



# The Luna Words

Hashers who run by the light of the silvery FULL Moon!!

Luna Date: 8<sup>th</sup> March 2012

Trail No. 18

Issue No.18

## For one night only – The Devon LunaTiTs H3

**Trail and On Down (Joint Trail with TiTs):** Beefeater Inn, Marsh Mills, Plymouth

**Hares:** Hairy Mollusc and Happy Shopper

Being less familiar with the road-layout of Marsh Mills, it might be fair to say that finding the Beefeater was complicated further for Flying-Fokker by having me sat in the rear seat yapping away for much of the journey down. Sorry Flying-Fokker, but I was helpful was I not... at least until we met and passed by our exit?

What a mundane reason for being delayed, eh Melon-Picker? I hope your car journey down was more exciting .....? To cut a long story, I shut-up, Flying-Fokker turned back and discovered the turn-off! To carve a long vehicle, ask Melon-Picker- An obvious candidate for an award later on in the evening. Our March trail being our most southerly to-date was joined with the titular TiTs, (Try-It-Thursdays). It was a fair way down for us to travel. Naturally, the least we could do as lunatics was to offer TiTs our support...! There were thirty two regular Lunatic hashers and another twenty absolute TiTs (?).

Hash Circle was convened and Wide-Receiver noted that this was our 18th Lunatic trail... 'Has it really been that many?' 'Never draw attention to oneself in the circle!', is a quote I never seem to remember. It was when Wide-Receiver requested a scribe that in all fairness yours truly was trying to divert attention away from myself and onto Havoc, who with Isca hash a week earlier demonstrated his skill at crafting the words. Might I add too, that he revealed a larger vocabulary than had hitherto been realised and I think he should write the words more often in the future?

Hares for this 'Lunatic' trail were introduced as the pair of TiTs, Happy-Shopper and Hairy-Mollusc. Happy-Tit informed us the trail would be between one and four dots and on... depending on whereabouts on the trail we happened to be, there was something 'like' a back-check and a few Long / Short splits, plus three river crossings... up to the waist on the third...

Exiting the CP, we immediately discovered ourselves to be off-trail. Convenient for me, as this enabled me to return quickly to the CP to start my GPS watch: fibbing about a phantom fish-hook as I met everyone on my way back- Sorry about that! Across the footbridge, we saw a long/ short split. Where did everybody go? Everyone had disappeared and there was a variety of bridges and time-consuming pathways along which to search for the hash all by myself. Are TiTs usually this fast?

A lucky guess paid off and I discovered Odd-Bitz and one or two others loitering beneath the road bridge. Thankfully, Happy-Tit emerged from some shadows and directed our group down a path alongside the canal. Remembering the intro-banter, I asked: 'These river crossings: they're not particularly wide this far upstream are they?', 'Nah! Not that wide at all really-', 'Are they Hairy-Tit?' he asked his co-hare sarcastically. Was he bluffing? 'Never trust the hare!'- Another quote I never seem to remember.

Hearing chatter close-by, we realised we were not so far behind the others and had successfully caught up at the first of the river crossings. Here, I accidentally soaked HT2 and Bucks Fizz who were attempting to remain dry. Very-cold-water! Thankfully, both this and the second crossing was only ankle deep. The hares chatted among themselves and were overheard to suggest how the water level 'must've dropped significantly' since they'd laid the trail. Havoc said he'd thought the flour tasted quite fresh-!? Can the water level drop very rapidly?

Creeping slowly along the riverbank through dense vegetation, I asked Soapy if Havoc was asthmatic '...?' He does often wheeze much on-trail! Too much flour; or perhaps he was laughing to himself at how I came to be writing these words and not him?

Leaving Shearwood plantation woods behind us, we found a crookedly designed arrow within the field for merging the long and short splitters together. I had no idea we had split...? As scribe for last month's trail, I guess I ought to have been paying closer attention. Continuing along the West Devon Way route, Happy Tit suggested we might prefer to ignore the Long of the up-coming Long / Short split. A few of us decided to brave the long anyway and for Wide-Receiver the watery, shiggy crossing proved to be quite a sticky stucky effort! I believe he became stuck on a stick, or something!?? Obstacle overcome, he raced up-hill and out of sight through Woodford Woods.

Discovering that again I was alone and this time in the gloom, up, up ... and upwards I climbed. Neither seeing flashes of torchlight nor hearing any hash-howl calls and feeling completely alone. I reached the top and a path with flour-markings, which way? 'Out of the way, **Slippery!**' **Flying-Fokker** raced past and I was overtaken shortly afterward by **Wide-Receiver** looking drier from his earlier wallow!

I caught up with a small number of Lunatits by a dilapidated foot-bridge over a ditch. We assisted a few hashers in climbing across and having disliked playing catch-up all evening, I had no intention of being left behind yet again, so off I ran to get myself a head start! We followed the road to Plym bridge (another bridge!) Were bridges the theme for the evening?

**Wide-Receiver** suggested we adhere to the trail and try to find our way across the river from within the field. With no success and time drawing on we returned to Plym bridge having abandoned hope of finding our way across through the river. Later realising that we ought to have passed 'beneath' Plym Bridge! Neither of us wanted to run back and find ourselves left behind more so: especially with a sweet stop somewhere ahead.

I caught-up with **HT2**, **Lizbien**, and **Bucks Fizz**, who I accidentally leapt into the water and splashed a number of times already that evening (what harm once more). We arrived at the sweet-stop. Silence befell us all as we scoffed on Jellies and Wine-gums galore! The two tits pointed us the way back where yet another bridge... and another awaited us. Crossing the ploughed field with **Hairy-tit** and **Bigfoot** just behind, we approached an enjoyable length of the hash- A fast-paced dash along a twisting path through the trees with lots of tree-roots to potentially grab our ankles.

We arrived at a roadside by Leigh Wood, where voyeuristic **Wide-Receiver** amused himself by shining his head-torch into the parked vehicles. From here we chose from a final Long / Short split. The shorts were given a long slog back by road to the maze of Marsh Mills. We (the shorts) arrived at the Industrial Estate just ahead of the longs. Excellent timing! Between ourselves and the Beefeater, just a short length of traffic dodging remained. Is this why TiTs are so quick: all of these road crossings?

How many bridges were there? Had anybody counted? Are TiTs usually this fast? Were those whizz-lines on **Flying-Fokker's** head?

We had a short while to change our clothes and to ponder on these questions before circle and Down Downs commenced. These were awarded for outstanding achievements in their areas: to **Hairy-Mollusc** and **Happy-Shopper** for haring, plus **Happy-Shopper** again for having laid fish-hooks, but then not being on-trail to ensure sure they were properly done ... **Bucks Fizz** for trying to take a short cut down a steep bank and ending up sliding unceremoniously down on her backside resulting in large brown patch on her arse ... **Tear-Arse** for flashing her cash around at registration and then ending up paying for four other hashers who didn't have money on them ... **Soapy**, because **Havoc** stopped dead in his tracks to have a dump pulling **Soapy** over in the process ... **Bladder-Rack** for bending down just before a fish hook and asking what a fish hook was and lastly to **Melon-Picker** who was awarded Lunatic of the month for demonstrating his driving skills to an officer of the law on his way to the hash!

Good choice of On-Down. For those of us who hadn't ordered any food: **Painted-Pussy** nicked an entire buffet for us... she then disappeared with all of the other Devon-Lunatic mismanagement for 'secret talks'... Sssshhhh... don't tell! Both **Odd-Bitz** and **Fu Man-Chu** discussed memories, losing those memories and they questioned the logic of why these mismanagement talks were known as secret talks, since we were all of us well aware of them!?? ... Secret service, Secret Santa...

And **Bigfoot** again observed that The Devon-Lunatics are quite a: 'Kissy-kissy, huggy-huggy hash'! I think he enjoys the love-bombing really!

Everybody enjoyed the hash. Well done hares **Happy-Shopper** and **Hairy-Mollusc** for organising a superb evening. Thank you Loony, manic, mismanagement too for mismanaging the monthly moonlit mayhem!

*On-On,  
Slippery!*

**PP** - GM / Hash Haberdashery  
[pp.lunaticsh3@gmail.com](mailto:pp.lunaticsh3@gmail.com)

**WR** – GM / Hare Raiser  
[darren.maynard1@btoopenworld.com](mailto:darren.maynard1@btoopenworld.com)