

Mini Report
The Acorn at Creekmoor
20/11/16

This much anticipated hash was laid by the oldest hashers in the U.K. who, when members of the local yacht club back in the 1700's, were able to sail their coracles to Creekmoor before global cooling set in and the sea receding to Holesbay.

Even Storm Angus did not spoil this rather well laid English trail.

Attired in snorkel equipment complete with flippers and waving a flag of St George, Frostbite and his crazy gang sent us all off to far flung places as Upton House on the main and Broadstone with the mini.

The heath was awash with fresh sawdust that had defied the rain.

The mini divided into 3 groups sadly with one Old Git at the back getting lost, complaining that Capt Oats wearing a French beret took him to Dorchester. Spies stated that the forward group of Harriet's were so busy chatting they did not see one hare go off in the opposite direction.

The middle Group was very convenial all chatting away but actually looking for dust and shouting On on. Mind you we were being swept along by Cider Girl. Conversations varied from musical interludes to price of butter in China, usual medical conditions such as iPod getting itchy feet, Groper's concern at Fulham losing every other match, and evening meals at the various local hostleries. Some hashers dine low at McDonalds, some at the Asda Fish & Chip restaurant but some such as Hardcore dine high at the Plantation in Canford Cliffs, but complained that Storm Angus on the windows drowned out their conversation.

Back at the Acorn we all signed in, so no search parties required
The shandy was all ready and waiting.

The après down downs were up to the GM's usual low standard assisted by Gretel with sneaky one's revealing bedroom passions, hearing aid advantages, Sniff & Scratch roast beef tasteometer score and the Wessex Teutonic Branch giving zero points for the Yorkshire Puddings.

In all the Parkstone Yachtie's surpassed themselves.

Two Old Gits