



D_{ucks} **H**_{ave} **H**_{orrendous} **H**_{erpes}

*Grand Master: The Beast, Hare Razorz: Endo & HT2,
Hash Cash: Pheregnome, Hash Haberdash: Rover*
drakeh3.co.uk

Upcoming Runs:

Date: 28/02/2022

Location: Haytor (Middle CP) (SX 759 767)

On Down: Rugglestone Inn, Widecombe

Post Mortem - #1939

Hare(s): Gullybull & Loupy

Hashers: Crackle Snaffler, Bog Snaffler, Goldfish, Dallas, Pherognome, Bootbasher, Good 'n' Ard, Justin Thyme & Wanksy

Walking Wounded: HT2 (shout out to the 2 new knees), accompanied by Endosperm & Fitbit

Where: Four Winds (SX 560 749)

Pub Dweller: Rover - who needs to move with the times (by which I mean the Goth movement of the late 1970s/early 80s) & make Melancholic Raven Black™ an option for hash t-shirts.

Arriving at the blustery Four Winds Carpark - having punched JT for calling it the "Five Winds Carpark" – I was struck by how inoffensive a black hash t-shirt would be. Stannary Hash were skulking in a far corner. If we really want to bring Drake style up to date, we should get DH3 face tattoos, wear saggy jeans and disrespect Stannary via terrible raps on Instagram. As it is, we had to settle for Boggy falling over in front of them in an impressive display of arse-sliding dominance.

Gullybull and Loupy were laying the hash live and made for quick-thinking and sprightly hares. We set off chasing them over the mire, with the usual squelchy bits, uneven tufts and surprise rocks underfoot. Upon reaching a river we had to jump over, Dallas beat an honourable retreat, leaving fellow walk-runners Bootbasher and Wanksy to forge on alone. An insolent Pherognome took this as evidence of Dallas' "geriatric" status.

The walk-runners caught up with the run-runners halfway up to King's Tor. Unfortunately, this turned out to be a back check, so off we went retracing our steps. A particularly extensive section of bog was followed by a welcome Re-Group. We enjoyed sweets furnished by Crackle and apparently carried by Pherognome, her mule. After a brief racist outburst against the green jelly babies, Crackle was overheard telling Bog Snaffler he had "the better arse...slide". Boggy himself claimed to have "banged" his Covid-ridden wife in a downstairs room. Or was that

“banned”? Considering the virus, JT hoped that they had taken full body prophylactic precautions a la *that* Naked Gun film. Stay safe, everyone!

Loupy and Gullybull sprinted ahead and in the end, only one hasher caught up with our valiant hares. It seems that Dallas had the last laugh, despite being geriatric. JT claimed to have executed “a really cool tactical roll” to salvage a fall during the On Home. I didn’t see it myself, but from experience can only imagine he looked like a wounded goat flailing wildly in the night.

And speaking of creepy farm animals, the walkers found this amazing sheep skull! Fitbit shone her torch through it and transformed herself into a witchy druid god...creature...thing. I actually have 2 sheep skulls called Edgar and Timothy, which JT collected from previous hashes for me, and that doesn’t make me weird at all.



~ Fitbit can be seen in her local production of “The Wicker Man” from 1st April ~

Then we went to the pub and stuff. Oh, and I still haven’t been officially named.

Sniffles quietly into sleeve

Emma/Wanksy

