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*2082 – Old Beams – 11/11/18*

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Armistice day, so we got to be on time for the 1min silence at the start.

Bianca and Ram are the Hares, guest hare K9 again (demoted to mini hare though).

Big turn out, new order of mis-management making an appearance; I think, haven't a clue who's doing what.

TP sent the wife instead of him as he has to look after the dog.

Occasional runners fee is now £2, when did that happen? Not that it bother me, bona fide subs paid me.

No hieroglyphics for the trail just some Chinese sanskrit stuff to keep things edgy.

Out is the in as well as the out, just deal with it.

Jog up road ignoring footpath as Cum Lately going there, but we have to back track to it, it's now a bottle neck of hashers trying to get over a style.

More dodgy styles with lots of narrow alleys past a series of ponds and mini horses.

Eventually squeeze past the mini resulting in a long catch-up to the fit ones.

Bum Hugger whilst standing around professes it was the dog that was ill last week not him.

Out into open fields then onto a road bar, back to the field for more slippery styles.

Lots of additional tarmac again. Ram is a front running hare today, calling us back for another field crossing.

The foot bridge is barred so its into the stream. Hare stream crossing instructions are rubbish 'cause we cross stream and have to break through a barred wire fence to get onto the route again, followed by another hill climb.

And guess what, another river pixie loop. So much for water proof socks, it's like the Titanic, the water just goes over the top so our feet are doomed.

We finally get out into the New Forest to get caught by a fishhook. With a heavy cloudburst, this is not much fun as we see everyone else dive for cover in the trees for a photo shoot whilst we jog back around Jockstrap.

More running in the rain; without the protection of the trees. Horse riders gallop by while we run down hill, and up hill for another photo with a rainbow.

Straight on for more woods to the Ibsley Command Headquarters. I'm sure we saw this the other week, didn't we?

Mockbeggar war memorial next, then more road until we find the on out making it the on inn.

Just think I'm getting dry when another shower blows its way through drenching us again.

Pub car park is now hammered, lots of weird do's trying to park. But we secretly get dry and changed without scaring any natives.

Problems getting severed at bar, well the problem is called Death March who is ordering 20 drinks. However, we get a beer, jolly good it was, nice drop of Ringwood. With a late finish we surprisingly have down downs on time.

But where are the hares, only K9 about. Ram is dragged out the bog to do the honours but Bianca is not to be found. Hmm?

So, big turn out, 1min silence, Front running Ram, more false trails than K9 lays dust, good beer, no rain, just showers, a rain bow and a few returning hashers.

So what did you think?

On On