Hash Run 460 Report – Grayswood

After the rain the night before, hashers were pleased to see the sun shining as they gathered on the green at Grayswood. Head Boy had laid the trail, and we set off into the woods beside the church. It was wet underfoot, and the fallen acorns, chestnuts, and tangled tree roots kept the runners on their toes. The more nimble hashers skipped along gracefully, while the rest of us demonstrated new and creative ways to stay upright.

The trail wound through beautiful woodland before looping back to cross the road. Fortunately, some of the faster (and more alert) runners managed to locate the right routes at the checkpoints, as several of us were still operating in "Sunday morning survival mode."

Haslemere once again lived up to its reputation for hills — including a short one that could double as a training slope for Everest. Having scrambled, gasped, and groaned our way to the top, we were greeted by Head Boy, who taken the "easy way" just a few meters away. Timing, as they say, is everything.

A brief trot past some very impressive allotments led us back onto the road, then behind a house where we emerged into a field with stunning views — and more importantly, a short break for photos, snaps and snacks (courtesy of Head Boy).

After that, we doubled back and meandered our way to Grayswood once more, mud-splattered but happy. The morning was rounded off with a well-earned "On On" at the White Horse in Haslemere.

Written by Chat Bot and AI.