

This is the run report for run number 362

Date: 2nd July, 2000
Place: Foret de Saint-Germain
Hare: Dracula
Attendance: 30-ish + 1 dog

Dracula set the rain, I mean the run, somewhere near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and for the first time in ages there was enough room for the entire convoy (about 10 cars) to park. Wrong Way and Deep Throat showed off by overtaking the convoy and making their own way there... Still, nobody got lost. The mind boggles.

The run got off to a lovely start, with some nice paths and some lovely checks and ladies checks. In fact how Dracula had such bad cuts and scratches all over his legs wasn't clear when following the trail. OK, there was a thorny bit, but nothing we couldn't cope with. Then on past the "Stupid Check" into some dark forest. It was indeed a stupid check because we thought we had found the trail, but it ran out and "Come back" was heard away in the distance.

At this point the run became more like a Full Moon hash, in that we were running in the darkness. And the forest doesn't have street lamps either. The skies darkened and the thunder began to roar. Wind whistled through the trees. Still, we found the trail again.

Just during a particularly "climby" stretch - I mean over lots of tree, the downpour began. And it didn't stop. Who needs to hash in Malaysia when you can have a tropical downpour here? Nobody was saved, and it was wet t-shirts all round. Unfortunately a wet t-shirt competition wasn't possible, because nobody was dry enough to be the judge. The rain continued to shower us as we came back out onto what used to be a dirt road, now it was a river, and we splashed a few k along it until finally we got lost. The flour had been washed away a long time ago, as it seemed had the last 2/3 of the pack. As we stood and wondered what to do, MaBush decided it was freezing so ran off to warm up. In doing so she "found" the rest of the pack, and we were all saved.

Not only this, but Dracula suddenly found the beer stop, so we gladly passed around the bottles of warm beer, whilst cursing the RA(s) for the bloody weather from hell.

A few splashes later we were back at the cars, since completing the run without flour would have been silly, so we took a short cut. Since we were still so soggy (the rain had almost stopped) it was decided to take the circle to Captain Bimbo's place, where we followed it with a smashing barbie. Did anybody see where Doggy Fashion and Flying Wimp went?

Thanks to Captain Bimbo and Attila the Hen again for allowing the pack to invade their home again, and to Old Banger among others for lending dry clothes to the soggy unprepared ones.

What did we think of the run? Too dry, Beer too cold, missed half of it.

Down-Downs:

Hare Dracula
Visitors Midnight Cowboy from San Diego HHH, made to come by the internet
Cockney from London/Wisconsin HHH, made to come by Slack Mac
Virgins Beatrice and Michel, from Paris and Les Lilas, made to come by Royal Flush
Returnees Edith, Hot Pussy, Julie, Lady X, Stephan, Sharp Shooter

Criminals, charged for :

-Weather Captain Bimbo, Wrong Way
-Mobile Phone Wrong Way
-Sitting in Puddle Wrong Way
-Eskimo acrobatics Toothy Job
-Dutch commiseration Orange Slip, Wrong Way, Naked Dancer

-Accident
-Speedo

Socks'n'Roses
Steel Stripper

-Naming
please!

Julie becomes... well you know if you were there, if you weren't, guesses to the hash trash

-Leftover beer

Aquasex, Likes a Long One, MaBush, Orange Slip

-Presentation - Wrong Way's face on a t-shirt!!! Presented by the harriettes of Sans Clue HHH.

-Pricks of Week Damage

MaBush Barbecued socks Toothy Job

OnOn
MaBush

