

So where is this pub? Those what checked Google Maps found that you had to negotiate potholes deep enough to smash your suspension to get to the wee little road leading to the front of said pub. On arrival, Tall Paul berated firmly – ‘What are you doing here? You should be the other side.’ Turns out that the main carpark is off the main road, and locals don’t appreciate visitors using the front carpark, this is reserved for them. Apparently they deliberately encourage their dogs to wee on one’s car wheels to express their outrage.

And where were the runners? Stoker, immaculately clad in one of his Jockanese outfits [Scottish, tartan even, to the non- afficiados], was stood at the main carpark entrance [the right one!] to welcome and direct all and sundry from 1000hrs. About 1050hrs he became concerned: had he got the right pub? Never mind, ‘Where was everyone?’ today it was ‘Where was anyone at all?’ Yes, it was not exactly packed. Our illustrious leader, GM and generally Firsty Ferret had another excuse: this week he was away at ‘the mother hash’ – a jolly in the far east. Yeah right.

Numbers were a bit down and the apprentice GM, DeathMarch, had to do the honours. We circled; only offender was Spotted Dick. It was his birthday and/or a large number of runs so he was awarded the silly hat for the day. New visitor, Annie, came along – on the run the poor girl managed to damage her finger rather badly: we send our condolences and promise even more beer to make up for it next time. A DownDown was given to a late-comer; shortly after that, Bianca graced us with her presence, as punctual as only she can manage.

The Wessex people were delighted to welcome some HOV runners: they just about made up the numbers to minimal.

Trail: out of the pub, across the road and then up the hill, a large loop to the south. Bumped into the Main occasionally. At one point the Walk was sent along some thorn-infested track while the Run went a slightly longer route but through a field with no nasties to obstruct. The Walk were in such a rush that they were able to sample and comment on the blackberries. Across another road, not quite so much traffic this time, and on through more farmland. As we turned and went across a high hill track we saw the wonderful view south-west across the countryside. That is why we hash. Things got complicated on the run in. Somehow routes for the Walk and the Run became intertwined and a few laggards managed to get slightly lost – clearly too busy chatting and not concentrating. The separate paths were quite clearly marked – well, Mouse

and TP thought so. RollOver, with his little ones, Marnie and Flo, did well on the Walk: at the end, they were with the lead group.

Hare, Mouse, was totally devoted to the cause: she back-tracked numerous times to make sure that the waifs and strays, Horny, Peachy & DM to name but three, did not get lost.

One DownDown went to Stoker: in his outrageous tartans, he had the temerity to suggest that Spotted Dick might look less than sartorial in the silly birthday hat. Peachy [she who used to be known by the name of a shop] got hers for the rename and some totally unbelievable tale about watering the bushes. The hares 'dun gud' – a fine trail, perfect weather and an excellently managed run – our thanks.

Next week: The Minstead Social Club, hares are DM and BlueSox.

Spotted Dick is doing a 220m cycle ride to Paris; you/ we are welcome to add even a pound or two to his sponsorship for his nominated [not: beer fund!!] charity. Generosity, please.