

Hash Report
Run 234 – Heskett Newmarket
Hares: Huggy and Slasher

They say that 90% of it is in the presentation and the introduction that the Hares gave at a blustery Heskett Newmarket made us feel like we were about to embark on an epic adventure, with warnings of dangers from slippery paths and stiles, aggressive livestock and overpowering vegetation. Challenging was the word that was used.

There was also a warning that we would have to search hard for the trail, as it had been laid in sawdust to avoid it being washed away. Talk about getting your excuses in early.

What had actually happened was that the hares had gone into the forests around Heskett, knowing the scale of the task ahead of them. They had selected a mighty sapling and taken off a whole branch. This they then had chipped down to provide at least a pint-potful of sawdust with which to mark the 10k trail. The resultant chippings were so white that they could have injured the eyesight of a passing hasher, so thoughtfully, the hares had steeped them in a blend of out of dates Doris' and sheep droppings, so that they harmonised perfectly with the natural surroundings. These delicate chippings could even balance on leaves and grass so were ideally suited to the terrain.

After the ON ON, the pack engaged in a fingertip search of the village to find the trail and eventually headed north into the wilderness. From the tree-lined river valley we moved into open countryside and our next challenge. There, in the corner of the field was a bull, a magnificent specimen in every respect. He was engaged in earnest conversation with a bright young thing (big brown eyes and long fluttering lashes – you know the sort) and clearly our presence would have disturbed his seduction technique.

In a display of solidarity, half the pack went over the fence to the left and the other half skirted round to the right, preferring the risk of being chased by cows with calves rather than emasculation from barbed wire. Apparently the bull was in the other corner of the field when the route was recce'd. They move around – who knew?

Undaunted, the pack refused the SCB offered at midday and charged off to complete the route in fine style.

After a delightful run alongside the river, the inevitable river crossing emerged, a soothing balm to sore feet.

Slasher was on hand to taxi some of the runners home where WeakEnder was presented with a tankard to mark the start of his retreat from the world of work, in line with the majority of the pack around him.

It did what it said on the tin – Challenging we were promised and challenging we got. What a brilliant way to spend a Sunday morning!

On On! HalfDome

