

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

Run No. 2124

Date: Saturday 2nd November

Venue: Chez Flying Solo

Location: Letchworth

Beers/Cider: Abbot; Old Speckled Hen; Stout;

Hare/s: Flying Solo

Runners: 13

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

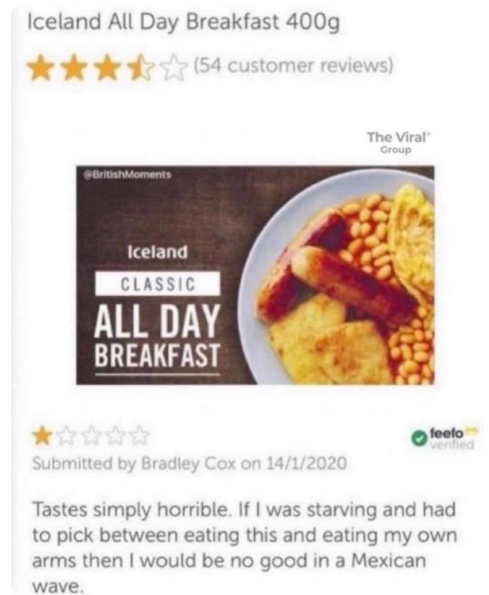
Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 13

Membership: Day of the Dead Man's Fingers!



With it being Nov 2nd it was time for the annual Día de los Muertos Trail (Day of the Dead) to roll around again, with Flying Solo hosting at her place, for a change this would be on a Saturday afternoon, just after dark.

Sadly the turnout was fairly low, as it has been a couple of times in the past, may be the weather put of the sick & feeble?

There were a few late arrivals, who found that some were still busy applying the Snazaro grease-paint their 'sugar-skull' faces. Hash Test Dummy had brought along bottle of the Blue Raspberry Dead Man's Fingers, claiming it was a ~~bribe~~ an apology for not getting dressed up for the event! Milf came to Hash Test Dummy's rescue, for she had the printed sugar-skull masks Mr X brought along the previous year. [Sorted! – Ed]

While Pebbledash, Mr X, Flying Solo, Waragi, Super Trouper, She Wolf & Killer Queen were going for the Mexican Day of the Dead look, Kylie's outfit was slightly different than the rest, being some kind of troll suit that looked like he was being carried on its back. My Lil' also had something different with his outfit, but more of that to be revealed later. The Circle was called, then the Hare explained what the Pack could expect out there, the Hare was slightly apprehensive that the Trail may be washed out or covered by fallen leaves, but no one quiet expected their torches to light up the very light falling of what appeared to be very small snowflakes, on what was a mild & overcast evening.

The Trail would start from outside Flying Solos, with Mr X going wrong at the very start, as he ran on to a T just a few yards up to the north. Turning back, he then headed southward, with Hash Test Dummy & the two would then be stopped in their tracks by calls of "On! On!" back behind them, which seemed a little curious at first as how the Trail could be back where they had already searched.

The sight of bobbing lights, some white torches showing the way, & some red ones to the rear, illuminated the fact that they were now cutting across the short old arcing drive on the eastern side of Eastholme Green to reach the Norton Road.

A nifty bit of 'Sludging'[Hash Slang for Short Cutting! – Ed] was in order from Mr X & Hash Test Dummy as they cut off this corner by sticking to Norton Road & they nipped ahead of the rest. They found the Trail was fairly clear as they led the way to the first CHK beside the entrance to Principal Court in the north, but Mr X knew that there was no path out of this, so, it was ignored as they continued along Norton Road.

Arrows were found & these led on to the Next CHK, opposite Cashio Lane where Mr X would go wrong by searching northward up there, meanwhile Hash Test Dummy would also fail as he continued along Norton Road. The Pack were pretty much kept together as the Trail was now marked by the Hare to head southward, over the road to a footpath of a ginnel that after 110 Yards emerged out on to Common View, then across on to Cromwell Green.

The Next CHK was found out Glebe Road, again the FRBs were scatter in three direction searching for the Trail, which was picked up to the northeast, on another of the urban streets of the World's First Garden City. 190 Yards further on to locate the next CHK, near to another of the many interconnecting back-passages of Letchworth.

Here Mr X heard that She Wolf & Killer Queen were going to be heading back to base, with a set of chores to be done for Flying Solo, this made the RA suspect that the Trail could also go this way? He followed on & out on Common View a CHK was found, so he called "On! On!" Also taking an early Tail turn back to base were Milf & Super Trouper

Waragi, Slug, 3D, Pebbledash, Paxo & My Lil' weren't that far behind, as No Eye Deer & Hash Test Dummy were quickly on behind Mr X, it was at this point on the Trail that the Fireworks started in earnest, were they for Diwali or early Guy Fawkes? Whatever the celebration, after many very loud, extremely close bangs from the opposite side of a wooden-fenced garden adjacent to the footpath he was on, Mr X now found bit of cardboard falling on him from the sky above.

With no sign of Trail, he was forced to head back, he withdrew for the back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] running the gauntlet of yet more fireworks being launched. He returned to find the rest had now moved on as the Trail would lead around the residential streets to Green lane, surprising a couple of dog-walkers

Halloween

I think my all-time favourite was the man I encountered wearing a long-haired wig, sandals and a kaftan. The kaftan was overlaid with a lacy bra, on to which he had crudely stapled two white bread rolls, or baps, to use the local parlance. I stopped him to ask what he was; Burger Christ? Breadroll Shepherd Boobs? He took a dramatic swig from his bottle of Buckfast, arcing it to his lips to prolong the moment with the cocksure swagger of a hair metal guitar solo. 'John the Bap Tits,' he said.

I don't know that I've ever been so impressed in my entire life.

on the way to the Norton Road, everyone was pretty much bunched up as the Trail would lead to a CHK on the end of Croft Lane.

When the Trail was picked up, it would be the first real section without any street lighting, as the Pack made their way out nor-nor-west into the fields to the west of Nortonbury, the pathway was a very flat & even compressed gritty surface, wide enough for disabled access.

It was 170 Yards until the next CHK, where there were three options, one straight on & off into the darkness of the fields beyond, the other two options were to the west, one going south-westward & around the orchard, the other with the Trail on it was to the Northwest keeping the orchard to the left of the Trail.

The Trail would now run for another 720 Yards to make its way up to the Grange Recreation Grounds, where a Held CHK was found outside of the locked-up Pavilion. The regrouping Hash stood by the orange lit Defibrillator, as the Hare handed out a bag of 'sugary spiders' & a tub of various horror jellies, including Frankenstein's monster heads & Sugar-skulls amongst the mix. It was almost like TBT OBE was there as someone bemoaned that he sugary spiders were deformed as they had an odd number of legs on one side!

The Hare was now taking credit for the still ongoing firework display the Hash were not escaping from in a hurry. As the sweets were enjoyed, Kylie took some photos & it was wondered if an alarm or security camera had been activated, for soon a car was approached & the distinctive Police Battenberg's were spotted as it swung around the car park to see what was happening?

We can only guess at what the Police thought of what they saw, not stopping after viewing the Day of the Dead make up, especially with Mr X in his sombrero, or My Lil' with his balls all a-glowing! A couple of years ago, on another Día de los Muertos, Mr X was asked (at night) why he was wearing a sombrero? To which he replied "To keep the sun out of his eyes!"

With Plod moving on, going back to their patrol, the Pack would also make haste & come out on to Gaunts Way, leading away to the northwest & then turning the corner as it becomes Western Way. Reaching a cunning CHK opposite the footpath out into the fields to the west of the northern tip of Letchworth, which caught out the RA, but not before he had pointed out the huge cardboard ring containing around 100 fireworks that had been spent!

On his return to the CHK, Mr X caught up with 3D, while the others seemed to have disappeared in to the evening ether, the two managed to pick up the Trail from the eastern corner of the grassy triangle on Stonely & passing through another back-passage to reach Kimberley to head southward.

A slight twist in the Trail lay ahead, as the Pack were moved westward for a few yards & then southward down Normans Close, a short cul-de-sac with a long enclosed area of garages at the end. Here Kylie waited for 3D & Mr X to make their way through & have their photo taken.

Out of the opposite access road to the garages & the Pack could be seen up ahead, with My Lil's dangling glow-balls showing the way to catch up, now the Trail would weave its way down Ordlemere, then over Southfields to run the 300 Yard length of Woodhurst.

The final leg was now upon the Pack, turning on Orchard Way for a short way to Grange Road & then up & around on to Lammas Way, where after passing the On Inn & completing a total of 380 Yards, the Trail would come out to the very first T that stopped the RA.

The Pack now made themselves comfortable at Chez Flying Solo, the RA was now relieved as his Día de los Muertos morph suit has no fly & the three pints in the local 'Spoons had taken their toll! The Hare arrived back to discover that the chores She Wolf & Killer Queen had been tasked with, had not been done! While everyone sorted out their drinks, Flying Solo was busy setting about the last prep of the Chilli & accompanying food, at least Milf was a dab hand at whipping the cream [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed].

The Chilli was excellent, with tortilla wraps, with the usual sundries. Accompanying drinks would include the Blue Raspberry Deadman's Fingers, rather nice it was too! [It may be seen on next Year's planned World's End Crawl? – Ed] Anyhow, with seconds on the chilli front, then a plethora of sweets, the Down-Downs were reduced to halves, with the Hare having poured out her own special drink to celebrate a great afternoon/evening! The Pack were treated to Super Trouper, accompanied by Waragi, perform one of the songs in Nativity the Musical, those gathered decided that they would book tickets for the opening night at Wyllyottes Theatre.

The Hash was toasted, the RA called the Hare forward for an excellent Trail, which had the Hash run ragged on a clever Trail. Other Down-Downs went to 3D for completing 400 Herts Runs, [Hip-flask & bottle of Gin will be on its way very soon! – Ed] The RA was going to award a Hit for the least effort made, but Hash Test Dummy got away with this after his

generous gift of the Deadman's Fingers, so that hit went to My Lil' for his glowing Balls.

The Pack would settle in for a few more beers, plus a try of some bubble-tea bubbles but in alcohol instead of some Chi, an interesting scenario as they resembled orange salmon roe! Which led on to the next subject, once the Horrors were in the living room & out of earshot, the conversation degenerated to some quite surprising & even educating facts when Pebbledash stated that she was the only able to answer what a Polydeoxyribonucleotide treatment is, at non Hash event. Apparently celebs like Jenifer Aniston have had this treatment carried with Salmon Sperm being injected into facial tissue. [Something to keep in the old quiz knowledge bank? – Ed]

I shall leave you all to draw your own conclusions as to facials involving various protein sources & recommend that you do not take up any 'offers on Social Media' as they maybe scams & not real Salmon Sperm! [Wait until it's available on aisle 11 at Tesco, or at least the over Fish Counter! – Ed]

