

Run 1999 – The Bluebell Inn, Hempstead, Sun 22nd January 2017

Hares
Dave El Rave & Paparazzi



Visitor (well, he's here for a year) - **Go Fuck Myself** from the SH3 - **Shanghai Hash**
<http://www.shanghai-h3.com/>

Returnee – **Crappy Nappy**

Visitor – **Wronghole** from our friends in the Radegund Hash

The Words

I think we were last here on **Sun 25th May 2014** at the Bluebell Inn
<http://www.thebluebellinn.co.uk/> a 16th Century Inn (and Freehouse and not held back by the by the evil grip of Greene King as so many are in the area) and reputedly the birthplace of highwayman Dick Turpin in 1705 – hence the unbelievably low ceilings resulting in the prospect of imminent concussion for anyone taller than **Kermit** who wasn't paying attention.

The hares had come back to a brilliant venue and with two venerable hares, a range of wonderful real ales and despite being about – 4 degrees, there was a massive turnout – including **Kermit, Antar, Googly, Klinger, Kling-On, Lightning, Taxidermist, Legover, Shiggy Two Shoes**, the rarely spotted but always welcome **Schoolboys Dream** as well as **Generator, Daffidildo & Doggystyle, Mad Monk & Fraser, Toed Bedsores & Computer, Jetstream, Unmentionable, Blowback, Little Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine, Pedro, Imelda,**

Slaphead, Big Swinger, While You're Down There, Gorilla & Chimp, Danuta, Posh, Beerstop, Shamcock & U-Bend, Bastard, It'll Come Off, Checkpoint, RA Debonaire, Muff Diver, Hangover Blues, The Earl of Pampisford, the Countess, Haven't Got One, Czech Her Out & Orion who looked a tad baffled by it all, but safe & warm and eye level with me thanks to being carried by Dad. The pack was completed by **Sox & Horny** (despite suffering from heavy man-flu and therefore needing sympathy, beer and generally pampering) and the car park was full to complete overflow much to the amusement of the hash and intense irritation of regular visitors (which actually made me snigger seeing them all reverse off in an irritated manner full of self-righteous indignation).

Well, the weather was bloody cold, but this was not the place to complain we didn't want to tempt providence as this was the venue where **Toyboy** suffered a heart attack (!) some years back.

After some general greetings and mumbled words from the hares **El Rave & Papparazzi** eventually took command of the assembled throng and after some explanations by the hares we were informed there would be a beer stop (hurrah!) and it wouldn't be the usual trail. This was of course a slight red herring but no one in the hash can remember getting out of bed or what they had for breakfast, let alone any idea about where a trail might have gone, several years ago, in a different season.

So, we were off with **Mad Monk**, the visiting **Wrong Way** (shouting on-on with maniacal glee) & **Daffi** setting a brisk pace to find absolutely nothing at the top of a small but quite evil hill. So, back down the hill we went to discover that the trail had actually doubled back to a path running in front of the pub, through a small shiggy filled tree lined copse onto the open fields of Essex. **Pedro, Woody Muff Diver, Antar & Doggystyle** hacked past at a brisk pace colliding beautifully with the knitting circle and the on was eventually called by **Blowback** (possibly) lucky hasher who hadn't been irritated/thwarted by the cunning false trails and checkbacks.

At this point the pack was somewhat fragmented by some generally brilliant trail laying and we were at a check near a farm yard with skittish horses and **Pedro** holding the check while **Daffi, Doggy & Toed** successfully found all the false trails. The trail descended down a narrow riverbed complete with water, tree roots, Shiggy (& **Shiggy Two Shoes** come to mention it) and it was getting difficult in the unforgiving terrain, I overtook **Crappy Nappy** just in time to miss a spectacular accident where **Legover** slipped and fell just as **Daffi** was powering through. There was an audible 'thud' as **Daffi's** shin caught the back of **Legover's** head (a bit like a cricket ball being struck by the crisp willow of a fresh cricket bat) resulting in cranial bruising and a mildly eviscerated leg for **Legover**,

Once we realised he was more-or-less ok apart from a flesh wound below the knee, there were some rude comments about '*bloody yanks & their friendly fire*' etc but he would at least see another day.

By a downed pylon, the on was spotted by **Beerstop** and there was a protracted stretch of fields leading eventually to a well-executed beer stop – the perfect way to round up a strung out pack & refresh the spirits with an array of fabulous homemade carrot cake coupled with Port & Lemonade too.

At this point we were joined by various SCB's & The knitting circle including **Taxi , Debonair, Lightning & While You're Down There.** It was evident that some of the hash had fallen by the way side, been shot by the locals or just generally had no clue how to follow the trail.

Pausing to let four small girls past on very short slightly rotund ponies which appeared to be a little disturbed by our presence, coupled with the presence of a harassed adult, the comparison with Thelwell was hilarious & cute at the same time. Your humble scribe was taller than horse & riders & it made for a brilliant spectacle to add to the day's hash.



At this point we were near the village which brought us full circle to the very hill that we'd been thwarted at the beginning, but luckily for us, it was downhill & on Inn to the pub after a spot on 5.5mile trail with touches of village, countryside & the obligatory shiggy.

So, the time of reckoning was actually on us again and the circle was called and down downs were awarded definitely to the hares, but I wasn't there so the list of down downs will be lost in the annals of time & tide.

Still, thanks to **El Rave & Papparazzi** for a great trail, lovely beer stop and a massive pile of food in the pub to celebrate El Rave's B'day earlier in the week – a great day!

On On

Big Blouse