

Truro Hash House Harriers

NEWSLETTER 23/04/2012

Run No: 1298

Pub score *, Run score * who knows!

It was a dark and stormy night – or maybe it was just very cold for late April. Everyone huddled in the lee of Drew's van while we waited for the off. 29 people, no dogs, no children collected outside the Trelowarren Inn in Budock Water, near Falmouth. This is a very traditional village pub, but with a very small car park.

Doc and HB having set a Hash with small amounts of flour hadn't expected the heavy rain during the day and Doc was dashing about trying to remark the check circles without being noticed – with more flour. We were all asked to shout loudly when we found the route ...I wasn't sure why at the time...but obligingly shot off with my usual enthusiasm to find the first marks. Knickerless and I scampered down the road and up a lane where a check circle marked two possible routes. I took the steep rocky lane uphill, passing one on mark ...and continued a long way until I eventually found an almost washed away cross. Slithering back to the check I found the entire company had all moved on ...no-one noticing my absence. I wondered if my pink jacket wasn't noticeable enough, my lovely manners attractive enough or there was some other reason that I had been left behind.

So, Dear Newsletter Reader, this is what I did on My Hash.

Off I went following the marks around a lovely green field, through several granite styles and eventually to another check beside a church and graveyard. Having to run all the checks myself took my longer and longer. The echoes of voices became dimmer and dimmer. Despite accosting a couple of strange men along the way who laughed at my request for a large group of people in running clothes, weren't much help. The flour was thinner and thinner, as was my enthusiasm. The path got wetter and wetter. I followed the route to cross over the village road and along lovely deep watery paths. Emerging in a farm yard that looked as if a property developer had taken it in hand there was no sign at all of human life.

Seeing a wide concrete drive winding back towards the village I decided that bimbbling along with wet feet was lots of fun in the company of other people, and the excitement of finding all the marks a good reason to run when doing it in a group.....but all a bit dull on your own. So I took advantage of the opportunity to up the speed back to the road and back to my car. Even the prospect of nursing an orange juice in the pub on my own for an hour didn't appeal. So I went adventuring to explore the wider area.

Down – downs

No idea.

By then I was eating chips out of a cardboard box over looking Falmouth harbour and watching the sunset behind Penryn.....gorgeous!

NEXT HASH: Bypass & LBW at the Cornish Arms, Frogpool. Sunday 29th April 2012

By Smart Arse