

Mini Report
The Holme Bush.

29/1/17

At about 60 odd feet above sea level with views looking up to the Beacon Hill landfill site the Wessex assembled behind the pub in eager anticipation of another virgin trail, aided and abetted by Slurry. Several old gits placed bets with the Hare raiser to which way the trail would 'On out & On in' 50/50 evens and that paid for the après down downs.

Herr Banger and his Fraulein Unteroffiziers, Matalan & Horny laid the mini in perfect Hash trail regulations with blobs of sawdust at an exact 100 metres apart. Should have been an exact 100 yards but who cares they were 26ft 6 inches per 100 yard/metre out. We were all very impressed. The main soon disappeared with the mini in slow cold pursuit ambling along past a masonry yard, a scrap yard and an old transport depot full of rusting vehicles, over a stile situated underneath a low pylon fizzing, buzzing, sparking and hissing as the rain began to hit the wires and conductors. No Teutonic health & safety here.

Then we came to the wonderful king sized bog of Upton Heath with hashers sinking up to their knees in shiggy and other unmentionables. The old Gits thought that the trail may end up at Upton House again, but the Mini or short as it is now often called veered round towards the attractive and glorious looking land fill site.

Give our continental left hand drive Virgin enterprising hares credit as they ingeniously located an old crater put there by the Luftwaffe in 1943, which snarled up many of the mini. Some detoured around it, others slid down it never to get out again and others, just the few, managed to scramble out the other side finding all the blobs had been amazingly laid apart with a splendid military precision. The ON On bird calls, whether tenor or bass, kept the majority on the trail through the mist and rain to the more attractive side of Beacon Hill land fill. The Unteroffizieres, mini hares Matalan & Horny continually reinforced the regulation blobs with an accuracy that astounded all the Old Gits.

In the absence of the GM, Ferret supervised the après down downs which included Bianca & Squealer for having exotic mud baths near the crater, Slurry for trying to get his camera out to photograph a spread-eagled Cod Piece. She misinterpreted his action that's why she sprung out so quickly. The Music Master returned enhancing the awful out of key singing to new level. We the Old Gits concur the well done down downs for Banger and his Storm troopers for an excellent trail and look forward to their next one (aided and abetted by Slurry of course).

Two Old Gits.