



The Cider Works, Crediton

Everyone arrived and headed straight for the Bar.

It was a warm, moonlit night!!!! Ok it was cold and hammering down with rain, not a moon to be seen, not even from a Hasher!

Night Screecher greeted everyone as they entered the building then demanded money for subs and raffle tickets.

Hashers came from far and wide by various means, to what Woody deemed would be the trail of the century. Moneypenny and Droop from Bristol Greyhound, Dr Doolittle from Cheltenham & Cotswold, Mr X from First UK Full Moon as well as all the usual suspects from Isca, Plympton, South Hams and Haldon to name but a few.

GM Buzby tried to bring a semblance of order to the proceedings, welcoming one and all then duly handed over to the event organiser / haberdashery designer / venue organiser and Hare for the evening, Woody, who described the trail as long, short and walkers, that's if they haven't been washed out, she then gave us a warning that we would be running on private land and through woods where she herself got lost whilst laying!! She then proceeded to tell we run at our own risk.

Off we went into the could dark wet night, all except for Mr X, Night Screecher, Adonis and few others who went outside and saw how bad the weather was then went back into the bar.

The rest of us followed the trails in various directions through fields, woods, a golf course, along tracks, through mud, pools, streams across railway lines, you name it and we ran it. Including a sweetie /shot stop (if you were fast enough to get there first).

Practically everyone fell at some point on the trail, some falling about laughing at others.

After about 90mins we eventually got back to the Cider Works where pizza was being served and if you stayed long enough a few glasses of delicious hot Mulled Cider.

Tickety Boo asked if he could be Joint RA, only to have 2 Down Downs with Buzby having to make up the rest.

Down Downs went to:

Woody for doing EVERYTHING

Dicktation & Lights Out - falling like Bambi on Ice.

Scooby Doo - running away from Bit of a Mouthful at the kissing gates.

Mr X - for coming from furthest away only to stay in the bar all evening.

Come Tonight - falling over and taking Buzby out as well.

Woggle - no control over Zeppelin barking so no-one could hear what was happening.

Night Screecher then took over and drew the raffle,

11 prizes to some lucky sods.

On On till the next one, Hairy Mollusc.