



Date: 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2020

Hash No.: 117 – Hembury Woods, Buckfastleigh

Hares: Podz and Joggles

Hashers: Buzby; Hairy Mollusc; Mad Max (& Bengy); Night Screecher (4)

So different in so many ways ...

As a result of Covid-19 our last hash was five full moons ago on March 9<sup>th</sup> from The Hound of the Baskervilles, Ashburton ... and it absolutely poured! I guess that's something to celebrate as this was a balmy summer's evening – ideal for the planned picnic afterwards. Not forgetting it was great to be back on trail – albeit with a simplified route to avoid crossing over each other.

It was with some trepidation that **Night Screecher** and I (**Buzby**) drove to the start. Would there be too many, making it stressful? How is setting of in groups of 6 going to work? Will anyone turn up?! Well, **Hairy Mollusc** pulled into the car park along with us, so there'd be 3 of us at least! Then **Mad Max**, along with his hound **Bengy** ... then the hares ... OK, so this is do-able ... Had to be as that was it – small, but perfectly formed.

Over to our hares **Podz** and **Joggles** who told us they had laid a short at circa 3 miles and a long at “anything between 5 and 6 miles!” **Night Screecher** bottled it and said she'd try and follow the trail backwards until she met the front runners, so that left 3 of us to head off south into the woods.

Shortly afterwards we hit a road, at least for the longs (**Buzby** and **Hairy Mollusc**), whilst the shorts (just **Mad Max** and **Bengy**!) turned right and headed down a wooded track to who knows where!

For the first hash back our discussion turned what we'd managed to get done during lock-down. **Buzby** declared he'd only managed 1 run since March, and that was just last week, whilst **Hairy Mollusc** really laid on the guilt by not only saying he'd run 3 or 4 times every week, but also that he'd got faster and run further as time progressed! Needless to say **Buzby** could have been left in his wake, but us GMs stick together and so it was right up to the end.

Much road, several checks later, including a ford and passing the point at which the short trail met the long, we headed left into the woods and down to the river where **Mad Max** and **Bengy** had just arrived to meet the hares and **Night Screecher**. “Anyone for a swim?” It was tempting, but with wet feet – thanks to the ford! – a beer and picnic waiting in the car, we all headed up the hill to the car park.

In true hash tradition, we circled up ... respecting social distancing ... and had a long awaited hash chat whilst drinking beer and grazing on our picnics. Due to the current Covid-19 issues, it was decided there would be no down-downs, but never-the-less the hares were thanked for laying trail under such difficult circumstances.

After a successful resumption, next month's hash is to be confirmed, but there's sure to be one!

On-on,  
Buzby