



## Dobby Has High Hopes

*Grand Master: Beast, Hare Razors: HT2 & Endo,  
Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag: Good'n'Ard,  
Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor:  
Wimpout*  
[drakeh3.co.uk](http://drakeh3.co.uk)

### Upcoming Runs:

**Date:** 1<sup>st</sup> November 2021

**Location:** Sharpitor CP (SX 560 709)

**On Down:** Walkhampton Inn (a *chips-only* affair  
(fine by me))

## Post Mortem - Run #1922

**Hare:** (The) Beast

**Hashers:** HT2 & Endosperm, Goldfish, Dallas, Pherognome, Justin Thyme (Well-in Thyme), Bog Snaffler, Crackle Snaffler, Deadly, Sugar Rush, Spruce Goose, Glowing Green Dog

The HGV crisis is now hitting close to home. No Hashers' Goods Vehicles were able to restock Beast's woody coffers, and so he was forced to lay a trail with only enough sawdust to fill his man-bag. This would explain the hare's sheepishness (more on that later) at the hush. That, or he was hiding his excitement before springing his prank: "On's that way!" he says, pointing us over the road. Then as soon as our backs are turned, he legs it the other way. Legend.

And he would've got away with it, too! If it weren't for those meddling kids-who-don't-want-to-be-lorry-drivers, for the thimbles of fluff they failed to find. Having overestimated our competency, the hare gave a reluctant "on-on" and brought us ~~back~~ onto the trail below Saddle Tor. We couldn't possibly acknowledge the fact that there was sawdust visible, so we distracted ourselves with talk of Dune and Zappa until we were happily lost again, and every call of "loooking" made the hare's eye twitch.

I think there was a regroup, but it had no sweets, and so it has been blanked from my memory.

Plodding on, bereft of sugar, we were all suddenly overcome with the stench of death. Possibly a sheep, who had dared to nibble on a pinch of precious dust, and incurred Beast's wrath.

**Goldfish** took a good sniff and dreamt of mutton.

All was going well for a while, until we reached... the end? We had been managing to follow single flakes of sawdust, fifty metres between each one, but now even these had dried up on the downhill from Saddle Tor.

Or it may have been that **Loupy**, deprived of his vittles, had resorted to eating the trail itself (here caught in the act).

Whatever the case, the cars were seen, and on-home called, and so to the on-down at the Ruggle, where more was brought to light, which possibly should have remained in the dark.

There was talk of hot tubs, and how good they are in the snow, and how good they are as a substitute for toilets, according to **Dallas**.

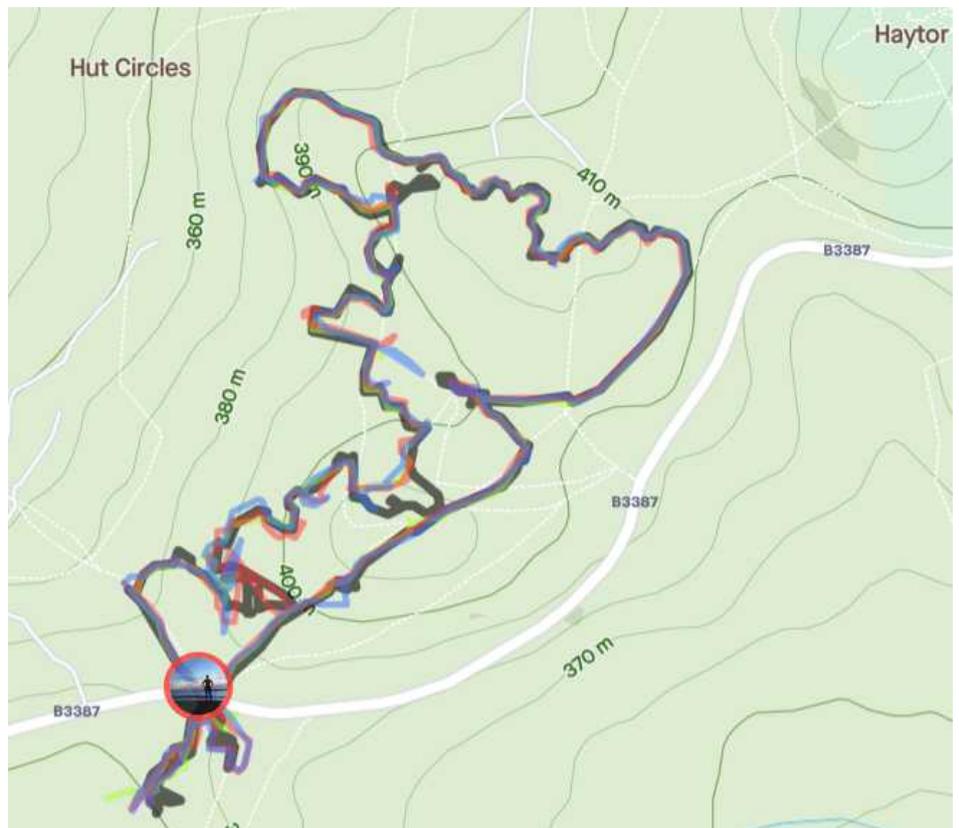


**HT2** relayed that she and **Deadly** had summited Saddle Tor, meeting **Spruce** and **Sugar Rush**, where they spied us below at the regroup. Overcome with excitement she propelled her crutches in our direction, only for us to bugger off when she was yards away. Nothing personal, HT, there was just nothing keeping us there (*harumph*).

I also have noted down, “Hare tripped over huge pile of horse sh\*t on open ground”, so, let that be known.

A thoroughly rubbish hash it was. Nobody even got lost.

*(magical mystery tour, seen right)*



And before I forget: a message from our illustrious Hare/GM, for anyone who has any other feedback regarding sawdust and sweets:

