



# Devon Lunatics

## Hash House Harriers

Date: 8<sup>th</sup> November 2022

Hash No.: 142 – South Brent Station and On Down at The Packhorse

Hares: Hairy Mollusc & Lizbien

Hashers: Baby Doll; Buzby; Come2Nite; Endosperm; Gaffer; GHR; Happy Shopper; HT2; Joggles; Mouthful; Night Screecher; No Butt; Podz; That's Crap; Triple Top; Woof Woof



In my sane mind this hash started on Saturday at the A2B H3 On Down in the Trehill Arms, Ivybridge. **Endo** and I (**HT2**) had the urge to go hashing and **Hairy Mollusc** happened to mention that he and **Lizbien** would be laying the full moon hash on Tuesday in South Brent. Well now we are back living in Bittaford nothing could be closer for us and we offered them a cuppa at our house between laying their hash and haring it. Unfortunately

for us **Happy Shopper** had already said he would give them a cuppa at his house in Ivybridge but there's always another time.

So two days passed by and there we were on Tuesday night in South Brent. It was great to see more hashers, both old and new and we were welcomed by **Night Screecher** with her clip board and money bag. Now, a few hours earlier there had been an eclipse of the moon but the clouds had hidden it and you had to have been in Japan to have seen it anyway, Is that bonkers or what?

Despite my somewhat stiff new knees, as soon as the "On! On!" was called I just had to run at a sprint for all of ten yards thinking I am still how I was thirty-seven years ago. Bonkers or what? Alas the lungs and legs left me utterly breathless but nevertheless I did follow some of the marks and then did my own thing around the village before retreating to the pub at eight o'clock. Sanity restored!

Meanwhile the Longs did the Long and the Shorts did the Short and **Lizbien** and **Night Screecher** walked the Walk. It was a very well-laid hash with something for everyone set in a way that kept all hashers pretty much in touch with each other and nobody got lost. I understand that the Longs, the likes of **That's Crap**, **Gaffer**, **Happy Shopper** and others raced around finding all the blobs. I could see their torchlights in the field across the river and hear their lunatic calls clearly echoing around the village. Madness, total madness.

Meanwhile that left most of the Shorts happily jogging sociably along whilst **Endo** started on the Long but a sixth sense caused him to deviate from the trail and come puffing and panting into The Packhorse where I already had his pint waiting on the bar for him. Magic, pure magic, aren't I the perfect hashing wife, ha ha!

I don't exactly know who else did what but, come what may, everybody made it into the pub within a short time of each other. Now the thing I really noticed there was the hungry hasher who reached out for the doggy biscuits saying he was very hungry. I honestly thought that was taking the biscuit! Luckily in the end the hungry dog got the biscuits because just then the food came out.

Then it was Down Down time and **Buzby** bumbled up to the bar to order lots of beer no, Cider! Wot? No Beer?! Crazy, totally crazy! The hungry man with the hungry dog should have had a down-down but was well down the in the list of mis-demeanours.

Naturally the Hares, **Lizbien** and **Hairy Mollusc** were awarded for their well-laid hash; **Baby Doll** for driving through a "NO ENTRY" sign, (that's sheer lunacy too) and the fourth cider went to another lunatic but I don't know who, was it **No Butt**, **Mouthful**, **Vomit**, **Gaffer**, **Woof Woof**, or who – you tell me. [*I think it was **Triple Top** who moved his car from the car park and parked outside the pub on double yellow lines ... despite the spacious pub car park!*]

Then the highlights of the night, I told you these were crazy goings-on. Although I have forgotten a lot I clearly remember chatting for quite some time to that gorgeous hunk, **Gaffer** who has not changed in many a year and it was charming to chat to him. This was followed by **That's Crap** buying me a beer and that's the first time in my life I have been bought a beer by a Black Belt!

**Night Screeeecher** was going to send me list from the hash subs so I could put names to all your faces but it hasn't come yet and I wanted to get these Words out before I totally forgot what went on so I'm sorry if your name is not in print this time. At least you are all in the photographs.

These Words might not make sense and that's because a Full Moon means Luna-C in all of us and that's how it was.

On! On!  
Horse Trough Mark II  
PS - Looney Moonies, who are they?

