



TWO HARES SHORT OF A PICNIC.....

Run 1505 03/08/08 Liss Forest (and advertised as a picnic run)

Scribette & 'Er Indoors

Report from a Hare's viewpoint...well there was no other bugger willing to scribe this!

The first couple of checks caught out those convinced we were to head into Woolmer Ranges - ahaa, gotcha, as we in fact took a long rhodendronish shiggish track off the road which, with imagination and a couple of feet of snow, would be a dead ringer for Narnia. A check at a gate saw JJ apparently climbing over as it gently swung open.... Straight on then a break for SCBs who continued on while the FRBs thrashed round in bracken and their very own check before rejoining the track. Here we found that malicious persons unknown had done a good job of obliterating blobs and a regroup, spurring 'Er Indoors to try and keep up with the FRBs to avoid catastrophe. Over the A3 and blobless confusion reigned before we hit the trail proper - at least some blobs and a check were untouched. We veered off into the woods and did not go around the fishing lake (or else hounds might have had their tackle gaffed, oer Matron) but headed up to the lane to the Longmoor Army Camp. Here Dickhead uttered the immortal words "wow what big bogies" before the pack followed the fence line to a one blob check, (did this slow anybody down? Did it *!/?#) . A left and a right onto a pleasant woodland trail, which some commented the Hares must have done on horseback from the amount of horse poo along the way, and eventually we reached a regroup

in a bus shelter (at Digby Way, designed for Mary and Karl Marx but they weren't with us...). Here the FRBs and SCBs parted company, the FRBs taking a large loop around the back of Greatham while the SCBs sauntered down the road to meet them further down by the pub - dunno why the FRBs hacked through a nasty overgrown path when the Hares had lovingly blobbed along the close?? . Silvier claimed a duff ankle, while not to be outdone his OH Petal ditto...taking togetherness too far, huh? And still we were on before cutting through the back of the grottier bit of Greatham and onto the Turf Sea, with hounds warned on pain of death to keep to paths/flour. The Hares had considerably bashed down a thicket of nettles for a sting free experience, which after a couple of turns of more turf led to more bashed nettles, a stile and On Home along the road.

To most hounds' surprise we were back in about 65/70 mins (an estate agent run, deceptively long ie not as long as it seemed).

DDs went to (no notes here, too knackered to make them so E&OE)

Hares - for a good run (shome mishtake surely)

JJ - as well as being a gateswinger he also seemed to been ON some substance or another judging by a comment that he had seen hash shirts but was "too tired" to have noticed if there were hashers inside them...

Dickhead - bogeyman and for saying he thought the sky was getting brighter (as it pissed down)

Silvier and Petal for Joint Ankles /Ankle Joints

Hashy Birthdays Janet&John and Cuddles

...apologies for any others I've forgotten

The consensus, as the rain pattered down, was that a jolly picnic on the river bank was a no no so we all decamped with nosh, booze and folding chairs to Scribette/Jiffy for a picnic in their garden instead where a good time and lots of experimental beetroot salad was had by all (ta Horn for the gazebo - sod's law, it didn't rain after that erection)

ON ON Scribette