

D_{urp} **H**_{unge} **H**_{arlickers}

Next: 7.30pm 24th January 2022

Location: Lane above Western Machinery 658573

Hare: The Beast

On Down: The Anchor Inn, Ughborough

Post Mortem : Gullybull's Revenge , but definitely not a party. absolutely not-just a working run with limited and light refreshment. Your GM Had no idea it was planned. , Anyway I only ran the first 120 yds so it doesn't count . If it does, it was all the Hare Raisers fault so sack them.

Your scribe arrived at worryingly empty car park at around 7.22 pm. It had been a calm trip from Chateau Beast only enlivened by what I must admit was a bold overtaking manoeuvre around 2 cars behind a geriatricly slow gritting lorry just west of Cornwood. This caused some mainly negative reaction. **Gullybull** arrived after a last minute of sawdust tweaking and looked visibly concerned that the only hasher in view within 4 minutes to the off was **The Beast**. 'Please god', the hare was thinking, ' Someone else turn up or I am going to be out here all night.' Luckily for him the **Goldfish** bus whirred in, closely followed by **GoodnHard** and then the **Crackle/Bootbasher** posse.

The off was even more delayed whilst **Dallas** spent 10 minutes trying to decide which shoes would go with this particular trail (OK, trying to shade match with clay waste can be tricky). This meant that **Justin Thyme** could be considered only slightly late rather than horribly late, as the howl of tortured tyres and smoking brakes signalled his late arrival. Interesting light display from the **Crackle** and **Bootbasher** combo who appeared to have light sticks attached to each bicep - a sort of mobile roadworks look. Last time we started a trail from here, most of the runners were consumed by the fog and the landscape and never seen again. But hopefully not tonight – a beautifully clear starry firmament with a bright full moon. Bloody rubbish really. You could tell they

were pining for some good low cloud and a decent drizzle. Anyway, after the usual excuses from the hare (two sorts of sawdust, haemorrhoids, wrong sort of moonshine, wrestling with existentialism etc. etc.) he apologised unreservedly for anything which might have happened or could happen but would no way be his fault because he was very, very, very sorry.

So off in a southerly direction into the clay minefields. The FRBs were worked fairly hard by the hare whilst the old gits (you can probably guess who they were) were harangued by **Crackle** to follow the dust. Too old and hopefully too wise to follow her advice, the OGs and the peloton then came together at the top of the Tory Brook, a rather impressive stream filled gully. Obviously if I had been told about this gully I would not have followed the trail down its flanks. But having been assured that it did not contravene any laws of hashing I did run down it for a short while. Again, if anyone was to blame it was **Gullybull** ,who then showed a complete absence of shame in making us get our feet wet crossing the aforementioned stream. For partaking of this this crossing I apologise unreservedly but would wait until your committee meets to see who gets hung , drawn and quartered. Defo not me, coff.

After more FRB mayhem and old git SCBing , we all arrived for sweet R&R at the top of Crownhill Tor and admired the view and the moonlight on the clayworks. After much banter and apologies all round, we were off over Ridding Down to Tolchmoor Gate: the Old gits then back to the CP along the road and the FRBs via the huge fuck off clay waste mountain on the other side of the road. From the CP we watched the line of lights descending the steepest face of the huge clay mountain at what was obviously considerable speed. **Goldfish** subsequently admitted that nearly all participants had involuntarily used the arse brake technique in either one or two cheek configurations. Subsequently in the CP, **Dallas** whilst peering into the back of their van emitted a shriek of considerable volume and worrying signs of retching . **Goldfish** had dropped his kecks, bent over and presented his posterior to her enquiring whether she could see any damage. 'Well, we are married' was his excuse.

And so to the Moorland Hotel, where due to a slight DH3 overrun, we had gone beyond the cheesy chip curfew. Never mind, the quality of their Jail Ale made up for it. **Loupy**, after a very late appearance on trail, was then explaining how he did not bother to heat his house much. 15 c was plenty for his living area and chipping the ice in the toilet bowl was seldom a problem. **Goodnhard** then informed us that he liked talking to people, but since **Bootbasher** had well zoned out thinking of her summer holidays, only **Crackle** nodded as you do

whilst trying to remember if she had switched on her Strava earlier in the evening and left any food for the cat. **Pheronome** was slightly worried to find a not- quite- up- to -the brim pint waiting for him and vigorously quizzed **Goodnhard, Bootbasher** and **Crackle** as to whether they had already had a go at it. Don't worry **Phero** ,you have to wear union jack shorts for that to happen to you. **Justin Thyme** expanded on the pleasures of domestic bliss (well I think that's what he said) and **Gullybull** then sat back content in the knowledge that he given the troops an excellent run for their money and that he was returning to a warm home with the chance of a good meal and a child fast asleep -ah bliss. Your scribe deeply apologises for anything and everything that has happened in his words today and over the last two years and deeply regrets any errors of judgement. It was all someone else's fault.

ON ON