



Run 1480 02/03/08 (Mother's Day *)

Hare: Bidet (Goofy carried flour)

Venue: Lindford Sports Ground (or was it Headley ??)

Weather: Niiiiice for the time of year

Turnout: Good, plus this was a joint run with Haslemere H3

Silvier Fox lurked at the grid reference location (Headley Sports Ground) to redirect hounds, via an unnecessarily long detour and a no right turn right turn, to the actual location (Lindford). Not a good start....he paid for that later.

After a confusing explanation of the trail markings (3 blobs is a falsie to H4, hence all checks to be one blob) and a 4 legged hound eating the demo marks (RA, the dog ate my trail) we were off into Broxhead Heath.

Being a Bidet effort it was, as usual, tricky enough to almost have us disappearing up our own backsides, but the promise of 3 yes count 'em 3 regroupings helped keep most of the pack - walkers, the lazy, FRBs, SCBs etc - well enough together (ish).

The going was dry but sandy enough to make Luke look for his bucket and spade, and checks and blobs (not all one blob or so it seemed) were well marked (although Bidet muttered about sabotage at one point when hounds failed to find the trail). The trail at one (or maybe more, I lost track) point crossed the A325 - clearly the Hare had been out so early this seemed a good idea. Not at 1145hrs it wasn't, with a constant stream of traffic in both directions giving new meaning to the phrase "the quick and the dead" (substitute *or for and*).

The hare made an excellent job of ensuring the KC (the usual suspects, but in about 2 or 3 separate groups, including Little Prick refuelling with Lucozade tablets all the way) didn't get too lost and they/we took the short way back while the rest of the pack followed yet more loops.

Despite this feeling like a long run - well the scenery was a bit, um, none awe inspiring - it was just over the hour for the main pack, so well done Bidet.

This being a joint run, miscreants had 2 RAs (H4's known as the Ayatollah) to administer DDs. H4 have a particularly evil Ice Cube Potty, to be sat upon for a minimum of 2 minutes while performing a DD. (This form of torture was last seen by your scribe in India where it is more of a shock to the nether regions than in the UK - although you could argue it was more welcome?).

No Entry 's gold envelopes included:

The Hare - general recognition of a good job

Philip from H4 for the crime of New Shoes

Ever Ready for treading on a fellow hasher (lucky he didn't get bitten in retaliation- it was Schooner), and named as RSPCA

Silvier , to be known as Silvier Fox Up (see above)

Sorry hash name n/k for his Swampy Trousers

The Ayatollah's bum freezers were:

No Entry (who commented after that he had plenty of cans of beer; piles in fact)

Schooner's dogfood provider for running too fast (what a sin indeed)

* Rather than take us to the pub just along the road Bidet issued complicated directions to the Woodlark in Whitehill, which, it being Mothers Day , had zilch spaces in the car park.

ON ON Scribette

A Bidet's Bitch ТМ