

North Hants Hash House Harriers

Sun 17/Aug/08

Run: 1507

King's Pond, Alton

Hares: Flying Doctor & Dickhead

A Pleasing Country Ramble

The car park, already on the smallish side, was discouragingly full of non-hashing chariots before the bulk of the pack arrived, which caused **Dickhead** some concern. The fact that two of the bays were designated for disabled use merely exacerbated the situation. **Silvier Fox** had already given notice of an injury which might affect his usual performance, when **Thermal Dick**, in a stunning example of one-upman-ship, trundled into the car park to occupy one of the disabled bays! A thoroughly inconsiderate piece of parking by **Fairy Snow** meant that his rear seat passenger, **Wardrobe**, had the greatest difficulty in squeezing her increasing bulk out of the car due to the closeness of the adjacent vehicle. A suggestion that she might have found it easier had **Fairy Snow** put down his cabriolet roof was met with a snort of derision. **Head Plant** was demonstrating his increasing grasp of his mother tongue by informing anyone who was interested that a car with its roof down was called a cabriolet: four syllables, as his proud mother observed. (Editor's note - Cabriolet, obviously the word of the week).

Twenty-four participants listened to **Flying Doctor's** briefing, which included a warning of hazardous traffic conditions on the A31 dual carriageway. Un-deterred, the pack charged off on a fairly predictable lap of the pond, which led to the first check. From there the trail went up a very steep footpath, the steps of which bore a remarkable resemblance to the South Col. A further check at the top of Windmill Hill, with distant views over the A31, took us out across open fields, where the walkers' separately marked trail took the sick, lame and lazy back for an early bath. The main trail then crossed the afore-mentioned A31, happily without incident, and continued over several large fields, until a thoughtful short cut was available on reaching a country lane.

The short cut and main trail were re-united down a bridle path, which had ambitions to become a steam, albeit without very much water. There was, however, one point at which **Little Prick** found herself teetering on top of a precariously balanced rock surrounded by water which must have been at least four inches deep, and needed the chivalrous intervention of **Bidet** to get her to firmer ground. Most of the pack was back in the car

park in just over the hour - excluding **Flying Doctor** and **Scribette**, who were some 15 minutes adrift - after a well timed and enjoyable trail. **Nettles** was already in the car park, apparently not having been on the run: it is understood that a delicate medical condition means that next time he is a hare, were are likely to be following a brown trail.

Down-Downs awarded:

Flying Doctor and Dickhead - Hares

Thermal Dick - Disabled

Bidet - Knight in Shining armour

Silvier Fox - Mr. Reverse (running part of trail in reverse - obvious really)

Nettles - Where's the shit shirt (apparent reference to his sensitive medical condition is entirely coincidental)

STOP PRESS - **Silvier Fox** heard calling on at least three occasions, but sworn testament from witnesses awaited, and ministerial ratification is pending.

See y'all next time. Luv 'n' stuff - **Bidet**

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