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Most people, I believe, when tasked with writing the trash, know that it has to be ready for the following Monday evening. Unless you're a complete twit you write it on Sunday at the earliest, right?. Well...what happens if the deadline is....sometime in the distant future?? Best to make a start now and of course printed copies will not be needed.

After history was made at the unprecedentedly short hash of Elvis on 10 March at Scorhill, more historical, astonishing and unprecedented history was made as the hash of 16/2/2020 became the last for the foreseeable future.

Approximately 19 brave souls + 2 dogs appeared, ready to enjoy the dry, windless weather. Some hashers remembered changing in the roomy shelter of the smoking shed at the back of the pub the week before and so parked in the pub carpark rather than risk their wing mirrors going into Finch Foundry.

The hare gave the words, stressing that it was all at our own risk including sweetie eating without hand washing facilities. There was to be a hash halt near the holly tree in the bog. The dots may have disappeared from the bog, she said.... A dot eating bog?!

Once round the town and we headed through the trees up onto the moor. The altitude gain and wind caused a vague feeling of cold but was desert-like compared to the week before.

Eventually we reached the promised bog and boggy it was. DVK kept looking for the dry route and Fall In confessed to not being able to "face" the discomfort of waterproof socks 🙄. We all gathered and after MudSkipper threatened to cough on me, I slowly moved away and managed to collide and entangle myself with some dead branches and a gorse bush, ending up more or less on the ground. The family disgraced itself further on the continuing descent as Scoubidou did his usual falling over number. The holly tree, covered in berries (where were the birds??) turned out not to be the site of the sweetie stop, even though it seemed as though it should have been. So, on down the hill skirting the falling water in a deepening gorge and we passed a dot on a slab of stone that was being enjoyed by a large black slug: its version of sweeties.

At the bottom of the hill at the welcome sweetie stop people seemed to have thrown caution to the wind and devoured sweets as though there was no pandemic going on...or perhaps just the opposite was true?

Soon after that the hash was taken on a most delightful scramble up some mossy rocks strewn with sheep poo. Up we climbed only to have to follow the trail down again and do a complete circle to head back along the track for an unmarked but familiar On Home. This afforded a stretch-your-legs sort of run except hashing shoes found it a bit hard underfoot. More Frequently reported that the rock climb was in fact Ivy Tor.

Back to the Taw River Inn for the second time in two weeks. The queue at the bar seemed to have the usual sexist rules. Babelfish remained remarkably unflapped but as I was in front of her I decided to pull rank and shoved Amaized out of the way amid a vociferous complaint. The plan was to order and pay for most of the guys in our car. Nippy, being nippy, got there first and got in the beers. In spite of repeated reminders to Scoubidou and others that there was no need to buy beer, he kept asking about beer (!). Hashers cannot help themselves it would seem. Finally I ordered and paid for everyone's food. Impressed with the low price, it later became apparent that poor old Elvis's food had been left off the order. Same for Zombie who had to wait for ages. Belle and Chester had words under the table. Bogrot, who had forgotten soft Bertie, awarded him to Scoubi for the usual reasons. However, as he had forgotten poor Bertie he sensibly awarded him to himself.

Eventually DVK brought up the unthinkable historically historical unprecedented topic of NOT LAYING A HASH THE FOLLOWING WEEK 🤔

The Wrong Trousers, being young and professional and responsible reminded us that we really should not be going to pubs etc.

Many serious conversations took place exploring possibilities of bringing beer to a place somewhere outside and keeping our distance etc. Finally it was decided to set up a Whatsapp group and a paper was circulated for people to give their phone numbers. Scoubidou helpfully provided his landline... 🙄. Nippy considered the (remote) possibility of breaking down and buying a smart phone. Tears were very nearly shed as we all realised that this was, for now, the end of a very long era. Time was called on a robust, wacky, delightfully therapeutic group activity that has been keeping us all muddy and more or less sane for a very long time.

Thank you, More Frequently, for a most enjoyable and bittersweet evening.

The future cannot be revealed so suffice it to say...OnOn, friends.

Tweedle D