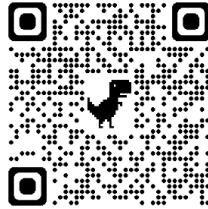


Herts
 Hash
 House
 Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

BIdy FIREWORKS again last night ✨**
 someone letting off Rockets by the looks
 of what i found in my garden this
 morning! Have some respect for pets it
 scared my cat to death!! 😞

Run No. 2021
 22nd January 2023
 Venue: Dragon King (With a quick visit to The Three Magnets)
 Location: Letchworth Garden City
 Beers/Cider: Tsingtao
 Hare/s: No Eye Deer (& faithful side-kick)
 Runners: 21
 Virgins: 0
 Visitors: 0
 Newies: 0
 Après: 2
 Hash Hounds: 0
 Total: 23
 Membership: Rabbits, Rabbits "Gong hei fat choy" 恭喜发财 Happy New Year!



'Gong hei fat choi' which translates in to English as 'Happy New year' or on Herts Hash vocabulary 'New Year feed your face Trail' which all means that there wasn't a bad turnout now that there was the irresistible temptation of an all you can eat Chinese buffet afterwards!

Early arrivals were Mr X & My Lil', who were found in the local 'Spoons by the Hares & Véronique. Mr X received a message from TBT OBE to alert everyone that he was not coming out to Hash as he was not feeling very well, perhaps a result of eating off of cold plates?

Soon Sludge was on the scene within the warm inner surroundings of the Pub, then we had the welcome return of FWB who was back after a long injury lay-off. Meanwhile Fliptop decided forsake the warmth to go & stand outside to await any other arriving Hashers.

When the rest went out to join him, Fliptop was bemoaning not the cool air on this bright morning, but the his perception of a lack of any sizable Pack, not realising that Captain Slow (Kylie) & Corporal Slower (Paxo) were still faffing about in the car park by the Brewery before walking around with others.

The Circle was called as Paxo & Pebbledash ambled around from the car park, then they put on a sprint to catch up with Milf & Kylie, who had just made the boost the numbers for the start of Fliptop's welcoming speech. At least they were there for the important bit as the Circle passed over to (In the Honorary GM's words) the 'Über Hare' (No Eye Deer) und das 'Unter Hare' (Whatevershesays) to explain what could be expected out on the Trail?

A short cut & sweet stop were of interest, before No Eye Deer mentioned Pink Dust & that local Social Media Groups had been pre-warned of what the mysterious powder could be, especially after the Social Media worries of the last Trail set in Pink around the south of Letchworth.

No Eye Deer then emphasised that there were slippery sections of Trail out there & caution would be needed, with some common sense to be used. Then the Pack were ushered away up the Leys toward the turned off fountain, here an uncomfortable grumbling could be heard from My Lil' as he was first to find the initial CHK, which seems was far too close to the Pub for his liking!

Having no such qualms, Mr X began to search off down Eastcheap, only to be called back as "On!" was called by the pedestrian Crossing before the Railway Station, My Lil' now had to come back from over by the Bank at the end of the Broadway, they joined the rest of the Pack as they crossed to pass the car park outside of the Railway Station. These two led the way around on from Station Place to cross the bridge over the Railway lines & down Bridge Road. However, they would soon be stopped in their tracks by a Bar CHK beyond the local Police Station.

The rest of the Pack were now embarking north-eastward along Nevells Road for 160 Yards to reach the next CHK, with mention of Pink Flour at the Chalk Talk fresh in their minds, Mr X & My Lil' both headed away down the Quadrant as it would now be the quickest route to the bottom edge of Norton Common. Sure enough one sided arrows led to the end of the side street of cottage like homes to reach the Icknield Way.

Once across the Ancient Briton route, the two found pink dust on the old oaks on the nor-nor-east path running through the nature reserve of Norton Common, then after 147 Yards the Trail changed direction as they were directed off on to the uncapped path that bends around to the west.

Mr X stopped just before the wooden footbridge over a stream of the Pix Brook, so he could inform a dog walker, who looked a bit like My Lil' Luddite, & just in case he too does not have any technology & lives



'off-grid' that the Pink Dust was flour for the 'Paper-Chase' style Trail & wouldn't harm his pooch, thus (hopefully) allaying any Social Media Scare Stories.

320 Yards to the western edge of the Common, at the end the two FRBs were caught up by Milf after they had fallen foul from the CHK there, they found a T up to the north. By now Moss Key Toe had made up ground after his late start, but he was soon going wrong as he searched southward, the only other alternative now was the cut-through between two of the properties to come out on to Cowslip Hill. [No Jokes! – Ed]

Milf, My Lil' & Mr X now took their eyes off of the ball, well the Trail as they headed nor-nor-westward up the road but failed to notice arrows showing the way over to the opposite, west, side of the road. Along with Moss Key Toe & Fliptop, they soon realised that the Trail had vanished up by the corner entrance to the Common, then from behind calls of 'On!' came from Slug, Port, Starboard, Pebbledash, Sludge, Tent Packer & Paxo, who were spotted taking the diagonal path over the green space below the level of the road.

When I was a child my father grabbed at my nose then pulled away with his thumb between his fingers saying 'I've got you're nose' I thought I had been badly disfigured, the torment I suffered haunts me to this day.



The two fractions of the Pack would meet over in the northwest corner of the frost covered green space & take to the rough uncapped footpath that arcs around from the west to the north, where a CHK was found on the wooden footbridge over the Pix Brook. Here the Pack would begin to bunch up as first a Falsie was found up toward Standalone Farm, much to the relief of Mr X as this is famous for the annual Standalone Farm 10K!

Secondly, Sludge went completely wrong to the northwest as FWB, Véronique & Whatevershesays arrived at the bridge. With his blood pressure now dropping, & while others had failed searches on the opposite grassy strip along side of the Pix, Mr X took to looking beyond the kissing-gate that had seemed to have been overlooked by the rest of the Hash. Bingo, arrows were discovered on the short back passage [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed] to emerge out on to Longmead.

The Trail would lead a few degrees off of due east, here the southern footpath was still frosty & looked pretty slippery, so Mr X decided to avoid doing a 'TEEBs' & take to the safer, now sun-drenched frost free quiet side road. So, he would be first to reach a CHK by Haymoor, where he would be first to find that there was no Trail up this backstreet. Mr X & Moss Key Toe were called back down the rising road to follow the rest of the Pack along to the junction with Cowslip Hill once again.

A turn to the left would lead up Cowslip Hill for the last 240 Yards of the urban road, it was around this point that Flying Solo, Killer Queen & She Wolf caught up with the Hash, they must have had a late start as they arrived on their bikes? A CHK located on the Wilbury Road had the Trail turn to the right & head Eastward, which in a direction toward where Flying Solo & the girls live.

The Pack would have another 574 Yards to make their way along Wilbury Road, however there was a slight hiccup when the Trail reached the Junction where Grange Road heads northward, as no one seemed to be listening to Whatevershesays as called & pointed in an attempt to direct Flying Solo, Killer Queen & She Wolf to stay on the southern side of the road, but they crossed over when the traffic stopped to allow them too.

Another crossing back over the road was required just a few yards further, as they & the rest of the Hash had to follow Trail in to one of the northern entrance gates in the old railings into Norton Common. A CHK inside on the top of the common had the FRBs taking to running along this northern end before reaching the north-eastern corner.

The Trail tuned southward to make their way through the wooded area, here the sun hadn't reached the ice tracts frozen in the ruts of the Shiggy path & for some this would be a pain, before emerging out into the open common area. Not too far to trot to find the Held CHK by a park bench, here the FRBs had to wait for the SCBs. It was here a civilian out walking was mistaken for one of the Hash, since she was ahead both Captain & Corporal Slow.

With the production of packets of Allsorts, there was a mad scramble from Sludge & My Lil' to beat Tent Packer to the bobbly blue & pink aniseed jellies, that come in the allsorts packet. However, Mr X managed to retrieve one of Tent Packer's favourites from the second packet the Hares produced, he gave this to Tent Packer so he didn't feel left out.

Time to move on & Mr X was now feeling his bladder was too full to do the last loop out, even after No Eye Deer suggested he should go behind one of the bushes, "As Paul did yesterday!" he thought that the steam may be seen by some of the many people out enjoying this crisp & cold sunny morning, so he elected to take the official short cut down toward the Leisure Centre in the south-eastern corner of the Common.

Crossing the Icknield Way roundabout Mr X could see Sludge & My Lil' already up head of him after a bit of 'Sludging' on an official Short Cut, but he couldn't catch up with them as running was now out of the question. As well as My Lil' taking the shorter option due to his aching back, Milf was now being escorted back by Whatevershsays as her footing had slipped slightly & she now had a groin strain, so a stretched out Trail of crooked SCBs made their way down Norton Way.

Meanwhile, FWB, Pebbledash, Fliptop, Tent Packer, Moss Key Toe, Véronique, Slug, Port, Starboard, Paxo & Kylie all followed on behind Flying Solo, She Wolf & Killer Queen as the kids were reminded by mum that they had already seen some Trail earlier this morning, so it should be an easy way for them around the loop along Norton Road, then off through a back-passage to Common View, before cutting through the Y-shaped Cromwell Garden to turn right on to Glebe Road & back Inn by the car dealerships [Kylie please note they do a Bluelight Discount! – Ed] on Norton Way North, finally passing under the Railway Bridge to the car park by the Brewery.

Mr X was almost tempted to see if he could stop at the local Sally Ackers for a 'Pit Stop' before reaching the Railway Bridge, but although he's never smoked, he couldn't sign the pledge when it came to the abstinence with drinking, especially as the pre-Trail pint was the cause of his much needed short cutting.

Back at the Three Magnets & relief was soon at hand [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as Mr X joined Sludge & My Lil' at one of the booths in the back of the Pub. The rest of the Pack made their way back for a quick beverage before heading over to the Dragon King.

When Milf was questioned by My Lil' as to why she was back so early? She mentioned she had a groin strain, which had an immediate reply offering it rub her strain better, on hearing this Mr X announced 'Clear the table!' with the crudities out of the way & the lowered tone, to quote D-Ream things could only get better as the Hits were readied for the Circle, but not before Tent Packer had handed Mr X a set of Bag-pipes!!

When asked if he was going to learn to play the Pipes, Mr X replied he'd give it a bash in order to cheer up TBT OBE, who was absent this day so don't tell him as he doesn't read R*n reports if he's not there on the day. It'll be a pleasant surprise for him, that is if the RA can get a tune out of them [This may not be possible after our resident Piper said these weren't the best Pipes, which originate from Pakistan! – Ed]

The Circle was called & after the toast, the RA awarded the Hares for an excellent Trail of just around the hour mark, for nearly all. Other hits went to Flying Solo & the Girls for taking the 'Have something Chinese &/or Scottish! for the Trail & they proved Katie Melua wrong as there are now only 299,999,997 Bicycles in Beijing with the three of them cycling around the Trail. Moss Key Toe was out for 'Lost Property' as he dropped his Chinese calendar, Pebbledash was soon asking what her Chinese Year sign was & she was correct with Dragon!

The RA said that Sudge's Birth Year wasn't on that calendar, as it didn't go back that far as the years of Confucius, also TBT OBE wasn't represented by a Virus! Anyhow, back to reality the last Down-Downs were handed out with Sludge receiving his EWSH3 Jacket & he wasn't going to take that off.

After the Circle the Pack made their way over to the Dragon King, where the Pack met up with Sis, & later Manjit, as Fliptop was found already going around one of the help yourself stations! With the Hash being the Hash, everyone went around several times. TBT OBE would have loved the buffet, if he was well enough to attend, for they had lots of small sausages!

Here you go, you can find your own Birth Year Animal:

Rat	鼠 (shǔ)	1924, 1936, 1948, 1960, 1972, 1984, 1996, 2008, 2020
Ox	牛 (niú)	1925, 1937, 1949, 1961, 1973, 1985, 1997, 2009, 2021
Tiger	虎 (hǔ)	1926, 1938, 1950, 1962, 1974, 1986, 1998, 2010, 2022
Rabbit	兔 (tù)	1927, 1939, 1951, 1963, 1975, 1987, 1999, 2011, 2023
Dragon	龙 (lóng)	1928, 1940, 1952, 1964, 1976, 1988, 2000, 2012, 2024
Snake	蛇 (shé)	1929, 1941, 1953, 1965, 1977, 1989, 2001, 2013, 2025
Horse	马 (mǎ)	1930, 1942, 1954, 1966, 1978, 1990, 2002, 2014, 2026
Goat	羊 (yáng)	1931, 1943, 1955, 1967, 1979, 1991, 2003, 2015, 2027
Monkey	猴 (hóu)	1932, 1944, 1956, 1968, 1980, 1992, 2004, 2016, 2028
Rooster	鸡 (jī)	1933, 1945, 1957, 1969, 1981, 1993, 2005, 2017, 2029
Dog	狗 (gǒu)	1934, 1946, 1958, 1970, 1982, 1994, 2006, 2018, 2030
Pig	猪 (zhū)	1935, 1947, 1959, 1971, 1983, 1995, 2007, 2019, 2031

**'It was my favourite bowl'
Prince Harry's dog reveals all
in exclusive Netflix interview**



Prince Harry's dog has opened up about losing his favourite dog bowl in a devastating interview to be aired on Netflix this week.

"and then he kicked my sandcastle over at the beach and said that's because you'll never have one"

In June 1993, Willy took the toy from the fresh box of Rice Krispies when he knew it was my turn. It was devastating.

