

Ah yes, Sunday: the Amberwood at Walkford, and a very lovely day it was too – our hares had been kind enough to lay on sunshine.

On arrival, at least two people had heeded the request to park on the road so no sympathy to those who were blocked in until half past four. That'll learn yer!

We circled:

- In memoriam for Mufti, passed away and now hashing the great trail above.
- Lapdancer and Lemon Tart for new shoes, despite Lapdancer's protestations that the shoes in question belonged to LT. Tall Paul helped by pouring a libation over LemonT.
- Pigs Ears contenders:
 - Ram and DM due to length of runs
 - Sinbad and Greek God for navigational skills

Eventually awarded to Dragon for disturbing the peace last time she was here, causing no end of problems/ merriment with an 'episode' that involved an ambulance and general carnage. Still, a few gins later and she was fine.

On out; after a couple of hundred yards Lemon Tart misled us down a dark alley. So there was no dust – this was the theme of the day. On back!!!!!!

Left, we went, up a 'ill. There was the ladies' bike: '*Free to a good home*' read the sign. Pavorotti thought about a song as he passed. Our hare, Blow Up Doll, had other ideas: she snaffled said bike, asking the bloke to remove the sign and to store it for her until we returned.

At the next junction our hare skulked quietly, stroked her chin and let people go the wrong way, again, before calling us back.

Ever onwards: 'Burial Ground' read the sign; hashers pondered who would be left there when we exited, but no, called back yet again, the route was the other way with newly laid dust to prove it.

Into Woods 1: still no dust so we all go left. Half a mile later, 'On Back' and when we return. As if by magic, the pixies have not only put down a brand new shiny circle of dust, but they've even kicked it out the other way. One hasher was so amazed to find dust that he photographed it for posterity.

The beach was lovely: IoW in the distance, bright sun, gentle breeze, what else could one ask for? Dust? Dream on. Our hare pointed at two ladies of a certain age. 'They're sitting on the dust,' she alleged. Ha! And so to Woods 2. Mini walkers just love pixie-loops: on, lost, until way behind them they hear, 'On-on!' and retrace their footsteps only to find the hare magically at the front again and with new dust to prove it. And so back to t'boozer.

And then the Main returned. The bold Slurry was so knackered that he was lost for words. DM's route march of 10+miles a couple of weeks ago, followed by Ram's of 11+ m and well over 9m today: is there a new norm for extra-long Mains? Better arrange for some more genteel hares!!

And so to some of the Down-Downs:

- Early Facebook: three lost ladies who just gave up on the Main and returned to drink: Shitzu, Israeli Commando and Dirty Squealer.
- Horny – flaunting her gold chained handbag on a hash
- Banger: totally lost and wandering for miles
- Blow Up Doll: serial hare misdemeanours: having a bicycle on a run, total lack of dust, misuse of pixie dust, accusing innocent ladies of dust-squatting etc.
- We even found some lady with a dog who just happened to be there. Her dog, having peed on Bianca's boots, got so excited when the mistress got a DD that he promptly did a QC [quick crap] on the gravel.

On-on until next week.