

Today is Remembrance Day, so prompt start for a minute of silence.

Hare report initially was disorganised until a scary Frost Bite (in his budgie keepers) appears to report that there is a Micro, Mini, Midi, and Main of 15 something or others.

Hares have an average age of about 75+ and are therefore to decrepit to keep up with front runners so there is request that we please regroup a few times to give El Picador a chance to catch up so he can stop us from getting lost, especially as the 'out' uses the 'in' at some point. Dust out, flour back, heaven help anyone following Gates.

Mini is allowed to go off first, this just means there are a lot of bodies to run around when the Main gets going. Gives us a chance to welcome back the Seddons.

Off towards the lake, we ponder at what point will we go off to Upton Country park. Around first lake and then we loop north to go around the second. Then we stop, where is everyone else, Ram leads point on a backtrack to the first lake trying to find the main pack who aren't calling. Catch sight of Mouse, and with Sex Slaves help, real in the Hare walkers. Onto tar mac, that a few month ago was "persona non grata", we cross the busy road and into Upton Heath. Looks like we might go south to Upton Country Park but we stay on the northern side of the A35 until, after lots of mud splashing; we find the disused railway line and dive into the old brick clay pit. Not a simple straight through, El P makes us do a full 360 with false trails causing Matalan to do a wind mill impression going down a small slope; due to no brakes, before a regroup back on the steam track.

Into more mud and then loop up to the Pine Springs tracks before heading back onto the heath. Banger and I try to be nice to TP; as he appeared to be stumbling up a small hill; we were giving aid to stop him falling down and adding extra impetus only to find this was classified later as GM abuse. Crash

and burn next time sonny 😊<sup>©</sup>.

Grettle takes to interrogating Lonely about a pair of missing glasses at his L's place, apparently a £1 pair or tortoise shell specs are a family heirloom, right! Up to the view point, so surely we must be heading back.

Nope, it's going to be the full loop, almost via the Holmes Bush.

First thing first, regroup and photo op time.

Down into the dip via the gorsy trail we head south on the western boundary.

Mr Samaritan (Banger) now takes a dive, shame he was behind me, didn't stop in time to get a picture.

Ram has been consistently doing his quiet jogging back and forth before he disappears into the undergrowth. Wurzle, Lonely, Ferret, Hotspur and Banger try to make sense of the return trail. However, Death Marches command of "Slurry, which ways the Pub as its freezing rain" focuses us to take the obvious (if you local) path back across the local road, into the small woods and out onto the Acorns road. Lonely and I are surprised to see Wurzle dive out a cul-de-sac just ahead of us to gain entry to the car park just ahead of us, and way ahead of Ram and Hotspur (no racing involved). Quick shandy drink, which results in Hotspur getting a sugar rush so that he trashes the sign inn table, we attempt to get changed with frozen fingers. So El P proves to be the best hare of the day, Gates coming last (no surprise there), lots of squiggy mud, tar mac, clay pits, trash pits, regroups, gorse, freezing rain and strange foam on the beer, and a longer write up than last week.

Oh, and someone has to do the next three write ups as I'll be in India.

So what did you think?

On On 😊