

CH3 Run 2053, Sunday 4th Feb 2018

The George, Babraham, CB22 3AG¹

<http://www.thegeorgeinnbabraham.co.uk/>



Hares: It'll Come off & The Earl of Pampisford

Virgins: 0²

Visitor: Tie Me Up Buttercup from the Osan Bulgogi H3 Hash, South Korea (!)

<https://koreahash.wordpress.com/obh3/>

The Words

Well, here I am again, unaccustomed as I am to writing up anything of gravitas, substance or interest, but as you're reading the written equivalent of road kill (in a bus stop in the rain) I can only wonder at what the hell you do with the rest of your week to read this rather than a local take away menu?.....oh well, he who laughs last, doesn't get the joke.

So, its been a couple of years since we ran from the lovely old George Pub, described on their website as *"The George Inn is an 18th-century inn in the beautiful village of Babraham near Cambridge. The present building dates from 1764 and was originally a Coaching Inn. The George opened as a Public House in 1778. (which explains the height of the pub, door frames and concussion inducing beams....).*

....and they go on *" A family run business under new management from summer 2016, The George will provide you a warm welcome, comfortable surroundings and delicious home cooked food"*. Yup, ok, the hash are listening, but as I saw with considerable dismay, it was

¹ Well, Allegedly that's the postcode – its difficult to tell on the edge of the fens when the postcode sent me to Penrith....

² Yup, No virgins in Babraham 😊

another bloody Greene King Hole, and its well known that their beer is basically nasty brown chemical piss (in my opinion³). That said, I was delighted to see that they'd got Timothy Taylors landlord on, so that saved me going home in a huff.....

So, it was early February and really quite biting cold, the first sliver of sun may have hinted at some warmth, but this was soon to be replaced with a slate grey sky and a lazy wind that didn't bother going around you, but scythed through, a bit like an insurance claims section of a County Council rejecting a valid claim for severe pothole damage to a car⁴



Anyway, **The Earl** knows a thing or two about a trail, and while the venerable **It'll Come Off** may appear to be a padwan apprentice in comparison, she at least has the decency to volunteer laying a trail, which as we all know requires immense effort, time and commitment to do. So no-one is going to have a crack at the hares are they?, or do the hash want to remain in the misogynistic dark ages of the 1970's where it was ok to do that sort of shit and was socially acceptable along with casual violence, inbred racism and Neanderthal levels of sexism and Catholic Priest corrupting countless young boys?

So, the young & sprightly CH3 hash, with its many new and vibrant members who are all congratulated repeatedly and thanked profusely for laying trails collected.....no, wait, sorry. My mistake, it was the same familiar faces that arrived with an average age of about 53 according to the clientele and that was only because **Orion** was there – otherwise the average age may have been about 71, arrived.

So who was there?, well, lets see **Slaphead, Googly, Kermit, Sox & Horny, Bastard, Benghazi, Pedro, Double Top, Big Leg, Oooh La La, Posh, Jonah Dick, Frasier, Taxi, Big Swinger, While You're Down There, Shamcock & U-Bend, Debonaire, Toed & Computer, Jetstream & Unmentionable + Lady Slipstream**, the welcome return of **Deepshit, Legover**, visitor **Tie Me Up Buttercup** from the Osan Bulgogi H3 Hash, South Korea and fellow new Americans **Sweet Transvestite & Goldie Twat & the 3 Hares** + one of their hounds, either **Red Rocket** or **YUM (You Ungrateful Motherf*****r)**, **Muff Diver, Checkpoint, Haven't Got One & Orion**.

The trail was very well marked in limpet sawdust⁵ and didn't follow any well-known discernible route that anyone was aware of.

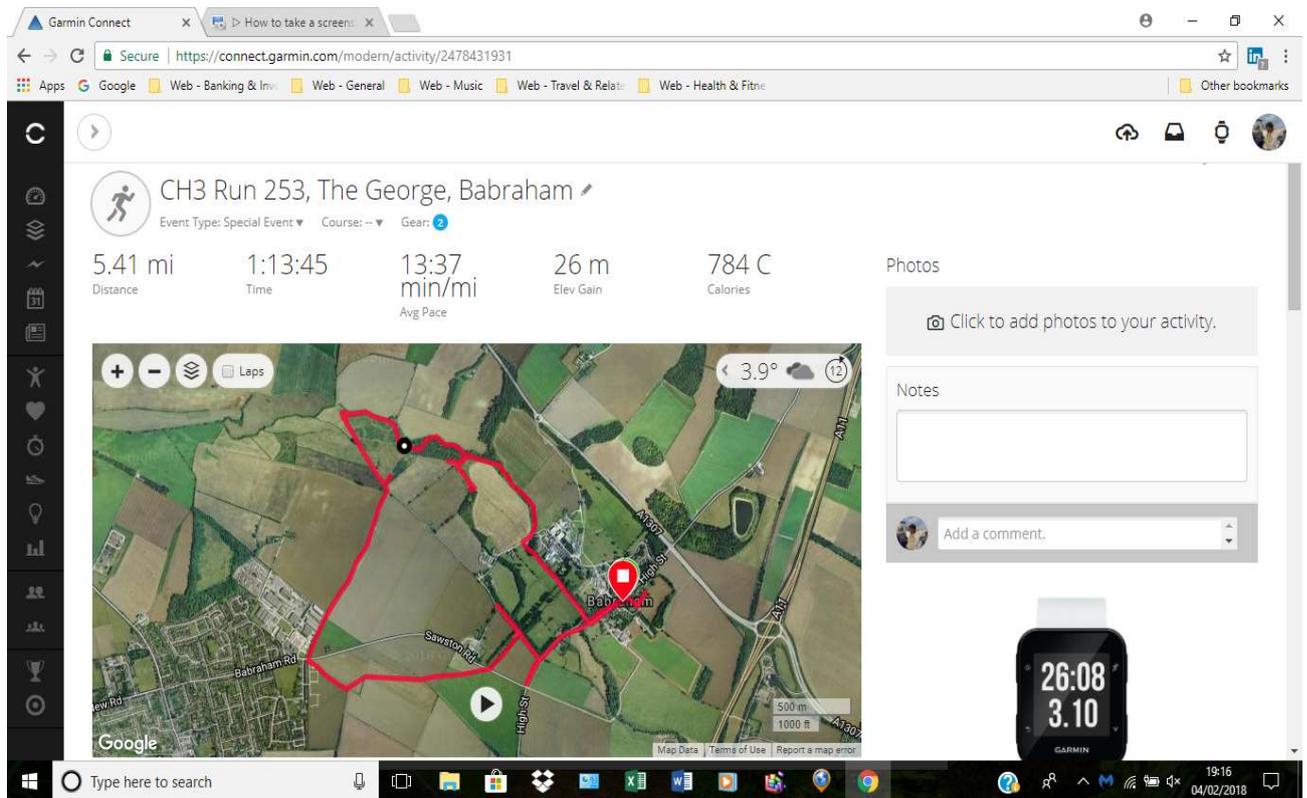
³ This is the opinion of the writer and not of CH3 who basically have no control over Big Blouse or any of the appalling libellous bollocks he goes on and on and on about ad infinitum.....(Nurse, the screens....)

⁴ Not that the A.505 pothole/bomb crater demolished my alloy & shredded my tyre on 22nd Jan 2018 at 5.05pm on the North Bound Inner lane of a supposed 'maintained' "A" Road, and rejected a valid claim, or that I'm bitter about those unfeeling c*** at Herts County Council, damn their eyes.

⁵ Limpet sawdust - Cracking stuff, whatever it was, the wind was blowing a hoolie and the dust stayed firm, and by God there was lots of it everywhere- especially on the turnbacks and I should know because I ran 98% of the bloody things 😞

Now, what can you say about a trail that hasn't been said by anyone before?, I'll say this to you – absolutely nothing.

As you're aware, we now have these spangly Garmin thingies, so the route looked like this;



It was a lovely trail at 5.41 miles was hard and only marred by the fact it was February and the weather was about as welcome as a 1970's radio 1 DJ in a junior school..... but also lightened by a smashing beer stop that had a wonderful array of cakes (!) including lemon drizzle.....which kind of matched the last 500m when it began to p*** down heavily

There were a few trail surprises that kept us guessing, but ultimately, the hares had done a brilliant job in challenging conditions – thank you!

Down Downs were awarded as follows;

Shamcock to The Hares - It'll Come off & The Earl of Pampisford – with thanks 😊

Big Swinger gave a DD to **Jonah Dick** for running the full length of an immense turn back, and we found out he knew the trail anyway (WTF??, why did he do that??)

Big Leg (Esteemed RA) then took the circle and the DD was up for the “visually challenged” apparently. Votes were requested from the hash for the cardinal sins of 1) **Double Top** as she could tell the difference between **Googly** and **Tie Me Down Buttercup** from a distance (just *how much* of a distance FFS??) and 2) **Big Blouse** for misreading a menu in the pub that appeared to state “*Eggs & Gourmet chips - £18.95*” which I thought was f***** expensive, only for **Taxi** to point out there was a line above it that read “*14oz T Bone steak, mushrooms, grilled tomatoes and*”. Anyway, the DD went to DT for being more myopic than a Blouse..... And the Hash voted and they're completely impartial, right?

Big Leg – gave another DD to **Double Top** for “breaking the Hashit mini toilet”, no, I’ve no idea and was too terrified to ask and even DT looked a little baffled but didn’t dare question the RA.

Big Leg – gave a DD to **Sweet Transvestite** for allowing **Red Rocket** or **YUM** to crap on the trail (a charge he flatly denied.....)

Horny was dragged in for a variety of sins at Run 2051 at the Cock at Broom, including 1) stating his car had been nicked (?) when in fact **Sox** had seized the initiative and move the car closer to the pub and 2) Offering a subs cheque of £50 (!)when we all know its £8,000 per year.

And finally the circle was thrown open for anyone with a charge and **Kermit** summoned **Taxi** forth for the carnal sin of having a mass wardrobe malfunction and accidentally packing sandals (in bloody February??)and wearing them in the circle, with socks. In **Kermit’s** defence people have been beheaded for less, so it’s a fair cop.

Good trail, nice day, a beer stop and a good pub with nice beer – what else do you need, thank you hares

On On

Big Blouse