

Boxing Day Trash

It is promoted that spy satellites can read the number plate of a car from space. On Google maps it is possibly to identify whether someones cat is in the garden. When the photographing of Steps Bridge area is updated, look for a white bag hanging from a tree next to a path large enough to take a horse and cart. This is a bag of sweets. Those who were on the hash were unable to locate either the track, or the sweetie stop. Heads are hanging in shame.

There were, of course, excuses. It was said that as the hare was running live it was thought unlikely that he would go to the top of the hill, mark a check back and then send the trail off near the foot of the hill. Another comment was that a number of runners, not hashers, were involved and they were not finding the dots. The most likely explanation was that a group followed a trail of owl shit on the trees. For miles, apparently.

Many lessons can be learned. If a dot is not found within 100 yards, turn round and relocate to the last dot or check. Wandering about the woods in the hope of sanctuary is not the way. Kirton should be able to run a trail without the hare. Some hashers never have the hare with them. Guests are the responsibility of those who brought them. If they don't know what to do then put them on a piece of rope so that they keep to the trail. It also appears that concentration levels, following Christmas Day celebrations were somewhat blurred. This is understandable, but not recommended. Alcoholic celibacy for at least twenty four hours before a hash may have to be enforced.

Despite the difficulties it is said that the mass who attended enjoyed their runaround, but as your scribe did not encounter the pack it is only hearsay.

OnOn

Captain Haddock