



Darling **H**ere's **H**alogen **H**enas

*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: 31/05/2021

Location: Bel Tor Car Park (SX 740 743)

On Down: Tavistock Inn, Poundsgate

Post Mortem - Run # 1900

Hare(s): Dallas (deftly delegated to Pheregnome & Made Marion)

Hashers/Walkers/BBQ Attendees: Beast, Boggssnaffler, Boot Basher, Dallas, Deadly, Fitbit, Good 'n' 'Ard, Gullybull, Justin Thyme, Loupy, Mr Fitbit (unnamed), Pheregnome, Rover, Tori (Unnamed Sister of Tumbleweed), Wimpers, Wimpout, Anyone else I couldn't see in a photo as I didn't make notes (apologies).

Where: Burrator Quarry (SX 658 572)

No childish laughter that the What 3 Words reference for tonight's hash venue was "Displays Flesh Unimpeded" please (coincidentally this phrase also made the short list for Drake Hash's mission statement).

As a hasher known for his punctuality, I was shocked when at 7:32 just as we were about to "On that way", a car turned into the car park containing a new face, or a face that looked quite a bit like Tumbleweed actually. It turned out to be her sister joining us for the first time. She insisted she didn't suffer from the attraction to injury (like a moth to a flame) of Tumbleweed but she was limping by the end so that seemed like a lie.

Away we went, south towards the River Meavy and to an early Long/Short split. Following the long trail from here, past some strange runes and the longs found themselves back at the split. After no sign of the shorts or the hare and some head scratching, the short was followed and the hare was sighted who took us on another "nice loop" and explained that Stannary H3 also had a trail in the area. The strange runes we had passed were actually the letters SH3 by their blobs. Some people obviously have too much time and sawdust on their hands!

Speaking of the hares, Made Marion couldn't be there as he was "moving house" which when you live on the high seas, apparently involves checking that the water will be deep enough for

your home (seems like something that should have come up much earlier in the process). Pheregnome was recently back in Devon, having been deported from Scotland for failing to maintain the mandatory minimum Irn Bru consumption upon which occupancy is predicated! Naturally any blame for poor quality parts of the trail was pre-placed on the absent hare who couldn't protest.

Heading north above the reservoir, with a quick stop for a nice sit on the bench and a handily marked view point, then along the leet to a regroup avec refreshments of the jellied variety (as is the custom).

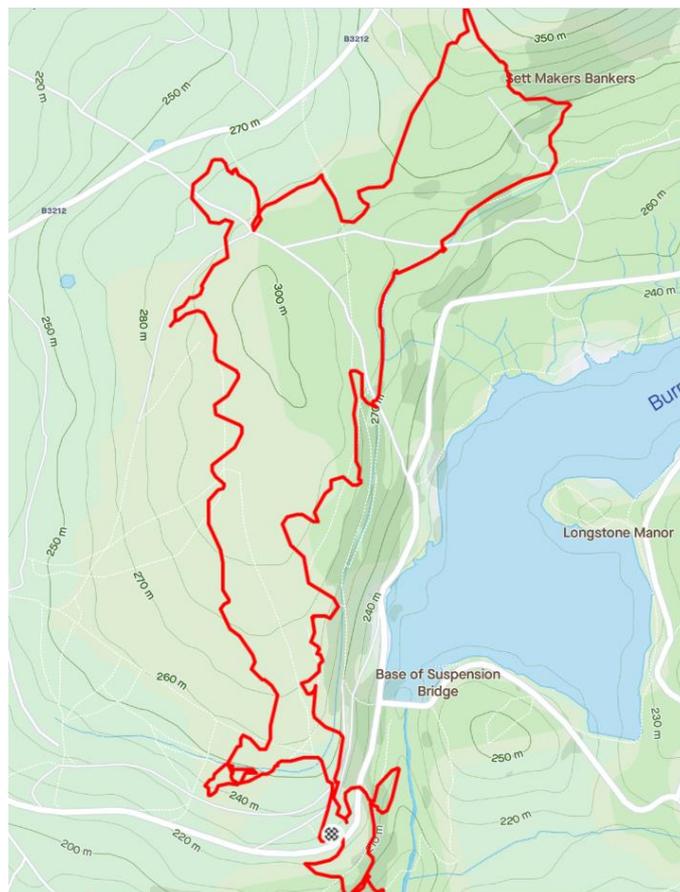
After the re-group, with our jaws wired shut with gelatin, we were rewarded with a lot of up, through the woods of Peekhill Plantation Up, and then part way up Peek Hill itself ("surely he won't take us all the way up"), then back down through the plantation left us running out of time and quite a way from our starting point. A lot of running later (via Lowery Cross and Yennadon Down), and with Goldfish peeling off to go and light the BBQ, we found ourselves out of breath, and back at the cars.

Back to the wonderful hospitality of chez Dallas/Goldfish/Pheregnome for well-earned hot dogs, chilli, cheesy chips, baked potatoes and beer. It's lovely that things are starting to get back to normal!





Route as run by your scribe:



On-on, Justin Thyme