

HASH WORDS:- WEDNESDAY 25TH JULY 2007 – THURLESTONE

What a lovely sunny evening! A touch of summer in the middle of winter!

In the car park a large white van turned up and out emerged a scalped **BSE**. Something to do with running the Rat Race and volunteering for a tiny trim which turned into a Mohecan. There were some who thought she had changed her religion and become a Hindu!

In the absence of our Grand Mattress, **JAILER** called the motley crowd of hashers to order and asked the hares to step forward. **HARVEY MOON** stepped forward but where was **POACHER**? Various feeble excuses as to his disappearance ensued and **HARVEY**, when asked if it was a long hash, announced that it wasn't long on a bike!! There were going to be two long/short splits and keep your dogs on leads through some of the fields. The on on was behind us up past the pub and off to the right. At the first split I took the short with **DROP DEAD** as she was in training for the Kingsbridge 10K race the next day. Up past the war memorial and out to the fields and cows. Loads of cows and loads of shitty paths. Most of the chatter that evening was of holidays and cooking and the smells of shit and sewage and cooking all intermingled to keep us running faster.

TRAFFIC JAM was seen tiptoeing around the muddy bits in her shorts and apparently had a grudge against **BIG BIRD** as she was seen slamming the gates on his shins! **ENDO** was also wary about the slidy, muddy bits and was seen holding **MARIGOLD'S** hand for support. Any excuse!!

Up and along the fields and then eventually down the coast path over the bridge to the beach and what a sight beheld us. A superb kite surfer whizzing across the waves with such speed and expertise! The quote for the evening was, "He's keeping it up a long time!" Now that's something that's not heard too often! **DROP DEAD**, **GARY GLITTER** and **FOUR EYES** were spellbound. The surfer then leapt ten feet in the air to the screams from the three harriettes. Dragging their eyes away from him the hash then ran up the slope and down to the next cove skirting the golf course and back up the hill to the pub. At this point **JULIE ANDREWS**, **DROP DEAD** and **G.G.** escaped to the Thurlestone Hotel for a quick wash and brush up which they hoped would go unnoticed. Who are they kidding!

Back at the on down, The Village Inn, **BIG BIRD** was the R.A. for the evening.

Mention must be made of **WELL ARD**'s mobile phone going off during the R.A.'s speech, **PEPYS** wearing a tee shirt with the words on it "Boys are stupid, throw rocks at them" or **BASTRAT** as **BIG BIRD** called it and **WOOF WOOF** deigning to give us a regal wave from a passing car.

Down downs were awarded to :-

HARVEY MOON – for haring.

TRAFFIC for turning into a slamming and sliding harriette.

GING GANG for not shouting on on as she doesn't want anyone to catch up!

BSE for turning Hindu!

PEPYS for turning into another super athlete, off to do the Iron Man Challenge of 2.5 mile swim, 112mile bike ride followed by a marathon!

ENDO for turning 81.

GARY GLITTER for showering I think.

On-on to the Ringmore RamRoast.

G.G.