



= Run 1510 07/09/08

Hares: No Entry & Little Prick

Venue: Rushmoor Arena

Turnout: Excellent

Weather: Cold, drizzly, grey (ie, late summer)

The pack competed with a stock car event for parking space but we squeezed into a noisy layby to hear the Hares announce that No Entry was crocked (went to bed Friday, woke up crippled - much speculation from pack) so would be not showing his usual pace at the front. However Little Prick was taking the walkers, with a printed directions sheet, and furthermore we now had a licence from the Army to run about in the mud, courtesy of Deepcut H3. ...good grief, this hash is getting organized these days.

And...letting Aldershot Harriers runners have a head start, we were on on into Rushmoor. Plenty of flour albeit a bit faint - either washed away by early rain or laid the day before?! only joking Hares, plenty of checks, plenty of shiggy - so far so good. No Entry was doing a grand job of laying extra blobs and arrows as the pack passed through (says a grateful back runner,). Mind you, one patch of flour on the road caused some headscratching - an arrow pointing into dense jungle and some partly worn away words. What did this mean? (turned out it was only drawing our attention to some interesting fungi - yes, Hares, fascinating we're sure.) There were sandy tracks, varied forest, muddy bits, even some hilly bits. One such saw 'Er Indoors ignore the

Hare's recommendation for an easier route and run (yes run) UP a killer slope - AND down what was described as Suicide Chute (a very steep narrow rocky defile) on the other side. At the bottom a privatized ranger jobsworth's Landrover stopped some runners- fortunately No Entry had his permit reference number otherwise the whole pack could have found itself arrested, or shot, or in Guantanamo Bay. The walkers had a very cunning route and kept appearing at intervals but your scribe, despite running most of the way behind the main pack, kept meeting them - I think I was at the front of the Knitting Circle but the back of the main pack (a sort of pantomime horse effect?).

(And...now we all know Schooner is an intelligent hound, more so than some 2 legged types, but what was he to make of his master telling him "look Schooner, there's a bar over there" ? Was this translated into Dog for him? No.)

This was a surprisingly varied terrain, with nice views, open bits, woody bits, lumpy bits, easy bits, and we made the most of it before making it back in ooh forgot to note but about an hour, according to my knees.

The GM kicked off DDs by awarding the Living Dangerously Hare/RA a swift half for offences too numerous to list, resulting in him getting the ShitShirt (which Nettles had remembered!!!!). He then took over, ably assisted by Luke as beer pourer, and we saw:

Our own Dr Doolittle, Haagen "Talks To The Animals" Dash

'Er Indoors for keenness (a fine example to us all, lol)

Sex Slave for falling over in front of the KC - more sort of, if you can't be a fine example be a dire warning

Nettles for a long story of locking himself out of his house and...don't ask
Virgins: The RA's parents (what does that make him we wondered, an immaculate conception?)

Birthday Boy Shrinky Dink and we devoured his cake

VelcroF for 300 runs (well 299 but who are we to let a hip replacement stop her award)

ON ON to the Hares' for a BBQ in yet more English weather but some superb salads and puddings (thanks, Kim's Mum) and their 10th Wedding Anniversary cake, with the Hares recreating its ceremonial cutting (Kim's garter wrapped around the knife? No wonder James was crocked).

ON ON Scribette