully, after we left the beer stop, it was only a matter of crossing another couple of fields, the usual one with the enormous pylon in the middle and into the back of the pub car park.

Bigfoot manned the refreshment car for the slowcoaches, headed by Ging Gang, who downed the bottle of red wine (or was it 2?) I'm drunk! She announced back at the pub and proceeded to devour all the cheesy chips purchased by other hashers. All the while singing the praises of a hasher named Massive. Quite in what way he was 'massive', she wouldn't say.

The pub made us all very welcome, even though Buzby tried to persuade the landlady that it was a beer festival and he didn't have to pay.

Goolie, as RA did an excellent job reprising the events of the evening, disclosing that SH4 has a female pervert in the form of Meavy Maid, who spied on unsuspecting male hashers relieving themselves. Big Buoy ran in his best shoes. Hairy Bollocks did something, but I don't remember what (just as well, probably)

Down downs were awarded to:

Shortie and Bigfoot for laying a wonderful trail as always. Buzby for having an upside-down head! Hairy Bollocks, who nominated Gloria. Vindaloo, Bitter and Twisted and Massive.

So many down-downs and Goolie didn't realise that he had donated his own beer by mistake!

On-on CP