

Attendees: Dallas, Goldfish, Pherognome, Soggy Bottom, Dead End (for show), Justin Thyme, Bog Snaffler, FitBit, Crackle Snaffler, Boot Basher, Good'n'Ard, Sugar Rush (on sticks!), Rover, HT2, Endo

Let's start the words at the end.

So, whilst sat enjoying a pint (or so) of rattlers in the white thorn enjoying my cheesy chips and gravy which were reluctantly shared with pheragnome and goldfish (causing me to buy a second helping) the hare of the night announces that there is no hare for next weeks hash and unless someone volunteers no hash will take place. The room falls silent and everyone looks around in hope that someone else will valiantly step in and offer their services. Not one for enjoying silence (or being able to remain silent for long periods) I involuntarily opened my mouth and before I knew it was not only agreeing to lay the hash for next week (will be seeking minions to help out of course) but told I also have to write the words for Fitbits hash!! So here we are! (I have come to the conclusion that if I write a long essay of dribble it with either a, not be read, or b, never be asked to write the again, both of which are satisfying results! Huzzah!!

So turning the clock back to the beginning of the 'meet' we were all entertained by a policeman in uniform showing us his shovel in the back of his boot along with other items of torture. He then curb crawled alongside myself and soggy bottom before being called off on more urgent matters. As for the rest of the pack, they all headed off getting lost in the sky high bracken with the occasional flash of bright green and the occasional visible shocking pink of the hares attire. Lots of running took place over ankle turning clumps of earth, through soggy bogs and river crossings. A delightful basket of goodies was presented and devoured at re group before everyone headed off again.

The hash finished with everyone throwing themselves into the river before stripping off in the car park causing other passing cars to slow and wonder if they should join in. ... (oh no, that's another story!) anyhow, most of us then headed off to the pub.

Next weeks hash will be from four winds car park with an optional swim at re group in foggintor quarry. Sweeties for all those who participate.

On down will be the Prince of Wales Princetown.