



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
342	The Keepers Arms	Quenington	26 Dec 2010	Mike & Margaret	Viv

When we arrived at the Keepers Arms, on the stroke of 11am, there was no-one to be seen. Were we the only ones to have braved the snow & ice to get here? Then we spotted Malcolm who'd been sent out into the cold to tell us everyone was waiting in the pub. The landlord had kindly lit the fire for us all to shelter in the warm. There was a good turnout of hashers, with some old faces (some older than others) that hadn't been seen for a while. The fairy costumes were a sight to behold, with many wings, wands & tutus; several of the men looked to be enjoying the dressing up just a little too much, which was rather worrying.

But where was GOM? 11.35 and still no sign of him. Was he still in bed? Suddenly the door burst open and a bee buzzed in – which looked very much like GOM; but why was dressed as a bee? We never did get a rational answer, but maybe the Irish have a more liberal interpretation of fairies. And why was he 40 mins late? There was a mumbled excuse about the Sat Nav not working below zero degrees, but after GOM's recent episode when he was lost for 4 hours on a hash, his credibility as a navigator is completely ruined, so the general consensus was that he had got lost again.

Mike & Margaret had set the trail, bravely venturing out at 8am, when the temperature was recorded at minus 10 degrees. Fortunately Margaret had her thermals on and survived the cold, but Mike, who'd got out of his sick bed to lay the trail, was still in the process of defrosting several hours later.

After the group photos, Mike set us off on the trail, explaining that on this Hash we were looking for terracotta flour, so that we could differentiate it from the snow. These proved remarkably effective, and we had no trouble finding the route, apart from missing one arrow that had been scuffed out by the

tobogganers. Despite the slippery ground, Phillip was the only one to take a tumble; fortunately he landed in soft snow so was unhurt. Mike had wisely decided to shorten the route because of the cold, so the runners completed three miles and the walkers just over two. This proved to be just about the right length – any longer and we would have turned into icicles.

Back in the warmth of the pub, the landlord judged the fairy costumes, awarding prizes to Elizabeth and Margaret for their lovely outfits. The horn was awarded to Mike for his bravery in laying the trail while suffering from Swine flu, or was it Man flu – one of the two, anyway they're both pretty serious.

All agreed that this had been a great way to get rid of some of the excesses of the previous day, and good fun was had by all. Many thanks to Mike & Margaret for laying the trail under very difficult conditions.