

Mountain Rescue to the Rescue

Jan 21th

Bourley Rd

Run 1418

Hare: Mountain Rescue

If the entrance to the car park was anything to go by, this was going to be a rough, rutted and bumpy trail. Your scribe had to disgorge all passengers to prevent the car falling into a hole and trapping us inside awaiting rescue from a mobile crane. Mmm..., perhaps a 4X4 next time. Sod global warming!

Luckily, several other Hashmobiles safely negotiated the moonscape to eventually form a pack of about 24 less-than-mobile hashers. With the GM otherwise engaged, it was left to the RA to get the circle formed for the hare, Mountain Rescue, to tell us all about what was in store. Apart from 2 regroup, not much apparently. We didn't believe him.

Negotiating the car park was a hash on it's own, but we carried on in all directions with Mountain R shouting "It's this way, THIS way", in panic. Across a small bridge and off the beaten tracks into thick undergrowth, which claimed a victim when Bidet took a dive. About a 6 out of 10. Then came a lot of crossing of small streams, made muddy by rains. Yorkie and No Entry found a way round a bog, I followed, others didn't and got trench foot. The trail then meandered around the test track, the sand wet enough to make it look like a beach at low tide. The trouble with that area is a lack of landmarks, so going round in circles can happen. It happened.

Mountain R cunningly laid the trail in and out of the verges between the sand tracks to keep us all guessing. We had to be careful of the occasional wire fence, it could cause a nasty injury.....

At the regroup, Bidet and SPF were comparing manhood while watering the trees as Aqua collapsed on the ground a victim of last night's demon drink. Others were comparing cuts and grazes caused by the tough terrain. Hobble ambled up through the bushes, also wounded, sporting a cut head. Seems he was looking down to step over a fence while a kind hasher held up the barbed wire. He stepped forward. Oh dear, he should have looked up! Meanwhile Keith should have looked down....at his trousers.! Despite stuffing socks down the front, they were still too big.

The trail continued in much the same vein until a longish On-Inn saw us back to the wreck of a car park in a time of an hour and a bit. Ah, felt better for that!!

Ice cold beer was thrust into the hands of the following by No Entry:

- Mountain Rescue:** Laying an interesting trail for us to enjoy.
Flying Doc: Calling with great surprise "I'm on trail". Doesn't happen often.
Hobble: Using his head. Mustn't make barbed comments, might get cut up about it
Head Plant: 50 runs, mostly in carried in a backpack. Took his down-down like a man
Hawkeye & Jean Jeanie: Visiting. Of course you enjoyed it. We need more front runners!
Chastity Belt: Think it was for helping Hobble to cut his head. He didn't need help.
Hamlet & Fukawe: Turned up after the run. Probably the wisest thing to do.

So after negotiating the bomb craters again, it was down to the Tweesledown for a beer down

On-On

