

R*n 2089 The Bakers Arms Danbury. Hare ; The Count & Corpse.

It was a blustery morning as the pack gathered in the small car park of the pub, the landlord had kindly opened up so EH3's ageing pack could make use of the facilities before the off.

Several Pitsea runners surfaced as it was a bank holiday, including "Not you again" and they helped swell the numbers to more than 20.

Our G.M. apologised for his tardy timekeeping as he had forgotten that Blowdrys absence meant he was without his trusted timekeeper (although many of us realised it was not yet 11 o'clock) and just as well as one of the Pitsea crew was trying to park in the last spot in the car park and she was doing quite well until the GM offered his assistance.

The Count pointed out the out trail for the pack and he also advised the knitters that Heapo knew where the beer stop was so "God Help you" .

Dr Dolittle and I have been hashing the hills of Danbury for over 30 years so decided to make our way to the leisure centre for a catch up and coffee. As we sat down in the café we watched through the window as the main pack strolled across the field behind the leisure centre and up the hill.

We got back to the pub just before midday and joined several of the Pitsea "non" runners in the garden. The pack slowly returned, exhausted and in need of a beer (or 2 or 3 or more)

As Haberdash, I made an executive decision to reduce the cost of our limited T shirt stock and even managed to sell 3, I found a sachet of popping candy in the bottom of the bag and passed it to the RA as a possible addition to a sinners pint.

Pulled out was RA for the day and there were Down Downs a plenty of the various beers on offer. For the Hares, Heapo and the driver for the car park shenanigans(sorry I forgot her name), Vicky for wearing an All Saints top and not knowing what Saint day it was today, Fag After & Fourplay, Lunchbox & Ever Ready and one for a virgin (name forgotten, so sorry) and me with popping candy added.

A local then interrupted our circle and explained that his late father in law hashed in Scotland, near Inverness and he had hashed in Gloucester for a while and he would like to buy our oldest Hasher (that had actually r*n the trail) a drink. 359 was the eldest on the trail and was duly awarded a coffee which he drank whilst discovering they were both Scout Leaders in days gone by.

Several of EH3 decided to stay on and have something to eat and the Count was joined by Mrs Count and their No 1 son. What a great social afternoon...

On On Sooty