



## Drake Hash House Harriers

*Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor: Fitbit,  
Hash Cash: Pheregnome, Hash Tag: Good 'n' Ard,  
Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor:  
Wimpout*

[drakeh3.co.uk](http://drakeh3.co.uk)

### Upcoming Runs:

**Date:** 14<sup>th</sup> June 2021

**Location:** Gutter Tor CP (SX578673)

**On Down:** BYOB @ Gutter Tor CP

## Post Mortem - Run # 1902

**Hare(s):** Grizzly

**Hashers:** Could be a tricky one as I didn't take any notes! Bog Snaffler, Gullybull, InTitDeep (on the pootle), Tumbleweed's sister, Crackle Snaffler, Goldfish, Pherognome, Good'n'Ard, and two lovely people one of whom has hashed with us many times before and a friend who possibly hasn't – I'm very sorry but I didn't ask your names and I shall hang my head in shame for the duration of writing the words!

**Where:** Grenofen Bridge CP

The following words a little bit naff. However, by the time I realised this I was committed far too deeply and in for a penny and all that! They are of course inflicted on you all with zero remorse...

*To be sung aloud, earnestly, to the tune of 'Mamma Mia'. Backing track can be found here (no corner cutting!): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zxt6EF2qf5g>*

We'd been waiting on Grizzly for not very long,  
When he huddled us in and called out 'On, on!  
'Look at the ground, will you ever learn?  
I don't know how you suddenly lose the trail.  
Well, there's some sawdust just in that vale.'

'This way's on' we could hear Phero scream.  
'Are you sure as this track stops at the steam? W-o-o-o-oh'

Gully Bull, there he goes again.  
What a guy, how's his legs not seized up?  
Crackle Snaffler, where's she gone again?  
My, my, she's found another short cut!

Yes, we got sweets and parted,  
Up a hill before we had started.  
Ow! Why, did you let that hawthorn go?  
To the river, did the hashers flow.  
My! My! Where did my testis go?

We left the water to run up another big cliff.  
Some FRBs loved the climbs and others were pissed!  
That's just a joke, we're all game for more,  
Everyone knows that we'd get bored on the flat too long.  
The hills fill our lives with song!

I think I may have lost my way just a bit,  
The end to these words are almost certainly s\*\*\*. W-o-o-o-oh

Gold-fish! Off he goes again,  
Fast on land, but wobbly in the water.  
InTitDeep? Oh, we're home again,  
Wait, stop! There's still time for swimming.

We've missed the pub on Mondays,  
But with prices that skewered our brains,  
I think it's lime and soda next time!  
Wait a minute! There's more song left,  
Oh well, it's ten forty-five now!  
Bog Snaffler! Something or another,  
On, on! See you at the Gutter Tor.