Hashmaster: The Penguin/Silverbarrels
RA: Bravefart
Scribe: Jetstream
Hashflash: Furry Ferret
Master of Music: Pheelthy Phrogg

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IndoNostalgia Run 39 – June 2011
Legless Rambler and South Down-Downs

FRIDAY - The George had been designated the unofficial meeting place for pre-hydration on Friday night and **The Penguin** had arranged for a table for 12 to accommodate the early arrivals. This soon stretched to 20 but even that wasn't adequate, so it was just as well that the pub stopped serving grub at 9 o'clock, just before **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable** arrived. Having driven all the way from Cambridge to find that The George was a Greene King pub was too much for them to take and they disappeared in search of somewhere that served food until late.

For some reason **The Penguin** kept offering a tour of his room but with little success. **While You're Down There** had arrived particularly early in order to revisit the places where she spent the first day of her honeymoon, was there a connection?

Alfriston is a very ancient village and those who didn't spend any time exploring the area will have missed the Market Cross (with it's new shaft topped by a carving of a shepherd's crown), as well as the old Alfriston Church. According to local legend King Alfred burnt his cakes in the kitchen of the Star Inn.

SATURDAY - With rain forecast, Saturday morning started with the erection of a farty tent with **Furry Ferret** especially interested in the erection team's members .... I wonder why?



So that's how you get an erection

Whilst the hares went off to scatter some flour over the countryside on the pretence of laying a trail, the rest of the pack investigated the food and drink store and emerged with bread, cheese, salad and other goodies for lunch, including a store of bottled ales from the Beachy Head Brewery. Presumably this is the beer that depressed folk consume prior to leaping off the cliff top to their deaths on the rocks below.

Silver Barrels took on the role of Hashmaster, introducing us all to Run no 39 before immediately handing over to the Hares. No messing about, jungle rules, dust within 50 metres in forest, 100 metres elsewhere. On-On to the west and the FRBs spread out over the hillside in search of the trail. **Meme** shot up the steepest incline and to his surprise found flour – On Up! The exertion proved too much for him and

half way up the hill he stopped for breather and pretended to admire the view. Hare, still in the valley, called out "what sort of mark are you on?", **Meme**, not realising that he was on any sort of mark, looked arround and eventually found the cross – false trail and back down the hill.

This diversion allowed the walkers, wankers and other SCBs to get a head start and feel paticularly smug (for the first and only time) as they led the pack down the lane towards Dean's place. A loop off to the left proved to be another pointless diversion as the SCBs went straight over the road and found themselves in the lead again. It was somewhere arround this point where **Lipstick** decided he'd had enough and sprained his ankle, quite a sensible strategy.





Some of the pack actually ran

On to the flood plain and over the river where the pack spread out over several furlongs and the FRBs disappeared into the distance. At his point I have to confess that I don't know what happened to the trail as I thought it wise to stay on the other side of the river just in case the only option was to swim back. My plan was rewarded as I came across a lady who enquired if I was a hasher. Transpired that she was a Berkshire harriette had just moved to the village, but she turned down the offer to join us.

Eventually I came across (not literally) **Tampon** who was laying dust to lead the SCBs back to the camp site. Fortunately there was another bridge and with **Klinger** just arriving at a check-point on the other bank, I was able to join him for the next section of the trail. Whilst I thought that he was the tail ender **Qraytor** had been conserving energy by running very slowly even further back, and on reaching the check-point proceeded to take the short trail and to his surprise, found himself to be the first to arrive back at the beer.

We had been warned about the numerous kissing gates and requested to kiss the following hasher in recognition that this was **Tampon** and **Mme Durex's** nth anniversary. Finding myself running with **Klinger** as we approached one of these gates was sufficient to enduce a sudden sprint in order to avoid having to snog him.





Quick snog at the kissing gates

The trail led up the hill to a view point where we could gaze across the river valley at the Litlington White Horse. This was cut into the hillside opposite in 1924 by three men overnight by the light of the full mood, in the hope of startling the locals and making them famous. Unfortunately we were not aware that on the same hill Eve, companion to The Long Man of Wilmington, is to be found. Apparantly she is laying on her back with the white horse on her right leg and a small woodland in a appropriate V shape between her legs – medieval pornography maybe?

The trail led us along the ridge and into the woods at the far end. Excellent hashing terrain except when passing Sillver Barrels pissing by the side of the path – fortunately not in the vicinity of a kissing gate. Down the hill and over the road where the trail appeared to disappear into a stream, but as there were cows in the field, and they hadn't jumped over the ditch there had to be a bridge, which of course there was. Back along the river bank it looked as if there was a beer stop with a crowd hanging around by the bridge, so, to avoid being beaten by **Klinger**, **Meme** and **Jetstream** started sprinting, only to discover it was

just a bunch of ramblers and not a keg of Legless Rambler.




Headless chickens

With the FRBs way ahead by now, the next check had Unmentionable running around likea headless chicken in search of flour. **Ferret** arrived but was no use and it took **Meme's** sharp eyes to locate the trail without difficulty. A small style led into a driveway and a woman yelling "this is private property and you can't come in", however, having made her point she preceeded to let us come through, demanding to know "who organised it". Realising that telling her it was **Tampon** would probably confuse her we dobbed in Rex, but by this time she'd calmed down and lost interest.

Down the road and up the lane to the campsite for the final on-in and a welcome glass of real ale. The rain had kept off and by now the sun was shining, ideal for the circle although the wind was rather fierce, and the flimsy party tent showed signs of taking off.

The circle opened with tributes (by **The Penguin**, **Tampon** and **Jetstream**) to those who have left us since the last run in Tomintoul, **Mad Dog**, **Big Mac** and **The Exorsist** having all died recently. In addition we should add **Timbo** who died last autumn.

Silver Barrels, Hashmaster for the day, introduced the Mismanagement for the weekend: RA **Bravefart**, Music Master **Pheelthy Phrogg**, Hash Flash **Furry Ferret** and called them all for a down-down. "Hold on, what about the scribe" called out **Jetstream** – a mistake as he was unanimously appointed to write the run report.

RA got things moving with a series of charges, numerous sins, both real and invented, until just about everyone had had the onour of a down-down. Music **Pheethy Phrogg** commenced each down-down with a tuneful " mememe" and **Meme** dutifully joined in each time. As the Legless Rambler and the stronger South Down ales took effect it became difficult to recall the highlights of the circle but some of the lower lights come to mind. Having performed the S&M Man to hige applause in Tomintoul, **Pheelthy** tried to go one better with thirty verses of the S&M Girl, a song so tasteless that even the hardened exiles had to cut him short.

Pugwash had prepared several verses of the "Rude Word" song and after learning the chorus the hash made it our own by inserting s***, f***, c*** every time we reach the refrain. The locals decided that it should be interupted and drove back and forth through the centre of the circle in order to put him off, but without success. **Spermwhale** was as vocal as usual but a lot of other talent kept in the background whilst **Pheelthy** turned to old favourites, including the Good Ship Venus . For some reason the circle was interupted by horses being exercised and other groups of horsey locals who went up the field before turning round and coming back, presumably having found that it was a false trail.

Down-downs which were missed included **WYDT** for revisiting her honeymoon location, **Qraytor** for assisting the Hares by laying the final part of the In Trail and getting it totally wrong, **Tampon** for laying the trail up a private driveway, **Jetstream** for pissing off the day trippers, **Caroline** for declaring the whole event "not her scene" but still promising to allow **Billy Wizz** to attend future runs, **Froggy** for failing to do his turn in the circle, **Mashed Potato**, **Stumpin Rotten** and **Maidenhead** for keeping very low profiles.

Tampon started cooking and this brought the circle to a rapid and premature conclusion. So rapid in fact that dinner wasn't actually ready. The piggies made straight for the makan whilst the rest of us recharged our glasses. By the time that we realised what was happening the early birds had eaten all the rendang and we tucking into the chicken – alas too soon as it needed a bit more cooking. Avoiding the cucumber, imported from Germany at a knock down price due to

the e-coli outbreak, the pack devoured the chicken, which it was pointed out gets tougher the longer that you cook it. Unfortunately, your scribe was too busy topping up his glass that he missed the food completely and is therefore unable to comment accurately. As we were well away from the camp camping areas we were able to light a fire and sit around and continue singing (or falling over). The pack slowly slipped off to bed, leaving the hard core around the fire, but as this meant fetching more wood, even this pettered out eventually.

SUNDAY - The day dawned with a hint of drizzle, but not enough to put off the intrepid raft racers. The rafts turned out to be a selection of old car innertubes, childrens rubber dingies and rubber rings. There was a special little dingy for **The Pengiun**, complete with steering wheel, but he still refused to participate.





After being rogered by Billy Wizz, The Penguin refuses to take his raft on to the river.

So with only **Bravefart**, **Sliver Barrels**, **Klinger** and **Starkers** being man enough to volunteer to go rafting most of the remaining pack opted to drive to the top of the hill and observe proceedings from the hill above the white horse, standing just below the pubic V which locals insist is Eve's thigh. At least this gave **Control Freak** a chance to weed the parts of the white horse which others had neglected. **Ferret**, **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable** decided to run along the river to the Golden whatever but couldn't catch **Froggy** who shot off at a tremendous pace as he had heard about Frog Firl and wanted to get there before any other Frogs.



Frogs at Frog Firl

Arriving at the river below Frog Firl it was rather small and hardly flowing but despite dispite this, **Starkers** launched his dingy into the river. As it was a child's dingy, his weight caused it to ship water and, although he had a paddle, he was unable to make headway downstream. The others gave up and started walking with the intention of rafting the last 50 yards.



Starkers makes slow, or actually no, progress

Fortunately **Billy Wizz** had his canoe and as official rescue boat started to tow **Starkers** downstream. However, progress was slow and **Ballsack**, after recording the event on viseo, assisted **Starkers** out of the water, who being pretty wet and cold decided to run up the hill to join the others at the top and get a lift back to the campsite. **Ferret** ran half way to the end but, on espying **Furry Ferret** on the hill top, took a sharp turn and headed for the soft option.

Arriving at the pub it there was little activity, they weren't serving beer so what was the point in hanging around? Everyone waited for **Bill Wizz** to arrive in order to have a good laugh, before driving back to the campsite for lunch. A fine selection of dishes, including well cooked chicken, had been prepared by

Tampon and the remaining pack was sufficiently small to shelter in his tent out of the rain, as the party tent had been taken down to avoid it blowing away over

night. As we hadn't really had a hash run there was little enthusiasm for a circle so that was that.

Thanks to **Tampon** and **Mme Durex** for organising a brilliant weekend, some of us (ie Me!) arrived bad tempered and jaidded on Friday but left refreshed and happy on Sunday afternoon. **Ballsack** finally made it back to Paris (not intentionally but due to a Visa problem) and remained in good spirits despite a 12 hour cock-up, due to having "had a great weekend".

Bravefart had not been paying attention and so missed the appointment of **Jetstream** as scribe, and unexpectedly produced another report of the weekend.

Alcoholics in Alfriston

An alternative account of the weekend

SATURDAY - We were lured south with vague promises of being able to bid **Tampon** and **Madame Durex** a fond farewell. This was to be their swansong before they … well … swanned off, choosing a life of luxurious retirement in Indonesia over the grime, sweat and noise of the virtual printing press.

And we were caught, hook, line and plunging neckline, as we arrived to find that all was perhaps not exactly as **Tampon** had promised.

Come for the great weather, he said. Granted it was nice and sunny on the Saturday morning, but the idiot had also invited his pet, Gollum, and he duly worked his own brand of magic to ensure first a steady wind (and not just from **SilverBarrel**'s @rsehole) and then a chilly rain that wasn't quite real "chucking it down" splashes and certainly wasn't quite "dry". It was more that annoying dampness with which **Tampon** is intimately familiar.

Still, we gathered in our numbers in our own way. **Blowback** heard who was due to be there and wisely bowed out, allowing a space for **Qraytor** to make the epic journey south and take up his room in the hotel. In the absence of their kids, so keen were **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable** to have a romantic weekend of trysts that they didn't quite luck out. They opted to retain the room in the hotel with the double bed, and allowed **Qraytor** to take the twin room. It turned out that the twin room was vastly bigger and better decorated than the double, leaving our amorous duo to wander aimlessly around the bar downstairs in an effort just to be able to stand up straight.

The Penguin arrived and set up shop in another hotel, ordering drinks aplenty in **Froggy**'s name and, he calmly explained, drinking them on his behalf as well.

BraveFart and **SilverBarrels**, meantime, opted to remain in Edinburgh until the last possible moment and only flew down on the Saturday morning. Clearly too much of **Tampon**'s company is … well, too much.

And so, at the appointed hour, the company slowly assembled. It was noted that **Spermwhale** was becoming environmentally friendly and seeking non-petrol transport. He had tied his dogs to the caravan motorhome and was clearly expecting them to pull it along like some sort of hackney carriage a 2 dog-power engine, if you will.





Jetstream mumping, everyone else smiling

Pugwash, meantime, was wishing he had even that, as he found that everyone was using his car as a store-room, locker, stashing pace and general dumping ground.

A large marquee was flapping ominously in the quickening wind. But other than that, all was quiet. If this had been the American Wild West, tumbleweed would have drifted through the make shift encampment. Someone was missing, but who?

Jetstream, mumping and moaning because too many people had come on the weekend, and not enough had paid and he hated everyone anyway – check.

Klinger, excited and at the same time somewhat non-plussed to have been allowed out for the weekend – check.

Meme, having motored along in his frankly enormous executive Mercedes – check.

Kingfisher and **Queenfisher**, as the token Indonostalgia Virgins – check.

SilverBarrels and **BraveFart**, finally turned up and being acclaimed as the identical twins of that legendary Hashing duo, Achmed and Wazim – check.

Even **Lipstick** and **Starkers**, monging around and displaying their underpants above their shorts as only that particular generation can – check.

Tampon, the host and hare for the weekend – oooohhhh, now, wait a moment. Someone did see him. He was here a while ago. Did he not pop into the village for some more chicken? No, wait a moment, wasn't he out setting the trail?

So we hung around and helped ourselves to the expensive bottled beer while the barrels of real ale stared balefully at us.

But then all was well, and **Tampon** arrived. We hung around a bit more to see if any more stragglers would join us and then gathered the pack together. We were standing in the middle of a track, hemmed in by the Hash marquee on one side and the encroaching treeline on the other. We were deep-set in a valley. Frankly, and this spoke volumes about **Tampon**'s efforts so far, the only way was up. With a half-hearted welcome to Run Number 39, we were encouraged to head off in the hope of finding at least some flour, and were soon climbing up a surprisingly steep hill only some 30 yards along from the run start, but already some 100 feet up. Meme was being the first brave volunteer as FRB. He raced up the hill and even from distance, his wee lungs could be seen heaving with effort. Either that or he was crying his eyes out like a big girl's blouse. He suddenly stopped, fairly near the sky line, and stood up. "What can you see?" **Tampon** called up, a little too smugly. "A Check-Back, you annoying little b@st@rd" came the reply. And so we all headed back down the hill, past the Marquee and along the track through the campsite towards the village.

The trail went up into the houses, and here, fairly on, it was that **Lipstick** decided that on second thoughts he did not want to run that day. He was, perhaps, persuaded by the pain in his ankle, having gone over on it in fairly unspectacular fashion. Either that or he is just a lazy sh!te who wanted to go back to his bed in the tent and swig a bottle of beer. You choose.

There was a bit more meandering round housing estates (if you can call such posh collections of very expensive houses "housing estates") and then we crossed the road and headed for the river.

We ran past the Clergy House – the first property acquired by the National Trist, back in 1896. It was a 14th century hall-house but I don't think any of the hashers even registered this as they ran, jogged, limped and hirpled past. Mind you, it has a famous chalk and sour milk floor, so **Tampon** had probably dug up some in order to grind the chalk into dust to lay the trail and to try the fermented qualities of soured milk that was hundreds of years old. But of more import, was the fact that the front runners had by now settled into their strides - **Billy Whizz** vying with **Froggy Park** and **Starkers**, whilst **BraveFart** and **Meme** were generally there or thereabouts. Annoyingly, there were a series of short cuts laid on a plate for the rest of the pack and our intrepid runners quite often found themselves staring at great fat @rses that they had recently overtaken.

We were by now in open fields, some with strange irrigation measures which looked, frankly, like canals with *cul de sacs*. **Starkers** opted to leap across the first one, whilst **Froggy** and **BraveFart** ran round it. **Starkers** did not quite judge the (fairly wide, it has to be said) reach to the other side, and landed with a mud-splattering squelch. He ran on, came upon the next one and tried the same again, adjusting his leap to go further. Again, **Froggy** and **BraveFart** ran round it. But the strange canal thing was wider. Again, a splash and a squelch and a muttered curse as he tried to pretend that he had meant it. A third irrigation channel was encountered, and this time **Starkers**, seeing it in advance, really did as David Coleman once described Sebastian Coe … He opened his legs and showed his class. He put on a burst of speed and sailed majestically through the air, right over the irrigation ditch, easily clearing the water and mud. The trouble with this one, though, was that there was a barbed wire fence along its far edge and the first

step of his momentum carried him squarely into it whereupon he had to extricate his shorts and, indeed, his b0ll0cks – again making out that he had intended to do that.

And on we ran. The path alongside the river was filled with endless bl00dy kissing gates. Certainly more than one hasher looked ahead and behind him / her to check who they might be in luck with having to kiss, but seeing the likes of **Spermwhale**, **Pugwash** and **SilverBarrels**, a quick sprint was often put in strategically to ensure they were at a kissing gate all alone. **Klinger** stood at one gate for a long while expectantly and longingly, but everyone just ignored him and ran through.

At a significant bridge the trail split in two – one was for the real runners, experienced by many a hash to run athletically and easily on to the end of the trail looping round back into the campsite. The other was for the masochistic runners who wanted to run the full distance and not take the short cut.

And so on we ran. You know the usual drill: run a bit, spot of flour or so. Hang around a bit. Scout around a bit. Find more flour and follow it. The, as yet un-named, **Clap Doctor** seemed pretty adept at all this malarkey, despite being an INH3 V!rg!n. There was a goodly amount of calling, although **Meme** seemed to wait until not only had he found the flour after a check, but he was a good 6 or 7 dobs of flour on the new trail as confirmation before whispering a brief "On On." His call, though was usually taken on immediately by **Ferret** echoing round the trees at a number of decibels.





Running or posing?

We ran on, below the hill where one of the White Horses was etched in the natural chalk – probably just a cheap marketing trick for the whisky of that name, surmised **Silver Barrels** as he ran on. We railed round the wide part of the river, some wondering if this was a foretaste of the promised river rafting for the following day. But over a wide bridge, up a hill and then relentlessly up a steeper hill towards a small collection of houses and the main road we went.

One small sub-division of the Pack chanced upon this and saw a style allowing them egress from the public pathway and access to the main road and the trail back to the campsite. As the first one hopped over the style, a "lady" (note: in Scots speak, she would be known as an "Auld wifie" appeared from her house and informed the party that this was a private access. It appears that she had built a private style just to provide her with access to the pathway. Whilst listening to her diatribe, the pack had continued pouring over the style, fully attentive and sympathetic to her about how dreadful it must be to have runners and walkers encroaching on her property. At this point they asked if she would like them all to run back over the style and go round to the correct access point. Wearily she said that no, they might as well carry on. At this, though another half dozen hashers appeared from through the bushes and carried on over her personal style with a cheerie wave.

All too soon we were back at the camp site and a short time was spent manoeuvring the Circle table closer to the marquee so that Tampon could listen to the Circle and participate a wee bit whilst he prepared the *makan.* Of course, this forced the Circle into an elongated tube-shape, hemmed in by woods in one side and the marquee on the other, and it meant that the access track was right through the middle of the Circle. So it was that time and time again we had to pause the Circle and shift the table to allow a 4-wheel drive vehicle passed on its way to molest some more horses. At one point some very noisy trail bikes came roaring passed. **Ferret** manfully held the gate open for them so that they could zoom on up the indentation, or reverse ridge, or whatever it is that the English call these pitifully shallow excuses for a glen or valley.

And so to the Circle. **SilverBarrels** was appointed as Hash Master, and called the Circle to order in his own

inimitable style – you'd never guess that he used to be Physical Training Instructor for the Paras, would you, as he politely encouraged everyone to shuffle forth into a loose circle formation, to participate in the revelries.

He took his proffered down down, but pointed out that Hash Masters never drink alone and soon, all Hash Masters, Grand Masters, Hash Mattresses and Grand Mistresses had joined him in the Circle for a mass down down. Those left forming the Circle at this time must have wondered why it was that they had been passed over for high office when compared to this ragamuffin crew. Anyway, warming to his task, **SilverBarrels** then welcomed us all to Run Number 39 and automatically reached out for the soon-to-be proffered glass of beer in response.

First up, **SilverBarrels** appointed his team for the day. **Tampon** was found to have shoved a chilli down his underwear – I never did find out how this was discovered and indeed why he had done it (unless it was a very small p*nis gourd), but given the liberties he seemed to be about to take with our collective bottoms as he made a strong curry, he was duly appointed Ring Master. This turned out not to be just an honorary title, however, as he was called to action a number of times to move the Circle a few steps in various directions in order to avoid the aforementioned 4x4 vehicles, trail bikes and the odd horse. Not that the horse was in any way bizarre, you understand – just that there was more than one and in the absence of having counted how many … well, there was more than one. **Pugwash** was appointed P!ss Pourer with, initially, **Madame Durex** as his glamorous assistant. **Pheelthy Phrogg** was, to his delight, invited to join the merry band as Master of Music and Jetstream was appointed Scribe.

Two contrasting styles here – **Pheelthy** rushed into the Circle and attempted to start a sing song immediately before even the rest of the team had been appointed, whilst **Jetstream** simply continued strolling round the Circle, and looked up with a pale, haunting and chillingly friendly smile at **BraveFart**. It meant, simply "You scribe for me or I will kill you, your family and all your pets. I will dismantle your house, brick by brick and grind the bricks to a fine powder which I shall mix with your s0dding awful whisky (he was still having nightmares following the Tomintoul run) and use the mixture as fuel to burn your body so that there is no trace left of your spawny self. But we'll still be friends and I shall mourn your passing."

BraveFart made a mental note to act as scribe for the weekend and attempted, meanwhile, to say 4 small words to **SilverBarrels** in order to ensure at least one of the brothers survived the weekend. Those four wee words were, simply, "Shut the f*ck up!" But they were lost in the tumult as **SilverBarrels**, meantime, announced the final selection of his little band of warriors, appointing **BraveFart** as RA. After a down down for the team, **The Penguin** stepped forward and read the roll call of INH3-ers who had popped their clogs since the last run. It was a shame to hear of the deaths of **The Exorcist** (as the **Bear** had pointed out in an earlier email, ironically there was no alcohol at his funeral) as well as of **Mad Dog, Big Mac** and **Timbo**.



More Down-Downs.

Pheelthy was wearing his wee apron that contains a hidden ... well, when he produced it, he claimed that it was one of other Spanish cucumbers that had been declared safe from the recent outbreak of E.coli. Using some strange and twisted logic that had free run in his brain but could not escape to be explained to anyone else, he neatly segued into a song that sought to even up the blatant sexism of his attempt at Tomintoul, and performed a number of verses of the S&M Woman.

BraveFart called in a number of quick fire down downs and then **Pugwash** came in to deliver his monologue about w@nking before he got too drunk and forgot that he had already narrated it. **The Qraytor** seemed most amused at all the tales that were being told, whilst poor **Kingfisher** and

Queenfisher seemed politely bemused by the proceedings. For those who recall that high-brow entertainment Hi de Hi, they made for an excellent impression of Barry and Yvonne Stuart-Hargreaves.

A loose theme of travelling was spotted, and **Lipstick** was called in for a down down for the fact that he had really looked the part and had done some tremendous running – right the way until about 3 minutes into the run, when he tripped, twisted his ankle and had to hobble back to the campsite for a medicinal beer and a long lie down. **Starkers** was called in at the same time due to his attempts at jumping the irrigation channels and his close encounter with the barbed wire fence.

Billy Wizz was given a down down just for being there, and **While You're Down There** was nearly ravished on a number of occasions but despite he best attempts, all she got in the end were a few more down downs.

Pheelthy Phrogg launched in with a couple more songs, including one that seemed to go on for ages. Just as he started to run out of steam, the Circle realised it was supposed to have been an audience participation one, with everyone pitching in with a verse. Sadly, that breathed new life into the old song and a few more minutes of wretched life were eeked out for it.

BraveFart thought the time had come to continue the travelling theme and began the epic tale of **Qraytor's** attempts to get to INH3 from the far frozen wastelands (Aberdeen). Unfortunately, BraveFart's story took about as long as it had taken **Qraytor** to get here in the first place, leaving various members of the Circle sprawled and snoring whilst others wandered idly off to see if the *makan* was ready yet. In summary: **Qraytor** is at a conference to mark the Battle of Harlaw, but he hears that **Blowback** cannot make it to INH3 so there is free accommodation going spare. He persuades the conference organisers to hire transport and incorporate a battlefield tour into the itinerary. They ask him to lead it but he has to decline as he realises he could not then get back to Edinburgh in time for his morning train to London for INH3. He scoots back to Edinburgh and when he catches said morning train, he realises it is the one he would have caught from Aberdeen had he only stayed for the battlefield tour. Meanwhile, **The Penguin** stows away on the same train and completes all his travelling arrangements for zero outlay.

To appease the restless natives, Tampon entered the Circle and announced another fine play being staged by Period Productions. This was to be an epic tale of fantasy (that was **While You're Down There**, dreaming again), of thrusting heroes (**Meme**), Mountain Trolls (**Sperm Whale**) and hideous creatures from nightmares (**SilverBarrels**) plus Wizards with knobs on the end of their ornate staffs (**Skinhead**). Yes, fresh with the news that filming was well underway on The Hobbit, it was time for Gollum to make a reappearance and carry out his quest for the ring. He tried looking in a few queer crannies and in a queue of clear fannies, but **Pheelthy Frogg** and **Ballsack** would not give up their secret.




Two pricks but no ring.

Gollum's quest for the ring, ably assisted by **Tampon** as chief narrator, took him eventually to the side of **Starkers**. Well, to his nether regions, really. There was a surprising amount of resistance from the young lad as his own dad and Gollum tried to get his trousers and kecks down in order to display …. nothing, in the end. Frustrated, **Tampon** whacked at his son's tadger and accused him – "where's the ring? You had it pierced, you c*nt!"

"I took the ring out," said **Starkers**, taking the opportunity to display his wares whilst **While You're Down There** wondered if she could be an understudy to Gollum. But Tampon's fury had not yet died down. Exasperated, he spluttered, "But why didn't you tell me? We'd thought up this great sketch and everything."

In truth, **Starkers** did look a little uncomfortable, as he mumbled that removing a piercing from one's manhood wasn't the sort of dinner table conversation one expected to have with one's own father.

Meanwhile, poor Gollum ambled off into the sunset desperately hoping for a sequel at the next INH3.

Meantime, soon to be christened, **Clap Doctor** had been spotted having tucked a horse's tadger down his trousers. First he had a down down to the tune of "He's the meanest, he's such a horse's penis…". Then it was realised that he did not even have a name. Various suggestions were …. well, suggested. Finally, with a nod of affection (if not infection) to the good Dr Budi, he was named **Clap Doctor**.

At this stage there was unrest in the Circle and angry gestures as the Circle realised *en masse* that it was actually quite hungry and that the beer had finished – there were just a few bottles now.

Tampon looked up in horror as "Hats off, pots on the floor" was called out, and we all swung our chariots as low as we could (especially the **Clap Doctor**). **Tampon**'s problem, you see, was that he had not finished cooking the *makan*. Something to do with too small a stove and leaving the pieces of meat too large – although he does usually enjoy having a large piece of meat in his hands. A few hardy souls stayed around for the cold rice and semi-raw meat. I had a wee nibble of said meat (and promptly poured out of my @rse for the rest of the night), but then **SilverBarrels** and I opted for a decent meal in the village and a good night's kip.

Unlike **Froggy** and **The Penguin**, who somehow found themselves, after a full dinner of raw meat, cold rice and soggy prawn crackers, ensconced in a bar somewhere in the village, buying malt whisky at a tenner a glass. They did protest that the secret to the contract was that the silly barman had declared that every third drink as free, and that was the one that was filled to the brim, for the barman had invited **Froggy** behind the bar to source the whisky himself.

SUNDAY - And so we all congregated bright, early and eagerly the next morning for the next run.

Well, we were there. Eventually. All except the cranial workings of **Froggy** and **The Penguin**. There was a dull lifelessness from behind their eyes. Their bottoms were certainly working, though.

Tampon and **Mme Durex** had the early arrivers busy. Get your lips round that, barked **Tampon**, whilst **Mme Durex** offered a slightly more alluring invitation of, "Stay here with me and we'll soon get it hard." They were both talking about blowing up the various inflatable rings and dingies, ready for the recovery run which was to be a cruise down the river to the sea. Transport was found for **The Penguin** in the form of a tiny kiddie's dingie, complete with miniature steering wheel. **Mme Durex** even provided some wooden teaspoons as oars.

The Pack was called to order and then loosed in the general direction of the river - quite similar to the start of the Saturday run. All told, 4 hardy souls were prepared to set sail. **Starkers** carried a large dingie and an entrenching tool for an oar. **Billy Whizz** was aiming to collect his canoe at the car park and **Bravefart** and **SIlverBarrels** looked most fetching in bin liners with cut out arm and headholes. **Klinger** looked like a cutout @rsehole, to complete the set.





Klinger, Bravefart & Silverbarrels celebrate carrying their rings all the way to the Golden Galleon.

When the intrepid gang made it to the river bank, they assessed the wind chill, the cloudy overcast skies and the cold rain, and had a think to themselves. They started a gentle jog along the river bank, telling each other that they would get in the water any time soon.

They would you know. Yep, pretttyyyy soooooon now, they'd all be in the water.

Paddling downstream.

After a wee while, they realised that **Starkers** had actually done it. He was in the water, soaked through having capsized the moment he got in, and was rapidly finding out why an entrenching tool is called an entrenching tool and not an "oar."



Billy Wizz to the rescue!

Billy Whizz felt obliged to get in the water as well, but carefully straight into his kayak and without even a droplet of moisture on him. He became self-appointed watermanship safety officer, unable to paddle past **Starkers** on account of p!ssing himself with laughter at the exertions the poor lad was making in order to go half as fast as an asthmatic ant. But hey – he was doing it.

Klinger, meantime, was wandering along tut tutting at the weather, and the chill. But mainly he was tut tutting at the poor way that **Mme Durex** and **Tampon** had raised their kid – he had come out without any wet weather gear, any warm clothes or any sign of being prepared. "Aye," mused **SilverBarrels**, "It's a wonder this river ain't called Sh!t Creek … because he certainly doesn't have a paddle."

By now we could see some people sky-lining at the to of the hill with the white horse dug into the side. We weren't quite sure if they were Indonostalgers or not, but we reckoned they might be, so swore and cursed them and offered up rude hand signs just in case.

Suddenly, **Starkers** flashed by. He had made landfall, finally found a use for his entrenching tool (by burying the deflated dingie) and was now a man on a mission, sprinting for the hilltop.

We watched him go, and we also watched the car go as the crowd at the top of the hill piled back into the their transport and disappeared just when Starkers did not have a line of sight up to them because of the contours. We thought of calling to him and letting him know, but in the true brotherly spirit of hashing, we thought "Ahh – f*ck it" and headed on along the river bank.

The rain came on more heavily and even the bin liners were not helping. If **Tampon** had been there at that time, I dare say there would have been a moment's silence for another departed Hasher at the next Circle.

Eventually, however, like some lost amoebae climbing out of the primordial soup (which, by the way, has nothing to do with that ridiculous theory – *theory*, mark you, not "law" of evolution dreamed up by Darwin. I mean, evolution on a micro scale maybe – a bird with a longer beak is still a bird. But on a macro scale … come on, be reasonable! And besides – you're not telling me that **Ferret** is the result of an evolving process of survival of the fittest and that **Ballsack** is currently the pinnacle of man's development?) … anyway, these amoebae climbed out of the soup and dropped down a raised embankment onto the path beside the road, scaring a couple of Sunday morning cyclists absolutely sh!tless. Eventually the paddlers / runners found themselves at a bridge by a pub with a lot of welcome faces, as well as the faces of members of INH3.



Where's Control Freak? Weeding the White Horse!

There was a momentary panic when it was realised that **Control Freak** appeared to have found her way back to the group as well. This proved to be the case and immediately there formed a small huddle for an emergency meeting to discuss where next to have the INH3 run and whether it would be in an area with more chance of actually losing her. To her credit, **Control Freak** simply ordered one nearby hasher to take her backpack and shoes and another to drive her

back to the camp site in his car, whilst noting sadly that the trail appeared to have been poorly designed as there was little flour and she had not seen anybody else all along it.



Bad Hare Day!



Beware Frogs

Back at the camp site, everyone huddled in **Tampon**'s tent whilst he cooked up a lunch that was slightly less raw than yesterday evening's, and had slightly less risk of salmonella (but that was only because it had slightly less chicken in it). **Sperm Whale** reclined on the seats with his two dogs, whilst plans were made to skin and cook them. This plan was thwarted when **Froggy** pointed out that there was no sambal sauce and the dogs would taste awful without it.

Gradually the time passed, *makan* was eaten and people realised that it would have been quite nice if there had been a circle. **BraveFart** described some of the sketches and down downs that he had planned for the Sunday Circle and gradually everyone realised that they were better off as they were, thank you very much. One historic fact that amused him, at least, was some history from the old Saxon stories:

IN 1477, it was written:

Her cuom Ælle on Bretenlond & his .iii. suna, Cymen & Wlencing & Cissa, mid .iii. scipum on þa stowe þe is nemned Cymenesora, & þær ofslogon monige Wealas & sume on fleame bedrifon on þone wudu þe is genemned Andredesleage.

Which translates as:

Aelle came to Britain and his three sons Cumming, Wanking and Cissie, with three ships, landing at a place which is named Cumming Sore. There they killed many Welsh, and drove some in flight into Andrew's Toilet.

Nobody paid him the slightest bit of attention, and he and **SilverBarrels** took the hint and b*ggered off back to Scotland to wait for another INH3 if anyone apart from the Usual Suspects could be bothered organising anything. Only **Tampon** noticed their departure, and called after them, "There will have to be a film premiere for The Hobbit, you know. We should get Gollum to come to the next INH3…"

And so, bit by bit, hangover by hangover everyone f*cked of back home. Alfred may have burned his cakes here in Alfriston, but we had nicked his ale and drunk it.





A huge tHHHankyou to the Hares and Hosts, Tampon & Mme Durex, for a splendid weekend and On-On to the next!

The next run will be held on 14th/15th April 2012 in Rendcombe, Near Cheltenham. Keep the date free – more details to follow shortly ….. so keep an eye on the website www.inh3.co.uk or the Group's Facebook pages.