

We are a very hung over pair today after both Blow up doll's Christmas party and my visit to a beer festival last night. Not sure what's worst, the hangover or the open wallet surgery courtesy of the local taxi's. We have the, "should we, shouldn't we" conversation, then I realise its go hashing or Christmas shopping, with 8 days go to I still got plenty of time for Christmas shopping.

We have quiet drive to Swanage overtaking B.J and co, slowly making there way to the hash, Blow up doll try's to wave in vain but only Come lately responds, maybe B.J is more hung over than me.

Wanting to save the £1 for the long term parking we decide to take a chance on parking at the side on the road, we then see a hare, Banger, at the front of the Red Lion directing us through a very narrow entrance to the holy grail of Free parking in Swanage.

By their absence I guess that both Hot lips and Wrong direction must have become victims of Blow up doll's nurses Christmas party.

Taking d pith opens the hash giving us a throwback from 3 years ago when he was GM.

We have a virgin today brought in by Specsaver, she is known also to K9 and 4GS and B.J sold his house to her many years ago.

Banger points to the narrow exit and off we go, down to the seafront and around the outside slippery sea defence, past the life boat station, both K9 and Come lately run onto the pier either looking for dust out to sea or considering a swim. Its then west up the coast path to the first of many viewpoints and photo opportunities. Out onto the tarmac then we find a path between a blocks of flats taking us down a slippery path though some very slippery shiggy and into the woods. Blow up doll starts calling "on-on" form the a check as she heads down towards the beach and then a bar, I hear other calls of "on-on" from the right so over a wooden bridge and back on the coast path, more great views and we climb to the top.

I see our virgin for the day, she is firmly rooted to her phone for most of the trail, facebooking, tweeting and texting, I guess that will be a down-down later.

After a few false trails I end up at the back of the mini, they are being led by Matalan to save them from looking for dust. Further up the path I find Taking d pith and K9 walking the last bit of the never ending hill, Spotted Dick and his athletes have already made it the summit and have stopped to take videos and even more pictures.

Banger promises us no more hills, but this information is reliable as his dust, 12 o' clock on the dot it starts to rain as we start running down the hill looking for Bangers diminishing

dust.

K9 and I lead the hashers up another hill to a bar, we stop there for yet another photo opp. Both Banner and Horn blower start to call us back from this bar and direct us down to a footpath, then back up another hill then down again, then through a park home village on to the tarmac and back to the pub.

We find the mini are still out apparently being lead astray by Horny, we squeeze ourselves in to the public bar. We attempt the down downs by having to shuffle around into position for our misdemeanours' . Lots of up' s, lot' s of downs, shiggy, steps, rain, great views and lots of photo' s, yet no dust.

What did you think? ON-ON

**Lonley Ranger**