

North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 28/Sept/08

Run #1513

White Hart, Holybourne

Hares: **Silvier Fox & Petal**

What a load of old Bull

A fine turnout of 39 participants included a record breaking youngest ever Hasher, five-day old **Robert**, courtesy of previous activities by mum and dad **Wardrobe** and **Velcro**. The early mist and drizzle had been dispersed by some very welcome sunshine, and a fine morning's hashing was in prospect. **Silvier's** briefing commenced with some excuses, which is never encouraging, but as things turned out, on the whole, things were ok. During the pre-run circle, the landlord's dog put in a brief appearance, but not so brief that he didn't have time to take exception to **Schooner's** testicles.

Off we went, soon turning out across open fields, following hedgerows to the first re-group, where the hares had indicated the walkers' trail branched off. At this point, hashers were checking in all directions, **Silvier** getting somewhat agitated when some FRB's found the walkers' trail and started off in the wrong direction. With Hashers wandering off in all directions looking for flour, **Silvier** gave his passable impression of a headless mother hen trying to keep a brood of one-legged blind chicks on the straight and narrow. At 11.45 a.m., we were still heading out, with no sign of the second re-group at which the medium length trail was supposed to start. What we did find, however, was a disgruntled local land owner, who insisted that we leave his land forthwith before he released his hounds. However, **Silvier** exercised his silver (how appropriate!) tongue, and crossed Mr Angry's palm with a cowpat, at which point Mr Angry relented and allowed us to continue along the trail to clear the forbidden territory.

Eventually, the second re-group was reached, and the medium trail was led off by **Petal**, while the hard bastards followed in **Haagen Dash** and **Schooner's** wake in a further lengthy loop around more large open fields. Your **scribe** had opted for the medium trail, and soon came upon a large dead rat in the middle of the path, much to **Leg Over's** disgust and abhorrence: it seems that rats are to **Leg Over** as dogs are to **Double Digits**. The difference is that **DD's** paranoia is improving, whilst the same cannot be said of her mum. The trail continued across a field full of cows, under the close supervision of a very large and mean looking bull. One of the harriets, who shall remain nameless to save her blushes, asked how we knew it was a bull, and others more reasonably asked why **Silvier** had missed the fact that the field was occupied as it was when he laid the trail. However, it gave **Hippo** the opportunity to demonstrate that even when wearing a surgical appliance that looked like one

leg from a Star Wars Storm Trooper, it was still possible to leg it swiftly over a barbed wire fence when necessary. Your **scribe** gave a fine example of predictive hashing to avoid the bovine warlord, and eventually all arrived safely back at base for the down-downs:

Silvier and Petal - Hares.

Sanyu - Lost property. Turned up wearing flip-flops (however unlikely that may seem - unless I completely mis-understood the RA's discourse).

Hippo - Bionic leg, and climbing the fence (see above).

Silvier Fox - The door's open but no-one's at home (left DH3 with car tailgate open). He was also awarded the Shit-Shirt (finally returned by **Nettles**) for being a hostage to fortune (no, I didn't understand that one, either).

Robert - Brand new hasher, five days old: also his "virgin" grandmother!

SPF, No Entry and Haagen Dash - Assorted anniversaries.

The consensus view was that despite early alarming excuses, it was a half decent trail. Thanks, guys.

Bidet

Duty Scribe

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