


*Runs Start 8pm Tuesdays –
_Visitors Always Welcome ****

Grand Master : The Great Bear
 Joint Masters : Top Man & Kung Foo Panda
 Hare Raiser : Naked Chef
 YPO : Spanish Mistress
 Hash Cash : Sausage
 Horn : T_e_q_u_i_l'_O_v_e_r__
 On Sec : Kebab with help from Megabit
 Scribe : Ding a Ling helped by Worzel et al
weybridgehash@gmail.com
www.weybridgehash.org.uk




This month's runs

Run	:	2021	5 th December 2023
Hare	:	 <p>Top Man & Naked Chef</p>	SURBITON
Start	:	The Lamb, 73 Brighton Road KT6 5MF	
Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/mhfFBJd1sU3gKLMC8 ///events.fight.paints	
On-On	:	The Lamb	


Run	:	2022	12 th December 2023
Hare	:	 <p>Pusseye</p>	WORPLESTON
Start	:	Whitmoor Common Car Park, Salt Box Road, GU3 3LH	
Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/aS61sNPYHEMYbpUk6 What 3 words ///decide.forest.harp	
On-On	:	Worpleston Place Hotel, Perry Hill, GU3 3RY	

Run, Hare	:	2023	19 th December 2023 THAMES DITTON
	:		
		Dingaling	
Start	:	The Angel , Angel Road off Portsmouth Road KT7 0AU	
Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/UErdhZxE8pZrjBca7 ///cigar.gloves.skills	
On-On	:	The Angel	

Run	:	2024	26 th December 2023 ***11am start***
Hare	:		WEST BYFLEET
		The Sausage Family	
Start	:	The Station 2 Station Road KT14 6DR	
Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/3MDEWKpz94629vYKA ///fire.fresh.chips	
On-On	:	The Station	

Run Hare	:	2025	2 nd January 2024 SURBITON
	:		
		Pope John III ne Wasser	
Start	:	The Royal Oak, 261 Ewell Road, KT6 7AA	


Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/vuaGY7vRjfurPvRw5 ///refuse.silk.hidden
On-On	:	The Royal Oak

Run	:	2026	9 th January 2024
Hare	:		HORSELL
Start	:	The Plough, Cheapside, South Road, GU21 4JL	
Dir'ns	:	https://maps.app.goo.gl/JM95jtQdfzW1gFsa8 ///gears.firm.sorry Junction 11 M25 take A320 towards Ottershaw and Woking. Follow A320 Guildford Road to Six Crossroads roundabout, take the last exit A245 Shores Rd. Continue to mini roundabout, and turn right onto the A3046. At roundabout take 1st exit Littlewick Road. Then turn immediately left into South Road. Plough Pub is on left (Cheapside) just before Morton Road. The Car Park is small, there is overflow parking in local streets.	
On-On	:	The Plough	

Last Months Run reports.....

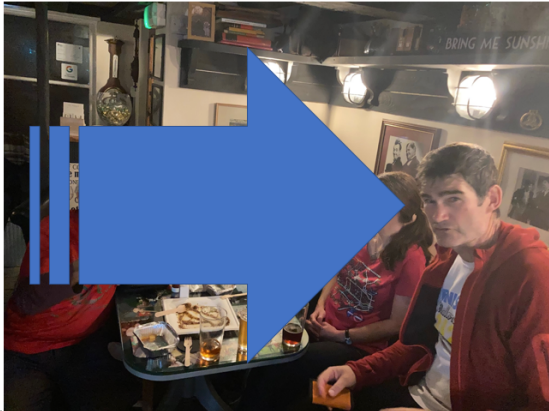
Run	:	2015	24 th October 2023
Hare	:	The Sausage Family	WOKING
			
Start	:	The Wheatsheaf, Chobham Road GU21 4AL	

Run	:	2016	31 st October 2023
Hare	:	The Great Bear	WALTON ON THAMES
			
Start	:	The George Inn 26 Bridge Street, KT12 1AH	
Run report			
It rained a lot and there were people in dodgy Halloween costumes			

Run,	:	2017	7 th November 2023
Hare	:	Kung Foo Panda	ROW TOWN /ADDLESTONE
			
Start	:	The Cricketers 32 Row Town KT15 1EY	

Run #2017 report

*There are no pictures from this run. Did it actually happen?,
 No-one can remember that far back in time,
 Was there a hash time warp and mysteriously there was beer on-offer ?
 No one can remember.
 Did Verstappen's mate have a new haircut and wear chinos ?
 No one can remember
 Did the Naked chef take 150 goes at parking straight ?
 No one can remember
 Did Dangling appear at the local run then fly off to Thailand ?
 No one can remember
 Who set the run ?
 No one can remember
 Were there two types of chips served up at the pub ?
 No one can remember
 Who wore the GoreTex trainers ?
 No one can remember
 Did Kung Foo panda fix Pussyeye's Hoover ?
 No one can remember
 Was there shiggy on the run ?
 No one can remember
 Was Nettle rash, Ardon provocateur, wet behind the ears, Pig pen, The great bear, Cum clean
 again, Worsel and Tight git in the pub ?
 No one can remember
 Was The sausage family there or were they in deepest Kenya ?
 No one can remember
 What I do know is Kebab hashed for 6.59km, around Row Town, Ottershaw, Harehill, along Brox
 lane, past Longacres, near to the M25
 But was he really there ?*

Run	:	2018	14 th November 2023
Hare	:	Pig Pen	LEATHERHEAD
			
Start	:	The Penny Black 5 North Street KT22 7AX	

Run	:	2019	21 st November 2023
Hare	:	Worzel	WOKING



Start : The Wheatshief, Chobham Road GU21 4AL

Run 2019 Worzel from the Wheatshief, Woking 21/11/23

So who needs to travel to far corners of the planet like Siam at vast environmental cost when it is all here on our doorstep.

Tonight's run took us on a grand tour of all that Woking has to offer, starting with a stretch down to the city, along the torrid banks of the Klong Basingstoke and into the steaming, sultry nightlife of the downtown area. Despite the obvious enticement of the Red Light district all managed to follow the trail as it led back to a point 20 yards down the road from the pub. Thence, across the road and into a fairyland where the Nariphon danced like a cloud of fireflies as they fluttered away from the groping hands of the Scoutmaster. Now along the glittering allure of golden paths meandering alongside placid waters shimmering in the moonlight. The gentle sound of the wind in the trees like the sweet words 'Telak, I lub you soo much' whispered in a waiting ear with financial incentive unmentioned.

And so across the arterial way serving Woking's thriving economy and into the magic forest beyond. No bright dancing Nariphon here to light the way nor any sound but the gentle throb of Woking's lifeblood running up the A320. On to the ancient fortification of the 6 Crossroads earthworks, built to defend Woking's northern approaches and still offering confusion to even the most competent of motorists. Archaeologists have postulated that the structure may originally have been built by Martians during a war. From here the pack were taken to the more exotic sites in the area. Rich palaces lined those streets paved with gold. No sound to disturb the inner peace apart from the gentle patter of feet on the pavement, and certainly not any uncouth calling, as our runners made their way back to the Wheatshief. There, nourishment was provided by WH3's very own King of Siam, Yul Brunner / Worzel complete in exotic robes as he dolled out packets of crisps to his adulating subjects.

Fantastic run, Worzel, in unbelievable surroundings. Who could ask for more? Shame about the beer though.

Pperhaps never have some 15 WH3 hashers sat in front of empty glasses at 10pm saying they didn't want any more. Not that there was any more that was drinkable. Pity really as we were moving to become renamed as the Wheatshief H3 rather than the Weybridge H3. Klunk a'Thunk

Lord Tossler of Weybridge

Run	:	2020	28 th November 2023
Hare	:	Megabit	CHERTSEY



Start : The Olde Swan 22 Windsor Street , KT168AY

Run report #2020

The night was still. It was cold. Overhead the news wires were buzzing. The rumour was that the ice was due in pretty soon but none of those fancy Fed agencies could be sure quite when. But we had our ears to the ground, and we'd heard that Mr Bit was in town, and not just any town, but this stinkin' town. And Mr Bit wasn't going to leave a trail like this one anytime soon. If we just hung on to Mr Bit's trail, well, that might just turn out swell. But it sure as hell wasn't going to be no walk in the park. Even though, ironically, that's just how it started.

And who are we? just a load of Dicks hanging around outside a bar. Kickin' our heels, with nowhere else to go. So, this week, this night, there was no other trail in town, so we were going to follow it. And besides, we had the dames on-board, more dangerous than a pocket of loose razor blades, and they were going to keep us in line if we stepped off course.

So sure, we went to the park. But no-one was talking, cos no-one was there. And yes, we checked out the lake. It was no Veronica, but the clues were lying on the ground in plain sight. Two times, the highway buzzed beneath us. People in a rush, their hood not this hood, and unaware of what was going down, overhead.

But, hang on, Cazoo? was Mr Bit just blowin' smoke ? Hell, who knew. Even St Ann's turned out to be just a hill of beans. And when that trail went cold, it was time for old school, wearing out the gum shoe, checking out the blind alleys, just keep putting one foot in front of another. But Mr Bit was playing it dirty, and that's just where we were. The grimy tracks of the South Side, and we sure couldn't see the wood for those damn trees. Was our field of dreams actually just a field? Shucks, we were gonna struggle to find a prayer in a bible. We even staked out the band stand. And, hell, I'd bet my last two bits I'd be getting some hash there.

It was no good, we had tried our best, but, shoot, it had all come full circle. Goddammit ! We were going to bloody well end up right where we started.

So, no ice on the mean streets of Chertsey tonight. Was this Mr Bit's old Swan song? Who really gives a damn? The life of a PI. But when the chip's are down, we drift away like a city smog, and just as smelly.

PIG PEN