

Run No: 2239

Date: 21-Nov-2021

Venue: Bull, Langley Lower Green

Hares: Legover &

Scribe: Shamcock

Once a year it comes to pass that **LEG OVER** deigns to grace the Hash with a RUN.. This year his able assistant **TROUSERS DOWN** assisted.

As they might say in Yorkshire, at the start, **“Summat was up!”**

Only the assistant was in evidence, the boss was NOWHERE to be seen. Mutterings suggested that the man was hopelessly LOST on his own trail...never was a truer thought thought !!

Checks were HARD but the SPLITS, of which there were at least three, were easy.....accordingly the pack ended up spread to the Arctic wind across the picturesque fields of farthest Essex where only the occasional, dog walking, native was to be seen across a field the size of Rutland, or so it seemed.

Following extensive and somewhat beer sodden investigations in that fine establishment, The Bull (with the hardest working barmaid we have ever witnessed, but with alas! No coffee as all the milk was sour...), this Scribe was able to deduce the horrid truth surrounding this ball breaker run.

A map is here reproduced, Run in **RED**, Walk in **GREEN**, fact represented by a solid line and **supposition from collected evidence** represented by a dashed line.

It was **THE FARM OF CHAOS** that screwed him up. The beastly farmer had ploughed away the footpaths of the Hare's choice so he had to THINK quickly.....

The solution slowly emerged from his muddled brain....RE-ROUTE the run!!

And so he did.

Witnesses tracked down by this Scribe talk of FLOUNDERING around **THE FISH PONDS OF DOOM** and of DISPARING as they trudged **THE SLALOM OF EXHAUSTION....**One Whistleblower confided about her 15K++ run that day, thereby exposing the babbling of the Hare who said, “It's only 13 1/2K”, too frightened to admit the truth to this Scribe as he was hastily re-marking Split 3 thereby adding to the CONFUSION of this trail....

As far as I can assess only two Hashers were bold enough to attempt **THE (Final) LOOP OF PAIN** only to be sighted as this Scribe went in desperate search for his long lost Missus...

The Circle was called and the freeze dried remnants of this annual event assembled. However, saving their bacon from the combined savagery of the

disgruntled pack, they (or rather their Missus / Mum and Daughter / Sister) produced a fine feast of Flap Jacks and elegant Buns, gobbled up by the appeased hashers.

VERDICT ?

Christ Almighty what an utterly confusing Ball Breaker!!!.....but.....

Great cakes !! They got away with it by the skin off their teeth !!!