

Hash 502 .. Waterman's Arms, Tuckenhay..11/04/07 Hares:Poacher & Abdicked

LATE!.....

Traffic jams...caravans....tourists!! Well....ok so, may be not.... arriving late, I was welcomed by Douglas's furry bottom (and **Cowpats!**) disappearing on up..... after managing to snuggle my car up the back end of **Flowery's** safe mobile and **Poachers** new silver pulling wagon..it was on on. Sadly I missed all 5 virgins introductions, but I'm sure TB offered to look after them and explain the whole hashing thing (again!) and what were we to be promised by the hares? I assumed the usual nonsense was discussed and spouted ...all was on the left,and the right no stopping was allowed, copious amounts of back checks and sneaky local "poacherisms" on the trail to fool the unwary.....

Quickly bumping into **Broken man** and **Fallen woman** who on their tiring journey to the next pub were clearly delusional from lack of alcohol and sent me the (way they all went!) wrong way over the stepping stones...

Interestingly I next bumped into more short cutters in the form of **HT2** and **Jailer** who had obviously hid in the undergrowth and were sneaking back to the pub early!

Over the next stile,....but who should I see... **Pepys**...walking!! Apparently not able to physically run, her backside being so sore from the 350 miles cycled the day before...nasty that...I can recommend a good cream!

So a cracking summers eve greeted us hashers on on and up and down and up and down, it seemed we had a new front runner in the form of **Piddler**, but he must learn to call properly and what's all this about running through crosses, trail fibbing...and leading us all astray tut..tut! It also seems that with spring sprung a little friskiness has dribbled into the hash, It seems that **Ali G** in hot pursuit of **Sniffer** and **Wellhard** failed to make the tight downhill right hand bend and hit the hedge straight on...!

Finishing just as the light was to fade...we were greeted by a rather scared looking frantic **Wetspot** who had lost the keys to his car..... much to amusement of most of us, but to the horror and scorn of **Come Early**, he first thought the car keys must have "fallen" into the bumper of the car (and was therefore wacking it with a stick?) and then secondly that he'd actually locked them inside! Just before the brick went through the window, it was discovered that **Broken Man** had in fact stolen the keys in a quest to get to the next pub faster.

So on to the on down where **Bigfoot** admired his good looks in the bar mirror only to discover it was infact **Meavy Maid** stood on the otherside (an easy mistake anyone could make). No- one wanted to get near **Shorty** due to the rather unpleasant whiff she was giving off and the RA gave out a suggested equipment and clothing list for hashettes comprising of very short shorts and boob tubes to the only remaining virgin of the night (the other four had either run away or were still on the trail trying to work out how the whole hash thing worked..)

Down downs – the hares for laying a trail with no hills, no shiggy and no wet!
Pepys for having very orange new shoes and sleeping in a hedge, a pig pen and some blokes barn????? **Piddler** for going astray,etc.... **Going Down** for a missed (forgotten) birthday, **Flowery** for attaining his 100 T-shirt and a male virgin "got given one" cos he couldn't come again?

Or something like that...on on

BSE