

## Hash 535 .. Kingswear .. 31/10/07 .. Hares: Bimbo & mother of Bimbo

*Words by Knee Trembler aka two dogs or hey that's cheating.*

### **Halloween Run**

What at first appeared to be a smallish gathering outside the Ship Inn, swelled as the hour approached and by more than a doubling with those apparently leaving from within. Soon to return too. There were no delaying notices to give a second chance to late comers and we said a fine south hams "hello" to a visitor from overseas who had a name !

Kingswear a water way aside with much said of a break for sustenance that would seal the lateness of those on Dartmouth's shore. Clearly an identity crisis with the field torn in allegiance between three strongly competing drivers, to be a scary , sinister or lazy.

So it was off into a L/S split on a virgin lay, straw, pumpkins, broom sticks and some rather odd runners according to the local children who were out in force for the trickery. At least two with forearms, brave souls, , with the capacity to judge width or run side ways for they were intact at the end.

Not sure of whether it was the short or the long I was in good company as we toured the streets all blissfully not sure either. A circuit back to the off and on to the railway embankment where for some reason Troughie appeared homeward bound and looking for all the world like a completer finisher!

This was the night for many to find treats and after a good long and hot foreshore leg to connect the higher and lower ferries, though I still don't know which is which and me a sailor of sorts.

For those on the trail of black cats, bats and brooms there were way markers of glowing pumpkins, fallen chestnuts and leading to lots of up, as it happens, but to be rewarded. Fizzy pop, false sugary nashers and what seemed like gob stoppers in chocolate brought the gathering into a mob. This proved enlightening for the it became apparent and even a winter only activist you would have thought would have known that there was a junior hash group. Out in swarms were the next generation developing an unhealthy interest in shiggy, half and full moons, odd agricultural practices in the middle of I have no idea where and laudable drinking habits. Welcome who ever you were, One even asked me who I was , arrived at last! I thought they has been hijacked from around the town until they seemed one by one to be claimed at the on down. Well if there were any points of miss-order around the route I missed them, just convivial equals all groaning and moaning like me!

The ultimate challenge would have been to make the length of the bar with the forearms and four drinks held aloft. Tighter than ,,,,,, now then Piddlers wallet in the confines of the bar. Odd really as the landlord was large of character.

At the climax of the event may just a second or two after it down downs were awarded to outstanding dress code to the hare on her debut with a mother or two into the bargain.

ON ON to Kingsbridge.....