

CH3 Run 2077 - Sunday 22nd July 2018

The Red Bull, Chrishall, SG8 8RN

Hares: Shamcock & U Bend



Visitors

The wonderfully named **Itietittytitypompom** from the Rome Hash <http://www.romehash.com/>

And **Echo** (friend of **Beerstop**) from the Lilongwe (Malawi) hash <https://www.facebook.com/groups/309867295733758/about/>

Returnee's

The legendary **Big Mac** who has been hashing from the 1950's and has done "about 3000 hashes" mainly in Indonesia – (What a complete legend and a real gent too!)

Bone + Lynsey & son Gilbert

The Words

At the time of writing this, Summer 2018 had been officially declared the hottest summer on record (yes, hotter than '76 officially) and we had to feel sorry for the landlords of the Red Cow as there was a massive water main fracture or pumping station failure (depending on your pragmatic or sensationalist view point, obviously) and the entire village had no water in about 27 degrees (yes, no ice, no washing facilities etc coupled with the seasonal delights of natures best in the form of Thunder flies and on a more basic level, no flushing loos. People were asking for ice but they were just getting frosty looks for not thinking.

Mid July, savagely hot weather, sun & Holidays ensured a staggering turn out including the welcome return of **Bone** + squeeze Lynsey & son Gilbert, **Jetstream**, **Unmentionable** + hares **Shamcock & U-Bend**, **While You're down There**, **Blowback**, **Antar**, a rarely spotted **Hooker**, **Googly & Kermit**, **Muthatucka**, **Debonnaire**, **Dave El Rave & Papparazzi**, **Taxidermist**, **Double Top**, **Big leg**, **Big Swinger**, **Big Blouse**, **It'll Come off** + **Jonah Dick & Granny Killer** (!! – Bit of a harsh name for Benjamin, a small boy innocently enjoying his tractor!) **Sox & Horny**, **Toed Bedsores & Computer**, **Sweet Transvestite & Dogs Red Rocket & YUM** (You Ungrateful Motherf*****r), **Double Dickhead**, **Pedro**, **Lightning**,

Generator, It'll Come Off & Godzuki, our beloved Beer Master **Benghazi, Crabbo** (although he only turned up on his bike for the beer, not the hash – sensible chap that) **Klinger & Kling-On, Slaphead, Legover, Shiggy Two Shoes, + Visitors** The fabulously named **Itietittytittypompom** from Rome and **Echo** from the Lilongwe Hash+ another returnee in the form of the legendary **Big Mac**.

If I've missed anyone, then you write the bloody words, it's a thankless task, you should be staggered I remembered this many.....so there.

The assembled masses circled up around the venerable hares and explained that we were NOT to run across the cricket pitch or we'd be *"shot on sight"*. It seems a little harsh frankly, just imagine innocently running along without a care in the world, innocently destroying a good cricket pitch and then suddenly, you're shot – picky bastards.....

Anyway, after my vain attempt in padding out another boring r*n write up, we were off in all directions with **Shamcock** cunningly throwing us off the trail and leading the way. Early FRB's **Pedro, Horny, Legover & Shiggy** + visitor **Itietittytittypompom** lead over the road and into the local playing fields, home of the aforementioned cricket pitch. Chatting to **Legover**, we were baffled to see someone on a heavy mechanical ground roller going over the cricket square. For the avoidance of all doubt, a) The ground was as hard as iron, b) the pitch was as flat as a billiard table and c) this was evidently the most pointless exercise in the history of mankind.

Anyway, as CH3 are generally respectful (and not wanting to get shot, obviously) we avoided the cricket square and looked for the trail. The trail was marked by good quantities of brown coloured dust. That said, the dust was the same colour as the scorched earth after well over a month of complete drought so trying to see the trail at a distance was a tad taxing. With several hashers covering all areas of the pitch, someone noticed the hare had doubled back to the pub and was cunningly sending folk down a side street (smart move that). I completely forgot I knew relative newbie **Double Dickhead** and introduced myself to him again – *"Yes, we met several weeks ago he deadpanned"* how are you?(* face-palm*) *"ah yes, I remember you well....."*

Elsewhere the pack ran down a short pathway, turned a corner and were across and down an open field. The trail ended up at a road where a group of baffled looking walkers asked what we were doing and then helpfully told us that they'd seen the trail and it followed the footpath on the other side of the road.



This saved about half a mile of false trails up and down the country lanes. **Shamcock & U-Bend** gallantly were evidently intent on leading all and sundry a merry dance and dragging folk all over the place down false trails and into redundant fields. **Sweet Transvestite & Hounds Y.U.M & Red Rocket** tore past at a staggering rate and I noticed that Rocket had a tongue about 12" long and was panting for all he was worth. This was much like the rest of the pack, only with more panting & slightly shorter in the tongue department.

A check sent the pack up a field to familiar territory down a dip and past the beautiful church. A check then a short hop along the side of a field and there was another check, which **Legover** claimed had been there for at least a millennia and could now be classed as a scheduled ancient monument in its own right. Pausing only to laugh my tits off for several minutes I couldn't help thinking this might be a smidgeon of an exaggeration, but bloody funny none the less.

El Rave, Only Me, Muthatucka, Kermit & Papparazzi ran past and the trail snaked around a small copse and there was a right turn downhill. To my dismay, I noticed that the trail appeared to be stretching out around 2 sides of a field. When I eventually caught up, returnee **Bone** and **Antar** seemed to have no idea where the trail went. The on was called by **Shiggy** and as luck would have it, the trail went back up the hill completing 3 sides of a huge field. I noticed the walkers in the distance and realised that they could just cut out 3 side and neatly cross the field to meet us, thereby smugly cutting out a good half mile of trail.

While parts of the trail appeared familiar, there were some interesting twists and the ground was rock hard, making it easier underfoot, but the heat was intense and there was little breeze if any. Coupled with this the constant irritation of flies were a massive problem. The pack stopped near a field of inquisitive horses and I noticed that the flies were drawn to them, especially around the eyes. I stroked the head of a magnificent chestnut colt, feeling sorry for his plight until he casually farted, dispersing flies and killing several passing hashers.

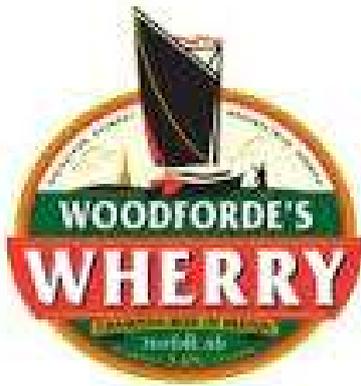
Papparazi, Pedro & El Rave found the true trail and disappeared up a hill and into the relative shade of the edge of a forest. By the time I got to the next check, the trail had been discovered and the pack were diligently following. Eventually as I ran alongside **Muthatucka** I noticed we'd been chatting and not paying any attention to where we were going, we ran down a short wood path and in mid stride, I got a fly in the back of the throat. Gagging & spitting didn't appear to do any good and I took this as a sign that somebody in the heavens wanted me to keep my gob shut.....ok, message received.

The trail panned out to a dip and up a hill. At the top of the hill, there was a right turn and the pack were joined neatly by the walkers emerging from the left. Hares **Shamcock & U-Bend** had planned a secret beer stop which was marked slightly oddly by **Lightning** with a large card around his neck with a brightly coloured 'BS' logo. Several of us offered rude and salacious opinions on what the 'BS' stood for but he was guarding a fabulous port & cheese stop! Most welcome considering the heat.



Although it was on a narrow path, in the shade (well, 'ish') of a completely shagged out looking apple tree, the cheese & water was welcome. I declined the port having had a very heavy night the previous day with my friend Ben, who'd left me with what I now believe to be permanent liver damage.....

With that there was a short stretch of ground narrowing into a rocky footpath leading into the back of the newer houses in Chrishall and the trail ended at about 4.5 miles – spot on for this heat and it was nice to be back in the pub, despite the lack of water, there was Wherry & Betty stoggs on, so we had reached nirvana.



After catching up with everyone, the circle was eventually called and Down Downs Were Awarded to;
Hares - **Shamcock & U-Bend** - great trail, thank you hares

Visitors = **Itietittytitypompom** from Rome and **Echo** from the Lilongwe Hash.

Returnees = the legendary **Big Mac & Bone**

Big Swinger gave **Slaphead** a DD in lieu of **Goldfinger** for leaving circles on two previous occasions way too early “because they’re boring” apparently

It'll Come Off got a DD for Organising a 1st birthday party while on trail (??Bizarre!)

Big leg then took the circle & issued DD's

Well, I say that, **Blowback** hijacked the circle spectacularly and told us to sit up & take notice of the legendary **Big Mac** - despite being a quiet unassuming gent, he's cranked up over 3000 hashes since the 1950's – That makes even the likes of **Klinger & Bedsores** seem like mere novices – Anyway, he was serenaded by Blowback with the equally legendary hash song “Irian Jire” the full 30 minute version with suggestive movements and symbolic offensive gestures – beautiful.

Legover got a DD for an event in Dry Drayton a few weeks previously for moaning about a lack of dust at the time (NB. This is the Hash equivalent of ‘due process’ – i.e. your misdemeanours will catch up with you even if it takes several months/years/generations)

Googly was given a DD for being a bionic man – continually well at the front of the walkers

Double Top had a DD for all round perseverance, apparently, she'd forgone an opportunity for a coffee because they were running late, didn't even stop at a Starbucks as she was saving herself for a coffee at the pub!.....(with no water remember? – See #1 on P.1 and work out why she didn't get a coffee at this point. If you can't work out why she didn't get a coffee, please do not leave the house if you are ever unsupervised again).

Pedro rightly got a DD for having his phone ring in the circle TWICE!!

And finally

Dave El Rave got a DD for achieving 500 Runs where he'd opted for a fabulous looking engraved wine glass, despite the fact it made him look slightly gay in the circle – well doe Rave old bean!

A fabulous and staggeringly hot day in the height of the hottest summer on record, thank you hares!

On-On

Big Blouse

As the hash is a democracy, I've decided to offend you all equally at this point and re-print the words

Melody:

To the tune of Mull of Kintyre – by Paul McCartney & Wings in 1979 for all you music nerds out there

Lyrics:

*Far have I traveled and much have I seen,
Had hand jobs from tranny's and fucked things obscene,
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,
But for the best ever blow job go to Irian Jaya.*

CHORUS:

***Irian Jaya,
To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.***

*Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,
Been fucked in Llanelli by the whole Welsh boys' choir,
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.*

*Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,
Snatch like a bear trap, quite strong I suppose,
Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.*

*Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,
It only just covered her sweet little ass,
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.*

*She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.*