

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

Run No. 2082

Date: 4th February 2024

Venue: непослушные пути & секс-турист

Location: Hitchin

Beers/Cider: Hobgoblin; Doooombar; Rosies Pig

Hare/s: Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist

Runners: 27

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

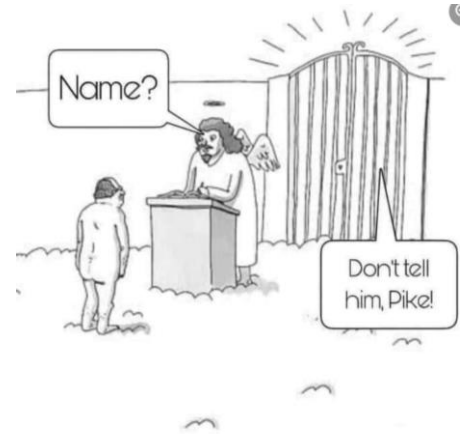
Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 27

Membership: On Москва Rules



A slight delay getting to the venue for two of the regular faces, with late arriving buses preventing them from making it to the start of the Hash & the 'Chalk-talk' about the Trail being set in 'Moscow Rules' [Surely it should be Moscow Mules? – Ed] as a Drink Stop was mentioned to those gathered at Chez Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist.

While the Hares drew nice blue markings on their patio, My Lil' was bemoaning that after one late Bus Journey, the second bus was behind schedule as well, but far worse was that the delays had eaten away at any chance of a swift one in the St Evenage 'Spoons.

While the Pack set off, Mr X & My Lil' were alighting from the 100 Bus & heading toward Blackhorse Lane, arriving at Chez Naught & Sex Tourist with no sign or sound of the rest. Bags dropped off in the back garden & the two late comers set off in search of the others & followed the Blue Arrows to the southern, dead-end of the long cul-de-sac, where they were taken up a back-passage to come out on to Rowan Grove.

In the distance a call of "On! On!" was heard but how far behind were these two? A long way as it happens, for even the Keenies had negotiated the loop off around Sycamore Close & then in a clockwise direction around Tall Trees, a small close of homes to the west of the wooded area the Ippollits' brook runs through, to reach the footpath that runs from east to west along the bottom of the larger estate.

This was new Hashing territory for Herts Hash as the Trail progressed through the west by southwest path running between the trees at the end of the housing & by the now fallow farm field that is going to be the next stage of development in this part of Hitchin, or was it Hitchin? For as the Hash had passed by an information board that stated this area was under the St Ippollits' Parish Council.

The Village of St Ippollites derives its name Roman Days of Horse Worship, & later given the St Hippolytus (Hippo being the Latin for Horse) name, it has had many variations of the name, St Ippolyttes, as well as Eoplites & even Nipples! [There you go Pebbledash! – Ed]

After 202 Yards the Trail would lead out on to London Road, a very large blue chalk CHK here had been marked to point the Pack away from Hitchin, in a sou-sou-east direction. It was be a less than a 100 Yard trot beside the B656 to reach another large Blue Arrow, this did point over to the start of Mill Lane, an old, narrow route through the wood to the southwest.

A few yard down the lane & curved arrow took the Hash into the wooded area, then On out to the open common land to the south. The Trail now turned to the southwest, in what was a clever loop to keep a 'certain group' of the Pack away for the Sloe Hill Residential Home & the chance of them being accidentally rounded up by mistake for missing residents.

The Dust stuck to one of the meandering desire line in a clockwise direction, turning at an elbow where a Shetland Pony was being taken around here for a walk & a munch at the long grass [As you do? – Ed]. The Trail led away from the scrubby bushes & trees to emerge back out on to Mill Lane, again the Trail was marked & this time to the southwest to head from the end of Mill Lane over the junction with the Gosmore High Street to the Gosmore Playing ground.

In the middle of the grassy green space were some older folk, on of whom resembled our very own Sludge. There were out doing some kind of Yoga/Pilates/Thai-CHI/Typhoo to some recorded music, Mr X said that this was the worse Morris Side he had seen, since the time Junior was reluctantly cajoled in to joining in with the Sheringham Side, or as Junior called it 'Sheringham Chapter' after he had finished with his waving of prancing around waving handkerchiefs & jingling his bells in Public! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

It was at this point where Mr X & M Lil' would catch sight of Hot 'N' Spicee & they would pass by her as they set off where the Trail took to the Maydencroft Lane. It would be a 440 Yards trot along the lane toward the northeast, here a few were amazed at the new, small estate to the south of the lane, for this wasn't even under construction last time the Hash were led on a Trail around these parts.

Up ahead on this relatively straight section of lane, those at the very tail of the Pack could now see Kylie was turning off on to a footpath that heads northward up by the tree line between two fields. The serpentine path twisted & turned several times on the 760 Yards up between the paddocks to Brick kiln Lane, but on the way there was one reason to stop & that was the distinctive sound of a woodpecker, however, Mr X wouldn't spot the elusive bird as Zingalong came running up & bellowed "On! On" that kept the bird quiet.

On the way up the now disused lane, Zingalong said that he was only doing a part of the Trail, for he stopped

off as he was on his way to an Orienteering event not so far away, he asked if his efforts this day would count toward a Run Number? Mr X said it would if he paid his £2 subs!

While Zingalong was going to cut back to his car at some point, the late comers finally caught up with Kylie & Doeswhatshesays. At the CHK behind the rounded Priory Way Mr X, My Lil' & Kylie all set off up Brick Kiln Lane on the Long Trail option to the Northwest, but this was the last time that they would see of DWSS.

This group set off between the large hedgerows on the old narrow lane to catch up with Lemming. In amongst these hedges were large clumps of distinctive & pretty white snow drops in bloom.

While the Keenies of Flying Solo, with Killer Queen & She Wolf on their scooters, Nigel, Tent Packer, Where's Wally?, Diamond Geezer, Parson's Nose, Moss Key Toe, Mother & No Eye Deer were well on their way over the brow of the hill down to Charlton, in the capable hands of Sex Tourist,

A strange thing happened when on this Long Trail section, as from a marked CHK by a gap in the hedgerow the late comers entered the edge of the open farmland on Hitchin Hill, here they were surprised to see that the Knitting Circle of Juices Flowing,



Pebbledash, FWB, Paxo, Fliptop & Milf being ably led by Naughty Ways, they were heading toward them from around the arcing back street of Priory Way to the top of Hitchin Hill.

So, the late comers now headed away from the Knitting Circle, to reach the next CHK by the junction beside a gap in the hedgerow with Brick Kiln Lane, as it runs from east to west. The options were to head southward out through the fields back toward Maydencroft, continue westward via Brick Kiln Lane or head over to the Northeast over the expanse of rolling hillside of Priory Park?

However, there would be some confusion as a couple came jogging up toward the Knitting Circle, they looked like they were wearing Hash Gear, but it turned out that they weren't Hashers, but it was an opportunity for Mr X to hand them a Hash Card, once he had rescued his CAMRA vouchers that had fallen out of his phone case where the Hashcards were kept, these needed more feet to tread on them as they were caught by the breeze.

Panic over, vouchers saved, now the Trail could resume, with the Knitting Circle being directed down the blustery, head on windy way the couple had come up from, while the Keenies were told that the Trail would head down toward Charlton.

However Mr X, My Lil', Kylie & Lemming went wrong by sticking to the inside of the perimeter of the common that the Knitting Circle were crossing, they were going astray above Blundell's Copse, being partly lured around above the Rare Breeds Piggeries as there was a lot of calling & shouting of what sounded like "On! Back!" coming from below the ridge, down in Charlton.

While one, now confused, group were unaware they weren't on Trail for a bit, the Keenies were off on Dust as it crosses Brick Kiln Lane & into the southern fields. Here it was found on the diagonal Path that leads over to the edge of the crop field & then down to a CHK by the split in the footpath where it sits above the drop down to the Water pumping station near the head of the River Hiz. [Watch it Pebbledash! – Ed]

The river Hiz should be pronounced 'Hitch' as the z in Hiz is from the Doomsday Book abbreviation for 'ts' or 'tch' sounds. [Bloody lazy Scribes, you'd have thought that they would have been more careful since the awful King Cnut incident, where heads did roll – Silly Cnuts! – Ed]

Where's Wally? went wrong down by toward water works & had to be called back to the higher level, but only for a few more yards until this too dropped down to arrive on to the end of Maydencroft Lane, by Wellhead Farm. A CHK at the junction with the Charlton Road would have the FRBs heading back toward the Hamlet, then after around 400 Yards the Trail came into the end of Charlton by the Mill Ponds.

Here, in the edge of the birth place of Henry Bessemer, engineer & inventor, father of the modern Steel Making process, a CHK was found by the start of Windmill Lane off up the hillside to the southwest. The other options were to continue in to the Hamlet, or search beyond the gate to the footpath beyond the hedgerow.

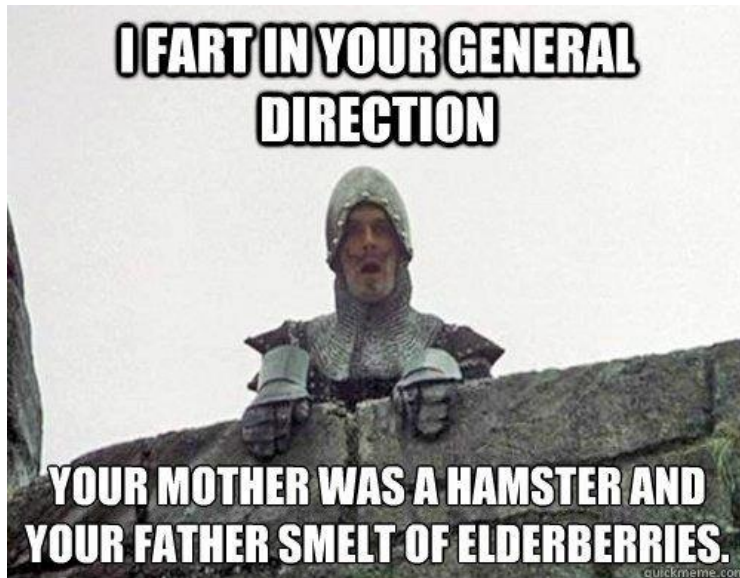
Those who chose to search up Windmill Hill would fall behind the other Keenies, for the Trail would be picked up in the rising paddock that sits to the southwest of Charlton, beyond the trees in the corner the Trail would pass through to the crop field below Kennel Farm, this was a cold section in the breeze on the 500 Yards to reach the farm drive.

Over to the right the noise & fairly colourful sight of the Swords of Penda/Children of Loki could be heard, with some hollering accompanied by the distinctive clatter of swords & wooden clubs on shields, the same calling that attracted the attention of the 'Off-Trail group of Mr X, My Lil', Lemming & Kylie.

Mr X had left the others, when the splinter group reached the Trail coming up from over from Meadow area to the west, following the Trail backwards for a bit to take some photo's of the re-enactment group, here he was shouted at by the approaching Sex Tourist that he was going the wrong way!

Mr X carried on by Sex Tourist & Nigel to take a picture of the re-enacted melee & he was joined by Where's Wally? to have a look at the clattering of swords, shields & staffs, as well as a lot of shouting & they did call out "On back!" when the opposing sides of the Skirmish withdrew.

A jogger out running also stopped there, he asked Mr X if he knew what this was all about? Mr X then replied



with "It all kicked off when one of them called out 'Your Mother was a Hamster & your Father smelt of Elderberries!'" in a quote from Monty Python's Holy Grail film, the other quote was from the French Knights in the castle was "I fart in you general direction!" This was another opportunity to hand out a Hash card.

The re-enactment group has a double barrelled name. This is because on occasions we will still do later Viking age events and when we do that we perform under the guise of "Children of Loki." Whilst in the early Saxon period we are "Swords of Penda". It's the same group, same people but just a different terminology to recognise the different settings.

Our group covers the early period of Anglo Saxon period of the 7th Century and the rule of King Penda, the last Pagan king of England - this is an

exciting and mysterious time. Cloaked by the mists of what we call the Dark Ages, these turbulent years from the late 5th to the mid 8th witnessed the end of an empire and the birth of a Nation.

As Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Frisians, Franks and many smaller tribes migrated and integrated with the native Romano British Celts. Wars also erupted, territory claimed and fought over, kingdoms rose and fell along with their leaders.

We also cover the 9th and 10th Centuries and the Viking Age. In this period we portray A Viking Warband often fighting a local Saxon Fyrd for control. Each event is individually researched and scenarios are based around the history of the local area.

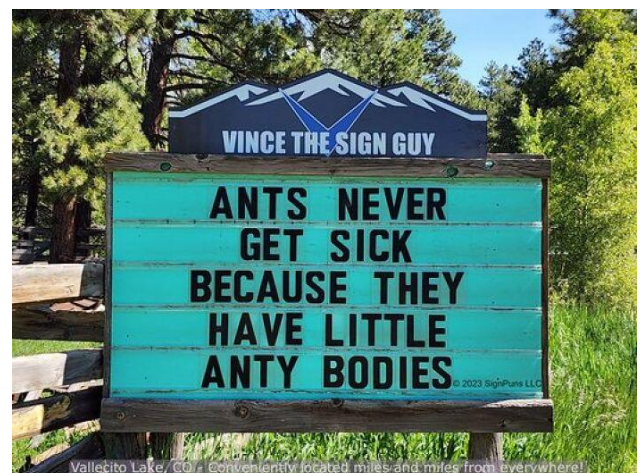
Both Mr X & Where's Wally? made their way back to the smelly end of the meadow to cross the river Hiz & then move out through to the bottom of Hitchin Hill. Heading away from the bovine pong, Tent Packer caught up with Mr X on the approach to the long steady climb up the northern edge of the crop fields, Mr X was surprised to see Tent Packer was not wearing his Ushanka with this Trail being under Moscow Rules! [There's always next time! – Ed]

Having scaled the heights to reach the strip of Pine Trees where they found most of the Knitting Circle & some of the Keenies were gathered at the Beer Stop, now in the shelter of the pines & out of the wind the Pack were getting warm, so hats, gloves & other bits of clothing were removed to cool down.

A good selection of sweets were on offer, there were even a lot of the bobbly aniseed jellies in the Proper Liquorice Allsorts. It took a while for the Pack to regroup. No Eye Deer, Moss Key Toe, Parson's Nose, Flying Solo & the Girls were still well behind on the Long Trail, not forgetting Hot 'N' Spice at the tail of the Knitting Circle before they finally reached the Held CHK.

One who was missing, was DWSS, & the Hash pondered on where he had disappeared to, most plumping for him going AWOL with Zingalong at Priory Way. But full dues to DWSS, he had raised himself from his sick bed & was making an effort to get out in the beneficial bracing fresh air on the Hash, & at times it was as bracing as Skegness.

After Parson's Nose, Moss Key Toe, Mother, Flying Solo & the Girls arrived, the majority were allowed to carry on,



especially as the wind started to get whipped up. Mother found a way of keeping warm by partaking in a bit of RA abuse, taking it out on Mr X after he said Lemming had informed him that C5 was thinking of getting a Dachshund! [It's all Ketchups Fault! – Ed]

The RA still wasn't out of the woods, quite literally as well as metaphorically, after Parson's Nose was to inform him that Juices Flowing was not happy that the Scribe had omitted her name for the previous week's Run Report! [Well Juices Flowing has a mention this week! – Ed]

Flying Solo was happy to join them as the Trail continued through the Pine plantation to the south with more snowdrops to brighten the now overcast morning, before emerging by the old wrought-iron park gate & out on to the Gosmore Road, where the Trail continued further along southward for 420 Yards to cross over the Hitchin Road to Newlands.

It was now a pretty straight north-easterly run up this residential road for 360 Yard to reach the busy London Road, then with some care, it was straight across to start down Blackhorse Road, which begins as a narrow rustic like lane by an old red-brick & tile barn-like building. On the plus side the Trail was 300 yards downhill to reach the On Inn.

The Pack arrived back in dribs & drabs & it was fine enough to sit outside to start with, though it did become a little chillier, here the Pack were tempted by Mini Cheddars & Cheesy Ginger Balls, apparently named after a Canadian Hasher, or he's name after them?

With such a thought in mind, things quickly turned to the Circle, which was called fairly early, once Mr X & Kylie had undertaken the Beer Master & Ass Beer Masters Jobs for them, one being absent & the other not being arsed! [Just remember that for the upcoming AGPU when you cast your votes! – Ed]

The Hares were rewarded for setting an excellent Trail; Then Flying Solo was called forward to receive the lost sun-glasses, as well as She Wolf & Killer Queen who didn't want to do their Down-Downs. [Even though they were bribed with a Lady Godiva each for turning out on the Hash! Later Hot N' Spicce would slip in that the bribery should be upped to a Tenner! Apparently Lemonade is now "Too sweet & boring!" Something which the RA could not disagree with.

The Sunglasses turned out not to be Flying Solo's & so the RA had to join her in the Circle for the Down-Down 'bouncing back at him' & cries of "Theft!" rang out as he juggled with the rubbery & somewhat flimsy cup his hit was in, he was enlightened about halfway through his drink, to trying to neck of the vessel? The trick is to squeeze the top so it becomes a slit! [Music to Pebbledash's ears! – Ed]

Parson's Nose was out, for an incident the previous week, when having scaled the large hill, he sat on a bench & leant back to squash a Robin, as the Circle emitted cries of disgust, the RA had to interject & explain it was a stuffed toy Robin, not a real bird! My Lil' was out for dereliction of duties! Of course Lemming, with his large proverbial Spoon, was out for the abuse the RA suffered to the hands of Mother after some winding up was carried out!

In order to warm the Pack up, before food was enjoyed inside, the Hares had the Pack performing a 'Chicken Song' version that is akin to 'Father Abraham'. The soup was excellent & most welcome, plus it was Gluten Free & there was Veggie options available toboot!

By the time the Circle had finished, the Pack were no warmed up, to keep the glowing cheeks [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] our hosts had made a hot & delicious Carrot & Lentil Soup, to be followed by biscuits with a couple of nice Patés, included a really sublime Venison one. There was also a bit of competition for Ketchup with great selection of Cheeses to go with the biscuits & sweets!

When Hot 'N' Spicce asked what was the difference between the milk chocolate covered Lebkuchens, & the white chocolate covered ones? Lemming replied that the white ones were *lighter* & left it at that! As they say in Austria, Lebkuchen are not just for Christmas, but just unavoidable then!

FYI – Lemming didn't walk home from the Rising Sun the previous week!

FYI – It took only 1.82 Miles in to the journey home, via dropping My Lil' & Mr X off, before Mother had to give a "Stop swearing Clifford!"



DASH
Dash Rapid Egg Cooker: 6 Egg Capacity Electric Egg Cooker
for Hard Boiled Eggs, Poached Eggs, Scrambled Eggs, or
Omelets with Auto Shut Off Feature - Black
Amazon's Choice for "egg poacher"



★★★★☆ Screeches like a bat and a fire alarm
had an unholy baby

July 22, 2018

Verified Purchase

Color: White

I feel like every review should've opened with "THIS THING SCREECHES". Would've been good to know. I thought "the timer will sound" meant a pleasant little ding or chime or I would've even been okay with a short elephant trumpet, but instead this tiny but mighty cooker will put out a continuous, shrill, miniature SIREN. What is it Lassie!?!? Is it the world's smallest hurricane flood warning? Are the tornadoes coming!?!? Is there a fire!?!?

No it's your eggs, they're cooked, because some designing genius thought, you know what folks want to hear as they rouse gently from slumber and prepare their breakfast in the lazy morning? A shrill-af non-stop siren that'll raise your cortisol and maybe gnaw a bit into your mental health. If growing up you ever dashed to open the Microwave before it hit 0, just to spare yourself and your roommates the alarm from that loud microwave beep, boy is this the adult version for you.