

19Feb2017, oh yes, St. Leonard's Hotel, no, not some posh place by the sea, just a boozier sitting alongside the A31, replete with exhaust fumes.

So, what did we have? Usual, I guess, circle, run, down-downs, plus the usual entertainment. On arrival, Pavarotti was busy furckling through the undergrowth. He managed to find not one but two hanging baskets suitable to adorn any wall, yours, darling for such reasonable fee, cheap at double half price. He thought he had a sucker in Gates [sure to find a use for that one day] but Poppet had other ideas, no good for the nags and she has plenty of flowers in her baskets, thank you very much indeed, now go and bother someone else please.

Far worse was to follow. As polite respectable hashers signed in, male thighs, arse etc. were clearly visible behind the bushes. What was going on? Frostbite, please do enlighten us as to why your nether regions were on view. Bianca was there unseasonably early and if she can change in her exec. limo suite, why can't you??

Circle was short and sweet. We had a 100% 'girlie' hare team with two virgins: Hot Lips and Sloppy Tits with Bianca to provide 'experience', though the precise details of Bianca's 'experience' was not disclosed. By the end of the hash, Sloppy Tits had ceased to exist, such was the effect of this run. Hare instructions were short, sweet and thoughtful. Short was four miles, Main was a sweet six miles and no thought at all was required.

Off-off we went, shared trail, main and mini together. Arrive at a check; Stoker goes wrong; lung-busting screams of 'On back' aimed at him were in vain.

Half way round there is total confusion. An arrowed bar was pointing in the wrong direction. The Main are now lost. Ha-ha!

The Main don't know whether they are coming or going. Turns out that the non-virgin hare [she of much 'experience', Bianca] had told the virgins that a bar was a bar and they had to put this in place before the run. Virgins never do know how to do it first time. They did try, but with the arrow pointing the wrong way. All the main went took the wrong passage. Ha-ha!

Suddenly Stoker appeared. Despite going totally the wrong way he had managed to find his way to the front. How? No idea.

Back to Sloppy Tits: she managed to get the Mini on the wrong track. 'On back' squawked she, so on back we all came. Oh, not sure. Eventually we reverted to the original trail. We, hashers, find two bars ten metres apart. Which way? Not a clue had ST; we're all stuck, lost in no man's land. Poppet took the initiative and the lead. Following her, all was bliss and light.

Event of the year? Has to be GiGi [Greek God to the non-cognoscenti]: the bold GiGi was trailing around and thought he saw our hare. GiGi approaches the said same lady and says, 'Hello Sloppy Tits.' Small problem was that it was not the hare, just some lady out for a walk. Sorry, GiGi, not 'null points' but negative points for that chat-up line. Imagine if she'd had a big tasty boyfriend around: GiGi would have been history.

And so to the down-downs. Normally these are the usual lack-lustre routine, but not today. Frostbite did get called out for his 'sans culottes' moment. Stoker pointed out that the UK has one measure of booze units while the Irish units are so much more generous so we'll drink with them in future. He called on quack doctors Dribbler and Blow Job to drink beer to prove the point. Shitzu is in lust with iPod on account of his seriously sexy chocolate cake. K4½, aka 'lover boy' had his lust wounds, aka love bites, shown to the assembled masses some of whom did have recollections of similar war wounds from the 1960's. There was the second renaming of the year. Shitzu was joined by Wrong Direction [she who used to be ST]. Someone did ask ST/ Wrong Direction how old she was. Turns out that we can't call her WD40 after all. On on to West Moors, Tap and Railway, next week.