

## 2083 – The Kings Head – 18/11/18

Either 'the King's Head' or the Village Hall carpark, Redlynch:

Ver noo teme is gradually taking over. Steve, Fursty Ferret, ex-GM and all round *bon oeuf*, had his farewell party on Saturday night – only a few were totally smashed and his after-party did close by 0300hrs. Couple of other dudes were there to celebrate their birthdays too: well done, guys, for lasting the course.

Sunday awoke chilly and bright: our hares had laid on lovely weather for late November. Yes, we parked at the villidge 'all and 'ad to walk all the way to the boozier. Yer right, no point in moaning, no-one will listen anyway.

We circled, DM was GM, Lapdancer sent apologies re some domestic stuff. Usual intros then a quick DownDown for Ches, [not Chas – wake up DM-GM!]: seems his parking was top side of wonderful, so wonderful that no-one could get out of the carpark.

Hares talked us through the run: yet another new marker that we had to remember, so fiddicult these days with the Al Zheimers and similar challenges. This was a triangle in dust, meant to spiritually resemble a 'Danger' road marking for some dire stretch of road. We saw, we pondered, we forgot and, on the run, didn't see it anyway. So much for triangles.

Of we set around the alleyways of Redlynch, off we continued around the alleyways of Redlynch. I concluded that one or other of the hares must have been dustman/ lady refuse collection operative at some point to learn all these places and to link them all together into a circular exploration. Eventually, out into fields, sun and a gentle breeze; the views were spectacular, England's green and pleasant land looking its very best in the late autumn sunshine.

Bit of tarmac then a horrible corner that is used for fly-tipping, a pretty awful place. We had to clamber up over the rubbish and on into another alleyway. Not nice, but once we had gone 50m away, no problem, except for one, of whom more later. More alleyways/ road/ alleys/ road then very abruptly there was the pub, just appeared on our left. We were back, blessed relief, and not the 6m threatened by the hare, in fact, less than 5, so easy peasy. The Mini managed to beat the Main back. DM had wimped out of the main and had bought the DownDowns before the Main returned, so no pressure, guys, he wasn't pushing you to get changed instantly. This new 'early' DownDown business is becoming a habit.

Ferret was stand-in Religious Advisor today, but the 3.00am night had got to him, making him a bit late for the mark.

Stoker was rightfully arraigned as a Russian spy: he lives in Salisbury and had hacked Lonely's Facebook account and stolen a compromising photo of Banger and then put this into the public domain, clear signs of the KGB.

AnelStrangely had his departure DD: he is off to the fleshpots of KokBang/ Thighland for the winter.

Hares' DD were,

- From Blackadder, for harriette whinging. 'Where is the shortcut?' 'Pretty please, where is the shortcut?' 'My ickle legs is hurting, I need the shortcut' and so much similar. Who would do this? Step forward Lemon Tart for a well-deserved DD.
- From MeggaMouse to ZipDemLegs: this particular gel is blessed with the longest female legs in the hash and yet she still managed to fall over whilst clambering up the rubbish tip.

A theme of the DownDowns was 'grassing up' by other halves.

BlueSox grassed up DM for failing to sign in. You should have seen his face, the expression of shock, indignation and general, 'Wot, me guv?' was a picture to behold. He even swore slightly when he put his glass down. Then it was birthday time; DM the RA was casting around, he had forgotten his little list when Wurzel pointed to his other half. Step forward Lemon: happy birthday and a second DD to boot. Let it be said that this girl does well: she is a zoider drinker but still manages to swallow the ale like a good'un.

The Religious Advisor slightly ran out of steam but still had a couple of halves to go. He cast around for inspiration and a little birdie whispered. 'What did happen to GreenArmy?' Bianca was silly enough to answer. Good girl, got a DD for answering at all and told the funny story as well.

Next week is at The Rising Sun, New Milton with Ferret and Arseabout haring.

Reminders, please: your hash needs you,

- 1 At the PoshNosh, 08Dec2018, at South Lawn hotel, Milford-on-Sea – extra numbers needed please, and,
- 2 When did you last hare? If more than 6 months ago, please would you lead another hash?  
[Just contact Banger, hare-razor and arrange a date – we can help you with co-hares]