



REPORT ON RUN 413 ON 5th DECEMBER 2021

There were a few late arrivals, including yours truly, on account of the Farmers Market closing down Haslemere. Whippet was last but we let her off. We felt that, as a walking brain, her report might contain too many literary references for the membership to understand. Having said that, the Ayatollah's well-known cunning made me apprehensive and it made me think of the soothsayer's warning to Julius Caesar:

"Beware the ides of March" to which the great man memorably replied:

"I discount what you have to say. What's the forecast for Bank Holiday Monday?"

Confused? Not as much as we were going to be. We were sixteen runners and three walkers. First of all we started inauspiciously enough by jogging up the main road, returning to ascend the hill at the pavilion. We were straining to spot the sawdust: I have to say that the brown stuff is very *passé*: my favourite is blue diamante. The more senior Hashers were also straining the eye for the decomposing remains of John 'Douche' Greer who disappeared on a similar trail many moons ago and hasn't been seen since. Just ask the Keep Fitters! The first check was so successful that we were overtaken by the walkers. The front runners then got us into trouble before we found ourselves at the back of the property once owned by Benazir Bhutto: her husband loved the 'Dog and Pheasant' (our eventual hosts) so much that he recreated the bar in the house. Alas when the builders were not paid, they ripped the whole thing out. The property is now under new management. Someone said his name was Ollie Something. At least that is what I heard. Well anyway he is not a friendly sort and his property is surrounded with threatening signs, such as 'Private Property: trespassers will be shot on sight' (even on the verge housing the BMX track).

We now found ourselves on a narrow, squelchy path between two enormous fields. It was very tricky under foot and ChillyWillie behind me, said I looked like a mincing homosexual trying to keep a fart in my trousers. Charming! It was very open and exposed to the icy blast: I felt like Heathcliffe on the moors. We then branched off rather hesitantly to the right. I say this because there was no obvious call from the front runners. Whippet said that her cry had got caught in the wind. As she had prunes for breakfast, who am I to disagree?

We snuggled down into a dell protected from the elements by the trees. We then entered a petit hameau (Pretentious? Moi?) with a sign broken off at the end: 'Robertson's Green' I picked up the end that snapped off. Would you believe it actually said 'Willy?' We continued downwards, levelling out on to a large, sodden paddy field at the end of which we had our group photo, minus Isneesrbuggered who was riding shotgun. Since that point I have no recollection of why and how I came to be sharing a long table with a bunch of drunken people, reciting the names of Santa's reindeers.'

David 'Lost Fart' Banks







