

Run 1496 - Beachy Head – Wet and Wild Run

Scribe – Genevieve “Semen”

The Saturday started off as usual, counting down the hours to the Hash! Looking at the skies, it dawned on me....this is definitely going to be a fun run!

It started out like any other wet hash, with the hares pointing out ‘it’s that way!’ and saying the On is mostly on the right and sometimes on the left... or was it the other way around? But it didn’t matter ...we were off on the hunt.

Off and down the beach, trudging through the sand and up the stairs at the other end.

Then suddenly the real fun began...confusion! An arrow! Surely we’ve seen these before? Haven’t we? Don’t we usually follow in the direction they point? But it seemed that this got the half-brained hashers totally confused. Which end should we follow? Then someone shouted On past the arrow, and so more than half the flock went on.

As for the rest of us? We seemed to have had the correct side of the brain working, and so we decided, we should go right back and find that On! So persistently we ran, jogged and walked through the rain, peering in all the nooks and crannies looking for those dots, trying to think like the hares! After much rambling, we were On! Eureka!

And then the skies really opened up, not making it any easier to follow the trail. We finally made it along the coast and then suddenly we were stumped again! We could blame it on the rain, right? Maybe we were all just blinded by the wind and water?

Then On again, and suddenly we come upon the strangest check we’ve ever seen. An unhappy face? Now what the heck does that mean? So, we energetically trudge down the stairs to Sam Lord’s beach and then we were totally confused. We were off the trail again it seemed. There was not a dot to be found.

Is it a back check? But no...it couldn’t be? Could it? We rambled for soo long, it gave the half-brain-dead crew a chance to finally discover they were going backwards, and come find the trail. Mumbling to us “we know where the On-In is!”... as if that was something to be proud of! And then finally, we found the cleverly hidden trail. On again!

But yet again, the lack of dots totally messed with the hashers brains. After coming together at Sam Lord’s Castle, half split off across the pasture and the other along the road. Don’t we all know what the On looks like I thought? Maybe the HM needs to give a lesson?

And to add to the fun of it all, we come upon some of the hashers who think they're firemen, attempting to rescue a kitten! And after feeling like they had done their duty to the neighbourhood, we continue off. But that didn't last very long, as they got stumped again not long after that. With some of the walkers shouting On in one direction and the FRBs heading in the other.

It was beginning to sound like a song in my head.... "When they were On, they were On, and when they were Off, they were Off, and when they were stumped, they were neither On nor Off!"

And then finally after much dilly-dallying, the FRBs realized, really should have followed those walkers! On again! But alas, that was short-lived again, with half the crew short cutting and the rest bravely trying to follow the route set by the hares. So some of the FRBs and wanna-be FRBs went on the hunt again and finally located the secret path and then On again.

So after much rambling and scrambling, we finally made it back in, soaked to the bone and calling for the beers and a big 'good run' to the lady hares - Lyn, Pat and Kat.