



Drake Hash House Harriers

*Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor:
FiBit, Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag:
Good'n'Ard, Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious
Advisor: Wimpout
drakeh3.co.uk*

Upcoming Runs:

Date: 5th July 2021

Location: Long Ash

On Down: Car park picnic if it's dry, Chez Boggy if not

Post Mortem - Run #1905

Hare: Gully Bull

Hashers: Bog Snaffler, Crackle Snaffler, Dallas, Dead End, Endosperm, Goldfish, Good'n'Ard, HT2, Intit Deep, Justin Thyme, Loupy, Pherognome, Rover, Spruce Goose

Amusement began before even arriving, as we found ourselves followed toward Sampford Spiney by one **Dead-End**, until we turned off, and he did not. Oh dear. Despite then being held up by rural traffic on four legs, we arrived to find no sign of him, and could only assume he must have fallen prey to his namesake once again. A far-away cry of "Nooooo!" confirmed our suspicion.

Before we knew it – yet also four minutes late, ahem – we were sent straight across the Grimstone leat to noodle around the hillside, and noodle we did, for somewhere around the old quarry, the sawdust abruptly ended. The reason, it turned out, was perfectly understandable – **Gully** had delegated the laying of this section to his child, who had struggled to lay any sawdust, on account of being in utero. Nevertheless, the FRBs ploughed ahead the only way they know how: straight up the tor, where they happened to see the zig-zagging sawdust, and promptly flew straight past it to the gert big rock, and a regroup.

Here **Dallas** joined us, having left what she called 'The 3 Ps: Pre-op, Post-op and Pregnant', or as it says on their birth certificates, **HT2**, **Intit Deep**, and **Endo** – not necessarily in that order. Below the tor, on the return leg of his journey, **Rover** accepted the offer to have regroup sweets fired into his mouth from afar, and in a recreation of a scene from Blue Planet, was not unlike a basking shark, catching gobfuls of flying fizzy fish.

On North we were pointed, when **Justin Thyme** asked about a tor in the far distance – Cox tor, as it turned out. When the hare informed him we would not be going there, JT became most upset, and labelled the hare a Cox tease.

After a speedy second half, we on-downed once more at the Walkhampton, where the words wrote themselves: **HT2** made it clear she would rather have one that's too big than too small, **Rover** planned to re-invigorate his hip with a syringe-full of Jail, and someone else recounted a tale of how, whilst stroking their youngun's head to get them to sleep, they themselves drifted off to dreamland, and found themselves instead stroking the head of one Erling Haaland. I wish I knew who it was that said this, but I just can't remember; I'll have to think about it good and hard...

On on,
Pherognome

P.S.

Very well done to Crackle Snaffler, FitBit, Dead-End and Soggy Bottom, on completing the Ham to Lyme 50k! If you're worried the hash will be too short for you now, fear not, I have laid an Ultra Long / Short split – I didn't have enough sawdust but just follow signs for Okehampton and you'll be golden.



(Photo stolen from Crackle's Strava)



Erling Haaland, in need of a head stroking