

Run No: 2032

Date: 10-Sep-2017

Venue: Ice House, Dry Drayton

Hares: Spicy Bear & Forest Dump

Scribe: The Earl of Pampisford

The Hash convened on the wonderful estate of Beerstops ie Beyond the Ice House complete with bar, marquee and stage (eat your heart out Glastonbury) What time does the 11o'clock run start bellowed from guess who's gob.

A small circle was formed mainly because most of our mob were away at Indonostalgia in Beer, Dorset. Joint Master, Antar took charge as our athletic GM, Hold It For Me, was taking part in the Grunty Fen half marathon which was running in conjunction with the Hash.

Antar called for any visitors, virgins etc. Step forward Tender Loins from Virginia, USA and a large Canadian, Just Mike (friend of Chilly Willy). The Hares explained that there were three trails, two laid in sawdust and one in flour. If you followed the flour you were in the half marathon warned Spicy Bear.

Eventually the pack set off around the estate and out into the village where the pack split and 9 runners headed off leaving the walkers to be led by Forrest Dump and his map. After a long hike the walkers and runners re-grouped near Childerley Wood and finally arrived at a checkpoint held by a distinguished SCB smoking a cigarette. Legover, Tender Loins, Horny and Antar checked it out and the pack followed Antar along a track which concluded with the drink stop womaned by Debonnaire and Big legs who were also adjudicating the runners in the marathon who approached from a different direction.

After being refreshed we returned via a clearly marked trail to the Ice House. Antar called the circle and our new RA, Big Legs handed out punishments. Down Downs were awarded to the Hares, except Forrest Dump who had gone for a rest, Teutonic, for picking sloes, putting them in a bottle and not adding any gin or sugar. Horny for not realising his near neighbour, Arnhem, was a Monday Night hasher.

The GM made a late appearance and was awarded Hash Shit for his trouble. In all a good day.
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