

6.99 miles, 335ft climb, 1hr36mins. Calories 1123.

Bad weather seems to be hitting the country again. Nay sayers will be saying it will be raining cats and dogs on the trail. But we know it “don’t rain on the Hash”.

Well, just to be careful we start out early just in case we have to detour through the New Forest, as we had to, when Ringwood was jammed last time.

No Jam, but why is there so many cars on the road, its Sunday, its wet, stay at home as you is in the way!

Another K9 trail today, poor mite, does he ever have time at home.

It’s wet, it’s raining (allegedly), we are under cover, so why does it have to be Stalkers 60th. Cake time! Oh, his mum wants to get her own back. But its raining, I’m getting wet (allegedly).

15mins later he got his comeuppance, his Mema is tough.

We finally get to the Hares report, apart from Slurry leave fish hooks alone, we aint listening.

Newbies introduced, don’t like them as one asked if I was doing the mini



Doesn’t get any better, birthday down downs but no attendee’s, so I get set up by Lonely doing his ventriloquist act.

Off down the squidgy side walk, towards Cadnam. Nope, back towards the Pub and up the side road. Past Matalan, who is walking with daughter to keep her company. Follow the road and then across the path to the church and back onto main road.

Back towards the pub again, then across the bridge over the M27 and into the woods.

Bum Hugger running again this week, Wheeze is preferring to keep the dog dry again.

K9 is taking point as the dust is mostly washed away and the Mini hares didn’t recheck the Main this morning. Stalker seems full of beans, even though he is now 60, so he decides to have a splashing match with Tuff Mudder. No competition, Tuff Mudder “have you seen the rare forest ants”?,

no quotes Stalker looking down, there “SPLASH”!! Sad really.

Dust is hard to find, no Ram running aimlessly so we rely on Sausage and a mysterious runner in a high visibility vest who also can't call. Squealer and Sex Slave are a close second whilst Chippendale and Bum Hugger are a somewhere third.

No sign of fish hooks, probably underwater, as is most of the ground.

Photo opportunity at the swing at which point K9 asks us if we want to “run a sort cut on the road” or “run around the trees”. We is good Hashers, always do the original plan, no matter it's still raining, nay drizzling. Why did K9 give us the option? Is he getting bored?

Safety Vest and Sausage are leading the pack. I seem to be the only one noticing dust to confirm their lead.

Up the road, K9 still in view behind, I go left, wrong, back track and find Safety Vest at an alley but with an arrow on the road.

No sign of Sausage, so chase off up the road in pursuit. Can't seem him, “man he's going for it”!! Find more arrows under M27 and sign left back to pub.

Sausage still not in sight, even back at the pub! Seems flour arrow was ONLY for mini, oh well.

Wet stuff, that wasn't rain (only drizzle), birthday cakes, children splashing, ground that was underwater, and why did the mini have a trail up the boring road instead across a perfectly lovely muddy trail through the woods! So what did you think?

On On