



REPORT ON RUN 406 ON 2nd MAY 2021

Having established that “width.squeezed.slips” is not actually in the Amazon we met up for what, hopefully, is to be the last Group of Sixes hash. This morning we were actually a total of 14 in number, plus one dog. The last group of 6 set off from Lurgashall green at 11am.

The trail was laid in huge blobs of sawdust, varying in colour from beige, through mid-brown to dark tan which successfully blended in superbly with the surrounding leaf litter underfoot. Apparently the 5.25 mile trail had been set with the intention of challenging and outwitting the fastest and fittest hashers. I was thus thankful that the hare, who had gone out in the group ahead of ours, had marked the trail more clearly for our group, following up in the rear. We were spared the need to check and so completed the trail inside 90 minutes. Those ahead of us were faced with several cunning false trails and obscurely placed sawdust.

The trail took us through copses resplendent with bluebells, stitchwort, wood anemones and primroses, across fields and country lanes. Shortly after setting off we were deafened by gunshots and hoards of green wax jacketed country folk armed with shotguns, out for a morning of standing in one spot by the Old Mill Pond at Mill Farm tirelessly shooting at clay pigeons. How anyone can get excited by this beggars belief! In times gone by the deafening hammering would have been from the now defunct ironworks. Far more productive!

After several field crossings we spilled out onto Lickfold Bridge. A further path lead to Hoewyck Farm, selling fresh manure which (judging by the size of the puffball in its fields) might produce some interesting interlopers to one’s garden. We turned right at Upperfold Farm and on into Gentles Copse, then to Windfall Wood. The cunning trail delayed us around Sybs Farm before we picked up the trail again, crossing High Lane on through Spring Coppice and into an extensive apple orchard guarded by sheep but with the welcome sight of Lurgashall Church steeple a short and mainly downhill hop away.

The morning was finished perfectly with the impressive sight, as we enjoyed our On-On drinks at the Noahs’s Ark, of our Ayatollah sprinting downhill towards the pub.

All in all a splendid trail finishing in a splendid spot!

Lucy ‘Chasity Belt’ Earle



Rare find: a large puffball

AN ODE TO THE HARES

Along come a flock of sheep with two Hashers by their feet!

Nutbush was out of her city limits so said the sheep!

So around they flocked by her feet to trip and block her escape from the flock!

Chilly Willie ran like the wind to get out of the flocking way.

Oreo out of reach enjoying protection from the flock along Nutbush went through the flock laughing all the way to see ChillyWillie bolting over the gate far far away from the flock of sheep!!!

Bleating her claims to killer sheep!

Becca 'Beta Blocker' Howie



