

The Hash Camp Sunday Warmdown Jogathon

Traditionally, the Sunday hash is the shortest of the weekend hashes, as tired legs and feet get an opportunity to gently jog and walk a couple of miles, after the excesses of the Saturday marathon.

Unfortunately, Nippy either didn't understand this, or decided he did not like us, and took us on a mountain marathon. This traditional day of rest and recuperation therefore turned into a living Hell for the remaining hashers, who did not expect perhaps deserve the brutal, life-sapping challenge that was to follow the briefest of words.

Notable hashers who were to escape the ordeal were Dents, who just did the Saturday hash and went home to bed for a nap, Elvis who had a date with a croissant, Dogger who is on a course of strong antibiotics for syphilis, DVK and Fall in who were attending a charity beheading, and Tinsel who was on a promise at the local church.

You will see from pictorial representations of elevation and pace that this hash was a case of either clinging desperately to a hillside during an ascent (which totalled over 1400 feet), or pretty much falling through space on the way back down. It should be noted that these are Woody's stats, and she does seem to spend rather a long time standing still, probably hiding behind various bushes. On our return, the hash tent was still awaiting being taken down, and we were all late for lunch.

Shame on you Nippy, for this act of unkindness towards your fellow hashers, none of whom had enough energy left to think of anything to say at the time. You deserve a thorough flogging once we have sufficiently recovered, which will be some time.

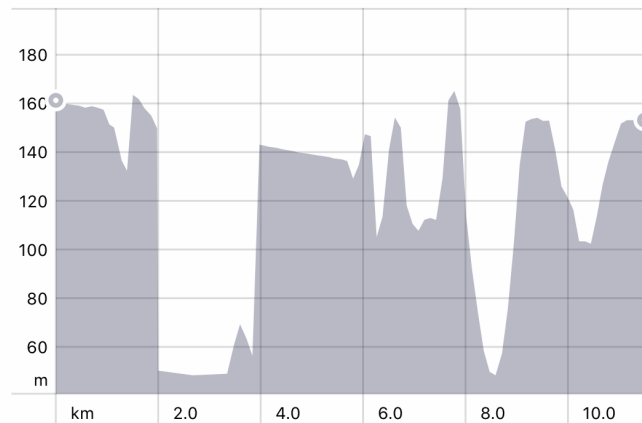
On On,

Superbug

< Run

Analysis

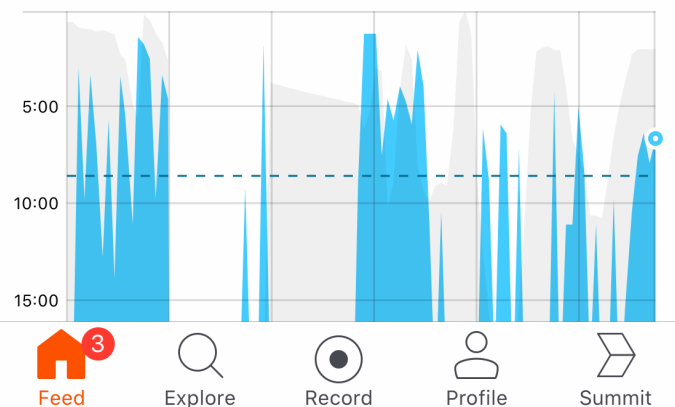
Elevation



Elevation Gain 449 m

Max Elevation 174 m

Pace



Feed

Explore

Record

Profile

Summit