

## **HASH TRASH - RUN NUMBER 1427**

We started the assembly today at Folkstone with the rather sad news of the passing of our dear friend and "hash-mate" René, following an attack by a local miscreant on the island. René, as we all remember was a great guy, with a quick wit and mischievous sense of humour. You will recall the story he told about being asked at school as a bright youngster, to make a sentence using the word "TIMBUCKTOO" and recite to the class. I remember him saying, during participation along the walker's route:

"Tim and I went down to Kent  
Saw three girls in a tent  
Tim and I had nought to do  
So I bucked one and tim-bucked-two.

René, we love you boy and will remember you fondly.

The morning started brilliantly. Red hot sunshine and not a cloud in the sky. Hares and hounds assembled promptly at Folkstone Marine Park, St James. Lots of wild life: Mike, O'Neil and Haulass, to mention a few. There was a constant pungent smell in the air as we waited for the Hares to call "The OnOn". Someone remarked that the smell was due to the laying of some sort of fertilizer on the adjacent property at Folkstone. We were swiftly corrected and advised that the smell was due to our resident "farther" and "belcher" expelling extravasations of wind and pooping. Still we all managed to hold our noses and await to word to go.

Off we went into the wild, trekking through someone's farmland, pasture and coming upon some rather hungry looking horses. Immediately, the hounds fanned out, looking for what seem to be some absent bits of flour. After a welcome long pause under the "bread-and-cheese tree" we heard the cry from a distance of "On ON". By George, off we dashed again, like people possessed by the devil, through miniature swamps, over dumped rubbish from someone's household, down a slippery slope through a synthetic gully. Nothing challenging here, as Ralph aided and abetted the fearful who gingerly crawled down the slope.

We came out the other end, dashed along a dried out canal and onto the main road in record time. At this point, our resident "short-cutter" led his errant pack on a right turn pass the new BNB and back into the

"ON IN". Before we knew it, we had reach back at the beer stop and start point.

A short bank holiday run, but great fun! A couple of challenges along the way for the small crowd who turned out. It was good to see the majority staying behind as the barbeque roared into life. O'Neil's and Sheryl's steak was lovely. Kelly Mangray, let's hope that you continue to "open wide" as you devoured that oversize thing: i.e the very large burger you cooked.

See you all on Saturday May 1<sup>st</sup>.

On On

Mike G

Route:

