

KH3 Hash Trash
Kennerleigh Woods c/o Tweedle & Scoubi
10th March 2025

The parking at Kennerleigh Woods always proves a challenge for hashers without those helpful white lines we're used to in towns and cities. Our parking resembled the aftermath of a natural disaster and **Amaized** added to the carnage (did you see what I did then?) by scraping his car's sump whilst parking as far away from us as possible. He's always keen to add to his tally of **Soft Berties** and his efforts were justly rewarded. **Tweedle** and **Scoubi** called for quiet to give the words but **Haddock** was oblivious, loudly rambling on regardless. Special mention was given to the not one, not two, but three virgins! Firstly **Susie**, who unfortunately for her was briefed by **Nippy**. Within minutes her very expensive, pristine HOKA trainers were trashed, so I'm sure she's grateful for his 'wisdom'. We were also joined by "hash curious" **Helen** and **Roger Lee**, whose land we were shortly to be running on. As **Tweedle** had briefed them, their choice of footwear (ie wellies) was far more suitable.

Most trails at Kennerleigh Woods start on one of the three tracks leading from the cars but not this week. Unfortunately for **Susie's** trainers, the trail was through a swamp behind the cars and then across a stream. Much 'haddocking' followed with enough brambles to convince a certain virgin never to listen to **Nippy** again. Equally unimpressed was **Belle** aka "Houndini" who wriggled out of her harness and legged it. **Dotty** was much better behaved and looked very fetching in her high tech disco dog collar. Rumour has it, she was under strict instructions from **Woody** to avoid impaling herself again on the barbed wire. More challenging still for her was Kennerleigh Woods' infamous anti-giraffe fencing.

Luckily for us **Tweedle** showed us the secret gate out of the giraffe compound and we were able to escape. By this point most of the usual culprits had fallen over as evidenced by their muddy rears. Not too far further we were able to catch our breath at the sweetie stop. Just as well for poor coughing and spluttering **OBJ**, who was still suffering from the mother of all lurgies. Perhaps it's time for him to inject some bleach into his lungs (although it sounded like he just had). Top marks for the sweeties provided although the liquorice torpedos were not to **Fall-in's** liking. By this point, we were back on familiar territory and not too far from those three tracks explored initially. No more 'haddocking', negotiating swamps or worse still for **Dotty** and me, the 'triggering' barbed wire. However, we then faced the challenge (to us anyway) of 'unparking'.

We then retreated to the OD at The Pigs. Mysteriously, **Haddock, Nippy, Swinger** and **Dents** seemed to have arrived about 30 minutes before the rest of us. This did give **Haddock** time to dish out at every place setting, free KH3 car stickers. Last to rejoin us was **Tweedle** and **Scoubi** (as the man himself had to pop home to shower, exfoliate and moisturise). As the food arrived, **Amaized** was judged to have made the best menu choice - dirty chilli beef fries. So good in fact he took half of it home to have for lunch the next day. **Tweedle** noticeably relaxed later on when she realised her 'super-sized'* trash did not contain the minor typo she feared it had. (* MacDonaldis has only been open a few weeks and their terminology is already creeping into wider local use). At the OD I extracted £30 more hash subs (from **Haddock, Bogrot** and **Dogger**) and realised that I'd inadvertently excluded the non 'WhatsAppers' from my Hash Cash communications - apologies! Am I allowed to resign in disgrace yet?

Many thanks to **Tweedle** and (the newly buffed) **Scoubi** for their endeavours and the excellent trail (so long as you weren't briefed by **Nippy** beforehand and therefore weren't suitably attired).

Uproot