**REPORT ON RUN 366 IN SEPTEMBER 2017**

Around a dozen turned up in the light drizzle. For the first time in recollection there were NO dogs: apparently the Labradors were on a coach trip to the Winalot factory. The first check duly came, white flour, almost irridescent in the gloom. The second check disappeared with Andy protesting that it had been eaten by dogs. A committee was formed and it was agreed to be case. However the animal must have been very voracious as the Hash fanned out over the heath in fruitless search. I took advantage of the confusion to have a fly pee, just before a mad woman and her grandchildren came round the corner (madam, they much prefer MacDonalds to walking in the heather in the rain). This proved to be the only blip. We turned off at the garage with the old fashioned pumps into wet long grass and then on to a well manicured field after a clever check. Somewhere along the route we ran a gauntlet of nettles: if creation is so perfect, how come nettles don't grow alongside dock leaves? Under the A3 we went.

We were now in English countryside at its pastoral best with a gentle hill forming the background, past a medieval half timbered cottage and on to what was feared to be private land. Somehow we arrived at a check which looked as if we were going back under the A3 but it was all a ruse. So many fooled hashers but not me! I could see the attraction of my leg being ripped to pieces by avenging brambles as we skirted the road, looking like extras from the Horror channel. Eventually we were under the road and over. The run in was a little long but nevertheless enjoyable. A good run and Andy was always solicitous in making sure no one was lost.