

Any hash that needs 5,000 hares is always going to be a good one. And so it proved to be: as well as Wessex, we had Hursley, Worthy Winchester and even some odd bods from R2D2. LoadsHashers. Fursty cried off as hare despite his elevated status as hare-razor. He was due to have his vital bits 'done' by the medics last week, but on arrival they looked at the other end of him and chose not to operate. Well met we were at the Rising Sun in Wooton, not far from New Milton.

We circled; curious signs and markings were laid out for our view. This was modern high IQ hashing, some 50 or so signs to remember, the new ones coming from She of Hursley whose innovatory skills in the direction of marking trails has confused as many co-hares as it has hashers.

Some cad and bounder, DeathMarch, managed to filch one of poor Dirty Squealer's new trainers. The wise girl drove up in the new ones and then changed but the silly girl made the fatal mistakes firstly of walking around in the new ones for two whole minutes and secondly of telling people that she would change into her old ones to avoid the inevitable down-down.

Most fortunately, ArseAbout, one of the Short hares [run length, idiot, not her stature] is a genuine runner. AA had established that She of Hursley had made a significant booboo with the markings, one that could lead our FRB, Chunky, to untold deviations. AA leapt to it; at the appropriate moment she charged on ahead and saved the situation, putting down fresh dust at the critical moment/place.

Btw, Lemon was a right Tart: there was a check, the other two male hashers [geddit – no gender PC incorrectness here] explored the straight and the left whilst Lemon just stood there, refusing to check out the path to the right, leaving it to the next bloke to arrive. Girly-whirly harriet or what?

Weather varied from cool and okayish to good. The hares assured us that all the soft sticky squelchy mud was as nothing to what it had been when the trail was first recce'd. Apparently they had needed canoes at one point. The tracks were dry, relatively, compared to that, so don't bloody moan! What's a little mud between friends, or between your toes?

With the ~~feeding~~ drinking of the 5,000 after the run, it was always going to be a couple of minutes before the down-downs.

Beaky handed out a flier for the Fiji Interhash, and jolly good it looks too.

Stalker wanted the sympathy vote so he appeared in the bar with an arm and a leg in plaster straight after the run. We all knew that this was not technically possible in less than five hours with the NHS in its current state. Another despicable character took one look at the plaster on Stalker's wrist and put the letter 'W' with a symbol of an anchor underneath. Took Stalker ages to catch on. DM has a lot to answer for today. Eventually it emerged that this was a publicity stunt for Chunky's on-stage persona as a lead rock star on 08April2017: be there or be square, or similar. Once Stalker had served his purpose, Chunky laid him face down, took the surgical scissors to him and removed the non-vital knobs and excrescences. It is only a rumour that next week's songs will be sung '*soprano castrato*'.

The final drama is always the down-downs:

- Welcome to Kirstin – not only a virgin hasher but a non-drinker to boot, cheap night out! Sniff, please be sure to bring her along again.
- Mama Cass/ Snow White: took just 21 seconds after the Midsummer details were posted on the website to moan at the MisManagement re a wrong date. Could give her a third hash name, PrimaDonna?
- Dawn, Hursley, dobbed in Bika's dog for pissing on a sign, clearly dogging; the guilty party appeared replete with said dog. Dog was quicker than its master and got to the beer first. Well done dog!
- Bianca had the best deserved of the lot for trying, and nearly succeeding, in running over her poor mama.

And thanks to the music maestro, Stalker, for the various notes.

Ramadan and Banger announced next week's trail at Drusilla's Inn which is in Horton, at the other end of Gates' vast estate. Gates' valet will direct anyone who is lost.