



Date: 5th February 2023

Hash No.: 145 - Moorland Hotel, Wotter

Hares: GymSlip & Hairy Mollusc

Hashers: Beefy; Buzby; Happy Shopper; Lizbien; Mad Max; Night Screecher;

Pisswell; Zen Emptiness

Hashers:Bigbullbilkocatflapdicktationfireatwillfluffydicegafferggggranvillehappyshopp
erhivlurvetrianglemadamcynoddballsplymptonpongpostiegalores4bshitnamesillyshun
tsmokingdicktripletoptopwoggleyeuck

These words have been written purely by memory, I having agreed to write them upon leaving the pub at the end of the evening so most of it will be made up and a load of c***. Nothing new there then.

A chilly evening as we all gathered in the large carpark with Plympton's Hashers joined by about 8 [10!] **Devon Lunatics** and a couple of Stannary Hashers, they were asked to step into the circle to make themselves known. **Gaffer** did his preamble and upon asking if we had any virgins tonight, **CatFlap** stepped into the circle to acknowledge this fact. The hares gave us the usual 3&5 with 2 or 3 L/S splits and we had to look out for different styles of checkback and a circle with a dot inside. By the time all this preamble and intros had been divulged we were all cold and raring to go.

We all headed up the hill opposite the pub with lots of checks to keep everyone together, it was colder the further up the hill we went as the wind increased so at the checks everyone was moving around to keep warm. **Hairy [Mollusc]** followed the shorts and after a bit more climbing around the tor we eventually made our way across a stream and into the gravel clay waste pits. Running thru this was out of the wind, much warmer and with the clear skies, lovely views of Orion, The Plough, North Star and Cassiopeia – that's the only ones I recognise, would love to identify more. With the full moon out it was bright enough to guide our way around. At one check the shorts struggled to find the way on, **Oddballs** went off in one direction but he was as useful as a chocolate teapot, as his torch had run out upon leaving the carpark. Eventually the longs caught up and discovered that the trail went up a short bank and then down the side of a steep gravel slope down to the pond below. **Madam Cyn** and **S4B [Scouting 4 Boys]** didn't want to clamber down this steep

slope and they went the longer and safer way round which possibly was a good idea. The longs in their haste to clamber down dislodged many rocks, and with shouts of “watch out for falling rocks” it felt like they were playing tenpin bowling on the shorts who were below!!!

We crossed the main road and headed further downhill until we reached the bottom and then funnily enough we turned around and had to clamber all the way back up a few metres further away from where we had just run down. Then a fast ½ mile road run back to the pub.

The car park was full as there was a folk evening on in another room. The bar was full of hashers, plus a couple sat down on a sofa looking at their laptop. They didn't seem to mind us invading the pub but by hashit time they had left. **[Madam] Cyn** was multi-tasking, collecting money and nominations at the same time. **Gaffer** was nowhere to be seen – he was still out running. At hashit time **Gaffer/[Madam] Cyn** welcomed our visiting hashers with **Dallas** (Stannary) and **Mad Max** (Devon Lunatics) up to take a down down. A birthday down down was given to the ‘young’ **CatFlap**.

Nominations (I might not have remembered all of them!!)

Gaffer – for wearing his cinnamon-coloured South Hams t-shirt

Silly Shunt – for suffering with lots of little pricks – from the gorse

Oddballs – for living up to his name and fiddling with them before the start. He couldn't carry the hashit last week as he didn't have any trainers so this week, he had to christen them with a beer.

Postie and **Oddballs** – whose torches gave up as soon as they left the carpark

MadamCyn and **Scouting 4 Boys** – for wimping out of climbing down the steep bank

Two Chips – better than **Chubby** at taking photos but needs to remember to have her phone fully charged

Fred – slipped over going down the steep bank but no one noticed.

On-On

Sargent Bilko