

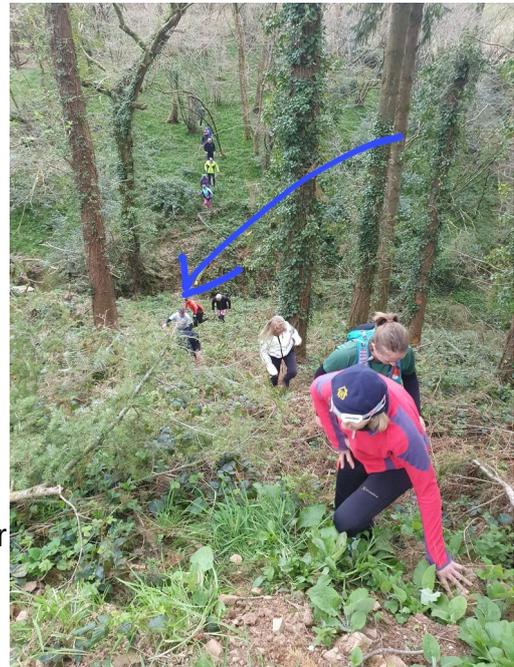
### KH3 trash for 11<sup>th</sup> Apr 2022

**An uncertain hash: was it Kennerleigh Woods or Stockleigh Woods**, would the road be closed, and even more serious – though we didn't know until later – would there even be an on-down? Apparently the landlord of the Black Dog nearly pulled the plug on the on-down entirely due to a painful knee. A packet of Tic Tacs wouldn't have solved that one. In the end the hares put out signs to Stockleigh Wood, the road was open and the pub had food, courtesy of a cockney chef (groan).

Very quickly after leaving the car park **Fall In** completely failed to live up to her name by not falling in a putrid pool, much to the amusement of **Nag em** who then fell in the pool for her. Here's a picture of the scene of the crime. This bit was a lovely steep scramble up through the woods. Pity Elvis and More Frequently missed it. They couldn't have been short cutting could they, surely not?

I found an early X and ended up at the back of the hash. Then did a check-back alone which everyone else had already done and had gone on out of sight. Woods and fields followed with views of Raddon and Cadbury and the usual mystery for me of where exactly we were. Not Ashridge apparently but another farm.

Fantastic sunset at the sweetie stop. Woody's photo inspired the picture.



It was also one of the better sweetie stops: lots of sweets and just a short distance afterwards to the on-home with only the challenge of a barbed wire fence or a steep bank to get over/fall down at the end to reach the cars.

Dents had already gone. When we got to the pub he was sitting there and had already got his food. This wasn't the first time either. How does he do it? What's the secret? Rumour has it he goes straight to the pub before changing, goes in, orders his food and beer, then comes out again and gets changed. By which time his food has arrived. Perhaps we should all try it. Meanwhile, the rest of us queued to order food. Elvis decided a packet of crisps was all he needed after a large lunch at the Newton St Cyres Italian and he was happy to recommend that "everyone should try an Mediterranean tart at least once in their lives". Possibly too expensive for some, but Elvis may be able to help with phone numbers. Later on Nippy was distinctly puzzled by the doily laid over my curry and chips – which was just a popadom feeling floppy. Understandable because it was getting late by then and the food was still arriving. Something to be said for pr-ordering.

Many thanks to the hares for a fine hash.

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