

Northants Hash House Harriers

Sun 26/Oct/08

Run: 1517

French Horn p/h, Alton

Hares: **Silvier**

Fox & Petal

First Serious Shiggy of the Season

What seemed like several days of determined precipitation promised a very wet trail with severe shiggy, and so it proved to be. Yorkie did his best to come up with an excuse for not taking part, claiming to have lost his car keys, thus, he obviously couldn't leave his car (actually, Mrs Yorkie's) unlocked and unattended. Goofy and Bidet did the decent thing, and spent about 20 minutes not being able to find them either, until they got bored, and left Yorkie to it. Readers will be pleased to know that the keys were later found under the car, but not so late as to rob Yorkie of his excuse for not running.

After the customary briefing from the Hares, we took off down the road towards the railway bridge and twin mini-roundabouts, where the Hares had thoughtfully arranged a police patrol to see us safely under the bridge. An alternative explanation for his presence could have been that he was anxious to see us off his patch as expeditiously as possible. Early parts of the trail were through housing estates, before tasking us out into the country and across very wet open fields, to a regroup which was the start of the short/long split. For some reason which now totally escapes me, Goofy decided that the time was right for a discussion on the difference in between the American and British pronunciations of the military rank of Lieutenant.

The long trail vanished into the outer regions of where-ever we were at that stage, and the short trail, which your scribe took with Velcro (m) and Mike, took to some hilly, very muddy tracks through some woods. Reaching a check point at which we totally failed to find anything even remotely resembling hash

trail markings, we gave it up as a bad job and opted to follow the route home suggested by Velcro's GPS thingey. It got us home ok, but not without first taking us through the sweetest shiggy encountered for many months.

Downs-Downs were duly awarded, but the only one I can remember apart from the Hares was for Yorkie and his lost keys. As I have said on previous occasions, if such details mean so much to you, perhaps you should have been there yourself, then I wouldn't have to tax my failing memory trying to remember them when I have forgotten my electronic memory aid!

Bidet Duty Scribe

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