

Northants Hash House Harriers

Sun 27/Jul/08

Run: 1504

The Moat, Elstead Common

Hare: Specky

Hot & Sweaty

This week's offering from **Specky** promised to be hot, sweaty, long and sandy, and so it turned out to be. Those with knowledge of this area will have experienced the tendency of Elstead Common's loose sand to give rise to a distinct impression of being knackered. However, such knowledge didn't deter 35 assorted hashers from gathering at the Moat car park, where, when he eventually returned, **Specky** gave an usually detailed briefing which included why his trail was likely to be a disaster - in spite of it being the third time he had laid it in a week.

A regroup after about 15 minutes provided some very welcome shade in some woodland in dappled sunshine, but **Silver Fox**, as usual, wasn't hanging around waiting at a regroup, and disappeared over the horizon. A consequence of this was that he was reported to the scribe by **Growler** for not calling - well, the dear girl hasn't been with us that long! The trail continued through the woodland to emerge onto the village green at Thursley, much to the bemusement of those playing cricket, who obviously wondered what these raving idiots were up to. A difficult check followed, with several who had good local knowledge applying it in entirely the wrong direction, but the trail was eventually found back onto the common. At this point, your scribe decide to apply his own local knowledge, and opted for a lengthy short cut back across Elstead Common. He came upon two riders, one of whom commented from atop his lofty mount "Oh, you're hash house harriers, aren't you - you fellows get everywhere"! By this stage your scribe was struggling to get his bearings, but Mr. Mounted Gentry kindly point out the direction to take to get back to the Moat.

The bulk of the pack was back in the car park within 75 minutes, but three notable exceptions were **Fruit 'n' Nut**, **Mike** (the boat), and **Silvier Fox**. The first two appeared from the road after a further 15 minutes, but of **Silvier Fox** there was no sign. Opinion was divided as to whether a search party should be sent out to look for him, or we should all just sod off to the pub. While these matters of great moment were being considered, **Flying Doctor** did her own thing, and went for a swim in the Moat, much to the consternation of the resident duck population. Eventually, a compromise had **Horn** blowing his equipment energetically for a few moments, while the **Hare** took his car off down the road towards Elstead, and **Goofy** and **Bidet** took their wheels in the other direction towards Churt. The **Goofy/Bidet** combination proved the winning one, and a very sweaty and knackered **Silvier** was found pounding along the road about half a mile from the car park, having apparently been up to the A3. His rescuers were expecting approbation and hero-worship for their selfless act, but received only abuse and ridicule.

Down-Downs were awarded to:

Goofy & Bidet - Finding Silvier Fox.

Silvier Fox - Making excuses.

Hobble & Tom - Kissing competition (which Tom won 21 - 0).

Hare - Specky

Fruit 'n' Nut - Hashy Birthday.

Good job, Specky - thanks.

Bidet

(Scribe par excellence)