

The Bat and Ball, 5.78 miles, 1,069ft climb, 1hr12mins. Calories 894.
Easter Hash so its got to be the Hat parade. This means Ferret spends ages trying to herd cats into a circle to do the parade. Judges (non hat wearers) seem just as variable. So eventually its 'results will be later back at the pub'.
Yeah.

Lots of newbies and Spotted Dick groupies today. Some of the visitors are from the Munich Hash so where is Banger to translate!

Finally Bianca and Ram try to gate crash the car park from the wrong direction, to the joint cries of "oh its back on again". Don't know what this means so I'll move on.

Hare reports is we have fishhooks again, along with the usual warnings of death if we ignore, urrrrgh.

Ferret directs us right but it was the other right. Luckily we weren't paying attention so we got it correct anyway.

Past the houses and out onto the village green. For a change we go right with Ram and Broke Back. Around the village marsh until we just get close to the road. We stop as there is a bar. But the bar is on the 'right' hand side of track, this means don't go right!!! So we eventually go left to follow muddy paths through trail that avoid stampeding/excited horses.

Centurion guards the mini trail, only allowing those who are worthy to pass. Field check mean TP and a newbie disappear into the far woods together, newbie (male) comes jogging back out quickly. Either TP made an advance or it's the first fishhook. Is this the right time to do the stupid thing and follow, or assume TP is mad and we go checking out elsewhere. By the time Ram and I make it to the woods, as our hunting unfortunately proves false, all the fishhook places are taken up.

Through the woods until we hit the road. The money says 'not right' towards the mini again. Well we got that wrong, its was, cause we have to detour into fields with more mega muddy paths.

Newbies are having difficulty seeing the dust, but when they do find it, its not a good time to be checking the wrong routes, as catch-up takes a long while.

Out onto tar mac again to a check. We try the road option as the gravel track appears to have a bar. Result, we get called back as the bar is not a bar.

Finally we catch up to Ferret and Bum Hugger to find I'm way behind. Not a problem as the trail goes right, then down the hill to another fishhook. This time I'm not shouted at by TP for not getting caught.

Down through more muddy wood tracks until we come out near Breamore House. Trail is around the tea gardens and then 'not through' the Church and cemetery but back up the lane in a pixie loop. Shame, as no ones calling me back, so I'm way behind again. Hare Ferret don't care, 'no one would be stupid and go that way' as no dust!! but I still have to talk to him whilst I get my breath back whilst fighting my way back up the field. I must be well slow as I only just overtake TP before the car park.

So, we sign in on the non official sign in sheet and return to our car. We remove our nice bit of carpet from the car, place it on the ground to get changed on. Turn to get something from the boot, turn back to find ShihTzus dog sleeping on the carpet!!!

Never mind. Off into the pub to now have Hilda use her womanly wiles to queue jump at the bar again. It wouldn't be so bad if the landlord served me next. But he must have been so dazzled by her he ignored me for ages!!!

Dry day, not too cold, lots of young runners, fishhooks, muddy trails and the NHS wagon scooping the Easter Hat awards.

So what did you think?

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