



## REPORT ON RUN 440 ON 3<sup>rd</sup> MARCH 2024

We had a long list of Hashers that for one reason or another or another or another could not make it to this run, they missed out, on a blue sky sunny day and a venue with a commanding view to both the North and South.

We were welcomed by Ravinous Curls, the Hare and GM of H4, who had laid the trail in pet shop wood shavings that would otherwise have been trampled under the paws of some little critter. He reminded us of the various markings while we waited for "we are nearly there" Hashers ChatBot and Baywatch.

Earlier, as we coaxed our chariots up the testing track to the hill top, the on-out trail had been visible, so really without hesitation that's where sixteen excited Hashers headed, down on the shady side, where the apparent temperature plunged, like opening the door to a fridge and stepping in.

While on the gravel road, progress was rapid and easy but soon the trail veered over the edge North East and oh! So steeply down a footpath characterised by slimy roots twisting over slippery chalk bounded by limb shredding bramble snares. The sort of trail that a brochure might describe as "technically difficult".

Two thirds of the way down the drop, a check and "no trail" West on the contour tempted Bambi and Bika and provided the latter with the opportunity to point Percy behind a tree out of sight of the lens that was waiting to capture an image that would have triggered alarm bells on social media.

A short regroup near the bottom, and then Bambi found himself again on a long false trail accompanied by Alpha Blocker who is soon to become the GM of H4, a venerable honour that is held for many years at a time, bit like being The Pope.

At the very bottom is Jay's Farm, where the path was a broad stream of thankfully clean chalk filtered water, unlike the open sewer that we encountered on the last run.

The check at Back Lane took a bit of exploring, leaving the pack well behind ChatBot, Baywatch and Bika who got it right first time by taking the path to Sutton, via the very muddy hollow at Bignor Mill. You might have noticed that on paths that have a slurry at the centre and the remnants of grass at the edge your average Hasher reverts to waddle mode, to avoid treading in the middle, thus we progressed past the mill, followed by a hard climb on claggy clay to The White Horse.

There was a chance to stamp some of the crap off our shoes as we continued North on the road up to the old traditional red telephone kiosk which is now a mini information centre, no help with where next? For us here, however the beckoning FP sign was too tempting to miss, and it soon proved correct. The run East from here down to Bignor Park lane over the open verdant fields with a clear blue sky above was a delight, and somewhere up there was a skylark, invisible yet audible.

Who would have thought that we would now head South West from here and then West on Bignor Road back to The White Horse ?.... paying for the lovely grassland idyll with a gruelling cold shady climb on the damp musty sunken road.

The newly laid trail at the top of the road meant a retrace of our steps facing South and the dawning of a realisation of a sense of a near future need to expend a great deal of energy, as the two transmitters atop Glatting Beacon came into our sights.

Before that though, like the approach to Everest we started on the Western approach via a climb to the base camp at Glatting Farm for a regroup and natter.

When we restarted from here, the relative inexperience of Baywatch set her on the idea of heading North and down the aptly named Folly Lane, this did not last long because good trail was found on the FP West over the last flat part of the approach. We soon discovered that the seemingly flat surface of this meadow was merely a thin green skin on a brown fertile rice pudding, ensuring that with clag laden shoes we started the climb.

Nothing too exciting about this bit, slow progress on a zig zag hint of a path, frequent desperate grasping of thick branches and some roots, so arms as well as legs aching, thus did we ascend Glatting Hangar to a check at The Denture. No point looking for other trails, only one way back from here and that is South up to those looming Beacon towers on smooth but crumbly chalk at first up and up, then green grass, unusually not slippery, up and up and yahoooo! Right under the towers, legs now filled with concrete.

There, just below, the car park, the chariots, and that fantastic view, after one and a half hours, and ten kilometres of strenuous hashing.

Of course we had enough energy left to gather around a picnic table laden with our nibbles and ales, to satiate a hunger and thirst born from such exertion.

Yes we had Down Downs, the ones I remember, The Hare, Sausage Lottery and Spiderman (spied consulting map on mobile), Baywatch and ChatBot (keeping us waiting) and we gave the Hash-It to Kinky who had obviously got down and dirty with mother earth at some point.

We munched and chatted and rested our eyes on the view a while longer before drifting off, back to our lowly lives.

**Bambi (Chichester H3)**