

KIRTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE CAR PARK JAN 16TH 2017

HARE (S) : FALL IN ASSISTED BY DVK (AKA CAFÉ LATTE)

The Hare was putting the finishing touches to the Hash as we arrived and the dots weren't towards town or the Golf Course so the route had to be up to Dartmoor. TICKETY BOO and AMAIZED were fresh from the Obelisk Run of the previous day . Ticketty Boo was sporting the "Oh My Obelisk" T shirt but didn't show us his obelisk. ROXANNE was lame from the same so only made it to the pub. (TS) HADDOCK appeared in Mufti with the excuse that he had Biggles in the car. The rest of us just went hashing .

Warnings of sheep, but a lame Rudi was the only hound in attendance so no worries there. It was a fine night and the ground partially frozen as we set off over the stone stile, across Old Town Park and up through the trees to find the route on a good level track- too good to be true of course, it was a long check back and I think we went down a bit but that was only so the Hare could make more up.

Memories of more up, MORE UP (TS-I'm told he repeats himself but as I avoid listening to him and don't have a Twittter account I wouldn't know) SCOUBI DOO had to do a Fishhook which immediately put him back in his rightful place at the back of the hash. There was shig but several hashers avoided it, conveniently and unintentionally by missing the dots which led over a bank and inside the barbed wire fence wherein lay the shig. To be fair there was some flat terrain at the top of the hill (Physical Geography fact) as we ran on past the Flagpole to the sweetie stop at Fitz Well, a grand name for what looks like a rusty drain cover. Hare told us a tale of ley lines, demons, naiads or some such sprites who inhabit the well. DENTS and TICKETY BOO tried to let them out but they weren't having any of it so we left them in peace and ran on.

We reached Klondyke Corner and parts I recognised fondly from a long ago summer beer Hash Halt. There was some trail searching and then through the scrub towards tarmac and town. Past the station, Youth Hostel and some of Okehampton's finer residences then we were abandoned by the Hares. The CROOKLOCK ROUTE which I took went on rough ground behind the houses, a rural back alley with compost bins and unwanted Christmas trees strewn aforeus. Last leg took us into the grounds of the old folks home with a curious sign outside advertising cream teas, then along the West Okement or could have been the mill leat and into the car park.

DVK then fuffed around looking for his shoes, which he hadn't brought, so had to wear his hash shoes to the pub. Ticketty Boo had a birthday and cake but we never saw no cake and had to be content with gloopy nachos. Even the waitress couldn't tell the difference between the meals. BIGGLES was looking very svelte so HE hasn't been eating too many nachos. .

Never mind, we have a chance to try something different on the menu as we are at the White Hart AGAIN tonight.

ON ON. More Frequently