Hashmaster: Blowback
RA: Tampon
Scribe: Bear
Hashflash: Doggie Style & Little Blow
Master of Music Random contributors
Interhashional Representative: The Penguin (Away on Interhashional Duty)

~~Correspondence: Rex Sumner, IndoNostalgia Hash, Unit 1, 16 Maple Road, Eastbourne, BN23 6NY~~
~~Phone: 01323 649349 Fax: 01323 649350~~
Website: www.inh3.co.uk

IndoNostalgia Run 44 – September 2013
Wirksworth, Derbyshire

Unmentionable and **Jetstream** arrived on Monday evening and spent a very pleasant few days walking, eating and drinking in Derbyshire before it all went downhill on Friday as the Exiles rocked up for the weekend. Competition for rooms at the farm had been fierce with **While You're Down There** and **Ooh La La** demanding Knob End, although finding that **Gorilla** and **Klinger** were the knobs on offer wasn't quite what they'd hoped for!



Long Story looking for Knob End whilst WYDT and Ooh La La appear to have found it

Bear was appointed Scribe but as his view of the weekend's activities is somewhat limited on account of the fact that he (and **Pugwash**) were waylaid by a bottle of Scotch and Bacardi respectively and they didn't even manage to get to the Bear Inn for pre-hydration on Friday evening, let alone run the trails.



Knob End

Leaving **Bear** and **Pugwash** at Sycamore Barns, we made our way down through the fields to the Bear Inn. **Daffodildo** and **Doggy Style** had already SCB'd as they were staying there, a very sensible choice of accommodation. Why they were dressed for the Oktoberfest? We couldn't work that out so put it down to being been due to the 6.7% Jaipur Bitter on offer!

Several hours later we returned to the Barns to find **Bear** and **Pugwash** completely smashed and in party mood. What followed involved a series of conversations of which "shut the f*ck up!" was the only constant. Finally, everyone found their beds and (apart from the snoring and farting) peace reigned.

And now to **Bear's** version of events ….

Friday

Travelling to Derbyshire with **Pugwash** in his old man's penis extension convinced me that Top Gear was nothing more than a light-hearted entertainment programme masquerading as serious viewing for petrol heads. Should men over 65 be driving such powerful vehicles with a dashboard of switches, knobs, buttons and levers to rival those of a Boeing 747.

This was a journey devoid of any intercourse but instead a continuous tirade from the Fenland Alf Garnett about the state of the nation's roads and their management. " When are they going to do something about all the potholes?..... It cost me £500 to replace two wheels after hitting one. I've written to my MP, then the Ombudsman, and now the House of Lords.....The Ministry of Transport and Essex County Council don't seem to give a damn!.....And as for the police - they must be raking it in with these speed cameras ..... I know I was speeding but it was at night with hardly another vehicle on the road ..... What the bloody hell is the guy upfront doing?.....I bet it's a woman.....silly cow!...shit!

Didn't see that speed bump.....what a wonderful thing SatNav is.....hang on a minute.....what's happening now?.....'Doris' is telling me to turn left at the roundabout but there's no left turn.....what's the postcode for where we are going?.....bloody hell! Where did he come from? Stupid bastard!.....etc.etc. We finally arrived at Sheep Shagger's Farm to be greeted by **Haven't Got One** who was surrounded by birds, the vast majority being of the feathered variety. Still they're all edible - aren't they?

Saturday

Pugwash & **Bear** awoke to find that they had been 'sent to Copenhagen' by **WYDT** for apparent outrageous and drunken behavior the previous night. They had intruded into her space. How did they know? Who but a woman would give you the silent treatment while having breakfast in YOUR space!

The pre-run circle began with the now ritual cry from **Blowback** of "Shut the fuck up!" The usual heckling from **Tampon** and others with **Froggy** as usual appearing late to further interrupt the GM's flow.

Through the back of the farm we ambled and across a field soon to come to an unusual obstacle - a whale deterrent, leftover from centuries ago after the Dutch had reclaimed these fields from the sea. All got through the nipped-in stone stile except for **Spermwhale** who's flared waist and short legs defied his progress. Poor animal couldn't even get his leg over! **Blowback** (another sort of whale but much trimmer), **Bear**, **Gorilla**, **Pugwash**, and **Strap On** had to resort to the donkey method of lift, push, and pull. Very difficult as **Spermwhales** are totally round with no edges. Then not too bad until we came to a common type style in an electrified fence. We got SW onto the stile step - **Strap On** lifted one of SW's legs up - **Bear** pushed, and **Pugwash** pulled from the other side. This was becoming exhausting. Beer was needed.



Spermwhale – well and truly stuck

Behold! The **Bear**'s ancestral home suddenly appeared. What a run, all half a mile of it. **Pugwash** ordered a foreign-sounding beer from us with four letters before going for his ritual mid-day dump. We got him a pint of Jaipur as there wasn't a beer called Shit or Shat. After four pints (6.7%) he deteriorated and wandered off back to the farm. With the pub refusing to phone us a taxi, we followed. With only three of us left to lift **SW** we decided on a new method. This time we rolled him over the stile. Success!



IndoNostagia Virgins, Czech It Out, Lorna, Andrew and Doggy Style, but will we see them again?

The circle had already started. Beermaster **Pugwash** was struggling. After 4 strong pints plus others, with the right eye winking, and the right hand trembling, he was spilling more than filling. Knocking several over as well, left the table under beer. But he was not alone. **Klinger** somehow dived into the shallow end (3 inches) of an outside sink managing to break the tap above. "It's just another tap off the wall."(apologies to Rog Waters).

Was it a curry or a BBQ?

Pugwash had slumped into his pit at 6.00 before the food. He appeared again around 10.00. Others had gone to bed leaving just **Bear**, **Pugwash**, **El Rave**, and **Strap On** in the main lounge/kitchen area. Soon loud music and singing brought **Blowback** downstairs to ask the music to be turned down as **Little Blow** wasn't too well.

Pugwash took umbrage at this and vowed to never again share accommodation with women or hetrosexual couples. **El Rave** and **Strap On** embarked on their own rendition of 'Dinah' but replacing the name Dinah with Fiona. Soon **Lady Slipstream** appeared down the stairs protesting at the use of her name. She even threatened them with calling down **Slipped In** to beat them up! Ooh! Then Chief Whittle **Jetstream** appeared to negotiate some peace and calm. **Pugwash** told him that he was resigning from INDO H3. In fact he resigned 15 times according to **EL Rave** who was counting. His resignations were accepted but still he turns up. How wonderful Alzeimers can be for him but not for us.

During the night I noticed that **Pugwash** was soaking wet and naked. Ugh!! All his bed sheets were on the floor and also soaked. "Have you pissed yourself while asleep?" No smell of that. "I reckon bloody **Gorilla** has thrown a bucket of water over me during the night." he said. The eventual synopsis was that it was an alcoholic sweat. Steptoe:"Dirty ole man!"

Sunday

We set out of the farm turning right heading up to a t-junction. The SCBs including **Ooh La La** amongst others decided to turn left up the hill to gain an oversight of the area. The fit young **Geordie Mick** was with us again (his excuse was either splints, shingles, crabs, or gonorrhea - something for Harriettes to be aware of?). The gradient was only 5% but with a back wind **Mashed Potato**'s two untrained miniature Husky rats managed to pull **SW** up the incline - the steepest and longest he had ever been on a Hash - 400yards! At the top disagreement was rife within the SCB ranks when suddenly as usual **Froggy** had turned up late - spotting figures on the horizon and mistaking them for athletes he had joined the elite SCBs (motto: He who shortcuts gets back to the beer first!).



More sinners

I remember **Blowback** and particularly **Daffy** with support from **Tampon** running a great circle.



Guest contribution from El Rave

WYDT made a brave attempt to muster the INDO Suffragettes but to little avail. Her rendition of the Screeching Cats hit "We are Harriettes" fell on stony ground. Star of the weekend has to be *__Unmentionable__!*

On-on! The Bear

For obvious reasons, **Bear**'s account of the weekend failed to describe the actual runs or even who the Hares were!! Both runs were expertly laid by **Blowback,** and **Little Blow** co-ordinated the other essentials, such as food, even co-opting her Mother, **Joy**, to assist with the cooking – much to **Pugwash**'s delight!

So enough bullshit about the off piste entertainment, what about the trails? It may seem strange that the reason we were in Wirksworth was to enjoy a couple of good runs in the superb countryside.





Joy and Blowback posing but what are Czech it out and Haven't Got One up to?

The trail started at the Barn and it took quite a lot of milling about in the field next door before someone realised that there was a footpath leading down the hill. Oddly enough, this was the same path that we'd taken the night before although in the dark we hadn't noticed the bullocks. After more milling about in the woods we eventually emerged onto the road and found ourselves just a few hundred paces up from the Bear Inn.

The runners missed the most amusing bits of Saturday's trail as they had slipped through the squeeze gates long before **Spermwhale** declared them a health and safety hazard. Next time remember to bring some lard to ease him through.



Hangover Blues, lady Slipstream and Little Blow – you're meant to check it out, not chat.

Excellent checks ensured that the pack kept together until a very cunning three way check had everyone confused. FRBs complained that the flour had been eaten by horses as an explanation as to why they went off trail to the

left instead of following **Ooh La La** to the right. With the tail-enders now leading the pack we ran through a field of sheep, at which point I checked up the hill whilst the trail went down and into the woods. On reaching the turn-back arrow it seemed churlish to turn round and as I could hear the FRBs calling in the woods, I carried on along a parallel path until **Haven't Got One** and the other FRBs re-joined me on the path.

On up through the bracken until we reached the drinks stop where we were joined by the virgins **Andrew, Venessa and Isaac** who had walked the trail backwards, that being the shortest route to the drinks stop. Beer, Whisky Macs and plenty of snacks held the pack up so that everyone was able to catch up.

We hadn't seen **Lipstick** for a while. He has been well trained by **Tampon** and had managed to cut off the more challenging part of the run but still arrive at the drinks stop on time. When we did catch up he, and the other FRBs/SCBs were in a field of frisky bullocks who didn't think much of the interruption to their quiet chewing of the cud. The end result with bullocks plus too many whisky macs, being a foot in a hole leading to a very swollen ankle which **Lipstick** tastelessly displayed on Facebook. "It's just another foot in the hole." (more apologies to Rog Waters).



"Another foot in the hole"

With adequate supplies of local real ale to oil the vocal cords and guest appearances from numerous contributors, a lively circle ensued.



A lively Circle with Froggy in full flow.

While You're Down There had backed the winner in the Grand National but unfortunately for her there was no wine merchant nearby to share the proceeds. However, this prompted **Daffodildo** to stage a re-run of the race.



Under farter's orders

Jockeys, **Lorna** and **Czech Her Out** mounted their respective thoroughbreds, **Lipstick** and **Haven't Got One** and they were under starters orders. **Muff Diver** took the place of The Chair and **Spermwhale,** Becher's Brook.



Becher's Mountain, a jump too far

The latter proved a jump too far for the intrepid mounts, with **Lipsick** and **Lorna** falling over the stomach of the fence and even though **Czech Her Out** guided **HGO** over the lower part of the **Spermwhale** fence (the knob end?), they still pulled up before the finishing line.



Lipstick, a faller at Becher's Brook

Sunday's trail was also excellent, this time down the other side of the hill. Superb views, some lovely grassy slopes to run down as well. At one point the trail took us across a very shiggy stream, only to discover after we'd waded through the mud, that there was a bridge hidden in the bushes, just a few metres upstream. More mud followed, with cow shit adding to the experience as well as the smell, good Derbyshire country air!

Another stretch though woodland and down into another stream, this time the cows had moved on but had still left their calling cards all over the trail. **Klinger** and **Jetstream** tried to avoid the mess by following the path towards the village, only to have to turn back as the calls of On-On grew fainter as the pack ran in the opposite direction.

Even **Ferret** couldn't find anything to moan about on this trail and apart from **Froggy**, who ran the trail backwards, all the runners managed it back to the Farm without incident.

A firkin of ale still remained so another lively circle followed, with those who hadn't managed to perform on Saturday given the opportunity to contribute. This included one of **Froggy's** lengthy shaggy dog stories but nobody seems able to remember much of it.



Even Can't Be Arsed broke into a downhill trot with Long Story close behind – must be near the beer!

When the beer ran out it was time to conclude the weekend, perfect timing!



Does Daffy prefer pussy to Doggie?

The Hares had shown that it's possible to create a great event without blowing the budget, given a Hash friendly venue, excellent home cooking and beer from a local brewery. Well done **Blowback** and **Little Blow!**