

St Michaels Hash 837
Hares Bitter and Twisted

Usually if you are a late cummer to a hash you're given the job of scribe but on Hash 837 it wasn't the case. The JGM circled everyone up, I pointed out BB had a hat on in the circle to which the JGM agreed and announced he's the scribe then changed his mind and chose me instead.

It's one of those things you just accept, no point in being bitter about it, though you've got to ask the question, a fella like him has he got a heart and if so is it made of rock or brick.

Hares gave us instructions about the trail which all sounded simple and straightforward to follow and warned us there are arrows directing us out and in again. They also recommended covering your legs due to brambles etc, so no shorts or mini skirts.

After eleven clangs of the church clock we were off up and over the bridge to pass said arrows to the 1st of many checks. With a total of 24 rambo/wimps and one dog we soon made light work of finding the trail down a grassy track, passing a large house similar to the one Sir Tom used to live in, a strange place to build a house in a field but bet it had fantastic views from the upper floor windows. Through a few fields we crossed a footbridge, (not the best place to take comfort breaks L&D) and entered a field of frisky bullocks, luckily it was only a short field. In a wood of elder trees we followed a twisted path covered in brambles, virgin Louisa had to watch as she didn't plucker her jacket.

Finding the way was easy due to numerous blobs of flour, passing wheat fields with a game bird feeding on the fallen wheat ears and in the far distance we heard a twit to woo. After a bit of confusion at the next check on Inskip Common we emerged on a minor road watching how we crossed over as a boy racer in his white vauxhall Astra car with a big bore exhaust made a loud noise as he drove past.

A few hundred yards up the road we arrived at the BS and was presented with the most beautiful garden, all perfectly designed and laid out with a gravel path and pergola, flanked with sweeping colour coordinated herbaceous borders, natural wildlife pond, abundance of veg in its own plot all surrounded by immaculate lawns with freshly applied stripes, but no garden gnome. The homemade cake made up for it and everyone went back for seconds. Virgin Dave asked to use the bathroom, with it being very posh and him not being used to liquid soap he shouted out wears the soap ?. After a first class feast we left the BS and forgot to check for flour, before long we found ourselves at a major road junction with a motor car doing a Ueee.. The only thing for it was to stomp all the way back.

After finding the trail again we had to navigate ourselves round a scruffy farm yard strewn with burnt out old cars, rusty farm implements and supermarket trolleys. To top it all they had a black tom cat with a bald patch on its tail. A series of metal gates knotted up with baler twine was the next obstacle, all to be climbed over with the help from Late Cummer and others to get to the road, a road I have used many times in the past on my way to work near GT ECC, lovely in Summer but is perishing in Winter and many a day I went home with chapped lips but certainly not from the twat that worked in the office.!!

We hashed through fields, woods to be then confronted with a giant cornfield, luckily the Hares had done an excellent job of marking the route so we knew to go straight through it. What's amazing is from a 3.5" floppy seedling it can grow over 8' tall and its seed is all contained within

its own package on the stalk. On we went and nearly back to the pub following the directional arrows.

Once all back at the pub car park JGM called to circle up to toast the Hares for doing an excellent job setting the trail and hosting the BS at their house. He also asked for a whip round to pay for some new socks for STT as both big toes had broke out heading for freedom.

The sun came out and we all agreed it was a very pleasant hash in the Summer sunshine.

Some hashers did a few misdemeanours which resulted in some down downs.

STT for holes in socks

BB and STT for taking a wrong turning following the directional arrows

Upperskirt and BB for Bullock whispering

MG for allegedly littering the trail dropping paper hankies.

Virgin Louisa having a piddle near the trail and Virgin Dave for aiding and abetting said infringement of the rules

OHT for the above but on his own patch

MT for receiving her 300th hoodie and making history by swallowing all her down downs for the 1st time ever..

Majority of hashers had a drink and a delicious meal in the Grapes with excellent service, especially us sitting at the 1st table to be served.

On ON to the next one.

Big Dibber.