

The harbinger of doom and the happy-go-boozy were both right: "Looks like we will need Sub-Aqua kit on Sunday" and "The beer is £2.60 per pint - best in the two counties!! See y'all thar." Well, we didn't see 'all' there but we did welcome back our GM and others from the Koala Bear [or was it Kuala Lumpy?] hash, Shitzoo and Lapdancer, aka apprentice GM. We even had our Religious Advisor, Tall Paul, to officiate at the DownDowns. Quite a few had looked out of their windows at the pouring rain and turned over for a lie in. In fact, the wevver was okayish, only slightly damp during the run.

So what is the story of the trail itself? DeathMarch and BlueSox hared; unusually for them they managed to row as well. [Row as in 'have a ~' not '~ a boat' though in that weather, a boat might have been a good idea.] BlueSox laid the mini on Friday afternoon after dropping off DM at Poole Hosp. - some tale about a sore toe, any excuse for sympathy, actuality is that he was mooching about the house doing SFA. They went out on Saturday to finish the job and DM made the almost literally fatal mistake of being less than 100% enthusiastic about a first half that had lovely kindly blobs, but no check, fish-hooks nor any other nasties to slow down the FRBs [front running bastards to those wot don't kno]. BlueSox put him firmly in his place; yeeeh to GirlPower; she didn't even have to tread on his toes.

And yes, they were aware of the weather. BlueS and DM put down mega-blobs, massive amounts of dust and double the usual number, to such effect that they ran out of dust and had to visit ArseAbout for some more. Despite these endeavours many were washed away and several hashers struggled to find their way. Not so Wendy, 'Hawkeye' Wheeze: she managed to spot the faintest of arrows and led her group left along the path of the righteous while the foolish virgins went straight on, eventually having to retrace their steps and follow behind.

At the circle we welcomed two newbies, Tracy and Lisa [oy fink vat's veir names], one of whom was a virgin hasher, the other had hashed abroad. GM's instructions were simple, 'Take them out, get them mucky and bring them back.' Back they came, safe and sound; hopefully they will be back again. And our GM managed a DownDown himself: on his return to Heathrow, at precisely 6:24am he managed to turn his phone on and to call BlueSox. BS was very much less than impressed at this unwarranted intrusion into her bedtime.

This particular scribe managed only the Coffee Hash: just the four there: Sue, Peter, Pam and moi. Again, numbers well down, no Dragon and the usual gang. The four managed to put the world to rights, impress each other with tales of past derring do, and some derring don't and pontificated on the future of the hash. The nice lady in the club provided tea and biccie for just 50p and coffee for a quid - pdg or what!

Before the conversation flagged, RollOver and Peachy came back, first home, having done the super-short. Runners came in next, well, those who had taken the correct route with the walkers bringing up the rear. DM claimed he was sore/ tired/ enfeebled [right there matey] and had added just the one short loop and called it the Main - ha! This meant that the runners had but a shortish course and were always going to be well ahead.

At the end our RA lined up the criminals and dispensed justice. Peachy is responsible for advising the RA of birthdays, all birthdays that is, including her own!! A well-deserved DownDown. LapDancer and Shitzoo had terrorised some innocent Geordie boys in KL whilst making a well-deserved reputation for themselves as the wildest of party animals. Lemon Tart was in the 'lost waifs and strays' category and had the temerity to phone the hare to ask for directions. Why? 'Where are you?' asked BlueS. 'I don't know,' replied LT. Think about it. The RA himself sinned. Slurry lined him up for that one: on the way round, TP had been worried sick about where his keys were, had he lost them or what, he spent so much time turning each one of his pockets inside out that the whole run was delayed, and this despite the keys box that we keep at base to ensure that the keys are safe and dry.

Stats: 12 inches of rain, no inches of snow, several inches of beer and an excellent reception at the Social Club. Next week's is at The Langton Arms which is a few miles east of Blandford, hares are Navigator and PePe.

