REPORT of RUN 441

TRIGGER WARNING... Anyone with a weak disposition receiving this report should turn away now. It relates to a hash trail set by ***LostFart*** and some of the language may upset such readers.

OF course we should have known from past experience that runs set by the said hare are never conventional but that said a pack of fifteen plus, including three walkers, (welcoming back *'Isnees rbuggered* after another, you've guessed it, knee op) turned up at Upperton Rec eager for the chase. The hare's briefing was indeed brief to the point of being inconsequential to what lay ahead. With the "on, on" sounded we spent what seemed the best part of the first 15 minutes faffing around the village of Upperton, pretty though it is, trying to find our way out into the countryside and being tripped up by cheeky checkpoints and an "on back" call from the hare.

Eventually the way out led the pack westward down a no-through lane and into and across the expanse of Upperton vineyard. With no time to stare at the distant South Downs the pace quickened with everyone reaching the wooded greenery beyond without further mishap. It was from here however that the "fun and games (!)" really started.

Skirting around the outer limits of Upperton Common, the pack hurried and scurried seeking elusive trail marks with one or two shouts of "where's the f****** sawdust!?". In fact the evidence was there it's just that one had to look sideways most of the time but more complexing was the serious use of check-points causing dashers to turn hither and thither. After numerous switchbacks and loops it became clear that instead of staking out false trails the hare had used checkpoints as de facto false trails provoking *Chilly Willie* into remonstrating in no uncertain terms ("wait till I get my hands on him", or words to that effect).

After passing a folly-like tower, significant enough to be marked on the OS map, more bluebell-spread copse and tortuous turn-arounds lay ahead until once again the vineyard came in sight. Crossing back, still more cunning deviations lay in wait until the village came into view. With the vanguard of runners quickly repairing down the road to a ready pint at the "Horse Guards" in nearby Tillington, yours truly was left to witness one lonely soul making her way back from where we had set off from in the first place. Poor thing, a relative newcomer to the hash, had lost track of the pack halfway round but sportingly bore no grudge against the hare (too kind!).

Astonishingly, I-phone maps then revealed that despite the constant twists and turns the pack had covered less territory than imagined, less than 4 miles, with the hare getting us nowhere fast. No matter, any lasting antagonism was quickly dissipated by a beverage or two, toasting H4 37th birthday, a maiden address from the new GM, *Alpha Blocker*, and to top it all a scrumptious cake made by *Beta Blocker*.

So thank you LostFart for another idiosyncratic hash, only you could be so ~~b~~dastardly devious and get away with it (though you should really come with a health warning!).