



Mango's Daddy

Drake Hash House Harriers

Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler

Hash Cash: Pherognome

Hare Razor: FitBit

drakeh3.co.uk

Upcoming Runs

Date: 26 April 2021 – Four Winds

What3Words: strain:indicate:obstruct

Grid Ref: SX56061 74882

On Down: In the shelter of the wall near the cars

Post Mortem - Run 1895

Hare(s): HT2, Endo, Deadly

Hashers: HT2, Endo, Deadly, Good N Ard, Grizzly, Oaty, Trudi-liciously-scrumptious, Mango's Daddy, Voldemort, Justine-Thyme, Goldfish, Dallas...(Apologies if I've missed anyone – but you know, I'm justifiably using the "I wasn't doing the words" excuse.

Where: Brisworthy Plantation

The astute amongst you will note that FitBit is, again, the author of the lies. This is because HT2 has a pressing engagement necessitating a last-minute change of plan. AKA she lays FitBit's Hash and FitBit lays hers but apparently FitBit also writes the lies.

HT2 kindly agreed to lay the Hash at FitBit's chosen location – which after some confusion was indeed confirmed as Brisworthy Plantation. On arrival it became apparent that the Hash was split between the "will take the risk" and the "won't take the risk" gang. The risk-takers skillfully negotiated the chasm between the road and the car park. The risk averse risked roadside parking. Wimps.

The throng were dully assembled some distance from the carefully selected what3words site and set off in an unusually downwards direction! There commenced some of the usual sawdust hunting, some road crossing and which eventually led us to the regroup. Justine (not sure where Justin has gone, but his sidekick's hair is on point) demonstrated her acrobatic skills and the tree thankfully withstood her attempts to bring it to the ground. HT2 got excited and filmed things. The results of this are available via FaceBook and have been submitted to the Oscars committee.

Then, horror or all horrors... a ROAD RUN! (FitBit made a mental note never to include a road in future Hash's – this was decidedly off.)

There commenced a most amusing series of checks. Off went the FRBs gleefully chasing one another. Stopped were the FRB's. Spread out were the FRB's...one is victorious and off they all trot again only to be stopped. Again. And again. Highly amusing to watch.

Back at the Car Park, the brave were joined by the fearful for drinks in the dusk and the Army appeared but soon disappeared on account of their you can't see me suits doing the right thing.

On on Fitbit

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