



D_{rake} **H**_{ash} **H**_{ouse} **H**_{arriers}

Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor: FitBit, Hash Cash: Pheregnome, Hash Tag: Good 'n' 'Ard, Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor: Wimpout
drakeh3.co.uk

Upcoming Run AND THE AGM!!!

Date: 11/10/2021

Hare : Crackle Snaffler

Location : Dartmoor National Park CP - Princetown

On Down: Prince of Wales - Princetown

Post Mortem - Run # 1919

Hare: Crackle Snaffler, Fit Bit, Boot Basher, Pherognome and Good'n'Ard

Hashers: Endosperm, Justin Thyme, Bog Snaffler, Goldfish, HT2, Woof Woof and Dallas. Pub dwellers: Anon and Rover

Venue : Gutter Tor CP

Last night DH3 recreated a very well know story, some names have been changed but can you work out the story?

Once upon a time Anon and Rover were instructed to build a pub. This pub was a nice warm dry place with cheesy chips and Jail available for all. They were instructed to allow all kinds of hashers into their pub, to protect them from a world engulfing flood.

So Anon and Rover ensured the pub was fit for purpose while the hasher battled through the very quickly rising flood waters to get to the safety of the pub.

With the first has of the has being laid by Crackle, Fit Bit and Boot Basher, they huddled in the corner of a sheep pen at Ditsworthy awaiting more hasher to emerge from the storm to the safety of a re-group and some nourishment ready for the onwards journey to the safety of the pub.

Out of the storm, arriving at the re-group came Pherognome and Good'n'ard a pair of enthusiastic gazelles ready to take on the challenge of guiding the rest of the hash through the flood waters to safety. Off they galloped into the dark night, laying a trail of sawdust, so bright and white and fluffy for all to follow.

Then out of the darkness came some hashers, two by two. First there was Dallas and Woof Woof, then Endo and HT2, emerging to the safety of the re-group and foraging on sweeties and singing jovial tunes to keep moral high for the onward journey to safety.

Two by two the hashers left the safety of the re-group for the every rising flood waters. Bravely they went off in their pairs, leaving no hasher behind.

Now off in the distance some lights emerged, some hope that Justin Thyme, Goldfish and Bog Snaffler (yes I know this makes three not two...) were slowly getting through the storm waters to the safety of the re-group, but alas, the torch light disappeared again. By this time the re-group hares were getting a little

worried that the flood waters may engulf them before they could make it to the safety of the pub, and they were more worried that Rover may have drunk all the supplies of Jail before they got there...

So off they trotted, the ill, lame and bedraggled, towards the safety of the CP and awaiting pub. As they got further and further along the track, they realised that Justin Thyme, Goldfish and Bog Snaffler had surely saved themselves from the flood waters and short cut back to the CP and wanted to ensure the safety of their pint of Jail and cheesy chips from the every growing numbers of hashers in the pub.

The final few hashers emerged off the moor and to the CP ready to get to the safety in the pub. So off they all drove, two by two to the pub where Rover and Anon were residing.

In the pub it became apparent that the supplies were diminished, Stannery had also been saved from the rising flood waters and were happily munching cheesy chips and drinking all the Jail!!! Anon bravely took one for the team, drinking the last of the Jail, while Crackle Snaffler and Fit Bit were fed the last of the cheese deprived chips.

And this morning as the sun shines, we are all safe and sound after the washout last night!

