

To follow is the (al)most accurate and true account of the events of T2H3 hash #593. This scribe writes what she sees, and no debating of facts is encouraged or accepted.

Knowing that with Slowpoke and Poke Around as hares, the trail would head in interesting directions, harriers and harriets bussed, taxied and stumbled to the start point. Left waiting for the final person to arrive, group members were baffled as to why she was waiting for a taxi when she lives only 500m away and couldn't resist checking to see whether she'd successfully matched her socks today.

The hares had such confidence in their trail and the followers, that they sat back and put their feet up when the pack set off. They must have had serious doubts when the front runners took a wrong turn within 100m of the start point, though. Their morning had been pretty wearing and exciting, with marking in many different coloured chalks, creating unexpected false trails, and was that a giant titty check mark or an accidental double up of the open check? Obviously, the hares were seriously in need of some rest.

A fascinating trail took us past Disney characters, a watering hole in Africa, cattle grazing on a hill and the opportunity for two locals to fail first to distinguish a tiger from a lion, and second how to tell a bull from a cow. The scenery was serene and stunning, and strolling in the sunshine was thirsty work. The frontrunners got away from the main pack, and had spent the past five minutes complaining that they were overdue for a beer stop when the message came in: "we're at the beer stop – where are you?" This scribe's final word about that is that the hare was napping and the mark was not there when the group walked right past.

American Honey. That is a sentence on its own. Let me say it again: American Honey. It sounds almost as good as it felt, warming all the way down and creating an inner glow. Much gratitude to Spermbank and All Night Long for sharing the joy.

Following the beer stop, the trail turned into a marathon. First along one river bank, over a bridge, back along another, under the same bridge... convoluted circles that eventually wound right back almost to the start point. A serious lack of toilets led to going au naturel, and ultimately a case of itchy thighs.. that must be points off for the hares!

With a finish after dark, there may or may not still be T2H3 harriers and harriets wandering along the river looking for more American Honey. A fast and shivering circle extended into all-you-can-eat buffet warmth. With warm bellies and hares getting amorous, the group adjourned to the bar and here ends this scribe's knowledge of T2H3 hash #593: the American Honey hash.