



REPORT ON RUN 390 IN SEPTEMBER 2019

I visited Redford en route but Robert was not in. As a result I was last in and hence your scribe for today. We were nineteen and two halves and not a Labrador in sight: the two halves were DURACELL and HILLY MILLY, co-hares with mum, Ellie (Jelly), who told us inter alia, that if we were on sawdust, we were definitely on piste or on a false trail and nowhere in between!

We crossed the 'main' road and shortly came to our first check which took a while to unravel because of the false trails: in general the false trails on this run were quite long. We made a loop and re-crossed the 'main' road, entering a forestry area. The second check was a bit of a misfire, well into the Brian Rix territory: wily Charles (Iskneesrbuggered) found the trail which hived off from a false trail but was called back, resulting in a a run along a path devoid of sawdust. We then had to go back to where Charles had left off. The pack were slightly rattled and at the next check there was a reluctance for the knitting circle to explore the terrain in case they got caught up in a long false trail. Instead they looked to see what the hares were doing. Rather comically DURACELL went into the forest for a surreptitious pee and found himself surrounded by onlooking hashers!

None of the above detracted from this fabulous run. The weather was pitch perfect with (mainly) full sun and welcome cool air. The countryside was at its very best. This was epitomised by a run up a picturesque hill, well known to experienced hashers from previous runs. Over a stile in the corner before coming to a stony path downwards. Up through a forest. Down to turn right passed a cemetery and then right again up an incline. This brought us up to a grassy plateau and then back to the aforementioned stile. Possibly the greatest loop in Hash history. However we were assured that we would not be going back on the outward trail. And sure enough there was a bright arrow taking the front runners, all seasoned Hashers, off that trail to the left. It was a very long slog which required technical assistance to keep us on track (we had by now exceeded 7 miles)

When we eventually got back to the cars, we found that the back runners, marshalled by the hares, had got back before us. Apparently our troupe had missed a further marked turning to the left. How was this possible? I ask myself (he should have gone to Specsavers!): perhaps I was too mesmerised by No Falsies' bum!

Whatever can be said about the finer points of this run, it was great fun. Well done, our young hares!

David (Lost Fart) Banks