

Lonely & Duchess's frolick in the forest

Roquefort les Pins. Yes, we have hashed here many times before. So much, in fact, that on a recent hash Padre got a little waylaid & second guessed that the beer stop would be at today's start point, only to discover when he got there that it was at the diametrically opposite end. Doh!

Fortunately, neither Lonely nor Duchess are as intimate with the area as Padre, so no risk of them getting lost due to intimate knowledge. Just lots of opportunities to lose the pack through local rules. Such as creating checks & falsies on the walkers' trail. Hey Duchess, don't you realise that Walkers leave their brains at home on a Sunday morning (according to Pedo who is now a walker).

In case any of you do not know Lonely & Duchess, here they are in their full glory for future reference. Never mistake them again.



A Duchess



Lonely

Sadly, neither Duchess nor Lonely looked anything like this on the day, so the harriettes were displayed with their full charms au naturel. Far less scary, I'm sure you will agree.

A motley crew of runners, walkers and dogs (well, a dog) turned up to experience the renowned Côte d'Azur grey clouds that attracts the stars to the Cannes film festival & the Monaco Grand Prix at this time of year.

The hares were stereotypes of their nations. Duchess wanted to make the hash as easy, precise & rule bound as possible, stating that the first half would be 4 miles long & the second half 2 miles, 1,100 yards and 17 inches (note the lack of metrification). In addition, penalties would be paid by anyone transgressing his rules.

For Lonely, there were no rules, being Italian. Hold on, no rules except for the confusion of creating checks on the walkers trail. Complicated & confusing? An Italian? Surely not!

Oh, they also created 2 distinct trails for runners and walkers. One last question – did I just mix up Lonely & Duchess? I just can't tell when they are both wearing drag.

And so the pack was set off by Lonely, the kindest hare ever seen. Normally when a hare sets a trail, he is ultra-devilous & will do everything to lose the runners. But Lonely was conscious that the restaurant wanted to close in the afternoon so he kindly helped us all on the way at each check. Worse, he even invited the pack to short cut up a hill, which led to a mass down down for the fitter among us. Notable athletes such as Prestressed & Jobsworth duly followed Lonely's short cut whilst the more laid back souls such as Cumalot ignored it and took the gentle scenic route meandering upwards. Who got the down down? You've guessed, the athletic ones who, to be fair, probably needed the beer.

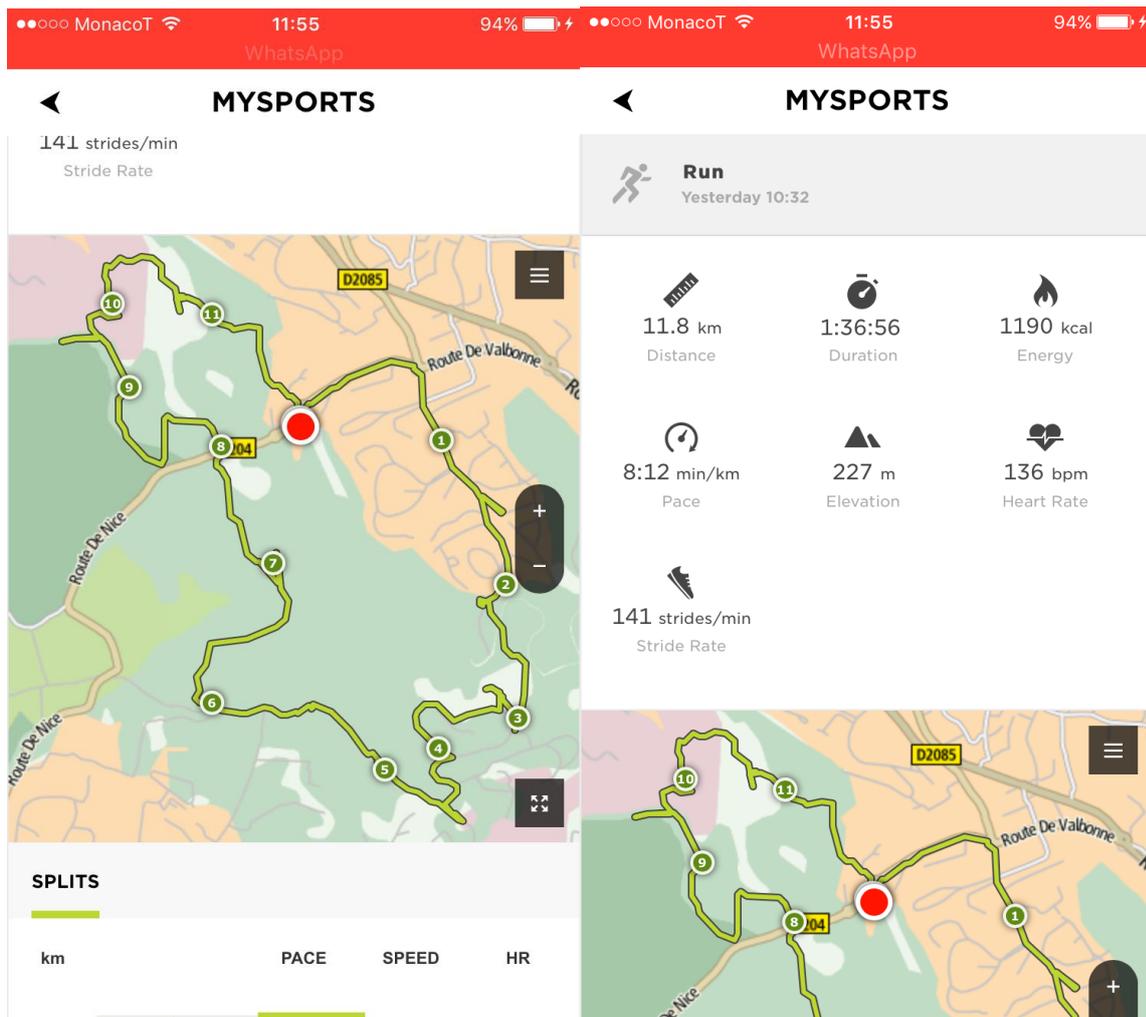
Meanwhile, ex sprint champion and FRB Hong Kong Phooey has clearly learnt that Riviera hashing is not about expending energy but enjoying a leisurely stroll in the forest. Worse, he decided that it would be a good opportunity to pick flowers. By the end of the hash, he had amassed a collection that would put Interflora to shame. In fact, his entrepreneurial Chinese spirit was already kicking in and he was later seen organising gangs selling said flowers at the sides of the road for €20 a pop. Apparently it is a pyramid scheme, with Hong Kong Phooey getting a commission on all sales, all flower pickers and routing the profits through Luxembourg to evade, sorry, minimise the tax on his venture. Smart!

Towards the end of the first half, we realised that we had lost Perpetch. Thinking that he is slowing down these days, we assumed that he would simply follow the very well-marked trail. But suddenly, as we neared the beer stop, he appeared like an apparition coming from totally the wrong direction. Perpetch claims that he was an FRB but the pack's unanimous decision was that he had made a spectacular short cut. For the reader to decide.....

The pack arrived at the beer stop where, to be frank, I remember little beyond Jessie the hash dog hoovering up any free nuts & crisps. Apparently, the hares got lucky, sorry, timed the hash to perfection with walkers and runners arriving within minutes of each other.

The second half continued the theme of the first. Lonely was far too fair as a hare, guiding the pack through checks & putting enough flour down to bake enough cake to feed French revolutionaries in 1789. However, he did deviate once from this by leading everyone down a long false "because it was a very pretty path". Hmmmm, there are the makings of devilousness in him after all!

And on it was to the circle. Lonely is indeed either devilous or an outright liar. Having promised 4 miles followed by something under 3 on the second half, the geeks went into calculating mode to work out what that means in real money (by the way, I am surprised than none of the Brexit campaigners have promised to restore the UK to imperial measurements in the event that the country leaves the EU). It turns out that Lonely was reasonably truthful on the first half but that he short changed the pack on the second. He offered to create an impromptu third half but was voted down on this frankly stupid idea.



And so to the circle. As this is an unsolicited run report, I cannot vouch for much in the way of offences because I have not solicited Farty Bum for the official kangaroo court minutes. Not that they reflect reality anyway.

In any case, there were many returners & some very welcome virgins who not only ran but also enjoyed and even signed up for membership. Poor fools. Apologies not to remember your names....you can give me a beer next time as punishment.

In fact, the only other things I remember were Hong Kong Phooey getting a down down for his horticultural tendencies, Farty Bum being unsuccessfully encourage to take lots of down downs and Jobsworth's dog getting shit of the week for, well, doing a massive one at the start right by the pack as it prepared to leave.

Ironic postscript – Jobsworth diligently scooped said poo into a poo bag & went off in search of a bin to dispose of it environmentally. Unfortunately, he could not find one so his choice was to throw the bag into the forest, tie it to a tree or to leave it in the area where the bins should have been. Option 3 was taken but he is not perplexed by the virtues of being an environmentalist. Had he left the poo to decompose it would probably already have disappeared. Now it is in a plastic bag, it will take 1000 years to do so. Is this progress?

And so it was onon to the resto, the hashers' favourite Peperoni. Excellent food was served and accompanied by excellent banter, not least from hare Lonely who insisted that he nearly fell by the wayside in his youth & could have spent most of his life in prison had hashing not saved him. When quizzed on the likely downfall, he remarked that he was en route to becoming an armed drug dealer. Can anyone imagine it when he now runs dressed in a Tutu? Methinks not!



The Collines de Bellet run.....18km with a 500m climb round the vineyards of Nice with wine tasting on route on 1st May. Definitely a hash run, though maybe more coordination is needed next time....

