

# April Fool!

**1<sup>st</sup> April**

**Hares: Ropey & D.Head**

**Four Marks Golf Club**

**Pack: Loads**

The problem with the early runs is when they follow a heavy night. This one was an hour later than the usual, so a little more time to recover from a night on the RAT (real ale train). This was partly to celebrate Nettles birthday and partly because it was an excuse to get pissed (as if we needed one). Nettles, being a skinflint, travelled steerage class in the luggage rack, but was thrown off by the ticket enforcer, as he should have been in the baggage car.

This was a joint run with our WCH3 brethren, so a large turnout was expected. We were not disappointed, as about 60-odd turned up to swamp the Sunday morning golfers and put them off their stroke with the April Fool-theme fancy dress that some hashers turned up in.

Strangely, laying the trail, it was bloody cold with a biting easterly blowing. By the time of the 'Off' the sun shone and it was a shorts and T-shirt day. Ropey took the FRB's, as he's fit, and D.Head took the walkers, as he isn't. Walkers seemed to outnumber the pack by about 3 to 1. This caused a big problem keeping the heard together. Right at the start, some went left, others right, causing the hare to run up and down like a herding sheepdog. The FRB's disappeared and it was to be a long time before we saw them again. Wasn't meant to be like that!

The walkers made along the lane and across a field, possibly the biggest pack of Hash Horrors seen on a hash in years, some still in push chairs which made stiles a bit of a challenge! They seemed to be enjoying themselves, especially one small lad dressed as a knight attacking everything with his wooden sword. You wait till they invent the musket!

By the time we stopped at the beer stop at the garden centre, the FRB's were still not in sight. The Mighty WAA was fretting about missing cups for the drinks, but a quick phone home to Caroline rescued the situation. Beer was consumed, Easter eggs eaten and still no FRB's. Oops! Whale and Alice wandered into the garden centre and planted a few trees. By the time the pack eventually arrived, the trees had borne fruit. It seems as though Mary had led them all astray, ably assisted by Nettles. Was it ever thus!

Another cock-up then ensued, as Dick Head called for the SCB's to follow him. Should have explained that scb's and walkers were the same thing. This caused a few to walk on, others to stay at the regroup, causing people to be strung out across the countryside.

Eventually, the pack caught up. Velcro had his GPS and decided it was a better bet than following the trail, so shorted back, followed by other believers. No Entry, being the honest chap that he is, ignored him and ran back to find the real trail. Not many followed. All that trail laying for nothing. Boo hoo! Most of the walkers were enjoying the sun, so carried on till the end, although still coming in nearly 2 hours later.

Having handed in meal tickets before the run started, the food had to be eaten before the dd's otherwise we would have been sent to bed without supper by the bar staff who thought we'd be back ½ hour before. The large circle formed, RA'd alternatively by No Entry and Ropey, dressed in Aprilfoolish garb. Called into the circle were the following miscreants:

Dick Head & Ropey: Hares. Velcro: Following GPS blindly to edge of a cliff.

Straight on, Bill! JGG: Short cut longer than the trail.

D.Head: Not telling walkers they are, in fact, SCB's. Mary: Running blind. Followed by the blind, no wonder the scb's took so long! Virgins: Too many to count. Yes, they are still out there!

Ropey then judged the best dressed fool, who turned out to be: Wally. Dressed how, I can't remember, also the little lad, now called St George, dressed as a knight complete with wooden sword.

There then followed 10 mins. of mayhem as Ropey called forward the unnamed to kneel in the circle and be christened with flour, beer and coal dust! We now have: Posh & Becks, Woof and Percy. Rory was also renamed as Aristotle, after asking the ancient question: 'Why are we here?'

The Ra's continued:

Nettles:	Never working up a sweat
Charmaine C:	Practising karate on the RAT. On the ticket enforcer?
Aqua:	Being intelligent. We never doubted it.
Finally:	Nettles birthday. He's at least 13 now!

Whew! Glad that's over. On-On till next week