

Horsey (definitely not) Common!

18th Feb 07
1hr 20 mins.
Pack: 26

Horsell Common
Hippo & Fukawe

This hash confirmed what we had always suspected. Surrey people are different. Surrey itself looks quite like Hants, but flatter. The Surrey-ites have two arms and legs like other members of this Earthly race, but they're just, well, *different*.

Having negotiated Woking and briefly visited the wrong car park, we were then faced with parking on a busy road, as the real car park was full. This was not because of masses of hashers, although 26 was a good turnout, but Surrey-ites own a lot of dogs that need walking.

There was just enough room to form the circle and the hares told us what to expect. (But we still started anyway). The trail went straight into the woods, skirting bins overflowing with dog poo in plastic shopping bags, mainly Sainsburys and M&S. Definitely no Asda & Tesco.

The first part was fairly linear, along tracks within the trees, the usual culprits at the front. A check took us to a large field, through a gate and along a path. A path lined with guards in suits armed with AK47's, or perhaps they were radios, looked nasty, anyway. It transpired that they had a tip-off that a group of terrorists disguised as elderly runners dressed in decorated T-shirts and shouting unintelligible slogans, were going to steal secrets of the next F1 car from McLaren to sell to Skoda. They foiled our plan, so we were forced to stick to the path past the sinister building. Damn! At the regroup, Fukawe said the guards weren't there when they laid the trail. I think we have a mole within our midst. How else did they know?

Anyway, the trail continued over a bridge and up a muddy track. It then went right, around a waterlogged field and a false over a stream. Mary tried to leap the ditch, but didn't quite make it. Made a big splash, though! Eventually, we came out of the field close to an airfield, where we had to duck under planes taking off as we ran past the end of the runway. This led us to another check outside a farm entrance. A local 'lady' met us with very large dog. The dog was barking fiercely, along with the 'lady', who also seemed to be barking mad. Mary and a belligerent Horn fought their corner. Seems we were making too much noise. Or I think that's what she said, a helicopter taking off overhead from the airfield drowned her out. Told you Surrey-ites are different!

A little further on, we reached a crossroads. As the pack meandered about, the mad woman twin berated Horn. Horn had had enough and threatened to blow the bugle where she wouldn't forget it. That shut her up! So we continued around the back of the road and along the other side of the airfield, with just Hamlet and No Entry finding it. The regroup saw a long/short split and a lot of ploughing through deep, black smelly shiggy. The trail got lost, Fukawe was with us but no help as "I didn't do this bit". Where have we heard that before?

The trail found, it led around past paddocks, and across another airfield, this time being buzzed by toy ones, through the woods and back for a good 1hr 20. The fact that we all arrived unscathed was a victory for Hampshire beef over Surrey pork!

As ever, the DD's were performed by No Entry, skilfully avoiding manoeuvring cars:

Hippo & Fukawe: Berks and Surrey Hares. Won't hold that against them for long!
Horn & Hamlet: Told off by local madwomen for daring to run. Quite right, too.
Mary: Injured yet another part of his anatomy. Not sure which bit.
Hiskneesareknackered: Climbing over gate when it was not locked. How do you think his knees got like that?
Visitors: A beer each for the pair. We hope you enjoyed it unlike the rest of us!

So, there was just time for Primate to arrive from the wrong car park before we all went **On-On!**

