

## Log Cabin Fever

**Loc:** Ringwood  
**Weather:** Global warming

**Date:** 28<sup>th</sup> Jan 07  
**Hares:** Flying Doc & D.Head (Sat)  
Petal & Silvier Fox (Sun)

With Christmas over and the dark days of winter upon us, the log cabin weekend is like a ray of sunshine shafting through the gloom of January. Long live the summer! Talking of which, *Hobble*, as always, recreated the balmy days by piling more logs onto the stove in the main cabin. Who needs a sauna?

But as tradition dictates, arrival necessitates overshooting the entrance to the cabins in the dark and driving ½ a mile down the road to turn round. On managing to find the cabins, there was the usual stumbling around with the luggage and trying to pinch the best bedrooms. I had the pleasure of sleeping with *Nettles*, but don't tell Emily. Or perhaps you should, she might like to know what it was like.

Anyway, once sorted, it was torches at the ready and off on the long, lonely walk to the Fish. A lot of the crowd were already there, tucking into the beer. This was to be the theme for the weekend. After a few false sightings, *Hobble*, 'Er indoors etc. arrived. Glad about that, otherwise we were in for a chilly weekend.

Mentioning to *JGG* that I had never been to another pub in Ringwood caused me to be duly dragged off by said person, along with a small entourage, along the high street to the next one. *Whale* got involved in a conversation with the locals about V8's, twin cams, motorbikes and some car called a Jaguar. Ever heard of it? Not one of them was wearing an anorak. The long walk back suddenly seemed longer: the cab rank closer. No contest.

An early start to hare in the morning meant skipping drinkies in the main cabin. Anyway, *Nettles* was waiting.

Waking up at silly-o'clock, stumbling about, banging head on low beam and stubbing toes, climbed down stairs to find co-hare, *Flying Doc* already making breakfast and a cuppa. Sorry *Nettles*, no contest!

A beautiful sunny morning greeted the trail layers in a landscape with wide horizons, one of those rare times I enjoyed being out and about before the pubs open!

Flour duly laid, we arrived back at the start to be greeted by the pack and a bacon and egg sandwich. Life gets no better!

Off we went, splashing through the puddles and a near panic as the pack nearly stumbled on the in-trail. A few timely words from *Flying Doc* avoided disaster. Phew! The next bit was a bit tricky, sort of featureless and very boggy. Too much for *Alice*, *Soup Dragon et al*, they were nowhere to be seen when arriving at the first regroup. We tried to find them. Honest.

After the regroup, there was a very big short cut for the walkers, taken by *Fairy Snow*, *Hippo*, *Whale* and others who had had a good night out. At the edge of the woods, the trail led down along a shiggy- laden path to a long/short split. This confused *Velcro* when told to keep the fence line to his left for the shorty. Without his GPS, left was causing a problem, luckily, *Flying Doc* knows which hand is which and sorted him out!

The fitter bunch turned left into woods, across a stream, along a muddy path to come back onto the trail 200 yards from where they went left it. Result! A further loop led to a nasty uphill trail into the scary woods. By this time, *Fruit 'n Nut* was struggling after a beer too many, the night before. *Petal* and *Soup Dragon* kept going manfully, if you see what I mean! The woods were scary as they were the site of an ancient hunting lodge and graveyard and just felt, well, *scary*.

The pack didn't hang around long, lead as ever by Silvier and No Entry, out of the woods and along a gravel track. Silvier went off on his own, incorrectly, but caught up as the trail went left downhill, to a wooden bridge over a lovely stream to the next regroup. Old T told of the time she and CC had laid the trail here a few years back. She went over the bridge, CC didn't quite make it and fell in. No rescue was possible as Old T was paralysed with laughter. Have you noticed how CC avoids water now? It's Chardonnay all the way.

Got the timing a bit wrong here, as the scb's had long since gone. So had the FRB's, leaving the also-rans to plod along a longish path to emerge at the last long/short split. At his point, we met the front boys who were running around like lost sheep having been misdirected by Flying Doc. Good!

A short trot between two woods took us back to a road and back to the pub. Unlike the last time the hash was here, the cellar didn't flood, the beer didn't run out and the food was good and quick. Don't you love it when a plan comes together. Don't know has it ever happened?

Refreshments over, it was back to the cabins and a quick cuppa before stripping off for the sauna. Well, some did. Not me, didn't want to frighten the squirrels out of the trees. Some of the more macho plunged into the blue plunge pool. They came out bluer. After tea and cakes courtesy of Alice and before Velcro's hot curry, peeled by Hippo sweating in a vest, the down-downs were conducted by Little Prick-less No Entry. Now, the RA gave me his DD notes. But. They were not written in any known language, so I *think* they said the following:

Hares: (that's the easy bit)	Flying Doc & D.Head for the best forest trail since yesterday.
300 runs:	Petal. You should have seen her running from the scary wood!
Fuggles:	Something
Whale/Horn	Something else
Dick head:	Leaving pants on breakfast table. Very nice with some milk.
Alice:	Album??
Mrs Robinson:	No idea
Firework:	Gilling mind (beats me)!
Velcro/Whale:	????? ??? the slob thick ?????? bastards!
JGG:	It's wet but it's dry. What was? The sauna?
Velcro (f):	Chain ejwhr. Wots one of those, then?

And so it was on with the eating, drinking and nail game. Don't know who won, but Nettles and Silvier both seemed to get a lot of drinks.

Velcro and Firework struggled manfully to get some music going, but thankfully gave up just as CC called for ABBA. The music would have had to be pretty loud to wake Hippo, Whale, Alice and eventually CC herself who'd all dozed off. The hash is not getting any younger. Of course, they may have been saving themselves for the Sunday run.

## SUNDAY.

The day dawned grey, but a busy kitchen preparing breakfast brightened it up. Hares Silvier and Petal made a late start, but got back to the cabins in good time, so it looked like a real hangover run!

As the circle formed over at the main cabin, we were joined by Mary, Carl Marx, Mountain R, Sex Slave and Cuddles, looking much fitter than the rest of us, not being affected by cabin fever! Silvier warned us about crossing the A31. Run fast and you won't get flattened. Thanks! He also mentioned the visitor centre, tea and cakes available for the halfway hungers. Make mine a cream bun!

So off we went, out of the grounds and on to the roundabout over the A31. Crossing the slip roads proved a bit dodgy, but Whale formed a road block so we were all safe. A hidden path confused the FRB's, as it should, thus causing considerable bunching with Whale now leading the pack. A breakout by Mary and No Entry took us into some woods past startled dog walkers and people taking the air, leading past a field with a bloody great bull in it. Thankfully the trail didn't go that way.

Somewhere along the path into the visitor centre, something went twang in Carl Marx's leg. It turned out not to be the elastic in his underpants, so spent the rest of the trail hobbling. On arrival at the café, we meandered about a bit waiting for the walkers to catch up. A few of us stood in line at the counter. Nettles had a 3-course lunch, Mary & C.Marx had coffee and cake. I think a few ice creams were sold. As it took Nettles a long time to eat his lunch, the pack had all gone leaving just D.Head, Nettles, Mary and a crippled Carl Marx to find the way. Yes we got lost. Yes we asked locals if they had seen any runners. Runners?? Yes they had, went that way. Eventually finding the rest of the pack, we followed trail around undulating terrain to a check where everybody blundered about lost, to the amusement of the hare. It went left, through some shiggy then uphill to find the on-inn, which, of course, meant crossing the A31 again. We all lived.

Back at the cabins, the circle was delayed as Cuddles and others were lost. However, the RA dished the beers to:

Petal & Silvier:	Getting up and haring. Hangovers now gone!
Carl Marx & Bruv:	Running with coffee cups
Cuddles:	Lost along the A31!
Velcro:	Organising (?) the weekend
Velcro (M) & Old T.	As above
Er Indoors:	Telling curious locals we were part of a religious order. All Hail to that!
Silvier again:	A drink from his new silver shoes

And so, it was load up the cars, a quick whiz round with a broom and off to the pub. Another year older....

**ON-ON 'till next year**