

Run No: 2015

Date: 14th May 2017

Venue: Three Horseshoes, Graveley

Hares: Big Swinger and New Balls Please

Scribe: Singha Gold

What a beautiful spring day for a run! Woken up at 6 am by a sheet of water flowing over the eaves of my house, I was somewhat concerned by the prospect of dragging myself around the British countryside. My mind wandered to the hares, roped together, facial expressions strained through the onslaught of the elements. I was inspired. If they could do it, by God, so could I. It actually turns out that my Shackleton-esque visions of our Hares were probably laid on a bit thick – as we would find out later.

The weather having cleared to glorious spring sunshine, I arrived at a quarter to eleven, to a picturesque village in the looming shadow of 6 wind turbines. I was very grateful for the good venue and the spacious car park that awaited. I went for a quick wander out to the front of the pub and the Hare had scrawled in chalk a big NO → pointing to the run. It's always good to see that even the Hares have faith in their work.

The GM called the circle to attention and announced in lieu of any other event that today would forever be known as Shamcock day. I have yet to ascertain the strange customs for this day and I certainly saw some odd behaviour, but this may just be the Cambridge pack!

One of the Hares appeared to be missing and in an effort to comfort and reassure me, dressed up as a lady boy for the day. I could easily have been in Soi Cowboy and his efforts were very welcome.

After calling myself and Nipples Erectus into the circle for being visitors/returners. He proceeded to inform us of all the myriad hazards that awaited us on the trail. I did wonder at one point if we were hashing or invading France. Low flying aircraft, marauding wildlife, barbed wire and a fleet of tractors were all on the menu it seemed.

We were directed left and the pack exploded out of the pub. 100 yards up the road everything came to a grinding halt as the wet sawdust appeared to have vanished and no route had any markings at all, let alone the sacred three piles. Eventually wet dust was found on old leaves and to further confuse, the Hare had swapped to the wrong side of the road. Almost as soon as the trail was found, the Hare made his first appearance in the blue Hash mobile. Gesticulating wildly out of the window and defending his laying of the paper the day before. Before the monsoon

I vaguely remember sun/rape/fields and what I am told were long horn Norfolk sheep. There was just so much run that it's all blurred together. 7 miles of fields and footpaths I am told. The Hares were generous enough to provide a drinks stop, wherein I got talking to Blouse, who assured me that his many years of Hashing left him uniquely equipped to guide me back to the Pub. Bolstered by this confidence, I was happy to amble down the road, listening to his life story as we went. I blame his soporific narrative entirely as to why I missed that we had been off trail for some time. A small detour later, we found ourselves at the ON IN chalk. I am not sure why the Hares decided to put this sign at the half way point in the run, but oh, how they must have laughed!

Circle breakdown:

- Singha Gold as Scribe. Nipples Erectus and a visitor from Milton Keynes (Bell End) in to start.
- RA called to the circle, she didn't hear.
- Hares in and pack asked what they thought about the run. "Not enough Cows", "Brilliant" & "Rubbish" were amongst the shouts. It is nice to see the quorum all agreeing as usual.
- Double Top dressed one of the Hares in a yellow DD bra as it was Harriette's month (?), completing his outfit.
- Apparently there was a famous landmark on the run, it was so noticeable that no one bothered.
- Double Top called in Singha Gold for wearing a yellow top and lacking the sense to lead the way. I tried to incriminate Blouse only to have the double insult of him counting my toes and bringing my genetics into question.
- Double Top gave Benghazi some John Lennon shades that he left in Mojacca? His disguise complete, he blends into the back ground and no one in the circle can find him.
- RA can smell sawdust.
- A conversation overheard at the beer stop. Where is the Hash Shit? Doggy Style asked, standing in front of Sue wearing the shirt. "Should have gone to Specsavers" the crowd jeers.
- Daffidildo and Doggy Style given a bag to assist in their moving back to America. Daffidildo is aggressively shunning possessions now that everything is packed.
- Sam the Dog awarded Hash Shit for drumming up a dead Rabbit from a field. He was dressed in the shirt and is now the most photographed pooch in Cambridgeshire.
- GM back in. He failed to find the walk and ended up on the run. In the distance he saw a "Gentleman". Pugwash asked in for enticing people in to the beer stop with a beckoning pint.
- Only-Me in the circle. Gets awarded hat of the day for a splendid spring bonnet.
- Registrar in for treading on children.
- GM closes the circle

Announcements:

23rd July, Seaside Run £20.

Third Thursday this week. 19.00 Wrestlers.

Bear's looking for the Burners.