

Okay folks, it's Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> March so that must be Dorset, England. If I'm not mistaken, it was a hash, heading off from the Cartwheel at Whitsbury, oop norf as it has an 'SP' postcode. We gathered, closely observed by our host, the landlord, who counted the vehicles and then the occupants. Cars squished into the carpark, double and triple blocked with Bianca's petite little Rangie by the gate to make quite sure that no-one could escape. Why did he count us all in? Perhaps to estimate the takings. Fud had to be ordered and paid for prior to departure; was 'mein host' sending out for more chips while we were 'unterwegs'?

People did sign in; Hornblower did his bit; circle was called. Down downs? Jokes had done 1250 runs, or was it 1520? What is the impact of all this exercise? A rhetorical question; his dog is still 'podgy' and needs yet more exercise.

Off off we went; Main, or 'Long' as it is often called these days, went left; Mini, more aptly called Short, as were all the best miniskirts, went t'other way. The pack of hounds that accompanies the hash these days made up its own mind and chose their own route.

Recently an amazing FRB ["front running bastard" to the innocents] has emerged on the Mini: the bold Sean is oft to be seen stomping ahead, wellies pounding away with even such glitterati runners as Fursty Ferret left in his wake. Sean has one redeeming feature: he never bad-mouths people. Not so the bold Fursty: as the Mini mounted a summit, FF turned around and said to some harriets of a certain age and a less certain girth, 'Come on you fat girls, get up the hill.' If these lovely ladies had had the energy to chase, catch and scrag him they most certainly would have done so and most deservedly. DeathMarch was equally ungallant: seems that he organised a 'Do my wellies look big in this?' review as a febrile excuse to take photographs of their [very beautifully rounded] rear ends.

And no, junior Wurzels didn't show them up at all when the juniors galloped on ahead leaving the girls, & everyone except Sean and FF, far behind. Well done the Wurzellettes!

What about the hash, you ask? Yup, pdg. Simple route for simple souls: along, left & up a hill, left at the top, along a bit, left and down the hill then left, back to the carpark/ pub. Shame for anyone who was right handed. Mini had just the right amount of shiggy, i.e., not too much. Hares this week were much better organised: despite early rain, they organised a dry walk so that people could enjoy it. Towards the end, 'er indoors, hare for the Mini, put in an appearance right at the very front to direct us back, demonstrating the old truism: old age and treachery will triumph over youth and skill. She knew the terrain so damned well that she was ahead of all of us. It's only a malicious rumour that she flew there on her broomstick.

Haberdashery news: a special order of new sox has arrived and will be on sale soon. If you want them just shout 'Gree Narmy' and buy them from the lady who responds.