

CH3 Run 2016

Sunday 22nd May 2016

The Crown, Fordham *



Hares – Daffidildo & Doggystyle

Runners – 55

Visitors – Red Eye, all the way from America (Don't worry folks, we got **Daffi & Muthatucka** to translate!) but according to my scribbled notes, **Red Eye** ran with us back in the days when the highly revered **Umplebum** was GM and he was a member of Cantabrigensis hash (??) so not what you'd call a regular, but welcome none the less.

Midnight Snack (from our friends in the Radegund Hash)

Mr Titanic – from the Cantabrigensis Hash

Sheepshagger – (Dad of **Muff Diver**) visiting from overseas but I forgot to ask where from.

The Words

Well, as usual, most people expect me to start with the photo of a pub*, but in the spirit of all things hash, here is a closeup of a sportive lemur. I've used this photo as;

1. I'd like to think I'm not that predictable and;
2. This is the approximate expression of most of the pack on the trail and life in general.

It's fair to say that to date, this year has been mainly wet. Miserable and unseasonably cold for a vast proportion of the year, so with complete irony, it turned out to be really warm and sunny with just a wisp of a cloud here & there.

The car park began to fill up very early on and as there was a wedding in the church opposite. We were a tad confused when the odd smartly dressed member of the congregation got out of their car, looked baffled at the gathering hash before they did an evident reality check, readjusting their expectations and heading off in the right direction.

As it was the last trail of the rather wonderful **Daffidildo & Doggstyle**, it ensured a really heavy turn out and there were some rare sightings indeed, **Muthatucka, Lightning & Teutonic, Generator, Three Swallows, Big Leg, Big Swinger, One for His Nob, Taxi, Dave El Rave & Papparazzi, Checkpoint, Debonaire, Double Top, While You're Down There, The Earl of Pampisford, Computer, Toed Bedsores, It'll Come Off, Gorilla & Chimp, Pedro & Imelda, Only Me, Antar, Googly, Kermit** & even the rarely-spotted-outside-of-Ickleford – **Hooker, Uncle Bob, U-Bend** & his worship **Shamcock, Klinger & Klingon, Squeak, Fit But Dim** & crutch bound **Woody Hollow, Benghazi, Forest Dump & Spicy Bear, Lady Slipstream, Czech Her Out, Haven't Got One** & Orion, **Hold it for Me, Hangover Blues & Muff Diver, Sox & Horny, Jetstream & Unmentionable** to name most of them, there was obviously me but I just can't figure out who I've missed ??

Anyway, the hash were in boisterous spirits largely driven by a huge piss up involving **Mutha, Daffi** & a roast hog BBQ at Daffi's workplace – apparently, they left a huge dent in a polypin of Pegasus and were looking a little discoloured at the start of the hash – well done gents!

So, with the bells of the Church opposite robustly being attacked with gay abandon by a clearly badly trained campanologist with evident cramp (think along the lines of Les Dawson's "pissed-as-a-newt" period) the hash assembled. Words were uttered by our leader the grand high llama himself **Shamcock** and we ambled out & left on to the high street. This lead up to a gave yard/playground area and as no one was calling on, we all followed **Daffi** and were immediately caught out as **Daffi** ran his own false trail.....cunning manoeuvre that!.

We doubled back almost to the pub itself and finally **Fit But Dim** called the on as the Hash caused traffic to slow to a respectable standstill – why anyone would be calm surrounded by 50 odd brightly coloured nutters running in all directions is anyone's guess, but at least we averted a smidgeon of potential road rage.

The trail hit a check as a panting **Lady Slipstream** nimbly hopped past and absolutely no-one bothered to head up the road or a neat field of emerging crops with no visible foot prints, so we headed across a rape field and then at right angles until we arrived at another check. I think we then got lost in the hinterland of the edge of the village and the edge of a field. The on was called and we ran alongside a small footpath close to a stream where a heinous crime was about to unfold. Without warning, **Debonaire** & possibly **Fit But Dim** and **A.N.Other** tried to push **Daffi** in the stream (That's bloody gratitude for you – trying to shove the hare in a stream!) but they failed. As I was some way back, I wondered what all the screaming was about but decided it was generally normal behaviour and ignored most of it.

Further along the edge of the field there were a couple of long turnbacks which caught just about everyone out and was abetted by the hares actually running the bloody things too, so we couldn't guess the true trail. We managed to take in a short section of woodland, open fields and mainly acres of rape but it was sunny and the hash was in a collectively good mood so no-one seemed to mind.

After about 4 miles of glorious country, we were steered towards **Daffi & Doggy's** place where they'd laid on the remains of the polypin of Pegasus, complete with some interesting nachos & an amazing dip (which must have had cocaine in it as everyone went back for it like acid crazed meth heads). Coupled with this was what can only be described as a hash yard sale – Several years worth of dressing up as a fat nun/gay pirate/middle eastern diplomat/ crack head had produced an er..'interesting' variety of clothing and some really weird things (i.e. **While You're Down There** buying a sewing machine was the most random thing I remembered) but you have to hand it to the hares for their hospitality and dual role of marketing guru's.

This wondrous beer stop seemed to go on for a couple of days until all of the smashing dip and beer had gone and people began to leave with their purchased weird clothing/deep fat fryers/fondue sets/pogo stick repair kits/amateur chicken sexing equipment etc etc.....

So, eventually we arrived back at the pub, older but certainly no wiser. Here's the actual route and the fact I used 666 calories meant the devil himself had spirited those calories away



The pub had Timothy Taylor's Landlord on which was a spectacular choice, but the lad behind the bar, who bore a distinct resemblance to Mr Logic in Viz managed to

offend all real ale drinkers but putting this fine brew in bloody John Smith's glasses!!
– Total sacrilege!

Anyway, I clasped my hand over the offending label so no-one could see my shame & embarrassment and headed outside.

The circle was called & Down Down's were;

Shamcock gave the hares – **Daffidildo & Doggystyle** one for their trail– Farewell and thanks for all the trails, we really appreciate it 😊

Midnight Snack was allowed a guest slot and singled out **Checkpoint** for running past him “demurely” apparently and was heard to shout “*Bollocks Bollocks, Bollocks*” as she was caught out by one of the hares staggeringly well planned turn backs.

Shamcock also gave the Hares – **Daffidildo & Doggystyle** a DD for making the hash attend their garage sale en-masse.

Double Top was given the circle and called in **Debonaire & Fit But Dim** for trying to drown Daffi in the river

DT also picked on your humble scribe for trying on some of the more interesting garments in the hash garage sale. I thought that the Tartan PVC fetish set was actually rather fetching – sadly, the gimp mask was missing, or I'd have bought it immediately – just for the long winter evening's you understand? Anyway, in DT's eyes this eye catching ensemble was a “car boot nightmare” that words could not describe (Editor's Note: *harrumph, I thought it was quite a good fit TBH*)

RA **Debonaire**, was called in and gave a DD to **Squeak** for something to do with the recent Goofs trip that went without legal incident – That said **Antar** was also called in and given a DD for ordering something in Moldova which translated as a salad and not a beer as he thought. This was further compounded when he latterly ordered the same thing a bit later on and again end up with a salad & no beer - blinder **Antar**, well played!

Red Eye was given a DD by **Debonaire** - she started to explain that she had been working at Newmarket (“*What? as a horse*” said I?, causing a little outbreak of sniggering in the circle) she'd picked up on the fact that both the 2nd horse in the main race and **Red Eye** had a **Zorro** T-shirt on, which in her eyes was too much of a co-incidence) – the much missed **Zorro** would have liked a DD being given in his honour – nice touch that!

Shamcock gave **Generator** a DD for actually responding with funds for the Happisburgh seaside run (The ONLY Hasher to respond to the GM!) and also **Woody Hollow** was called to hobble in to the circle, but the DD was for showing dedication & still turning up to the hash despite being on crutches.

Debonaire gave Monday night hasher **Mr Titanic** a DD for going on the walkers' trail and **One For His Nob** was given a DD for queue jumping at the bar (Not sure why

that's a sin, unless it was just because she pushed in, in front of the RA was the offence in itself.

Doggystyle picked on **The Earl** for "*not having anything smaller*" (it was a reference to money, but she managed to make it sound lewd & smutty, which cheered us all up

Double Top then called in most of the Harriette's (as it was indeed Harriette's month) for admirably all wearing something pink (including as far as I recall) **Teutonic**, **Three Swallows**, **It'll Come Off**, **One For his Nob**, **Imelda**, **WYDT** & **Debonaire** for all wearing pink

El Rave either mentioned that the weather for the Ice house would be good, or got the DD just for mentioning it (???)

Shamcock gave **Sheepshagger** a DD for visiting

And finally

Daffi then took command of the circle and produced a framed photo that he'd been given 12 years previously and explained to the circle that the 1st time he & **Doggy** left the UK, **Benghazi** had given them the photo of (quite literally) a warm looking fire place – as he explained that the picture was the Brits giving the Yanks "*friendly fire*" all those years ago. With masterful understatement, **Daffi** simply handed it back to Benghazi, simply stating he was just "*Returning Fire*" – just beautiful.....

.....and with that, the circle was over, which was fortunate because it lasted for about 7 hours longer than the trail did.

On On
Big Blouse