

The Rose and Crown, Yealmpton **Hares:- Andy, Right Oar and BSE**

Bit of a worry seeing **BSE** screech into the car park, milk bottle of flour in hand, as the hashers gathered in the night. Surely we weren't off on an expedition only suitable for two wheels rather than my weary feet?

I needn't have worried. **TB** called the group to order in the absence of **Pullit**. Still skiing, perhaps she's got some snow by now, or is just out there waiting for it to arrive? Could be there for some time! A large contingent of **Plympton** visitors were welcomed then **BSE** sent us off to follow a trail laid mainly on the left and the right, without any hills, long short medium and confused splits, and a dire warning that the longs might not be back in time for beer. So off we set up a narrow footpath and were duly sent round the houses of Yampton. Up, down, in and out of paths, driveways and steps.

There were some bizarre checks at the caves and a determination that all hashers should get their feet wet. I was led astray at the first river crossing, and had to dash across the bridge to keep up. **Ali G** was also heard to be short cutting, no doubt he wasn't alone, though he was ingenious enough to try and point the followers across the water with a 'back check' call.

On and on we ran, up lanes, across fields, where were all the hashers? I could even see the tail light of **Poacher** gleaming in the distance, perhaps he's making it all too easy for us to follow now? Flying down ankle breaking tracks with the assistance of the thousands of candlepower of **Flowery Twats** torch, easy going compared to running with my glow-worms. A small amount of directional assistance from **Howard** – a smattering of local knowledge always helps – and surely we were on the pubward straight????

Then, suddenly, the pleasant run was over. There it was, a deep dark torrent flowing across our path. No convenient bridge this time, just a rope to stop unwary hashers being swept downstream never to be seen again. Much stumbling, splashing and a near swim later, and my trainers were the cleanest they've ever been since they left the shop! Not much need for a shower this evening!!

Back in the warm and dry of the pub, **Goolie** awarded a 100th run T-shirt to **Come Early**, partly in sympathy as she'd left hers at home (though he said he had to check personally), but she refused to wear it. Some business as usual - **TB** was mentioned for chatting up the two female virgins, and **Sniffer** and **Well 'Ard** were off trail trying to lead men astray. **Cowpat** was scolded for looking like she was enjoying straddling a tree whilst **Douglas** was left swimming for his life. **Caroline** the osteopath was named **Bone Idle**

Hatrack and **Fu Man Chu** were congratulated on their respective 40th wedding anniversaries.

Down downs were awarded to **Come Early**, **Bone Idle**, **Madam Sin** and the hares. **BSE** needs to up her drinking to the standard of her running! We thought we'd be there till next week!

Wanted :- Dead Or Alive. The Cauliflower Thief of Yealmpton. Two of **Poacher's** prize cauliflowers were stolen from under a car! Any news leading to their arrest may be rewarded.
Ali G

On on
Pepys