

North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 27/Apr/08

Run: 1489

Gracious Pond

Hares: Hippo & Hobble

Summer was nice while it lasted!

Anyone bored enough to have to seek their entertainment from the website would have noticed that the promised triple dose of scribes' ramblings, ingeniously devised by Scribette last week, had failed to materialise, your Chief Scribe's offering being recorded in magnificent isolation.

Twenty three participants, including visitors **Clogs** and **Non-Stick**, three sproggs, **Fruit 'n' Chum** and assorted chariots, packed into the car-park at Gracious Pond, a venue specifically requested by our illustrious **Grand Master** (or should that be **Mistress?**). What a shame then that she failed to parade for duty! During the usual pre-trail briefing, **Schooner** amused the infants by lying full length in a large, muddy puddle, which gave him just the excuse he needed to leap joyously into Gracious Pond itself, which we came to 100 yards after leaving the car-park. The trail went through some woods showing early signs of bluebell infestation, and out across large expanses of pastures inhabited by numerous horses, leading to a regroup at Langshot Equestrian Centre.

Dickhead caused a biological/chemical warfare alert by removing his shoes and socks to remove a piece of wire that was causing the poor lad discomfort - one of the hazards of cleaning your hashing footwear with a wire brush. **Bidet** did his usual Walter Raleigh bit to get some of the girlies, who didn't want to get their tootsies wet, over a tasty little water feature: there must be a forfeit to pay one day, but **Bidet** hasn't yet decided what it will be. This was followed by an official short cut, supervised by **Hippo**, leaving the full trail to **Hobble**, not known for endurance over greater distances at the best of times. **Hare Hippo** required that the run report should recognise the great self-sacrifice and public-spirited determination of 'Er **Indoors** in checking in the wrong direction from the re-group, in spite of energetic attempts by many to

call her back. From the re-group, **Silvier** and **Nettles** took off at pace, clearly racing, the rest of the pack following in their wake as we set out across the flat, open expanse of Chobham Common in all its watery and muddy glory. At this point **Mountain Rescue** opted for an impromptu short cut, on the basis of too much curry for lunch. **Bidet** opted for the same short cut on the basis that he could not, in all conscience, leave **Mountain Rescue** un-chaperoned on the same remote path as **Leg Over** and **'Er Indoors**.

Back in the car park, **Fruit 'n' Nut** produced an electronic fart detector, which immediately inspired **Wheelie** to carry out some field trials. The R/A awarded **Down-Downs** as follows:

Hares - **Hippo and Hobble**: **Clogs** - Stick collecting

Specky/Non-Stick/Nettles - Synchronised hashing - all going in the wrong direction together

Wardrobe - Passing her driving test first time (in spite of having hubby **Velcro** as her instructor - proving, yet again, that the age of miracles is not yet passed)

Tom - Soft and squishy - taking off his shoe and stepping in poo (rhyming hash notes - such quality!)

'Er Indoors - Something obscure about unlucky in love.

Then back to the Four Horseshoes in Chobham, where the consensus was that it was a half decent trail with just the right amount of shiggy. Many thanks, boys.

On-On

Bidet

Scribus Superbus