



Dust Hath Hidden. Heck!

*Grand Master: Loupy, Hare Razor: Bog Snaffler,
Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag: Justin
Thyme, Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious
Advisor: Endosperm*

drakeh3.co.uk

Upcoming Runs:

Date: 9th March 2020

Location: Warren House Inn, SX 6757 8108

On Down: Prince of Wales, Princetown (Encore!)

Post Mortem - Run #1874

Hare: Made Marion, solo(ish)

Hashers: Anonymouse, Bog Snaffler, Chippendale, Crackle Snaffler, Dallas, Endosperm, Fitbit, Good'n'Ard, Gully Bull, HT2, Justin Thyme, Loupy, No Shoes, Pherognome, Wimpers.

Propping up the bar: Beast, Deadly, Rover; **Propping up those Propping up the bar:** Wimpout

Where: Four Winds

Having no prior knowledge of the trail whatsoever, and having completely foregone the horizontal hail storms of the previous Sunday, and having not had to dry out my no longer waterproof raincoat, it was of course safe to assume the trail was in good hands with Made Marion, pictured right, courtesy of Wikipedia.

Disappointingly the hare did not turn up with his cane and billowing dress, but did have slightly less wonky eyes.

A surprising number of hashers emerged from the duvets of their heated cars to the hash hush, prompting a gulp from the hare, which I don't think anyone noticed, until I mentioned it just then.

Words of wisdom and excuse were espoused before we were flung westward to the on, to follow what we were told was *eight bags*' worth of sawdust. Of course, *bag* is not a clearly defined quantity, and while one would naturally assume *bag* to be something akin to a big hardy bag for life, these may have been



more along the lines of those little bags you put your veg in in the grocers. It's fair to say some searching ensued, and it wasn't until Friday that I stopped waking up in a sweat and shouting *LOOOOOKING*, whilst rotating my head 360 degrees.



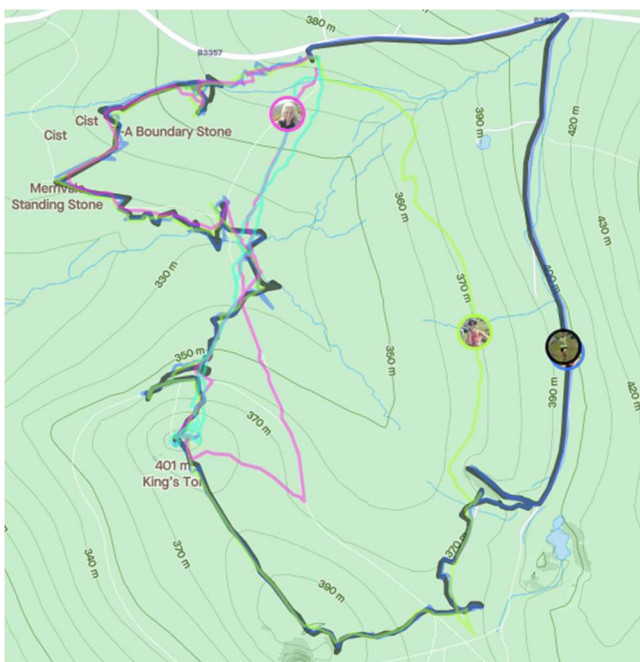
Fortunately, as mentioned, despite having no prior knowledge whatsoever, I knew for a fact the trail made its way along the stone row and to the standing stone to the south-west, so with very convincing naivety, I legged it into the distance and called “*Oh! On-on!*”.

All together again, we bobbed and weaved around those little warrens south of Four Winds, with enough river crossings to make the Torpoint ferry look lazy.

It may have been around this point, **Justin Thyme** confessed, that he was so inspired by some of the gazelle-like bounding over the water, he decided to do some bounding of his own, only to bound shin-first into the river bank. That's *bound* to hurt.

Showing us his injury in the pub later, JT looked at his wound, winced and said – verbatim – “I’m going to have some fun in the shower later!”. At first I thought this was a total non-sequitur, but then I realised it made perfect sense.

Back on the trail, we'd left the warren behind and were ascending King's Tor, in a roundabout way, where we found the regroup in a commendable time of forty minutes. Sensing that time – and pub kitchen staff – waits for no man, we hurtled on ever further from Four Winds to Foggintor, where the keenies had the heart-wrenching decision between the Long, and potentially missing the kitchen shut-off.



Sensing a Strava segment, Justin Thyme wasted no time in following the L, followed closely by **Gully Bull** and **Good'n'Ard**, and not-quite-so-closely by myself, when in the end I just couldn't bear the thought of an S on my conscience.

As the flyby beside clearly demonstrates, there was some... disparity, between the shorts and the longs. With **Dallas** almost back at the car park at 2030hrs on the dot, **No Shoes** and the keenies still had a mile to go. Not a problem for No Shoes, though, who's been knocking out 200 miles a day.

Back in time for last orders – which was just as well, since the chips were a 9 out of 10, for sure – an opportunity presented itself which just couldn't be passed up, irrespective of hereditary traits.

Rover had become complacent, left his pint on the bar, and turned his back to boast about how the *Rover* had passed its MOT with flying colours - unlike the actual **Rover**, who would likely



Guilty

receive many advisories. Somehow, the pint ended up in my hands and, blissfully unaware, Rover turned to me to tell me “*Pherognome needs a little fishing rod, sat on that stool!*”. He chuckled away, turned to grab his pint, and the double-take just then was worth every bit of beratement.

Also of note was just how massive **Justin Thyme’s** hands must be to make a pint glass look so small, and the new headwear acquired by **HT2** and **Fitbit**, henceforth known as **HatT2** and **Hatbit**, of the alternative title to these words: **Drake Hat House Harriers**.

All in all, thoroughly rubbish, **Marion**,

On on,
Pherognome

