

Where? Oh yes, the Fox at Anstey, way out west. Lovely pub in a charming country setting.

On arrival, it looked suspiciously like an all-girlie affair, no blokes in sight apart from a couple of guys who were just chauffeurs for their better halves. And an all-harriet hares team: Poppet and PePe on the mini; ArseAbout and Ratarsed on the Main – no common theme there, then, though they do have nice bums.

This week's circle was an organised, almost civilised affair. We were called to order, announcements were made; the pre-run DownDowns were all historic:

- Dragon got the wrong pub and went to The Fox at Salisbury – about twenty years ago but some have long memories. . . .
- BlueSox – for running!! Turns out that she went to the HoV last Wednesday and ran the entirety of the Main whereas with Wessex, she can manage only a walk with occasional jogging.

Some made the mistake of thinking that the lady hares would be genteel, nice, kind, in fact, ladylike. Ha! This is a hash, hashers. Don't expect mercy from them. Started well: only let the FRB's go a short distance down a barred path before calling them back, but as the hash progressed the call-backs got later and later. So late, in fact, that Sinbad, he of merely 81 summers, managed to be lead runner yet again. And yes, that hill that we all ran up was steep and long. Thx. AA and RA!!

En route, a hare was seen leaning over in secret conversation with Ches, Mr. Two Poles, aluminium ones, not norf and sarf. Anyways, a mile or so later the bold Ches appears from the left on a flat path strutting his stuff and now right at the front, ahead of all the real hashers who had climbed and descended the steps. Coincidence or what?

K9 should have got an award for not crossing bars: he bravely went through the stream when the bridge was barred and was kind enough to share both the water and the cow poo in it, splashing any passing hashers. Later on, when DeathMarch chose to shortcut across a bar, K9 took the high road, catching up again much later on – DM did get his just deserts: see DownDowns below.

Slurry failed the beer test: at a junction near the end, when any sane man would have sniffed the air to determine the [right] direction of the beer, he turned left and went off over a hill and far away. No doubt this will add 50m to the height, 400 inches to the distance and 0.264 to the knackerdritis measure. What can we say about the route? Beautiful rolling hills, garlic-scented woods, bluebells and occasional dust, just the right length and we bumped into the tailenders of the mini as we returned so perfect alignment of Main and Mini. Pdg, with a fine hostelry for the apres.

At the pub, Ferret found his original signed mug 'Furstey Ferret' on display adorned with the 'FF' logo.

Our Grand Master, ably assisted by his hares and sundry others, found a total of eight offenders for DownDowns:

- 1 Yes, Lily-the-Pink managed to find, or not find, the wrong pub.  
Her moniker for the song was '*The Pheasant Plucker*' – how one can confuse a pub called 'The Pheasant' with destination called 'The Fox' is known only to her.
- 2 Ferret is allegedly 'incapacitated' due to a shoulder op., but this did not stop him groping Hilda.  
Did Hilda enjoy it?  
'*Armless*' was his song-cry.
- 3 Ipod – lost yet again.  
'*Lost souls*'
- 4 DeathMarch for deliberately crossing bars, even when challenged by FRB hashers  
'*Why was he born so beautiful*' – why indeed?
- 5 Our illustrious GM for the memorable line, '*I came across a harriet,*' - allegation from said harriet is that he didn't.
- 6 Said harriet, PePe, for a 'fashion police' offence:  
Dahleeng, zer woz just tooooh much pink!  
'*Poser*'
- 7 Wheeze somehow managed a dog-poo offence.  
'*How much is that doggy in the window?*'
- 8 The hares' DD went to Mouse – not only did she complain about the distance [has this girl never tried DM's or Ram's recent runs?] but she then nominated Sinbad for the DD drink!!

And so to next weekend: a double dose: we have,

- Sunday: the Alice Lisle
- Monday, May Day run meet at 05:30, Run about 6am and back for breakfast and beer no, cider, it's MayDay in Dorset!! And it's the actual 2000<sup>th</sup> run