

### Run 1400 Worst Run Ever

Coming directly after the Stonebridge Run this was supposed to be the Joint GM's run but he fancied setting the way run instead. So Master Key elected to set the next run No 1400. By 10.00 am he had yet to arrive at the GM's house to pick up the paper by which time he was getting nervous. Not another cock up please! Meeting point was agreed and so at 12.00 it was off to the Hilton for another day's hashing.

The pick up point was CMC Compound on the new Asmara road, which is currently being widened and is a nightmare if the traffic goes wrong. Of course it didn't this time but when we all got to the CMC there were no hares - not even a bunny in sight. Frantic phone calls led to a change of venue, a desolate new town development where no one lives and bulldozers reign supreme. But no hares. This can't be serious but it was to get more serious. More frantic phone calls to find that the hares had had an argument but were on the way which they were and eventually they turned up quite unphased by the consternation being stirred up among the hashers now foaming at the bit to be away from this awful place. Instead we simply went further into the site until we came to the end of the road and a large puddle next to which someone had set the circle.

The trail looked like it had been set by motorbike and stuck bravely to the dusty construction roads along which went huge lorries carrying gravel and kicking up nice large clouds for the runners and walkers. Then there was the road building equipment, the curious labourers and a feeling that this was possibly not a very well thought out run. The walk was interesting because we nearly got lost, despite the fact that you could see for miles across all this construction site.

On arrival back at the circle it quickly became apparent to the walkers that the runners were lost. It later transpired that the hares had run out of paper so the poor sods had turn around and run back to the circle when about three quarters of the way home. RA didn't mince words and declared it the Worst Run Ever before torturing the unfortunate Master Key, who had been out looking for a lost harrier, with his elbow straighteners. Only trouble is that on the A2H3 you never drink alone and the RA gets himself between the two sinners and then can't keep his eye on both at the same time. Gives one a perfect opportunity for spillage on a grand scale to avoid a soaking.

Anyway another hashing milestone

On!ON!