

Run No: 2010

Date: 09-Apr-2017

Venue: Rose and Crown, Islip

Hares: Strap On &

Scribe: Sox Maniac

Well, in 18 years of hashing this is my first time as a scribe. This may be because no other hash I know writes up their runs, or it may be because I habitually arrive too late for the circle up, chat my way around the trail looking out for birds and flowers, and have A.D.D. in the circle. Something to do with the GM's hypnotic tone....??

So, it was a gorgeous, warm and sunny spring day in Islip. Lots of hashers had their legs out for the first time this year, me included. Islip is halfway to Leicester but there was a good turn out and a buzz of anticipation for new territory.

The pack circled-up in the car park but I don't know what happened, I wasn't there, I was in the pub having a quick wee after the long journey. I didn't seem to have missed much, when I came back out the pack was milling in all directions on the road in front of the pub.

We set off eventually, on tarmac. There were alluring vistas of gorgeous countryside, glimpsed through hedges and gates. There were banks of spring flowers and kites circling in the sky.

The trail went from check to check, sometimes with dust on the way. At each check there was the usual re-grouping while a few hashers investigated routes. A frequent call was 'on check' indicating another check had been found and the pack would head in that direction.

Watches were starting to be surreptitiously peeked at. Beer was in hashers thoughts. The sun shone down on us, the trail led through a lovely bit of woodland. There were beguiling views of more green fields, even rolling hills.

The GM was asked what time he was thinking of holding the 1.00 circle. It was past 1.00 by this time. The hare was not responding to "are we nearly there yet?" enquiries.

We went up a rise and over a bridge and suddenly it was all worth it. There, in a meadow, was a table; stacked with homemade cakes, a keg of beer, a vat of rum punch. There were lovely ladies in pretty dresses and chairs to lounge upon. U Bend and Horny made a beeline for these. The rest of us hovered around the laden table, dipping into a lemon drizzle cake here, a ginger biscuit there, another cup of rum punch...We were no longer hashing, we were at a garden party.

After an extended stop to appreciate these delights we set off in the direction of the 'On Inn', expecting to find the pub around the corner. No, it was some way off, a distant spire was claimed to be 'near' the pub. A river and the A14 were between us and our target.

We resorted to asking locals the way to Islip! Following dust from the 'out' trail we found our way back.

The circle was underway and lost no time in calling Horny and I in, giving us the 'married couple award' for the misdemeanour of dressing in matching hash tee shirts, well, Horny only has one hash tee shirt.

The GM was given a down down for having no dress style at all.

Conrad and his wife were called into the circle for too much hand holding on trail.

GFM was called in for notching up 14 miles on the hash (yes, just the one hash).

I'm sure Strap On would have had a down down for the trail, and hopefully also the lovely ladies from the beer stop (who had spent their sunny Saturday cooking for us and who'd travelled all the way from Leicester to provide us with our refreshments, surely a new standard for the beer stop has been set?).

I expect Katy and dog Co got a down down as virgins.

I don't know who else got a down down. I wasn't there, I was in the pub, at the bar.