



## Duuuuu HHH

*Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor:  
FitBit, Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag:  
Good'n'Ard, Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious  
Advisor: Wimpout  
[drakeh3.co.uk](http://drakeh3.co.uk)*

### **Upcoming Run #1900:**

**Date:** 24<sup>th</sup> May 2021

**Location:** Burrator Quarry CP

**On Down:** The Withenfield Arms

## **Post Mortem - Run #1899**

**Hare:** Bog Snaffler

**Hashers:** Beast(!), Goldfish, Pherognome, Loupy, FitBit, Justin Thyme, Dead End, TDD, Good'n'Ard, Gully Bull **Amblers/Pub-Dwellers:** Deadly, Dallas, In'tit'Deep

**Where:** Sharpitor Car Park

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Ah!.. Oh.. What a strange dream.. I saw the Moors become Munros, Brooks become Burns, and as I climbed Sheepstor it grew and grew into Sgùrr na Steepstòr, with endless false summits and a treacherous snow cap, then as I hauled myself over the top, who should be there waiting but **Dishy** and **Greensleaze**, hands on hips and grinning, leaning forward as they ominously whisper: "*Backcheck*".

I came to in a van near Sharpitor, and saw glorious in the dusk the erratic, rubbery stretching of **Good'n'Ard**, and knew all was as it should be.

The hare gathered the rabble for circle-time, and gave some instructions and important notes which we all decided to let our subconscious deal with, though it turned out our subconsciouses were thoroughly unconscious, as every novel aspect of the trail left us surprised and confused as lost lambs.

Unfortunately whilst in Dreamland I'd missed seeing **Justin Thyme** in his final sheep form before being shorn, though it's nice to know that in the renewed post-pandemic community spirit of DIY and waste-not-want-not, the hair was donated to the Ashburton village hall, where it was knitted by nannies into fourteen sweaters and a snood, and the beard hair has been upcycled into a range of *Luxury Artisan Scouring Pads*.

Having caught up on the important news, the hare flailed his arm vaguely northwards-ish and we were off up to Leeden Tor – Well, all except In'tit'Deep, who had the most absurd excuse to get out of running, something along the lines of “I’m carrying another human”. And I’m sure as he passed me I heard **Good’n’Ard** mutter what sounded like, “you think that’s bad, I’m carrying a Spag Bol and half a pack of custard creams”. Don’t quote me on that, but I’m pretty sure that’s verbatim.

Nary a minute into the run and the absent GM had developed FOMO, and teleported in via video to **FitBit**’s phone for a vicarious hash, and immediately felt right at home as we scabbled among scree, calling, “*Looooking*”. This went on until **Loupy**, thinking no-one was watching, pulled a handful of sawdust from his pocket, threw it between himself and Leeden Tor, and called “Ooh! On this way!”. And so we continued with utter integrity, bounding along the track, and missing a right turn for our sins. After a brief stint in the eastward bog, and a punishing stretch of tarmac, we re-grouped south of Black Tor. Here, **Justin Thyme** wandered off for a wazz by the water where, he later told us, he came across a geezer which, he said, he stuck his hand in and pulled a stone out of. This was quite distressing because we thought he meant he’d bumped into **Beast** and cleaned out his kidneys, but of course he meant *geyser* - though both are sometimes called Old Faithful.

On south from the check we went, along the Devonport Leat, bounding from one side to the other – we got quite good at this, and considered formalising the activity into a Leat Leap League, but saying the name out loud made us sound like we’d lost our faculties, so we decided against it. Coming to a check in Stanlake Plantation, the FRBs searched frantically for the trail as their lead dwindled away but, cunningly, the on was far enough west of the check that one would have to swap out their OL28 map for a 108, just as **Boggy** planned. This took us to the final climb to Sharpitor, with a downhill sprint on the north side. Those who hadn’t cartwheeled themselves into a paste on the rocky slope wished they had when, in the midst of a full-body bend to don socks, it was noticed that a perfectly circular patch of translucency had developed on the rear of **Justin Thyme**’s undergarments. No-one was more appalled than **FitBit**, who grabbed a few snaps on her phone, “to show to the police”, she said.

The walkers, of course, had beaten us all back to the car park, which was just as well, as the door to a certain vehicle belonging to the **Beast** had been left wide open the whole time, much to the delight of **Deadly**, who took the opportunity to do great mischief, which I imagine means setting the volume to MAX, and removing the preset for Radio 4.



On Down, then, to the Walkhampton, where Rudolph has done a wonderful job sprucing up the executive external eating area, including the addition of what appeared to be a boxing ring. And the twinkling fairy lights, strewn around the undercover area where we sat, may have lent something to our Quote of the Hash when, talking about the frequency and severity of man-flu, **In'tit'Deep** said of **Gully Bull**: “He doesn’t go down often, but when he does, he goes down hard.”

Well that explains something.

On on,

Pherognome



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