



**D**oughy **H**umans **H**allucinating **H**edgehogs

*Grand Master: The Beast, Hare Razorz: Endo & HT2, Hash Cash: Pheregnome, Hash Haberdash: Rover*

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**Upcoming Runs:**

**Date: 10/01/2021**

**Location:** Hembury Woods (SX 730 679)

**On Down:** Dartbridge Inn, Buckfastleigh

## Post Mortem - #1932

**Hare(s):** Crackle Snaffler

**Hashers/Walkers:** Boot Basher, Dallas, Goldfish, Gullybull, Justin Thyme, Oaty, Pheregnome, Sugarrush, Tumbleweed, Wanksy.

**Where:** Jennycliff (SX 492 523)

First hash of the year! We arrived at the Jennycliff car park to find the usual smattering of doggers, teenage miscreants and prostitutes (none of whom were running). I guess it's nice to have commanding views of Plymouth whilst your face is being knocked against the windscreen.

As for the hashers, there were admissions of overindulging in Christmas pudding, mince pies and Christmas cake. We set off on the first run on the year feeling heavier and more sluggish than normal. Crackle, Oaty and Boot Basher had laid a trail full of zigzags, loops and back checks, which Crackle kept sending us down with an evil glint in her eye (or it could have just been her head torch).

The Longs almost immediately saw the lights of what they thought was a pub, but were disappointed to learn that it was just a festive wagon in someone's back garden. Goldfish caught a whiff of washing powder. "Is it me?" he wondered aloud, but one sniff of the armpit confirmed that sadly, it was not.

Meanwhile, the Shorts plunged down a hill path full of brambles, only to find a back check at the bottom. They hid from the Longs in the hedge on the way back up to ensure that everyone could enjoy being ripped apart by thorns. Both Twins (Sugar Rush and Tumbleweed) were in attendance and one, who shall remain nameless to protect her identity, told Crackle to "fuck off" if she thought she was going to wade through brambles in shorts.

We headed back into the open for a seemingly endless series of zigzags up and down the same hill. Thankfully, these were interspersed with bench rests. We were shocked to learn of the tragic passing of Tarzan in 2020 from a DIY memorial sign. A freak dogging accident, perhaps? In any case, he is swinging on vines, beating his chest and warbling with the angels now.

Then came a protracted back check along the coastal path, muddy and full of "bastard steps". Some of us almost threw up our mince pies attempting to climb them. The purists among us then retraced our steps rather than escaping on to the road.

Back in the car park JT mentioned that he had proposed to Wanky on Christmas Day, in-between preparing the roast potatoes and gravy. Wanky said yes and she wasn't even drunk, although she was still in her dressing gown. My spies tell me the engagement chat continued in the pub. One hasher was proposed to drunk over the phone, with another admitting to proposing via text, his intended victim not even realising she was being propositioned!

~ Wanky (on behalf of JT, who is preoccupied by trying to put up a kitchen cabinet and mostly illiterate anyway.) On-on!

