



REPORT ON RUN 428 ON 5th MARCH 2023

It was a bumper turn out with 18 runners and quite a few dogs! The pack dropped down from the Prince of Wales to go across the railway track. The 11 o'clock express to Portsmouth closed in behind us. We were immediately in horse country in a very pretty setting, climbing up a grassy slope and over the Liphook Road. We lost Whippet who was very much the leading runner. Marathow and I thought about reporting her to the Police as a Missing Person but then we realised that she was the Police!

The ground was very firm under foot with a liberal layer of leaves under the forest canopy. It felt like running on Corn Flakes. At the beginning the air was so cold, I found it difficult to breathe, reminding me of the time I arrived at Cuzco Airport when I was immediately hit on the head by a Monty Python 1 ton weight! After negotiating through open fields we took flight (if only) up a huge area of chestnut trees. Forgetmeknot spoke authoritatively about their use in building Nelson's fleet. At the top a fine view was to be had over distant trees to the hills beyond.

Nutbush and I fell behind, catching up on recent news. This enabled us to miss a spectacular false trail up an incline. Another fine setting, an imposing stone-built house, complete with aviary, dominated the landscape. We climbed up for the last time before we started the descent.

The back end of the pack got detached in Hammer on the wrong side of the track, momentarily confused by the false trail sign from the outward run. These dawdlers were helped on their way by a boy on a very fine horse which reminded me of a Billy Connelly aside, namely that his definition of an intellectual was someone who, on hearing Rossini's William Tell overture, did not immediately think of the Lone Ranger!

This was an excellent run, well crafted by Forkin' Wisperer. The fluorescent markings were a great success.

David "Lost Fart" Banks

