

North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 9/Mar/08

Run: 1481

Crookham Village Wharf

Hare: Self-Inflicted

Schooner's Testimonial?

We all managed to squeeze into a car-park that was just a tad too small considering that we had to share it with the operators of a bar-b-cue that the Hare, **Self-Inflicted**, appeared to have laid on for us. However, before he was showered with gratitude for his thoughtfulness, it became apparent that this facility had nothing to do with his trail, but belonged to some family group hoping to have a quite Sunday morning by the Basingstoke Canal - they picked a bad day! However, it didn't deter your scribe from requesting no onions with his burger, thank you, as he legged it out of the car park. Whilst awaiting the Hare's complicated briefing, we were treated to a splendid performance of the overture from Carmen by **Fruit 'n' Chum**, who was obviously desperate to get underway.

Down the road towards the village we dashed, before hanging a left into an un-adopted lane that led out across some fields. The exit from the field onto the adjacent road was closed off by a temporary arrangement of stock fencing and stakes, which **Fruit 'n' Chum** easily managed to demolish by pushing his way through a gap that was far too small for him. He should have followed the example set by **Scrappy**, who as usual behaved immaculately. From the wreckage of the above fencing, the trail led down to regroup on a bridge over the canal by a winding point, and **Fruit 'n' Chum** again indicated his intention to win the "Hasher of the Trail" award by plunging into the canal after stones thrown by his master **Haagen Dash**, who didn't appear to realise that the stones would sink before his loyal hound could get to them. **Fruit 'n' Chum** then won everyone's approbation by shaking himself all over **Nettles**.

The On was eventually called by **No Entry** after he had gone some 300 yards down the canal tow-path, **Mary** having travelled even further in precisely the

opposite direction. Once we left the towpath after about 17 miles, the flour blobs became rather few and far between, but the trail went through some fine shiggy only to lead to a false trail, requiring the FRB's to re-trace their steps back through the shiggy - shame! **Self-Inflicted** retrieved the situation by a well contrived and very welcome short cut which led eventually to a regroup with liquid refreshments. From this point, the pack was offered three options - the full trail, a short-cut and a very short-cut, and the pack fragmented. By this stage it was starting to rain, so decisions were made, and off we set again. Your scribe opted for the short-cut, so is unable to pass judgement on the rest of the main trail, or the ineptitude of those who undertook it. Suffice to say that we all eventually found our way back to the car-park, where **No Entry's** performance in the circle was considered a poor substitute for the bar-b-cue, which had disappeared. **Haagen Dash** was dragged back into the car-park by **Fruit 'n' Chum**, who was clearly hell bent on imposing his superiority over mankind, but all he got for his trouble was a promise to be enrolled in Dog Borstal, with several sessions with the Dog Whisperer.

Various down-downs were awarded, but the Hash technology had failed by that stage, so there is no record of the subsequent ritual humiliation. However, it is safe to assume that a D/D was awarded to **Self-Inflicted** for a half decent attempt at a trail - thank you, young Sir. By the time the circle had been completed, **Centre of Attraction** and **Fruit 'n' Nut** had not returned, and a search party was being organised when they duly appeared. No explanation was offered as where they had been together, or what they had been doing: perhaps it was just as well that **Centre of Attraction** had **Scrappy** along to act as chaperone!

See y'all - **Bidet**

P.S. Anyone seen **Charmaine Chardonnay** - it's her turn to do a run report!