

Hares: Geratrix, K9 and Strangely Anal.

Seems that there was a party somewhere last evening. Anyways, Horny acquired notoriety for drunken tales on her way home. Good girl, really earned her pre-run DownDown.

How was it for you, darling? Bloody cold came the answer; a beautiful autumn morning, bright and cold with only the gentlest of north winds blowing to cool the ardour. And this was a run of several halves, three or four at least. The runs reflected this, a Main/ Long; a mini and a semi-main.

Who were the hares? Bloody K9: usual sense of humour: those on zimmer frames were allowed the main path; the able-bodied were forced up a climb so precipitous that ropes were needed. Good way of spreading out the runners, usual FRBs didn't catch up for ages. Having clambered, the inevitable check led south towards the sea. Second check was less certain. The nouveau FRBs were less sure; eventually most made their way left and up the slope, still seawards bound. Yes, some hawkeye located dust; 'On on,' was called and followed.

A second blob of dust was similarly followed; thereafter the humour of the first half started. By now the usual FRBs had caught up and taken the lead. Quick pause for a group photo then ever onwards, ever upwards. Why worry about the absence of dust when there had been buggar all thus far? They looked back and saw the hare, K9, following in the distance. 'On back!' he screamed, inducing a short pause. We regrouped. Turned out that while posing for our photo, we had missed the turn and were heading to hell in a handcart, or wherever lost and abandoned hashers' souls end up. K9 dun good: he knew the terrain and was able to advise that we were at the half way point: we might as well go on and run around the beautiful bay a hundred or so metres below us as turn round and go back. A couple of softies did the latter; the 'ard boyz went on. The 'down' to the beach was damn nearly vertical, the steps were so steep that one had to tread very carefully. Thank god it was dry; on a wet day it would have been comically dangerous. So: beach, bay, more piccies, then run along the shore. And yes, jogging on loose shingle is so much fun, not remotely knackered or anything like that. The bemused looks of the onlookers only confirmed our challenged mental state.

Now we began the second half: got to the viewpoint then back down again, back up the hill again. Yet again K9 saved our bacon, called us back from a bar and a wrong track up another bloody hill. Don't complain, bro., the worst was saved for the next slope. Slurry muttered 'Matchupiku' and DeathMarch, 'Annapurna' as they struggled up the slope from hell. Only good news was that this hill topped out after only fifteen or so minutes, not the whole mornings of the 'forrin' mountain tracks.

Those wot had been on the beach trek now caught up with the girls who were doing the semi-main. Down we went to the 'Man o' War' car park just this side of Durdle Door. Our hares paused to advise. The short main went off right, third half, alongside the caravan park leaving the real runners to their fate. Strangely indulged his excellent sense of humour: he let the FRBs on the real Main go off then ran after them, overtook them and laid a bar. Back you go, boys!! He then kindly volunteered his body to lead/ mislead the ladies of the short main, leaving K9 to his fate with the Main Main. So, up to the top, bit of tarmac, down to the junction then right and back in.

Medal awards today:

- Gold: Banger
- Silver: Ram
- Bronze: Slurry [it was K9 but I'm not sure if hares are allowed to win].

DM was the religious advisor for the day and punished the following criminals:

1 Fursty, who as GM had failed to pay his subs. The real threat was that he would not be allowed into the AGM and might be voted on to continue as GM.

2 PePe: she had asked about a runner whom she didn't know and pondered as to which of

'Strangely' or 'Anal' was his surname. Only a bit later did it sink in that this was his hash name.
3 Lapdancer's dawg got stuck in the thistles/ thorns/ general nasties and she her DD was 'Here's to the prick puller'

4 Geriatrix, allegedly, had also lain in the thorns for an hour or so, not lost or injured, just letting the other hares do the trail before they rescued him.

5 Lonely: not only didn't make it home last night, but, having dossed in his wagon, had the cheek to go back the morning after the party and demand brekkies!!

Next week: AGM at the Hamworthy social club so an early start, 1030hrs.

Memo to all: PoshNosh now has that fabulous girl duo booked: people were dancing from the moment they started, between the courses of dinner, that good! It is on 08Dec2018, please book your ticket asap. Your hash needs you at this event and it will be a fine celebration.