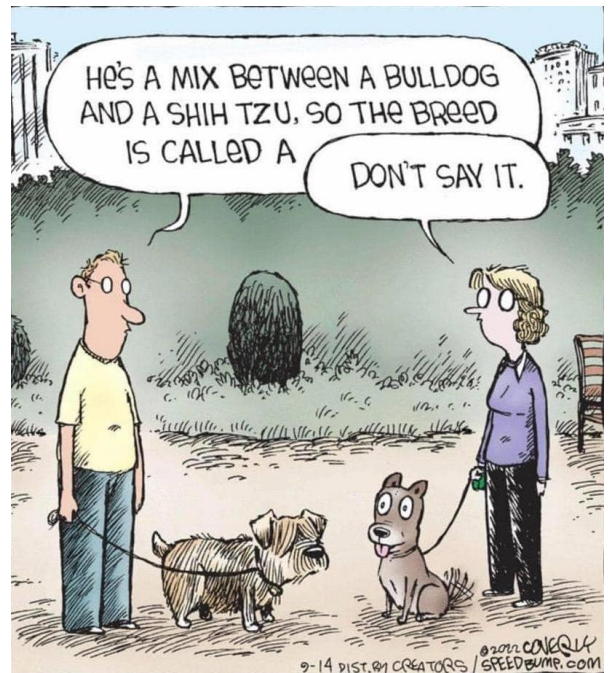


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 2034
10th April 2023
Venue: Punch House
Location: Ware
Beers/Cider GK Abbot; Mad Squirrel & Bee's Knees
Hare/s: Paxo
Runners: 11
Virgins: 2
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 3
Total: 16
Membership: Running on Lipstick!



It wasn't a morning for fair weather Hashers, the overnight drizzle had not ceased & we were missing a few. Those who were making their way to Ware could see that some of roads had rather large puddles, an ominous sign of the state of any possible route the Hash may embark on around the Ware area.

When the RA arrived at the car park, he was greeted with a few "I thought that you'd be in Spain?" due to the FUK Full Moon Hash's Easter Migration to Stiges, but he had other things happening this weekend. There was also a mini exodus of vehicles from the car park to park across the road, since they now charge here, Pepé le Pew pointed out that the only day that is free of charge was Christmas Day. [So you don't pay on Jesus Christ's Birthday, but 'Christ on a bike, you have to cough up when he was crucified! – Ed]

The Pack grew in size as one half came back from over the road, while Slug arrived with Sally, then drove over to Park up where it was free! Rumours had it that TBT OBE may turn up later, as he had a bad back, but he would be a no show.

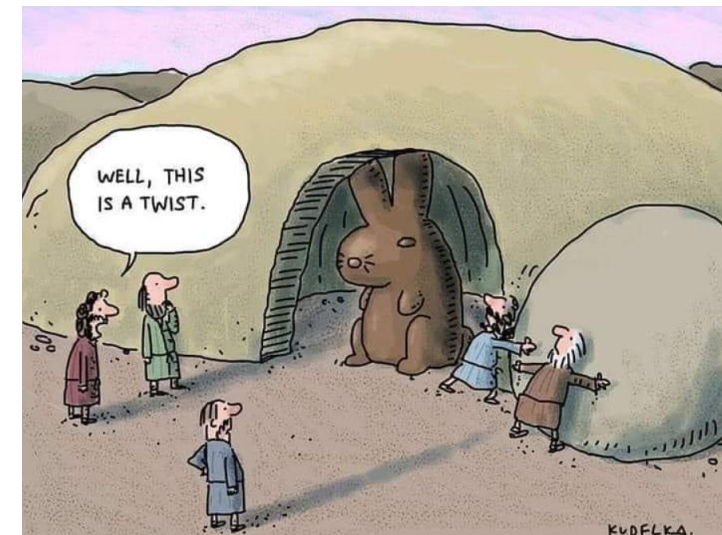
With most wanting to get on with things, there was another hold up as Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew said that they were awaiting the arrival of Alison & Andy, two Virgins, who did arrive with their pooch Loki, the appearnc eof who had Teddy barking at him.

The start was delayed again, as the Hare went through a brief synopsis of Hash Markings for the Virgins, but it seemed that their educations into all things Hash would be down to Pepé le Pew to instil on their way around the Trail. Virgins introduced as Fliptop did the honours with the correct Run Number, then it was over to the Har.e

The Hare mentioned that the Trail was set in flour, or now damp dough, as well as coloured chalk which Mr X immediately said could be the Hare's lipstick, a deep shade of Red once it was moist [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Anyhow, enough of Paxo's 'Cover-girl' lippy.

Before heading off, it was noticed that the Car Park, apparently when much larger, used to be a dogging spot & has the unusual Police Sign for Section 59 Police Reform Act 2002, which states that the Police can remove any vehicles belonging to anyone Causing Alarm, Distress or annoyance to members of the Public, which was another good reason for the Hash to park over the road.

The Trail got underway, with Flying Solo, Mr X, Moss Key Toe, Milf & No Eye Deer all heading out of the northern edge of the car park & on to Coronation Road, where eventually the faded remains of the Trail were finally picked up away to the east to reach Crib Street. Here Mr X began searching over toward Francis Road but was called back when Flying Solo spotted the remnants of an arrow pointing the way a few degrees east of due north.



Around 120 Yards to the T-junction with the east to west running The Bourne, the Trail looked lost around by the corner shops, but Mr X would utilized his local knowledge for the first time that day, as he headed westward, where he suspected a hidden back-passage [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed] could be the Hare's preferred route?

However, He & Flying Solo ran on beyond Milton Road to the North, only to be called back by the Hare, who was further back up The Bourne. Back to Milton Road & a short way up there Mr X led Flying Solo, Moss Key Toe & Milf on the start of the back passage of Little Horse Lane, beginning beside a White

House & after a few feet this would turn though 90° to head northward behind the homes.

On the 1884 OS Map, Milton Road wasn't very long, as beside it was the longer old, now lost Big Horse Lane. Back to Little Horse Lane, the enclosed & uneven tarmac path ran for 160 Yards to emerge out in to the corner of Wooden Park. Here the Dust could be seen on the trees away to the east, before leading around & down to the footbridge spanning the brook of the Upper Bourne.

There was a 280 Yard run up though the eastern, wooded side of the Park until the FRBs of Flying Solo, Moss Key Toe, Mr X & Milf all came out through the railings to Kings Way, there appeared to be no CHK there, but with the various options from there they assume that there was once one there, somewhere.

Mr X headed off north-eastward in the green open hillside behind the homes, while the blue Saracens waterproof of Flying Solo headed north-eastward by the Upper Bourne, then calls of "On!" Back were heard emanating from those now picking up the Trail on High Oak Road. As Mr X made his way back from scaring some squirrels in the bushes, Paxo spotted the RA from the higher urban road, running above the south-eastern edge of the open space, he offered Mr X the chance of Short Cutting along by the brook & up to the eastern corner of the open space.

The RA joined the Trail again as it left the elbow of High Oak Road & Fanhams Hall Road, beside the small, gatehouse like cottage, where Flying Solo, Milf, Moss Key Toe, No Eye Deer, Fliptop & Teddy were on their way north-eastward on the Shiggy old bridle-way to the northeast, Pebbledash was not far behind as Mr X caught up on the route at the end of the crop fields to the north & Ware Youth FC grounds on the other side of the hedgerow ditch to the south.

Along slow climb up the gentle sloping hillside, the going was hindered by the lack of grip with the Shiggy & lingering surface water, this made things feel as if the Pack were heading further away & working twice as far as they actually did. There appeared to be no Trail off on the footpath that comes down from the northwest & everyone continued on the bridleway, back 'On Trail' as it moves around to the northeast for 520 Yards.

The remains of a CHK were found at the junction of footpaths, it was now that Mr X would use his 'Super Hash Senses' to search away up to the northwest, while Milf in her blue Saracens Windcheater headed away in the opposite direction towards the edge of Fanhams' Hall, Mr X was noticeably not wearing anything Saracens related after their defeat in the European Cup the day before.

Flying Solo had heeded Mr X's talk of the Hare mentioning of 'Keeping dogs on leads when going through a Farm' & he believed that the farm was Moles Farm, up on the hill by the obvious landmark Water Tower, but would this be true or a Red Herring to catch out the FRBs?

Dust was found & so began a 520 Yard slog up to the top of the plateau for the Keenies to reach the drive to Moles Farm, there were two options from there, westward toward the farm or north-eastward to a wooded area & treeline separating the crop fields. While Mr X began searching to the west, it was Flying Solo & Moss Key Toe who found the Trail on the alternative option & called him back.

Retracing his steps, Mr X could see Milf, No Eye Deer, Fliptop, Pebbledash & the Hare, being followed up by Pepé le Pew with our Newbies of Alison & Andy further back on their way up toward the Mole Farm Track. On a water filled pot-holed way up toward Cold Christmas Lane, Mr X stopped as He & Moss Key Toe broke off to the left, the old Hash instincts were kicking in again & sure enough the Trail was off the farm track & on to the Shiggy footpath cutting back to the west.

Flying Solo was called back from up toward the Cold Christmas Lane, & she was soon catching up with them as they followed the path along the tree-line & then around to the north, where they seemed to lose the Trail. Flying Solo found the Held CHK on a Footpath Marker post that partly hidden around the corner & lodged in a bush in full bloom of white blossom, right about the same time as Mr X & Moss Key Toe had come back from a fruitless search up toward the A10.

The other two missed the Held CHK marked on the post, where one footpath heads back down to Moles Farm. The rest of the Hash weren't too far behind, which was handy as the FRBs were hanging around in the drizzle awaiting the Knitting Circle to arrive with the Hare. Paxo had mentioned that the Trail was cut short from its original route due to the precipitation, he added that we should walk the next section by the Sheep field & the Easter Egg Hunt could begin at the next Held CHK.

So, the only option left was now to head through Moles Farm, where it has been completely changed since Herts hash last run up here, with all the redevelopment of new homes that now dominate the old Farmyard. After seeing these, the three FRBs would break away, spotting that Paxo had changed from his red Lipstick markings to a green one with some green arrows on the woodwork for a large kissing gate that all three could get into in one go. However, they had failed to see the second regroup on their eagerness to progress to where they presumed the Easter Egg Stop would be.

The south bound path between two fields was another one of Shiggy, which was easier to get momentum in running on for stability rather than walking along & slipping around. The farm track would lead along by the rather stately grounds of the Round House, this long 500



Yard run would reach a path that turns off south-westward & the Trail was found on this break away route that would cross the driveway to the Round House.

After 250 Yards, Mr X now realised that he was entering back onto the grassy hillside he searched earlier back by the Upper Bourne! This time the Trail would turn to the northwest, as Flying Solo & Moss Key Toe were the first to get the attention of two off lead, barking Labradors, who were being called back by their owner! Mr X followed on & caught up as the other two stopped to wade through a spring like eruption of water in the boggy hillside. At least the wet grass now brought up Shiggy covered Hash Boots to a far cleaner state.

Flying Solo now mentioned why Pepé le Pew was wearing wellies this day, Mr X asked "Are they new wellies!" especially as Pepé le Pew had earlier questioned Milf's clean Trainers at the opening Circle, which she had shown the soles of to prove to the Circle that they were worn down by being run in, & not sandpapered to achieve that effect.

Anyhow, the Trail passed through the treeline in to a smaller enclosed green area, here Mr X reckoned on the dark tunnel like entrance to another footpath was the most likely option, sure enough the Dust was found on the trees in a wooded area to the northwest & now the Trail would take the Hash through the deepest & widest Shiggy. The clean shoes were now covered in Shiggy as the way would emerge out on to a grassy bank at the southern end of the Wodson Park Sports Centre.

Moss Key Toe now lead the way over by a Spinny, where there was no sign of any Easter Eggs, it was now dawning on the FRBs that they had missed the Easter Egg Stop, something which was also confirmed that no other FRBs, like No Eye Deer, Milf & Fliptop were back up at the front of the Pack.

Now resigned to having missed the Easter Egg Stop & a change to celebrate the pagan fertility festival of the Goddess Eostre, the symbol of the Egg as a sign of rebirth was adopted to symbolise Christ's Resurrection. The three reached the A1170 Wadesmill Road & began a long straight & nice decent of 550 Yards of roadside footpath, on the way Mr X said that there was one last Park & possible Held CHK, a small one below Poles Lane.

Once around the bend in the road back, the Trail crossed over at the lights to one of the park entrances, but there was no sign of Trail or Easter Eggs within, Moss Key Toe continued down the Wadesmill Road & called "On! On!"

Another 450 Yards the Keenies were back at the car park, across from which Slug was seen putting Sally in tith car, Mr X questioned how he got ahead of the Keenies? However, with a precipitation still in the air Mr X & Flying Solo weren't going to hang arounds chatting, they walked around to the Punch House, as he knew where the venue was. They order their drinks, then the barman asked if the group had booked for lunch, so Mr X said that the bookings would be in the names of either Kennedy, or probably Warwick, but there was no sign of either of these in the booking diary.

Flying Solo spotted a large table but was reserved from 12:00Hrs, which on closer inspection of the Reserved signs read 'Walkers' & this turned out to be booked by Paxo for the Hash. Flying Solo txt No Eye Deer, while Mr X txt Paxo as both requested their change of clothes bag were brought from the cars.

The three Hashers who missed out on the Easter Egg stop, were given their eggs by the Hare so they too could celebrate the pagan ceremony [So all's well, that ends well! – Ed]

With many eating, plus the Hash Song Mistress had to leave early for Brum, & the fact the rain was now really heavy outside with little cover, the Down-Downs were put off until the next week, with Pepé le Pew promising the Virgins would be back for their welcoming drink!

The Pack got to hear about Supertrooper's performance in Oliver, for those of the Hash who attended what they described as an impressive, immersive theatrical experience, & the Hash were well behaved.

There was one surprise for the GM & RA (The longer serving members of the Herts Hash) as Slimer & Claire [Sorry Claire, at time of writing the scribe cannot recall your Hash Name! – Ed] came in to eat, both Herts Hashers from Way back who stopped Hashing when they had kids. Both looked well as Fliptop said "If you need to explain why the Hare & Hounds Hash spilt from Herts, then he's just walked through the door! As he knowingly looked toward Slimer & co in the corner, but that's another story for another time!



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Woke But Petty
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I imagine being a seagull is pretty rad because it's basically just endless fries and permission to scream whenever you want.

