

## Hash 484...Little Dartmouth...13<sup>th</sup> December 2006

Well, what can one say, as this little sheep was all on his own again!

Last week, my struggle to keep hashing with you wild cats was put to the test from Aveton Gifford, as I quickly became in between the front runners and the back chatterers, and very soon was hashing with another lonely soul - **Hue'n'Cry** - a test for any human. We strode out on the long, only because we both independently missed the L/S split. On & on & on & on & on through wind, rain, shaggy, hills, getting colder and colder - it took till 10pm to get back - two and a half hours. Only a port and brandy (should be a Hash couple) brought me back from hypothermia.

So this week I was looking forward to a social Hash. But I was doomed from the beginning, as I got stuck behind the Royal Procession of **Gingang-Goolie** waving at the peasants as they sedately cruised in their 4x4 carriage on the way to grid ref. 874491. So I watched the Hash run off as I fought to get my light to work. I set off with not a light in sight - then my mobile rang twice (I had only taken it for safety after last weeks' episode) bloody intrusive bits of technology! So I Hashed on my own. The marks were excellent, as they were last week. Gold medals should be given to **Big Bird, Wednesday and Fester**. All Hashers should note running solo happens and, in the dark wet winter, it's not easy or pleasurable when marks are erratically spaced, too far apart and without Xs. Every two steps is a pace and at every 10 paces there should be a mark on open ground - every 20 paces max. on roads. Try it on your own one dark night and you will understand. I heard you on the right, on the left, then ahead, but only when the longs caught up - **Endo** plus a few more - did I see another human being - he is human, isn't he?

Then there was the viewpoint - who needs anyone else with that view? Fantastic - on down to the creek - another magical sight and atmosphere with water lapping at the shores. At this point I thought I was in Kingswear Creek, but dreaming is not good for reality - I hadn't ferried across, so it was all deja-vu in the mind! Then up into woods, track where **Piddler** sped out of the dark - obviously not concerned about **Going Down** who caught me up later. At this point I went for sympathy and laid it on thick about medical handicaps - it worked! And I had her very nice company for the rest of the Hash!

When we arrived at the finish, all but 3 had buggered off to the pub - so I had to wait until the Green Dragon frivolities to learn of misdemeanours. Stories included: **Cowpat** using local knowledge to lead **Gump** astray - but then she'll lead any man astray when **Troughie's** away! **Poacher** - fresh back from banana-picking - still has to prove he's always front runner first back - but was caught short-cutting again! Nice to see you **Poach** - we need characters like you - you banana! **Marigold** sent her brother **Bradley** ahead at checks to scout the route whilst her father sat down, claiming he was teaching his son. Everyone else seemed silly and it was nice to be there again. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I missed you!

Down Downs given to....

**Big Bird** as solo Hare - (**Ali G** had absconded to Spain)

**Poacher** for being a short-cutter.

**Marigold** for - as above.

**Screw Loose** for giving lip.

Little **Jo** for being an Aussie.

Name was given to **Simon** - who couldn't follow a trail. Suggestions were Going Wrong, as he's Going Down's brother, Blind Spot and Going Dotty - I think we settled for **Going Wrong**.

Bah - **Shorn** - still loving Hashing but mutton run too much!