

The Horsey Hash: No. 2's place, Ideford Hare: No. 2

A real multi-species group of hashers circled up at No 2. place, 18 human, 4 horses (3 of them normal, one of them evil), 2 dogs, 3 small girls (every schoolboy knows girls are a different species) and several individuals that would baffle scientists (Mouldy Dick, Buzby and Poacher). The hash was later joined by some overenthusiastic cattle and briefly a few small flies before they drowned in my sweat and got carried around the rest of the trail dead and stuck to my face. Rounding up this compliment of species was a large variety of moulds and fungi which have decided to make my running shoes into their home.

On On (or giddy-up / woof / uggg / moo / buzz / ooo-arrhh depending what species you are – the last one is Poacher) to a long-short split straight away. The longs caught up with the shorts standing in a lane by a gate chatting, while a few hardworking hashers were checking. “It’s on up there” said a helpful person, pointing up a tree. Puss-in –bootless looked up. On-on was eventually called through a gateway into a field. We soon got to another check and every one ran off in different directions. soon they started coming back. “It’s not that way” said X-Bitz. “There’s a cross up there”. So we searched and searched in all the other directions. We started to run out of options so Wide Receiver waded through a pile of horse s**t to see if it was that way. One poor hasher tried to go and check the way that X-bitz had gone and got berated by X-Bitz with what has to be the **Quote of the Week**: “How many times do I have to tell you, it’s not that way. There’s a great big cross” she shouted. “On On” was the

reply from the hasher. “It’s an arrow, not a cross!”.

The FRB’s managed to scare a herd of young cows, one of who leapt into the hedge in terror. The horses were waiting for us on the lane. “On On this way” said No. 2 riding off while her horse laid a fresh, steaming trail for us to follow behind it. After many fishhooks, all seeming to catch X-Bitz, we crossed a stream and arrived at the sweetie stop. Sweetie stop doesn’t do it justice though as it was a wine, pretzel with dip, and chocolate hazelnut cluster stop. Yum! Several people were being menaced by the evil horse so we decided to make a move. A long finishing stretch through the village and up the hill returned us safely to No. 2’s place. It was soon revealed that a bunch of hashers I had passed near the end of the trail were short cutters who had actually been to the village pub for a pint!

A Little Pissed was our RA for the night and did a splendid but slightly sexist job doling out **down downs** to Harriets only. These are the ones I can remember:

No. 2 – The Hare

The three girls on horses– Helping the hare

X-Bitz – “It’s not that way” and doing all the fishhooks

The Isca Virgin – Lemon Beaver

Puss in Bootless – For looking up

On down to No. 2’s terrace for beer and lovely vegi food! Yum

On On...

Damp Patch

p.s. If anybody wants to buy a lovely, big, 1-bed flat in Heavitree, Exeter talk to DP and ALP!