

T'was the year of our Lord 1603 a pestiferous time of the pestilence and the sweating syckenesse. The doct'r bade me to either apply some leeches to restore the balance of the humors or partake in some pedestrian eff'rts to protecteth myself from these vile maladies.

Eschewing the predatory worms I made my best endeavours to seeke out the Hashe House Harriers in the borough of Newcastle and on the festival of St Patrick in Marcheth, by and by met a gentelman of kind and smiling countenance by the name of Sir Counterfite in the descried lande in the Vale of Ouseburne.

In a shew of kindnesse, he suggested that we immediately repair to a nearbye tav'rn of The Cluny to prepareth for the ex'rtions ahead. And so we made mery at The Cluny imbibing many quarts of ale before setting foote on the traile.

As we waited the anointed hour of departure and in a state of greate intoxication, we were joined by thirteene or fourteene drink-hardened brutal rogues (the Hashers no less), with names like: Lefte Hande Job, Faceplant, Crash-Teste Dummy and a fair maiden named Fitztightly.

At seven of the clock, Sir Counterfite begged us come hither to the yarde for instruction on the hashe. And so these "hashers" gathered wearing their strange netherstocks, doublets, hose and pantaloons (so short they ne'er covered their privities). After the hare's discourse and at the cry of On On! they sallied forth in great intoxication into the vale.

To Jesmonde Vale, Heaton Parke and through thicke woods the hashers galloped at their best endeavour to seeke the traile. Having imbibed many quarts of ale, I was sicke to the stomache and fearing the Bloody Flux sought concealment in the woode (for the lack of a privy) where foule and grievous misdemeanours took place (In short I was desperately in woe for a Twelfth Night). There then followed mightie stormes and extreme gusts of winde although it was fortunate that the weather was kind that first evening.

Unluckily haps the e'en was somewhat sullied by the loss of a poor soul by the name of CJ, a great mimic of Anne of Cleeves (so it was said) and being Castor to my Pollux was ne'er missed until the hour was too late.

Having been greatlie relieved twas with great comfort, after an hour of exertions we arrived back at the tav'rn for vittles' and perchance more ale. Twas agreed by all, that the evening had been one of great merriement and my first of many hashes. I bade adieu to my new Hash kin and thence staggered home.