

HENFIELD HASH HOUSE the DEVIL DOGS HARRIERS



Henfield Hash House Harriers Run #112

Sunday August 26th 2012 11:30 am

Royal Oak

Wineham

Scribe: Tossler

As Many would say impossible, but this was the Hash that defied natural laws and made Moneypenny's previous Runs look professional (almost).

The aforementioned Moneypenny was helping and provided a recce and draft route while lead Hare forced to work out of town. Such planning! - but head-start rained off the day before and chaos reigned on the day when sense of direction absent and Hares, lost and improvising, formed a run counter to intentions, backwards and across the drawn logic, and incomplete at the anointed start time. Hence two thirds Hares still out with flour, and one with GM dog trying to juggle getting the beer stop stocked and hashers assembled. Earlier message to said Moneypenny to purchase the necessary, and bailed out by M and Mrs M taking the priority duty to set up the BS, and we were in business, just.

Faithful few, bolstered by welcome visitors from Hastings, fortunately all dedicated/deranged runners, set off in fine weather for what turned out to be a long leg stretch around the very pleasant Wineham countryside. Pleasant intertwined with moisture, nettles and some hard going on the local river flood plain, in an unrelenting several miles to beer stop, tastefully sighted by M and Mrs M together with tartan rug for the weary, plasters for the injured and quality bottled lager and nibbles for the rif-raff. A trail after to work off the lager that had overshot the pub but camouflaged as planned by the Hares, and on-home to rejoin lead Hare and knackered GM dog who had shortcut back to conserve energy for lunch.

6.9 miles clocked by someone's machine thingumme, bit more than intended but hey needed to avoid the big field where the inconsiderate farmer had yet to harvest the

crop and another detour to outsmart a herd with attitude, cattle that had stampeded towards us as if out of the Ponderosa when we approached laying trail.

As recovery set in, and memory of trail vagaries (and gaps) receded (short-term retention being one of the better Hash health issues), Run 112 generally praised. Bollocks attacked RA duties with vigour, after failing to get adequate attention, and virtually everyone awarded down-down. Hares (Tosser, Thumper and Steve); Money Penny and Mrs M for unusual beer stop comfort level and visitors (Bushsquatter, Cliffbanger, Kingfisher and Queenfisher). Misdemeanors included suspected sex on Hash after younger hares reappearing from undergrowth with grin (Thumper & Steve) and Steve again for not knowing where the trail was, minutes after setting the damn thing. Then, the family member not contributing branded lazy (Lorna) and Splitpin castigated (nice word) for approaching the run with mind to avoid risk of self damage that might jeopardize imminent use of sewing machine (Bollocks knows about this??). Wildbush and Keeps it up had turned out to organize something else and for a drink and were duly given one. Last, but by no means least, Stavros Fartley, punished for throughout run incessantly talking dog's bollocks to Bollocks.

Hash Shit unanimously retained by Sir Snot, allegedly incarcerated somewhere in Asia pending charges of an age related pornographic nature.

On On

The cast of the We're Not From Henfield, Actually Hash House Harriers was, in no particular order, nor importance to anyone other than the hare:

Hares	Tosser, Thumper & Steve
Runners	Bollocks, Money Penny, Bushsquatter, Cliffbanger, Kingfisher, Queenfisher, Lorna, Splitpin, Wildbush, Keeps it up, Stavros
Walkers	Mrs Money Penny
Drinkers	The above
Apologies	None – unless Tosser is telling fibs
GrandMaster	Gillette the Hash Hound
Religious Adviser	Bollocks (self-appointed)
Large Wildlife	Cows
Twin Town	Henfield
Hashshit	Snotty

**NEXT HENFIELD HASH - 113
30th September at The Royal Oak, Wineham – watch the website for confirmation.**