



Run 1468 16/12/07 The Lord Derby PH, near Odiham

Hares: Yorkie and No Entry

Q: Do you know the difference between frost and flour?

A: No

Q: Are you an NH4 hound?

A: Yes

.....say no more

Two elements suggested this run might be a tad unusual: firstly the crisp, clear and *frosty* weather and secondly the fact that the majority of the pack were hungover from the previous night's Xmas Bash.

Bartley Heath was the innocent and new(ish) venue and we set off to a fine start - particularly for the SCBers who were promptly taken off on a lengthy short cut by No Entry. All were reunited in woods where the aforesaid frost lay deep and crisp and even - unlike the flour. A check at a field edge near the M3 took a while, but we eventually wound our way up over a spiral bridge - which bounced in an interesting fashion under the onslaught of NH4's crack runners - and into more woods on the other side of the M3, with an information board depicting a pissed-off looking warbler. Checks came and went, along with what the hares no doubt had planned to be nicely squishy shiggy but proved to be nicely crunchy, allowing the pack to pass over like featherweight fairies. (Environmentally sound - leave your footprint lightly on the earth) No one called On for a patch of frost but it was a near thing. The cold was getting to some, particularly Wardrobe who attempted to run with her hands in *Velcro's* pockets, while Clive kept his face warm with his extravagant prize winning mega-beard. Whale kept his little grey cells warm by indulging in a deeply serious conversation with Little Prick about the difference between a rhetorical question and a statement - he thunk, therefore he were.

More woods, plenty of checks and regroupings, some busy roads, arrows in flour (strangely ignored by some) courtesy of Yorkie's patented flour delivery system (squeezezy bottle) and all on mercifully flat terrain. The big roundabout at J5 sorted out the clever hounds who thought, pub just over there, we go over there, arriving back after c 50 mins, and the rest of the pack who dutifully followed flour and vanished for a further 25 minutes. Down downs went to Philosopher Whale; Self Publicist Clive, Bodice Rippers Velcro and Wardrobe; SCBers Leg Over and 'Er Indoors; Visitors from Guildford H3; and a special mention from the GM for the RA for torturing a crocked JGG with a Xmas card of sprouts... Adding insult to injury the pub had reneged on a promise to have us so we were obliged to decamp to the Water Witch.

ON ON Scribette (a Bidet's Bitch)

Without benefit of the old fart's tape recorder method this report is necessarily somewhat impressionistic, but then who reads them anyway?  
PS: Who nicked Jiffy's Secret Santa prezzie? He was quite fond of his foam rubber "hamburger" CD case but it vanished in the course of the bash.....