



Date: 18th March 2022

Hash No.: 134 – Stoke Canon Inn

Hares: Pearl and 3H+O Scribe: She's Ready RA: Buzby

Hashers: Dogger, Woody, Gymslip, Gripper, Mad Max, Buzby, Night Screecher, Yeuck, Gaffer, Triple Top, She's Ready, That's Crap, Come2nite, Genital Heat Rash

It was a dry evening with a lovely view of the full moon. The RA and Hares were somewhat surprised therefore when Dogger, Woody and Gymslip arrived in the car park. This trio usually only turn up, in very damp weather. They were also astonished to see that Gaffer, Triple Top and Yeuck had travelled for 1 hour from Plymouth just for the hash. Then just as the number 155 bus pulled up outside, Gripper was astounded at the sight of That's Crap suddenly emerging into view and mistakenly enquired how long it took him to get there by public transport. That's Crap's reply was drowned out by the sound of screeching tyres as a car sped into the car park on 2 wheels, scattering the hash circle. Shortly afterwards, Genitalheatrash(GHR), Come2nite and She's Ready spilled out of the car, with She's Ready demanding a sick bag. GHR had allowed 50 minutes for a 1 hour journey, resulting in a journey involving rally racing, road rage and even U turns. Come2nite and She's Ready were quickly deployed to go into the on-down to order post hash food. This was a devious ploy by the RA (Buzby), who was determined not to follow in his co-RA (Hairy Mollusc) footsteps and be scribe, so voted She's Ready to be scribe whilst she was out of sight.

The hares, overwhelmed with the higher than unusual number of Lunatics (and dogs), apologised there were no long/short splits and the trail being only 3 miles and eventually pointed the direction to the start.

Not to worry, the rail level crossing slowed the FRBs down. Then it was on to the fields towards the river Exe and Brampford Speke, with a nicely timed fish hook to help keep the pack together. Through some shiggy fields, one of which contained some frisky bullocks and then a sprint finish (for the FRBs) along a long straight flat lane.

Gaffer unsurprisingly did moan (what's new) about travelling so far for a short trail, however I think he was secretly pleased, if his gait was anything to go by (according to That's crap, Gaffer was running like he shit himself). The real reason for Gaffer's awkward posture was that Gaffer had spent the day with That's Crap.

GHR was also delighted with the short trail as allegedly he too had experienced a tough day, only to let slip that he had spent most of it asleep.

We had a lovely time in the pub, with many of us enjoying a 2 course meal. Mad Max gave out ribbon badges in support of Ukraine. The big boys started on the single malt .....

### **Down-downs**

Joining the hares in down-downs, were:

Gripper – believing That's Crap travelled by bus from Plymouth

GHR and Gaffer – faking hard day's work

Dogger – hashing in dry weather

Mad Max – all dogs were wearing bright illuminous collars. His dog was wearing 3 of them.

### **Next Lunatics**

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> April (Easter Weekend – it will be cracking). Hare: No Butt

On-on

She's Ready