
Mini Report The Cartwheel 15/3/17

Oh what chaos at the car park with Lily the Pink (hare 1) directing the parking, with Bumhugger as usual, being particularly awkward shunting his 4 x 4 across the entrance 'cause he wanted to get away early but again he was one of the last to leave. Typical. 'Bianca' also arrived sort of on time, as she promised in her New Year resolutions and neatly blocked in B'hugger. The Publican turned up and was somewhat concerned as Captain Oates and his vast team had told him to cater for about 30 hashers and started going a bit ballistic when he counted at least 80. We Old Gits were also a little concerned to see Captain Oates (hare 2) was on crutches and said 3 blobs and you're on. Thankfully a very fit (hare 3) son of Lily and Captain Oates had been press-ganged into laying the trail. Off we set when (Hare 4) Gerbil told the mini to go north along the road to the church and then realized she had the map upside down.

Stoker was seen pulling his overnight trolley bag along the road but his lips were sealed as to the location of his overnight stay and with whom; difficult to believe a man of at his age was up to his old tricks again. The mini strung out along very shiggy paths but eventually we were in lovely open but horsey country side with breath-taking views. Most of us had our breaths taken away getting through the shiggy let alone being taken away by the views.

The Main disappeared to the distant Breamore House area laid by (Hare 3) Son of (Hares 1 & 2) assisted by would you believe (hare 5) K9. Later Tall Paul reckoned he ran at least 10 miles not 6K as claimed. Most of the mini caught up with 'Attrick' (hare 6) a dead give away as he was laying fresh sawdust. The trail went through some rather splendid stud farms, country mansions and cottages, all worth more than just a few bob. Sort of Countryfile Sandbanks.

The main short cutters staggered through the mini at & in the Churchyard, through a kissing gate and down the road to the Pub. Exhausted mini members watched the exhausted main members collapse into the car park. Hares everywhere. The down downs were held in the beer garden & the mismanagement overlooked (Hares 3, 4 & 6) only giving (hares, 1 & 5) down downs plus Capt Oates (hare 2) for using crutches. Jokes for 1250 runs. Bianca for being trapped in a kissing gate,

Matalan for something or other and Stalker scrubbing out a fishhook. A very good turnout, and good trail and a good venue.

But 6 hares for one trail!!!!, must be a record. It's Hare raising.

Two Old Gits