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*2070 – Bennett Arms, Semley – 19/08/18*

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Sunday 19th August 2018: The Bennett Arms, oop norf, Shaftesbury way.

Day after the night before; some recovering sore heads from a house party and many absentees due to the distance and/or some festival or other.

Anyways, the chosen few met as planned, Wardour Primary school NOT Wardour Castle, more of that later. It was a perfect day: slightly overcast, dry underfoot, and a comfortable 20C or so.

Our 'are was doing his annual duty to Wessex, and thanks to "Some Frog" [no, not a Johnny Foreigner from across La Manche, this gentleman hare is an ex-bootneck, so partially amphibious]. Frogspawn, his daughter, was not able to make it so Ferret grabbed a map and stepped into the breach as Mini Hare. Being military, battle orders were given. "Listen in you 'orrible lot!" and similar as he explained the signs. In fact, SF is very well organised and provided one useful feature that all hares and runners both might do well to note: if ever you go 100m without dust, turn around and go back to the last dust. Easy way to avoid getting lost. SF has a long memory. He reminded us of the two lost souls last time round: TP and Why Nam Im. Instructions were that this was not to happen today.

And off we all went, down a road, up a track and suddenly the vastness of Wardour Castle, well, not the castle per se, but the huge mansion set in its extensive grounds, appeared before us.

Now I don' t want to cast aspersions, but K9 should have been right up there at the front, especially given that he had only DeathMarch and Tall Paul as competition. But no, lurked he 'in the rear' so to speak. There he was at Wardour Castle, bog-trotting, or "cottaging" as they call it, hanging around the loos and seeing whom he could find. And yes, he scored, who else could it possibly be but Spotted Dick and Bend Over? They had come to the Castle and parked there, some feeble excuse about not seeing the email. We knew better, they just wanted a shorter run. K9 scooped them up after they had performed their toilette and a few 'On ons' later they were back with us, taking the pressure off such as DM who was seriously disconcerted by a hare who actually expected him to check out the false trails.

Tall Paul had led the from the start, striding out as the FRB on the Main. This lasted only until the bifurcation: he bifurcated to the Mini, leaving Mouse to take his place on the Main.

On on we ran, up hill, into t' woods, down dale and a general run-around. Lots of these new-fangled three-blob checks to keep us together, and eventually back to the castle and only the ON IN to go. There, the Main caught up with the Mini: a well-planned trail or what?

From the castle back to the school, car-park and home was but a short jog, or a good sprint as it turned out. Mouse was front running and keen to get gold. DM and Spotted Dick worked out a wheeze to make sure that the honours were shared evenly: they would grab an arm each, lift Mouse and carry her over the line so that all three arrived together. Not a hope in hell: DM never stood much chance in a serious race, but even SD was no match for Mouse: she sprinted away from him, leaving him for dead: a very well earned first place!

Oh yes, the stats: up and down quite a bit; puffed in and puffed out but no cardiac arrests; SF has gone metric so 8.9kms distance.

Next week: many thanks to LemonT and Wurzel for picking up on this literally at the last minute, Cons. Club at Ringwood. Up to Saturday evening, there was no hash. Wessex Hashers, your hash needs you, please, as a hare, and as a matter of urgency for the next few weeks. K9, our hare-raiser, will be delighted to hear from you.