

North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 11/May/08

Run: 1491

Bentworth

Hares: Flying Doctor & Dickhead

Little known facts about Mother Nature

On a lovely evening, some 33 participants including brattage and hound paraded for duty amidst some beautiful countryside. **Schooner** had an early shock when he thought his lord and master was about to drive off from the car park without him, but **Haagen Dash** was only repositioning his pantechicon. **Flying Doctor**, obviously influenced by the splendid sunshine that had been enjoyed by all during the day, was attired as a legionnaire. Off we went, only for the first leg to end abruptly in a false, which brought the pack back to the start within 3-4 minutes. The sick, lame and lazy - like your scribe - had been sent off on the correct trail from the start, and were now leading the way across a large area of pasture of ultra-lush grazing.

The second check was outside the pub on the beautifully manicured village green in Bentworth, a peaceful idyll until the Hash arrived to spoil the tranquillity. At this point, the two hares found it necessary to have a debate on the relative merits of skimmed milk for making custard, before the pack became bored with the topic, and moved off down a track past Weller's Place Farm. The trail went through a dairy yard which only a few days previously would have been neat liquid slurry, but was by then reasonably firm underfoot, although still possessing its own distinctive aroma. Then more incredibly lush pastures led into some woods, expansively carpeted with bluebells, which the pack was pleased to note were the native English variety, not the foreign rubbish. Surprisingly, given the fact that **Bidet** has been boring folks to death on the subject since God was a boy, there were still some present who didn't know the difference. At the regroup to admire the bluebells, other strange unknown facts about Mother Nature emerged from a variety of sources - if you urinate on bluebells, they become cowslips; Mother Nature sites Doc leaves and nettles (the stinging variety, not our own skinny type) together; and God apparently created cowpats to facilitate hash trail laying across lush pasture

land. **Hippo** and **Leg Over** joined your scribe on a short cut home, and were eventually were joined by the rest of the pack - apart from **Scribette**, who turned up just in time to avoid a search party being sent out to look for her. The main points about the trail that stick in the mind? Fantastic bluebells, incredibly lush pastures, and more stiles than I've ever come across on one trail before. If John Buchan had been a local, his book about Richard Hannay would have been called "39 Stiles", not "39 Steps"!

Down-Downs: Hares: **Flying Doctor** and **Dickhead** - Ugly and Droopy?

Sugar Plum Fairy and **Old Thumper** - Not quite like Silver Fox?

Mary and **Seis Matters** - No secrets on the Hash (No I don't understand any of the above either, but that's what my machine recorded)

Luke - Hashy Birthday.

Later in the pub garden, speculation was rife and imaginative as to why **Flying Doctor** had **Nettles'** underpants in her bag.

A good effort, guys, many thanks.

On-On

Bidet

Scribus Superbus

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