

Hares today K9 and Blow Up Doll and Little Tony?

Another run in the northern part of the New Forest at the Royal Oak. Tiny place with no car park so we need to park on the approach road.

Hash circle on the green opposite the pub is lacking lots of mismanagement so we have to make do with Death March dulcet tones. TP is off having his old mans breakfasts again.

Usual blab of 6 miles main and 4.5miles mini with something about X's for short trails.

Banger and Wurzle are prime lead runners today. We will ignore Stalker. Hare points to the woods so we go with that direction. Initially we keep to main paths until it becomes blatant we will be running off piste. Wurzle scents first blood. We chase, but have to take it easy as the ground is very lumperty and is playing havoc with my ankles. However, we are soon back out into the daylight and flat the grass.

Walkers look askance with all the shouting we make as we spread out to find the trail which is by the lake and shady trees. Surprisingly on a K9 run we don't go for a swim, but jog past, much to the appreciation of the newbie in pink.

Banger and Wurzle take us again out into the light and set up a quick pace out in the open and keep going even when we start to go up a hill. Initially we are grateful that they have stopped to let us catch up, only to get hit with the "it's a fish hook sucker". Long line of Hashers into the distance so we take a calculated decision to only run around the last running body otherwise we will be back at the pub again.

In more woods we get told the main is to the left, so Banger is off like a rocket with the pink newbie chasing. No sign of dust so I turn back to find I'm on me own. Make my long way back to find the route we took was the short due to Squealers misdirection. Plus point, we have lost Banger, minus 10 points as we have lost the pink newbie.

Straight on up a hill to find an arrow pointing back down! Go back down to find hare Tony drawing an arrow up the hill!!! Apparently K9 laid the top bit and he is now, nowhere to be seen. Ok, pick a route, lets go north.

More ankle twisting woods, open spaces, trenches, fish hooks, checks repeat.

At yet another check point we decide its left to Poole, right Bournemouth, straight on Wimborne. Lets take the Wimborne route to luckily meet up with “Blow Up” marshaling the midi runners.

Nearly back Ram now makes an appearance from somewhere?

Wurzle nerve has broken so he tries to throw Stalker into a pond for something better to do.

Considering the pub is only tiny there are shed loads of cars and peoples about. Take a look at the queue and decide this could be a good day/lunch to be dry.

Sunny/warm day, narrow lanes through the forest past the police with speed detectors, trails going all over the places, hares who don't coordinate their trails, ankle breaking terrain, lost runners, fish hooks, lots of checks and hashers chatting up floozies on horse back.

So what did you think?

On On  😊