

Like the Queen's official birthday, not the same date as her real one, WH3 celebrated its 2000th run almost at the correct date. We just needed a suitable venue – thanks to Gates for organising his pet jazz club, The Bluebird.

So, welcome to everyone for the 2000th – and what a crowd there was. We kicked off with a champagne toast, well, it was wet, white, fizzy and alcoholic so that's close enough. T'was a 1030hrs start – forgotten by some, e.g., Ram, who had to run fast to catch up and then shortcut to get to his accustomed place at the front. Bianca, by contrast, was there and ready by the appointed hour [for once!].

As ever, we had the Easter Bonnet parade with so many really good hats; Blow Up Doll was eventually pronounced the worthy winner.

Special mention must go to Stoker: he arrived sporting his gubernatorially plumed titfer [feathered colonial Governor's hat to us plebs] then changed it for an English spring garden and finally to a genuine cowboy hat and boots that were replete with spurs.

There was some fear and trepidation on the Main: hares were Stalker and DeathMarch: Stalker known for a perverse sense of humour and DM for preferring runs into double figures. These two together had the makings of everyone's nightmare.

Circle was only slightly shambolic: we managed the birthday Down Downs, Wiggy and Dirty Squealer, but forgot most of the rest. No mention of visitors; the hares were called out to the centre but then something else intervened so no hares' instructions today; suddenly 'On on' was shouted and lead hare, Sean, remembered where he'd been the previous day and led the charge. Total chaos? Not at all. With such as Sean leading us, what could go wrong?

Up the A348, bifurcate rapidly and then on. The Main today had so many damned pixie loops that we might as well have had wings. First was across the road and a loop round the woods behind the Angel pub. No big deals here apart from some missing dust. Most made it round, no corpses yet. A couple of sneakies [Chunky, BlueSox??] took advice from the sweeper hare and missed it all together.

Back up the road and left onto the Heath. Abandon hope all ye who enter here!!

Oh yes, or rather, oh no: Stalker just could not let it go. As a lead hare he just had to 'innovate' – lead, or mislead, the Main runners anywhere his fancy took him. They leapt and gambolled around like spring lambs and jolly good fun it was – to watch them. And so back on to the shared track, Mini and Main did all of 500 yards on the same pathway before the jollity of the pixie loops returned to haunt all and sundry. First was off to the right; Stalker's mischief prevailed: there was a fish-hook – up a dead end! So not only did we have to check it out, but we even had to call the others that way to make up the fish-hook numbers. Snorkel had paid Wessex an odd visit to make sure everyone was okay; his excuse for missing out the next loop around a playing field was that it wasn't on the heath and he was damned if he was going to walk [he said, 'Run,' but we all know what he really meant] across footie pitches when there was beautiful heathland all around. Poor old chap – shall we start feeling sorry for him? The 'runner' award this week definitely went to Sinbad: on no less than three occasions he was at the front, and he a mere 80+ years. Ver boy dun good. As we returned we did catch up with the back markers on the Mini so that the relative distances must have been okay. We got back just after 12:00 – clearly DM hadn't influenced the route.

Then followed the Aprés: tonnes of excellent food followed by a Barn Dance. This was a good day out and our thanks to the hares and to t'kermittee for organising things.

At a break in the music we had the later Down Downs:

- ArseAbout and Centurion for having matching black 'Granny Passion Wagons' with tinted windows or was it funeral vans?
- TP for dishonourable conduct – admiring a harriet's derrière, with her daddy right beside him.
- Wurzel – not only did he have a crap Easter Bonnet with just the one daffodil in it, but he'd nicked said daffodil from the flowerbed!

For the record, about 9kms, up and down of about 30m, temp. of 18.62°C, maximum heartrate of 6,000 revs per minute, blah. . . .

On on until next week.