

# North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 16/Mar/08

Run: 1482

Liss Forest

Hare: Scribette

## Come on in, the water's lovely!

The fact that it had been raining ceaselessly overnight may have had something to do with the fact that the pack was somewhat smaller than usual - 16, excluding the hare, **Scribette**. Many may have regretted not bringing their wellies, or even their water-wings, when the vast amounts of surface water everywhere became apparent. However, undeterred, **Scribette** launched (not an in-appropriate choice of expression in the circumstances) into her briefing, which was something along the lines of it's flat, a little damp in places, but avoid the temptation to swim the river (dream on!) which is flooding and very swift. Various members felt that decency required that they should commiserate with **Velcro** over his recent nuptials in Columbia, but for reasons best known to himself, he had not seen fit to bring the delightful **Wardrobe** back with him. There was a suggestion that wedding cake in Columbia is dusted not with icing sugar, but with cocaine, but either way the blushing groom had not brought any back with him to share out.

After another enchanting musical offering from **Fruit 'n' Chum**, we dashed off across the flooded terrain full of energy, exuberance and enthusiasm. It didn't last long. Conditions were such that few seemed prepared to check out the options at the checks, and the hare felt obliged to intervene on several occasions - presumably to try to ensure that we were back in the car-park before the next high tide. Your scribe had mislaid his electronic assistant, so the notes were always going to be somewhat patchy, despite **Mary's** helpful suggestion to "make up some load of old bollocks as usual" - somewhat unkind, I thought. Perhaps the best I can do is to follow **Scribette's** own practice, and just recall a list of impressions: gloomy and depressing rain; masses of surface

water; masses of excellent shiggy; a longish flog down a quiet back road to one of three regroup; flooded fields; flooded footpaths; flooded streams and river

(get the picture?); and the in trail along a disused railway track, which, at last, offered a firm, dry footing. In the absence of both the GM and RA, **Fruit 'n' Nut** presided in the circle, and awarded various down-downs, which I can't remember. If such details mean so much to you, perhaps you should have turned up for the run yourself, then you would know what happened.

We adjourned to The Temple in Liss Forest, where **Sarah** won the Easter Egg in the raffle (that had to be a fix!), and we all supped excellent ale. The tick sheet did the rounds (God! How I hate that bendy pen!), upon which most commented on the water and mud, but most also obviously enjoyed the mornings entertainment. Nice one, **Scribette**, thanks.

On-On

**Bidet**

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