

## **Haslemere Hash run report 467 - August 2025**

**Hares:** Flash Thorpe, supported by Friar Tuck

**Venue:** Fernhurst – the old stomping ground of this scribe, where every stile has a story and every hill a vendetta

**Weather:** Hot. Like “why did I wear black shorts?” hot. Like “is this a hash or a heatstroke simulation?” hot. Climate change may be real, but at least it’s giving us Mediterranean trail conditions.

### **The Trail**

We assembled on Fernhurst’s village green, that deceptively tranquil patch of turf where hashers gather with suspicious optimism. The hares kicked things off with a gentle meander through shaded woodland paths, lulling the pack into a false sense of security. Then came the climb—steep, relentless, and clearly designed to test both cardio and character.

As we puffed and scrambled our way uphill, the trail led us past Black Down House, a landmark of local legend and hashing reverence. There, the hares had arranged a brief but glorious pause: panoramic views stretched across the South Downs, and beers—cold, blessed beers—were handed out like communion. The pack fell silent, save for the sound of cans cracking and sighs of contentment.

A moment of reflection was offered for the Blackdown air crash of 1967, where a jet tragically came down on the slopes nearby. The hush was brief but heartfelt—proof that even hashers can be solemn when the occasion calls. Then someone burped, and we moved on.

Refreshed and slightly more philosophical, we resumed the trail, which promptly reminded us that gravity is a privilege not often granted. Sawdust blobs guided us through brambles, barbed wire, and the occasional patch of mystery mud. False trails abounded, and the checks were so cunning they may have been laid by a retired cryptographer with a grudge.

The Red Lion welcomed us like long-lost eccentrics. The chips were hot, the beer was cold, and the staff admirably unfazed by the sudden influx of sweaty, sawdust-speckled lunatics.

For this scribe, the pub holds more than just post-trail pints—it’s a place steeped in family history. So frequent was the Red Lion in the life of my father that, when the bar was replaced, he was gifted a piece of it. Not a coaster, not a stool—a literal chunk of the bar itself. A splintered relic of countless stories, laughter, and probably a few questionable decisions. It now sits proudly at home, a shrine to Fernhurst’s finest institution and a testament to the kind of loyalty only a true regular can earn.

And if the Red Lion was his temple, then my mother—known to many as *Stormin’ Norma*, in cheeky homage to Stormin’ Norman of First Gulf War fame—was its high priestess and occasional invader. The nickname wasn’t just for show: she earned it by storming into the pub, full of righteous fury and maternal precision, to collect my father when his “quick pint” had evolved into a full-blown campaign. No man left behind—especially not hers.

Forget-me-knot