



$$E=MC_2$$

Run 1512 21/09/08 Selborne

Hares: Seis Matters, JGG, Old Thumper, SPF, Leg Over

Weather: Glorious sun, cool air

Turnout: Good, and keen with it (especially Schooner)

This was an Equinoctial Birthday Run (it says here) hence 5 Hares and a morning start. The scientific mood continued with NH4's very own rocket scientist Seis Matters telling us to be careful on Selborne Hanger's slopes due to the high friction coefficient resulting from a mixture of chalk and clay layers (translation: it's slippery). He also gave us to understand the run was 4.61 miles....

SCBs stuck with JGG and Leg Over , and the whole pack initially headed out around the flat side of Selborne Hanger- but not for long. We all, one way or another, found ourselves slogging up some or part of the well known Zig Zag - where some had a delighted meeting at the top with an ex NH4 hasher of long ago, Allan "Hash Gash" Leach. One or two of the back Hares sounded a bit unsure of the route, but we trotted along a nice level path in the trees before the FRBs headed down what was to be the first of many steep descents

...and that set the pattern really - up, down, up, down, with steepness ranging from a bum slide down, downhill shiggy on an SCB bit , some lung busting puffs up through woods, and the odd gentle incline. SCBs and FRBs met at intervals....and The Rocket Scientist enthused to your scribe about NASA images of the area he'd found when planning the run -and here's me thinking we were just running around in pretty scenery. Leg Over vanished after one particular check, while JGG did a lot of calling to keep errant SCB hounds on a trail of sorts. There was so much flour, and so many SCB trails, that sometimes it wasn't clear if we were ON SCB blobs, FRB blobs, or indeed if we were facing the right way! A hound with GPS helped navigate this tricky terrain - a very compact area but boy did the Hares use every inch. The 4.61 miles was probably only 2 on a flat map, the remainder was , dunno the scientific term, the ups and downs. Some of these were evil, with Yorkie,

Goofy, Haagen Dash and others falling for an arrow which sent them on a Grand Old Duke of York manoeuvre up a vertical slide. Mountain Rescue wisely chose to ignore it and instead concentrated on keeping up with Headplant who was in fine fettle.

At last, some flat ground, and a quick burst through a field of sheep (no Schooner that's not a lunch stop) led to Gracious Street and a beer stop at Seis and Janet&John's cottage, where unusually the ON INN was only 5 minutes away so hounds could knock back beer in their lovely sunny garden knowing we wouldn't have another couple of miles to burp homewards. (And the Rocket Scientist offered a route turning right where the greensand syncline met the cretaceous layer...or something.)

In the absence of the RA, the GM did the DD honours (accompanied by Flying Doctor's delicious chocolate/biscuit cake) and no one was safe from her eye for miscreants, who apart from the Hares included:

Haagen Dash for maltreatment of Mountain Rescue, sending him the wrong way right at the end

'Er Indoors and Little Big Horn for downhill bum sliding

Nutcracker and Headplant for GM abuse, racing her uphill

Horn for child abuse; in the absence of his own son he turned into Competitive Dad towards Thomas

2 x late (20 mins!) visitors

Bea with a football under her sweatshirt - as she was due today we thought we'd encourage her by jumping up and down

JoJo for taking an unnatural , given her, er, advanced years, interest in the childbirth process

Then to the Selborne Arms for scientifically pre-ordered nosh and beer in another sunny garden.

ON ON Scribette