

Posh Nosh;

We have to begin with the fun tales of a super evening: ‘Shenanigans’ being its correct title, also known as the Posh Nosh. Let’s get the polite bits out of the way before we arrive at the tales of the [un]expected: sincerest thanks to t’ kermitee for their hard work in putting on a super evening.

Now down to the nitty gritty, beginning with the pre-lubes. Rooms 23 and 25 loom large in the gossip columns both before and after. Ferret held sway in 23, a relatively tame affair in which various hashers consumed quantities of alcohol, thus avoiding the rather pricy bar. 25, by contrast, housed Banger & Harem. This was an exceptional room: intended for two, started with five, three in the very ample double bed and two on the blow-up doll/ mattress that had been sneaked in, along with the many extra guests. They, Matalan & Horny, opened proceedings by jumping up and down on the beds; onlookers applauded and poured drinks. One was sent on a scouting party to knock at all nearby doors and gather up glasses, mugs, anything that could hold liquid. The photographic evidence is of various ‘arrangements’ of men and women in all sorts of poses on said bed, and this is before the evening got going.

Most survived and made their way down: let it be said that it was a delight to see the gels in their frocks and the blokes scrubbed up well too, some even appearing in DJs.

At the event we were fortunate to have some local beer to quaff; Greek God won the booby prize, a Chrimbo-type statuette. K9 didn’t hear a thing – he had ear-plugs in. Stalker and Dirty Squealer won the ‘Strictly’ prize for their performance on the floor [dance floor, that is]. And we danced the night away.

And the après? Things began in 23: FF and AA welcomed in the pack and excess began.

About 0300hrs, AA tired and retired; the party had to move on. Bianca invited them to her chamber; it is fair to say that they entered and were Rammed back out again. Only room 23 was left: the alcoholic excesses were just an excuse. Much ‘massaging’ was done.

Chippendale indulged his foot fetish, tickling the toes and other appendages of several girls around him – but not Sex Slave’s; she was heard to mutter something about not getting enough. They managed to scatter debris all over the place, a desperate clean-up was needed in the morning.

About five o’clock the various bodies just collapsed where they stood: floor, blow-up mattress or bed; peace reigned at last. No prizes for guessing who was last down in the morning.

Other? Greek God abandoned his good lady to her fate. About 3.00am he just decamped and went home, though he did return to claim the free brekkies and to tick his name on the hash sheet.

Hangover run:

Most were more or less awake by the eleven o’clock circle.

Hares, K9, K4.5 and Ferret did not seem to realise that a Hangover Run is precisely that, a genteel affair.

Bournemouth centre is always going to be a lot of tarmac, but seven miles of it? [STFU and get on with it!] Ram and Banger [impervious to last night's excesses] did the front-running, as ever, though various checks did allow others to lead short bits.

We went down to Park 1 [locals will know these places] around under the concrete of the A338, right, left and onto the edge of the golf course, down a couple of roads, into Park 2, more alleys and roads, back into Park 1 but a different way, under the suspension bridge, down to the beach. . . . By now, the massive 'Full English' just before the run was slowing us down; Ferret claims the Wessex record with the highest puke, Annapurna at 4,130m; today he almost repeated this performance at sea level, the lowest. Fish-hook 1 was a bit of a disaster: nominally for 6, they just grabbed the hare, FF, danced around him six times and carried on. At fish-hook 2, the four unfortunates did make some effort to return to the rear. One section was on the planking of the lower part of the park; one lovely lady observed, 'This is a board walk – not for running – you people shouldn't be allowed.' She even managed to carry on her tirade later in the run when we passed her again. Happy



Christmas, lady. 😊☺ Tall Paul saw a road sign and breathed a sigh of relief, it was 'Penn Hill' not 'Poon Hill' – that little 'hill' of just 4,000m/ 13,000ft climbing which nearly killed him in Nepal. In his own inimitable style, K9 even had his own 'Mad' sections. Having done Annapurna he just had to have a nearly vertical 'down' and 'up' with hashers grabbing roots and vines to prevent catastrophe. He claimed that this was some sort of short-cut. Yeah right. Sense did prevail later in the run: FF was as knackered as the back-marker runners and led us the direct route to safety, shandy and the bar. Down Downs were different today. Clearly WH3 singing was not up to scratch: the hotel management chucked us out, outside, that is to finish them off. Maximum heart rate? 157.2 at a guess; climb/drop? we made it down to sea level and back up again; calorie count? about four pints worth. One has to take this data stuff seriously, doncha know? Welcome back Slurry for next week's instalment. Super run and thx. to the hares.