



D_{rake} **H**_{ash} **H**_{ouse} **H**_{arriers}

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

Upcoming Runs:

Date: 20/09/2021

Hare : Soggy Bottom

Location : TBC (It will be western moor not the dark side)

On Down: TBC

Post Mortem - Run # 1916

Hare: Endo, HT2 and Woof Woof

Hashers: Endosperm, Justin Thyme, Crackle Snaffler, Goldfish, Pherognome, Wimpers, Deadly.

Walkers: Spruce Goose, Boot Basher, Sugar Rush. **Pub dwellers:** Wimpout.

Venue : Cold East Cross (well 0.7km north)

A very important announcement before I get onto the boulders and bogs.

In'Tit'Deep and Gully Bull welcomed a little baby boy into the world at 14:24 on the 15th September. Mummy, daddy and baby (yet to be named) are all home and doing well! CONGRATULATIONS!!!



Now, onto the lies and ludicrousies (it's a word for the words before the spelling police pipe up) of Monday night.

Monday night was not the glorious weather we had hoped for, it was more like a Soggy Bottom hash... So before we started we were all counted in and out and in again with varying totals being called by the increasingly confused hares (apparently the didn't want to loose any of us?)

Off we trotted across the road (rubbish) and off into the wilderness, round in circles, and back on ourselves. With numerous checks, back checks and strange loops where a spikey bush had halted the hares progress and they had to back track to avoid the obstacle.



We went up up up to a RG and a smug looking Deadly... what was he doing with a small bag of sawdust we asked and we ran off at breakneck speed down a hill away from a still smug Deadly... OH... That would be why... A beautiful about turn, back up the hill we trotted with less enthusiasm. On to another RG where HTT disappointed the weary with a lack of edible treats to re-energise the troops. Oh well... upwards and onwards. Now by this point the sun had decided it was going to bed... through the rain we were none the wiser (except I

was unable to see, having not put lenses in and wearing glasses I was slightly blind). So the hash went on (we were at over 4 miles by this point) with JT cheerily mentioning that he knew exactly where we were and that the cars were 180° from the direction we were heading, on the hash went, into the nearly dark night.

So, on a nearly dark, dark moor there was a nearly dark, dark hash and on the nearly dark, dark hash there was a dark, dark bog, and in the nearly dark, dark bog there were some dark, dark obstacles and through the dark, dark obstacles there was a dark, dark squelch and in the dark dark squelch.... Five hashers hid!

The hash was a little epic, finishing in complete darkness and fog (typical Dartmoor weather). But the warm and welcoming pub awaited us all and welcomed with cheesy chips and full (apart from Rover's) pint glasses.

Next week's hash will be laid by Soggy Bottom and will be from 7pm, everyone is hopefully the weather holds out and we get one last lightish hash in before the dark dark nights.

PLEASE BRING A HEAD TORCH!!!

On on!

Crackle Snaffler