



## Daft Hippy He He

*Grand Master: Beast, Hare Razors: HT2 & Endo, Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag: Good'n'Ard, Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor: Up for grabs*

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### Upcoming Runs:

**Date:** 31<sup>st</sup> January 2022 – **Live Hash!**

**Location:** Pew Tor (SX 526 732)

**On Down:** Walkhampton Inn

## Post Mortem - Run #1935

**Where:** Western Machinery Gate, OD Anchor Inn, Ugborough

**Hare:** (The) Beast

**Hashers:** HT2 & Endosperm, Woof Woof, Goldfish, Dallas, Pherognome, Bog Snaffler, Loupy, Crackle Snaffler, Boot Basher, Deadly, and anyone else who was hidden in the corner.

Disembowelling my last set of words for these ones, they were *also* for a **Beast** run, and *also* on down to the **Walkie**. Truly a deja-vu in the Matrix. They were *also* for a **Beast** run, and *also* on down to the **Walkie**. Truly a deja-vu in the Matrix.

The hash began before the hash, as a hash was made of picking a parking spot. With a wide range of level and wide-open bays to choose from in the moonscape that is Western Machinery Gate, someone decided the best parking spot was the one at the bottom of a small cliff. The giveaway should have been the air time felt as the back wheels were reversed over the edge, but hey-ho, in for a penny, in for a pounding. With the car clinging on with its two front teeth, we were ready to run.

Poor excuses from the hare included weather-that-didn't-happen, and actually-being-dead. Plus, a fore-warning that the run had to be made short – with no regroup – to get to the pub in time for chips, which seems to be happening a lot lately. At this rate, the running part of the hash will just be the truffle-shuffle from the car park to the bar.

Warnings ignored, we headed inevitably uphill and north-east; found some dust, lost it, somehow lost it again, and found it, setting up the theme for the trail, as the dust wound erratically o'er the hills and trails, lending credence to the possibility that **Beast** may *actually* have been dead whilst laying. The trail became easier to follow once we noticed the chunks of half-decomposed flesh.

At one point **Crackle** discovered a bright-green tennis ball among the tussocks, and immediately tried to clock **Goldfish**, who swam away uphill.

Halfway round and from the darkness comes **Bog Snaffler**, late to the party, but having had a good start straight up the hill to meet us, so all he could say to “Where’ve you been?” was “*GuH-HIC-GuH-HIC-*” (*that’s meant to be heavy breathing, of course*).

And so before we knew it, we found ourselves back at the gate. This was far too soon for **Loupy**, who shot off once more up the hill, followed by absolutely no-one, because chips.

Before anything else though, the pit crew had to come in, to the pit, and oik out the beached auto by lifting it from inside the wheel arches as it rolled forward. If you want to know who was involved in this operation, keep an eye out for a couple of people with Sideshow-Bob-feet.

Whizzing off to the Anchor Inn in Ugborough, the ghetto hashers were in awe at the swanky interior. It was certainly no spit’n’sawdust like the Ruggle. High-brow conversation was held, elsewhere in the world, whilst we tarnished the swanky interior with innuendos and tickle-fights and laughed at pictures of tiny horses. Three hours later we were joined by **Loupy**, who had had a little adventure getting lost on the way back down the hill. Classic **Loupy**.

Rubbish in all of course. Have a picture of horse.

On On,  
Pherognome



*Actual size  
(of beast) - courtesy of **Woof Woof***



*Actual sighs  
(from **Beast**)*